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J. G. Hartman

HISTORY

OF THE

51st Regiment of P. V. and V. V.

FROM ITS ORGANIZATION AT CAMP CURTIN,
HARRISBURG, PA., IN 1861, TO ITS BEING MUSTERED OUT OF
THE UNITED STATES SERVICE AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.,
JULY 27th, 1865.

By THOMAS H. PARKER,

Late Captain Co. I, 51st P. V. V.

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THOMAS H. PARKER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court, in and for the Eastern District
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TO THE
AUTHOR

TO THE
OFFICERS AND MEN
OF THE
51ST REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS,
AND
51ST REG., PA. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,

WHOSE DEEDS OF DARING ARE AS ENDURING AS THE ROCK OF AGES.
AND TO THE MEMORY OF OUR SACRED DEAD,
WHO SEALED THEIR DEVOTION TO OUR FLAG AND COUNTRY,
BY SACRIFICING THEIR PRECIOUS LIVES
AN OFFERING ON THE
ALTAR OF THEIR COUNTRY.

THIS BOOK IS OFFERED AS A SINCERE TRIBUTE TO ACKNOWLEDGED
BRAVERY AND GALLANTRY,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

IN offering this book to the public, it is hoped the patient reader will forbear severe criticism, and deal with the author as gently as possible; rather looking to the merit of the subject than to the uncultivated brain that put the work together. The merit of this work lies principally in the heroic struggle of the regiment, in the forty-seven months of service, in lending its aid to the suppression of the late unholy rebellion. Its hard marches—its untold sufferings from hunger, thirst and cold—its desperate and stubbornly fought battles—its patient endurance, fortitude and courage, have never yet been fully told; and although attempted by the author in this work, he is candid enough to acknowledge that it is too feebly portrayed to give the casual reader an idea of its full extent. Some may say that a few of the officers are overrated in personal bravery, and in their magnanimity towards the rank and file under their command, but that would dispel itself if the reader was personally acquainted with those brave and generous hearts; for it is an undeniable fact, that a truly brave man

is a gentle, kind-hearted one, and through his bravery he can afford to be sympathetic.

The incidents mentioned in this work are not from hearsay, but are wholly from the personal observation of the author, who was on the spot and saw and heard for himself, and prides himself in saying they are literally true to the letter. I have not undertaken to narrate a circumstance from the standpoint of view of others, and my descriptions are wholly from my own optical view of the "Elephant" as seen by myself. Others may differ in their views and descriptions of battles, etc., yet my own will, nevertheless, remain as correct as theirs. I was a close observer, and not a night did I lay down, either under the dark canopy of heaven, or under my "little shelter," but I noted down my jottings of that day's work before I attempted sleep.

But one thing only in the compilation of this work have I a sincere regret for, and that is the deficient list of the wounded. It is a well known fact among all military men engaged in the late rebellion, that only the severely wounded were accounted for on the muster and pay rolls of the respective companies, for all the slightly wounded would answer to their names on muster-day, and by their presence, their wounds would seldom, if ever, be an event of record.

There will be found a few digressions from the leading subject, but the attending circumstances

called them forth, and they may not be quite as palatable to certain persons as might be desirable, yet I can conscientiously aver that to wound the feelings of any one, be their political creeds what they may, has been the most foreign to my wish, and if any should take umbrage at what is there said, I beg them to attribute it to "an error of the head and not of the heart."

T. H. P.

CHESTER Co., *March* 1, 1869.

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PART I.—1861.

CHAPTER I.

Organization of the Fifty-first Regiment—Recruiting of Companies—Roster of Field and Staff—Mustered In.

IN writing the history of any organization—no matter how important or insignificant it may be—it is reasonable to suppose that it will be fraught with some few incidents of sufficient interest to remunerate the reader, who follows the historic pen through the revelations it makes of the narrative it has disclosed. What can furnish a more interesting narrative than a military organization that has nobly battled with a traitor enemy for nearly four weary, toilsome years?

The subject of this history is one of peculiar interest, and calls for a more fertile brain than is possessed by the author to do full justice to such an illustrious subject as the 51st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers and Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers furnishes, the career of which is one that may justly be envied by regiments of a less brilliant record, although they have all faithfully fulfilled the mission assigned them, by standing up boldly, aye, nobly, against the assaults of an unprincipled enemy, whose every effort was to destroy the greatest Republic entrusted to the care of him who had so nobly and zealously guarded its future

interest at the sacrifice of his own eventful life—our martyred Lincoln!

The writer of this, though not gifted with the pen eloquence of an Everett or a Bancroft, yet has been a participant in all the scenes through which this noble regiment has passed, from Roanoke Island to the surrender of the rebel chieftains—Lee and Johnston, and “will a round unvarnished tale deliver of its whole course” of trials and dangers. And though it may have defects in its execution, it shall be told in a fair and impartial manner, with a strict regard for truth and simplicity, in the hope that all defects, wherever they exist, will be gently passed over by the forbearing reader, and fairly and honestly attributed to “an error of the head and not of the heart.”

The many sufferings which this heroic band of “companions in arms” endured have remained untold from these simple facts: that its career was one of continual privations from its origin up to its final dissolution, and that its members naturally looked upon all of their toils as a matter of necessity, and therefore thought it needless to complain. Other regiments have suffered terribly from famine, thirst, long, wearisome marches, diseases, and the various engines of death incident to the battle-field, but they have experienced respites from such for weeks at a time; but very seldom so with the 51st—its fate was to be “up and at them” all the time; it was innocent of “winter quarters,” though it had partly prepared them on two occasions, yet failed to remain long enough to complete them.

I wish not to enter the arena to gain historical notoriety, but simply to record the events of a gal-

lant body of men—bold, daring men—such as but few armies in the ancient or modern wars possessed.

The call for troops to defend the nation's Capitol is too fresh in the memory of all to need a repetition here, as is the cause which gave necessity for the President's proclamation to be issued, as also the noble responses to it by thousands of heroic spirits throughout the land; so that the entire world looked upon the rising army with awe and admiration, to behold one of such immense magnitude raised as if by a magician's wand!

The 51st Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry was organized at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pa., late in September, 1861, under the sole and personal supervision of Col. John F. Hartranft, its first commander. The companies composing the regiment began to report (unassigned) at Camp Curtin early in September, for equipment and drill, of which Capt. Wm. J. Bolton's company was the first in camp, having arrived on the 10th inst., and was equipped and mustered into the service of the State on the 11th, and mustered into the United States army on the 12th. Five companies, principally recruited in Montgomery county, composed the right wing of the regiment. The other five companies, composing the left wing, were recruited in the interior counties of the State—Centre, Dauphin, Snyder, Clearfield, and Northumberland being well represented. The work of organization was a task not without its perplexities. A large number of both officers and men had seen service in the "three months" call, and naturally wished a position commensurate with their experience in the field; but some were doomed to disappointment. In

order, however, that their claims should be fairly dealt with, compromises were resorted to which gave entire satisfaction to the interested ones, and accomplished the desired organization. The "lettering" of the companies was not attained until the organization, and each therefore was only known as Capt. ——'s company till that lettering was completed.

As the various companies of recruits entered Camp Curtin, they were immediately put under proper drill-masters, to receive that training and discipline that was so necessary to fit them for the ordeals to which they were subjected on many a bloody field through which they passed with so much credit to themselves and the cause they defended. Some companies entered camp with their full complement of men, and others nearly so; but after a few days' wallowing in the mud, the men became dissatisfied and commenced that unsoldierly act, deserting. Capt. George R. Pechin took into camp from Montgomery county eighty-one men, on the 16th day of September. The second night after their arrival the rain poured down in torrents, and his men were forced to leave their tents to avoid being submerged by the "sea of rushing waters" that had found its way into the tents. The storm subsiding early in the forenoon of the next day, groups, each of a half dozen of the unfortunate "drowned outs," were to be seen standing in the company streets discussing the necessity of "going a soldiering" in that kind of a way. However, the matter was well talked over and conclusions arrived at, which developed themselves the next morning at roll-call, when fifty-four names out of the eighty-one were all that were answered. Other companies suffered by this first

storm in camp, but not so much as Capt. Pechin's, which presented the appearance, at one time, of the total extinction of a much longer existence of the company from Upper Merion. Desertions were alarmingly frequent, not caused by any inefficiency of, or dislike to, the officers, for all had their choice of officers when they enlisted, but wholly from the nature of the ground on which they were encamped, it being very low and much depressed below the surrounding tract, so that during a storm, which occurred almost daily the first three weeks, the superfluous water would seek its level in and around the tents, causing great dissatisfaction to the men and making them execrate soldiering and everything belonging to it. Recruits were joining daily; but if two were added in day time, two would desert at night. Such, in fact, was the case with the company from Upper Merion, until it became a serious question whether the company could be organized in time to take its departure with the regiment for Annapolis, Md.

Another company, under the command of Capt. Finley, was very unsuccessful in retaining its individuality, from the cause of recruits not coming in as fast as the urgency of the case demanded. This company complained of unfair treatment by the "powers that be." Capt. Finley and Lieut. George Schall made a proposition to the company that, as they were unable to organize, if they wished to return to their homes, they were free to do so. None, however, went home. The men feeling great respect and evincing much love for the two officers, wanted to go to the "front" with them, should they decide to go there, by endeavoring to recruit the company

for another regiment. Capt. Finley declined taking his company into another regiment, and the day of departure of the 51st coming too early to save them from disbandment, Lieut. Schall entered Capt. Pechin's company with about thirty-four of Finley's men, the remainder being transferred by Capt. Finley to a couple of other companies. The captain went home to civil life, carrying the respect and love of all who knew him. By this timely aid of the disbanded company, Capt. Pechin was placed in a position to enable him to get mustered into the United States service, on the 28th of November, 1861.

After the regiment was organized, the status of the field and staff officers became as follows: Colonel, John F. Hartranft; Lieut.-Colonel, Thomas S. Bell; Major, Edwin Schall; Quartermaster, John J. Freedley; Surgeon, John P. Hosack; Asst. Surgeon, James D. Noble; Adjutant, Daniel P. Bible; Chaplain, D. G. Mallory.

A few remarks here of the personal qualifications of the field and staff officers, in a military point of view, may not be amiss. Col. John F. Hartranft is by nature a *military man*. Quick of perception, prompt to obey, and fearless to execute, his ability is beyond cavil. This assertion he has proven on numberless battle-fields—in places where slowness to perceive his critical situation would have entailed upon him and his command total defeat and eternal disgrace, (*vide* his Fort Steadman affair.) With a keen sense to unravel an apparently meaningless manœuvre of the enemy during an engagement, he would be able to have his command posted where it was bound to thwart the opposing chief of his cherished object. His promptness to obey has been

often discussed by those under his command. Orders from a superior were always obeyed with that promptitude and alacrity that distinguishes the *true* soldier from the *parlor* soldier. It mattered not how exacting were those orders; while others failed to enforce them, "old Johnny," as his boys were wont to call him, would successfully carry them out. His fearlessness to execute was the result of his indomitable courage and his total disregard of any and every danger. Who is there in or out of the army that can say they ever saw Col. Hartranft disturbed in mind, or uncollected in ideas, when in the heat of battle? His coolness and bravery under the most appalling circumstances have called forth encomiums that the great chieftain, Gen. Grant, would be proud of.

Lieut-Col. Thomas S. Bell was all that his predecessor *is*; but if any difference existed, it was only in being a more strict disciplinarian.

Maj. Edwin Schall is deserving of a more elaborate biographical remark than can be here given, as this is not intended for an analysis of a man's character, but suffice it to say, that he was all that composed a true soldier and a gentleman; kind, affable, generous to a fault, but resolute and firm in all his commands, rather inclined to control by suasive means than by the iron hand, which military authority too often uses. His plan was not to punish a man for an imaginary wrong, but to reason and investigate, by which mode he not only saved himself anxiety, but retained the love and respect of his entire command. Who ever heard of him having an enemy?

Quartermaster John J. Freedley was well fitted

for his position, but was looked upon by the enlisted men as careless of their interest, when in fact he labored most assiduously for their comfort, both day and night. But what Quartermaster ever received any credit for the performance of his most arduous duties?

Surg. John P. Hosack was also one of those who came in for a share of censure from the enlisted men. He was undoubtedly a skilful surgeon, but had very little commiseration for a wounded or sick man, and went through the routine of surgery in too much of a business way to please the fancy of the invalid, who needed a little *sympathy* as well as a good deal of *quinine*.

Asst.-Surgeon James D. Noble was the idol of the invalids. He was well calculated to make a host of friends in any hospital, kind in expression of fellow-feeling, gentle in his administerings, courteous and affable to all who sought his aid.

Adjt. Daniel P. Bible was a "brick of the first water," making an efficient officer in nearly all respects. The position of an adjutant is one not to be envied. He was a severe disciplinarian, attentive to business, and kept the records of the regiment in a creditable state during his stay with it, which was of short duration.

Chaplain Daniel G. Mallory was a man of no mean ability, but constitutionally unfit for the exposures of camp life. He wrought hard to gather in the stray sheep to his fold; but his efforts were fruitless as he eventually lost the stock on hand with which he began his labors.

The 16th day of September, 1861, may be set down as the day of the regiment's arrival in Camp Curtin, although a few companies came previous to, and

after that date. Soon after its arrival, the men began to experience the soldier's troubles—comfortless clothing, and scanty rations. Most of the men had come to camp in their shirt sleeves, being led to believe that as soon as they should arrive in camp, army clothing would be issued to them; but nothing of the kind came to hand till the 1st of October, except a lot of old tattered blankets and bed quilts, which were issued on the 17th of September, but not used by the recruits, because after carrying them to their quarters it was discovered that they were alive with *vermin*, having been used in the “three months’ service.” The men in a spirit of indignation pitched the blankets into their company streets, and piling them in heaps, set them on fire, committing the “gray-back veterans” to the flames. They remained without blankets or quilts until October 2d, when the ladies—God bless them—of Dauphin county heard of their destitution, and loaned the regiment quilts sufficient for its comfort until the government could supply it, which it did on the 9th of October. The bed quilts were returned to the kind hearted ladies. Up to the introduction of the first issue of blankets, the boys had not experienced any “itching” sensation; but from the blankets, a few of those “soldier’s companions” had unfortunately got on the men’s clothing, and in a few days they were all enjoying a good *scratch*. The vermin increased with great rapidity, and each soldier looked with strong suspicion on his neighbor as being infested with the “nasty things,” each and all having their full share, yet with much pertinacity denying the existence of the insect on their persons; still they were there, which many a sly twitch of

the arms or body silently indicated. It was sometimes highly amusing to go outside the camp and take a stroll through the fields and among the bushes, to find the boys hid away, as they supposed, where no one could see them hunting their clothing over to rid themselves of the "pesky" creatures.

On the 28th day of September, 1861, nearly all the companies were marched into Harrisburg, and mustered into the service of the United States by Lieut. W. Piper, 5th U. S. Artillery.

CHAPTER II.

Arming the Fifty-first—Capt. Tarbutton—Amusements in Camp—Band organized—Presentation of the State Colors—Address by Governor Curtin—Breaking Camp.

THE 51st was fully armed and equipped on the 2nd day of October, with the Harper's Ferry muskets from the arsenal at Harrisburg. As the men had evinced a deep interest in becoming proficient in the "facings," it can reasonably be supposed they would feel a deeper interest in the "manual of arms;" and as they rapidly acquired the handling of the musket, they were taken under the instructions of Capt. Tarbutton, who was at that time regimental drill-master of the camp. The captain was the right man in the right place, and had a host of friends among the boys who were fortunate enough to be in his school; for his gentlemanly, urbane manners, with quaint sayings, kept them always in a good humor, and they in turn did their best to keep him in the same. He was a good dis-

ciplinarian, kind to all, yet resolute and exacting in all his commands. Every afternoon he would have the regiment out for battalion drill, without arms, and as the weather was somewhat cool, the boys, when standing at a "front," would have their hands in their pockets, an act which the captain deemed unmilitary, and he would administer a gentle reproof to them. Then by walking from the left to the right-wing, he would find some one to confront who had his hands snugly esconced in his pockets; the old captain, singling him out, would gaze on him in silence long enough for the man to get his hands out; but if he failed to take the hint, the captain in his kind, but gruff way, would ask him, "What are you nursing?" The flushed cheek indicated what effect his words had. The men of the various regiments who were under his tuition will remember him with pleasure to their last moments. As a proof, for instance, while on a wearisome march in 1863, in Mississippi, the 51st passed a few Pennsylvania regiments who were sitting down on the roadside for a few minutes' rest, when it was hailed by the usual question in passing, "What regiment, boys?" Receiving "51st Pennsylvania," in reply, the question was asked simultaneously by a dozen voices of the other regiments, "Boys, don't you wish old Tarbutton had you to-day drilling you?" Thus, often in passing Pennsylvania regiments, when worn out with hard marching or fighting, we would be asked if we not didn't wish "old Tarbutton" had us?

In the evenings after dress parade, a large number of the boys would congregate on the drill-ground for various amusements, such as "corner or baseball," wrestling, running, jumping, and tossing up

each other in blankets. This latter amusement collected large crowds from the numerous other regiments in Camp Curtin, and at times was highly exciting as well as interesting. An explanation of this species of amusement, perhaps, may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated. The first thing in order was to obtain a woollen blanket of undoubted strength, then as many of the boys as could secure good holds at each of the four corners and sides would do so, when some outsider would be kidnapped and thrown per force into the blanket, and before the involuntary aeronaut could regain his feet, the blanket would be in motion. Raising it up a couple of feet from the ground, each one pulling the blanket towards himself would tighten it so as to throw the man in it two or three feet up in the air, coming down again on the blanket only to go up the same height the second time, and in going through the operation the third time, the boys would lend all their efforts and strength to send him up as high as they possibly could, to the height of fifteen or twenty feet; catching him again in his descent only to send him up still higher the next time, if possible, until his piteous appeals would obtain his final release from his persecutors, who then would secure another victim for the blanket. Thus was many an hour passed that might have been worse spent.

An amusing affair occurred just before the regiment left Camp Curtin. The rations were always too much of a sameness; the boys longed for a change, and as their money was all "played out," in order to gratify their appetite they had to resort to strategy, which in this case was one of considerable risk, as well as of profit. A party agreed, as the

weather was cool, and a cattle train with some fine fat hogs on it was standing on the siding opposite the camp, that a piece of fresh pork would eat tolerably well, providing it could be got through the guards into camp. Risky as it was, the attempt was decided upon. That night the aforesaid party went out of camp by breaking guard and proceeded to the cars, where a fine hog weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds was taken out.

The killing only occupied a few minutes, and its squeals were soon hushed in death; but the untried task of getting it into camp without detection, had yet to be tested, for the guards had their instructions to arrest all soldiers who were even suspected of having been out foraging; and should a guard, under any circumstance whatever, pass a soldier, or, in fact, any one, into camp, across their beats, they would be punished for their indiscretion. Pickets were also posted outside the camp with instructions to overhaul all soldiers found outside without passes. Thus a party of a dozen men together had a small chance for being successful in the pork trade. As they were nearing the pickets, they were halted, and ordered to come in and give themselves up; but the challenge only served to set their fertile brains to invent some strategy to get into camp with their prize—to them it was a cherished prize, however desperate the game had now to be played. One was sent in to the picket, and told a plausible tale that they were “railroad hands,” (it being too dark for the picket to see to the contrary,) and that in walking down the railroad they had come across a sick soldier belonging to Camp Curtin, and finding him unable to walk, they

had gone for a physician who resided close by, who told them the man was dangerously ill, and they must not carry him all the way round to the entrance gate, as it would kill him, but they must keep him well wrapped up, and carry him on a litter the shortest possible way into camp. The tender chord of sympathy being touched, the party were permitted to pass inside the picket line with their charge, for which they had made a litter, by taking two rails out of a fence, and laying a blanket over all. On reaching the line of camp-guards, another obstacle arose, and the hog came very near being deserted. They had told the guard the same tale of duplicity, and were about being permitted to cross the beat just as the officer of the day was making his "grand round." Seeing a group of men near the line, he naturally inquired their business, and actually insisted on investigating the matter before him, but they had the doctor's injunctions to not allow a particle of air to blow on the invalid, and they would not be responsible for the man's life if the officer would violate the trust imposed on them by the son of Esculapius. However, with plenty of "brass," and endless perseverance, they succeeded in getting their prize into camp at one o'clock in the morning, after being six hours accomplishing the feat.

Another incident worthy of note occurred the evening before our departure for Annapolis. On the afternoon before we left Camp Curtin, the boys found out that the regiment was under marching orders to leave the next day, consequently they were intent on having a gay time before they should leave. About one-half of the regiment broke guard,

and went into Harrisburg to enjoy themselves. Col. Hartranft, finding so many of the men absent, and fearful of a disturbance taking place in town, issued orders for a detail to be made to patrol the town, to arrest and bring into camp all absentees. When the details for each company were made, many of the companies had not the required number to send; but all were sent that were in camp. However, the tables were confusedly turned, for most of the patrolling party got somewhat inebriated, and it fell to the lot of the absentees to bring to camp their *would-be captors*.

The organization of a brass band for the regiment was conducted by its leader, George W. Arnold. Quite a number of the performers were taken from among the enlisted men, but under the skilful leadership of Lieut. Arnold, it soon compared favorably with the oldest bands in camp. This band did good service at the battle-fields on which the regiment was engaged, in performing the ambulance duties of carrying off the wounded and burying the dead. Benjamin Rowland, a member of the band, deserves especial mention for the heroic manner in which he did his duty at Roanoke, Newbern, and Camden. Posting himself, on each occasion, where he could render the most assistance, he would, on seeing a comrade fall, run to his aid, while the balls of all kinds flew thick, and either drag or carry him far enough out of danger to enable those with stretchers to get and take him to the hospital. Thus a large number received the surgeon's skill soon after being wounded, who might have lain on the field for hours, or until the battle ceased. The entire band, as an ambulance corps, deserve much praise, as hundreds

of wounded soldiers can testify. The following are the names on the roll of the Band of the 51st Regiment, P. V.: George W. Arnold, Leader; George Y. Hansell, James S. Baird, Alexander Earle, Drummer; Jeremiah W. Buck, Bass Drum; William Workeiser, Benjamin Rowland, Charles Day, Wilson Forster, John Earp, William Williams, James Haws, Justus Bockius, John C. Millhouse, Simon Britton, Samuel G. Arnold, William Earl, Benjamin Watkins, Charles Thompson, Phillip Jacobs.

The 51st struck tents several times while in Camp Curtin, for sanitary reasons—policing the grounds sometimes, and at others changing locality. The health of the regiment was not good while at this camp, the men being too “green and raw” to stand the exposure at first; and the change from sleeping in comfortable feather beds and dry rooms to lying upon the damp ground or hard boards, with but scanty covering, was too sudden and severe for the human constitution to bear. The tents were of a good quality but the inmates were much crowded—five or six in one common wedge or “A” tent—were forced to lie “spoon-fashion,” on their sides, altogether. When one became tired of lying in that situation, and wished to “turn over,” he had to waken up all of his tent-mates to “about face,” which would be done sometimes with a bad grace and considerable growling. The officers were not subjected to this inconvenience. They were furnished with large wall tents, and at no time would more than three occupy one of them. Having “bunks” erected, they were nearly as comfortable as they could have been at home; in consequence, their health was not affected like that of the enlisted men, who suffered

extremely with diarrhœa, dysentery, and rheumatism. The change of food, no doubt, tended in a great measure to bring on the first two diseases, aided by the exposed condition of the comfortless sleeping quarters. Typhoid, camp, and other fevers began to seize the men towards the latter part of their stay in Camp Curtin.

On the 10th of October new army blankets were drawn, and added considerably to the health and comfort of the troops. But the seeds of the different diseases had been sown, and began to take root before this comfort arrived.

Besides the various amusements, other exercises were added for the health of the men. On Sundays the different companies marched to Harrisburg to attend church. During the week-days they would exercise one hour at "squad drill," two hours at "company drill" in the forenoon, and in the afternoon from two to three hours in "battalion drill," besides going out on "dress parade." Thus the exercise was sufficient in itself to keep the men from sinking into *ennui*.

On the afternoon of the 5th of November, 1861, Governor Curtin presented the 51st, 52d, and 53d Regiments, each with a stand of State colors. The presentation was made by the Governor in person, in the presence of a vast concourse of visitors from the city, and Camps Cameron and Greble. The regiments were closed *en masse* respectively, and composed three sides of a square. The ceremonies were very imposing, and the address of the Governor was listened to with marked attention. Many a brave man gave vent to his feelings during the Governor's speech. He told them: "I am looking hundreds in

the face, who are in perfect health, but who will never return to their homes, families or friends again, but their memories will be enshrined in the hearts of the generations of future ages." Alas! how prophetic were his words! Hundreds! aye, thousands! whom he looked in the face that day, have passed to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns" to his home, family, or friends. After the colors were presented, several bands present enlivened the scene with stirring harmony, adding much to the already impressive ceremony. After the 51st returned to their quarters, the men appeared in better spirits, believing in the adage that "Coming events cast their shadows before," and now having received their colors it augured that they were soon to be sent to the front. Rumors of marching orders had frequently been rife in camp before, but now speculations ran high that the 51st would soon meet the enemy; in fact, orders to be ready to march were already in, but no definite time for going had been set. Still, there loomed up in the distance a fair prospect that the regiment should see *one* fight, at least, before the war would be over. The fear of *not* seeing *one* was, apparently, the greatest trouble the men had. Col. Hartranft obtained the transportation for the regiment on the evening of the 12th November, but it was unknown to his men at the time. Early on the morning of the 16th the regiment "struck tents," and packed up preparatory to marching. The great number of sick had been provided with quarters at the hospital, and were left behind. At noon the drums beat the "assembly," and the regiment was soon in "harness," eager to be off. It remained in line until 4 P. M. The men, with their heavy knap-

sacks on all the time, kept in that trying position for four hours, at last were relieved by the word of command to "Right face, file left, march," by their colonel. It marched out of Camp Curtin with hearts full of spirit and joyous anticipations, for they now felt for the *first* time that they were a *part* of the great army of the United States of America, and entitled to rank as such.

CHAPTER III.

From Camp Curtin to Baltimore and Annapolis—Companies Lettered—Reviews—False Alarm—The "New Overcoat"—Preparation to go on the Fleet—Serenade.

THE regiment, on leaving Camp Curtin with flying colors, marched to the "*siding*" on the Pennsylvania Central road, between the camp and Harrisburg, to where a train of thirty-seven *cattle* cars were in waiting to transport them to Baltimore via Northern Central Railroad. The weather was very disagreeable—snowing, raining, and very cold. The cars were filthy with manure, from being recently used for cattle; yet the men were crowded into them, and forced to sit on each other's laps, or fix themselves in the best way they could. Four of the cars being used for the transportation of the horses belonging to the regiment, and for the officers and their baggage, the remainder were for the men.

The train left at 5 P. M., and arrived next morning (Sunday) in Baltimore, at 8 o'clock, having been all night on the road. The men kept themselves tolerably warm until the train reached Glen Rock,

about midnight, where it had to lie over about two hours, to enable a passenger train to have the road, and to pass the regiment. While remaining there the boys disembarked, and finding they had halted in front of a field of corn fodder, they immediately appropriated it to their own use for bedding purposes.

The unfortunate owner, whoever he may have been, must have rubbed his eyes in astonishment on looking over his cornfield the next morning, and finding his fodder all gone.

The regiment halted again when nearer Baltimore, and this time the boys foraged in earnest. One man ("scout") went to a stately mansion a short distance from the road to see what he could find lying around "loose;" but on entering the front yard, he was confronted by an ugly-looking mastiff chained to the gate-post. Here was a dilemma, three o'clock in the morning, and very dark. Outside the gate was the man, inside the dog, and a little further a bake-oven, wherein were stored sundry sweetmeats. By the oven's side stood an apple tree, on which a number of fowls were roosting. The "scout" decided to *steal* the dog first, which he did, and then appropriated whatever else he could find that he wanted and didn't want. He brought to the cars, and distributed, one dog and chain, one wash-tub, four bread-pans, two one-gallon jars of preserves, and a few chickens. Other parties were out, and were quite as successful as the former, when the whistle blew, and they were soon again steaming to the Monumental city.

On the arrival of the 51st in Baltimore, it disembarked, and marched by "company front" through the principal streets to the other side of the city, to

the Washington depot, where the regiment was treated to a cup of good coffee, bread and butter, meats of various kinds, cheese, &c. After the collation was over, the regiment again formed, marched through the city by company front, and halted at Pratt street wharf, where it stacked arms, and awaited the loading of the baggage. While at "rest" in Pratt street the regiment was visited by many Union citizens, who brought fruits, cakes, and "other refreshments," and distributed them with a lavish hand. At 6 o'clock P. M., they broke "stacks," and marched back to the Washington depot, and there embarked for Annapolis, where they arrived at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of November, 1861.

After its arrival, while groping around in the Egyptian darkness to find out their locality, they were marched to the Naval Academy buildings and furnished with good quarters until late in the afternoon of the same day, when the regiment "pitched tents" on the lawn in the rear of the buildings, and formed "Camp Burnside," which was the first encampment of the regiment in "Secessia." Nothing of especial interest took place here except the final touch to the organization of the regiment, and *some* hard drilling. The lettering of the companies was here completed as follows: Capt. Wm. J. Bolton, Co. "A," Capt. Fernando Bell, Co. "B," Capt. Wm. Allebaugh, Co. "C," Capt. Edward Schall, Co. "D," Capt. G. H. Hassenplug, Co. "E," Capt. R. E. Taylor, Co. "F," Capt. A. Snyder, Co. "G," Capt. J. Merril Lynn, Co. "H," Capt. Geo. R. Pechin, Co. "I," Capt. John Titus, Co. "K."

After the complete organization of the companies

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and regiment, the "hard drilling" began in earnest. The ground on which the regiment drilled was uneven and broken, situated on the banks of the Severn river, which at this place flows through a tract by nature washed into deep ravines and gorges, covered partly with scrubby bushes and various kinds of briars; altogether an undesirable piece of ground to drill on, in the views of the men, but just the spot, in preference of all others, in the view of Col. Hartranft, to which the men will cheerfully testify when they let their minds wander back to the times they used to "double quick" it over one hill after another, much to the gratification of their field officers, who wanted to get the boys "inured" to drilling on that kind of skirmish ground. While here the "boys" enjoyed themselves "hugely" between drill hours, by going boating, fishing and oystering.

On the 3d of December, the regiment "struck tents" and marched out on the railroad towards Annapolis Junction, about two miles from the city, and formed a new camp, called "Camp Union." This was the most beautiful one the regiment ever had, forming a crescent, and situated on a slightly elevated piece of ground, at the top of which was regimental headquarters, the company streets radiating thence like the spokes of half a wheel, the quarters of the company, or "line" officers, being at the "right" of each company.

Considerable labor had been expended by the men in fitting up this camp with evergreens, pines, cedars, laurel, &c. At the main entrance was a most magnificently wrought "arch" of "evergreens," in the centre of which, as a "keystone," were the fig-

ures "51," also made of evergreens. A splendid border of young pines extended all round the front of the camp, giving it an aristocratic appearance. Pines were planted on either side of the streets, nearly shutting the tents out from the eye, and at the ends of the streets were arches similar to the one at the main entrance, but not so elaborate, and instead of the number of the regiment being on each arch, the letter of the company hung as a pendant. Many of the tents boasted of splendid arbors over them, which proved as useful as they were ornamental, protecting the quarters from the violence of storms. Ditches were dug around the tents for the purpose of carrying off the water during a heavy rain. The tents were floored with "cord wood," on which the men slept, serving to keep them off the ground, and also to save them from getting wet, which was frequently the case when a ditch was not sufficient to carry off all the water, and would overflow. The distance the water for the use of the camp had to be carried made it very inconvenient, as no one could go after it without a written pass, signed by the company commander, and countersigned by the colonel. A strong guard was posted all round the camp, and they dared not let any one cross their "beats." The men all too well remember that no very large number of passes were signed at that time in one day; and, like the "hog" business, they often were compelled to resort to various methods of getting through the guard, one of which was by forging passes or altering the dates on old ones.

On the 5th of December, Col. Hartranft raised a flag-staff of ninety feet in height, in front of his quarters, and the next morning as the sun was rising

he flung to the breeze the starry flag which his regiment so nobly defended for nearly four years on more than a score of bloody fields. The raising of this flag-staff caused the men to conclude that they were to stay in Camp Union until the close of the war, which they supposed was very near at hand, and the fear of being discharged from the service without seeing a fight began to seize them again. It was about this time that the regiment first received the intimation of joining "Burnside's Coast Expedition," which had considerable influence in allaying the fear of not "getting into a fight."

While lying at this camp the regiment was subjected to hard and constant drilling, with frequent "reviews," the first of which took place on the 13th day of December, 1861, of the entire "Coast Division," as far as then organized. This partial organization at a future time formed the 2d brigade of the Coast Division. This review was by Gen. Foster and staff. On the next day (14th) another grand review was to have taken place by Gen. Ambrose Everett Burnside, but from some inexplicable cause he did not attend the review, so Gen. Foster and staff substituted themselves. On the 19th December the Coast Division being fully organized, another grand review took place by Gen. Foster, Gov. Hicks, and the Legislature of the State of Maryland. On the next day, the 20th, was still another review. This one was for the special benefit of Gen. Burnside in *propria persona*. On the 26th the 51st was again inspected by Gen. G. B. McClellan's staff, and received much credit from it for clean arms and clothing, discipline and soldierly appearance. At the beginning of December, 1861, the 51st had been as-

signed to the 2d brigade, commanded by Col. Ed. Harlan, of the 8th Connecticut Vols., in the 1st division, under command of Gen. Foster, and retained that position for a long period of time.

The weather, toward the close of the year 1861 began to give the soldiers a taste of winter. Snow squalls were frequent, with a good deal of rain. They had not yet learned how to make themselves comfortable in their tents. But experience, and the necessity of inventing, soon began to develop itself, yet too late to do much towards building fire-places in the tents. Even had they possessed the knowledge of keeping fires in tents, very little time was afforded to do it, excepting after nightfall, when the fatigue of constant drilling and other duties throughout the day prevented the men in a great measure from laboring for their own good. The time of the regiment was so "mapped out" for performing the various duties that the men could scarcely get time sufficient to keep their clothing and persons clean. The result was, they began to be "thickly populated," so constant were the men kept at drilling, policing, on reviews, and dress parades. The latter, in those days, were always a "bore," for they always wound up with "passing in review," first in common time, then quick time, then double quick. This last movement was useless; also a nuisance, for it only tended to sweat the men.. It taking place in the evenings, with no fires to dry their sweaty clothes, the men were obliged to lie down in their tents on the cold, damp earth, or next to it, and thereby sowed the seeds of innumerable diseases that have laid many a brave heart in the silent and distant grave.

About midnight of December 19th, 1861, quite an

excitement was gotten up by the d'Epeneuil Zouaves, who were encamped on the ground that at a later day was occupied by the barracks of Camp Parole. For some indefinite cause, they beat the "long roll" and fired several shots, creating an alarm and belief that a body of rebels had attacked them. The various neighboring regiments took the alarm, and fell in line of battle, some fully equipped, some partially so. A great many men were full equipped, yet in their shirts and drawers only, being hatless and without shoes on their feet. The 51st was not "sold" so cheap, as it was the Zouaves' nearest neighbor. Col. Hartranft sprang from his "couch," and, running out doors *en dishabille*, soon learned that it was a false alarm.

On Sundays those who could get off generally went to church in the city of Annapolis, notwithstanding Chaplain Mallory did all in his power to give them spiritual instructions in camp, but with little or no success. Lieut. George Arnold, the leader of the band, was summoned to bring his band to Mr. Mallory's quarters and discourse some sacred music, in lieu of the ringing of church bells, to assemble the congregation. The band, after exhausting all their wind in the attempt, returned to their quarters, evidently disgusted with such a decided failure. Mr. Mallory shared their mortification, and felt considerably chagrined at his unsuccessful efforts to instil morality into, as he must have thought, such a "heathenish" regiment. On one occasion Col. Hartranft came to his rescue, by having a general inspection and a long regimental drill, which was supposed to be as punishment for their non-attendance at church.

The troops encamped at Annapolis and its vicinity at this time got the impression that the rebellion was virtually over, and they looked upon the arduous duties of camp life, as imposed on them, as altogether unnecessary, and they all became very much dissatisfied. Alas! little did they know of what they all had to go through ere such a blessing should become a fact. Notwithstanding their onerous duties, the 51st was highly gratified in being taken out skirmishing on Sunday afternoon, December 8, 1861, for the first time since the men had adopted arms as a profession. The regiment deployed as skirmishers, and marched about seven miles towards the "Junction." Halting in a sandy desert for a rest, the regiment stacked arms in a field, and "broke ranks," when the boys commenced their "first raid," but only succeeded in finding an old dilapidated frame building, full of leaf tobacco, of which they supplied themselves to their fullest desires. They carried large arm loads into camp, where they arrived after nightfall, sore-footed and tired.

On the 12th of December, 1861, the 51st could boast of being blessed, or cursed, for the first time with having their own sutlers, Messrs. Rodermel and Hartranft, the latter a relative of the esteemed colonel of the 51st. Their prices were very exorbitant for the articles sold. Notwithstanding the high prices, the men found the sutlers a great convenience, as they kept such necessary articles as the soldier most needed; but, as the regiment had not been paid since its enlistment, credit was given until pay day, on orders signed by company commanders. The high prices were occasioned through the difficulty of obtaining the goods, as well as through the risk of

loss by capture, losses in credit, and the high rates of freight that sutlers were forced to pay for transportation. During the encampment at Annapolis, the mails arrived very regularly, twice a day from the North. Wm. Percival Schall, of Co. D, was appointed mail agent for the regiment, discharging the duties with much ability and strict integrity. He held the position until his discharge from the service in March, 1865, while lying at Fort Morton, in front of Petersburg, Va. After Schall's discharge, Joseph Logan, drummer, of Co. E, was appointed to fill the vacancy, which he did with much credit to himself until the final discharge of the regiment from the service of the United States.

Previous to the regiment's embarking on board of the fleet, ammunition for target practice was issued; but a large quantity of it proved of a very poor kind. Many of the cartridges were filled with sand, instead of powder, some with nothing but the ball, and some contained no balls, but were filled entirely with powder. This ammunition had been put up at the Washington, D. C., Arsenal, by those who certainly did sympathize with the South. While lying at Camp Union, the regiment drew a requisition for a large quantity of all kinds of army clothing, preparatory for the expedition. Every man was well supplied with good and comfortable clothing, which made them like this camp much better than that charnel camp, Camp Curtin.

A detail from the 51st was sent into Annapolis, about the 10th of December, to do provost and patrol duty, and remained there until within a few days of their departure on the fleet. Their duty was not very onerous; it consisted in arresting disorderly and

intoxicated soldiers, and those who ventured to town with a pass not properly signed, or without passes. The latter would generally be put under guard, and escorted to their respective regimental camps, and turned over to their commanders to receive whatever punishment their cases called for. They also had to arrest all citizens after 10 P. M., with or without passes, unless they had the countersign. One of the patrol, Levi Bolton, of Co. A, on one occasion halted Gen. Burnside, and was about taking him to the guard-house to lock him up, when the general, after some studying, bethought him what the countersign was, and was released. Bolton knew him, but clung to him as if he was a stranger. After the general was permitted to go, he gave the man great credit for his vigilance and resolution.

The friends of the soldiers of the 51st made good use of Adams' Express while the regiment lay at Camp Union, by sending boxes of "good things" to the boys; but, to the eternal disgrace of the *very not* enterprising company, the boxes and various kinds of parcels remained in their offices until the major part of their contents would be spoiled, and have to be thrown away when the package came to be opened. The writer of this has received some boxes five months after being shipped. Of course nothing could be used, and this at a time when it would be no difficulty for them to arrive in five days. Some boxes were shipped to me that have not arrived *yet*. The writer only mentions his case as a type of thousands of others like it.

On Monday, December 23, 1861, the paymaster of the U. S. A. paid the regiment its first pay due, viz., two months and the fractional parts of months from

enlistment up to October 31st of that year; which gladdened the hearts of all, for many of the men had enlisted in August preceding, and had been four months without money; consequently many of their families suffered for the necessaries of life, and this pay was a God-send to them. For be it known that men who enlisted in those days did so from purely *patriotic* motives. No *big* bounties were in anticipation; in fact, there were not even *little* bounties expected, but all went forth to do battle for their country from a sense of duty only.

On December 26th, 1861, Col. Hartranft inaugurated a novel mode of punishment for the unruly and disobedient, and all others whose crimes were of the higher order, such as getting drunk, breaking guard, &c. It consisted of a barrel with one end knocked out, and a hole in the other sufficiently large to allow the head of the culprit to protrude above it. The introduction of this novelty afforded considerable amusement for the boys. As an illustration, on the first day of its introduction the boys "dubbed" it the "overcoat," and one man, (poor fellow! he sealed his devotion to his country with his life's blood at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 6th, 1864,) had asked the colonel for a pass to go into the city, and was refused, for the colonel knew he wanted to go only for a drunken frolic, and would be picked up by the provost guard and severely punished. But on being refused, he felt bound to "win the horse or lose the saddle," and broke guard, went to town, got "tight," and raised "old Harry." He was fortunate enough to evade the patrol, but not so fortunate in evading the colonel, whom he met as he was coming into camp, and who arrested and made him wear the

"new overcoat." Pretty soon after he got the barrel put on him a comrade came into camp eating an apple. The prisoner asked him, as he was passing, for one. His comrade offered it; but a difficulty here arose as to how he was to get hold of it, for the sides of the barrel completely enveloped him, and his arms hung uselessly at his side, for the lower end of the barrel extended below the ends of his fingers. However, it was decided that the apple should be placed on the head of the barrel, and thereby he might, by twisting and turning the barrel, be able to eat it, if the apple would only roll to his mouth so he could catch it with his teeth and get a "bite." But on "diving" around to catch the fruit, the poor fellow stubbed his toe, and, his hands being confined by the barrel, down he went, rolling into a small ditch close by, unable to help himself in the least. His moans and *grunts* attracted the attention of the guards as well as his comrades, who went to his rescue, and they soon set him on his "pins" again, "a sadder if not a wiser man." He had bruised himself a little, and his opinion of the new overcoat *was not very favorable*.

On the 29th day of December, 1861, the regiment, while out on drill, received marching orders, to report at 12 o'clock, noon, of the next day, on board of the fleet then assembled off the Naval School at Annapolis, with three days' cooked rations and forty rounds of ammunition to each man. Speculation now ran high as to the expedition's destination. Some suggested up the York river, Va., some the James river, and very few thought it possible that it would go on the ocean. But all their conjectures were doomed to be disappointed! The next day

and several days thereafter found the Coast Division still in camp, but for what cause none could explain. The vessels had been arriving for several weeks past, but all that were to go had not arrived up to the above date. All the preparations were being made by Gen. Burnside as expeditiously as possible. Loading provisions, water, and ammunition, taking in coal and wood, cattle, horses, artillery, &c., all had to be done by the soldiers, and only those who assisted in the stupendous labor can have any idea of the magnitude of the work done. The loading was not completed till the 5th of January, 1862.

On the 31st of December, 1861, the 51st was mustered for two months' pay, and also had a general inspection by Gen. McClellan's staff. After muster and inspection were over an accident occurred that deprived a man, James Hamilton, of Co. I, of one of his hands. He, in company with several comrades, was foolishly playing with a loaded pistol, when, either by accident or design, the pistol was discharged, and the ball passed through the palm of his hand, creating a frightful wound, and disabling him from ever participating in the various scenes of the regiment. In the evening before New Year the band of the 51st honored Col. Hartranft and staff with a fine serenade, after which many good things were "said and done." Again, following this, about midnight, Col. II. and staff were flatteringly honored by a splendid serenade from the magnificent band of the 51st regiment N. Y. S. V. The colonel reciprocated the honor handsomely by extending an invitation to them to "come into" his quarters and partake of some refreshments, to which they did full justice.

PART II.—1862.

CHAPTER I.

The New Year of 1862—A rough night—Company drills—
Liquor smuggling—Paid off—Going aboard the Fleet.

THE next day, Wednesday, beginning the New Year of 1862, speculations were rife as to where the men and regiment would be that time next year. Many of the stout hearts and buoyant spirits of the 51st enjoyed that day who did not see the ushering in of another New Year. It was spent in hard drilling. The weather was mild throughout the day, but became cloudy towards night; the wind rose and blew a perfect hurricane, untenting many a poor fellow, by raising his canvas house, poles and pins, off the ground, exposing them very unceremoniously to all the furies of the then prevailing storm. But, luckily for a great many of them, orders to march that night had been received, and the wise ones slept with their shoes and as much of their clothing on as they conveniently could; thus when they became "unhoused," they were prepared for the emergency to some extent. The order to be ready to march at an hour's notice was kept a standing one, and very little was done except company drilling until January the 6th, 1862; but there was enough of that kind

of drilling to make the boys care very little whether "school kept" or not; but it had to be done, for after once on the vessel, no drilling could be done whatever. While waiting two weeks to embark on board the fleet, stringent orders had been issued by the provost marshal of Annapolis against selling liquor to soldiers; but there were a number of citizens who would smuggle a few canteensful into camp at a time, and find a ready market for it at exorbitant prices, thereby furnishing the soldiers with as much liquor as they desired, notwithstanding the provost marshal's orders against it. The soldiers all carefully concealed the sources from which they obtained it. One man of Company D, Jacob Fizione, supplied himself with a pair of lieutenant's shoulder-straps, and furnished himself and friends with all the liquors they wanted, without detection.

On Sunday, January 5th, 1862, the Paymaster of the U. S. A. again visited the 51st and began about noon to pay off the regiment, concluding about an hour after midnight. This was the second payment to the regiment, and was for the two months of November and December, 1861—being the only payment the 51st ever received wherein it was paid up so close to time, leaving only five days unpaid.

The next day was a busy one, preparing to go on the fleet. The sick that were thought to be convalescent had all been sent on board several days before; those who were in a more critical condition had been sent to the hospitals in and around Annapolis, Md., and Washington, D. C., to remain until recovered sufficiently to be forwarded, at some future time, to the regiment.

CHAPTER II.

Leaving Camp Union—The Cossack and Scout—Burnside Expedition leaves Annapolis—The reception at Fortress Monroe—The Rip-raps—The first shot heard—Enthusiasm of the troops—Again on the ocean—Storm at sea—Hatteras Inlet—Narrow escape of the Scout—Wreck of the “City of New York.”

JANUARY 6th, 1862, found the 51st entering on its ever memorable and useful career.

At 8 A. M. it “struck tents” and prepared to vacate “Camp Union.” Three day’s cooked rations were in the haversacks. Forty rounds to each man of “buck and ball” were in the cartridge-boxes. An explanation is somewhat necessary here in reference to the “buck and ball.” It will be remembered that the arms issued at Harrisburg to the 51st were of the “Harper’s Ferry pattern.” The ammunition for those muskets was of a very primitive character when compared with the cartridge in the more advanced state of the rebellion, being a globulous ball with three buck shot at the top of the cartridge. Those of a later date were conical or elongated balls, without the “buck.”

At noon the regiment “slung knapsacks” and left for the wharf at Annapolis to embark, which it began to do at 3 P. M. Six companies went on board the U. S. transport steamer “Cossack,” Capt. Bennett, Master, viz.: companies B, D, E, G, H, and I; companies A, C, F, and K embarked on board of the schooner “Scout.”

Right glad were the boys to have a chance to get

rid of their overloaded knapsacks. The day was very disagreeable for marching. A snow had fallen of about two inches in depth; and although the march was less than three miles, yet being uninviting under foot to men burdened with heavy knapsacks and unused to such marching, they felt as much fatigued as they were on longer and harder marches at a later time.

After all had got on the fleet, the six companies on the "Cossack" under Col. Hartranft, found themselves very much crowded, and huddled together more like a herd of cattle than of human beings. Will the government ever learn how to transport its defenders with some little regard to their comfort? It is a burning shame that soldiers are stowed away on vessels and in cars like so much merchandise! no, not like merchandise, for that is generally put in clean conveyances, but the poor soldiers are frequently put to ride hundreds of miles in cars that have a depth of several inches of manure on the floors from the last load of cattle they contained. The four companies, under command of Lieut. Col. Thos. S. Bell, that were put on the "Scout" fared much better for room and ventilation than the six did.

The steamer Cossack had three decks—a lower, a middle or state-room deck and the hurricane deck. Several companies were stowed away in the hold, where the heated and fetid air was enough to breed and spread a contagion throughout the whole fleet. The saloon was occupied by the officers of the field, staff, and line, in company with a few private passengers. Several of the state-rooms were occupied by a number of newspaper reporters, a few

U. S. government detectives, and the band of the regiment.

The "Cossack" carried two splendid steel three-inch Wiard rifled guns amidships. The cooking for the six companies was done in the cook-room, which was located on the lower deck, amidships, and had to be performed by a detail of three or four soldiers daily, from some one company; no detail could stand it for more than twenty-four hours at a time, as the heat was so intense, and it required them to be very industrious in order to get enough cooked to last for one day, as the "coppers" were not large enough to cook more than what would supply two companies at a time.

After getting the 51st on board the "Cossack" and the "Scout," the regiment rode at anchor off Annapolis until fifteen minutes before nine o'clock on the morning of the 9th of January. At the same time the entire fleet weighed anchor and steamed down the Chesapeake, the "Cossack" having the schooners "Scout" and "Recruit" in tow.

The preparations for this grand expedition were of the most elaborate character. For weeks before starting on its destination every precaution had been taken by its able commander to make success certain, as it afterwards proved. Very little rest, by day or night, was obtained by either Gen. Burnside or Gen. Jesse L. Reno. In their arduous duties they were ably assisted by their brilliant staffs, (of one of which was Lieut. Morris, of the 51st P. V.,) from the original conception of the expedition till its final and illustrious close. Somewhere near seventy or eighty vessels of different kinds and classes made up the fleet. It was a magnificent sight to see it under

way. All the vessels started in company, but when the Cossack, with her two consorts, arrived off the mouth of the Potomac river only nine vessels were in sight, she having distanced the entire fleet.

While running down the Chesapeake the men enjoyed themselves very much, having cleared room enough for a cotillion set, they enjoyed dancing to their heart's content, the band furnishing excellent music for the occasion.

At one o'clock on the morning of the 10th the "Cossack" dropped her anchor a little below the mouth of the Rappahannock, on account of a dense fog then prevailing, and lay by till three o'clock P. M. of the same day. As the 51st passed the mouths of the York and other rivers, between Annapolis and Fortress Monroe, the rumors as to its destination were more prevailing, if possible, than ever before: some even pretended to *know* where they were going, but they were disappointed in nearly, or quite, all of their conjectures.

It must be here stated, that the crowded condition of the steamer began to be a serious annoyance. Although the vessel was intended to afford a reasonable amount of comfort to the soldiers on board, yet such was not the case. Many were obliged to remain up all night, so as to furnish room enough in the bunks for those who slept at night; when these in turn would sleep in daylight. This continued from the 6th of January to the 7th of February, 1862, in order to get their needed sleep and rest.

The issues of rations were of an imperfect character, for all had to be cooked before issued to the men, there being but the one small workroom, for which each company was obliged to await its turn; and to

their credit be it said, they did wait with as good a grace as possible. Still some dissatisfied spirits had to have their "growl," which appeared to benefit some of them nearly as much as did their rations. Both the regimental and line officers had been appealed to for a remedy, but with no success, for they were in but a very little better situation than the men, and as they found it impossible to remedy their own inconvenience, both officers and men were compelled to make the best of their unfortunate dilemma.

The companies that were quartered in the hold suffered very much with the fetid air and heat incident to an overcrowded vessel. Being below water-mark, there was no ventilation only by the very narrow stairway leading to the deck, which was always crowded by those seeking egress to get a little fresh air, both day and night. The gloom on the stairway and in the hold rivalled the Egyptian darkness, and a short piece of candle that would be lit momentarily for some obvious reason, would only serve to show "how thick the darkness" was.

Whenever the weather was pleasant the upper decks were always crowded with the men. It afforded a great relief to them from their imprisonment below in stormy weather; but there being so much tempestuous weather at that season of the year between Annapolis and Hatteras Inlet, this pleasure was frequently denied them.

Late in the afternoon of the 10th of January the regiment arrived at Fortress Monroe, and as the "Cossack" passed the man-of-war "Minnesota," the 51st was greeted with loud cheers from the officers and the gallant tars belonging to that noble vessel. An extract from a private letter describes, in the following words, the scene exactly :

"All along the beach for miles we could see the people running, some on foot, some on horseback, as if they (rebels) got alarmed at seeing so many thousand soldiers and so many vessels of war around the fortress. It looks very warrish indeed. Everything that comes to the Fortress has to hoist its colors before it can pass. Hundreds of vessels are riding at anchor here, and I should judge that not less than seventy-five thousand officers, soldiers, and marines cheered us as we passed in to our anchorage. The cheering and welcoming by the regular men-of-war-men was uniform and full of discipline. The men got high up in the rigging, appearing more like flies sticking fast to fly-paper than human beings. They hung to the rigging until we got directly 'broadside' with her, when they gave us three rousing cheers, and as soon as these died away, they gave us a single cheer more, and then came down from the rigging. Their band played the 'Star Spangled Banner.' We then passed on to the next man-of-war, the ill-fated Cumberland, when the same formula was gone through with, and so on until we dropped anchor. Then, as if preconcerted, all the bands struck up 'Home! Sweet Home!'"

Thus is the reception of the 51st truthfully depicted in the above extract, on the arrival of the regiment at the Fortress. I say the 51st, for the "Cossack" had lost sight of the entire fleet long before she got near the fort, excepting the two schooners, "Scout" and "Recruit," that were in the "Cossack's" tow.

The Cossack on her arrival at the Fortress dropped the line of the two vessels in tow, and anchored off the Rip-Raps, directly in front of the rebel batteries,

on "Sewall's Point " Va., but not near enough for the "F. F. V.'s" to pay their compliments to her. While lying at anchor off the Rip-Raps, on Saturday, January 11th, 1862, a shot was fired from the Sawyer gun mounted on the Rip-Raps, at the "Chivalry" on Sewall's Point, which, to many, aye, very many too, was the first shot heard in the war by them. And although a large number had begun to despond from the privations already suffered, and others from being so far from their homes for the first time in their lives, leaving friends, kindred, homes, all, so far behind, yet that one shot awakened the most lively patriotism ever evinced on any occasion. Their grievances were all forgotten in the twinkling of a star, and all, aye, all! were anxious, not only to see a fight, but wild in their language and actions to participate in one; for while remaining in Camps Curtin at Harrisburg and Union at Annapolis, long and loud were the complaints made, that the war would be over before the regiment would get "a show," as they called it. But, alas! how many "shows" have they had? Immediately on the discharge of the Sawyer gun, the rebels threw a shell at the Rip-Raps, but it exploded when about two-thirds of the way, and the pieces fell harmlessly in the water below. The balance of the day was occupied by the contending forces with a brisk cannonading, though much fiercer on the part of the rebels.

Both parties at noon met in Hampton Roads with a flag of truce, another interesting sight to the uninitiated.

When night began to spread her sable wings over all nature, the events of the day were brought to a close, and a highly animated discussion took place

among men who were active participants in a far more exciting scene in less than one month after.

At 9 o'clock at night of the 11th of January, the "Cossack" again weighed anchor and stood out to sea, to buffet the waves on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. The two schooners were again taken in tow, but on reaching the ocean, about two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 12th, the tow-line was dropped and each vessel had to take care of itself. At daylight the fleet was nowhere to be seen. The North Carolina shore was in sight, but very distant. About 7 o'clock A. M. the wind began to rise and "blew a hurricane," at noon it had died away to some extent; but the sea was rolling mountains high, and right nobly did the brave old steamer ride them, more like a thing of life and reason, than a huge mass of inanimation. The heavy seas would strike as if determined to shiver her to atoms, but she battled with the surges as if fighting for her very existence, and as the mighty waves would strike the ponderous sides of the vessel as if to break her to pieces, she would glide over them as it were, mocking their efforts to crush her. She rolled and plunged through it all, with safety to herself and her precious freight of brave and daring hearts. But who can give a full description of the "casting up of accounts" by that freight? The rolling and plunging of the steamer caused sea sickness to nearly every one on board. There was no sympathetic heart to beat in unison with the invalid, no fair and gentle hand to assist the head, while the stomach was undergoing its rigorous commotions. No kindly voice to echo "New York," as the poor victims of Neptune's rule lay extended on deck on their stomachs, like a spread eagle, caring

very little whether "school kept or not." It was somewhat amusing to witness the invalids while undergoing their performance; there they lay, some on the hurricane deck, with their heads projecting over the ship's sides, "feeding the fishes;" some in their bunks below, not able to help themselves in the least, would cascade over everything about them; while those who were more fortunate, so far, stood laughing at the sick comrades in their wretched spasms; in a few moments longer the "Mockers" themselves would be down on all fours echoing "New York" to the originals. Sea sickness is a determined and relentless foe. At first only a few were seized with it, but as the waves increased in size, making the vessels at times nearly perpendicular in their plungings, the number of invalids increased, until all or nearly all, were down on their stomachs emptying their contents into old ocean and other places. The pale face, the sunken eye, the dishevelled hair, all bespoke the trying ordeal that nearly all had had, or were passing through. The motion of the vessels reminded a person of being seated on a very high swing and moving to and fro with great rapidity. Thus events passed on until 5 o'clock P. M., of the 12th, when the "Cossack" reached Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina. But where were the Scout and the Recruit? neither of them had been seen since the night before, when the tow-line had been "cast off." Fears for the safety of those on board, began to take possession of those on the Cossack; but at this juncture the imminent peril that she was in, made those on her begin to think of their own safety, and as self-preservation seemed to

be the first law of nature just at that time, the Scout and the Recruit were left to look out for themselves.

On arriving at Hatteras Inlet, on account of the heavy-running sea, very few vessels of the fleet could run in. The Cossack cruised off the Inlet till nearly sundown, but was unable to enter on account of the imminent risk attached to such an undertaking, especially when the waves were rolling frightfully high. The entrance to Pamlico Sound being very narrow and shallow, the bed of the channel continually shifting, and the quicksands constantly changing their location under the heavy sea, the steamer was forced to stand off the Inlet and run run out to sea again—battling with the furies of the ocean till sunrise next morning, when the Cossack found herself over forty-five miles from the Inlet, beating northwest. She then “about face” and ran for the Inlet again, arriving there at 10 A. M. the 13th of January.

The Scout did not find the Inlet for several days. Passing it on Sunday, the 12th, she beat down the coast of the Carolinas, and was very near being captured, having run within sight of land, and mistaking it for Hatteras, she ran close into shore, almost under the guns of a large rebel fort; but luckily for her and the four companies aboard, she made her escape and arrived at the Inlet on the 18th of the month, after suffering terribly from thirst, not being able to obtain fresh water. They were obliged to drink vinegar to allay their thirst—drinking about two barrels and a half in less than three days. The rations also became short, but they managed to eke them out by eating raw pork during four days, until they could get a fresh supply.

The Cossack, on arriving at the Inlet, found a portion of the fleet had already entered in safety. The sea, still very high, rendered the passing in a hazardous undertaking for any vessel, with or without a pilot. On nearing the Inlet, she signalled for a pilot, and when within a mile of the entrance the tug-boat "Pilot Boy" answered the signal and immediately came out. Being "hailed," the Cossack answered, "we want a pilot to take us into the Inlet." The reply was, "It is impossible to get in through such a heavy sea; the danger of going to pieces is inevitable." Just then the splendid and commodious steamer "City of New York" attempted to run in, but the rough sea, handling her as if she was a mere egg-shell, threw her upon the beach, and in less than twenty minutes that mammoth steamer was lashed to pieces by the angry breakers. The pilot referred Capt. Bennett, of the Cossack, to the present fate of the "City of New York," and advised him to "stand out to sea again" until it became more calm. But Capt. Bennett was not to be daunted by the fate of the wrecked steamer; immediately putting on a full head of steam, determining to go in or perish in the attempt, and the 51st's officers and men having backed "him up" in his determination, he ordered the "Pilot Boy" to run in ahead of the steamer. The Cossack followed, and although her bottom dragged on the shoal upwards of two hundred yards, with every timber creaking and groaning under the immense pressure from the headway attained, she succeeded in getting safely inside of the breakers without any damage incurred to her or the cargo. The many palpitating hearts overflowed with joy on arriving in a haven of safety, at least of apparent

safety. Now, that the companies B, D, E, G, H and I were in a fair kind of harbor, great anxiety sprang up as to the fate of the schooner Scout with the remaining four companies, A, C, F and K. Their probable fate had been discussed for several days after the Cossack entered the Sound, and it was generally believed that they had found a liquid grave in the waters of the Atlantic, but on the 18th of January, about 9 A. M., the schooner hove in sight and ran within the Inlet, anchoring near the Cossack. With eagerness, Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell met and greeted each other by a cordial shaking of hands, mingling their joys together at the happy result of finding each other alive, as well as their respective commands.

CHAPTER III.

Capt. Bennett—More storms and wrecks—The Cossack in danger—Loss of the Louisiana—Veiling of lights—Scarcity of water and rations—Using vinegar—Heroism of the Sailors in procuring water—Gratitude of the Soldiers to the Tars—Preparations for landing—Unloading horses.

CAPT. BENNETT saved a large portion of the crew of the ill-fated steamer, City of New York, at the imminent risk of losing his own valuable life. He was a brave, daring man, never allowing anything earthly to thwart him when it was his duty to perform a humane act. After rescuing many of the wrecked crew, he placed them on board of his own steamer, where they received every attention and kindness from the officers and men of the 51st.

On the 14th another storm arose; the sea again

running tremendously high, the rain coming down in torrents, the gale causing the vessels of the fleet to drag their anchors and colliding or driving them ashore. The Cossack was driven aground; when the keel struck, it was feared that she would certainly go to pieces, for the timbers creaked and cracked as if her whole bottom had been crushed in; but such was not the case, and when it became generally known in the regiment that she was still safe, unlimited confidence was reposed in her staunchness.

The next day the storm somewhat subsided; but the sea still running high, the colonel and surgeon of the 39th New Jersey, with two privates of another regiment, took a surf boat, intending to visit the wreck of the City of New York, but a heavy sea struck the boat and capsized it, and all four souls were ushered into eternity by drowning. The bodies of the colonel and surgeon were recovered and sent home for burial.

At the same time, a gun-boat sunk off Fort Clark; also a schooner laden with army stores was sunk. And, to add still more to the destruction, the Cossack lent a little to complete the chapter of accidents on that day. A schooner laden with lumber ran into her, carried away a number of state-rooms, and tore up the upper-deck on the whole of one side of the "ladies' saloon." The schooner's bowsprit had cut into the timbers and rigging of the Cossack, like the nose of a gigantic hog rooting heedless of the damage being done. Fears were entertained that the schooner might saw the Cossack in two—to the water's edge. Every man of the 51st on the Cossack felt it his duty to assist to work the stubborn monster away from the steamer; and right lustily did they

work, but for a long time in vain, for the rough sea kept driving the two vessels together, baffling all human efforts to part them. Axes were brought to bear on the rigging of both vessels, and on the bowsprit of the schooner, which was cut away close to her bow and released the Cossack from the grasp of her dangerous ally.

At 4.20 A. M., of this unlucky day, James Conway, a member of Company D, died. He was buried in the afternoon, on shore, near Fort Clark, at Hatteras.

On the next day several more vessels were wrecked or damaged to a considerable extent. Among the latter was a first-class steamboat, the "Louisiana." She got aground, parted her keel and lay there with her back broken, a useless mass of wood and iron. The men began to despair of the success of the expedition. Everything appeared to be going the wrong way; men losing their lives by drowning; the fleet getting reduced daily by disaster; the regular being "aground" of a half a dozen vessels at a time; water and rations scarce; quarters uncomfortable; and last, though not least, very irregular mails. The very acme at this time of the men's existence was to hear the cry "Mail!" "Mail!" An extract from a private letter written at that time by a private in the 51st, gives a correct idea of the above accounts, it says: "We have just been aground, but are now afloat again. The Cossack is very much strained all through. We are getting up steam to run about a mile further up the sound hoping to find deeper water. I can stand on our deck and count nine wrecked vessels within sight. I think I will quit giving you any more accounts of our endless troubles; for as soon as one vessel is relieved,

another and sometimes two will need assistance, and as it is nothing but a repetition of disasters, there is no use of writing anything more about them. I am sick of looking at those wrecked hulks. All I wish is that I was at home, I would not go a soldiering again in a fleet. I like it on land and would willingly go again, but you could not coax me to get into another scrape like this. And I don't believe there is one in a thousand but that wishes the same as I do. There is no hilarity on board, now, no laughing and singing, 'I wish I was in Dixey;' they all appear to have enough of Dixey. Our officers are all desponding, and the men watch every look and movement they happen to give or make. I have no chance of knowing to any extent the sufferings on the other vessels, but I see our own, and God knows they are enough. If any of them are undergoing what might be compared to the interest on ours, I pity them. There is no telling when we shall get away from here, and if we knew, it wouldn't do us any good, for we have no rations, water or coal on board, and what little 'grub' the garrison in Fort Clark has, would not last us more than one day. The captain of this ship intends going to-day to see what is to be done for us. If anything can be done, he is the one that will do it, for a more resolute, determined officer could not be found in the navy."

Thus are the trials and disappointments of the regiment fully related, in addition to the anxiety about not getting "mails." It must be confessed that the irregularity of the mail was to be deplored; but, under the circumstances, no better facilities offered for conveying it than the casual stopping of the Port Royal mail steamers at the Inlet, when out

of coal or other necessities. The Port Royal, S. C., mail arrived and departed once in about two weeks, so the regiment received a mail at least that often.

During those exciting times, the health of the regiment was extremely good. The weather in the South, at this period of the year, (January,) is very much like the warm, murky, rainy weather up North in the spring. On shipboard the changes of the atmosphere were more sensibly felt, for there the high winds, storms, &c., had full play. It is to be wondered how the men retained so good health on such scanty rations, scarcity of water, under intense excitement, continuing both day and night, with the weather at one hour warm enough to remain on deck in their shirt sleeves, and in the next to feel comfortable with a blouse and two coats on.

As long as the vessel would float, things assumed a cheerful aspect, but she was nearly as much of the time aground as afloat; a dozen times a day to be aground was not uncommon.

On the 16th of January, the Cossack parted her anchor-chain, and thereby lost her moorings; consequently she could only be kept stationary after that event by being aground, but that was a risky business, for then her huge timbers creaked and groaned as if she could not hold together another moment. The cause of the Cossack being aground so often can only be attributed to the parties from whom the Government obtained her, as she drew thirty inches more water than her owners had stated she did.

When evening came all the vessels had to extinguish their lights, or mask their windows and doors to prevent the rays being seen outside the

vessels. The rebels were running down from Roanoke Island on small steamers, spying out for their benefit whatever could be seen. The nights being dark and the Sound very rough, with the vessels darkened, another schooner broke loose from her moorings, and ran into the Cossack, smashing things in general; but in the course of a couple of hours she was released from her "friendly antagonist."

On the 16th of January, the 51st might reasonably date the true commencement of its real troubles—beginning with no water on the vessel, and ending with no rations in the haversack, or in fact anywhere about. The regiment began to experience what soldiering is in reality. It had always been accustomed to get its coffee between six and ten o'clock A. M., but this time it was doomed to get none at all, for there was no water, with which to make it. All who have been in actual service will say with the writer that a cup of coffee was, under all circumstances, full one-half of their living; whether on the march or in camp, on the battle-field or picket line, coffee, like sleep, was the great restorer of tired nature.

Noon came, still no water to be had for drinking or coffee. Almost fabulous prices were given to the ship's steward for a half gill, a gill or half pint of coffee, such quantity as he thought he could spare from the crew's mess. The writer of this was fortunate enough to obtain a tin cup nearly half full, and was instantly offered two dollars for only one-half of that portion. Late in the afternoon the first mate and several seamen took two water-casks and went, heaven knows where, after water, and returned

by nine o'clock at night with only sufficient to make a little coffee, which was issued about midnight.

The 17th and 18th were two pleasant days, and the boats, with crews, had to be employed in some extra duty, preparatory to the sailing of the fleet up the Sound; consequently but a very limited amount of water and provisions was got on board; in fact, no more than what was barely sufficient for the immediate wants of the regiment for the time being. It was intended to begin in a day or two to stow away a full supply for the remainder of the voyage, but "man proposes, and God disposes." The next day opened with a violent storm, driving nearly every vessel of the fleet aground. The regiment did not only suffer for water, but also for food; there was none of either on board, and, being aground, it was necessary to endeavor to get the vessel afloat for the safety of her living cargo. The rain which fell in torrents at one time furnished the "boys" with *a kind of water*. They held their canteens or cups under every available place to catch the rain that ran off the decks. It must be confessed that it was not very pure, being composed of the washings of the decks, tobacco quids, saliva, and other uninviting ingredients not necessary to mention here, but all went towards making up a cup or a canteenful of the aquatic fluid.

On the 20th, an attempt was made to cross the bar, but with no success, having grounded again during a heavy sea. The old saying that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," was verified in this case, for by our getting aground, and also many others of the fleet, the tug-boats were kept busy in relieving the distresses of vessels in a worse situation than

the Scout and Cossack; consequently our Quartermaster took advantage of the situation and also of the boats, and started off to the store-ship and succeeded in getting a small supply of rations.

The Cossack remaining aground began to settle on the bottom, for the high wind had driven the tide out to sea. So deeply had she become imbedded in mud that she remained thus till late in the afternoon of the next day, when the wind shifted and the tide came in again and floated her clear of the bottom. Another attempt was made next day to get her over the bar, but running into another vessel, she grounded again, and this time she went high and dry.

Capt. Bennett and Col. Hartranft did all that lay in their power to get her afloat once more, but without success, and in the evening the regiment was transferred to the stern-wheel steamer "Union," (familiarily known throughout the fleet as the "Wheelbarrow,") for the purpose of lightening the Cossack, that she might be got over the bar. Some time in the night, after the troops had all disembarked from her, four tugs drew her over the bar into Pamlico Sound.

Soon after getting over the bar, George Schaffer, of Co. D, died. His body was put into a rude coffin and awaited such times as it could be conveyed to the shore for interment. On the 21st the 51st fasted the entire day—not an enlisted man had had a mouthful of food or water since the day before, and the sufferings from thirst becoming intense, a barrel of vinegar was tapped, the whole of which was swallowed in less than two hours. The second mate, at the risk of his life, with five seamen,

took a boat at ten o'clock at night and went after water. The sea, or rather the sound, was running tremendously high; every one on board gazed on the adventurous party with feelings mingled with hope and fear (hope, that water might be obtained, fear, that the brave hearts going after it would not return again) as the frail craft was shoved away from the steamer's side, fully believing they would find a watery grave in the "troubled waters." At times the little party would disappear in the "trough" of the sea, behind a huge wave, and be lost to the vision of the anxious gazers for some minutes. As the night was dark, they could not be discerned at any great distance, but the splashing of the oars could be distinctly heard, and by that it was known their frail craft still floated. With what breathless anxiety did that thirst-suffering regiment listen and wait for their return! Many lives seemed to depend on the success of that venturesome party—magnanimous souls!—who were risking their lives to relieve the sufferings of their fellow men. Capt. Bennett gave his consent to their going, although he feared no boat could live in such a sea five minutes, yet by accident they might succeed in returning. And, thanks to the Giver of all good, they did, with enough water to give nearly a pint to each man on board.

The gratitude of the soldiers developed itself by presenting the second mate and each of the five seamen with a splendid bowie knife, at that time the only testimonials they had in their power to bestow.

Now that they had the water, where or how were they to obtain food? none, however, was got that night. The next day (the 24th) another of those

violent thunder storms came up, which prevented any food from coming on board that day till late in the afternoon, and the men having been already so long without food, their sufferings were beyond description.

The letters written at that time to the "loved ones at home" only conveyed a faint idea of their privations. None could have exaggerated, had they tried, for the dreadful picture needed no coloring to make it more impressive.

But late in the afternoon both water and rations, in a limited quantity, came on board; but it was obtained, like that of the day before, at the risk of the lives of those noble sailors. This time the regiment presented the mate, Mr. Stroud, with the best watch that was in the possession of the men of the 51st, as a token of their appreciation of the efforts of the sailors to procure for them the necessaries of life. Early in the morning of the 25th a plentiful supply of both rations and water was sent on board, and the spirits of the men were raised to the highest degree. During those few days of being on short rations of food and water, which were only a portion of their trials, the steamer got aground and stuck extremely tight. The tugs made fast to the Cossack to haul her off, but it was all in vain, for they could not move her an inch. She had to lie in that situation all night, which strained her very much, and compelled the troops on board to remain up nearly or quite all that night—the 18th. At daybreak next morning two large tug boats, belonging to Port Royal, hauled up alongside of the Cossack and took off all the men and arms, and then made fast to the grounded steamer and hauled her

off at high tide, which was greatly in favor of the undertaking, and the noble Cossack was once more afloat. While all this was taking place, an accident to the steamboat on which the 51st had embarked came very near proving fatal to a large number of the soldiers. As the boat on which the troops were was about swinging off from the ship's side, it ran into the hulk of the "Brant's Island Shoals light boat," smashing the steamboat like dried leaves. Several of the soldiers made narrow escapes from being precipitated into the water. Several were slightly wounded. Some lost their knapsacks and muskets overboard. As the two vessels went crashing into each other a number of the men, in order to save themselves, were obliged to jump on board of the "light boat" and were unable to get back again before the steamboat got clear of the wreck, consequently they had to remain on it for some time before their situation was made known and a boat sent to their rescue.

During this time it must not be supposed that the expedition was lying idle—far from it. Gen. Burnside was superintending the preparations for getting his forces ready for the attack on Roanoke Island, and trying to get the large number of transports over the bar, transferring troops from one vessel to another, loading and unloading artillery and horses.

Unloading the horses was a novel sight and afforded considerable amusement to the eye witnesses. The elegant, large steamer George Peabody had between two and three hundred horses on board, and they were all landed safely at Hatteras Inlet, although the mode of landing them seemed a little barbarous. It was done in this wise: The Peabody

anchored in very deep water, within a quarter of a mile of Fort Clark; a very strong head halter, with a good, strong, and very long rope, was put on each horse. Eight men were in a row boat, six of them rowed, one steered, and one stands to catch the rope when thrown to him. The boat is rowed up to within twenty-five feet of the ship's side, and the men on the steamer throw the rope to the men in the boat. The horse is then led to the gangway on deck, which is very high from the water, and when almost to the very edge of the plank, ten or twelve men give him a sudden push into the sea, where he sinks fifteen or twenty feet, and then he rises to the surface of the water. The oarsmen in the little boat pull for shore, the horse swimming after them; when once on shore he is turned loose, until all are thus disposed of.

CHAPTER IV.

Over the bar—Rumors of compromise—Rebel gunboats—Advance of the Fleet to Roanoke Island—Demand for Surrender—Its rejection—Preparations for the Attack.

ON the evening of the 21st of January, the 51st was again compelled to "pack up" and go on board of another vessel, taking every article with them they possessed, as the Cossack was to be taken over the Great Bar, and everything had to be taken off to enable her to go over; even the water in her tanks and boilers was drawn off to lighten her as much as possible. All the vessels of deep draught had to be dealt with in the same way, in order to get them over. After all had got over, and lay at anchor close to each other, they looked very much dilapidated

from the extremely rough usage received in the numberless storms they had been subjected to, not one but what sustained more or less damage; there they lay, some with their upper decks carried away, some, their wheel-houses staved in, others with their deck cabins knocked off, bows stove, bowsprits gone, and some total wrecks.

On the 22d of January, the last vessel belonging to the fleet entered the Inlet, but up to this time only a few had been successful in getting on the desired side of the bar. One hundred and fourteen vessels floated, at this date, off Fort Clark, between the inlet and the bar. The storms still prevailing to a greater or less extent, continually retarded the progress of the expedition very much, and gave the rebels, on Roanoke Island, ample time to strengthen their fortifications and make the contest more desperate when it should come on.

A rumor had gained considerable credence throughout the entire fleet that the troops were to be sent home in three days time, as the rebels wanted to compromise. Many were the curses against those who were supposed would favor such a scheme. But the rumor was evidently started by some one for the sole purpose of testing the patriotism of those who only a few days before were clamorous for food and water. Be that as it may, their patriotism had not oozed out through such a causeless channel. It was too deeply seated, had too firm a hold, and sprang from motives too pure and honest to die out for the want of a few mouthfuls of food and water. The three days passed, aye! three years passed! and still found the noble Burnside corps contending with the uncompromising rebels!

The appearance of things by the 26th indicated an early onward movement; everything was bustle and hurry; vessels with provisions and water were unloading their enormous freights on the vessels containing troops. Gunboats were practising target firing, also the various regiments of infantry. The gunboats were nearly all over the bar, but the transports were making but poor headway.

On the 26th the steamers Admiral and George Peabody succeeded, after many attempts, in crossing the bar, and after their success in accomplishing the feat, the transports all made efforts for the same object, and a large number of them succeeded, adding greatly to the size of the fleet already over, and the expectations of getting into a battle within a very few days, ran high.

The weather now began to be exceedingly fine, and everything progressed encouragingly. The bosom of the Sound was calm and placid as a vast sheet of ice. The prospect of an early departure from the anchorage and rendezvous produced a flow of spirits in the men not often to be met with on the eve of an important battle.

On the 28th, the mammoth steamer "Eastern Queen" got over the bar, making, in all that were then over, thirty-three vessels directly belonging to the fleet. Gen. Burnside, who had gone to Washington the week previous, now arrived. His benevolent face was seen by his command, as he passed from one vessel to another, and the cheers that rent the air must have been most gratifying to his brave, heroic spirit. The concentration of so large a fleet within the waters of the Carolinas began to alarm the rebels considerably. During the night of the 27th, a rebel

gunboat had successfully run through the whole of the fleet without detection. A rebel schooner used to run down in the daytime within sight of the fleet, to spy out whatsoever there was to be spied. Our gunboats always gave chase to her, and a highly animated race would be the result. On the 29th, the total number of vessels over the bar was forty-one.

The four companies of the 51st that had been on the Scout, were now transferred from that vessel to the Cossack, to lighten her that she might get over. The accession of those four companies did not add any more comfort to the already over-crowded decks and hold of the Cossack, which had just taken in ninety tons of coal. They remained on the Cossack until February 1st, when they again returned to their own vessel. Sixty-two vessels were over the bar by night of January 31st.

The steamer "Union," alias "Wheelbarrow," ran into the Cossack again, but did no serious damage. After getting clear of the collision, the Cossack took in four hundred barrels of *manufactured* water. This was distilled from the sea water; it did very well in the absence of better; being insipid to the taste, it did not possess the virtue to allay thirst; but there was no other fresh water to be had, and the fleet making hasty preparations for its departure, the boys concluded that in a few days they would get a drink of good water on the island after they had taken it!

A mail arrived on the 31st of January, bringing letters and papers up to the 15th of the same month. It had been nearly or quite three weeks since a regular mail had come in before.

Guard duty and policing was as regularly per-

formed as if the regiment had been on shore in camp. An attempt had been made to drill the companies in the manual of arms daily, but to the gratification of the boys, it was found impracticable. As they had to drill on the hurricane deck, the "order arms" made such a racket as to make Capt. Bennett order Col. Hartranft to desist in carrying out that order, which was as promptly and as cheerfully obeyed as if it came from some military superior. The cause of Capt. Bennett's objection to drilling on the steamer was that the noise incident to "order arms," prevented the ship's crew from hearing his orders, and therefore the "manual" had to be abolished, much to the satisfaction of the men.

On board of the Cossack, the sutlers, Messrs. Hartranft and Rodermel, supplied the wants of the men occasionally, who were fortunate enough to have money, at nearly fabulous prices. Cheese was sold by the lump of two and a half to three pounds for \$3, while at home the best was selling for fifteen cents per lb; raisins, 75 cents per lb.; cigars, (sixes,) 10 cents each; peaches put up in bottles, in indifferently bad whiskey, \$3 per bottle. A little "spree" could not be indulged in without paying dear for it. For instance, a party of three persons were bent on a jollification, and spent \$21 in trying to get up a "good feeling," but had to give it up in disgust, for want of funds, and were no nearer attaining their cherished object than when they began.

February the 1st saw the larger portion of the fleet over the bar, and extensive preparations were being made to leave the Inlet, and proceed to the attack on the island. In fact, the fleet had been deemed ready to go for some time, if the weather had

not interfered with getting the entire fleet over the bar. Since the most needed vessels were over, it was determined to sail as soon as the weather would permit, but it was either very foggy or very stormy. Sickness now began to lay large numbers of the men up, incident to an overcrowded ship, and for want of purer air and better prepared food. On the 4th, everything was ready in detail to start up the Sound the next day, as all the vessels were over the bar that could be got over. At 9 o'clock A. M., on the 5th, the fleet left its anchorage, and had a pleasant run up the Sound to within ten or twelve miles of Roanoke Island, where it arrived at dusk of the evening, and dropped anchor for the night, during which time Corp. George Bowman, of Co. D., died. Next morning (the 6th) looked very dull, gloomy, cloudy, with a heavy fog, and at 6 A. M. it set in to rain. At 8 A. M., on the 6th, the fleet weighed anchor again, and got under way, preceded by the gunboats. The whole movement now was made with slow running and with much caution. The gunboats feeling every foot of their way with suspicion of masked batteries on either shore, which was only a short distance from the vessels, and in plain sight of the more prominent forts on the island. It was also necessary to use great caution in nearing the island, as the Sound was filled with sunken obstacles, but all were passed in safety, and after passing the "Croatan Light-house," the fleet emerged into "Croatan Sound."

At eleven o'clock A. M. the gunboats took up their position, the transports in their rear, but near enough to be useful in case of need. At this juncture a flag of truce was despatched to the island by Gen. Burn-

side with a formal demand for the surrender of the island, which demand was as formally rejected by Col. Jordan, of the rebel army. The remainder of the day was occupied in making the final preparations for the attack on the coming morrow. Orders were rapidly passed from one vessel to another. The Signal Corps was employed continually throughout the day. The decks of gunboats were cleared for action; the brave tars were eager for the work of death to commence; orders were also flying rapidly among the transports, and every preparation to ensure the safe landing of the troops was made. The excitement among the soldiers became intense from their eagerness to get into action. At the approach of night all the orders necessary for the success of the enterprise were issued and promptly complied with. Each officer and man resolved on doing his part nobly, that the great chieftain, Burnside, whom they all loved and revered, should be successful in this, his first blow with his expedition at the rebellion. Orders were issued to all the troops, that on landing they were to "fall in" with any company that was the most convenient, (this order was highly necessary, inasmuch as there was no telling the precise locality of the enemy on shore, and they might take advantage of the bustle and excitement incident to landing troops in a swampy country,) providing anything unusual should occur, and they had not the time to join their respective commands. Knapsacks and all cumbersome luggage were to be left on the vessels. At dark two gunboats were sent out on picket, and to reconnoitre, but found everything quiet.

CHAPTER V.

Bombardment by the Fleet—Landing of the Troops—Battle of Roanoke Island—The Victory—Death of O. Jennings Wise—Character of the Prisoners—"Going into Business"—The Spy—Garbled newspaper reports—Good news from all points—Speech by General Reno.

ON Friday morning, (February 7th,) coffee was served out at five o'clock throughout the whole fleet. The weather was warm, but very foggy, with a light sprinkling of rain. The little tug-boats were as busy as bees, steaming around and through the fleet, delivering the final orders on the programme of the day, and imparted the information that the attack on the island would soon begin. By ten A. M. the fog had nearly disappeared, and the fleet of gunboats had all taken up their positions, and were now only awaiting the giving of the signal to open the "ball." In their rear the transports, with their eager freight, were ready with their launches, gigs, row and surf boats, for the disembarking of the troops when the signal would be given, that the time had come to do so. While these proceedings were being accomplished Gens. Burnside and Reno passed up and down the entire length of the expanded fleet in their beautiful "gig," amid the most enthusiastic cheers. Their kindly beaming countenances inspired the men to resolve "to do or die." As they returned to the decks of their respective vessels, the first gun was fired at Fort Bartow on the island at twenty-three minutes past eleven o'clock A. M., and almost before the reverberation of the first gun had died away the engagement became general. The infantry on

the transports were in a position to have a grand view of the bombardment, which will be remembered by all who witnessed it as a display of unparalleled magnificence. The shell flying in all directions, the thunder of the enormous guns on either side, the sharp crack of the exploding shells in the air, their rapid transit, and the awful crash of the timbers of some gunboat, as an unexploded shell would pass through her staunch sides, or mayhap through her smoke-stack or boiler. The engagement raged with all fury till near night, when the firing began to slacken until it nearly ceased. Occasional shots were exchanged during the fore part of the night, but finally ceased entirely. At five P. M., of the 7th February, the 51st embarked on board the gunboat Delaware, and landed on the island a few minutes before eight o'clock, in a most disagreeable swamp and a heavy rain. The disembarking of the other troops began about four P. M., and by nine o'clock the entire body of troops were all safely landed on the island. The point of landing was about one and a half miles below the enemy's lower fort, in a large swampy cornfield, full of muskrat holes, and the night being one of dense darkness, many a leg unceremoniously entered the apertures, pitching its possessor headlong into the mire. The scene of landing the troops was most sublime, grand and imposing; everything moved with chronometer exactness and quiet. The troops, fully equipped for the fight, should there be one, entered the launches, which, in two ranks or files deep, were made fast to a hawser from the stern of the preceding launch, five feet apart, to the bow of the next following after. Fifteen or twenty ranks, or thirty to forty boats, would

be thus made fast to a single hawser, the whole taken in tow of some light draught steamer, run up to the shore and there landed.

The feeling of the men of the 51st at finding themselves once more on land, after an imprisonment of five weeks on board of an overcrowded vessel, can never be fully appreciated only by those who have been similarly situated.

As soon as the regiment landed it bivouacked in the above-mentioned swampy cornfield, and posted its pickets. The night was very rainy; being all unacquainted with the conformation of the ground, and with the intentions or positions of the rebel troops, the pickets were posted but a short distance from the main body, but in close proximity to the rebel pickets; in fact the two lines of pickets were so close in many places that they could *hear* each other *breathe*, but owing to the intense darkness, and the thick undergrowth of the stunted pines and other shrubbery, they could not distinguish each other. Some pickets thought their neighbors were of their own men, while others thought different, but to make assurance doubly sure for their own safety, not a word was uttered the whole night by either party, but daylight of next morning revealed who was friend and who foe.

The rebels, after capture, were asked why they did not fire on the "Yanks" while on picket. They replied, "We were afraid that you were too strong for us to kick up a midnight fight, for we could plainly see your main line by the numerous small fires by which you were cooking your suppers, and we saw there was enough of you to eat us up."

As soon as the 51st stacked arms and supper over,

each man laid himself down on the wet ground alongside of his stack, and notwithstanding the heavy rain that continued to pour down all night, they slept as sweetly and soundly as if resting on beds of roses. Many of them on waking up next morning found they had been lying in two or three inches of water.

The next morning, the 8th, they were called to arms at daylight, as the pickets began their work as soon as it was light enough to distinguish an object, consequently no breakfast could be got that morning by the troops. By half-past six A. M. the battle was fairly opened in a dense forest of pine trees, all undergrown with stunted shrubbery, indigenous to swamp land, but the contending forces had taken the "measure" of each other. The enemy, seemingly stubborn, began retreating toward the centre of the island, where they had a three-gun battery, masked, and almost entirely surrounded by water from one to four feet deep, being built in the centre of an extensive swamp, with no dry ground about it save the solitary public road that leads from the lower to the upper end of the island, passing through the fort. Access to this fort by any other than the public road could only be had through the deep swamp, which was almost impenetrable on account of the long, green chapparal briar. The 51st was kept in line of battle from daylight as a reserved force until about 8½ o'clock A. M., when, as the enemy gave way to our troops, the 51st would follow up within supporting distance. While waiting in the woods for orders the wounded of those who went into action early in the morning began to pass on stretchers, or leaning on the arms of sympathizing comrades, or

crawling along as best they could, each directing his course toward the hospital that had been established where they bivouacked the night before. At 10 A. M. the battle raged in all its fury. The enemy, under cover of their fort, possessed decided advantage over the Union forces, for their artillery was in a commanding position and could sweep everything passing in front of it, while the Unionists had only two light marine howitzers which had been dragged into "battery" by hand and were posted in a corner of the woods where it was too swampy to render them of much assistance to the infantry. Directly in front of the rebel works the enemy had made (to use a Southern phrase) a "slashing," which is the felling of trees for two purposes, one is to give themselves a clear and unobstructed view of the approach of their enemy and a clear range for their guns; the other is, by felling trees in a confused mass, without lopping off boughs, makes it difficult to pass over the ground as well as dangerous.

This slashing was in length about half a mile, and in breadth about four hundred yards, with the above-mentioned road passing through the middle lengthwise.

As the enemy fell back to the cover of their battery the 51st was ordered up with the 4th Rhode Island volunteers, to endeavor to make a lodgement on the right flank of the enemy's works. The 51st made efforts to cut its way through the dense undergrowth of briars and bushes. After penetrating the swamp a couple of hundred yards it was found to be impossible to get through, and the enemy already discovering their whereabouts and designs, began shelling and grapeing them with unrelenting fury.

Col. Hartranft decided to move his regiment directly in front of the enemy's guns and make an effort to get in on their left flank. Could this latter movement have been executed with rapidity the completion of it would have ended the battle. While the 51st P. V. and the 4th Rhode Island were passing in front of the works and across the slashing they endeavored to conceal themselves as much as possible, but the enemy caught a glimpse of them as they were plunging their way among the dead, dying and wounded, through the deep and muddy swamp, and poured into them volley after volley of grape and canister shots, but with no other harm than carrying away half of the bayonet off the musket of Reese Grey, of Co. D, 51st P. V. The 24th, 25th and 27th Mass. Vols., and the 9th New York Vols. and 9th New Jersey suffered the most at this point. The swamp was strewn with their dead, dying and wounded, indicative of the fierceness of the battle in the early part of the day.

After passing over this place Col. Hartranft, aided by Capt. Geo. R. Pechin, commenced to hack their way through the briars with their swords to effect the desired object of getting in on the enemy's left. As every foot of passage-way was gained by them the 51st followed up each step, and in turn was followed by the 4th R. I. While nearly on the flank of the works and making efforts to get across to the fort, a distance of about 150 yards, the 9th New York (Hawkin's Zouaves) charged in solid column up the road into the fort, capturing the three guns and caissons, one of which was a Mexican 18-pounder, another a Dahlgren 12-pounder, and the third one a

Napoleon 24-pounder, all of which had been spiked with rat-tail files.

The nature of the ground around the fort made it difficult to get into it, for in many places the swamp was waist to arm-pit deep, no dry land in front or on either flank, except the narrow road of twelve feet wide, of corduroy. It had been raining all the night before and that day, and no doubt the rain had added considerably to the advantage of the enemy, by increasing the depth of the swamp; but it availed them nothing, for at 1.30 P. M. the fort was in Burnside's possession, and the rebels fleeing to the upper end of the island in dire confusion, "worse confounded" by being followed by our brave "boys in blue," close on to their heels. So close was the race, that the fleeing "Johnnies" had strewn the roadside for miles with everything that was the least cumbersome to them in their precipitate flight. Haversacks, canteens, knapsacks, blankets, clothing of all kinds, swords, bowie-knives, pistols, cartridge-boxes, muskets, belts, and rations, literally covered the ground for six miles. So anxious were they to escape the invaders that they shot their mules and horses, leaving them to die in the road, rather than to let them fall alive into the hands of the "cussed Yankees."

The total of killed and wounded in this battle was one hundred and seventy-eight Unionists and eighty-three rebels, according to the records of the hospitals; only one of which was of the 51st P. V. The rebels in their flight expected to have reached the upper end of the island in time to get on their gun and other boats, and make their escape across Roanoke Sound to "Nagg's Head;" but their foe followed too close for them, and arrived at the upper end of the island

as soon as they. That prince of villains, Henry A. Wise, cowardly deserted his dying son, O. Jennings Wise, who had been wounded and left at a farmhouse, to die in the hands of his enemy, about two miles above the fort.

At 3.30 P. M. the enemy surrendered unconditionally to the Union forces about two thousand five hundred men and the same number of small arms, with about thirty large siege guns, some of very heavy metal. Soon after the surrender of the island, a rebel gunboat arrived with a large number of troops to reinforce the enemy. They, not being aware yet of the surrender, began disembarking. As soon as they were all on shore, Gen. Reno politely informed them that they were prisoners. Their consternation can be imagined, but not described, when they were informed of the surrender of the island and the flight of that archtraitor, Wise, and the death of O. Jennings Wise.

They evinced much mortification at being thus easily captured. Their curses were loud and of the most bitter character against the garrison, for cowardly permitting them to land in ignorance of the surrender, as they allege they could have got off clear, if they had only been given a signal to that effect.

Now that the island had succumbed to the combined land and naval forces, the 51st, as well as others, had to turn their attention to hunting up quarters. In the middle of the afternoon the Union troops found that the rebels had two good sized villages of barracks built on the island, nearly sufficient in number to quarter all the Union troops and their prisoners.

Now that quarters were obtained, the victorious

army turned its attention next to procure something to eat. Although nearly night, many of the men of the 51st had not tasted a morsel of food since the night before. Large quantities of wheat flour, corn meal, white and sweet potatoes, rice, beans, salt pork and bacon, and sugar, with some little coffee, was found in the commissary department of the C. S. A., and fires were soon kindled, "slap-jacks" were made, pork fried, coffee boiled, and the wants of the inner man well satisfied. After their palatable meal, the next thing in order was drying their clothing, which was well saturated from sleeping in the rain the night before; also being in the rain all that day, and from wading through the deep swamp surrounding the fort and battle-ground. It was midnight when the most of them had laid themselves down to rest; being weary from the excitement of the day and the rapid march after the retreating foe, and weak from the want of food, they were soon locked up in the arms of Morpheus, and enjoying tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. About thirty of the regiment, however, were detailed for camp guard; consequently they had but little sleep that night.

Between one and two o'clock in the morning all hands were aroused to receive a ration of whiskey, the surgeons deeming it the best time for it to be given, as a good number had lain down in their wet clothing, and were also very much fatigued. It was an acceptable draught, even at that late hour of the night.

The prisoners were gathered up on Sunday morning, as per order of Gen. Burnside, under the personal attendance of Maj. Schall, who, with several clerks detailed from the 51st, "took an account of



Thomas S. Bell
Lieut Col. 51st Regt 1st Div.

stock," such as the number of prisoners, their names, companies, battalions, or regiments, legion, or whatever else they happened to belong to, their residence, township, county, and State.

The names of many of the organizations were ludicrous in the extreme; but what seemed the most strange was their total ignorance of the body to which they belonged, such as what regiment, brigade, division, or corps. Perhaps they had no particular organization beyond the company to which they were attached. About five per cent. of them only were able to tell how their names were spelled. The names of the different organizations, as a sample, were: Co. A, O. K. Boys; Co. B, Auburn Guards; Co. C, Hatteras Avengers! Co. D, Jeff Davis Boys; Co. E, Cape Fear Boys; Co. F, Rip Van Winkle Guards; Co. G, Wake Eastern Guards; Co's. H and I were part of Wise's Legion, of Albemarle county, Va. Although the above companies were lettered, yet the members of them disclaimed belonging to any regiment or other organization than those mentioned. They numbered four hundred and ninety-seven non-commissioned officers and privates. They possibly did not belong to anything else than individual companies, as they had no idea of it taking them long to whip the "Yankees," and probably thought it useless to further organize!

Some other organizations were pleased to style themselves Mississippi Wild-cats, Louisiana Tigers, Hardscrabble Rangers, &c., &c.

This duty of registering was completed on Thursday, February 13th. They were principally North Carolinians and Virginians, and a few from Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Take them all in all,

they were a woful-looking set of ragamuffins. Dirty, covered with vermin, and very illiterate, not more than two per cent. of them being able to read and write! When one was found that could do both, he was "reckoned" a "right smart" scholar. They had been led to believe that the Yankees were a barbarous race of people, and therefore the poor devils were very much afraid that now, as they were prisoners, their lives would be forfeited, and their anxiety was most intense until they were assured by Maj. Schall that their lives were perfectly safe while in the hands of the Union troops, and they would be exchanged in a few days.

Very little is known, excepting by the participants, of the difficulty experienced in following the retreating rebels to the upper end of the island.

The 51st, in making its way out of the swamp by the flank, with Capt. Wm. J. Bolton's Co. A on the advance, had to pass through indefinite numbers of dangerous holes. From the uneven nature of the ground, one foot would not be in water perhaps over five or six inches deep, the other in stepping would plunge into a hole of three feet deep, making the movement not only dangerous, but of excessive toil. The day being one of that peculiar "murky" heat, natural to the Carolinas in the winter season, the perspiration poured off the men from exertion in wading through the swamps and disentangling themselves from the chapparal briars.

The retreat of the enemy from the fort was pressingly followed by their pursuers. The 51st followed close upon their heels for upwards of five miles, when, from the heated condition of the men, it was obliged to halt for five minutes to rest, at an old

blacksmith shop nearly two miles below the rebel barracks. At the expiration of that time, it resumed the march, capturing straggling rebels, dragging them out of their hiding-places, and picking them up wherever found.

After being assigned to quarters in the late rebel barracks, the men made huge fires, and stripping off their clothing, wrung out the water and dried them by the fires; then sank down on the floors of their quarters, exhausted with fatigue and the excitement of their maiden fight; all were soon asleep, and many of them on being aroused to receive their ration of whiskey, would drink it and be unconscious of the circumstance, so completely were they overcome with fatigue; but in the morning they awoke considerably refreshed, and many of them took their guns and went out on their "own hook" into the dense swamps and pine forest, and returned in a short time with one or more prisoners, of which, upwards of 150 were captured in this manner, who would, no doubt, have made their escape from the island and got clear, by way of Nagg's Head. A few hogs were found running at large on the island, and the boys appropriated them to their own use; and many a tit-bit was picked up in this way, that was lying "around loose." Great quantities of sweet potatoes, salt fish and molasses were found buried beneath the sandy soil, to hide them from the invading Yankees, but all to no purpose, for the latter would have dug up every foot of the island, but what they would have satisfied themselves that nothing was hid.

An amusing, yet not a very praiseworthy event took place a few days after the capture of the island. A "secesh" kept a small grocery store on the lower

end of the island, about ten miles below the barracks. An enterprising "Yankee" of the 51st thought that he would like to go into business "on his own hook," to replenish his "sweanied pocket-book." He entered the store and passed the compliments of the day with the proprietor, and enquired into the commercial status of the island, to all of which the "Johnny" gave very satisfactory replies. When about a dozen other Yankees, from as many other regiments, entered to purchase whiskey, the proprietor denied having any on hand just then. The 51st Yankee jumped over the counter, and politely invited the proprietor to get in front of it, as he intended to "run the machine" himself. His rebel majesty obeyed, and the newly installed storekeeper informed his customers that all they had to do was to ask him for what they wanted, and he wouldn't deny them, at least not until he first satisfied himself that he was "just out." Three hams were first asked for, but the 51st storekeeper coming so recently in possession of his stock, knew not just the place to put his hands on it when wanted, and the former owner pretending not to know, could, or would not give the information. Nothing daunted, however, the Fifty-firster ransacked the whole building, and finally found a whole barrel of hams covered over with trash. He soon supplied the applicants with three hams, at 10 cents per pound, and asking his customers the usual question, "anything else, gentlemen?" they responded by handing a few canteens to "please fill." In hunting the hams, he had found whiskey, and filled the canteens at two dollars each. That being all they wanted, they were about leaving, when the 51st Yankee thought

he might do a brisker business by "advertising" his new occupation, and therefore requested his new customers to please inform the "boys of their respective regiments," that he had just opened a new store on his own account, and would thank them for their patronage. In about an hour his customers began to flock in from all quarters, wanting generally the one thing, *i. e.*, whiskey ! which he continued to supply until the stock became exhausted. He began to think it near time for him to go to camp, and therefore before he closed *his* store, he wrote the following: "Notice. This store will be opened tomorrow morning, at 8 o'clock. T. Troy," and pasted it on the front door. He then told the former proprietor to "Come out and run home, as I want to shut up;" but the "original" refused, and boldly remonstrated with the 51st Yankee, and tried by persuasion to be restored in his right, but was refused any connection with the store, by any means. At length, the "old Johnny" allowed his passion to run riot with sound judgment, and began to threaten what he would do; such as appealing to "Gen. Burnside, &c.," but threats fared no better than suasion. The "scout" getting impatient to "shut up," he told the "Johnny" that time was money, and he must not make him waste it. The old man got stubborn and would not leave the store, and consequently was locked in; but as the key was turned, he relented, and begged hard to be set at liberty again, which was readily granted. The door was again locked, and the key brought into camp. Next morning, as per announcement, the store was duly opened, and the first customer was the original storekeeper himself, and soon thereafter the store

was thronged with patrons till near noon, when the supply ran out, and our 51st Yankee retired from business to the *quiet* of camp-life.

For some time after the capture of the island, the conveniences for cooking were poor indeed, but the boys finding plenty of sugar hid away in different places, managed to make their food palatable. Wheat flour and corn meal was found in considerable quantities, and they baked their "slap-jacks" as frequently as their appetites craved them.

While having the captured prisoners under guard, there were several night alarms created, it being ascertained that the prisoners intended to effect an escape. Several had made the attempt, but the guards fired their pieces, and hence the alarms. Nine succeeded in escaping, but were retaken next day.

On the 11th of February, all the baggage and cooking utensils were brought off the Cossack, from where she had been lying since the 51st had disembarked. The taking of Elizabeth on the 10th, by the gunboats, was duly announced to the 51st on the evening of the 11th, causing much rejoicing and wild speculation as to the early closing of the rebellion. On the 12th, a large number of captured officers and men were put on board of one of the transports and sent to New York. While employed as clerk in taking the names, &c., of the prisoners, the writer recognized in one of the captives, a man (an orderly-sergeant) belonging to Co. A, 31st Regiment North Carolina Vols., who had visited the 51st when lying at Camp Union, Annapolis, Md., representing himself as a book canvasser and selling treatises on military tactics, the writer purchasing one from him; he said he was a sergeant in the

51st New York. After obtaining his name, which he gave as J. D. Gatling, of Anson county, North Carolina, I brought the circumstance up in conversation with him, but he stoutly denied ever being employed as a spy in any way and at any time. His denial though, could not impress the writer with its truthfulness, for he had still in his possession a book of the very style that was purchased, and I never saw one like it before I purchased mine, or afterwards until I saw the one he had after his capture; nor have I ever seen any since like it. He, as a rarity among the rebel enlisted men, was shrewd and cautious in his conversation, fully coming up to the standard of what is necessary to make a successful spy. At the capture of Elizabeth City by the gunboats belonging to the expedition, the steamer "Fanny" that was captured by the rebels off Hatteras Inlet, was recaptured by Burnside's expedition and restored to the service of the U. S. Government in a good condition, the rebels not having time to destroy her. The 51st were recipients in part of 8000 pounds of fresh beef presented to the Burnside expedition by the citizens of the District of Columbia, as a token of their appreciation of gallantry displayed by the troops in taking the island. It was received in a spirit of kindness, but very little of it could be used, as it necessarily had to be kept too long in bringing it so far. The warm, rainy weather spoiled the greater portion of it.

The following extract is from a private letter written at Fort Russell, on the 18th of February, giving a very correct description of the island at that date: "I must now give you a description of this locality. Well, in the first place, it is all sur-

rounded by the waters of Roanoke, Croatan, Pamlico and Albemarle sounds, and is situated about two miles from the nearest point of the mainland. The island is about ten or twelve miles long, and from one to three miles wide, lying nearly level with the water of the sounds. The soil is nothing much but pure white sand. The lower part of the island, say about four miles of it, is almost an impassable swamp. In this swamp is where the battle was fought, and where Fort Russell (the three-gun battery) stands. The grass here (where it *does* grow) is very green, and about three inches long, but nothing much grows here, except pine and cypress trees, covered with a long, grayish moss, hanging in festoons of one to six feet in length. Wherever you find any other kind of a tree, it is invariably covered with the beautiful "mistletoe," which is now out in full bloom. The prickly pear which people up North propagate in flower pots, grows all over the island in a wild state. The middle part of the island is somewhat dryer than the lower end, having immense sand hills, some of which reach an altitude of several hundred feet; all drifted there like snow-drifts, by the strong winds blowing the sand from the beach that skirts the Roanoke and Croatan sounds. On the western shore of the island, are the forts we bombarded. On the eastern shore is a large fort, but only mounting two thirty-two pounders. On the upper end is an antiquated wind-mill, where the islanders used to grind corn. The denizens of the island live here solely by fishing and trading with the North, but since the war broke out they dare not leave the island, consequently they have suffered a great deal, having scarcely anything

to eat, all their provisions having been stolen from them. I wish you could see their horses, I know they would make you laugh. They are very small, and look more like bears than what they are. They have no carts, wagons or carriages. They have two Dearborn wheels on an axle-tree, and two poles for shafts, with a board or two nailed to them, the whole constituting their vehicles of pleasure and cartage. The horses wear no collars whatever, the hames, resting on the bare shoulder, and a rope bridle compose all the harness needed or used. The cows are all very small, none of which will weigh over 200 or 250 pounds, and are very poor. The farmers raise Indian corn and sweet potatoes, but nothing else. The land is worth from \$2.50 to \$3.00 per acre; choice tracts \$5.00 per acre. The frogs are croaking and the crickets chirping every night. Red birds, robins, blue and cat birds, are in abundance here."

On the 14th of February, Colonel Hartranft formed the regiment and took it, much to the delight of the men, on a tour of recreation over the island, to visit the different spots of interest, one of which was the above-mentioned sand hills, that are truly a curious freak of nature and a great curiosity. The next day, the 51st paid a regimental or official visit to all the forts and works on the island. As the regiment entered the works, cheer upon cheer would rend the air for everything and everybody. All returned to their barracks highly pleased with their visit. About this time the men discovered that the enemy, in attempting their escape from the island at its capture, had in wading out to their gunboats thrown away in deep water their huge bowie-

knives, revolvers and muskets. Every conceivable object that could be invented, was used by the men to fish up the articles from the bottom of the sound, and many were very successful. A large number of weapons were brought to the barracks and sold for exorbitant prices, as relics. The knives were very massive, and of a primitive style of make, and very unwieldy, yet showing as they did, the will of their former owners to "hew and hack" their Yankee brethren without mercy, in which, thank the Almighty, they were disappointed.

On the 16th of February, Corporal Jas. Mauger, of Co. I, died. His was the first death that occurred in the regiment since the capture of the island. He was buried the next day on the upper end of the island, in the rear of the hospital.

During the stay of the regiment on the island large details were made daily for camp and garrison duty, such as policing, guarding, picketing, unloading vessels, and other fatigue duty, incident to such occasions.

Co. I, under command of 2d Lieut. George Schall, was detailed to garrison Fort Russell, on the battleground of the 8th of the month, where he and his command remained until the ordnance officer of the expedition, on the 23d of February, took possession of the three guns and caissons that were in the fort at its capture.

Capt. Geo. R. Pechin and 1st Lieut. Geo. W. Bisbing of Co. I, were not in command of the company till after the taking of Newbern, on account of severe indisposition brought on by over-exertion on the day of battle and by taking cold from excessive wet in wading through the deep swamps.

On the 25th of February, a large mail from the North arrived, bringing papers which gave an account of the taking of the island, but the 51st had been accounted for as only on "reserve." Much indignation was evinced, and the one-sided penny-aliners came in for a large share of genuine anathemas from those of the 51st P. V. But after a close inquiry, why the 51st received so little notice from the press, it was made plain enough from the fact that all the troops composing the great expedition were Eastern, and that the 51st P. V. was the only representation from the old Keystone State. Having fallen into the hands of the "Philistines," consequently their dislike and avoidance to give it (the 51st) any credit, was only to add lustre to their own laurels.

The indignation of both officers and men was at the highest pitch, on their seeing an engraving in "Frank Leslie's" paper, wherein it represented the 51st in a false light, giving it little or no credit for its participation in the battle. The reason was obvious, the 51st being the only Pennsylvania regiment with Burnside, and the reporters and artists all in the employ of Eastern papers, consequently they had eyes only for Eastern troops.

The fishing season was just opening for shad, &c., and in the time intervening between drill hours, the boys would enjoy the piscatorial sport with some remuneration for their labors by making good use of the shad and herring nets abundant on the island.

On the 28th, the regiment was mustered for pay, and immediately after muster the whole regiment was detailed for general guard and picket duty.

On Saturday, March 1st, the 51st received the

pleasing intelligence of the taking of Savannah, Memphis, Nashville, Forts Donelson and Henry, the evacuation of Manassas, and that the Mayor of Norfolk had invited Gen. Wool to come there, also that two rebel Tennessee regiments had expressed their willingness to join the Union army, and a host of other gratifying rumors, causing at night one grand and general illumination of the island. Every band belonging to the expedition was out playing and marching through all the camps in honor of the cheering news. The different regiments assembled at the headquarters of Gen. Jesse L. Reno, who came out and addressed the troops in a most eloquent and patriotic strain for nearly half an hour, proving himself an orator of the first standing as well as a skilful general. At the conclusion of his remarks, he paid a glowing tribute to the 51st P. V. and its daring leader, and that "there was but one blow more to be struck to end the rebellion, and in that last blow the 51st should take a prominent part, and have a chance to distinguish itself to its fullest satisfaction." The last remark was cheered with unbounded enthusiasm by the 51st P. V., and was joined in with by all the assembled regiments. Thus passed one of the most gratifying evenings in the career of the 51st. The troops then all retired about midnight to their quarters, to dream of soon being on their way to their "bright and happy homes, so far away!" and the war at an end.

CHAPTER VI.

All aboard—The new Enfields—Sailing of the Fleet—Landing at Slocum's creek—March to Newbern—Battle of Newbern—A patriot's death—Lieut. Morris—Charge of the 51st—Capture of the rebel works—Poisoned food—The 51st on a scout—Bridge-burning and foraging—Return to Camp.

ON Monday, March 3d, 1862, the 51st received orders to draw three days' rations, and to pack up ready to move at a "moment's notice." The order was speedily complied with, and in a very few moments the 51st was on the march towards the shore to again embark on board of "our dear old Cossack." To go, where? That last blow was to be struck, but where? That was the question. Ah! to take the Weldon Railroad, was the opinion of the majority, but the minority said Newbern; not from any positive knowledge, but from reason or *instinct*. Newbern, N. C., it was!

After going on board of the Cossack, the steamer hauled off a short distance from the island and anchored until the whole fleet should be ready.

The next day, (the 4th,) the regiment received new arms of a vastly superior quality over the "old Harper's Ferry muskets." They were the Enfield rifled muskets, and were more effective at one thousand yards than the Harper's Ferry were at four hundred yards. A fair trial was obtained the next day, at a floating target of five hundred yards distant, which was completely riddled by the Enfield, but was not reached by the Harper's Ferry.

After the 51st were embarked, that very and always welcome visitant to a soldier, the mail, was

sent on board. On embarking, a few of the men and several officers were left back on the island, sick in hospitals. A most depressing rumor now found its way on board the Cossack, to the effect that Gen. Banks had lost 14,000 men on the Potomac.

Great anxiety was now felt by the 51st for the paymaster to make his appearance before starting on another tour, but they were disappointed, as he did not come for some time thereafter. Money now began to be at a premium, from the fact that the sound fishermen were catching large quantities of shad, and selling at extremely low prices to those, on board of the transports, who were fortunate to have any money left from their last pay received at Annapolis, Md. The constant shortness of rations in the expedition forced the men in order to sustain life, to purchase from the regimental sutlers, who, to their shame be it said, took mean advantage of the men's necessities, and charged ten prices for every article sold. Many may ask "why did the men pay it?" I would answer by saying that, when starvation is staring you in the face, and hunger is already gnawing your very vitals out, it does not become a matter of paltry dollars and cents, but of *health* and *life*, and further, at each purchase, the buyer would feed on *hope*, that "a good time" might soon turn up in the Commissary Department at its next issue! Occasionally the soldiers would be compelled by force of circumstances, to use an army phrase, to "shut up the eyes" of the fisherman, for a couple of shad. The soldiers being on the transports and the fisherman in his batteau, they would tell him to "pass up" a couple of the fish for them

to look at, but the over-confiding fisherman would soon find "his eyes shut up" effectually, for the soldier had disappeared to clean his fish and pay his ten cents to the cooks to fry them for him.

While lying off the island and before the departure of the fleet, the small-pox began to make its appearance in the 51st, consequently once or twice a day the surgeons would come on board to make examinations of each individual, and if any possessed the slightest symptoms of that much dreaded disease, they were immediately sent ashore to remain in the hospitals until the disease either developed itself or it was found that there was no infection.

On the 6th of March, another of those terrible storms swept over the sounds, which lasted till the afternoon of the 8th. No particular damage was sustained by the Cossack, but great fears were entertained on the 7th for her safety; both of her heavy bow anchors were out, and in the violence of the storm, she dragged them over a mile in twelve minutes.

This second time on the Cossack was equally as bad as the first, for want of food and water. Had it not been for the few shad purchased or "confiscated," the suffering by hunger by the men would have been without its parallel; as it was, it was terrible beyond the power of any pen to portray.

On Sunday, March 9th, 1862, orders were issued for the fleet to prepare to leave their anchorage for Newbern, N. C., but General Burnside had received, what was supposed by him to be, reliable news, that Norfolk, Va., had been taken, and the order to "take up the line of movement" was countermanded, but on the afternoon of the next day, the orders to

start were re-issued, consequently the fleet took its departure for its destination on Tuesday morning, the 11th, arriving at Hatteras Inlet early in the evening of the same day. The day was very rainy and the men staid in their berths, enjoying themselves in various amusements, and wondering if they would ever again sit down to a table and "*get enough to eat.*"

On arriving at the Inlet, Maj. Schall gave notice to the men that he would go ashore in one hour with a mail and bring the return one. Nearly every man sat down to write his version of his trials and sufferings. At the expiration of the hour the Major gathered up the letters, took them ashore and returned with a very large mail, much to the gratification of all. Half the night was spent in perusing letters and papers.

The morning of the 12th of March was one of the loveliest in nature—the broad bosom of the surrounding waters lay as smooth as ice, and looked like one vast sheet of polished silver. The whole fleet riding at anchor, and everything wearing the appearance of such calmness and quiet, that one would almost persuade himself it was the holy Sabbath day; but at 8 A. M., the signal corps began waving their many flags, which, being interpreted, meant "to weigh anchor and be off;" in a few minutes all was bustle and excitement, and the fleet was again under way, arriving at the mouth of Neuse River at half-past two P. M. same day, and made a halt of three-quarters of an hour, which became necessary on account of numerous columns of smoke ascending in the air, on either shore, looking very much as if it might be numberless rebel camp-fires, but a couple

of gunboats reconnoitered the shore and found that the columns of smoke were no less than the mode adopted by the rebels to signal the approach of the expedition to their shores. The Cossack started once more and made the run with much caution, the gunboats on the advance, and the transports following in proper order—obeying all signals as promptly as if the orders were issued verbally. Three days' rations and sixty rounds of ammunition were issued, and every other preparation made in case of a forced landing having to be made. At night the fleet anchored a few miles below the mouth of Slocum's Creek, and about midnight a surgeon came on board of the Cossack to deliver a lecture, in secrecy, to the band of the 51st, which was constituted an ambulance corps, in regard to its duties on the battle-field. This lecture was intended only for the ears of the ambulance corps, consequently all others were ordered off to their quarters, but *other ears did hear* the admonition. And of the vast importance to a wounded soldier that it might have been, it is to be regretted that the lecture was not delivered in the presence of the assembled regiment, and as the very able lecturer defined the only correct mode of saving life, it was necessary that all should be instructed in it. For instance, if the wound was of an artery, it was to be tightly bound on the side next to the heart. If a flesh wound, where the blood only oozed out, it was to be bound tightly on the side of the wound furthest from the heart. The reason for this was, that the blood of an artery comes direct from the heart to distribute itself throughout the human system, and therefore it is important to prevent it from reaching the wound, consequently to

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bandage between the heart and the wound, so as to stop the flow of blood, will prevent bleeding to death. The reason for bandaging below the flesh wound was, the smaller blood vessels only served to carry the blood back to the heart after being distributed by the arteries, and tightly bandaging the wound on the lower side also hinders the blood from finding egress through the wound, and prevents fainting or death from loss of blood. If wounded in any part of the body, where bandages could not by unskilled hands be effectually applied, the corps was instructed to fill the cavity well with lint, rags, or pocket handkerchief, or whatever else could be speedily brought into requisition on a battle-field. The lecturer spoke upwards of half an hour, and in that time imparted a vast deal of very valuable information. Why it was delivered secretly can only be conjectured, but the supposition was, and is yet, that if delivered publicly it might affect the nerves of those who would keep the thing in their mind's eye continually, while going into battle, and perhaps make them falter! If that was the correct theory, all that is necessary to say is, that the surgeon did not know the material of which the 51st was made. It cannot be denied but that cowards are to be found in all large organizations, and the name of a battle was, and is sufficient, to make them, to use an army's vulgar phrase, "shyster out," but the 51st contained as few, if not fewer, shysters, than any other regiment extant.

On Thursday, 13th, soon after daylight, the Cosack ran in as close to the mouth of Slocum's Creek, eighteen miles below Newbern, N.C., as she could get, and the 51st disembarked at 7 A. M. The gunboats

shelled the shore for about five miles, during which time the entire body of troops composing the expedition disembarked. Thousands of them were so impatient to once more set their feet upon land, that they would not wait to be taken off in small boats, but voluntarily jumped from their vessels into the water, which was to many of them up to their necks, and waded to the shore, a distance of from three hundred to five hundred yards. This disembarkation was so quietly conducted that one-half of the troops were on *terra firma* before all the men knew what was going on. The shelling of the woods by the gunboats disturbed, and brought to light a rebel cavalry encampment, about five miles above where the troops landed. After the troops had landed, General Burnside exhorted the men to throw nothing away, as they were now where they could not replace anything if lost.

By 8 A. M. the column was on the march, in a drenching rain and through the *muddiest* mud ever invented, being knee-deep and of a black, unctuous, slippery character. After marching five miles towards Newbern, and hugging the shore of the Neuse river, the 51st came on the camp of the rebel cavalry which the gunboats had routed precipitately. Everything lay around in magnificent disorder; fires still burning, breakfasts cooking, and some served up and partly partaken of, showing the complete surprise by the landing of several unannounced 64-pound shells in the very heart of their barracks. Tired as the "Yankees" were, they took their five minutes rest to "go through" the baggage of the rebel officers and the "knappies" of the men. After ransacking the camp, the 51st was about "falling in,"

when, unfortunately for the 51st's boys, a marine battery of six pieces, that had also landed at Slocum's Creek, halted in front of the regiment, for the marines were worn out in pulling and tugging to get their artillery and caissons along.

Lieut. Col. Thos. S. Bell was quietly sitting on his horse when an orderly rode up to him and presented him with an order, detailing the regiment nearest to the battery to assist in bringing it along. Consequently the 51st being unfortunately in that "fix" had to "fall in" and man the rope. If marching with a knapsack, sixty rounds of ammunition, a heavy rifle-musket, three days' rations in haversacks, and other paraphernalia of war, fatigued them; what else, than exhaust them, would carrying all that and dragging a heavy gun and caisson full of shot and shell thirteen miles in the remainder of the day, do? The mud was bad enough to march over, but when pulling on the rope it would cause the men to sink in two or three inches deeper. The regiment was divided into three reliefs, each relief taking its turn at the rope half an hour at a time. The march now became not only painfully laborious but extremely slow, the gun carriages sinking in the mud up to the hubs. Rain pouring down, clothing dripping wet, the air sultry and "murky," and every thing seeming to conspire to dishearten that noble band of patriots' who toiled and tugged to get the artillery along and keep up with the advancing troops; but its labors were not confined alone to the pulling of the six guns belonging to the marines, for on the landing of the 51st, Capt. Bennett, of the Cossack, had two splendid twelve pound Wiard rifled guns (steel) on his ship, and was very anxious to participate with

the 51st in an engagement, therefore he made application to Gen. Burnside to be permitted to take one of his guns ashore and go along with the 51st; in fact he asked permission to take both guns, but only one was granted. Before the 51st disembarked, Capt. Bennett had his gun ashore, accompanied by eighteen of his best men well armed with their boarding pikes, cutlasses, and heavy navy revolvers; but owing to the great depth of mud, his men were overtaken by the 51st about six miles from the landing point, completely worn out and borne down to the ground, or rather *mire*, from sheer exhaustion. On the 51st coming up with Capt. Bennett, it found him scarcely able to utter a word, from cheering his men on in their noble work and pulling at the rope himself, he became so hoarse that articulation had nearly ceased, but the sight of *his* regiment, as he always called the 51st, added joy to his overloaded heart, for he knew they would help him if he would only say that he needed them; but the first party of the 51st that reached him was one of the three reliefs, that had just been relieved, and being jaded nearly to death, they did not feel like offering their services to help to pull a much heavier gun than that of which they had just dropped the rope. After passing a few remarks with Bennett and his men, they started to pass on, but Bennett, who from a little rest could talk plain enough to be understood, asked them to help him along with his gun. At this juncture the remainder came up and Capt. Bennett begged them to help him along, but not properly understanding their answer he yelled out as loud as he was able, "Men! do you want me to commit suicide? for I swear if I can't get help from you,

boys, to get my gun up, I'll blow out my brains here!" That appeal to their love for him had its effect, and for the balance of the march they had seven guns to get through the mud. However, by daylight next morning the 51st had got all the guns and caissons up to within five hundred yards of the enemy's works around Newbern. These seven pieces of artillery were the only field pieces that the expedition had on land, and for their great aid, especially Capt. Bennett's gun, none ever regretted the enormous amount of labor bestowed by them in getting the guns up; the men often remarked after the capture of Newbern, that if they had thought that Bennett and his gun would have rendered such incalculable service they would have pulled with a much better heart; now that it was over they could look the circumstance squarely in the face and acknowledge that only for the unceasing perseverance of Bennett and his noble tars, the gun could never have been brought up, and all became fully satisfied in making "government mules" of themselves for the time being.

At 9 o'clock, P. M., the army halted for the night along the roadside within a mile or thereabouts of the enemy's pickets, where all laid down in the mud and rain and enjoyed a few hours of the sweetest sleep ever enjoyed by mortals.

At 2 A. M., of the 14th, the army was again in motion, the rain coming down in torrents, and all hands d——g all hands, rebels, everything and everybody, as well as the weather, climate, and State. However, their ill humor only served to put them in more determined fighting trim. The 51st again seized hold of the long ropes

of their *old friends* which stuck to them as close as the mud of which they could not get rid. They dragged the cannon up as close to the enemy's works as it was prudent to go while it was yet so dark. It was only a short time till daylight, and some laid down in the mud and rain to enjoy another short nap, while others, looking out for the inner man, busied themselves in making a cup of coffee or cooking something to eat for a breakfast; very few cared about their rations; rest and sleep were much more needed at that time.

At 6 A. M., Col. Hartranft gave the command to "fall in," which was complied with as promptly as the circumstances would permit. It took the men some time to get themselves gathered up. From their laborious toil of the day and night before, perspiring and drenched with rain to the skin, young and old were as sore and stiff in their joints and muscles as a foundered horse, and they moved into line as if they were walking on eggs and afraid of their legs breaking. By the time the regiment got into line on the railroad the right of the column had engaged the enemy, and the musketry was terrific. Col. Hartranft brought his regiment to a "front" on the railroad, and ordered his men to discharge their guns and reload with fresh ammunition. Although the guns had only been loaded the day before, yet the charges had become so wet that not over five per cent. of their pieces would go off on the first trial; this was occasioned by having to pull up the guns the day before and no care could be taken to keep their own guns in order. However, only a few moments were lost in making things all right, and as soon as that was done, Lieut. Morris, aid on Burn-

side's staff, came up and delivered orders to Col. Hartranft to take his men in. In less time than it takes to tell it, Col. Hartranft took his regiment into battle on the "double quick." It proceeded up the railroad to within plain view of the enemy's fortifications, then fling left into a rough piece of woods on the "double quick" over ditches, quagmires, swamps, creeks, hill and dale, until it came within seventy-five yards of a three-gun rebel battery, where it halted and took up a gap on the left of the 9th New Jersey and the right of the 51st New York. After taking its position it was commanded to "lie down!" It had scarcely done so when a shower of grape, canister, shrapnel and "minies" came over their heads in a perfect storm. The enemy had seen the regiment coming in and they did their utmost to drive it out of its position, but Col. Hartranft "couldn't see it" and therefore was determined to stay there, warmly seconded by his men. While lying there they were resting, and the galling fire did not disturb them a bit more than had the balls been fired in the air, for after lying there half an hour awaiting orders to either open fire or charge bayonets one-half of the men had fallen into a *sound sleep*. On the right of the brigade to which the 51st was attached, Capt. Bennett was posted with his steel Viard gun, doing terrible execution at each discharge. His gunners, Mr. Stroud and Mr. Wilson, were such adepts in ranging their gun that they dismounted three of the enemy's guns in succession with their first three shots and rendered a fourth gun useless with their fifth. This terrible execution by these gunners exasperated the rebels to such an extent as to cause them to concentrate all their

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available artillery fire on Capt. Bennett's gun, for the purpose of driving it away from its position. The solid shot and shell fairly rained into them, but Bennett, Stroud, and Wilson said they would die then and there before they would have it said they were driven away. The battle now raged most furiously, and for about one hour it was impossible to tell which were to be the victors. During this terrible suspense of the fate of the day, poor Wilson fell at the side of his gun mortally wounded, a twenty-four pound shell striking his thigh and severing his leg from his body. He was immediately carried to the rear, and then on board of the Cossack, but died soon after. Thus was gone one noble, self-sacrificing spirit, who should have lived to see his patriotic endeavors brought to a peaceful and happy termination. When asked, after being wounded, "if he wasn't sorry that he had volunteered to go ashore with his gun," he opened his eyes and replied, "I know I must die! but should I recover and the war not over, I will volunteer my other leg as I did this if I can only sell it as dear, for I know I knocked them!!" Peace to his ashes! and may his image never be driven from our sight!

About noon the battle began to oscillate, one moment victory would hover over the Union army, the next over the enemy, when Burnside ordered the extreme right of his line to charge, aided by the gunboats on the works nearest to the Neuse river. It proved a success; but with fearful slaughter to the 24th and 27th Massachusetts. As soon as the assault was made, Burnside dispatched one of his aids, Lieut. Morris, to Col. Hartranft, with orders to charge on the enemy's works directly in front of the 51st.

Lieut. Morris on coming up to the regiment inquired for Col. Hartranft, (who was on the extreme right of the 51st, surveying with his eagle eye the nature of the ground in case he should make a charge,) but in reply was answered "he's somewheres about." Lieut. Morris then stated that Burnside had sent orders for the 51st P. V. to make a bayonet charge on the works in their front, and if it would follow him he would lead. The whole regiment instantly sprang to their feet, and Morris giving the command to "charge" with a flourish of his sword, the regiment started on a "full run." Hartranft had evidently been watching the movement with a jealous eye, and ere the regiment had gone twenty-five yards, Col. Hartranft's voice was heard commanding a "halt." As quick as the flash of a gun the line halted, and Hartranft breaking through it, ran up to Morris and passionately asked him, "what in the h—il do you mean? I command this regiment and if a charge is to be made I'll make it." A hasty explanation ensued, and the regiment fell back to its former position and lay down, much to the gratification of the men, who wanted to be led in a charge by one of their own officers only. In a few moments Col. Hartranft saw a slight advantage might be gained in an assault by a few men on another part of the enemy's works, and he ordered Lieut. Col. Bell to take the left wing of the 51st P. V. and make the charge. The encomiums passed by the newspaper reporters on Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell for this brilliant achievement, leave it needless for my pen to dot their praise. Shortly after Col. Hartranft gave orders to "rise up," "forward, double quick," when in an instant seemingly Col. Hartranft and the color

bearer, were planting the colors of the 51st P. V. in the three gun battery, that had been carried at the point of his bayonets, but the 51st P. V. had only fairly got into the fort, when the 51st New York came rushing in over the ramparts, and planted their colors also on the left wing of the works. From some unaccountable reason the reporter for the New York Herald gave Col. Hartranft the credit of taking the fort, but made a blunder in giving the 51st New York credit for planting their colors first on the captured works. The ground passed over by the 51st P. V. was decidedly a rough piece, if that will explain its ruggedness. The captured fort lay about midway up a very steep hill, the 51st was posted also on a corresponding hill, directly in front of the fort. Between the fort and where the regiment lay, was a very deep swampy ravine, the bottom of this ravine had the water dammed up to the depth of thirty inches and was about thirty or forty yards wide. Huge trees had been felled by the rebels, and thrown lengthwise and crosswise of the ravine, the branches were lopped off in such a way as to form an almost impregnable abattis. Over this place is where the charge was made, and had it been made at the time that Lieut. Morris attempted to lead, not more than one soldier out of ten, of the 51st could have survived to have told the tale; but Col. Hartranft, with his keen foresight and sound military judgment, knew just the precise time to make the charge and how to make it a success. The total loss of the 51st was as follows: killed, none; wounded, ten; among whom were privates Owen Rex and Wm. W. Wiedner, of Co. D; missing, none. It is to be regretted that the names of

the others have been mislaid. Four o'clock of the afternoon of Friday, March 14th, found Burnside in undisputed possession of the defiant city of Newbern and all its formidable fortifications. The enemy fleeing in wild confusion towards Goldsboro' and Kingston, having left everything behind them in the way of private property, so as not to encumber themselves with baggage, so eager were the chivalry to lose sight of the despicable Yankees. However, in their retreat they had set fire to the splendid railroad bridge which spanned the Trent river opposite the city, cutting off the remnant of their retreating army, as well as preventing any further pursuit by the elated victors. The retreating rebels who were cut off from their comrades by the burning bridge, were compelled to follow the south shore of the Trent river, in order to give as much distance between them and their pursuers as possible, and in doing so, they had to swim across Brice's creek, about three miles above the city. Many of the retreating foe found a watery grave, for the stream was a deep, sluggish one, of about 125 or 150 feet wide, and full fifty feet in depth. From what information could be obtained from the negroes, at least one hundred rebels were drowned in attempting to cross the creek, either from not knowing how to swim, or from fright and the excitement of the chase. Hundreds had been captured on the battlefield, the 51st capturing seventeen prisoners and three heavy guns, when it made the charge on the fort, besides large quantities of small arms and private property. The ground in and around the rebel works was literally covered with the dead, the dying, and the wounded, proving the stubbornness of the sanguinary conflict.

The total number of effective Union men was 7,800, and that of the rebel force was computed by a rebel officer at 19,300, showing tremendous odds for the Union men to contend against. Independent of their numerical strength, they possessed at least fifteen field and siege guns to one of the Union army. The Union gunboats were of immense service in deciding the conflict. After silencing all the water batteries, they were enabled to pass the obstructions in the river and lend an able hand to the land forces in routing the enemy from their almost impregnable strongholds.

After cessation of hostilities, the negroes began to venture to visit the Union army, and many laughable scenes occurred between them and the "Boys in Blue." One old darkey being asked what made the rebels run so, when the Yankees had come to fight them, replied "that dey stuck it out, until your folks began to frow (throw) dem mighty rotten shot (shells) from de big gunboats. I tell ye's dey made dem tote demselves out de way, by golly dey did!" Another one asked a negress what she thought of the Yankees, "Why," said she, "I find dey looks like our people, an I said so yesterday when I seed you pass our house, for my massa had always tole us dat de Yankees wa'r great big people, tall as dat pine tree dar, wid one eye in de centre ob der for'ed and one in de back of dar heds, and dat if dey got a holt ob a nigger, dey jist munched dem up wid dar grate big teef, and dat would be de last of de coon. Why, my massa said dat your teef (teeth) was as long as der arms, and wid one crunch would bite a hoss in two, and a heap of oder things, he tole us 'bout you, but I guess he only tole us dat to

try to fritin us so dat we wouldn't run away from him and come to you folkses."

As soon after the battle as it could be done, the 51st marched up the railroad, near to the still burning bridge, and bivouacked for the night on the banks of the Neuse river, where the Trent river empties its inky stream, and after hastily preparing a sort of a supper, the men, spreading their blankets for a night's repose on the wet ground, laid themselves down to sleep, without any other covering than the broad canopy of watery clouds and a drenching rain, which continued to pour down with unrelenting fury all night; but wet and mud disturbed them not in their sleep, for being worn down and their strength exhausted by the fatigue of the day and night previous, and by the intense excitement of that day, they fell asleep as soon nearly as their heads were on a level with their heels.

The next morning, Saturday, the 15th, the rain continuing to fall and the men in their wet clothing, things were about as uncomfortable as if gotten up expressly to order, none of them having any tents or rubber blankets. Wood and everything else soaking wet, it was a long time before a fire could be kindled to lend its genial warmth to dry their clothing, to make a cup of coffee, to cook a piece of salt junk, or to fry fat pork for their breakfasts. Had the little "shelter" or D'Abri tents been known of in those days, what an addition they would have been to the protection and comfort of the marching soldier. Nothing of the kind was used in the early days of the rebellion, and the tired and wet soldier was contented to lay himself down to sleep in the ditches on the roadsides, in rain and

mud, without a thought of any other protection against rheumatism and the inclemency of the weather than his blanket, if he was fortunate enough to have one with him. During the day quarters had been assigned to the 51st, about one and a half miles from Newbern, in a lot of the filthiest rebel barracks ever met with, consequently by nightfall it was moved to its new quarters, where out of the rain they had fire-places, in which to make fires to warm themselves and cook; but very little cooking could be done, for on landing at Slocum's creek, they had only three days' rations in their haversacks, and being three days and two nights exposed to a continuous rain, their provisions became spoiled and the most had to be thrown away. Many had to go to bed supperless, but few to sleep, for the bunks were literally alive with vermin, left behind by the retreating rebels. On Sunday, 16th, the regiment were without a morsel of rations, excepting a little raw pork, that had been discovered in a deserted barrack in a rebel officer's mess chest, that had been left behind. So eager were the men to eat it, that it was devoured raw, for they could not wait to cook it.

Tired as the men were, they could not refrain from foraging the country, and met with considerable success. They brought in large quantities of various kinds of food, also some of the finest horses of which North Carolina could boast, with sulkies and carriages, and costly harness. One splendid horse and carriage were captured by Sergeant W. F. Campbell, of Co. H.

Sunday, the 16th, was occupied in putting the arms in order, and a general cleaning of all the accoutrements, which being done, the boys visited all

the rebel fortifications on the shore of the Neuse, and the battle-ground. Large numbers of the dead of both armies still lay around unburied. Horses laid very thick on the ground, and in piles; one pile contained seventy-three carcasses of rebel artillery horses, and close by it lay sixty-five dead rebs.

Some time in the afternoon of the day of battle, D. P. Bible, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant of the 51st P. V., had occasion to visit Newbern; and while there, he, in company with several officials, visited a number of deserted houses, and found what purported to be old wine in one of them. Although very chary about tasting it, at last he did, and finding it very palatable, his suspicions of it containing poison were soon dispelled. He only took a very small quantity, when he was seized with strong symptoms of being poisoned. Medical aid was called in, and by skilful treatment his life was placed out of jeopardy, but he lay in great agony for several weeks, as well as in great danger of his life. This occurrence served as a salutary lesson to all, and warned the soldiers from placing too much confidence in anything they should find that had been left behind by the rebel citizens. Pies, cakes, preserves, wines, and liquors, had been poisoned to a great extent by the rabid secessionists on learning the closeness of the Union forces to their city; and believing in the ultimate capture of their town, they were in hopes of taking a few more "Yankee lives," even should they not be present to see their victims.

On Monday, 17th, Col. Hartranft issued orders to the regiment, early in the morning, to get themselves in readiness for a march into the country, and to take nothing with them but their arms, ammuni-

tion, accoutrements, and *plenty of salt*. The latter was about all they could take in the way of rations. The boys had not been informed why they were to take salt with them, but they easily guessed, and consequently took all they had, which was but very little. At ten A. M., the regiment formed on the color line, and soon thereafter was on the march; Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell leading the column on horseback, Major Schall and the staff bringing up the rear. The regiment marched out about ten miles from Newbern to the large plantation of a Peter G. Evans. The following extract from a private letter gives a pretty correct account: "We went along a road that was new to *all* of us, about four miles, where it ended very abruptly at a breastwork thrown up across it by the rebels. (There were none but our own regiment on this scout.) As soon as Co. A, Capt. Wm. J. Bolton, arrived at the works, a halt ensued, and the regiment took a survey in front of the battery for half a mile. The enemy had cut down a number of large trees, and felled them across the road. A bridge, which spanned a small, but deep creek, had been torn up, but our pioneers very soon cleared off the fallen timber, and relaid the bridge, which occupied a few minutes only, and then the line moved off through mud and swamps, and came out on the boundary of a four thousand acre cotton plantation, belonging to Peter G. Evans. We found on the place ninety slaves, large quantities of cotton, some of which was in bales, some loose, some in the press, and some in the gin; also, a large number of horses and cattle, 175 hogs, 50 goats, 25 mules, 75 ploughs, a great many carts, saw-mills, flouring-mills, with a great quantity of flour and

corn meal in them, and about 4,000 bushels of corn, all of which we took possession of.

"We arrived at this place just at sundown; and when we halted for camping purposes, there was not a dry thread on any of us, from perspiration, and fording streams, and wading through swamps.

"We soon found out the sweet potatoes, which were near a mile from where we bivouacked. Evans had about 1,000 bushels of them buried in three different holes.

"We stacked our arms, and made a large number of fires, killed 20 hogs and 2 bullocks, and soon had something to eat. I had a better supper than I have had for a long time. I had a tin cup of coffee and a large piece of fresh ham, which I cooked by running a stick through it, and holding it over the fire until done; and having salt with me, I ate until I felt sick. I then hunted up a bunch of cotton, and lay down in my wet clothing, and slept like a top. The next morning, at ten o'clock, we loaded up the cotton and other things, and left for our barracks, where we arrived just before night; but I had a good breakfast of roasted sweet potatoes and coffee, and I feel now, after getting a couple of good meals, as if I was a new man.

"This Evans is a rebel captain, and was in the battle last Friday. He got wounded, was taken prisoner, and died yesterday."

The next day, (19th,) after the regiment had returned to its quarters, was spent by the boys in resting themselves, and talking over their trip of the day before, and visiting the captured water batteries.

Thursday, the 20th, was another rainy day; but a large number of the boys obtained passes, and

went over to Newbern. It is a very ancient looking city, with considerable thrift and stately appearance. Most of the private residences being abandoned by their former owners or occupants, those of the most imposing and aristocratic appearance were occupied by our generals and their staffs. The city abounds in plenty of shade trees, which were out in full bloom, reminding one of the months of May and June in Pennsylvania. At one end of the city is Cedar Grove Cemetery, of which the most notable feature is the stone wall inclosure; the wall being built of stone that is composed of millions of petrified sea shells.

Friday, the 21st, Col. Hartranft received and issued orders for the 51st to be ready to move at 7 o'clock, that morning. The following extract from a private letter gives an account of the march and its object:

"On Friday morning last, we took up our line of March, at 7 o'clock, for Pollocksville, situated on the Trent river, twenty-three miles from Newbern, where we arrived at dusk of the same day. Our object was to burn the three bridges that cross, each five or six miles apart. We burnt the one at Pollocksville first; and then about 11 o'clock that night our scouts came in and told us that the third bridge, which is at Trenton, had been fired by Capt. Allabough and his company, who were trying to find their way back through the dark to the regiment, or what there was of it; for, in fact, there was less than four hundred of us. Nearly or quite one-half of the regiment staid back in quarters; and as the orders were for no one to go who did not feel able or willing, a good number preferred remaining in camp.

"Well, we got back last night, and found the camp

in a whirl of excitement about our safety. News had got in before us that our party had all been cut to pieces; that the rebel cavalry had surrounded us, and we would not surrender; therefore, we were all cut up. The 51st New York and the 9th New Jersey were just given orders to reinforce us, when they saw our regimental colors crossing the railroad about a mile off from our camp. We had an awful tramp of it, I assure you. We had to ford eight streams of water that were up to our waists, besides several others that were knee deep; and the roads were exceedingly muddy. I saw some few very beautiful houses, and the plantations all looked so sweet; fruit trees all out in full bloom, and everything wearing the garb of spring verdure; but every place was deserted, except by slaves, who wanted us to take them along with us. I wish we could, for I pity them."

When within about one mile of Pollocksville, the regiment came to a halt. Co. C, Captain Allabough, was detailed to march to the upper bridge at Trenton to fire it; but as it was dark when they started, it grew still darker as it grew later, and their march was necessarily very slow. However, about midnight he succeeded in applying the torch, and it was soon consumed; after which he "about face," and groping his way back, rejoined his regiment.

Co. D, Capt. Ed. Schall, volunteered to go into Pollocksville and burn the bridge at that place, which they did in splendid style, although quite early in the evening, and the inhabitants all walking about the village and attending to their business. So quietly and successfully did Co. D do their work, that the bridge was all in flames from one end to the other, and cut in two, so as it burned it would fall in the

river and render it past repairing, that the citizens wondered how the act could have been done so quick; but the pouring of turpentine and other ingredients over the wood work was the labor of only a minute; and the application of the torch spread the flames with the speed of lightning over its whole surface, and the large columns of black smoke rapidly ascending, notified the reserve that the work was accomplished.

Co. D, Capt. Schall, was detailed to picket the road on the flank of the reserves to protect it from surprise, and also to picket the the rear of Co. C, to prevent it from being cut off in that quarter from the main body or reserves. The reserves consisted of Co's. A, I, F, E, G, K, and B, who moved back to the cross or forks of the road about two miles from Pollocksville, where they bivouacked for the night, and made themselves a cup of coffee, leaving Co. D in the town to guard against any armed force assembling in it for any treacherous purposes, and leaving Co. C picketing the road leading to Trenton.

Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell evidently evinced a great deal of uneasiness throughout the whole night for the safety of Capt. Allabough and his company, as it was fully expected they would return at a specified time whether they accomplished their task or not; and as the full time had elapsed, Col. Hartranft or Lieut. Col. Bell could be seen on their horses at full gallop going up the road, unattended by an orderly, about every half hour throughout the night. Col. Bell, in one of his tours, captured two citizens in a buggy, who were very anxious to be allowed to proceed to their homes at Trenton; but Col.

Bell "could not see it," and consequently brought the "highly indignant chivalry" into the reserves, and put them under guard for the remainder of the night. They were very profuse in offering promises and bribes for their liberty, but it was all in vain; and in their spleen they unintentionally gave Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell the highest credit that words could convey for their devoted course as executive officers and soldiers in fearlessly doing their duty.

Early next morning Capt. Allabough and his company found their way back to the reserves in safety, which gratified Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell very much. Co. D and the pickets all being in, the regiment, with its two prisoners, began the return march at 7 o'clock. After going three or four miles, the men began to give out with fatigue, being on the long march of the day before, and up all night in the rain, without shelter or food, they had become too much fagged out and weak to stand the march so well on the return. About the middle of the afternoon the regiment arrived at Evans's plantation, or at least the advance of it; for the men being wet and hungry, footsore and tired, they had straggled to the extent of three or four miles. Col. Hartranft remained with the larger portion of the regiment for the first ten miles; but seeing his men were failing from being overtasked, and very much crippled with painfully sore feet, he dismounted and waited for the rear of his regiment to catch up to where he was; then selecting the worst cases, he gave them his horse to ride alternately, and assisting with his arms to support others, he helped them along as best he could, until he and his "cripples" caught up to the colors,

which had halted at the above-mentioned plantation, pursuant to his orders. Some few of the advance kept on until they arrived in camp; but the majority rested at Evans's for a couple of hours, until all were up, or close enough to exclude the possibility of capture. The halt had greatly benefited the men; for they kept in close column, with little or no straggling, for the remainder of the return march, and arrived in camp early in the evening, to find their long absence had given rise to a rumor that they were all "cut up," and the 51st New York and 9th New Jersey were about starting out to learn the fate of the "bridgeburners," and to render them whatever assistance lay in their power. On arriving in camp, the "Regulation's" formalities for "breaking ranks" were omitted, and each man "struck" for his respective quarters, to seek that repose he stood so much in need of after the excitement and perilous tramp of forty-six miles. A few, and only a few, could not reach camp that night; but, from their crippled condition, were obliged to throw themselves down in the muddy road and quarter there, coming into camp early next morning. This march is one that will never be forgotten by any that participated in it; and well may it be remembered!

On Sunday, the 23d, the day after the return march from Pollocksville, the vessels laden with supplies were unloaded, and by the middle of the afternoon, rations were issued in great abundance, being the first issue of full rations since the regiment embarked on the Cossack at Roanoke on the 3d of the month, twenty days back, and in that twenty days it is beyond the power of my pen to tell in detail the trials and sufferings of this noble band of patriots!

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival of convalescents and fresh troops—Camp Franklin—
Proficiency of Company B—Losses by sickness and battle—
Grumblings—Congratulatory orders—Gen. McClellan.

ON Tuesday, the 25th, all the officers and men who were left invalids at the island on the departure of the Cossack now joined their commands, having arrived fully restored in health, with the exception of a few who had been attacked with the small-pox, but they soon followed thereafter. On the arrival of the convalescents a mail also came, being the first one since the capture of Newbern, and being a rainy day (confound it, it rained all the time) nothing was done but reading and writing letters.

On Saturday, the 29th of March, the regiment packed up and moved camp from the barracks to a place nearly opposite the city of Newbern, where it received the large Sibley tents, and pitched them in regulation form and gave it the name of "Camp Hartranft." While lying at this camp it was expected that the enemy would make an attack on our forces to recapture the city, as they were assembling in strong force at Goldsboro' and Kingston, and had attacked the cavalry pickets and driven them in, killing one and wounding several others; but the anticipated attack was not made and things quieted down to the regular monotony of camp life, during which time the steamer Admiral arrived off the city with reinforcements—the 17th Massachusetts. Reinforcements began to arrive almost daily, for the

next day after the Admiral arrived, the Cossack came in with a new regiment from Baltimore, the 2d Maryland, and the next day the George Peabody arrived with the 79th New York. On the 2d of April our regiment went to escort the 2d Maryland to its quarters, but from some unexplained cause the escort did not take place and the 51st returned to its camp.

About this time Col. Hartranft received a short leave of absence to visit his home in Norristown, Pa. The command of the regiment fell to the lot of Lieut. Col. Thomas S. Bell, which at first caused considerable grumbling, for the regiment had been commanded by none other than Col. Hartranft, and they knew the Lieut. Col. to be a much stricter disciplinarian, who would not overlook their little failings with the mercy they thought their old commander would. Visions of guard-houses, carrying logs, &c., loomed up in huge array before their fertile minds, but it only lasted a few days, when, to their agreeable surprise, they found that not only a true soldier commanded them, but a thorough gentleman, and from that time up to the death of Col. Bell he was honored and truly loved by all his men.

On the 3d of April the regiment again "struck tents" and changed locality, leaving Camp Hartranft at half-past one in the afternoon, and crossed the Trent river on a new bridge that was built in place of the one burned down on the retreat of the rebels after the battle of Newbern, and marched through the city to the outskirts at the upper end of the town, and there again pitched their tents on a small open lot and named it "Camp Franklin." Although the march was but a short one, yet the excessive

heat at that time kept them until $4\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. before they arrived at their new camping ground, perspiration rolling off the men as if it had been the month of August. The next morning, the 4th, a detail of one commissioned officer and six enlisted men was made to go down the river to unload commissary stores. Capt. J. Merrill Lynn and the six men attended to their "fatigue duty" with much energy, and it was well named when it was called "fatigue duty."

On the 5th a mail arrived, in which were some papers that spoke very flatteringly of the services of the 51st P. V., but as the reporters were all Eastern men, they had as usual tacked the 4th Rhode Island on to their skirts for a large slice of credit that the 51st did not consider them justly entitled to, and their indignation at this was only equalled by the "reserve" affair of the "Frank Leslie's" correspondent's account of the battle of Roanoke. On Sunday, the 6th, the 51st P. V. marched into the city to church, headed by its excellent band. On arriving at church the regiment "stacked arms" in the street and left them under the care of three guards until the conclusion of the ceremonies. The Chaplain, Rev. Dan'l. G. Mallory, officiated, and the choir, aided by a magnificent organ, lent interest and solemnity to the occasion. During the stay of the regiment at Camp Franklin, it marched into the city nearly every Sabbath to attend Divine services.

On Monday, the 7th, Lieut. Col. Bell had inaugurated a new feature in the discipline of the 51st P. V., viz.:—"Regimental roll call" at daybreak, compelling every officer and man who was not on duty or sick to be present to answer to their names.

This order compelled the men to get up a little earlier than was their wont to do when answering to their names at company roll-call. But the idea of fetching out the "shoulder-straps" so early and giving them a taste of a morning's roll-call pleased the men so well that I believe they would have risen at midnight without one word of complaint, if it had only been to see that "wooden man," as a certain officer was termed, forced to march to the "front and centre" and answer to his name. Col. Bell also began his "hobby," viz., regimental drill, and with that and company drill the men were kept with their noses to the grindstone during the existence of Camp Franklin; for the duties were continued without much intermission even after the return of Col. Hartranft from his leave of absence.

Much and special attention was directed to the skirmish drill and bayonet exercise by both regiment and company, and there did not exist a company in the whole expedition that could vie with Capt. Bell's Co. "B" in the bayonet exercise. Every lunge, parry and carte were performed with so much promptness and precision, that it looked more like automatic machine work than that of men moving by will. Other companies also did well, especially Co. D; but none had the training that Co. B had, nor did another drill-master exist in the regiment as was Ferdinand S. Bell; very *explicit* in his instructions, firm in his commands, correct in his orders and movements, and who could not be persuaded to believe that a soldier had a right to make a mistake, and so heartily did his "boys" concur in his opinions that they made no mistakes.

In the beginning of April, 1862, quinine and

whiskey had to be resorted to to prevent fever and ague, and other diseases incident to a marshy country. The original number of men engaged in the expedition numbered about 15,000, but from various causes they were reduced to less than half that number, say 7,000, consequently the quinine in whiskey was administered daily to the men as a preventative, but was not continued many days at a time. The strength of the command was kept up by constant arrivals of reinforcements. The losses of the expedition, by death from disease and drowning, from the time that it took its departure from Annapolis to its arrival at Hatteras, were 60, and from that time up to the capture of Newbern the total daily average of deaths from wounds and sickness was three and-a-half per cent. while the increase of sickness became alarming to the commanding officers. The 51st P. V. left Harrisburg in November, 1861, with 981 officers and men, but now, say 1st of April, 1862, it was reduced to about 350 effective men, for when they formed into line to escort the 2d Maryland into camp there were but 385 all told, and fully 35 of them were unfit for effective service, leaving the above-mentioned balance of effective men at 350. The excessive heat had began to tell fearfully on the men; diarrhoea, dysentery, ague, rheumatism, camp fever and small-pox had seized hold of the men and prostrated them on beds of sickness that took months for their total recovery. An extract from a private letter, speaking of this, says:—"We are all desponding, our situation is to be pitied; out in the hottest kind of a sun or in the shade, it is all the same; your temples throb with the heat as if your very skull would split. Diseases

of all kinds are seizing and reducing us so fast that in three months more, at this rate, there will be nothing left of the old 51st."

Although the writer of the above had prophesied that at the rate of the reduction, in three months, there would be nothing left of the "old 51st," there were a few, but only a few! of the original organization left to see the winding up of the greatest rebellion that ever existed!

The men of the 51st began now to look for the paymaster, and with great anxiety too, for it had been several months since they had been paid off, and they felt the double necessity of getting some money, as well for their own private wants as to send home to their families, who were solely dependent on the absent ones for their sustenance.

If there ever was a gross injustice done the soldier it was by the Government keeping its noble defenders so many long, long months without their hard-earned pay. The untold misery caused by such *wilful* carelessness about the necessities of the soldiers' families, can only be laid at the doors of the officers, who were snugly ensconced on a cushioned chair in some luxuriously-furnished parlor in the city of Washington, mayhap with their feet resting on an elevated object level or higher than their brains, with a costly cigar in their mouths, and "wondering why the army don't move." Little did such wretches, officers, perhaps I should have said, care about the misery they were entailing on the families of the soldiers by withholding their pay, as long as they could get men, good, true, loyal men, to bare their breasts to the enemy's bullets, that their own worthless carcasses might revel in debauchery

and luxury, without jeopardizing their would be valuable lives to save that country they had sworn to support, yet cared not to do, but rather supporting the enemy by disgusting the intelligent soldier with the service in which he took such pride at his début. No such paltry, deceiving plea as "can't get money to pay with," was ever received by the army as a truth, nor ever will, for the loyal capitalists of the North throw the base falsehood back into their teeth with double force, for when did the Government ever appeal to them, its supporters, for a loan, but what it was instantly forthcoming? I don't wish to cast any reflections on that truly good man, Mr. Lincoln, for the soldiers knew that he had his hands full without acting paymaster of his immense army as well as being its commander-in-chief, but the unpardonable blame must rest somewhere, and no doubt the guilty party feels the reproach of a perjured conscience, as some of the families who suffered by their neglect felt the poignancy of want. Volumes might be written on the many wrongs in the pay department to which the soldier has been subjected, and yet the half not be told. Could the Government expect its citizens to rally to its support, sacrificing everything, life, limbs, health and the pleasures of a comfortable home, while it neglected to make some necessary equivalent at the proper time, instead of binding both officers and men by an oath to do their duty, at the same time it grossly neglected its duty? We think not; and yet it did. To keep men six, eight, ten and even twelve months without one cent of pay, is a wrong that will never be forgotten by the entire army, that toiled four long wearisome years, and whose families were

solely dependent on the paltry stipend allowed each man per month. There may be some of the "stay-at-homes" who think, that from the enormous taxation produced by the war, the pay was large enough, but it must be understood that it was not the soldiers' pay alone that created such a debt; there were other leaks in the ship, for which this great nation should hold its servants accountable. For instance a soldier whose pay was only from thirteen dollars per month, up to twenty-two dollars, would be detailed as clerk in the Quartermasters' Department, Commissary's, or at post or field headquarters, with no other compensation than his pay as a soldier; but a citizen would be employed by some, to do the clerking at a salary of one hundred dollars and more per month, for the same duty that the soldier did. And it frequently happened the soldier was far more competent than the citizen. Again, a citizen would receive from twenty-five dollars per month up to one hundred dollars, rations included; to be wagon-masters and teamsters, while the soldier would receive his little thirteen or sixteen dollars per month for the same labor better performed. In the name of common sense, is this justice? For at the time a battle was raging, the citizen, wagon-masters and teamsters would look out for themselves, and keep their trains with the supplies of ammunition and rations so far away from danger that they could not be found when urgently needed. Was it so with the soldier wagoners? Had they to be ridden after for half a day before they could be found? No! The ammunition trains would be sure to be found closed *en masse* close to a battery or batteries, ready to supply the "warriors" with all the shot and

shell required, and yet the citizen employés could get *their* pay nearly always at the expiration of two months.

This great disparity between the soldier's and citizen's pay is only the splashings of a drop from the big leak that has caused the Great Ship of State to groan and creak in every timber, from its heavily laden cargo of taxation. "Red tapeism" is to blame for millions of dollars foolishly squandered, and has helped to swell the enormous national war debt. Ordnance and ordnance stores have been thrown away and destroyed when they should have been saved for the government, and why? because "red tape" forbade it. We suppose contractors might suffer had economy been looked at. Horses, mules and cattle also, were in the category of losses. If a horse or mule would "give out," unhook him or it and turn it loose, perhaps in a wilderness or some barren country, to which the great Sahara might be an oasis in comparison, without ever being hunted up for service again; and how many such poor faithful animals have lain along the roadside dead, when a little judicious treatment would have put them on their feet again and back in their wagon trains! On the return of the 51st P. V. from Knoxville, Tennessee, the writer, with Philip Wampole, of Co. D, after crossing the Cumberland Gap, concluded to count the dead horses and mules that lay along the roadside. The regiment marched that day seventeen miles, and at night we compared notes, and reduced the miles to yards, and found that it averaged a dead horse or mule for every forty-five yards of the seventeen miles, and we only counted those that laid close to the roadside and in plain view.

Hundreds of others, no doubt, lay in the bushes and off from the road that we did not see. Reader, do you say that death is a natural consequence under such circumstances? Granted! Yet you cannot but say that thousands of mules and horses might be alive at this writing, that are dead, which by "red tape" are added as unavoidable losses that help to swell the war debt. "Red tape" says: If a wagon breaks down on the march, abandon it. If a horse or mule gets sick or tired out, or starved out, abandon it, and leave it to its fate! Uncle Sam is rich. Such is the extravagance of the nation's servants, of whom the nation had a right to expect better things; but as this is rather a chapter of grumblings than of narrative, the reader will pardon the digression and we will "about face" and go back to the history of the 51st P. V.

On the 5th of April, 1862, congratulatory orders were read to the regiment on dress parade, from the States of Ohio and Pennsylvania. President Lincoln; Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton; Quar. Mas. Hale, and all the heads of Departments, tendering their thanks to the 51st P. V. for the gallantry displayed by it at the capture of Newbern. This was the first acknowledgment of its services that the 51st had received. Knowing it justly deserved, the men received the flattering remarks with a spirit of enthusiasm.

On Sunday, April 6th, another steamer arrived at Newbern from Roanoke Island, with convalescents who had been left at the Island Hospital at the time of the departure of those who arrived previously. Nothing of particular interest took place in the regiment from the 6th to the 9th of April, on

which latter date the regiment was again paid off, excepting a violent thunder storm, which immersed the camp-ground several inches under water during the night time, and making guard duty anything but pleasant, yet it had the effect of a continuation of the issue of whiskey and quinine, much to the benefit and the desires of the "boys." The regiment being encamped on one of the open lots at the outskirts of the city, it gave the boys frequent opportunities of going through the city with considerable freedom; but the quinine and whiskey received in camp only tended to provoke their appetites to crave whiskey without the quinine, and so determined were certain ones to have it, that they not unfrequently paid three to five dollars per bottle, holding about one pint. Very stringent orders had been issued by Gen. Burnside and his Provost Marshal to the inhabitants and citizens, forbidding them to sell spirituous or malt liquors on the penalty of confiscation of their stock, closing up of their places of business, fines and imprisonment, but all to no purpose, for the whiskey was in town and the boys did get it—much as they wanted and more than they needed. The query is, how did they get it? That is much easier asked than answered; but a remark made a long time after by that gentlemanly and good soldier, Gen. Ed. Fererro, in reference to the men of his brigade obtaining whiskey, will convey an idea of their persistent efforts to procure it. He said, "Were my men to be cast on an island where whiskey was never known to have been, and they allowed to run at will, scarcely a man but what would come into camp with his canteen full, even if they would have to rend rocks asunder searching for it." But Lieut.

Col. Bell being a strictly temperate man as well as a devout Christian, was determined to stay the disorder produced by excessive "bibing," and consequently in order to check it, was compelled to inflict such punishment as in his sound judgment he deemed best. The guard-house received a good share of those whose offences were light, the log and the ring were for others. Commissioned and non-commissioned officers did not escape his impartial decrees; while the latter were reduced to the ranks again as privates, the former were under arrest in their own quarters with charges preferred against them, and some were requested to resign in order to save exposure. So determined was the lieutenant colonel to break up the vice that he turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and made them all suffer for indiscretion by whatever punishment their offences merited. On the 10th of April, at dress-parade, at least one dozen "non-com's" were reduced to the ranks for improper conduct. A regimental court-martial convened by order of Col. Bell settled the cases of the commissioned officers, and discipline once more reigned.

None of the crimes committed by either officers or men were to be considered heinous, for had they been committed in the streets of Norristown, Lewisburg, or Easton, they would have been unnoticed by either the citizens or constabulary, but it was in the army and considered a violation of army discipline, and a "mountain" as a necessity had to be made out of less than "a mole hill."

In looking over my notes and papers I find a private letter from a member of the 51st, dated Newbern, May 10th, 1862, of which I wish to insert

here an extract for the purpose of showing that Gen. Geo. B. McClellan had not been condemned by all the soldiers on account of his politics, for be it known that at that time not one soldier in ten thousand knew what his politics were. It says, "I do not think any of us will be home before the 1st of March, 1863. We may be home sooner, as all the troops here think, but I do not, for we dare not move from here until *McClellan makes a move*. If he would only do something towards the war it might be soon ended. Some give him credit for being so slow, but they ain't soldiers that do, for a soldier knows better. They know too that it is more of sympathy for the rebel cause than it is strategy in not moving on and try and do some little towards ending this war." As will be seen in the above extract, there is not the slightest allusion made to his politics, and I only give it a place in these pages for no other purpose than to show that the many imprecations heaped upon the heads of good loyal men for opposing him on the grounds of his political faith, are unmitigated slanders on the correct judgment of good soldiers. Although the writer of the extract does say that McClellan is in sympathy with the cause of the South, yet he (the writer) seems to infer that there is some other hidden reason for the General's slowness to make a move, which is only judged to be politics.

On Saturday, April 12th, a new feature in the 51st had its birth, viz.: Saturday of each week was to be devoted to the washing of clothes and a general cleansing of the person, and policing of the camp. Which order was faithfully kept as a standing order until the disbandment of the regiment, whenever it could possibly be enforced.

CHAPTER VIII.

Drilling by the bugle—Maj. Schall in command—On board the Admiral—Landing near Elizabeth City—Currituck Courthouse—March into the interior—Greetings to the flag—Fight at Camden—Repulse of Hawkin's Zouaves—Successful charge of the 51st—Retreat of the enemy—Sudden return march to the ship—Liberation of convicts—List of casualties.

ANOTHER rumor, about this time, got bruited about through the various camps, that the troops were all to be sent home by the 10th of June. It served to enliven the soldiers to a great extent, for it held out a good prospect of once more getting where they could sit down to a table, and get something better to eat than that stereotyped dish of fat oily pork and "hard tack," which they had been getting daily for a length of time. Coffee, "hard tack," and pork for breakfast, dinner, and supper, day in and day out for weeks at a time without any change, was nearly as bad as getting nothing to eat; but now that they had been paid off they bought little varieties such as their scanty means would allow at the exorbitant prices they were compelled to pay.

On Monday, April 14th, an attempt was made to drill the regiment by the sound of the bugle, but the boys evinced so little interest in it that after a few days' drilling it was abandoned. To those who had no ear for *music* the notes of the bugle sounded all alike and they could not tell what move to make by its sound, but relied on the movements of those who did understand for their guides; but with those who did understand, its notes were anything but music to them, for when on a march, they would be halted for a rest, that accursed bugle would sound the

"forward," and all its music (if it was music) lost its charms, as the men would rise up and move off as if walking on eggs or stepping *a la* parrot-toed.

The regiment was now under the command of Maj. Edwin Schall, as Lieut. Col. Bell was sitting on court-martial in Newbern. The change of command at this time came very acceptable to the men on account of the intense heat of the daytime during drill-hours, and their only trouble now while it was so hot was the fear of "old Johnny" returning from his leave of absence and putting them through the "regimental" for three or four hours in the hot sun. Maj. Schall did not fail to enforce discipline, nor did he fail to drill the regiment; but after keeping it out as long as his humane heart felt was long enough for his men in the rays of the scorching sun, he would break ranks and let the men get a little of the shade while it was going. It must not be thought as Maj. Schall was merciful to his men, that they repaid his generosity with ingratitude by carelessness in their drilling, for such was not the case. They knew him too well and loved him too dearly for that; but on the contrary, there was not a man out on drill but did his utmost to make prompt and correct movements, so as to lighten the labors of their major, and I don't wish it to be thought here that either Col. Hartranft or Lieut. Col. Bell were such brutes as to be void of feeling for their men. They both sympathized with their men in all their trials and labors, but while sympathizing they exacted from the men all that they thought they could bear, not, however, from a wish to gratify their own desires, but for the purpose of making the men efficient under all circumstances for the vicissi-

tudes of war and the benefit of the country in its hour of direst need.

On Wednesday, April 16th, 1862, began the demonstration on Norfolk, Va., by receiving orders to pack up and go on board of the transports. Previous to the orders being issued a rumor had become rife in camp that the 51st P. V. was to go to Baltimore to relieve certain troops there and to garrison the city and guard the railroads diverging from that place, and the issuing of the above orders filled every one with delight in anticipation of being that much nearer their homes and friends, for those orders were the ones that were to do it, at least all thought so.

By noon the regiment took up the line of march for the wharf, each heart buoyant with hope of soon being in the Monumental city, nor did their spirits droop until they arrived at the mouth of the Neuse and were again traversing the placid waters of Pamlico sound in the direction of Roanoke Island. "What does this move mean?" was a question asked on all sides, but none knew, even the "knowing ones" shook their heads as it was beyond their conjecture.

The regiment went on board of a steamboat which took it about a mile down the stream, when the troops embarked on the fine, commodious steamer Admiral, which rode at anchor until the following morning, the 17th, when at daylight the fleet received the signal for starting, and steam being kept up all night the vessels immediately got under way. Lieut. Col. Bell being at the start in command of the regiment, and the expedition under the sole command of Gen. Jesse L. Reno. Nothing occurred of

any interest until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Admiral grounded, and so effectually did the steamer imbed itself in the mud that she stuck there until the next morning, when three tugs came to her assistance by taking off all the troops and hauling her out into deep water, after which the troops re-embarked on her and she again started "like a thing of life" and passed Roanoke Island with much caution on account of the numerous shoals; but as she was passing from the waters of Croatan sound into those of the Albemarle she unfortunately ran aground again and stuck there until near two o'clock next morning, the 19th, when by the aid of those ant-like tugs, pulling far more than might be supposed, she got afloat again and proceeded on her way to a point about three miles east of Elizabeth city, N. C., and one mile east of the Dismal Swamp canal where it empties into the sound, arriving at daylight; but owing to the Admiral grounding so often and so effectually the other portion of the fleet had arrived some time before her, and some of the troops had already landed. The gunboats were already at work shelling the woods along the shore and on either side of the canal. The truth now of the object of the move began to develop itself and all knew that a battle was imminent.

Lieut.-Col. Bell gave orders to disembark, which was considerable of a task, inasmuch as the Admiral could not haul up close to shore on account of her deep draught of water, but getting as close to shore as she could, the men of the 51st had to wade in deep water for about two hundred and fifty or three hundred yards. At the given signal the boys with their guns on their shoulders and their cartridge boxes fastened on the end of their bayonets to secure them

against coming in contact with the wet, leaped overboard in the water, which was up to the necks of many of them. They all, however, landed in safety, and after getting on shore stacked arms and awaited orders; about 6½ A. M. they came, placing Lieut. Col. Bell in command of the brigade and Maj. Schall in command of the 51st P. V. At precisely 7 o'clock the regiment, dripping with water, "took arms," and began one of the most extraordinary marches on record. I will here be bold enough to say, without fear of contradiction, that for a single day's march, no part of the Union army *ever* performed a greater. For this noble band of heroes marched forty-two miles and fought a hard battle of one hour and twenty-five minutes' duration. The marching was one of the most difficult kind, being previous to the fight over a long, dry and dusty road without a drop of water save what stood in stagnant pools, in ditches, &c., along the roadside, while the rays of a burning sun fairly "wilted" the troops down like mown grass. Very little rest was given when a halt was made, and the halts were "like angel's visits," few and far between. Frequently would the boys pass along the request for a rest from the rear of the column to the right or front, to Gen. Reno. It was no place for a Union soldier to straggle in any way, for they were in the enemy's country and surrounded by rebel citizens and rebel cavalry pickets, and therefore the men were forced by necessity to request a rest when finding their strength failing them and their inability to keep up with the more fortunate.

On leaving the landing place, the 51st P. V. was assigned to take the advance of the whole column, but it must be here mentioned that the 9th N. Y.

(Hawkins' Zouaves), had landed about midnight, and were assigned a guide to lead them on the most direct road to "South Mills," Camden County, N. C., which is located near the boundary between North Carolina and Virginia. At 2 o'clock in the morning the 9th N. Y. left, but from a blunder of the guide, whether intentional or not on his part, they were taken on a wrong road, making their march some ten or twelve miles further than was necessary; but at about 10 A. M. they came out on the correct road in the rear of the column. At the Currituck Courthouse cross-roads, about twelve miles from the landing, their colors could be seen in the distance approaching, but not distinctly enough to define their nationality, and Lieut.-Col. Bell not knowing there were Union troops on that road, but led to believe that the 9th N. Y. was far on his advance, and no other Union troops in that part of the State, he ordered a halt, and brought his command to a "front" and formed a line of battle in the road, fully believing, as all did, that the approaching troops were none other than the enemy, and a battle was imminent. But after resting on their arms some ten or fifteen minutes they were discovered to be Union troops of the expedition, supposed until then to have been near their journey's end! On the 9th "coming up" to the column, all parties were full of congratulations that they were again united. The Zouaves on seeing the line of battle formed in the road were "turning over" in their minds whether they should fire a volley into the column or not, but finally concluded to "march on" and see what it was in their front, and to their gratification they found them to be their old comrades. After a short rest, the whole

column formed, with the 51st P. V. on the advance, and the others in the following order: 21st Mass., 6th N. H., 89th N. Y., 9th N. H., and the 9th N. Y.

Company A, under the command of Capt. Wm. J. Bolton, was sent on the advance of the column as advance guards, the pioneers marching along with them carrying their guns as well as axes. The column had passed through Currituck Court-house without many of the citizens manifesting any very large amount of affection for the old flag, but on reaching a point a few miles north of Currituck, the citizens were nearly wild with joy at the sight of the starry ensign. Some went so far in evincing their sincerity of loyalty, as to run into their houses and bring out the United States flag, throwing it to the breeze with long continuous cheers, accompanied with joyful exclamations to the passing troops of "God bless you!" "Oh, how my heart has ached and yearned to see Union soldiers come!" "take anything I have! you are welcome to it, God knows you are!" and many other such like expressions could be heard reverberating on the air until lost in the distance, but time was too precious to be lost in awaiting to reply to the enthusiasm of the citizens, and the column pushed on through the scorching sun, the dense clouds of dust and the stifling atmosphere, until near 1 o'clock P. M., when for the lack of water the troops begged of Gen. Reno to give them a rest, and let them have a chance to hunt some water, and get something to eat—for no one had had anything to eat since leaving the vessels. But in reply to the request of his men, Gen. Reno, who had spied a large woods about half a mile ahead of him, behind a dense column of smoke, pointed to the woods and

said, "when we get there I'll halt long enough to get dinner;" but the sound of his words had not died on his lips, when to his and everybody else's surprise, a twelve-pounder cannon solid-shot struck in the centre of road, close in among Co. A boys, and ricochetting over the general's head landed in a field on the left of the road; but before it was done rolling, another! and still another! came, and then shell began to screech through the air, and in less time than it takes my pen to tell it, the air was filled with shot, shell, grape and canister. Three or four pieces of light artillery had been put in battery across the road at the edge of the woods, but concealed by the thick foliage of the forest, and it was some time before their exact location could be discovered by Gen. Reno and staff.

The expedition had a marine battery of two 3-inch guns, pulled along by the troops, which were quickly placed in battery, with Cos. A and F as their support. The remainder of the regiment "filed right" into a cornfield, came to a "front," and formed line of battle in plain view and easy range of the rebel guns, but so thick and fast were solid shot and shell poured into the regiment that it was found impossible to remain in that position any length of time; consequently, the line began to waver under such rapid firing, and at last was ordered to get under cover of a thick woods on the far side of the cornfield. The 51st P. V. had been nearly a half a mile in advance of the main column during the latter part of the march, and therefore had to bear the entire brunt of the opening of the battle, for it was fully half an hour after the first shot was fired before any of the other troops came up.

After the whole column had taken shelter in the woods, the men sank down to the earth from sheer exhaustion, and no threats, persuasion, or any other means could induce the men to rise upon their feet until they had a rest. Gen. Reno and Lieut. Col. Bell did all in their power to get the troops up and in line, but all to no purpose; so completely worn down from excessive heat and thirst, long and rapid marching, and without food, the entire body of troops was more dead than alive, and as they could not see a rebel, they concluded that there were but few of them, and they could afford to take a rest, and soon settle it after being refreshed.

Up to this time the enemy had not fired a single musket, but kept themselves closely concealed in a very deep, wide ditch, which they were using as a sort of breastwork. All the buildings between the two lines had been fired by the rebels, for the express purpose of aiding them to more perfectly obscure themselves from the vision of the approaching forces, by raising many heavy columns of black smoke. And no doubt it was intended by the enemy for Burnside's forces to fall into an ambuscade and "get gobbled up." After the men had rested a little, the 51st P. V. again jumped to their feet, and were soon moving toward the enemy's left flank, for the purpose of capturing the rebel guns, but when within about thirty yards of the concealed foe in the ditch, it received a terrific volley of musketry, that brought them to a sudden halt. For the purpose of reconnoitering the woods and finding out the enemy's true position and strength, Cos. A and F, under command of Captain Bolton, immediately deployed as skirmishers, but had proceeded only a few yards

when they found themselves at right angles with the ditch, on the enemy's left. The enemy was now discovered, and their strength pretty correctly estimated.

The regiment was now formed in line of battle and marched up to a fence running at right angles with the ditch, and on the outskirts of the woods, followed by that noble regiment, the 21st Mass., which took up a position on the right of the 51st P. V. When Major Schall gave the command "Boys, let 'em have it, and do it right for them," the woods echoed far and near with the reverberations of volleys of musketry that were poured in rapid succession into the enemy's columns, soon unditching and causing them to take shelter behind the huge pine trees, but on making themselves visible, and being uniformed in "blue" clothing, of which they had lately captured large quantities, it gave rise to the cry among the 21st Mass., "Cease firing, 51st; you are firing on our own men!" Major Schall ordered the color bearers to hold up the colors, that *our friends* might see who we were! But no sooner were the colors shown than the enemy poured volley after volley into the 51st. Major Schall being now fully satisfied that they were no friends of his, he again ordered his command to "pour it into them again, and don't cease firing as long as you can see a 'Johnny!'" which command was cheerfully and scrupulously complied with. The battle now raged violently, the 51st P. V. and the 21st Mass. doing terrible execution. The 9th N. Y. (Zouaves) at this juncture undertook to make a charge at a distance of over half a mile, in a clear field, and in plain and easy range of the enemy's guns, but did not succeed

in reaching the enemy's position, being repulsed with terrible slaughter and thrown into great confusion. A most murderous fire from the rebel battery and musketry was concentrated on the charging column. The marine battery, which accompanied the expedition, replied with telling effect, but not sufficient to silence any of the enemy's guns; therefore that brave and energetic band of heroes were forced to submit to a repulse. Although their ranks were terribly thinned, yet their bravery was worthy of emulation and great praise. At this juncture the 6th N. H., which had been posted on the left of the road, and was on the enemy's right flank, made a charge across a large field, firing one of the most beautiful volleys, while they were double-quicking, that was possible for a set of the best drilled and disciplined troops to have fired. So precise was the discharge that it sounded as if one man had pulled the triggers of all the guns at one pressure of the finger. As soon as the 6th N. H. fired the volley they halted, when the 51st P. V. jumped over the worm fence which they had used as a sort of rude breastworks, charged on the enemy in fine style, carried the enemy's position, the battle ending by the retreating of the enemy, who fled on the approach of the 51st, leaving a few of their dead and wounded on the field; but they had succeeded in bearing off a large number of their dead and wounded companions before the 51st made the charge. The rebel forces proved to be the 3d Georgia regiment, 1,800 strong, and different independent battalions, all under the command of Brig. Gen. Branch, of South Carolina. After arriving on the spot that had just been in possession of the

enemy, the 51st began the humane work of gathering up the wounded of both sides, caring for them alike, and putting them under the charge of the various surgeons, who had established a hospital in a farm house which stood on the battle-field. As soon as the wounded were cared for, the dead of both armies were gathered together for burial. A wagon loaded heavily with intrenching tools had accompanied the expedition, but as it was found necessary to return again that night in perfect quietness, General Reno ordered the 51st P. V. to select a suitable spot to conceal the tools, for two reasons, viz.: One was, that the road was in too bad a condition to haul them back to the transports, and they would have to be abandoned on the way there. The other reason was, that he had received information from some citizens that the enemy was being largely reinforced for the purpose of attacking him again that night. Hence, for the purpose of getting away quietly from the battle-ground, it was deemed best to bury the tools to avoid the rattling noise incident to the jolting of a wagon over a rough road.

About 4 P. M. the various regiments "stacked arms" for the purpose of cooking whatever the men might have along with them to eat, and as there were no signs indicative of a move to the men, the greater number of them began to hunt up places to lie down to rest themselves and also to sleep, after the great fatigue of the day. Before the battle was over it began to rain, and the battle-field being located in a very low place caused the water to seek its level in among the troops. By the time fires were made the ground had become so saturated that it was with difficulty that the men could find a place

to lie down, for, be it known, in those days the D'Abri tents were not introduced; only a few of the more fortunate ones possessed such an invaluable thing as a gum or oil-cloth blanket, and therefore they were unable to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather. By night-fall, however, the 51st had snugly ensconced itself in the woods wherein it had fought its full share of the battle, and was enjoying itself in "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," after sending out quite a strong picket. But about 8 P. M., while all—no, not all, for Maj. Schall did not indulge in the much-coveted luxury—were asleep in fancied security, an order was issued from headquarters to "fall in and return to the transports, withdrawing the pickets at the same time." Consequently, Maj. Schall went along the line and issued his orders to the officers and men "to get up and put on their things as quietly as possible, for the enemy were trying to surround us, and it was necessary to not talk above a whisper and to prevent tin cups and canteens from clashing or making the least noise." On the men being awakened their ideas seemed to be in a tumult of confusion, for being asleep when the orders were issued, they could not understand the almost inaudible whisper, the cat-like tread, and the entire stillness of those already up putting on their accoutrements; but the truth soon flashed across their minds that it was a retreat, and also that the regiment was in a very precarious situation. As each man hurriedly put on his equipments he cautiously stepped out of the woods and took his position on the color line, greatly lamenting that he had been disturbed before he got his "sleep out." By 9 P. M. the 51st were

all in line and ready for the return march back to the transports, where they were "bound to sleep until the old tub arrived at Newbern." The 51st had not to wait long before the order to "move on" was given, and off it started, across the battle-field to the public road leading to Currituck Court-house. A deep wide ditch ran diagonally across the field and the darkness of the night comparing favorably with the Egyptian darkness, which could be felt, the men were unable to see the ditch, and scarcely twenty men out of the whole regiment escaped plunging headlong into its depths. On arriving at the road another invisible ditch was there to receive them, but the boys took their misfortunes all in good part, without uttering a single murmur or allowing themselves to crack a joke above a whisper; but had their troubles ended there at the ditches all would soon have been forgotten, but such was not the case, for the road, which had been so filled with dust in the forenoon, had now, from the falling rain, become a vast bed of mortar. Yes, worse than any bed of mortar could be made! for the road was full of chuck-holes ten to thirty inches deep, and certainly not ten feet apart, and all filled with thin, watery mud, and the mire itself of an unctuous nature, caused men and horses to slip as if trying to walk down a steep hill on very smooth ice. Considerable delay was occasioned on the first mile of the road from the inability of the officers to find their picket posts. As everything had to be done by whispers their whereabouts was difficult to ascertain. However, all had been relieved before 11 P. M. and then the line of march began in earnest. The 51st, acting as rear-guard to the column, plunged its way

through the mud without scarcely a whisper or a rest until it arrived at Currituck Court-house, then three miles from the landing. The pioneer corps of the 51st cut away the wooden bridge which spanned the Dismal Swamp Canal as soon as the regiment passed over it, to prevent the enemy from pursuing them should they feel inclined to do so.

On arriving at Currituck Court-house, the boys visited the jail, and opened all the cell doors, and let the convicts escape. While a portion were attending to the release of the prisoners, another party had entered a well-stocked store, nearly opposite the prison, that was kept by one of the most bitter secessionists extant, and in almost the same time as it takes me to tell it here, the store was cleaned of everything from a penny whistle to a hogshhead of molasses; store goods of all kinds, dry goods, hardware, groceries, trimmings, liquors, smoked and dried meats, boots, shoes, hats, and furniture of all kinds, were seized and borne away by the men who were scarcely able to get along even without their guns; in fact, some of the men became so jaded out, that, in order to keep up with the regiment, they threw away guns, cartridge-boxes, belts, haversacks, canteens, &c., to prevent themselves from lagging behind! Currituck was reached by daybreak of the 20th of April, and the 51st arrived at the landing point at or a few minutes before sunrise, thereby making the hard march of forty-two miles inside of twenty-four hours, besides fighting a battle, gathering the killed and wounded, burying the dead and a wagon-load of tools, caring for the wounded, and taking at least two hours and a half of sleep. I must here state that the wounded had to be left at the hospital for

the want of conveyances, and consequently fell into the hands of the enemy on the morning after the battle. They were left in charge of a couple of surgeons, who were left behind either by casting lots or volunteering, as it was well known whoever did remain with the wounded would be taken prisoners along with their patients. Lieut. Lewis Hallman, of Co. D, who received a severe and nearly fatal wound in the thigh, by a grape-shot passing through it, was the only wounded officer of the 51st P. V. that was left behind. Those who were slightly wounded and were able to hobble along did not remain at the hospital, preferring to risk going along with the regiment, than to remain behind and fall into the hands of the rebels as captives. No tongue can express the pain and torture those poor sufferers experienced in their midnight march over such an abominable road, which taxed the energies of all who were in health and sound in limbs. Those who were taken prisoners were most shamefully used by their captors, whose surgeons insisted on amputating limbs where it was known to be unnecessary, and it was only through the unconquerable spirit and emphatic refusal by the wounded that they were allowed to retain their mangled limbs. They suffered enough, God knows! from neglect and scanty allowances of food, without being inhumanly deprived of their limbs.

The loss in killed and wounded was as follows :

Co. A.—Wounded—Privates Monroe Nice, slightly; John Lare, slightly; Harvey Pinch, slightly; Joseph H. Zearloss, severely.

Co. B.—Lewis H. Young, wounded and taken prisoner.

Co. C.—Wounded—Privates Abraham Custer, severely; John Plunkett, wounded and captured.

Co. D.—1st Lieut. Lewis Hallman, wounded in the thigh severely and taken prisoner.

Co. E.—Killed—Privates Benjamin H. Brouse and Wm. R. Hoffman.

Co. F.—Wounded and taken prisoner—Private Nathaniel Casselman.

Co. G.—Wounded—Privates Theophilus Baird and James Powers.

Co. H.—1st Lieut. George Shorkley, acting adjutant ; privates H. Coley McCormick, Jacob Buskirk, Jacob Lennig.

Co. I.—Adam Robinson, killed by a minie ball ; Abraham Wampole, wounded in the chin by a buckshot, slightly ; Corp. Richard Martin, wounded in the back by a solid shot (12-pounder,) painful but not serious ; private Lewis Patterson, slightly on the lips.

Co. K.—None.*

CHAPTER IX.

Skulkers on board the Admiral—Escape from a solid shot—

A beautiful country—The steamer aground—Col. Hartranft's return—Col. Bolton's merits as an officer—Bets on soon getting home—Skulkers wearing the barrel—Orders to march—First issue of oil-cloth blankets—Extracting whiskey from a cask.

AFTER arriving at the landing the 51st began to embark again on board of the Admiral, which rode at anchor between 200 and 300 yards from shore, compelling the men to wade out to her in water of $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet depth, and on going on board, the greatest indignation was evinced by those brave boys at finding some of their "*would-be* companions" who, to their eternal disgrace be it said, had skulked back to the vessel when the regiment had started on the expedition the morning before. That they went ashore when the regiment did cannot be denied, but they were not ashore more than a few seconds when the gunboats commenced shelling the woods that

* The total of killed and wounded at Camden, by official report, is 30 officers and men ; but the casualties are not entered on the rolls, and the names of all cannot be entered on the company lists of their respective losses.

skirted either side of the Dismal Swamp canal, and those things, sometimes inappropriately termed men, began to quake with fear and sought safety in the staterooms of the steamer, while the true soldiers were risking their lives and doing their share of the work that all were paid alike for doing. During the battle some ten or twelve of those cowardly "shysters" had taken refuge in the rear of the building which was afterwards used as a hospital, until a couple of solid shot passed through the house, admonishing them that danger lurked there also. Had their unmanly conduct as cowards ended by "shysting," to use an army phrase, it would not have entailed such a stigma on their chicken hearted characters; but after the hospital was fairly established, those things, under the pretext of assisting to dress the wounds of the sufferers, stole whatever liquors and stimulants the surgeons had with them to assist in the discharge of their field duties. Let me in all candor ask what punishment would be sufficient for such scoundrels? No milder name can be given those men who not only kept out of harm's way while their comrades did the fighting, but could stoop so low as to steal the few drops of liquor that were so highly necessary to stimulate the wounded sufferers. May those base acts committed awaken such a remorse of conscience that will never allow them one moment's peace, either in this world or the next to come. Some of those men belong to highly respectable families, and for their families' sake I shall forbear making their names public, as I do not want the innocent to have a share in the disgrace of such unworthy wretches. But, thank heaven! the worst of the above party are, at this writing, (Jan. 17th,

1866,) in prison, complying with the sentence of a court martial held at Blain's Cross Roads, in East Tennessee, (about the time the 51st re-enlisted in 1864,) which was convened by order of Col. Hartranft, who was then in command of the 2d Division, 9th Army Corps. While companies A and F were supporting the marine battery, Charles Henniss, of Co. A, was sitting on the top of a pile of fence-rails, within 300 or 400 yards of the enemy's guns, while they were shelling the Union troops. Capt. Bolton warned him of his dangerous position and ordered him to get into a safer place. Henniss rose up to comply with the order, and had just left the rail-pile, when a twelve-pounder solid shot struck the very spot he had been sitting on, hurling the rails in all directions as if they were a pile of chaff in a hurricane. His timely compliance with Capt. Bolton's order without a doubt saved his life.

The appearance of the country in that part of North Carolina, at that season of the year, was most enchanting, especially in the neighborhood of Currituck Court-house. The face of the country is level as a floor; soil of a light sandy loam; the principal productions corn, tobacco and cotton. Turpentine and rosin are articles of exportation, and nearly every large plantation manufactured the latter articles to a greater or less extent. Close to the landing place was a field of red clover, that certainly exceeded anything of the kind the writer ever saw in the most fertile spots in Pennsylvania, New York, or any of the Western or Southwestern States; it was only a type of the fertility of the soil in that whole section of country. Yet with a rich soil and handsome farms in every way, the citizens all wore the appearance

of a thriftless, careless, indolent set of people, who only lived for a day at a time. Only here and there could be seen a worm fence in passable condition. The houses, being frame ones, were mostly in a very dilapidated condition, for be it known that throughout the whole South, if one end of a weather-board becomes loose, instead of using a little energy by putting a nail in it, the board is allowed to swing in the wind until its pendulosity breaks or knocks off two or three others, or breaks itself loose from the other end and drops to the ground, where it is more certain to remain until it rots than it is of ever being used even for firewood, unless another rebellion should break out and the "Yankees" get down there again. Very few, comparatively speaking, of the houses have cellars under them, being all built up twelve to eighteen inches off of the ground. The denizens all say they have no need of under ground rooms, for their winters are of too mild a character to freeze anything, and for that reason they have no need for cellars, and I suspect there is some truth in it, or at least in a great many cases; one thing pretty certain is, they don't have much of anything by the time winter sets in to freeze, unless it is a few sweet potatoes. It must not be taken as granted that the above was written in a spirit of disparagement of that country, far from it, for the writer, during the whole travels of the 51st, both South and West, did not see a place that fascinated him as much as *North Carolina*, and in all sincerity he believes that a little Northern tact and enterprise could, aye and would make it one of the most productive States in the Union.

On Sunday morning, April 20, 1862, the 51st

again embarked on board of the Admiral, for its return to Newbern. After expressing very freely their feelings to the skulkers for their cowardly conduct, the worn-out heroes laid themselves down to get a little sleep after such an exciting and laborious march as that which they had just ended. The Adjutant immediately visited the different companies to ascertain the casualties of each, and made out his report of the result for headquarters. At 10 A. M., steam being up, the 51st left, and running aground within sight of Roanoke Island, had to remain so all that night. The next morning (the 21st) three tugs were sent to haul the Admiral off, which they succeeded in doing by 10 A. M., when the Admiral again got under headway, and with cautious running reached Brant Island Shoals about 8 P. M., where, owing to the intense darkness and the destruction of the light boat, which was used in lieu of a light house, she dropped her bow anchors and laid over for the night.

Next morning at daybreak the Admiral received the signal from the signal corps to prepare to leave, and in a few minutes thereafter she was again dashing aside the spray of Pamlico Sound, and entered the mouth of the Neuse, heading for the city of Newbern, where she arrived the same day at 4 P. M. On nearing the wharf the boys caught a glimpse of a tall, commanding form, surrounded by a vast concourse of soldiers and citizens who had assembled to greet the returning braves once more among them. An enthusiast proposed, "Three cheers and a 'Tiger' for Old Johnny!" For, sure enough, there he stood, respected and beloved by his command. What he thought or felt when he was assailed by

such deafening shouts, none but himself can tell. He had returned from his leave of absence but a couple of days too late to please his boys. Often, very often could they be heard to say, "I wish to God, Old Johnny had been with us!" Their confidence in him as a leader was unbounded, and they felt and thought, had he been with them, *greater* results would have attended the "demonstration on Norfolk." There always appeared an undefinable desire with the boys to have Col. Hartranft with them when going into battle. The writer has often heard the boys say that if they should be killed with "Old Johnny" leading them, they were satisfied to die, for they believed in him, his courage and cool judgment, to such an extent, that if they were killed under him they could not have escaped death under any other commander. Yet he was not so idolized when in camp, for they all feared him. But when it came to the time that "tried men's souls," then he was looked upon as something almost supernatural by them, for he could not ask them to do any daring feat but what they were willing, aye, eager to do his bidding, well knowing that he would ask nothing of them to do that he had not the courage to do himself. It cannot be said that the writer is influenced by partiality or prejudice in Col. Hartranft's favor, as I am not, and all who know me and my relations with him will bear me witness. But I cannot help but admire the sublimity of the hero, the bravery, the cool, calm, sound judgment of the commander, the resolution and daring of the soldier, and the high intelligence of the gentleman. These traits of character stand out in such bold contrast with those of so many other officers, that I would

not be doing justice to an able officer and a brave regiment were I to either say aught contrary to what I have said, or remain silent and pass lightly over his many virtues. His successor, Col. William Jordan Bolton, is a soldier well-fitted to fill Col. Hartranft's place, and all that I have said in regard to Col. Hartranft I can say for Col. Bolton, with the exception that the warmest friendship exists between us, which was not the case with Col. Hartranft and myself. Col. Bolton, like Lieut.-Col. Schall, could command a regiment till doomsday without making one enemy. Yet when the boys would see "Billy," as he was called, give his head a shake, they too well knew its import. It was a sure sign of determination, a resolution formed that no earthly opposition could break. If "Billy" would say that such a position had to be obtained and would give his head a shake, that was enough; all understood that the work was half done already, for that "shake" indicated that cost what it would, it *must* be accomplished. I will here cite an instance, although this is not its proper place. After the charge on the enemy's works in front of Petersburg, Va., on the 18th of June, 1864, Col. Bolton had issued orders to Capt Bolton to take up a space that was unoccupied on the left of the 51st picket line; it had been tried for two or three nights by several other regiments, but being so hazardous it could not be accomplished. Col. Bolton said it could be done, and gave his head that well-known *shake* which the boys all understood, and which signified that he intended it *should* be done, even had he to go and take it himself; but Capt. Bolton was the man to do it, if it was a human possibility, and that same night it was done in a perfect

tempest of shot, shell and musketry from the rebel works, that were only 75 to 80 yards distant. Towards the close of the month of April, 1862, mails arrived from the North nearly every day, which brought papers giving succinct accounts of the progress of the rebellion, which were of a very cheering character, and all began to think that an order to send the troops home would certainly be issued in a few days. So firmly seated was this belief in the minds of all the officers and men that bets of \$50 and \$100 were freely offered that the troops of the Burnside expedition would all be home by the 1st of July of that year. We will here insert an extract from a private letter dated "Camp Franklin, Newbern, N. C., April 29th, 1862," to show how much the soldiers' minds were centred on soon going home.

"We are all waiting for a mail to come, so we may see how much nearer the time is for us to go home! Home is now the conversation from morning till night and from night till morning. On guard, on drill, lounging in tents, pioneering, policing, marching, and at everything else, the whole talk is home! home!! home!!! We are anxious for the papers of this mail to see if the taking of Yorktown is an accomplished fact, as we are all ready now for the rebels to retreat from there to us here, for we are now good enough to oppose 250,000. Our great fort (Totten) here is done, and I tell you it is one of the forts; with it and the aid of the gunboats we are ready for the enemy to retreat to this place just as soon as McClellan is ready to rout them out of Virginia, for it is known that 'Little Mac' has been merely killing time in that State for the purpose of keeping the rebels there until we were ready, and

now everything is ready, I hope he will rout them and drive them, as expected, right into our arms. Let them come, and if they don't find themselves in a hornet's nest then my judgment won't be worth much, that's all. I hope they may come yet to-day, for it will be the finishing stroke to the rebellion, and then pack up and go home! to enjoy the comforts of an honorable peace."

Although the enemy were not driven to Newbern as an extremity, the thoughts of soon going home still ran high in the brains of the boys, and it was concurred in that they would be home by the 1st of July, whether the rebs came or not.

A few days after the return of the 51st from the South Mills or Camden affair Col. Hartranft assumed command of the regiment, and on being made acquainted with the conduct of those men who skulked back to the vessel, at the time the 51st was preparing to leave the landing for Camden, he had them arrested and put in the guard-house, and punished them by putting on the "overcoat" (barrel), which they wore for several hours each day for two weeks; when, at the expiration of that time, they were returned to duty on the promise that they would go into the next fight like true soldiers. But when the next fight *came* they *went* off, forgetting, or rather not caring about the promise they had made to escape further punishment.

On the 23d of April the men of the 51st received orders for a march several miles into the country, causing the men to grumble a great deal, as they were not in a condition to undergo any such fatigue. They had not recovered from the fatigue of the 19th, in fact, one-half of the regiment were sick from their

exertions on that never-to-be-forgotten march. They supposed that it was to be a tramp of no importance whatever; but the fact of the case was, after their return to camp from Camden, they became so sore and stiff in their limbs that it was with many endeavors that they could move about. Sore feet, rheumatism, &c., were the results of that painful march, and Col. Hartranft wished to take the regiment out on a few hours' march to give them a little exercise to supple their limbs, which was needed. The skin on the soles of their feet peeled off from the heels to the toes; blisters covering spaces the size of a silver dollar were worn on the heels and other parts of the men's feet; toenails worn down to the flesh, causing intense pain to the sufferers; stone bruises, &c., were the fruits of the long march. It must be borne in mind that these brave men had not become inured to the fatigues of a long march, from the fact that all their travelling had been done so far by steamers and railroad; but after separating themselves from the naval branch of the expedition, and becoming land forces exclusively, they soon took up the hardships of the march, and proved themselves inferior to none in that vast army.

Thursday, April 24th, general inspection; and, notwithstanding the rough usage both men and accoutrements had so lately passed through, they made a splendid appearance, showing good discipline, drill, and cleanliness. This same day an issue of oilcloth blankets was made to the 51st, which was the first issue of the kind ever made to it, and the teachings of several storms had not been forgotten by the men, for all or nearly all received one, and valued it as worth more than anything else they

could possess, being of immense use for guard purposes in time of a storm.

On the 25th a new invoice of whiskey had been received by Quartermaster Freedly, to be issued to the regiment; and, being stored away in the large commissary tent, the guards that were posted at the commissary after nightfall tapped a barrel and became greatly intoxicated, for which they were put under guard, and wore the "o'ercoat" for about ten days. The mode adopted by the guard to extract the whiskey was certainly an ingenious one. They had taken the barrels of their guns off the stocks, unscrewed the tubes, and inserted the breech of the barrels in the bung-hole of the cask, and applied their mouths to the muzzles, and sucked themselves to intoxication; but by some legerdemain they succeeded in getting off with little or no punishment.

CHAPTER X.

Expecting an attack—Raising of Flag-staff—Dirty men—Release of cowards—Complimentary orders—Discharges—Review—Weak bridge—Home—Full rations—Bathing and fishing—Rain—Digging ditches—Death—Mocking birds—A row—Changing tents—Company B's bayonet drill—Fort Totten and gunboats—Orders to move countermanded.

ON the 26th of April the whole Coast Division made preparations to receive the defeated and retreating rebels, who were flying ingloriously from Yorktown, Va., as it was expected that they would make an attempt to retake Newbern. Had they come, they would have been welcomed to hospitable graves. Although expecting to be attacked by the enemy every minute, Col. Hartranft had a very tall flag-

staff raised near his quarters, with the stars and stripes floating in the air from its top, bidding defiance to the wind and storms of that day, as well as to the "Southern chivalry." Five rebels came in and gave themselves up as prisoners to Col. H., who disposed of them in his usual way, by putting them under guard, and sending them to division headquarters.

The 27th being Sunday, it brought its usual Sunday inspection by companies, which began to be very necessary from the fact that Assistant Surgeon Noble ordered not a few to put themselves to soak, and scrub a little of the dirt off; one man in particular, who had not participated in any of the three fights—and, what is more, never intended to—very pleadingly appealed to the surgeon to grant him his discharge, on the ground of delicate health. The surgeon "couldn't see it," but he could see the dirty condition of the "would-be" soldier, and prescribed two ablutions per day of soap and water.

Monday, 28th, possessed nothing of interest, only the disappointment by the non-arrival of the mails, and the daily drills of companies and regiment. The next day released the prisoners at the guard-house from further punishment, where they had been incarcerated for their cowardice at Camden on the 19th. Their release was only conditional, on their promise of going into the next battle like true soldiers. Did they keep sacred that promise? We shall see. Another issue of clothing took place, and the regiment vied with the best of them in soldierly appearance, inasmuch as the "dirty face" party had complied with the colonel's and surgeon's advice and orders.

On the 30th was regular muster for pay and

general inspection, with regimental drill and dress parade. Before the dismissal of this dress parade Adj. Shorkley read to the regiment a special order from Gen. Burnside, complimenting the officers and men of the 51st P. V. in the most flattering terms for their bravery and endurance on the 19th, at Camden. The order also decreed that the inscription, "Camden, N. C., April 19th, 1862," should be placed on the regimental battle-flag; this was the *first* order of that kind issued by Gen. Burnside to any of his "Coast Division." That same day we learned that the rebels' loss was forty killed and seventy wounded at the battle of Camden. It is necessary here to state that the same complimentary orders were issued to the 89th and 9th (Hawkins' Zouaves) N. Y., 6th N. H., and 21st Mass.

May 1st brought with it some little excitement. The roaring of cannon and the flight of rockets through the night, caused Colonel Hartranft to be up all night and to have his men ready to "fall in" at a moment's notice, for it was predicted that the retreating enemy from Yorktown was surely coming; but at the close of the day the excitement had lulled, and the officers and men went early to rest. The weather was very warm and sultry, with a good deal of rain, producing considerable sickness in the 51st, which caused numerous applications for discharges from the service on account of disability. Some ten or a dozen were lucky enough to get them, and went their way rejoicing at their good fortune.

On the 2d, a grand review of the six regiments that had participated in the affair at Camden, took place on the parade grounds of the 11th Connect-

lieut and 21st Massachusetts, by Generals Burnside and Reno, with their respective staffs. The review was held on the south bank of the Trent River, near its junction with Brice's creek, and about three miles from Camp Franklin, at Newbern. The 51st P. V. marched up the river road on the north side of the Trent, and crossed the river on an old, dilapidated drawbridge, that threatened very loudly by its creaking and swaying to and fro, to precipitate the entire regiment into the deep and sluggish stream below. The danger of crossing a weak bridge is greatly enhanced by a regiment marching in cadence, but is lessened greatly by adopting the rout step. This the 51st can vouch for, as it has crossed fully as many, if not more bridges than any other regiment in the United States service during the rebellion—but I am digressing. The review took place at one o'clock P. M., and the 51st never made a finer display since its organization. The arms were cleaned to perfection, the men were in fine condition, nearly all uniformed in new clothing, and under the very best of discipline, and so well were the Generals pleased with the marching of the six regiments that they only "passed in review," in "quick time," "and common time," "double-quick" being dispensed with, and the 51st returned at three P. M. to its camp at Newbern. The day was very clear, and the rays of the burning sun told sadly on the appearance of the men on their return to camp. While marching from the drawbridge towards camp, Col. Hartranft espied Gen. Burnside riding in his rear at full gallop. The Col. commanded "halt!" with the view of "coming to a front and present arms," to the illustrious chieftain as he

would pass, but before the manœuvre could be executed Gen. Burnside had reached the colors of the regiment, and easily divining what Col. Hartranft was at, raised his hat and saluting the Col. thanked him for the intended honor, and remarked that he "took the will for the deed."

The next day after the review was Sunday, and as usual there was regimental inspection; but the boys did not care for it as they were in good spirits on account of the arrival of the mails, bringing a rumor with it that New Orleans had fallen and that all the North Carolina troops (rebels) had surrendered. Nothing troubled them now but how soon they were to go home. Home was the absorbing topic for several days, as it was confidently believed that the rebellion was over, and some officers were so sanguine of going home that bets of \$10 to \$50 were freely offered, but no one was found who had any distrust as to the early termination of the war.

The regiment was now enjoying full rations and of the very best quality. Fresh beef every other day and prime mess pork the intervening days, with alternate days of "hard tack" and baker's bread, with beans, rice, coffee, sugar, tea, vinegar, molasses, salt, pepper, &c.

The men had every opportunity to obtain any little luxury that they needed, for the colored persons inhabiting Newbern visited the camp every day with well filled baskets of pies and cakes of endless varieties, which they sold at reasonable prices and found a very ready market. The men found the colored women very ready and willing to do their washing, at the extremely low price of only sixty

cents per dozen. While the regiment was laying at this camp the men had frequent opportunities for recreation; the river being only a few yards off every evening large squads would go in to bathe, while others enjoyed themselves in fishing or perambulating the streets of the city.

Leave of absence to a limited few were being granted to the officers connected with the Coast Division, and among the fortunate ones was 2d Lieut. Geo. Schall of Co. I. The men who received their discharges departed along with Lieut. Schall on the 6th of May for their Northern homes and with no very good opinion of Uncle Sam. There was \$26 due them on the 1st of May, and in getting their pay the cost of their clothing, over and above the monthly allowance, (they having overdrawn) was deducted from their pay, which left some with but a trifling amount to receive, for which the government was falsely berated. The discharged men thinking that the government donated any amount of clothing that they saw fit to draw, in which, to their surprise, they were mistaken.

On the night of the 5th the rain poured down incessantly until daylight, completely flooding the camp, filling tents from two to ten inches deep with water, driving the inmates out of their bunks to seek shelter wherever they could find it. The next morning Col. Hartranft had about one hundred men detailed for the purpose of digging channels the entire length and breadth of the camp, to drain it in case of another flood; the task lasted several days, and no doubt would have proven a success had the 51st lain long enough at Camp Franklin to have seen it demonstrated. Death was at work

that stormy night. William Rambo, Co. I, died at 1 A. M., 6th of May, 1862, from camp fever, brought on by exposure and fatigue during the taking of Newbern. His body was embalmed in a primitive way, in a coffin sealed air-tight with rosin, and sent by express to his relatives in Radnor, Delaware county, Penna. The art of embalming at that time was not such as the latter part of the war witnessed. At the beginning of the rebellion it was no easy task to get a corpse sent home, but at a later day an order to Drs. Brown and Alexander, the embalmists, was all that was necessary to insure the safe and speedy transit of a corpse. On the 8th of May a mail came in and brought the glad tidings of the downfall of Yorktown, and of the crippling of the Merrimac by the Monitor, and of the great battle fought at Corinth, filling the whole of the Coast Division with such enthusiasm as only soldiers who are anxious to get home could feel.

Mocking birds that hovered around the camp seemed to be like affected, for they would perch themselves among the branches of a fig tree that stood in a private yard at one corner of the camp and warble their richest melodies until one would think they would split their little throats, each one seeming to try to outvie the other in making the most music. I have no doubt the veterans of the 51st still remember those precious songsters who afforded them such delicious music while patrolling their guard-beats around the camp.

At 9 A. M., on the 10th of May, the 51st struck tents for police purposes, the camp was thoroughly policed and the tents were pitched again at 4 P. M. During the policing a few of the men of Co. D had been

into the city and got a few too many drinks of whiskey, so that by the time they arrived in camp they were ripe for a muss, but not finding any of the sober ones inclined to quarrel they kicked up a fight amongst themselves which threatened to become a free fight, but after a few heads were cut some of the officers interfered and put a stop to the riotous proceedings. After the camp was policed the health of the regiment began to improve, and every few days it was receiving fresh acquisitions of convalescents from the various hospitals. Chaplain Mallory having had a leave of absence for a short time to visit his home in Norristown, returned to his duties on the 8th, and on the 11th the regiment was assembled on the color line and marched into the city to church, where the chaplain preached one of his best sermons as usual. Although the camp had been thoroughly policed on the 10th, the work as a *military* necessity had to be done over on the 12th, for the purpose of pitching the Sibley tents in place of the wedge or common tents. No drills occurred on this day on account of exchanging tents, also there was no drilling the next day, for just as the companies got on the drill-ground the 3d New York (Morrison's) Battery came upon the ground with their guns for target practice. The next day the 51st P. V. and the 51st New York had brigade drill, which the two regiments continued to do for several days. The principal drilling of the companies was the skirmish drill. Co. B, Capt. Bell, was continually drilling the bayonet exercise, and it cannot be gainsaid that no set of men ever proved themselves more proficient in the manual than Co. B did in the bayonet manual; such pre-

cision seemed incredible, for every movement was as perfect as it was possible to be. The exercise is one of the most graceful in the whole manual, if correctly taught, and one of the most awkward drills that can be undertaken if not correctly understood by the drill-master. But in this Co. B had for its instructor one who not only understood his business, but had that priceless boon, patience, and right heartily did Co. B appreciate their now lamented captain's efforts by putting their whole souls into the work, for which, as a company, they have every reason to be proud of their drilling and of their friend and commander, Capt. Ferd. Bell. One or two other companies began the bayonet exercise, but they soon got disgusted with it and themselves together, for it required more patience than most officers and men possessed, so they abandoned the work that they had begun and left Capt. Bell and his company to enjoy their well-earned laurels.

On Tuesday, May 13th, the new fort in the rear of Newbern, built to co-operate with the infantry and gunboats for the purpose of holding the city against any combined movement of the enemy to retake it, was finished and named "Fort Totten." The gunboats on both rivers (Trent and Neuse) opened their guns and fired towards the fort and its front to see if the fort, with the aid of the gunboats, could cover the three miles of land in front of the fort, which was the only feasible way for the rebels to make an attack on the city. The experiment was eminently successful. It may be said that the doings of the fort and gunboats have nothing to do with this history—granted, but as the fort was only a few yards from Camp Franklin the artillerists and the

51st were on very intimate terms, spending many happy hours in each other's society.

On Thursday, May 15th, an order was received by the colonel to have his regiment prepared to move at a moment's notice, with sixty rounds of cartridges and three days' cooked rations. Everything was ready to move by 2 P. M., but after being under arms for two hours the order was countermanded. A regiment of U. S. cavalry and a battery of regulars that was in the Coast Division, had been out on picket for several days before the 51st P. V. received the orders, and they reported a large body of the enemy in their vicinity; through that report the 51st P. V. was to reinforce them and to make an attack on the enemy to capture or disperse them; but just as the 51st P. V. was ready to move the cavalry and artillery came in, bringing quite a large number of prisoners with them, after a severe fight of four hours duration. They reported that if they had had a regiment of infantry along with them they could have captured the whole force. The countermanding of the order was received with delight by the men, as it had been raining pretty hard all day, and after the regiment was ready to march the rain came down in torrents and continued to do so for several hours, hence the men's delight in not having to march that day.

CHAPTER XI.

Rumors—Prospect of garrisoning Baltimore—Changing stripes—Carrying the log—Burnside hunting up the cooks—Off to Brice's creek—Camp Reno—Col. Hartranft's "staff"—The "staff" salutes the Colonel—Review by Governor Stanley—Amusements at Camp Reno—Green snakes—Fruits—First Payment in Greenbacks—Pioneers burning bridges—General Speight's tomb.

AFTER this event the regiment calmly settled down once more to drills, guard, policing, and fatigue duties. It was at this time that Col. Hartranft commenced to drill the regiment by the sound of the bugle, which was not altogether successful, as the whole regiment was opposed to it; but very few men would take interest enough in it to learn the different notes of the bugle. Some wag started a rumor that the 51st P. V. and the 51st N. Y. were to go to Baltimore to do garrison duty at Fort Federal Hill, as the war was so near over that a portion of the North Carolina forces could easily be spared, and the rumor found very ready and willing believers. Nothing was talked of through the day but Baltimore. Baltimore was the dream at night; it was the toast at all social gatherings of the two regiments; in fact, the two regiments breathed and lived Baltimore. But was it to be wondered at?—every circumstance warranted it; for instance, a Convention of North Carolinians was held on the 22d of May to decide whether they were to remain in the Union or not, and it was decided by a vote of 52 yeas to 32 nays; but Gov. Clark, of that State, had not recognized the Convention, and it was not known what his views were. Then, again, Northern papers

stated that seven North Carolina (rebel) regiments had disbanded in Virginia, and returned home. Three counties had actually thrown off their secession allegiance, and acknowledged the authority of the United States; and, again, the men took it for granted that all officers were posted up in the *status* of affairs, but dare not reveal all they knew; consequently, a member of Co. E, who had been a long time sick, applied to Col. Hartranft for a furlough, but was told by the colonel that he had better put it off for a short time, as we would all have furloughs before six weeks; signifying that the regiment would be discharged by that time. That hint was sufficient; "Baltimore" got to a discount, and Easton, Lewisburg, and Norristown rose above par! Alas! for human wishes!

Heretofore the non-commissioned officers wore their insignia of office in *green* braid; but, on the 24th of May, an order was read on dress parade, prohibiting "green," and ordering all non-coms. to conform to the regulation stripes of blue. The order caused considerable grumbling, but the blue had to go on. At the latter end of this month, Col. Hartranft changed his mode of punishment from wearing the barrel to "carrying the log on the ring," and it was no uncommon thing to see two or three refractory soldiers daily on the ring, "doing penance" for their sins.

On the 26th of May, Gen. Burnside rode into camp, unattended even by an orderly, for the express purpose of satisfying himself as to the quantity and quality of the rations the men were getting. He did not go to the officers first for his information, but direct to the men, and rode among the cooks, and viewed the camp-kettles, mess-pans, and the

food, and listened attentively to all the men had to say on the subject. He halted at Co. D's cook-tent, where coffee was in the act of being taken off the fire. The General, casting a roguish eye at the cook, asked him, "What do you call that?" The cook replied, "Coffee, General." "Let me taste it," said the old hero. A tin-cup half full was handed to him, and he tasted it, with the remark, "And you call that coffee, do you?" "Yes, sir," replied the cook. "Now," says the General, "tell me whose fault is it that that coffee is so *weak*? Is it your Quartermaster's? or do the men prefer it that way?" "Oh, no, sir; it's not the Quartermaster's fault; he issues all that we are entitled to; but the men want it three times a day, and they tell me to make it a *leetle* weak so they can have it that often," replied the cook. After visiting the men, he then went to Col. Hartranft's quarters, to either praise or condemn what he had discovered. On Wednesday, the 28th of May, the 51st P. V. received orders to prepare to move camp the next day; consequently the following morning, (the 29th,) the regiment struck tents, and moved up to the confluence of Brice's creek and the Trent river, about three miles from Newbern. By night of the same day all were quietly domiciled in their new quarters, although the day had been one of excitement in Co. A and Co. D, for a terrible fight took place in both companies, each independent of the other. Although Co. A's was a desperate one, it was not to be compared to Co. D's; for in it bayonets were used as clubs in knocking men down, &c. There were no officers in camp at the time, as they had all to go early in the morning up to the new camp, to attend to laying out their camp streets, &c.; consequently the combatants had

no one to interfere with them until the fighting was nearly over, when one of Burnside's staff officers, accidentally riding by, came into camp, and quelled the disturbance. This new camp was christened "Camp Reno," in honor of Gen. Jesse L. Reno, who was in command of a division of Burnside's expedition. His name was an honor to the camp, as few, generals, if any, were his superiors in a military point of view, and as a gentleman, none were. The camp that bore that cherished name was little less than a fairy scene. The ground surface was about ten feet above the level of the two waters, Brice's creek and Trent river. The creek courses within 150 yards of the Trent river, where the entrance of the camp was, and then turning abruptly off, it formed a horseshoe bend to the fairy-like pine grove wherein the 51st P. V. was encamped. Water for drinking purposes had to be obtained by digging wells, of which Co. A dug one and Co. K dug another. The duties at this camp were very light, being more of a picketing nature than otherwise. There was the usual daily routine of drilling and camp guard, with one post of pickets on the opposite side of the creek, about three-fourths of a mile from camp.

The policing was not done by detail, it was performed by "Old Johnny's staff," as it was facetiously styled. This "staff" of "Old Johnny's" was composed of privates who had transgressed good discipline as soldiers, and instead of giving them a log to carry on the ring, or putting them in the guard-house, (where instead of a punishment it often was a source of recreation, for with a "deck of cards" they would while away their incarceration like "lords" and laugh at the "poor devils" who, by

being good soldiers, were forced to do the duty of the prisoners, having to go out on guard in a heavy rain,) they were formed into a fatigue party and compelled to labor at something useful, such as cutting roads through the pine forests, preparing drill-ground, policing camp, or any thing else that "old Johnny" thought should be done. The veterans who were on this "staff" at that time can inform any of our farmers the quickest method of "grubbing" up stumps for they had ample experience in that line. Sometimes this "staff" would number thirty men, and at other times not more than a dozen, but it was generally kept up to a goodly number, for as soon as any of their time expired there were other candidates ready to fill their places, and thus that never-to-be-forgotten "staff," was kept recruited. A little incident connected with it will not be out of place to mention here. The regiment when going out for regimental-drill had to march nearly half a mile through a pine woods to a large cotton field which was the drill-ground. As Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell were riding at the right of the regiment the "staff," who were cutting a road through the woods, were brought to a "front" on the roadside under the command of Joseph Young, and as the colonel and the regiment reached the left of the "staff's" line the indomitable "Joe" ordered a "present arms" to the passing officers and men with such grace and precision, although their arms were only axes, and without the least symptom of a smile on the countenance of any of the "staff" that it bothered the colonel and lieutenant colonel to tell which was intended—an honor or an insult. However, Col. H. did not recognize it as an honor for he

did not "shoulder arms" in passing the "staff," but gave them one of his most *piercing* looks amounting to as much as to say "I'll investigate this," but nothing was ever done in the matter. The incident caused many a hearty laugh at the colonel's expense, while he has laughed as heartily as any.

On the last day of May a grand review of the entire Coast Division was had in honor of the provisional governor of North Carolina, Gov. Stanly. The weather was very hot, but the troops bore it well; the 51st P. V. had the worst of it, as it had farther to march than any other regiment, for the review was held in the city of Newbern, and the regiment had to march there in the morning and back again to camp, as the review was postponed until afternoon. The regiment looked well after its arrival at Newbern in the morning, but after making the march the second time it was only among the average in appearance; the extreme heat causing the men to perspire very freely, and the dust settling on their damp clothing could not be brushed off, but the marching and their bright arms and equipments were equal to the best. The regiment got back to its new camp at dusk, pretty well worn out with heat and fatigue, being under arms from 6 o'clock in the morning until dark. All such circumstances as reviews and parades are ten-fold more irksome than to be on the march for thrice the length of time.

The amusements of the men while in camp were varied; the camp being nearly surrounded by water, swimming was the principal source, but fishing was also indulged in with poor success. Poppy Widger of Co. A, had a tent at the water's edge and had

more success in fishing than all the regiment put together. Corpl. Parker with two others obtained a boat and went up the creek about half a mile from camp to fish. Seeing what they supposed was the trunk of a tree lying in the middle of the stream, they concluded to row up to it and make the boat secure to the log; the corporal taking the small chain in his hand and putting one foot on the log to feel its security, when lo! the *log* dived under the water, nearly precipitating the corporal headlong into the stream; the *log* proving to be an alligator the party concluded to fish none that day, and taking the oars they rowed back to camp at a "double quick."

The first few days in the new camp the men killed a very large number of green snakes which they found suspended on the small trees that grew along the water's edge, having the appearance of a yard of green ribbon hanging there. Blackberrying was another pleasure the men enjoyed; crossing the creek to the opposite side it was only a few minutes work to pick a mess-panful of the most luscious berries that ever grew. Grapes, plums, mountain cherries, mulberries, &c., were to be found in great abundance and in full perfection. The men lived at the "top of the pile" while in this camp; milk, butter, eggs, and poultry had to suffer at their hands. It must not be supposed that they stole them, all was honestly paid for, as the paymaster was more prompt in visiting them at that time than he was six months after.

The regiment was again paid on the 2d day of June, but this time not in gold. Greenbacks was the currency. The men sent large sums of money

to their homes via Adams Express. Quite a number lost their pocketbooks; among the unfortunate ones was Benj. Rowland, a member of the band, who lost \$53.

On the 5th June, was held the first dress-parade of Camp Reno, at which parade three sergeants and four corporals were reduced to the ranks; the reductions were in Cos. B and C.

On the 9th, a full brigade drill occupied nearly the whole day, causing both officers and men to grumble at the excess of the dose.

On the 9th of June, the pioneers belonging to the 51st P. V. were detailed to proceed some fourteen miles into the interior of the State for the purpose of burning and destroying bridges, felling trees across roads, and in other ways impeding the march of the enemy, who were reported to be on their way to retake Newbern. The pioneers accomplished their duty and returned to Camp Reno, after an absence of three days.

A hospital, which was under the charge of Col. Hartranft, had been established close to Camp Reno, in the mansion belonging to a family by the name of Brount, descendants of Gen. Speight of Revolutionary fame. It required a corporal and six men daily detailed to guard it, but with all the vigilance of this special guard it was impossible to prevent occasional depredations by visitors from other camps, who were anxious to carry off some memento from the premises of the deceased Revolutionary General. The tomb in which Gen. Speight's remains were reposing was ruthlessly destroyed by curiosity seekers. The handsome marble slab that covered the coffin, and contained the birth, death and mili-



Yours &c
Edwin Schall

tary services of the deceased, was broken into fragments and carried off, leaving the coffin exposed to full view. After the 51st took the property under its charge such sacrilege was pretty well prevented, but coming to the rescue at the eleventh hour there was only a little left that needed protection.

All the large plantations throughout the South have vaults or graveyards close to the mansion for the interment of the deceased members of the resident families. About two miles from camp, on the opposite side of Brice's creek, was a stately plantation of five thousand acres belonging to a "Col. Hill," who was at that time an officer in the rebel army. A vault on this place, close to the dwelling-house, and within fifty yards of the banks of the Trent river, contained a large number of coffins with the remains of members of the family for several generations back, but a visit to the place by members of a Connecticut and a New York regiment, soon reduced the structure to a shapeless collection of ruins, having bursted the cerements of the departed and piled the bones in a confused mass. As the writer of this frequently visited the above-mentioned place for the purpose of plucking the luscious fruit that grew close to the house, he can honestly say that not one act of lawless depredation was ever committed by any of the men of the 51st P. V. there, or at any of the many vaults and tombs in that vicinity.

All the property in this region of country was abandoned by the legitimate owners, and the places left to the ruthless mercy of the Yankee army; but in all the destruction committed by men of the 51st P. V., vaults, tombs, graves, sarcophagi, etc., were

held with too much reverence by them to either violate the sanctity of the spot or allow others to do so.

On the 12th of June, Provisional Governor Stanley of North Carolina, paid Camp Reno a visit. The Governor was delighted with it, and was loud in his praise of the beauty and cleanliness of the camp, and the military discipline of the regiment.

About the 12th, Colonel Hartranft detailed his "staff" to construct a ferry across Brice's creek and to cut a road through the forest on the opposite side, to be used for various purposes, and on the 14th it was finished. The ferry was put up by extending a heavy cable across the creek, making the ends fast on either shore, and completed with a large flat-boat that had been captured, capable of carrying from two hundred and fifty to three hundred men across at one trip; but in making preparations for the first trip, a couple of "contrabands" in a canoe, got capsized headlong into the sluggish stream, but were soon rescued without any further damage than a thorough ducking.

On Tuesday, June 17th, the regiment made its first trip across; after disembarking it marched about two miles to a large cotton field for drill and target firing, where some excellent shots were made. After the exercises of the trip were over, the regiment returned to camp just in time to welcome Gen. Burnside, who visited the regiment officially.

CHAPTER XII.

Rhode Island presents Gen. Burnside with a sword—White gloves—Prizes in Co. A—Resignation of Capt. Pechin—Promotions in Co. I—Marching orders—A happy night—"Pill business"—Off to reinforce McClellan—Return to camp Reno—Off again to McClellan—On the Recruit—Arrival at Newport News, Va.—Camp Lincoln—Base-ball—Quarter rations—Post of Honor.

ON Wednesday, June 18th, preparations were made to attend a grand review, including a sword presentation to General Burnside, from the people of Rhode Island, for his valuable services; but as the presentation committee was not quite ready, the event was postponed until the next day. The next day dawned scorching hot, and as the troops began to assemble on the review ground, a black cloud obscured the sun and began pouring down the aquatic fluid in such torrents that the review was necessarily postponed until the day after.

A request was issued by Col. H. for the men to purchase white gloves for the occasion, but it was met with a *silent* and flat refusal, silent only in the presence of officers, but among themselves it was decided to refuse compliance, and the next day the review did come off, but white gloves were scarce in the 51st P. V. This review and sword presentation was one of the most magnificent affairs that was ever witnessed, as everything passed off with the strictest discipline and formality.

On June 21st, Co. G, Captain Blair, was detailed to go out a considerable distance on picket and did not return until the 30th.

On the 22d, the regular Sunday company inspection took place. This inspection was attended with manifest interest on account of Captain William J. Bolton offering three prizes to Co. A, respectively \$5, \$2.50 and \$1, for the cleanest arms and accoutrements and the most soldierly appearance of their possessors; but so well did the members of Co. A contend for the first prize, that the three company officers who acted as judges were puzzled to award the prizes at first, but they decided that private Theodore H. Gilbert was entitled to the third prize of \$1. The decision for the first and second prizes was then referred to Col. Hartranft, who after inspecting the men, guns, etc., decided private James M. Bolton entitled to the first prize, and private Daniel Stout to the second prize. So close in cleanliness and appearance were these two men that the winner of the first prize only won it by a button being sewed upside down on his opponent's blouse, which had been overlooked by his competitor when sewing it on. It was at best a difficult award to make, for there were so many to decide upon and all had done their best to win the first prize that it must be said, without fear of contradiction, that no company in the Union army ever contained cleaner guns, accoutrements, clothing and men. To Capt. William J. Bolton is due the credit of inaugurating a new impulse in the regiment for possessing the cleanest guns, accoutrements, etc., for from that day the competition ran high in all the other companies of the regiment among the men, and the rivalry was kept up to the final discharge of the 51st P. V.

On the 23d, Capt. George R. Pechin, of Co. I, resigned his commission on account of ill health,

having nearly lost his speech from disease contracted in wading the swamp at the taking of Roanoke Island on the 7th and 8th of the previous February, and on the 25th of June he left Newbern for his Northern home, where he arrived in safety. After receiving proper treatment he recovered his speech and health. He was a good officer, a strict disciplinarian, in fact too much so, for which some few of his company can vouch. But the true soldier could not help admiring him for his bravery and coolness under all circumstances. I may be pardoned for saying so much about a single line officer when so many are worthy, but justice to him and to his regiment demands that all the slander and abuse by which his fair name has been tarnished, through the malignity of two or three spiteful individuals, should be refuted and his record be established as his merits deserve it to be. The slander came from those who could not resign and go home just when they wanted to, and it provoked them to think he could be discharged and they retained.

1st. Lieut. George W. Bisbing was promoted to a Captaincy on the 26th of June, 1862. 2d. Lieut. George Schall was made 1st. Lieut. the same day. 1st. or Orderly Sergeant Mark R. Supplee was promoted 2d. Lieut. also at the same time.

On the 26th was brigade drill, which was of rather more interest than usual on account of all the bands in the brigade being consolidated for the occasion, and giving a concert on the parade ground much to the gratification of the troops in the vicinity, and to Col. Ferrero in particular, who commanded the brigade.

On Sunday, the 29th of June, 1862, the regiment

received orders to hold itself in readiness at eight hours' notice, to march. Sixty rounds of ammunition were issued to each man, and a general belief arose that Burnside was going to reinforce McClellan, in front of Richmond. The Chaplain held worship in the afternoon, but so anxious were the men to get on a move that few found their way to church, and employed the day in packing up and getting ready for the march; but the order did not come that day, nor the next; still the regiment held itself in readiness to march at any moment the order should come.

July 1st, 1862, orders were issued that all the sick would have to march, that is, all those who could be kept on their feet. In the evening the men began striking tents and gathering all the wood used in making their bunks, empty barrels, boards and firewood, which were thrown into three large piles, each as high as a two-storied house, and then setting fire to them: everything of that sort about the camp was consumed. During the conflagration the officers and men indulged in all kinds of sport to while away the time, for the light of the bonfires made the camp as light as day, and no one thought of lying down that night to sleep. To add more to the pleasures of the evening the band enlivened the scene with its best pieces of music. Some employed themselves in writing in large letters caricatures of the Rebellion on pieces of boards, and nailing them to the trees for the edification of the rebels if they should ever come that way. One of them is given here as a sample.

"The 51st P. V., having studied medicine, has gone into the *Pill* business; will open their stock

about the 4th of July to the patronage of the Southern chivalry, for the benefit of Uncle Samuel.

- “N. B.—In case of the death of any of the firm, the business will be conducted as usual by Uncle Sam & Co. After the present stock is sold out, a Grand Fancy Military and Citizens' Dress Ball will be given in the city of Richmond, Va.

“A. LINCOLN, *Floor Manager*.

“GEN. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, *Ass't Floor Manager*.”

At 3 A. M. of July 2d the “assembly” beat, and the regiment formed on the color line, and thence started on the march to reinforce McClellan, in front of Richmond. Arrived at Newbern at daylight and immediately embarked on board of the schooner *Recruit*, and in dropping down the river the *Recruit* ran into the regiment's old favorite, the *Cossack*. Capt. Bennett, of the *Cossack*, made his appearance on deck. Notwithstanding the accident, and while everything was confusion worse confounded, the 51st could not refrain from giving the heroic tar three hearty cheers, that made the moss-covered banks of the Neuse echo and re-echo. It took pretty much all day for all the forces to embark and get down to the mouth of Slocum's Creek, 18 miles below Newbern, where the whole fleet anchored for the night. The 51st experienced a dismal night on board of the schooner, it raining hard and constant all that time, and not having any bunks below, the men were obliged to quarter on deck, most of them sleeping in a sitting posture, having no room to lie down on account of the crowded state of the vessel. Daylight came, the rain pouring down in torrents, the air feeling very chilly, and the men dripping

wet, caused them to shiver and shake as bad as if they were exposed to the wintry blasts of the more northern States. The Recruit had bad luck in getting ready to start; everything appeared to go wrong, and as the vessel was inadequately manned by sailors, a detail of six men from the regiment made up the deficiency, the Recruit getting under weigh again about 8 A. M. of the 3d of July. The other portion of the fleet got under weigh at daylight, and was out of sight when the Recruit got off. If ever troops had reason to find fault with the Government of the United States, the 51st had ample grounds for complaint at this time; cold and wet to the skin; hard tack water-soaked and useless; nearly every round of ammunition damaged by water, and putting 700 or 800 men on board of a vessel capable of accommodating only about 300, and even that number would be crowded—all these combined tended greatly to vex the men. The Recruit had not proceeded far before she met the little steamer Alice Price, General Burnside's dispatch boat, having on board Col. Hawkins of the Zouaves, (9th N. Y.) who ordered the Recruit to "halt." The schooner "hove to," and received from Col. Hawkins the pleasing information "to go back to Newbern, for Richmond was taken." No sooner was the information received than cheer after cheer, long and loud, rent the air, and the Recruit "about faced" and arrived at Newbern at 6 P. M., where she dropped anchor. The 51st remained on board all night, with the same accommodations as the men had the night before, excepting the rain. At 10½ A. M. the 51st disembarked, and companies A, B, C, D, F, G and I arrived at Camp Reno at noon. Com-

panies E, H and K did not get into camp until 4½ P. M. The camp was found in nearly the same condition as when the regiment left. Some few things that escaped burning had been carried off, but a hog was found running about loose, and as the men's rations were nearly exhausted, the hog was shot to replenish the men's haversacks. Tents were pitched; everything soon settled down to the old style of comfort, and the men enjoyed one night more of good rest. But the next morning (Saturday, the 5th) brought information that Richmond was not taken, and the 51st was again under marching orders, to be ready to move at a moment's notice. This time the order was explicit, and Richmond was the objective point at which to bring up. Consequently, at 2 A. M. on Sunday, the 6th, the regiment was again found striking tents, and by daybreak was on its way returning to Newbern, all being on board of the *Recruit* at 7½ A. M. Why rations were not served to the men on this embarkation remained always a mystery, but such was the case, and the men were complaining bitterly of the gnawings of hunger. At noon the *Recruit* weighed anchor and proceeded down the river with better speed than on the previous trip. Reaching the Swash, Hatteras Inlet, at dark, she lay at anchor there for the night.

On Monday, the 7th, at daybreak, the *Recruit* left her anchorage and started to pass out the Inlet, but did not get far before she ran aground on the Swash opposite Forts Clarke and Hatteras. The regiment was taken off and landed on Hatteras Island, where the men enjoyed a fine sea-bath, and collected a large quantity of very beautiful sea-shells. In the mean

time tugs were at work to get the Recruit off, in which they were successful, and by noon the regiment was once more afloat; the vessel, crowding on all her sails, reached Fortress Monroe at noon on the 8th of July, 1862, making just five months and twenty-eight days since the 51st P. V. left the Fortress until its return. How many manly hearts beat high in anticipation of the future when the regiment left the Fortress on the 11th of the previous January, that now, at the regiment's return, are as silent in their throbs as the rude graves that encompass their remains! Peace be to their ashes!

On arriving at the Fortress nearly all the fleet had got in ahead of the Recruit. The 51st remained on board of the schooner at the above place until the next day, sleeping on deck as usual, but with far more satisfaction, although the deck was densely crowded and the night was stifling warm. If the weather was hot in North Carolina, it was of a white heat in Virginia. While the 51st P. V. was lying at the Fortress, President Lincoln, in company with Gen. Burnside, passed the Recruit. His Excellency was honored by a salute from a man-of-war at anchor in Hampton Roads, and also from the Fortress.

At 6½ P. M. of the 9th of July the Recruit left for Newport News, arriving there at 8 P. M. The regiment remained on board all night, and disembarking the next morning at 8 A. M., it marched to a camp ground about half a mile distant from the point of landing. To say that the day was hot would be conveying but a very faint idea of the intense heat; *red* hot, hotter, hottest, comes nearer the correct conception. At 10 A. M. the camp was laid out and the tents pitched, everything being fixed up

as comfortably, by evening, as circumstances would permit. This camp was called "Camp Lincoln," in honor of the illustrious President of the United States. The amusements at this camp were, fishing for crabs, bathing, foraging and base-ball playing. The latter was the leading enjoyment; even the officers indulged in this game with right good zest, the best players being Col. Hartranft, Maj. Edwin Schall, Capt. Edward Schall and Private Young, of Co. B. The duties were of the usual kind--brigade guard, picketing, policing, with brigade, regimental and company drills. The brigade was now under the permanent command of Col. Ferrero, Colonel of the 51st New York State Volunteers.

The rations at this camp were of the most miserable description. Although convenient to Fortress Monroe, the base of supplies, the men could obtain but about one-fourth rations, and that of an exceedingly inferior quality. Grumbling, and justly, too, was to be heard from morning until night, "nothing to eat!" was to be heard at every turn. Some d——d McClellan for the deficiency, some Col. Ferrero, some Col. Hartranft, and a very few did heap their anathemas on Gen. Burnside. The scantiness of the rations and the continuance of complaints finally reached Capt. McKibbin's ears, Burnside's Adjutant General, who reported to the old hero the case, and a few days more of empty stomachs ended all the trouble, for fresh bread, fresh beef, and a full allowance of everything in the commissary department was issued without stint, so that the grumbling ceased once more. The stay at Newport News was of only twenty-two days duration, but in the meantime the regiment experienced some hot days and

empty stomachs. Brigade guard was established the first day of the landing of the troops at Newport News. The following order was issued by Col. Ferrero on the second day of being in Camp Lincoln: "Coffee at 5 A. M., streets and tents policed at 5½ A. M., "peas on trencher" at 6 A. M., company drill at 7½ A. M., "roast beef" at 12 M., dress parade at 6¾ P. M., brigade drill every Monday and Thursday, regimental drill every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 4½ P. M." It can be seen that from early morn to close of day the brigade under Ferrero was to have but few idle moments. Brigade guard-mounting was not mentioned in the order, but still it came off daily at 9 A. M.

On Sunday, 13th of July, Col. Ferrero issued an order giving the post of honor to the 51st P. V. by putting it on the right of the brigade. On the 14th about a dozen men were detailed from the 51st P. V. to guard the "Parrish farm," situated about three miles from camp on the road leading to the town of Hampton; they continued living at the "top of the pile" during their stay there. This same day fresh bread was issued for the first time while we were here.

The 16th brought a change in the hours for regimental drill from 4½ to 5½ P. M., on account of the intense heat at the earlier hour.

The mails were very regular at Camp Lincoln, coming in every afternoon at 2 o'clock and going out at 9 A. M. daily.

CHAPTER XIII.

Recruiting—Camp duty—Robbery—Preparing for the front—Again on the Recruit—Arrival at Aquia creek and Fredricksburg—"Rat coffee"—Sun strokes—Camp Fererro—Marching orders—More recruiting—Officers' baggage—First march on the Pope campaign—A quarrel—An extract from a letter—Throwing away clothing.

ON Sunday, July 20th, an order was read off on dress parade detailing one commissioned officer, one sergeant, and one corporal to go to Pennsylvania to recruit. Capt. Lynn, of Co. H, Sergeant Martin Schoch, of Co. E, and Corporal Lewis, of Co. D, were detailed to proceed home for recruiting purposes.

On the 22d of July another order on camp duty was read off on dress parade, as follows: Reveille at 5 A. M., streets and tents policed at 5.30 A. M., doctor's call and breakfast at 6 A. M., company drill at 7.30 A. M., one hour, guard mounting at 8.30 A. M., dinner, 12, M., brigade and regimental drills at 4.30 P. M., dress parade at 7.15, P. M., regiments to stack arms on the color line at 9 A. M., tattoo at 8.30 P. M., taps to put out lights at 9 P. M.

On the 23d of July a most disgraceful robbery took place at the general hospital at Newport News. Two kegs of butter, one box of gaiters, and four hundred dollars in money were taken. The robbery was traced to two men belonging to the 51st P. V. The butter had been sold at twenty-five cents per pound to any one willing to buy; but the money and gaiters were recovered, and the culprits court-martialed and punished.

First brigade and part of the third, with a battery of six pieces, left Newport News on the 25th to go to Yorktown, and speculation ran high as to the early departure of the 51st P. V. to go to the front. On the 27th, three hundred wounded, sick, and well prisoners arrived from before Richmond, and caused much rejoicing in camp.

A novelty to the soldiers presented itself on the 29th of July, in the form of two white ladies, who were on a visit to Newport News.

On the 30th of July the regiment was taken out about three miles from camp for target firing, which proved that the 51st P. V. possessed some excellent marksmen.

The regiment received a complete set of new drums on the 1st of August, in place of those originally received at Camp Curtin, which had become unserviceable from long continuous use. In fact, this date brought several incidents of interest in the history of the 51st P. V. All the sick and convalescents belonging to the regiment, who had been left at Newbern, N. C., in the hospitals, arrived, with the exception of a few, whose lives would have been jeopardized by the removal. It is also the day that the regiment might say its continuous marchings began their birth. Marching orders were issued to it that only ended in its re-enlistment in East Tennessee. The first order was to be ready to move at a moment's notice, with three days' cooked rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition. Consequently rations were immediately issued and fires kindled, and soon the camp-kettles were seething and steaming with salt beef and pork, and knapsacks were packed and all ready to start in three hours

after receiving orders; but the final order to leave Newport News did not come until 6 A. M. of the 2d. Tents were struck at 8 A. M., and the regiment marched down to the wharf, and again embarked on board of the schooner *Recruit*, quartering on the deck as before. The day was occupied in embarking the remainder of the troops that was encamped at that place. At 6 P. M. the *Recruit* swung out into the stream, and left for Aquia Creek; arriving at Fortress Monroe at 8 o'clock in the evening, dropped anchor and remained there until 1 o'clock on the morning of the 3d, when she again left, and entered the mouth of the Potomac at 2 P. M. of the same day. At 6 P. M. Gen. Burnside passed the regiment on his little despatch boat, and as usual three cheers were given for him with a hearty good-will. The *Recruit* came to an anchor at 9 P. M., a little below Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, and started again at 6 A. M. on Monday, the 4th, and arrived at the mouth of Aquia Creek at 9 A. M. But one incident worthy of note occurred during the passage from Newport News, and that was the drinking of *rat* coffee. A large cauldron had been filled with ship's water the night previous, for the purpose of making coffee early in the morning. Some time during the night a couple of rats got in the water, and being unable to get out, drowned; and, not being discovered until the coffee had been made, issued, and drank, the effect of the discovery can be better imagined than described.

One hour after the arrival of the *Recruit* at Aquia Creek the 51st disembarked, took the cars of the "Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg Railroad," and arrived at the depot opposite to Fredericksburg at

1 P. M. On taking the cars at the creek a large number of officers and men met an old acquaintance in the person of Thomas Bones, Esq., who had formerly been a conductor for many years on the Chester Valley Railroad, Pa. It was he who had rebuilt the Aquia Creek & Fredericksburg Railroad, and was now its chief superintendent.

After arriving at the station the regiment stacked arms in the rear of the depot, and the sun pouring down its burning rays on the unsheltered heads of the troops, produced a number of sunstrokes. The 51st P. V. lay here only about an hour, during which time Col. Hartranft was busy in selecting a suitable place for camp purposes. When he succeeded, he immediately took the regiment about one mile further back, and encamped it in a splendid wheat field belonging to the notorious "Phillips" farm, nearly opposite Fredericksburg. Sergeant David Long, of Co. D, received a sunstroke which nearly deprived him of his life, while marching from the depot up to the camp ground. In fact, nearly every man was more or less affected by the intense heat. Companies C and G, not accompanying the regiment on this trip, did not arrive till the next day, (the 5th.) This did not become a legitimate camp until the afternoon of the 6th, when tents arrived, were immediately pitched, and then it was named "Camp Ferrero," in honor of Col. Ferrero, the brigade commander. The three days' rations that had been cooked on the eve of departure from Newport News were exhausted, and nothing more was issued until the evening of the 6th; consequently hunger again stared the men in the face, and as the regiment was paid off on the 5th, the scanty supply in the

neighboring sutler's tents was soon bought up at extravagant prices to satisfy the inner man.

One noticeable feature was observed in the appearance of the troops in Virginia and those of the Burnside expedition. While the former were as white in complexion as their Northern friends at home were, the latter were as dark as the darkest mulattoes, and had more the appearance of an army of negroes than Caucasians.

On the 6th the entire brigade had dress parade, and the most stringent orders were read to each regiment. Among the duties assigned to the troops was the drilling of the commissioned officers daily from 9 A. M. to 10 A. M., and non-commissioned officers from 10.30 A. M. to 11.30 A. M.

The tents received here were the "Sibley," or round tents, each to accommodate fourteen men, which was about six too many, considering the intense heat, but they were raised up from the ground a few inches to allow the free circulation of air, and bunks were put up of pine boughs a foot from the earth, giving the air a chance to circulate beneath them, adding much to the comfort of the men. But it never failed that when a regiment fixed up comfortably it soon received marching orders; and thus it was with the 51st P. V., for on the 9th orders were received to be ready to move on three hours' notice, and to leave all surplus clothing behind, packed up with owner's name sewed on each bundle and stowed away in large boxes for that purpose, to be sent to Aquia Creek and placed under guard for safe keeping. The men of the 51st P. V. know how safe their clothing was kept. When they received the lot again in Pleasant Valley, Md.,

only about one-fifth arrived and that in a worthless condition, all the best having been stolen long before it was shipped to the regiment.

Although the regiment received marching orders on the 9th, it did not march until the evening of the 12th, at 6 o'clock.

On the 10th regimental inspection was held by Lieut. Col. Bell, who was very severe on heavy knapsacks, and again warned the men of the consequence of carrying such heavy loads, but a great many turned a deaf ear to the kindly advice, through ignorance of all they had to go through before they would need their surplus clothing; could they have foreseen but a fraction of their trials of the future I doubt if there could have been found one who would have carried even a single extra shirt.

On the 11th the brigade had a drill under the command of Col. Hartranft for the first time, and although it was his maiden attempt, he acquitted himself with the usual credit of all and everything he did in a military line, viz., *excelled by none*.

On the 7th another party was detailed to proceed to Pennsylvania to recruit for the regiment. Lieut. Jacob P. Brooks, of Co. F, Sergeant George W. Patterson, of Co. I, and Sergeant John W. Fair, of Co. C, were detailed, and left the same day for Harrisburg, Pa.

The 51st was still in the 2d Brigade, Reno's Division, Burnside's Expedition, and carried its title until merged into the 9th Army Corps.

On the 11th, the officers who did not wish to be encumbered with surplus baggage sent it home by "express," as the marching orders were still held good. The confusion and inconvenience incident to

a regiment being under marching orders for several days, can only be known by soldiers themselves ; the suspense is only to be equalled by that of a criminal under sentence of death, before the precise fatal day is known.

At 6 P. M. on the 12th, the regiment formed on the color line preparatory to starting on its long and wearisome march. Just as the men had stacked their arms a violent tornado swept over that section of country, ripping and tearing the large Sibley tents as though they were made of paper. The tents occupied by the 51st P. V. were, per orders, left standing by the regiment when about leaving, but the tornado had torn them from their positions and whirled some of them a great distance, leaving the camp ground nearly divested of everything like a tent ; but the men, giving chase to the flying tents, secured them, and they were soon put up, although in a very dilapidated condition. The regiment then "fell in" line and took arms. At sundown, as the regiment began to move, the rain poured in torrents, filling all the creeks and ravines to overflowing, and making the night's march one never to be forgotten. The darkness equalled, almost excelled the famous Egyptian darkness that could be felt ; the mud knee deep ; progress very slow ; halts frequent and the roads obstructed with upset wagons and bemired artillery ; such were the circumstances of the forepart of the night's march.

As the 51st passed the camp of the 9th New York, (Zouaves,) a quarrel came near being created which might have resulted in a serious fight had not some of the officers of the Zouaves interfered and put a stop to the inflammable language used by

both parties. The foundation of the quarrel was built on an article that appeared in a newspaper published somewhere in the interior of Pennsylvania. The article purported to have been written by an officer of the 51st P. V., giving a description of the battle of South Mills, Camden, N. C., and stating that while the 51st P. V. were hotly engaged in the battle, "Hawkins' Zouaves were in the rear plundering the knapsacks of the 51st P. V." The writer never saw the article in question, but if such a one did exist, I care not if it was officer or enlisted man that wrote it, I emphatically stamp it as a base and villanous falsehood ; for there was not half a dozen knapsacks carried by the regiment on that occasion ; and again, what few had been brought from Newbern were left on board of the Admiral when the regiment disembarked. Hard words passed between the two regiments, and they were forever afterwards rank enemies. That the article had been published in the paper could not be denied, for some friend of the Zouave regiment had put the paper in a wrapper and mailed it to the Zouaves. The regiment halted for a couple of hours rest and to get breakfast at 4 A. M., on the 13th, near the Yellow House, about eight miles from Fredericksburg. This Yellow House must not be confounded with the Yellow Tavern on the Weldon Railroad. At 6 A. M. the regiment again moved off under a scorching hot sun and in plenty of mud, but by noon the marching began to improve as the mud disappeared. The heat caused a great many to lag behind, and stragglers lined the road all day and night. At noon the regiment halted for dinner at a secesh farm, which had a fine peach

orchard on it, the trees loaded with the ripe and luscious fruit. As soon as "halt" was commanded, the boys made a charge at double-quick on the peaches, and only a few minutes sufficed to clear the orchard of all of its choice fruit.

The writer has just got possession of a letter that was sent to a friend of one of the members of the 51st P. V., dated Culpepper Court House, Va., August 15, 1862, giving a detailed account of the march from Camp Ferrero to Culpepper, in more explicit language than the author of this history is capable of commanding.

"* * * * Just a few minutes before we left Camp Ferrero, I wrote to you to let you know that we were about marching. Well, on Monday evening, at 6 o'clock, we left Camp Ferrero in a tremendous storm, but by the time that we had crossed the valley between Camp Ferrero and Falmouth, it had ceased to rain. I will give you a succinct account of our march as far as I have the time and abilities to make it worth reading to you. Falmouth is but one and a-half miles in a straight line from where Camp Ferrero lay; but by the road we had to march, on account of the mud and high hills, it was about four miles. I will first give you the incidents from Camp Ferrero to Falmouth. The 1st brigade composed of the 6th N. H., 89th N. Y., 48th P. V., and the 2d Maryland under Gen. Parker, with Durrell's Reading Artillery, about forty baggage-wagons, and two companies of U. S. Dragoons, started on the advance. Then *our* 2d brigade, under Col. Hartranft, who is acting brigadier-general of this brigade, consisting of the 51st P. V., 51st N. Y., and the 21st Mass.; all under command of Gen. Burnside. Well, it rained while we were starting, and we left all our tents standing; for we were to have no more living in tents. It was just dark by the time we got fairly on our tedious march. Nothing of interest transpired until after we crossed the valley, except the numerous halts we had to make in consequence of the slow progress of the battery and wagon trains in getting onward. After crossing the valley, and ascending one of the first ranges of hills, we had to come to a halt, by the upsetting of one of the six-horse teams into a

ditch, on the roadside, of about five feet deep. After halting one hour for it to get out of the ditch, we started off and left it in the ditch, bottom upwards. We got along very slow, for the roads were very slippery. When within about one mile of Falmouth, the battery stuck fast in the mire, causing a long detention again ; but, however, it got out again, and we started once more, expecting to keep on going ; but, not so ; for just as the wagon train was crossing a bridge at Falmouth, a wagon containing nothing but ammunition, which is very heavy, broke through the bridge. Two mules were killed, and there was a long stoppage, making it 12 o'clock, midnight, when we reached Falmouth. Four miles in six hours ! You can't imagine how tedious it is to march five minutes, and stand thirty minutes, with knapsacks and everything else buckled and strapped up tight to your body. Well, the bridge once fixed up again, we crossed over, but had not gone two hundred yards, when going down a very steep hill, over goes another wagon loaded with camp kettles, grub, and such baggage as the officers had along. This wagon went over a high precipice, at the bottom of which was a pool of water ; the wagon was broken to atoms, the camp kettles and baggage all smashed up ; the mules were all dragged over with it, but were very little hurt, I believe. The column pushed on, and left the wagon in the hole ; but we had not proceeded two hundred yards, when, bottom upwards, goes another wagon ; and after that we did not bother with the wagons, but pushed on until after daylight, when we halted for a couple of hours for the purpose of resting, eating a bite, and getting a little sleep. How far we marched is more than I can say, but I know we were *tired*. After our nap we started again, and this time, our brigade being on the advance, we did not stop much for the wagons ; Col. Hartranft pushing on so as to go past and let them get in the rear. Our march now became very hard ; for, marching all the night before, and getting only about an hour's sleep, we, as a matter of course, were jaded out. Still we kept on till noon, when the 48th P. V. had a brush with the guerrillas, which caused a detention of an hour or so. I did not see anything of the fight, and in fact very few, except those engaged, saw anything of it ; for we hardly came to a halt before we were down in the mud sound asleep. I did not hear a gun fired. All I knew was that the 48th had charged on guerrillas, and drove them. We started again, and at 4 p. m. we halted to get water and eat a bite ; but I was so

tired, and my feet so sore, that, instead of eating, I did as hundreds of others did—I laid down, and took my rations out in a nap. We started again, but my feet, like others, were so sore that I resolved, with seven others of the 51st N. Y., and one other out of my company, to evade the rear guards, stop in the woods all night, and run the risk of being “gobbled up” by the guerrillas. We did so; but only by the skin of our teeth; for we just got our blankets unfolded, when the rear guard passed us. We even held our breaths for fear of discovery as they passed within ten feet of our concealment; but the darkness saved us. There were about one hundred men in the guard. As soon as they passed us, we loaded our guns, determined to sell our lives as dear as possible should the guerrillas find us. About 12 o’clock, midnight, horsemen passed close to us—sometimes not more than six feet from us; but I can’t say whether they were our pickets or guerrillas, for none of us cared about making their acquaintance under the circumstances; but we judged them to be guerrillas lurking in the rear of our column for the purpose of capturing stragglers as they lag behind from fatigue; but we did not lose a man. The rear of the column was six or seven miles in advance of us; for it marched until midnight before it bivouacked. We got up an hour before daylight, and marched on until a little after daylight, when we heard the bugle sounding for the teamsters to feed their mules. We knew then that we were not far off from the column. So, feeling perfectly safe, we laid down and took a couple hours of oh! the sweetest sleep! and then got up, and feeling fresh, we started off and came up to the regiment just as it was getting ready to march; but this time we only had about five miles to go before we got to Bealton Station, on the Orange and Alexander Railroad. As this road is now under our control, and has been since last Saturday, we took the cars for Culpepper Court-house, where we took up our quarters in an open lot back of the town and pitched a few tents that were got in the town; but we had not been there above an hour or so, before we were again ordered off.”

After the regiment had dinner and cleaned out the peach orchard, it started off towards Bealton. The heat now became intense, and seemed to beat the men down to the ground despite their efforts to

keep up. Knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, shirts, blouses, pants, shoes and stockings, were thrown away without a regret; the road was literally covered with clothing, most of it newly drawn; but everything that could possibly be spared was thrown away; a large number even took off the shirts they were wearing, and threw them along with the other things. Nearly all of those things could have been saved, or at least the labor of carrying them, had the men listened to the advice of Lieut.-Col. Bell previous to starting on this march.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bealton Station—Culpepper—The Rapidan—Retreating—Fight at Kelly's Ford—Formation of the Ninth Army Corps—Rappahannock Station—More fighting—Cowardice at Sulphur Springs—Warrenton—Hard marching and hunger—Stuart's "Black Horse" cavalry—Warrenton Junction—Rest and food—Junction with Union Army at Gainesville—Manassas Plains—Severe battles.

ON Thursday, the 14th, at 10 A. M., the regiment arrived at Bealton Station, on the O. and A. R. R., tired and worn out. It filed into a field close to the station, stacked arms, cooked dinner, and left on the cars for Culpepper at 1.30 P. M., arriving at Telegraph station at 3 P. M. and at Culpepper at 4 P. M., where it disembarked and marched to the back of the town and bivouacked for an hour, when orders were received to proceed about three miles further on, arriving a little before sundown and quartering in a meadow. In marching from Culpepper to this place the greatest surprise and enthusiasm was manifested by the troops already there at the appearance of Gen. Burnside's expeditionary force.

The 51st bivouacked in the lowest part of the meadow, as there was no choice, and without tents or shelter of any kind it was obliged to lie in the heavy rain of its first night in this place; but all slept soundly and got up the next morning much refreshed after their tedious march from Camp Ferrero. The regiment remained here until 3 P. M. of the 15th, when it again took up the line of march and proceeded about four miles outside of the picket lines to within a short distance of Raccoon ford, on the Rapidan river, where it arrived a little before sundown. It had rained nearly all day and the marching was most horrible. It seemed as if the elements had combined to make the regiment suffer all the inconvenience of being without shelter, for it rained whenever the regiment had to march, and the sun poured down its scorching rays upon it whenever it made a halt or bivouacked.

On the 16th a detail of six men was made to accompany Lieut. Hall, Assist. Quartermaster of the Division, on a foraging expedition. They took three wagons and went to James Somerville's mill, at Raccoon ford, and loaded up the wagons with corn, much against the proprietor's will, not, however, without giving him proper vouchers to enable him to get his pay. While Mr. Somerville was loading the corn the men were foraging through the house, garden, and aviary. They succeeded in getting a few chickens, potatoes, onions, cabbage and a large quantity of honey, both strained and in the comb. After the corn was loaded it was taken to camp and unloaded, and the wagons again proceeded to within sight of the aforesaid corn-crib for another load, and discovered the enemy loading corn from the same

crib. The teams "about faced" and went back to camp on a double-quick, when it was discovered that Stonewall Jackson was pitching his tents on an eminence not far off from us and close to Slaughter Mountain. They were seen to signal with flags from the top of Cedar Mountain in daytime and at night with lights. On Monday, 18th of August, 1862, the band belonging to the 51st P. V. were discharged and left for their homes the same day.

The enemy was seen to be gathering a large force on the top of a range of hills in the rear of Raccoon ford, on the Rapidan. The discovery was made on the 16th, and enough had been seen to know that it was their intention to sweep down upon the "Yankees" in the night and "gobble them up at one fell swoop;" but in this they met a disappointment, for the hint was taken and a hurried retreat of the Union forces commenced near midnight. The 51st P. V. brought up the rear of the division in the retreat, "Stonewall" pressing it hard succeeded in capturing about a dozen of the slow-footed ones of the 51st. So rapid was this retreat made that the regiment passed through Stevensonburg at 7 A. M. of the next day. Making the march of twenty-eight miles in eight hours, without a single rest, the regiment forded several rivers and streams and finally made a stand at Kelly's ford, on the Rappahannock. Stonewall's forces kept close to the rear of the Union troops. Shortly after arriving at Kelly's ford Maj. Schall sent his brother, W. P. Schall, and James Whitehead, of Co. D, to a house that was within sight of the regiment to get him some butter and other articles of food. They were in the house but a few minutes when the rebels entered it and took them

prisoners. Nothing further transpiring after the regiment halted, it went into quarters for the balance of the day and night; rude sheltering was put up and a good night's rest enjoyed by the overmarched men until towards daylight, when the regiment was aroused by the uneasiness of the enemy and the firing of picket shots. Twenty rounds more of cartridges were issued to the men, everything of inferior value was ordered to be burnt, and letters forbidden to be written, by order of Gen. John Pope. Two shots were fired by Durrell's battery at a lot of rebel cavalry who showed themselves at the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the ford. Co. D, Capt. Schall, was sent out on picket to prevent a surprise. An attack was momentarily expected, and at 11 A. M. of the 21st the ball opened that did not end until the sound of the last gun had died away on the 17th of September, 1862, among the hills enclosing Antietam. The battle opened near the Rappahannock Station at 11 A. M., and at 12 noon it began in front of the 51st by the Union cavalry crossing at Kelly's ford and skirmishing the woods, in which the rebel cavalry were as thick as hair on a horse. The 1st Brigade had met Longstreet's skirmishers and had driven them back several miles. The 51st P. V. supported Durrell's battery through this long series of hard fighting. The fighting ended at 6 P. M. in our favor, Gen. Siegel capturing nineteen guns and the 48th P. V. two guns; the loss was two killed and seven wounded. That night the 51st lay on their arms in one of the usual rains, and was relieved at daylight by a portion of McClellan's forces. The 51st then went to reinforce McDowell at Rappahannock Station, arriving there in time to get a cup

of coffee made before the rebels opened their artillery, which they did soon after. The regiment stacked arms in a stubble field north of the station.

The expeditionary forces of Burnside were merged into the 9th Army Corps about the 12th of August, 1862, but the men knew nothing of the change until about the 16th.

After the 51st arrived at Rappahannock station it was put on temporary reserve and again marched at 4 P. M., proceeding farther up the river, halting in mud and rain about every half a mile during the day and night, without any rations excepting an ear of green corn that was occasionally found in the devastated cornfields along the line of march.

At 6 A. M. on the 23d the battle opened in good earnest on both sides; the 51st was again ordered on the march at that time without obtaining one mouthful of food until noon, when, through the violence of the severe storm, the regiment was forced to a halt in the vicinity of a cornfield. The thunder vieing with the artillery's roar, and the lightning with the cannon's flash. This storm will be remembered by the men of the 51st from the fact of a negro being killed by the lightning while sitting on his mule close to the regiment. While at this halt several cows were seen running at large, and Col. Hartranft gave his consent to his men to shoot and dress them for the use of the regiment, but they were no sooner shot down than each man dressed his own piece. Fires were kindled, corn was pulled and roasted, and the meat thrown into the ashes to cook the best it might, and with every prospect of having one hearty meal at any rate the men felt satisfied; but in this the majority were

disappointed, for orders came to march with all the speed possible. Col. Hartranft who, along with the other officers, were expecting a feast with their men on roasted green corn and beef, secured a handful of this savory meal, as the rest did, vaulted into his saddle with promptness and started off again, leaving the most of the food in the fires, not even having time to secure it in its partially cooked state. A large number of men snatched a piece of meat from the hot coals and ate it as they marched along, with the blood and ashes running down from the corners of their mouths. Two crackers were all the rations that each man had had in four days; what the officers got in that time is hard to say, but it could not have been much more, as they were obliged to buy their own food from the citizens, who in this region had nothing scarcely to eat for themselves.

That night the regiment was sent out on picket, and at daylight it started for Warrenton Junction. After going a few miles it halted to get something to eat; two crackers and a little tea was issued to the men, and that was all they got for a breakfast, which had to serve until the next day. After partaking of their scanty meal the regiment again started and reached Sulphur Springs at 9 P. M. on the 24th. This day proved how trustworthy was the word of those men who had been under arrest at Newbern for cowardice. Before the column halted at Sulphur Springs the rebel artillery fired several rifle shells at the regiment, and one of them exploding over the heads of the 51st pioneers, one of whom had been of the party under arrest in North Carolina, he no sooner heard the explosion

than he threw away his axe and ran until he felt himself safe, his company officers not hearing anything of him until after his arrival in the vicinity of his home in Pennsylvania. The others of his ilk did not run home, but kept out of harm's way until the entire campaign was over, from Kelly's Ford to Washington. Some rejoined the regiment at the latter place, but no sooner did a shell explode near them than these same men would leave for safer places; none of them can have the proud satisfaction of ever saying, "I have participated in one battle." Such characters as these are ever ready to raise a quarrel in a bar-room or with a comrade, where there is no particular danger, but put them in the vicinity of a battle and their courage oozes out: they then become very amiable and harmless. For what could such men have enlisted? was it to make the courageous think that they too have courage? I admit it requires a man "to screw his courage up to the sticking point" when about beginning a battle, but none is required to have one's name on a muster roll.

On Monday, August 25th, the 51st P. V. again took up the line of march at daybreak, on the Warrenton turnpike for Warrenton, where it arrived at noon, worn out, sore of foot, and, worst of all, completely famished for something to eat. Halting on a small hill close to the road in an open space between two woods it formed into a line of battle to resist a charge from Stuart's black horse cavalry, which was a short distance off manœuvring to capture the 9th Corps wagon train, or whatever else they could succeed in accomplishing in that line. Notwithstanding the expectation of an attack from

that celebrated cavalry every moment, Col. Ferrero rode up to where Col. Hartranft had taken his position. His appearance caused from his whole brigade a general cry of "crackers! crackers! hard tack! hard tack!" Ferrero, sitting on his horse, turned and faced his men and exclaimed, in tones partaking of anger and pity, "My God! men, I have been trying to get you something to eat ever since daylight. I have had every wagon in the train searched to discover a single box of crackers, but with no success; but if there *is* a mouthful to be had in the army you shall have it before you leave here," and wheeling his horse he started off at full gallop, amid deafening yells from the 51st P. V. of "crackers! crackers!" &c. The cavalry charge was not made, but the 51st still kept its position, when, after Ferrero's absence of an hour, he succeeded in getting two boxes of hard tack for each regiment of his brigade, which, when issued, gave to each man about one and a half crackers, or near three ounces weight of food. Hunger now began to tell on the men in their marches; their emaciated forms were getting weaker and weaker at every mile marched. How could it be expected that officers and men could fight all day and march all night for upwards of forty days and nights without more than two hours rest in the twenty-four, and with less than half rations on an average? but such was the experience of the 51st P. V. from the 12th of August to the 24th day of September, 1862, the fatigues of which time was increased by the continual whirl of excitement, constant heavy rains, and almost unfathomable depths of mud and quicksand.

The 51st P. V. left its position at 4 P. M. and marched until 10 P. M., and took up a position in a meadow within one mile of the Junction, where it lay on its arms until daylight. The nights now were becoming cold and chilly, heavy dews falling, and the men very scantily clothed, some not the owners of a shirt; all filthy, dirty, ragged and covered with vermin. The soldiers could not help this condition, for no time was given them to wash a handkerchief, much less necessary clothing, for with the perspiration, rain, mud and dust settling in and upon it, without any change whatever, there was no other alternative expected than to become dirty and covered with foul vermin; consequently, the night was spent in misery. Gen. Reno, whenever he made his appearance along the line of his division, had been invariably greeted with hearty cheers, but now the cheers were turned to "coffee!" "hardtack!" "meat!" &c.; and being a very humane officer, it pained him exceedingly to hear the men clamor for rations when he knew that he had exhausted every means to obtain them; but still the men would believe nothing else than that the officers could get rations for them if they would only try. But such was not the case. Col. Hartranft was using every means that his fertile brain could invent to obtain a few mouthfuls for his men, but all to no purpose. Had the officers had anything more to eat than the men, then the appearance would have been against them, but they were as a general thing, on this march, much worse off than the men, for while the latter got a cracker a day, some of the officers did not get a mouthful for forty-eight hours. Prices for a single cracker varied from ten cents to

fifty cents, and even at these exorbitant prices none, or very few, changed owners.

On Tuesday, the 26th, the 51st again started on its march at 7 A. M., and marched to the east side of Warrenton Junction about one mile, where it came to a halt for the rest of the day. While at this halt the filthy condition of the men appealed to the "commanding powers" for the necessity of giving the men time enough to wash their clothing and to rid themselves of their superfluous companions, the vermin; for it had been nearly three weeks since anything had been washed by either officers or men.

This day the men had a good feast, for three days' full rations of coffee, sugar, hard-tack and pork were issued and ordered to be cooked for the next march, but so famished were the men that nearly one-half of them consumed their three days' rations in one. The day was spent in washing clothes, bathing in Broad Run, and hunting the vermin that claimed entire possession of their habitations. Tired and worn out as the men were, they seemingly forgot all their troubles as soon as they got the inner man satisfied. Jokes and slang phrases once more ruled the day, and all seemed as happy and contented in their misfortunes and dangers as if they were in camp for all time to come. The next morning, early, the regiment left Warrenton Junction again for Warrenton village, but after marching out the railroad three miles it was found that the rebels had slipped by on the flank, and were making for Manassas Grand Junction. The regiment "about faced" and struck out for the Junction, arriving at Gainesville about 8 P. M., where McClellan's forces, having had a fight in the afternoon and been victo-

rious, were encamped on the battle-field. The 51st passed on over the battle-field and went into quarters for the night.

On Thursday, the 28th, the 51st again started at daylight for the Junction, arriving there at noon, and found that the enemy had been there and destroyed a whole train of cars loaded with supplies for the Union army. The cars were still burning when the 51st arrived. At the end of a reconnoissance the regiment again started after the enemy who was engaged with McDowell's forces on the Plains of Manassas. The battle raged there until night, and the 51st bivouacked among the fortifications about three miles north of the Junction.

CHAPTER XV.

Second battle of Bull Run—Supporting Durrell's battery—Second day's fight—Longstreet's corps—Desperate struggle—Retreat of the Union forces—Gallant stand of Reno's Division—Rebel cunning—General retreat—Loss of knapsacks, &c.—List of casualties—Arrival at Centreville.

AT daylight on Friday, the 29th, the regiment prepared to march by calling in companies A, D, F and I, which had been out all night on picket, and before sunrise it was on its way to "Bull Run," where it soon arrived amidst a greeting of solid shot, shell, and railroad iron cut into lengths of fifteen or twenty inches, from the rebel batteries masked in the woods along the Manassas Railroad. The regiment was immediately formed in line of battle, with bayonets fixed, and lay down on the crest of a hill, in support of Durrell's famous bat-

tery. The battle was now raging furiously. The dying and wounded were being carried to the rear by thousands; the air was filled with the shrieking and exploding shells, the ground being covered with their fragments, and with the dead, dying and wounded soldiers.

Durrell's battery labored incessantly in its duties, and must have played sad havoc in the rebel ranks, for it appeared to be a special target for about six hours to all the rebel batteries within reaching distance, during which time Col. Hartranft served in person at one of the guns, rendering valuable services in keeping the gun at work. Although he exposed his entire person for so long a time, yet he would not let one of his men raise his head six inches above the ground, as if he wanted the enemy to think that the battery was not supported, thereby inviting a charge from them. Attempts had been made to flank the battery on the left, but the left wing of McDowell's command checkmated those attempts, while Durrell kept dealing rapid doses of all kinds of missiles of death into the multitudinous ranks of the enemy, under the command of Gen. James Longstreet, who seemed fated to contend with the 9th Army Corps in all his future battles, for it met him at Bull Run, at Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, at Loudon, Campbell's Station, Knoxville, Blaine's Cross Roads, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Ream's Station, Yellow Tavern, and almost anywhere along the line at Petersburg.

The battle raged all day and on to midnight. Before the 51st went into battle the men divested themselves of all incumbrances, such as knapsacks, blankets, &c., and piled them up and left them under

the guard of two men from each company. Pocket-books with their contents, pistols, and all small articles of value were given by the men to the guards for safe keeping.

At night four companies, A, D, F and I, were again sent out on picket under the command of Lieut. Col. Bell. The remainder of the regiment, under Col. Hartranft, remained in support of the battery during the night. After the pickets were posted it was found that the woods in which they were was full of dead, dying and wounded rebels, lying side by side with the same unfortunates of the Union army. Their cries and groans in the still hours of night were heartrending in the ears of the humane. The numerous corpses that strewed the woods, both of Federal and rebel soldiers, spoke too plainly of the terrible conflict that had been going on all day in that desolated place. Nothing had been gained by either side during the whole day's fighting.

On Saturday morning, August 30, at daybreak, Capt. Schall, with two or three of his men, had intended to penetrate the woods for the purpose of discovering the position and closeness of the rebel lines, but Lieut. Jos. K. Bolton, of Co. A, had already taken such steps, and had proceeded about fifty yards further into the woods when Capt. Schall started; the latter only got fairly into his search before a volley of musketry was fired at Lieut. Bolton, who escaped unharmed, and the balls flying over Capt. Schall, at first gave the impression that he had the credit of opening the second day's fight; but Co. A was on the extreme left of the line and Co. I on the right, and Lieut. Bolton had attracted the attention of the rebel pickets at the same time that Capt.

Schall did. The shots that were fired, however, brought on the day's work of slaughter, and from that moment up to 9 o'clock of Saturday night, the 30th, the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry were beyond the power of description. It was sublime to witness, but awful to participate in.

On the rebels beginning the attack, the four companies under Lieut.-Col. Bell rallied on the reserve, which was only about fifteen yards in the rear of their posts. Lieut.-Col. Bell immediately formed the four companies in line of battle and held his position for over an hour, when he fell back to the main line and rejoined the remainder of the regiment that was still in support of Durrell's battery.

The men now began to suffer again for rations, and what little there was among the men was entirely consumed for a breakfast, yet notwithstanding losing so much sleep, they entered upon their duties with true soldierly cheerfulness, and fought, aye equalled only by those who fought best, but towards noon it was becoming evident that the enemy was in far superior numbers to the Union forces, as the woods and plains were swarming with the rebel soldiery, while our own forces were being greatly reduced by "shirkers" and other causes. Towards the middle of the afternoon the confusion became almost as great as it did at the first Bull Run battle, colors of different regiments kept continually coming out of battle, supported by some three or four men only, who when questioned as to where was their regiments, they invariably replied, "it's all cut up, this is all that is left of us," but in a few days after the battle was over it was found that those same colors could boast of two or three hundred sup-

porters, but such was the confusion that each man seemed to "go it on his own hook" and relieved himself when it was getting too hot.

About 4 P. M. the Union army began its retreat to Washington. The roads had been lined all day with skulkers and wounded. But of this retreat Reno's division was in total ignorance. And at the commencement Gen. McDowell ordered Gen. Reno to take his division into battle at the left of the hospital, and to occupy a position that would cover the retreat, and adding at the same time, "you and your command will be captured, but it can't be helped as the army must be saved." Gen. Reno couldn't see capture, and replied in true Yankee style, "I guess not captured." Col. Hartranft took his regiment in "left in front," at a double quick, and "by files on your left into line," he had his regiment in line of battle inside of two minutes from the time the order was given to him to take his regiment in, and as each file came into its place it fired by files until the whole regiment had got "in line," when he gave the command "let them have it now, boys," and from 4 P. M. until 9 P. M. did the "boys let them have it." The regiment kept up an incessant fire during the whole five hours. The rebel army about noon began to turn the left wing of Pope's army, and had driven it back for more than a mile, nearly doubling it up, and soon after it began its retreat, leaving the left or rear entirely unprotected until Reno's division filled up the void, which would have proved fatal to a large portion of the army had Reno been less prompt in getting his command into position, but he saw the danger and strove to avert it. Immediately in the rear of Cos. A, F, and D, was

posted a battery of four heavy guns, distant from the men about twenty-five feet. This battery was unable to get away when the other troops left, but now finding itself supported by a fresh regiment it opened on the enemy all of its guns with the fury of demons. The enemy were in the woods from where the "Black Horse cavalry" made their ever to be remembered charge on the Union troops at the first battle of Bull Run, and were but a few yards off from Reno's division, separated only by a ravine that extended the length of the whole line of battle. After the first shots were fired by the battery, Capt. Wm. J. Bolton saw that his company was in great danger of being torn to pieces by the discharge of grape and canister, which passed only a few inches over his men's heads. Notice was given to Col. Hartranft, who soon had the danger obviated by a change in the battery's position.

After dark, a shell was thrown into the woods that set it on fire—at least, it was supposed to be the effect of the shell. The firing had ceased all along the line except just in this one place; and as the grape rattled against the trees in the woods, the sounds were heard by all with perfect awe. Reader! were you there that night? If so, you do not forget those awful *thugs* as each gun sent its contents in the woods to search for the wily foe. And if you were not, I am at a loss to make you comprehend its awfulness.

A short time after, it began to get dark, and while the battery was using grape, a voice was heard in the woods, calling, "Pennsylvania boys! for God's sake cease firing and come and get me out of this!" The exclamations continued for a long time, and

finally ceased. Col. Hartranft's attention was directed to the sound, and several of the men volunteered to go into the woods to bring the supposed wounded Union soldier into our lines; in fact, one man, Hugh McGill, had started for the benevolent object, and had reached the bottom of the ravine, when he was discovered by Col. Hartranft and ordered back to his company. The firing did not entirely cease, but the voice still kept on calling, in the most piteous tones, for aid and rescue. The sympathy of nearly the whole regiment was enlisted in the poor fellow's favor; but Col. Hartranft was not to be caught napping, and the only sympathy he expressed was in his command "To pour it into them!" which both artillery and infantry did to their utmost capacity; and the voice ceased to call for any more aid. Shortly after the voice ceased, Capt. Bolton discovered in the darkness a large body of something moving up the ravine, at a very slow and cautious pace. The firing ceased for a moment, and he and his first lieutenant, Joseph K. Bolton, went out a few paces in front, and soon returned with the information that the rebels were sneaking up to them. The regiment fired "right oblique," and the battery opened at the same time with grape, canister, and shrapnel, the guns being double-shot. The ravine was soon raked clean of everything like an enemy, for they quickly scampered back to their lines. This affair revealed the fact that the voice for aid was only a stool-pigeon trick of the enemy to get the firing to cease, that, while our men would be going to render aid to the *wounded* man, they could at the same time take advantage of the calm and swing around, and perhaps capture the

whole division ; but Col. Hartranft was a little too sharp for any of their tricks.

At 9 o'clock at night, the entire Union army had retreated from the battle-field with the exception of Reno's division ; and as the enemy had not fired a shot for a considerable time, it was thought that they had either left or changed their position. Consequently, Gen. Reno ordered his command to leave theirs, and move off the battle-ground as quietly as possible.

Just as the 51st P. V. was starting, the commander of the battery ran up to Col. Hartranft and shook him cordially by the hand, exclaiming, at the same time, "Colonel, you have saved my battery !" This was the truth.

In leaving the field, it was not deemed prudent to go after the knapsacks, as it was known that the enemy obtained possession of that portion of the field long before night. The rebel cavalry had made a dash and captured the guards that had been left in charge of them, and plundered the knapsacks of all the contents that were of any value ; consequently the 51st P. V. lost everything it possessed excepting what the men had on their persons. The loss of the regiment in killed, wounded, and missing was small.* By official report, total loss, ten.

* Co. A. Corporal Jesse Johnson, privates Lewis F. Keyser, Harvey Pinch, and Franklin R. Lindley, taken prisoners.

Co. D. Corporal William W. Smith, and private Dennis O'Neil, wounded.

Co. F. Private Thomas Deiner, wounded.

Co. G. Private John Miller, wounded.

Co. H. Privates Henry J. Warner and Jewett S. Harding, wounded, Harding being taken prisoner.

Co. I. Privates Thomas Troy and Henry Derr taken prisoners.

Co. K. Private James C. Gallagher, missing.

The 51st reached Centreville on Sunday morning, the 31st, a little before daylight, in a piercing cold rain, which had been falling all night. The men were shivering with cold, in their wet clothing, from having to ford a stream neck-deep during the retreat. Their situation was to be pitied, for their sufferings were of coldness, wet, hunger, and fatigue, from being on the march all the night before, and having had no sleep for two nights previous to that. Their sufferings could not be half told if it were attempted.

CHAPTER XVI.

“Drawing clothing”—On the march—A surprise—Battle of Chantilly—Death of Gen’ls Kearney and Stevens—Fairfax—Cloud’s Mills—Washington—Burning of Middleton—Battle of South Mountain—Terrible carnage—An ambuscade—Death of Gen. Reno—Sufferings of the wounded—Explosive cartridges—Defeat of the enemy.

ON arriving at Centreville the men sought such shelter from the cold rain as could best be found in the fortifications at that place. A small lot of clothing was found stored away in boxes belonging to a German regiment, and it was eagerly seized by the men and applied to their own immediate use. Soon after the appropriation, the Germans came for their clothes, and their woful looking countenances bespoke the sad disappointment they felt at their loss, and their “Cod fer tams” were frequent and loud. The Germans were not as bad off for comforts after their losses as the men of the 51st were after their acquisitions, for while the former had their tents to go to, with plenty to eat, the latter

had to lie out in the cold rain with wet clothing, without fire and without food.

While lying at Centreville, a rumor became rife that our forces were being reinforced by 50,000 more fresh troops, and that an "about face" had been ordered for the purpose of an advance "on to Richmond." Although the rumor was believed by many to be false, still a large portion of the army believed it true, and expressed their willingness to push the thing through, and end the war as soon as possible.

On Monday, September 1st, 1862, the 51st P. V. moved back of Centreville to go into camp, but as the men began to prepare for that purpose, they were ordered to make another move for a similar design, and, when in the act of erecting rude sheltering, it was for the third time ordered to another place. Becoming disgusted at what the men conceived to be the whimsical caprices of the commanding officers, they made no further attempts to protect themselves from the weather.

At 3 P. M., the 51st was ordered to proceed to Fairfax Court-house, and started in ten minutes after receiving its orders. At 4 P. M., very unexpectedly it met the enemy at Chantilly. The 21st Massachusetts being on the advance it encountered the enemy first, under very peculiar circumstances. A brigade of rebel infantry was filing out of a neighboring woods into the Fairfax road, just as Col. Clark, with his 21st Massachusetts regiment, was passing the point into which the enemy were filing; the two colonels saluted each other, as each officer thought they both were of the one army, and as the men of the 21st Massachusetts wore overcoats

a good deal of the color of the rebels the delusion was complete. The two colonels rode along together for a few yards, when the rebel colonel asked Col. Clark, "What's your regiment, colonel?" Col. Clark replied, "Its the 21st Massachusetts." "My regiment is the — Mississippi, and we are enemies," replied the rebel colonel, and with his men made a fierce onslaught on the 21st Massachusetts, capturing Col. Clark and a number of his men. The 51st P. V. and the 51st New York, were about a half a mile in the rear accompanied by Durrell's battery. The battle opened as if by magic, the battery got a position in a field close to the road, and the 51st was ordered to its support. By this time the entire armies of both sides that were in the vicinity of Chantilly, were hotly engaged. Generals Kearney and Stevens' commands had attacked the enemy on the latter's own choice of ground, viz., a large cornfield begirted by a strip of woods, but so hotly was the possession of the cornfield contested for, that Durrell's battery durst not fire a gun for fear of killing more of Stevens' and Kearney's men than it would of the enemy, but just as Kearney had succeeded in driving the rebels from their position, an ill-fated bullet pierced the hero, and he died without a struggle—poor Stevens fell also, and his lifeless body was carried through the 51st's line to the rear. Night closed in with a piercing cold and drenching rain, but the battle raged violently until 9 o'clock at night, when the almost Egyptian darkness put a stop to any further slaughter. Pickets were put out, a new style of posting them being used that was not altogether military on account of its risk and unreliability. The rebels had posted their pickets first

and close up to the 51st's main line, but the darkness prevented any one from being seen at a distance of three feet. The 51st posted its pickets between the rebels' pickets and their main line, thus rendering their position one of extreme danger. Shortly after the pickets were posted a rebel adjutant visited a post belonging to Co. B's, 51st P. V., but thinking they were his own men had very little to say to them. But not so with Co. B's men, they asked him what regiment he belonged to, he told them the 3d Louisiana, "then by * * * you're my prisoner, for mine is the 51st Pennsylvania," replied Private John Seibert. The adjutant wanted an explanation, but John had none for him, and brought his shoulder-strapship in and turned him over to Lieut.-Col. Bell. The position of the pickets was now understood, and after capturing a couple posts of rebels, ours were quietly put in a safer place. The regiment laid on its arms until 4 A. M. of the 2d, when it again started for Fairfax. The regiment suffered this night from cold more than any time since it had been in the army. Cold chilling rain fell during the whole night, the men being without a gum or even a painted blanket, and many without any shirt at all, only their blouse and pants on, and lying all night in wet grass that was not less than two feet and a half high. Their condition can safely be compared to that of a man being compelled to stand in cold water up to his chin for eight hours in succession.

Arriving at Fairfax at sunrise of the 2d, the regiment drew a day's rations and cooked its breakfast, afterwards moving to a position on the top of a hill close to the town. In the afternoon, it again was on its way to Cloud's Mill, where it went into camp

under the guns of Fort Ellsworth, near Alexandria, Va.

On Wednesday the 3d, the men were enabled to get a little more to eat, as the sutler of the fort had a large stock on hand, and the men spent their money as freely as water.

On the 4th, the men drew clothing in lieu of what they lost at Bull Run, but no rations, and why it was that a retreating and famished army so close to Washington could not get any, is a question that only the Commissary-General of the United States Army at Washington, could answer. While the regiment was lying here, it received quite an acquisition to its ranks by the arrival of a large squad of new recruits from Camp Curtin.

At 9 P. M. the 51st again struck tents and started for Washington, where it arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 5th, and halted in a woods a short distance from the city, where it bivouacked until 10 A. M. of the 7th. While at Washington, Gen. Burnside visited the regiment, and received the usual cheers from the men. It was also visited by a large number of its friends from home, among whom were Dr. Holstein and Mrs. Cadwalader Evans, from Bridgeport, Pa. They found a few of their intimate friends sick, and distributed their delicacies to them with an unsparing hand. The writer of this, although an entire stranger to them, can vouch with gratitude for their kindness. Having been sick for several days, although I did not lose a minute's duty, yet I could not eat such food as was obtained. I received from Dr. H. a bottle of tomatoes that put new life in me, and strengthened me greatly for the next march. I merely mention this circumstance to

contradict the false impression that only a favored few ever got anything from the philanthropic.

On the 7th, at 10 A. M., the regiment left Washington, D. C., marched thirteen miles, and went into quarters for the night at the cross-roads on the turn-pike; left again the next morning at 6 o'clock, marched a couple of miles, and then laid over until next day, when, at 6 A. M. (the 9th), the regiment left for Brookville, where it arrived at noon, making thirteen miles in six hours. In passing through this section of country the troops were received with strong marks of kindness. Liquors, lemonade, cakes, bread, pies and fruits were distributed freely to the troops by the citizens of Maryland. While in camp at Brookville the men had another chance to wash their clothing and for a bath, a fine stream of water passing through the camp. Rations were also served, for once in thirty days, in abundance. Fruit being in great plenty and fully ripe, the men did ample justice to it. The regiment remained at Brookville until 7 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, the 11th, then passed through the town of Unity and encamped for the night near Damascus, Md.

On the morning of the 12th a heavy rain began to fall and continued until noon, making the marching painfully laborious. The roads became so slippery that it was with difficulty that the men could keep on their feet.

On the 13th the regiment crossed the Monocacy and laid over for the night in the vicinity of Frederick City. The army was now under the command of Gen. McClellan, who had come up with Lee's forces at Frederick City and given him battle, heading off the rebels from going any further north.

The battle was a pretty sharp contest, in which the enemy appeared to get the worst of it, for he began to fall back on Middleton, toward South Mountain, where he made a stand on Sunday, September 14th, 1862. A sharp contest ensued at Middleton between the two armies, in which the rebels set fire to a mill and dwelling houses in the town, consuming everything, after which they took up their position on South Mountain. At 2 o'clock P. M. the 51st began to ascend the mountain, and by 3 o'clock it had taken its position directly in front of the guns of Durrell's battery. The men were ordered to lie down, which was highly necessary, for each gun belched forth its contents over the prostrate men of the 51st P. V., who were in support of that battery. The cannonading was terrific, as Durrell and the rebel batteries were having a regular artillery duel, which lasted until nearly sundown, when it ceased by Durrell silencing the enemy's guns, after which, as the rebels got the worst of it, they had to limber up and leave their position. The 51st was then ordered further up the road, toward the summit of the mountain. As it was going along a by-road it passed a heap of rebel dead, forty-seven bodies, piled up in a space of thirty by ten feet. The wonder was, how the dead got there, but on going up to the top of the mountain another pile of ninety-seven lay piled up across each other, and the ground in the vicinity was strewn with the dead of the 17th Michigan, telling plainly how the two piles of rebel dead came to be there. It was the 17th's maiden fight; they had only joined McClellan's command two days previous, and it was less than two weeks

since they were mustered into the United States service. They fought like tigers.

The 51st, along with the other part of the brigade, was in a small field of about three acres, on the left hand side of the road in going to the top of the mountain, and as it was supposed that the enemy had retreated, Gen. Reno rode up to Col. Hartranft and told him to take his "regiment across the road into that other field, stack arms, and let the men make some coffee." Col. H. gave the command, "right face; forward march," which they did until they got to the corner of the field, where the bars were down; then going to the right of the regiment he commanded, "file right." Four companies, A, F, D and I, and part of the color company, Co. C, had passed into the field on the right of the road, when a most murderous fire of musketry was poured into them from the enemy, who was concealed in a thicket that skirted the field, only about twenty or thirty yards distant from the 51st. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the attack, to their heroic credit be it said, not a man quailed. It was now nearly or quite dark, but the men came to a "front" as if by impulse, and although the enemy's position could not exactly be seen, yet their whereabouts could be near enough told by the blinding flashes of their guns. The 51st poured a deadly volley into them that soon cleared the skirt of woods of all rebels. But the 51st P. V. did not suffer from the enemy alone, for a new regiment, the 35th Mass., which had only joined the brigade the day before, was in the field on the other side of the road where the 51st had just left, and as the enemy's balls passed the 51st they reached the 35th Mass., when that regi-

ment, believing they were the attacked party, opened a deadly fire in the direction from which the balls were coming. The result was that the 51st was in between two lines of musketry, and getting shot down like dogs. Had not the 51st N. Y. interfered and threatened to fire on the 35th if they did not cease firing, God only knows when the slaughter would have ceased. After the 51st had driven the enemy out of ambush, Col. Hartranft ordered the regiment out into the road again, to take shelter behind a stone wall enclosing the field, for the purpose of using it as a breastwork. After the regiment had retired beyond the wall, Co. A, under Capt. Bolton, was deployed as skirmishers, and skirmished in the dark until they got to where the enemy had lain in ambush. The ground was thickly strewn with the dead, dying and wounded of the 51st P. V.; but by midnight all had been collected, and the dead were laid on the roadside for burial. The dying and wounded were conveyed to the hospital to receive immediate attention, but the poor sufferers did not receive it, or at least not until it was *too late* to be of any service; *vide* Lieut. Samuel Fair, of Co. D.; also, Private E. Lewis Davis, of Co. I, who was at the hospital four days before his wounds were attended to, and died on the fifth day. Several others were neglected at the hospitals in the same way, and when the relatives or friends of the wounded men would remonstrate against such heartless delay, the surgeons would throw themselves on their dignity, and order the "busybodies" to leave.

As Gen. Reno, who commanded the 9th Army Corps, was going back to his quarters after telling Col. Hartranft to take the 51st into the field to stack

arms and make coffee, the first volley fired by the ambuscade wounded him mortally in the groin and thigh. His death soon followed; but previous to his death Gen. Samuel Sturgis, who was his bosom friend, visited him while his wounds were being dressed, and asked him, "Is it anything serious, Jesse?" Reno's reply was, "Sam, it's all up with me;" and being conscious of his near dissolution, he, like a pure, noble and true hero, reconciled himself to his fate, and soon breathed his last. Thus passed away one of the army's brightest stars, as a gentleman, a friend and a soldier. His bravery had never been doubted, for it was of that cool, deliberate, but cautious character, that inspires an army to follow into the very jaws of death. Gen. J. D. Cox was put in command of Reno's corps, but was with it such a short time that the men had little or no opportunity to judge of his *fighting* qualities, as that, and that only, was the standard by which they valued an officer. He having been sent West in October, 1862, Gen. O. B. Wilcox succeeded him in the command of the 9th Corps.

All that night, after falling back to the stone wall, the regiment remained on their arms, the 51st N. Y. doing picketing on the left of the 51st P. V. The enemy kept up an incessant fire all night, by which not less than thirty men of the 51st P. V. were painfully wounded, though not seriously, by the explosions of copper metallic cartridges used by the enemy. They exploded with a report about as loud as a pocket pistol, and could inflict a number of aggravating wounds on a single soldier at each explosion. The copper being very thin, the pieces could not penetrate deep into the flesh, but merely buried

themselves beneath the skin. One cartridge had wounded Private Hugh Brown in no less than twenty-four places, and a large number of others with nearly as many; but in a few weeks the poisonous metal, through festering, would work its way out of the skin and leave a bluish mark, as if punctured with Indian or indelible ink. Between the extreme chilliness of the night and the constant explosions of the copper cartridges of the enemy, the men and officers spent a wretched, supperless night, for no fires could be made either to warm or cook by; but morning dawned as a most welcome deliverer from cold and the enemy's firing, for just at daybreak the enemy ceased firing and "skedaddled." Skirmishers were sent out by orders, and a goodly number went "on their own hook," and succeeded in capturing a large number of rebels, some of whom stoutly refused to surrender until they heard the sharp click of the cocking of the musket, which plainly told them they must soon decide whether to "give up" or die. They chose the former as the most agreeable to their feelings.*

Their haversacks proved how proficient the rebels

* OFFICIAL REPORT OF CASUALTIES.—Co. A.—Corporals John H. Coulston, Osmon Ortlip, Benjamin Goodwin, Daniel Stout and Joseph White; Privates Isaac E. Fillman, Charles Fix, John Shade and Benjamin D. Jones, wounded.

Co. C.—Corporal Simon P. Emery; Privates John Hallowell, William H. Lath, George Mercer, William Munshower and Charles Rodesbaugh, wounded.

Co. D.—Private Samuel Kay, killed. Lieut. Samuel Fair and Privates Owen McConnell and John Richards, wounded.

Co. F.—Sergeant Jacob W. Reed, wounded.

Co. H.—Private Nathaniel Snyder, killed. Privates John E. Leamon, Daniel S. Miller and Robert W. Passell, wounded.

Co. I.—Sergeant Thomas T. Schoch and Privates William J. Anderson and Zachariah Campbell, killed. Privates E. Lewis Davis, R. Clarkson Davis and Hugh Brown, wounded.

were in foraging while in Maryland, for they were all well filled with fresh baked biscuits and rolls. How it was that the Northern press kept continually howling that the rebels were nearly starved out, and that the Union soldiers *always* had plenty to eat, is a mystery to all except themselves, for the contrary was at all times proven by the condition of the haversacks, when compared, on every battlefield. The haversacks of the Union soldiers might contain a meagre supply of coffee and sugar, but seldom anything else eatable, while those of the dead or captured rebels were full of bread, rolls, biscuits and cakes. This will apply to all times, excepting the last few weeks of the expiring confederacy, when the Union troops had all they needed and the rebels a scanty supply. Many famished Union soldiers have regaled themselves on the contents of a dead rebel's haversack—the writer of this for one.

CHAPTER XVII.

The rebels retreating—Opening of the battle of Antietam—The struggle at the bridge—Brilliant charge of the two 51sts—Bravery of Capt. Allebaugh—The bridge stormed and taken—Flight of the enemy—Heavy losses in the regiment—Death of Lieut. Col. Bell—The battle renewed—Victory—Retreat of the rebels southward—Promotion—Ferrero's promise to the "Boys."

THE retreat of the enemy was followed up with considerable vigor until 10 A. M. of the 15th, when the regiment halted to draw rations and make a cup of coffee. It went into camp three times through the remainder of the day, and moved as often before

it went into quarters for the night, which was on the ground where the enemy's battery had its position during the battle, and if men ever slept soundly it was on this night, as it was the first undisturbed rest they had had for a number of days and nights.

The regiment remained at this place until 4 P. M. of the 16th, as it was now on the reserve, but only to get a little rest and to get rations cooked. The rebels were retreating but very slowly; consequently, the progress of the Union army was also tardy; but it was not idle, for it was dealing Lee some terrible blows, as the dead carcasses of horses and mules of the enemy, lying thickly strewn over the wide space of country between South Mountain and Antietam, witnessed. The regiment halted in a stubble field for the night, one mile from Antietam bridge.

Daybreak of the 17th was ushered in by terrific cannonading and hard musketry fighting on both sides. The regiment "slung knapsacks" and was once more on its way to battle. When near Antietam bridge, in the edge of a cornfield, Col. Ferrero rode up and ordered "the 51st to forward." Col. Hartranft paid no attention to the order, for it did not express itself, inasmuch as there were two 51sts there, and the *State* was not designated. The commander of the 51st N. Y. was equally as particular as Col. Hartranft was, for he smiled and turned around to his regiment, and paid no attention to "the 51st to forward." After a short time elapsed, Ferrero came back in a towering passion, and exclaimed, "Why in hell don't you 'forward?'" Col. Hartranft, who knew his duty quite as well as Col. Ferrero did, perhaps considerably better, and by far a braver officer, replied, "Who do you want to forward?" Ferrero replied, "the 51st Pennsylvania."

Col. Hartranft retorted by saying, "Why don't you say what you mean when you want me to move?"

The "51st Pennsylvania" did move, but only a very short distance, when it halted in a flat, close to a barn in the vicinity of Antietam bridge. While at this halt the remainder of the brigade came up and halted in the same place.

Lieut. John J. Freedley, R. Q. M., ventured to the top of a hill that overlooked the rebel batteries, to gratify his curiosity in knowing the rebels' position. He, however, was satisfied, for he had only been there a moment when a shell from a rebel gun exploded a little above him, a piece of which struck him on the shoulder, inflicting a painful wound. He was taken to the rear and his wound attended to.

While the regiment was standing at this halt, the 1st brigade had made three ineffectual charges on Antietam bridge, having been repulsed at each charge with very heavy losses. The bridge is about four miles from the mouth of Antietam Creek, and spans the stream at the foot of very high hills on either side. The one occupied by the rebels might properly be called a bluff, which was full of quarry holes and caverns wherein the enemy had erected rude but strong breastworks that overlooked the bridge, and only about ten yards distant from that structure, making it a "forlorn hope" to any set of men attempting to take the bridge by assault.

After the 1st brigade had made its third charge, and was repulsed, Gen. Burnside, seeing the vast importance of possessing the bridge, dispatched an orderly to Col. Ferrero to "take the two 51sts out of the 2d brigade," and let them try it. As soon as Ferrero received the orders he vaulted into his sad-

dle and commanded, "Attention, second brigade!" Quick as a flash the brigade was "in line." He then rode up in front of the colors of the 51st P. V., and spoke to the men as follows: "It is General Burnside's special request that the two 51sts take that bridge. Will you do it?" The request was unlooked for, and the men had not had time to think of it, when Corporal Lewis Patterson, of Co. I, although a temperate man, exclaimed, "Will you give us our whiskey, Colonel, if we take it?" Col. Ferrero turned suddenly around to the corporal and replied, "Yes, by G—, you shall all have as much as you want, if you take the bridge. I don't mean the whole brigade, but you two regiments shall have just as much as you want, if it is in the commissary or I have to send to New York to get it, and pay for it out of my own private purse; that is, if I live to see you through it. Will you take it?" A unanimous "Yes," went up that told of the determination of the men to take the bridge, not in anticipation of the *whiskey*, but to let Gen. Burnside know that his confidence in the twin regiments was not misplaced nor should be abused. After a few words in private by the regimental and brigade commanders, the 51st P. V. led the advance. Marching "by the flank" out to the road that went across the bridge, it turned its back to the bridge and proceeded in the opposite direction from the objective point up the road to the top of the hill. All this time the regiment was receiving volley after volley of musketry, grape and shell from the rebel forces, on the opposite side of the creek. On reaching the top of the hill the regiment received orders "As each company clears the fence the command is 'by

company into line,'” and as the companies “filed left” through and over the fence, they complied with the order as it had been given. After the right of the regiment reached a clump of bushes on the top of the hill, the command to “charge” was given by Colonel Hartranft. In this field and a short distance from the base of the hill whereon the assaulting column was, a stone wall ran parallel with the creek, and close to its edge, ending abruptly at the abutment of the bridge. As the regiments made the charge, the company commanders discovered that it would be an impossibility for the two regiments to charge in a body across such an exceedingly narrow structure; they therefore changed their course from the entrance of the bridge to the stone wall along the creek. After reaching it they laid under cover of the wall and opened a terrific fire of musketry on the enemy, who were snugly ensconced in their rude but substantial breastworks, in quarry holes, behind high ranks of cord-wood, logs, stone piles, &c., making it rather too hot a place for the enemy to be in, and too close for further resistance. They began to withdraw from their position by twos and threes, singly, and in whatever way they could with the most safety to themselves. The distance now between the opposing forces was only the width of the creek and a narrow wagon road on the enemy’s side, being not over twenty-five yards. This was the nearest that the enemy had had the Yankees to them during the entire day of the Antietam battle, and they used every exertion known in military parlance to rid themselves of their now troublesome foe, but all in vain. The 51st P. V. and the 51st New York with-

stood the incessant rain of solid shot, shell, grape and minies with heroic fortitude and a firmer resolution that the bridge must and should be theirs.

Captain Allebaugh, who commanded Co. C, (the color company,) now resolved that the time had come to take the bridge, and the regiment prepared for the final struggle that was either to make them the victors or the vanquished. Colonel Hartranft gave the final orders for the successful accomplishment of the desperate task which now lay before it. As the regiment made the charge, Captain Allebaugh led his company at double-quick towards a gateway leading out of the field into the road that crossed the bridge, but on nearing the gate his company became the target of the concentrated fire of the enemy on the opposite side of the stream. Here his first lieutenant was struck down and his men were falling at every step. He soon perceived his perilous situation and flew off at a tangent by "right oblique," and made a short detour from the gate to the abutment of the bridge, and rushed across the bridge,—only himself, the three color-bearers, one color-guard and his first sergeant, William F. Thomas. These six men were the first to cross the bridge, but the remainder of the regiment followed close on their footsteps and so choked up the entrance to it that a halt was necessarily made on the stone structure. The enemy now deserted their works and scattered and scampered over the hills like a huge drove of scared sheep. The men of the two 51sts were helping their fleeing enemy in their flight by incessant volleys of musketry. Some few who would not risk running out from behind their works in such a storm of leaden hail,

surrendered by sticking pieces of newspaper on the end of their rammers and holding them up above the works as a flag of truce. They were all taken prisoners, while the grand achievement was now a thing of the past, and the stubbornly contested bridge was ours, with the aid of the sister regiment the 51st New York. Colonel Hartranft cheered on his men in the assault until he became so exhausted that he could not make himself heard, and as he reached the bridge he said, "Come on, boys, for I can't halloo any more," but kept waving his hat in the air as encouragement to keep on across. His exhausted condition caused a great many to suppose that he had been wounded, but after the work was done he calmly sat down on the bridge, and on inquiry it was found that he was all right. But not so with a host of other heroes, for the ground from the entrance on the road to the end of the bridge, was strewn with the heroic dead and wounded, the whole thing not occupying above twelve minutes after leaving the wall; yet in that time no less than twenty-nine were killed outright, and ninety-six wounded, as follows:

Lieut. Col. Bell, killed.

Co. A.—Killed—Corpl. James Coulston, private William Somerlot. Wounded—Capt. Wm. J. Bolton, serious in cheek; Corpl. Levi Bolton; privates—Jas. M. Bolton, Andrew Widger, Chas. Keyser, Geo. S. Buzzard.

Co. B.—None.

Co. C.—Killed—Lieut. David Hunsicker, Corpl. David Kane. Wounded—Sergt. Benjamin F. Miller, Corpl. James Sullivan, Corpl. Samuel Egolf; privates—Levi Baum, Henry Davis, Wm. Gunn, Marcus A. Gross, Henry Jago, Patrick Rogan, Abraham Walt.

Co. D.—Killed—private Michael Mooney. Wounded—Sergt. John W. Gilligan, Sergt. Ed. Bennett, Corpl. William Jenkins; privates—Wm. Essick, John Earle, Wm. Faulkner, Hector Gillin, Geo. Hayberry, Wm. Hamburger, Wm. Mogee, Saml. McDade, Isaac Sloan, Wm. McManemee.

Co. E.—Wounded—Private Jackson McFadden.

Co. F.—Killed—Privates, Wm. Conner, Henry Lentz, Henry Shults. Wounded—Capt. L. S. Hart, Sergt. Howard Bruce, Sergt. Allen H. Fillman, Corpl. Wm. Montgomery; privates—Jas. Dolan, D. Freas, R. Mogee.

Co. G.—Killed—Corpl. Jas. Dowling; privates—Miles Dillon, Wm. Wenrick, Wallace Wiggins. Wounded—Corpl. Geo. Armstrong, private Wm. Young.

Co. H.—Killed—Lieut. Jacob G. Beaver, Sergts. Levi Marks, Matthew Vandine; privates—Isaac Witters, Isaac Beck, Ed. Bear. Wounded—Lieut. Wm. F. Campbell, Sergt. Jacob H. Santo; privates—Anthony Weisbach, Daniel M. Wetzell, H. C. McCormick, Jas. N. Schooley, John W. Erdly.

Co. I.—Killed—Sergt. J. Clark Davis, Corpl. Thomas P. Davis. Wounded—Sergt. Thos. H. Parker; privates—John Murphy, Geo. W. S. Pennell, Chas. Buley, Jacob Emrich, Jacob H. Myers.

Co. K.—Wounded—Albert Snyder, Jacob Fortner, Paul McBride, Erwin Richards, Wm. Yates.

But twenty-one names are on the above list of killed, and fifty-eight names of the wounded. The official returns make the casualties one hundred and twenty-five, which is correct; and it is to be regretted that all the names were not obtained.

After getting over the bridge the enemy retreated to a large cornfield about three-quarters of a mile distant. A portion of them had taken shelter behind a stone wall on an elevated piece of ground whereon their artillery were in battery, but there being no other regiment over the bridge but the two 51sts, it was not deemed prudent to follow up the retreat inasmuch as the two regiments were nearly out of ammunition, there being only an average of about six cartridges to a man in the 51st P. V. A short time elapsed after the bridge was taken before any other troops came forward to reinforce the two heroic regiments; during which time the 51st P. V. stacked arms on a line parallel with the creek, and about ten feet from it. A few fires were then kindled by the men for the purpose of

making a cup of coffee, but as the smoke towered up to the tops of the trees and rising higher than the hill, it gave unmistakable evidence that the Union soldiers were still in the neighborhood of the bridge; the enemy taking the smoke as a point at which to range their batteries, opened their guns with case-shot, shell, and grape. Lieut. Col. Bell had been up the creek about one hundred and fifty yards, and as he was returning towards the bridge and when within fifty yards of it he met private Hugh Brown, and giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder, remarked as he passed him, "We did it for them this time, my boy;" but he had not taken more than two or three steps when a grape-shot grazed his left temple. He made a whirl round as if on a pivot, fell on his side and rolled down the bank of the creek to where the guns of his regiment were stacked. The men rushed to his aid, and taking him up they found that he had received a frightful and mortal wound; he was carried to the other side of the creek in an unconscious state; he lived only a few hours after being removed to the field hospital. Few as good men as he and none better, fell during the whole rebellion. He was an exemplary Christian, a faithful friend, a strict disciplinarian, but not harsh, a thorough gentleman, a ripe scholar, a truly patriotic and brave soldier; in short he was one of God's noblest works. Col. Hartranft and Lieut. Col. Bell were so attached to each other that their unfortunate separation kept the colonel in a depressed state of spirits for a long time after.

After Lieut. Col. Bell had been taken off the field the regiment began to awaken to another loss from their ranks in the person of that gallant and well-

tried soldier, Capt. Wm. Jordon Bolton, of Co. A. He received a most distressing wound in the right cheek from a minie ball, which passed down his neck and lodged in his shoulder. Only a few witnessed his fall, but as the men became acquainted with the fact, rumor increased until it was reported that he too was dead. Could the rebels have heard the anathemas that were being heaped upon their heads they would have fought harder than ever to keep from falling as prisoners into the hands of the men of the 51st P. V. Had any been unfortunate enough just then to fall into their hands it would have been far more than any officer could have done to save the captives from being torn to pieces by the now infuriated regiment. Every man constantly inquired after Lieut. Col. Bell and Capt. Bolton until it became known that Col. Bell was dead, and that Capt. Bolton still lived. The death of Lieut. Col. Bell creating a vacancy, Maj. Edwin Schall was promoted to fill it; and Capt. Wm. J. Bolton was promoted to Major, vice Edwin Schall, promoted.

While the two regiments remained at the bridge the enemy kept up a terrible cannonading; solid shot, shell, case-shot, grape, &c., rained down on the devoted bridge like hail. Col. Ferrero was sitting on the low wall of the bridge apparently waiting for orders when a rifle shell struck the mason work about fifteen inches below his honor, tearing away nearly the whole end of the wall without doing him a particle of harm, but a mule standing a little below the bridge received the shell just as it exploded, tearing the poor beast to atoms.

Reinforcements began pouring over the bridge, both artillery and infantry, but like the two regi-

ments that first crossed they were all totally out of ammunition ; but after a considerable lapse of time a quantity of all kinds of cartridges, both heavy and small, arrived and was issued. The artillery proceeded up the road parallel with the creek to take up a position, but being unable to obtain an eligible one were forced to retreat, and the ground thus gained had to be held by infantry alone, which received no aid in any way from the numerous batteries that had crossed and were driven back.

About 1 P. M. the 51st P. V. advanced to the brow of the hill that overlooked the large cornfield, where the enemy were as thick as bees in a hive. As soon as it arrived in sight of the rebel batteries, it was greeted by one of the most violent discharges of case-shot and shells from the enemy that it ever was under up to that time, but nearly all exploded directly over the regiment, and having their original force the fragments did not strike among the men as thick as they did fifteen or twenty yards in their rear. The line of battle all across the brow of the hill was lying down, for no man could stand up and live one minute, as the rebel gunners had exact range, and their shell passed only about three feet above the surface of the ground. A number of the regiment was killed and wounded while lying here. One shell went through the blue field of the colors, which were, also, terribly riddled by the rebel minie balls. After the 51st P. V. had lain in line of battle one hour, it was relieved by the 45th P. V., for the 51st had expended its last cartridge and was holding its ground by the sole dependence of the bayonet; but as the 45th had come to take its place, the most trying ordeal was to happen, viz., withdrawing from the

battle ground while the battle continued. Any veteran prefers going into a battle instead of coming out of it while it rages. The line that is coming in is bound to draw the concentrated fire of the enemy to its full extent, so as to cut down all they can before the relief has the opportunity of firing a gun, but the relief had come and was lying down, consequently the going out now of the regiment would draw the same fire with the addition of the flanks assisting the centre as well as the batteries in front. But how the 51st P. V. withdrew in that fight is only known to the men themselves, for after Col. Hartranft had given the command, the only safety they had was by each one withdrawing on his own plans, and his own notions of extricating himself from difficulties. The men began to leave separately and in pairs, some sliding down the hill on their backs, feet foremost, some on their stomachs, some head foremost, some rolled down, some few jumped to their feet and ran with their utmost speed, while others lingered for a more favorable opportunity. Col. Hartranft and the colors remained until the very last, as he would not leave until he saw that his men had all got off safely. The regiment occupied nearly twenty minutes in getting off the field, and after it did get off its ranks were found to be very much thinned by the enemy's accurate gunnery.

The regiment stacked arms on the same ground that it did prior to going into battle, the first stacks only numbered seventeen muskets, and one broken sword belonging to Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing of Co. I, which was struck by a fragment of shell, as he was preparing to withdraw, and the blade severed about six inches from the hilt, being a narrow escape for

the captain. He carried and used the broken sword on all occasions, drills, marches, dress parades, reviews, &c., much to the merriment of his comrade officers, until his friends at home, hearing of the incident, presented him with a superb one of Damascus steel.

After the regiment had stacked its seventeen muskets, the men began to assemble on the color line slowly, one or two coming in at a time, and each one wondering how it was that any one arrived ahead of him. They remained at this place until dark, when it was sent out on the hill again to picket for the night. A detail had been made of about fifteen men to bury the dead, it occupying them the balance of that day and nearly all of the next, consequently this detail was not with the regiment on picket that night, which had solely to be done with the bayonets, as there was not a dozen rounds of cartridges in the whole regiment. About 12 o'clock that night the men received some cooked meat, being the first and only food tasted by any of them since the day before. The night was dark as Cerberus and very chilly, and the position of the men one of imminent peril. The regiment laid on the hill all of that night, and the next day (18th) until sundown, when it was relieved by an Ohio regiment, and fell back across the bridge and went into quarters in an orchard about one mile from the bridge, where it lay until the next day, (the 19th.) The enemy was now in full retreat across the Potomac, McClellan letting them slip quietly off instead of pushing on after them, capturing as many as possible, and harrassing them in whatever way he could.

Late in the day of the 19th the regiment left

the orchard and wended its way to the mouth of Antietam creek, passing over the most prominent parts of the field of carnage. The ground was strewn with carcasses of horses and mules, but nowhere could be found any number of dead rebels, as they had buried them through the night and day after the battle. While the regiment was at a halt, inspecting the ground whereon the rebels fought, it was brought to "attention" for the purpose of hearing read off the promotions, which undoubtedly were the fruits of its trials and sufferings during the few past days. First in order was the promotion of Gen. Burnside to Major General, the next was the promotion of Col. Ferrero to Brigadier General. At the conclusion of the reading of each promotion three cheers were given for the advanced heroes, and were gracefully acknowledged by each recipient; but just as Gen. Ferrero was wheeling his horse to leave, Corp. Patterson exclaimed in an undertone, not intending for the general to hear him, "How about that whiskey?" but the quick ears of the general did hear him, and wheeling his horse around he replied, with a smile, "That whiskey is all right; you shall soon have it," and, true to his word, it came the next day in no stinted quantities.

The regiment went into camp that night about a mile from Antietam Iron Furnace. Companies I and H were sent down to the Potomac on picket, where they remained until Tuesday, the 23d, when the balance of the regiment came down and did picket and guard duty until the next day, when it was relieved at 4 P. M. by the 6th New Hampshire. The regiment then marched back to where the eight companies had been quartered at

the time H and I went on picket, where it went into camp.

The next day orders were issued for the regiment to be ready to move at 5 P. M., but from some unknown cause it did not move that night, but the next (26th) day it left for better quarters by crossing Antietam creek at the furnace and proceeding up a public thoroughfare about three miles to where the whole 9th Corps was encamped. At this place the commanding officers of McClellan's army had a friendly meeting, among the most conspicuous were Gens. McClellan, Burnside, Wilcox, and Cox.

This camp was beautifully located, and the white tents of McClellan's vast army dotted hills and plains far as the naked eye could discern. It became a wonder whence all the troops could possibly have come, for not one-tenth of them had been seen at either South Mountain or Antietam, and it was always a source of wonder to the men while on a march how it was that while moving there were always apparently enough troops in the column to swallow up the whole confederate force, but when in a fight, two or three brigades would be about all that ever could be seen, and after the battle would be over it should be found that every command had been engaged. The nights now became very frosty, being sharply felt by the men, who were very scantily clothed, although when the troops left Washington they had a good supply, but owing to the hard marching and fighting for so many days and nights a large quantity of clothing was thrown away by the men as being too cumbersome for a forced march.

It must here be mentioned that the next day after

the battle of Antietam Col. Hartranft issued orders to each company commander in his regiment to furnish him with a list of all the men's names who lay on the hill the night after the taking of the bridge, and had done picket duty with the bayonet. What the object was no one could ever imagine, but speculation ran on one theme and then on another without coming to any definite conclusions. But the writer's inference is that it was only for effect or a certain influence it would have towards stimulating them to more daring deeds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

New stand of colors—Review by President Lincoln—Stringent orders—Pleasant Valley—Complimentary orders—Shelter tents—On the move again—Lovettsville—Lost in a snow-storm—Humanity of Dr. Cutter—Amosville—"Buying mutton"—White Sulphur Springs—On the Rappahannock—Artillery duel.

ON Saturday, the 27th, Capt. E. Schall left camp to visit his home on a short leave of absence. This one incident had the effect of raising the spirits of the men, for they well knew that nothing much was to be done for a few days, and they began to make their tents and themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit, their only drawback was their scanty supply of rations, which still continued for several more days.

The old routine of duty once more took the place of marching and fighting. Roll call, drills, dress parades, guarding, &c.

On the 28th a beautiful stand of colors arrived

from the friends of the regiment in Norristown. On the 29th they were presented to the regiment by a Mr. Chain, one of a committee, on behalf of the fair donors of that staid-like little town, accompanied with a very neat and appropriate speech; but the ceremonies were very short, as orders to march had come in and all began to prepare for a move. While the preparations for moving were taking place, the order was countermanded, and it remained in camp until the 7th of October, 1862.

On the 30th of September the presentation committee took their departure for their homes, taking with them the old stand of battle-worn colors. There had also this day a large number of convalescents arrived from the various hospitals in and around Washington, that considerably augmented the ranks.

October, 1862, was a month of peace and rest to the Union forces comprising McClellan's army. Citizens began now to flock on the battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam from the North, hunting up the remains of their deceased relatives and friends, with the object of taking them home for Christian burial.

On Friday, October 3d, a grand review was got up in honor of the illustrious President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, by the whole body of troops there encamped. President Lincoln reviewed the troops with evident satisfaction, passing in front of each regiment and returning the salutation with dignified grace, his appearance among them causing much enthusiasm.

On Saturday, the 4th, the regiment was visited by a number of benevolent ladies from Montgomery

county, among whom were Mrs. Wm. Carver and Miss Sally Roberts, daughter of that soldier's friend, Wm. B. Roberts, Esq.

While at this camp, a portion of the clothing that the men had left behind them at Fredericksburg arrived, adding something more to their comforts.

Orders of the most stringent character against straggling were issued by McClellan, and were read off to each company separately, causing a more mutinous feeling in the army than all the previous orders combined could have done; in fact, the troops as a body had very little confidence in him as a leader, but they had the utmost confidence in his capacity as a promulgator of severe and useless orders; and whatever his prestige and glory might have been, his tyranny to his army had turned all kindly feelings into dislike; for man, partaking of the nature of a "hog," can be coaxed, but not driven, if he *once resolves to be stubborn*, even in the army; and the warmest advocates for his military prowess began to designate him as "only a newspaper general," meaning thereby that he was only made a *great* general through newspaper puffs.

On the 6th two days' full rations were issued, one of which was ordered to be cooked, as the regiment was under orders to march at four o'clock the next morning, consequently the 51st struck tents at three o'clock A. M., but did not leave till sunrise, when it started for Pleasant Valley, only three miles distant in an air line, yet the regiment had to march at least ten miles in order to accomplish the three, through one of the most tortuous routes that could be found on the mountains. It lay over a spur of South Mountain, some places of which were nearly per-

pendicular. The road, which was but a bridle path running across a rocky and uneven surface, and the day being scorching hot, the orders against straggling were of little or no account, for by the time the regiment reached the summit of the mountain about one-third of the men lay along the path from base to summit, panting like so many hounds just in from a chase. The descent into the valley was equally laborious, for when once started there was no holding back. They began with "common time," and passing through "quick and double-quick time" reached the base on Pleasant Valley side at their fullest speed, and had become so scattered that it was hard to tell where the regiment was, but after the descent the men took a rest of nearly an hour, with the view of giving the stragglers an opportunity to catch up. Afterwards the regiment re-formed, and marching a short distance went into camp, where it remained until Monday, the 27th of October, 1862. On the next day (the 8th) after the regiment arrived in Pleasant Valley, it was again visited by a number of its friends from home, among whom were Messrs. John Pywell, Alexander Supplee, David Adams, Daniel Fisher and others, some of them staying all night and leaving the next morning at nine o'clock for their homes.

On Sunday, the 12th, General Ferrero ordered a brigade inspection at ten o'clock in the morning, but as the appearance of his brigade did not come up to his expectations, he ordered another for the next day, but as that one was stormy and several others in succession, the inspection did not take place, much to the gratification of the men.

On the 15th another order from McClellan was

read against straggling, and was still more stringent than any of his former ones, for one section ordered the shooting down of the foot-sore, famishing, and diarrhoea-stricken soldiers. Straggling on a march, as must be acknowledged, is one of the most pernicious vices that ever existed in the army, but it could have been greatly lessened by an ordinary amount of prudence and a little humanity on the part of the commanding officers. The causes for straggling are to be confined principally to the following reasons. First, men being poorly rationed *will* leave the column and wander off to any house from which they think they can buy, beg or steal food. Secondly, being hurried on the march, their strength fails from not having sufficient rest and food. Thirdly, from being compelled to wear shoes that have little or no shape to them, and (facetiously termed "gun-boats" by the men,) are either too large or too small, consequently blistering the feet to such an extent that makes it impossible to keep up with the column when on a rapid march, for in drawing shoes they *must* take whatever they can get, whether they fit or not. Fourthly, the constant exposure to all kinds of weather while on the march—heat in the day and cold at night, rainy weather, perspiring freely, then lying down to sleep in the open air and becoming chilled, diarrhoea and dysentery, chills and fever, and other ailments setting in—debilitates the soldier so that his weakness causes him to lag behind even when he is most anxious to keep up. Take the cases of straggling produced by the above four causes, aggregate them with all others, such as shirking, &c., and it will show a decrease of at least ninety per cent. This is no imaginary calculation,

but it is from *actual observation*, and the officers who would advocate the shooting down of all stragglers, have none to censure for the cause but themselves and their own inhumanity, for on all marches the commanding officers have horses to carry them, and it is very easy for those on horseback to say to a poor cripple who is staggering beneath a heavy knapsack, sixty to one hundred rounds of cartridges, a musket and his other accoutrements, "Get up here," or "go to your regiment." Such remarks, can be heard almost any minute after the passing of a column by those who "bring up the rear."

On Thursday, 16th, heavy cannonading was heard in the direction of Maryland Heights, which soon brought orders "to be ready to move at a moment's notice." Rations were distributed and cooked, and everything was ready, but the order to go did not come. Col. Hartranft at this time had temporary command of the brigade, and Lieut.-Col. Schall of the regiment.

While remaining in camp at Pleasant Valley the regimental sutler arrived and opened his large stock of goods to the soldiers, who, it must be said, patronized him liberally, notwithstanding his charges were exorbitant; but as large as his prices were, his profits were small in the end, for he did a credit business and trusted to the honor and honesty of the men to pay him on "next pay-day," but when pay-day came it would be found that a large number of those trusted would be absent from the regiment by death, sick in hospitals, or on detached service, &c., and his losses were at least fifty per cent of his credit sales.

Congratulatory orders were received by the two

51sts from Gen. McClellan, complimenting the two regiments in most flattering terms for taking Antietam bridge, in which he said "the whole day's fighting would have been lost if you had not succeeded in taking that most important point, the bridge."

This order was accompanied by one of the same character from Gen. A. E. Burnside. It was while lying in Pleasant Valley that the 51st pitched its first "shelter" or "D'Abri" tents. They were issued and pitched on Sunday, October 5th, 1862. The death of Gen. Reno put his corps under the command of Gen. Cox, who held command of it only a few days, and the 2d Division was put under Gen. Samuel Sturgis, Gen. Reno's particular friend, and the 51st P. V. was then in the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 9th Corps.

On Sunday night, October 19th, the camp of the 51st P. V. was visited by a hurricane, accompanied by a heavy rain; the wind picking up the little shelters and carrying many of them to a great distance, leaving the inmates to receive the drenching rain that was pouring down. Whether the storm had carried away important bridges or not it is hard to say; but a detail was made of all the carpenters in the regiment to go to put up bridges over the Potomac, near Harper's Ferry, which was two and a half miles distant.

The Secretary of War had issued orders to the effect that all volunteers could enlist in the regular army for three years, and if one felt inclined, he could enlist for three years and have whatever time he had served in the volunteer army deducted. The result was that about forty left the 51st P. V., and went into the regulars; some in batteries, some in

cavalry, but none in the infantry, they having had enough of that in the volunteers.

On Thursday, October 23d, Col. Hartranft went home on a "leave of absence," and Lieut.-Col. Schall continued in command of the regiment.

On Saturday, the 25th, the regiment received orders to march the next morning. Two days' rations were issued and cooked, but the next morning the order was countermanded. At night another storm of wind and rain visited the camp, tearing tents from their fastenings, and ripping things in general.

On Monday morning, October 27th, 1862, the 51st P. V. struck tents and left Pleasant Valley, Washington county, Md., on a march through Virginia, bringing up at Fredericksburg. After leaving Pleasant Valley, it passed through Knoxville, Md., and *under* the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal, and crossed the Potomac, at Berlin, on the pontoon bridge, into Virginia, where it went into camp about two miles from the river, on the Lovettsville road, (this section of Virginia being considered the garden spot of the State,) where it laid until Wednesday, the 29th, at 1 P. M., when it again struck tents and left at 3 P. M., made a march of six miles, and camped for the night. The next morning at daylight it again struck tents, marched on the Leesburg turnpike, and again went into camp at 11 A. M., on a secesh farm, making only three miles this day. Rebels were hovering around in the vicinity of the camp; one was captured by the men of the 51st in the farm-house. At 5 P. M. pickets were sent out, but at 9 P. M. it was found necessary to reinforce them, and all of Co. I were sent out to picket. The whole detail, which was from

D and I, came in at 8 A. M. next day, having spent a hard night of it on account of cold and hunger. Orders had been issued against any further shooting of hogs, sheep, and cattle, but still a few were shot when it could be done on the sly.

After the regiment left this place, it proceeded about five miles beyond Lovettsville, where it laid in camp for several days, during which time the men were receiving full rations. On the last day in this camp the regimental sutlers arrived, and having brought a large stock of tobacco, the boys enjoyed smoking and chewing as only soldiers know how after being deprived of it for a long time; but the price was exorbitant, being \$1.50 per plug for that which was worth about forty cents. Great indignation was manifested by the boys towards the sutlers for selling their tobacco to men of other regiments, as all sutlers were forbidden to sell to any other but the regiment to which they were attached; but in this case the 51st P. V. had been without their pay for over four months, and all that was sold by the sutlers to it had to be credited until it got paid off, but what was purchased by outsiders was sold to them for cash only; hence the partiality.

A severe snow storm began on the 7th of November, early in the day, and at 3 o'clock the regiment left its camp at Wheatland, and marched for the Rappahannock. It proceeded in the face of a driving and pitiless storm of snow and hail until about ten o'clock at night, when it became evident that the division had lost its way in an ugly gorge or ravine, amid a dense forest, that was only equalled by the Wilderness itself. After penetrating this horrible gorge to within four miles of the river, Dr. Cutter,

brigade surgeon, rode to the front of the column, and forbid Gen. Ferrero to proceed any farther. Gen. Ferrero replied that he *must* cross the river that night. Dr. Cutter replied that as he was responsible for the health of the brigade, he protested against making the men ford a river in the midst of such a stormy night, when the stream was swelled to such a volume as would nearly submerge the men, declaring that such a step would endanger the lives and health of every officer and man on foot who would attempt to ford a deep river filled with floating ice; and then lying down on the snowy ground, without any shelter, in their saturated clothing, would double the risk. The humanity of Dr. Cutter, as well as his determination to appeal to a court martial for vindication of his authority, decided General Ferrero to give the command to "about face" to his brigade, and it marched back a mile or two; then taking a different road on the left, which led to another ford higher up the river, but ten miles farther. After proceeding up this road three miles, we bivouacked for the night in a woods and on the roadside. It was past midnight when the regiment arrived here, and, from the good condition of the fences along the road, the evidence was plain enough that that place had not been visited by either army up to the present stage of the rebellion. But in fifteen minutes thereafter it was hard to find a panel of fence within any reasonable distance. Huge fires were kindled, a cup of coffee apiece was made, then rails were laid down in the snow for beds, and the boys, placing their feet towards the fires, soon fell into a sound sleep, notwithstanding their hard couch, without covering, wet clothes, and shoes full of snow. Next day, at 8

A. M. the regiment again was on the march, crossed the river at noon, and camped near Amosville, (a village that the rebels had placarded all the doors with "small-pox,") exhausted and totally out of rations; but the latter soon came all right. Although the rebels had left only a few hours before, the boys of the 51st P. V. found cattle, hogs, and sheep in abundance, and the sharp crack of their unerring muskets told too plainly of the slaughter that was going on. The regiment had hardly got their tents pitched when Col. Hartranft espied the boys coming into camp with whole carcasses of animals slaughtered and dressed ready for use. He immediately issued the most stringent orders against shooting anything belonging to the citizens, unless it was first paid for; but the only effect that the order had was to make the boys go a greater distance in quest of game, where their guns could not be heard by "old Johnny." One of the boys shot a splendid lamb, and not knowing anything about the order issued, cut it up into quarters and brought it into camp while Col. H. was standing in front of his quarters. The man entertaining a feeling for the empty haversack of Col. H., determined to make him a present of a hind-quarter of the lamb, and walked up to him as innocent as an unconscious babe of the existence of the order and tendered his offering of meat with a graceful salute to the colonel, who gave him one of those *withering* looks, which only the colonel knows how to give a man that displeases him, and inquired how he obtained it. The man knew by "old Johnny's" look that something was wrong, and being quick of perception he instantly guessed what it was and replied in a firm tone, "I bought it."

The cloud passed from the colonel's brow and he took the gift with suitable acknowledgments. The man returned to his tent rejoicing at his lucky escape from arrest, for none of the boys had given him any warning, and all were gazing on the scene to see what would be the result, but no more meat was given to the colonel that day.

The regiment arrived here on Saturday, at 4. P. M., along with the 35th Mass. The remainder of the brigade, under Gen. Ferrero, had marched to Jeffersonville, a small town only a few miles from Amosville.

On Sunday, the 9th, 1862, at 5 o'clock P. M., the 51st received orders to pack up and join the brigade at Jefferson that night. At dark it was relieved by the 48th P. V., who had a battle with the enemy about an hour after the 51st had left. The attack was intended for the 51st, but as it had gone the 48th enjoyed the benefits of the contest. Having arrived at Jefferson the regiment went into camp with the brigade just outside of the town.

On Wednesday, Nov. 12th, 1862, the regiment again left for a march to the "White Sulphur Springs," where it arrived in safety after passing over the Rappahannock at the point the turnpike intersects the river, a short distance from the Springs. The bridge at this place had been fired by the rebels to prevent the Union troops from crossing, and it now lay a smouldering mass of charred timbers, being completely demolished. The regiment had barely crossed the river on the charred logs which lay floating on the water, before the enemy made their appearance with a large force on the opposite side. After crossing the river the regiment went

into camp in a field nearly opposite to the "Springs Mansion House," close to the turnpike. After pitching tents the men began to clamor for rations, having been on less than half allowance from the time they left Wheatland, Va., a week before, but the first day at the Springs was spent without a mouthful of food of any kind.

The next day the commissary sergeant, Samuel P. Stephens, succeeded in obtaining a large lot of *mouldy* hard tack which was totally unfit for use, but "hunger being the best sauce," the men tried to satisfy their appetite by washing off the mould and boiling them awhile, and then frying them with whatever kind of grease they could get.

Two privates of Capt. Bell's, Co. B, were captured on the 13th, while out on picket; the rebel cavalry made a dash on them and succeeded in taking the two men with their camp kettle which was hanging over the fire. The cavalry in making this dash drove the pickets in, and the two captured men who had been out hunting for something to eat, on their return to the post were taken by the enemy. Capt. Bell dismounted one of the rebel cavalry, however, with a little rifle he carried with him out on picket.

The lieutenant colonel and adjutant of the 35th Mass. were captured at or near the same time; they had crossed the river in quest of food, and were eating their dinners quietly in a large white house close to the ruins of the bridge and within sight of their camp, when to their surprise the rebels entered the house and secured them before any alarm could be given. The artillerists discovered the rebels and sent a few shells in among them, which hurried the

“butternuts” away from that neighborhood quicker than they came into it.

On Friday, Nov. 14th, the 51st struck tents and started for Fredericksburg; but ere it had proceeded one and a-half miles on its way it was furiously assailed by the rebel artillery from the opposite side of the Rappahannock, and only about six hundred yards distant. Col. Hartranft ordered the regiment to lie down, for the purpose of keeping it out of range of the enemy's guns. He then proceeded to the top of the hill that overlooked both the river and the enemy's position, and assisted to get some field-pieces into “battery” to return the rebel compliments. The wagon train which was in the rear of the column now began to be the target for rebel shells and solid shot; one shell passed through a wagon loaded with ammunition, tearing things irrespectively. While this was taking place the men of the 51st P. V., anxious to see what was going on, crawled up to the top of the hill to get a view, but had no sooner got there than the enemy directed their fire on the regiment and the battery. Col. Hartranft perceiving the men running around evidently exposing themselves needlessly to the dangers, came running back to his regiment and ordering them to “fall in,” he formed a “line of battle” and marched them to a more secure position. He evidently was angry at his men, for he, after placing the line where he wanted it, gave the command to “lie down,” and down they went; as they prostrated themselves he added with considerable warmth, “and see that you stay there!” He then went back to the battery, when an artillery duel began which lasted for a considerable time.

Several of the batterymen were severely wounded; one of whom lost a leg and died in the ambulance the next morning.

The difference between a regiment of raw recruits and one of veterans was plainly demonstrated during the vigorous shelling at this place; while the men of the 51st P. V. were anxious to be on the top of the hill to see all that was going on, and daringly exposing themselves to the enemy's fire, the men of the new regiment were hugging to and burrowing into the ground like so many rabbits, or else seeking shelter behind the trees in a neighboring woods to avoid as much of the danger as possible. Frequently they would ask the old soldiers "How do you do when they shell you this way," the veterans' reply invariably was "Stand and take it, you d——d fool! how else do you suppose?"

The firing ceased on both sides at 2 P. M., the enemy getting far the worst of the attack. The 51st again left and marched about six miles towards Falmouth, and then camped for the night in a large field not far from the river.

CHAPTER XIX.

Falmouth—Picketing the Rappahannock—"Rally on the sutler"—Fredericksburg—Demand for surrender by Gen. Burnside—Secret dealings with the enemy—Preparing to cross the river—Withdrawal of the pickets—Opening of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

THE next day, the 15th, the regiment left at 8 A. M., making eighteen miles that day over one of the most miserable roads in Virginia, and camped at night in a torrent of rain, sixteen miles from Fredericksburg. The men now suffered with sore feet and empty stomachs; a meagre supply of rations, however, was drawn about 10 o'clock at night, and was all eaten at the one meal. Early the next morning the regiment again left and before night had reached the "Yellow house," situate on the road leading to Falmouth, six or eight miles distant.

At 9 A. M. on the 17th, the 51st left the Yellow house and reached Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, at noon. In passing Fredericksburg on the left bank of the Rappahannock, the rebel pickets were very visible down at the large brick mill near the city. At this time there were not more than a dozen rebel soldiers in the vicinity of the city and on the banks of the river; they looked with astonishment at the approach of the Union troops, but evinced no fear, as the river was between them. Could it have been possible for Burnside to have crossed the river that day, or two or three days thereafter, what an ocean of loyal blood would have been spared at that terrible slaughter pen.

After arriving at Falmouth the regiment went into camp about a mile from its old camp ground of the August before. Are its ranks as full at its return to the old spot as when it left there? The blood-stained fields of Manassas, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam and Sulphur Springs, can answer, with a certainty that cannot be denied, that only about one-half returned of those who were there but three months before! What sufferings! what trials! what anxiety had been experienced in that short time! but with it all they had just cause to offer thanks to the Giver of all Good for the complete success which had thus far crowned their efforts for the perpetuity of a government that must be admired in all future ages! After a few days rest and a plentiful supply of rations, the men began to regain their wonted gayety. The regular routine of camp duty was resumed again, but the principal part of it was picketing the left bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg. The line of picket posts which fell to the lot of the 51st P. V. extended from Falmouth close to the water's edge, down nearly to the railroad bridge of three-fourths of a mile in extent; once in a while it would have to picket a little below the bridge. Lieut. Col. Schall was nearly always in command of that part of the line, having his quarters and reserve post in a ravine only a few yards in the rear of the picket line.

The picketing at this place was done similar to camp guarding; the detail was divided into three reliefs, and as the weather was very stormy and cold, it was found the safest and most satisfactory mode. The headquarters of the picket commander were close to the town of Falmouth, and the men

having four hours off duty, on being relieved would visit the shops and stores in the town to purchase pies, baker's bread, &c. Several would enter stores that were kept by a number of Israelitish gentlemen, from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, who came here to respond to the wants of the army by selling very poor articles for the highest price obtainable; but the only way the soldiers could keep pace with these men, who in a business-like way robbed the soldiers of their hard-earned money, because they (the Jews) were the only ones that had anything in that line to sell, was by what was facetiously called, "rally on the sutler," and frequent "rallies" were made on their stores, and only a few moments sufficed to "clean out" the largest establishment in the town.

On the 21st of November, 1862, Gen. Burnside sent over a flag of truce to the civil authorities of Fredericksburg, demanding the surrender of the city; stating his terms on which he would receive the surrender, and giving them until eight o'clock of the morning of the 24th to decide on the demand, accompanying it with a threat that if his request was not acceded to, he would immediately open his guns on the town after the expiration of the allotted time. The rebels taking advantage of the days of grace granted them to surrender, began to run up earthworks in the rear of the city with all the alacrity imaginable, and by the expiration of the truce they were nearly as much prepared to shell the Army of the Potomac as it was to shell the city. As is well known the city was not surrendered, and the Union forces began with renewed vigor to consummate the threat of the commander-in-

chief. pontoons were arriving, siege and field pieces were landing, fresh troops constantly pouring in, and every thing bespoke the approaching gigantic struggle that was soon to take place. During all these preparations, the 51st was doing picket duty on one side of the river, and the rebel pickets on the other side; distance apart about 40 to 60 yards, excepting near the bridge where the river was somewhat wider.

Frequently the orders of the Army of the Potomac would be known by the rebels before it would be made public to themselves. The rebel pickets would halloo over to the "Yanks" and ask "how soon are you going to draw and cook them three days' rations?" "how soon is the balloon to be ready?" and hosts of other similar questions. Shortly after those questions would be asked, the orders relating to them would be read off to the different commands in the army, showing conclusively that among the knowing ones there were sneaking traitors who in some way telegraphed to their friends in rebeldom all the most important secret orders, and thus it was, while the United States was doing its utmost to avoid exposure to the enemy of its plans of honorable warfare, yet there were some who found a way to divulge such orders and plans as were thought to be known to only a certain few, and yet the traitors could very seldom be detected. One circumstance, if true, which the writer doubts very much, explains the whole mystery: at Falmouth is a flour and grist mill, and on the opposite edge of the river, but lower down, is another one of the same character, which was used by the rebels as their picket head-quarters, while at the rear of the Falmouth Mill is an open

lot of ground interspersed with hills and gullies. Once, about midnight, one of the citizens of Falmouth happened to cross this lot in the rear of the mill, and hearing a "clicking" in the upper part of the building stopped and, placing his ear against the wall, he found that the noise proceeded from the loft, and sounded like the clicking of a telegraphic instrument; he straightway made known his discoveries to the pickets nearest to the mill, who immediately reported the circumstances. The place was searched, and in the loft a telegraphic operator with his instruments was found; a wire was discovered to extend from the loft to the basement of the mill, and thence under the water of the river to the mill on the opposite shore; thus the mystery of all the exposures of the orders of the Army of the Potomac was explained. How true is the above, the writer is unable to say, but believes it to be wholly a fabrication, although at the time of the reputed discovery immense excitement was produced by it, yet the writer was unable to trace the affair to any one who knew anything about the facts.

On Sunday, November 23d, 1862, orders were issued to be ready to move at a moment's notice, in anticipation of the refusal of the surrender of the city of Fredericksburg. On Monday morning, the 24th, the 51st P. V. struck tents at daylight and packed up everything in quite a hurry, fully expecting the shelling of the city to begin before the regiment could be ready to move, but not a gun was fired, and after being in "line" for a considerable time the whole division was moved back about one mile further, and went into camp. Ferrero's brigade formed a splendid camp in the

form of a hollow square, the 51st P. V. and the 51st N. Y. forming the front, the 35th Mass. one side, the 11th N. H. the rear, and the 21st Mass. the remaining side. The hollow was used as a parade and drill ground, Gen. Ferrero's head quarters in the rear and to the left of the 21st Mass. This new camp furnished much more comfortable quarters for the men than the locality from which they had just moved; the water had to be carried for the use of the camps nearly a mile, but everything else was more convenient. The great want of the army at this time was suitable clothing. Reviews were held every few days by the different commanders, for the purpose of finding out the wants of their men, and to see their condition. Notwithstanding the ragged and almost naked condition of the men of the 51st P. V., their complaints ceased after witnessing the deplorable condition of the men of the 4th Maine regiment, who, while out on a review, were marching and counter-marching over the hard frozen ground in *their bare feet*, and with only a part of a leg to their pantaloons, without drawers or sufficient underclothing to keep them comfortable in a room with a good fire. While the whole army was suffering severely from the cold blasts of winter, yet the poor men of the 4th Maine, although in a far worse off state than any other regiment, bore their sufferings heroically, and did their duty cheerfully and promptly.

Next to the want of clothing came the want of tobacco, both for smoking and chewing; but the smokers rather had the advantage of the chewers, for they smoked coffee, weeds, and dried leaves, which served in a manner as a substitute for to-

bacco, and a very poor one it was; but the chewers were nearly crazy for a "*quid*" of the weed, and as nothing furnished a substitute for it, they had to "grin and bear it," until the paymaster should come along and extricate them from their troubles, which he did about midnight of December 2d, 1862, much to the joy of the men whose families had been four months without receiving any money for their support in that time, excepting the miserable pittance that was allowed them so begrudgingly by the county relief boards, and which had been reduced to so small an amount that it was only a mockery in the "stay at homes" to offer it.

Everything was quietly progressing along the Rappahannock towards the completion of Gen. Burnside's plan of attack. So quiet in fact was it carried on, that up to within ten minutes of the attack on the city, the time seemed as far distant as it did three weeks before. The 51st P. V. was sent down on picket at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and was posted at the railroad bridge that crossed the river opposite the city. The right posts were stationed about one hundred and fifty yards above the bridge, the centre posts at the entrance of the bridge, and the left ones about forty yards below. The reserves and head-quarters of the pickets were in an old dilapidated mill only a few yards further off to the left and rear.

Nothing transpired through the day to indicate an early attack; but at 11 P. M., an officer of the engineer corps, visited the post on which the writer was stationed, on the extreme right, and walking out to the edge of the water, he pushed a stick about a foot long into the mud, leaving a few inches of it

above ground. He then returned, and asked me: "Who has charge of this post?" I answered: "I have." He then inquired: "Are you a sergeant?" "Yes, sir, I am," was the reply. "Then, sergeant, I want you to watch that stick, and see if the water recedes from it, or comes up to it," and adding, as he turned to go away, I will be here again to-night for your report."

At 2 A. M., of the 11th, he returned, in company with three other officers, and examined the river bank for two hundred or three hundred yards above the bridge, and then returning inquired "what report had I to make on the state of the water at the stick?" I answered that "the water, or rather the tide, had not varied one particle since he put the stick there." "All right," said he, and he and his companions left in a hurry; but in a few minutes Capt. McKibbin, Ferrero's chief of staff, visited the post, and asked for the officer in command of the pickets, and being answered that "his quarters were in the old mill below the bridge," he said: "Pack up, boys, and get out of here as soon as you can, for we are going to open on the city as quick as you get away," and added: "Sergeant, run tell your commanding officer to draw in his pickets with all speed possible, and get away without even the rattle of a tin cup." "Yes, sir," was the reply.

The pickets were all withdrawn without the least noise imaginable; for now the truth was breaking upon them that the all-important moment had arrived. They formed in line, and as the right of the column filed into the road, to its surprise there it found the pontoon boats all loaded, and the teams at a halt within fifty yards of the river, only waiting for the

pickets to get away. So quietly had all this been done that even the pickets noticed no unusual noise of preparations in their rear. The regiment returned to its camp, and had "turned in" for a nap, when, like a sharp peal of thunder, the belching forth of one hundred and seventy-nine siege guns, as if fired by the one single "lanyard," proclaimed in unmistakable tones that there was no more sleep for that day.

The 51st P. V. was under Col. Hartranft, and in Ferrero's brigade, of Sturgis's Division, of Wilcox's 9th Corps, of Sumner's command, the latter consisting of the 2d and 9th Corps.

CHAPTER XX.

Awful cannonade—Crossing the pontoon—Forward movement to position—Destructive fire of the enemy—Heavy losses—Death of Capt. Bell—Both armies closely engaged—Out of ammunition—Second day—Picket fighting—Worthless shells—Retreat of the army across the river—Burying the dead—The killed and wounded.

AT 4 A. M., of December 12, 1862, the cannonading was terrific; the air was heavy, and the clouds of smoke hung like a funeral pall over the doomed city; the rebels returned shot for shot, and the earth quaked for miles around as if convulsed by some hidden spasm of nature in the very centre of its rotundity; the crashing of shot and shells through the houses could be heard two or three miles distant from the scene of action.

In a private letter, giving a description of the cannonading, the writer truthfully says: "I have been

in eight battles, and hard ones at that, and if all the cannonading of Roanoke, Newbern, Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam were put into one fight, it would be nothing to compare to this;" and so it was considered at the time. By noon troops had crossed the river, some in boats and some by swimming over; the rebels contesting every inch of the way. The engineer corps suffered terribly from the guns of the sharp-shooters hid in the dwelling-houses in the city.

The 51st P. V., at 5 A. M., of the 12th of December, 1862, left its camp to assist in the capture of the city. At 8 A. M., it was halted at the "Phillips House," and awaited further orders. The sight from this elevated position was most sublime; the entire lines of the contending forces could be viewed from this point. Sumner's command was all massed here and ready for the order to "forward," when finally it came, and the 51st P. V. moved towards the pontoon bridge. As it was descending the hill in front of the "Lacy House" and close to the river, the rebel batteries directed their shots at it, but did no further harm than to hurry the regiment across the river. After crossing it, the regiment filed to the left, stacked arms, and awaited further orders. During this time other troops were crossing and filing up the streets that ran parallel with the river. The cross streets were unsafe to bivouack in, for they were parallel with the enemy's guns.

The 51st P. V. remained at its bivouac until 10 A. M. of the next day, (Saturday, December 13,) when it formed a line and broke its stacks and started for that ever memorable battle-field. After proceeding a few squares towards the lower end of the town, it

was halted to allow the remainder of the brigade to come up. By 12 o'clock, noon, everything was ready to enter the field. Col. Hartranft had hard work to keep his men in a sheltered place while waiting for the other part of the brigade to come up, for as quick as he would get a couple of men back to their places others would slip off to peep around the corners of the houses to get a glimpse of the enemy. Col. Hartranft made some very narrow escapes himself while using his field glass to reconnoitre the rebel works. The enemy could see that the city was full of Union troops, and they shelled it without mercy. At last the command to "forward" was given, and right cheerfully did the men step off to their work. After proceeding to the lower end of the city the regiment filed right, up a street that terminated abruptly by a large brick-kiln that extended entirely across the street, but on filing in it gave the rebels a full view of its column from right to left, and they opened their batteries of heavy guns on the advancing troops with all the fury of the demons. But Col. Hartranft was equal to the emergency. He halted the regiment, ordering them to "close up" and lie down. The brick-kiln flanking them saved them from any shells that might pass over it, but as each shell would bury itself in the immense pile, the brick dust would rise in a cloud that completely obscured the regiment from their view. While it was lying down Col. Hartranft was reconnoitering to see and find out the best way to get his men into the field with as little exposure as possible. Five minutes' time sufficed him; he commanded "rise up;" the men instantly sprang to their feet, and taking their places he again com-

manded, "Forward, double-quick." The regiment followed the colonel and succeeded in reaching the railroad cut without any harm. Gen. Ferrero, who was in the excavation, yelled out at the top of his voice to "go in and give it to them." After reaching the railroad Col. Hartranft halted his men to give them their wind, as they were breathless, but the halt was only for a minute, as the men were under a severe fire of musketry that enfiladed that part of the track, and they again started to their assigned position. After leaving the cut the way was over a large clear field for nearly a third of a mile, and although this was accomplished in an incredible short time, yet so severe and terrific was the shelling and musketry that the regiment lost more men in reaching their position than it did in all the other part of the battle. The air seemed to be so full of balls that one would suppose that a finger could not be pointed towards the rebel batteries without being hit on the end with a bullet, and it is a mystery to the writer how under the sun even one man reached alive the position assigned to the regiment, it being directly in face of more than a mile of earthworks, behind which lay thousands of rebels, who kept up incessant volley after volley of musketry, and their batteries volleys of grape and canister, to say nothing of the rifle shells that passed through the ranks and went screeching and whizzing through the air. It was here where Capt. Ferdinand Bell, of Co. B, was killed, whose loss was most seriously felt by all in the regiment, and particularly in his company. He was an accomplished and unassuming gentleman, a good disciplinarian, a true patriot, and as fearless as he was gentle. Before the regiment had reached its

position its way was somewhat impeded by a series of high board fences that inclosed some of the land, and instead of the regiment being able to advance in an unbroken line of battle, it had to divide into several squads to pass through the apertures of the fence. The boards being nailed on perpendicularly, with stout nails and plenty of them, it was only here and there that a board had been wrenched off, and the passages through the fences were blocked up with heaps of dead, dying and wounded, who had to be trampled upon in order to get through. The groans of the dying and wounded soldiers when trodden on were heartrending in the extreme, but it was no time or place to stop to evince sympathy for the brave fellows who lay weltering in their gore. All felt it, but as each one knew not how soon he was to fall and share the same fate, he passed on heedless of all cries for aid. The men of the 51st were falling at every step, some killed outright, some with a leg or an arm torn off, some with their bowels or brains oozing out, and some falling as if they had been hit, but in fact had only fallen to impress their officers that they had been wounded, and thus escape proceeding any further. A few only sought this subterfuge; but it did not avail them in the end, for their tricks were discovered. After the battle was over and the regiment back in camp, Col. Hartranft ordered all the names of the skulkers to be handed to him for the investigation of their conduct. Some had slipped out of the ranks of the regiment while it was passing through the city and sought shelter in the cellars of the houses, where they remained until the battle ended. Others accompanied the regiment half way across the field

and then returned; others reached the board fence and lay down behind it until they saw a favorable opportunity to get back; others fell on the open field as if wounded, and got off in whatever way they deemed best; but several of them, as they were getting their cowardly carcasses off, received severe wounds—it was a pity they had not *killed* them. One man had nearly reached his place when he was seized with an unaccountable fear, and risked running all the way back to the city in preference to advancing ten or twelve yards further to where he could lie down along with his regiment. This man had proven himself a brave soldier on all other occasions, and gone into all the battles like a true soldier, and what could have turned him back at such a time Col. Hartranft could not divine. When questioned as to the cause he replied, “When I started I fully intended to go through it all if I lived; but after I got to the board fence the balls so filled the air that I was too much confused to know what I was doing or what I was to do, and fear took complete possession of me, and I could not have advanced another step if I had been shot for not doing it.” Thus it will be seen that a man who was known to his whole company to have been at Roanoke, Newbern, Camden, Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam and Sulphur Springs, was seized with fear that took such complete possession of his better judgment as to render him liable to a court martial, but it is only another proof of how thick the projectiles flew at that one point of the line.

After the regiment had got into position it cannot be denied but what it severely punished the rebels in their front, for, cold and chilly as the air was, the

loading and firing of the muskets caused the men to perspire as freely as if they were cradling in the harvest field. Nearly all the men had one hundred rounds of cartridges each, and, after expending them, they turned over to the 9th New Hampshire who were extended at their feet, and begged all the ammunition from them that they had to spare, and not satisfied with that, they called on all the regiments in the neighborhood to *loan* them a few rounds. The 51st New York responded handsomely, but after begging and borrowing all that was available, the men began to search the cartridge-boxes of their dead comrades. The regiment had lain there in action from 12 o'clock, noon, till 4 P. M., and had expended all the ammunition it could obtain; it then gave way to allow another brigade that laid at its feet *en masse* to relieve it, when the time to do so arrived. But it was impossible for any regiment to get off the field during daylight, consequently the relieving brigade had to wedge itself in among the 2d brigade as best it could. At this time there were no less than eight lines of battle occupying the one line. But the breadth of this line was about thirty feet, and as close and solid as it was possible to pack human beings.

A large and beautiful black dog belonging to the 51st New York, that seemed to be aware of the danger of the place, continued crouched to the ground, as if to keep out of the way of the missiles, but being tired of his one position he endeavored to change it by getting up, when a ball pierced the poor faithful animal, and he sank down to rise no more. He lay there in great agony until near night, when death put an end to his sufferings. At 8 P. M.,

under cover of the darkness, all the regiments which had been in battle through the day were ordered to withdraw from the field to get rations and ammunition. Col. Hartranft had the good fortune to get his men off in tolerable safety, notwithstanding the enemy kept up a constant fire of musketry and artillery.

After leaving the field, the regiment quartered for the night in a dwelling house where Gen. Ferrero had made his headquarters. The night was spent by both officers and men in cooking and sleeping, for it was now seven days and nights since the 51st P. V. had had an hour of unbroken rest, and most of the time without food, consequently all went to rest as soon as possible. The next day, Sunday, Dec. 14th, was spent in resting and the cleaning up of arms and accoutrements. At night it lay down in the anticipation of another good night's rest, but that was not to be, for at 7 P. M. orders were received to go out on picket, and as the men were all lying down and most of them being sound asleep, they received the orders with some grumbling, but got up, and putting the best phase on the matter went out on picket, where they remained until 12 o'clock, midnight, of the 15th, occupying precisely the same ground that they did during the battle on the 13th. The picketing here was just about equal to the fighting on Saturday, and no man, during the twenty-six hours of picketing, dared to raise his head up three inches from the ground, for as soon as he did it, one hundred balls would be discharged at him. On the first going out of the pickets the regiment threw up a shallow breastwork of about four or six inches high, but could do no better for the want of tools. But,

small as the affair was, it afforded a deal of protection to the heads that lay behind it, but after awhile the men got hold of tools and dug pits with eagerness, and made themselves pretty secure.

The regiment was never in a tighter place than it now experienced. For twenty-six hours had the men to lie on their stomachs, and were deprived of food, water or even the privilege of complying with the demands of nature, which caused those who suffered from diarrhœa intense agony. On the second night of being out the regiment contrived to get the breastwork a little higher, but just as it was deemed high enough for picket purposes, at midnight, Col. Hartranft received orders to withdraw his men. But no other troops coming to relieve him, he did not deem it prudent to withdraw his regiment and leave that part of the line without protection and exposed to the advance of the rebel videttes. He therefore went into the city to find a regiment that was willing to relieve him. But a large portion of the army had already retreated, and had crossed the river and returned to their old quarters, and all being anxious to get over he had considerable difficulty in finding any colonel to take his place. But when about giving up the hunt in despair he fortunately met a German colonel who readily assented to relieve him, and in less than half an hour afterwards the German regiment had quietly came out, and as quietly did the 51st go in. The writer exceedingly regrets having forgotten the name and title of the generous colonel and his regiment of braves.

The incidents of the picketing are without any particular interest. The shelling of the pickets by the rebel batteries began to be pretty serious towards

sundown of the 15th, for the enemy was receiving little or no harm from Burnside's shells, as not more than one out of ten exploded, while the enemy's nearly all exploded, consequently they did not fear the Union batteries, and therefore turned their guns on the pickets. One very heavy shell from a rebel gun exploded in among the pickets of the 21st Mass. without doing any further harm than to cause them, as Col. Wolford said, "to huddle up closer;" not a man of them raised himself up one inch, which, if they had done so, it would have caused them to receive a terrible shelling from the enemy, for they no doubt were only shelling the picket line to *feel* it and find out what force, if any, was there; but after half an hour's hard shelling the enemy ceased firing their heavy guns, evidently satisfied that nothing was to be found out by that kind of warfare. After nightfall Col. H. ordered several videttes to go out, and about 10 o'clock, from some unaccountable cause the enemy's pickets thinking they were attacked poured a terrific volley into the 51st P. V., which was returned so quick that the poor videttes being between the two fires knew not what to do; one of them, L. Patterson, in fact had slyly crept up to the rebel works and was listening to their conversation, which was about building breastworks, when the volley was fired. As soon as the firing slackened a little the videttes came tumbling over the rifle pits in double quick, and complained bitterly of their comrades returning the fire without first showing them a chance to come in; said one of them, "as soon as the Johnnies fired I laid down, and my hair flew up so quick that I lost my cap, and to mend

the matter, you cusses had to fire without letting us know that you were going to."

The regiment took into this battle, not counting the skulkers, 270 effective men, and came out with 180. Loss in killed and wounded, 90. This does not include all the wounded, for a large number of the slightly wounded refused to report themselves.*

The regiment after coming off picket proceeded to its old camp, where it found the whole brigade had been for some hours; all immediately began to fix up their old quarters again for another night's rest.

After returning to camp and the last living man

* The following is the list of killed and wounded as far as can be named individually.

Co. A.—Killed—Privates Wm. Herd, Jas. Maguire, Wm. Vanhorn, Washington McDade, David McMicken.

Wounded—Privates A. Custer, Albanus Lare, Chas. Toy, Edward Kellichner, Jacob H. Moyer.

Co. B.—Killed—Capt. Ferdinand W. Bell, Private Wm. F. Strafford.

Co. C.—Killed—Privates Michael McMullen, Geo. H. Sweeney. Wounded—Privates Jos. W. Detwiler, Chas. R. Fox, James Gunn, David R. Spare.

Co. D.—Killed—Privates Benjamin Kemmerer, John Wesley Lonsdale, John Mogee.

Wounded—Lieut. Lewis Hallman, 1st Sergt. Jonathan Swallow, Sergt. Isaac Fizone, Sergt. Freeman S. Davis, Corp'l. Wm. Dignan, Privates Elwood Lukens, Henry C. Moore, John McNulty, Owen Rex, Thomas D. Smith, Samuel Sharp, Henry Sutch, Albert List, John Beal, Alfred R. Gray, John G. Guyer, Thomas Vanfossen, George W. Yarnall.

Co. E.—Wounded—Sergt. Lewis G. Titus.

Co. F.—Killed—Manasses Reininger.

Wounded—Sergt. Wm. B. Hart, Privates Henry K. Adleman, Nathan Kulp, Albert Teaney, Henry White, David Munsie, Christian McCormick.

Co. G.—Wounded—Private Wm. Recides.

Co. H.—Wounded—Sergt. D. C. Brown, Sergt. Geo. Breon, Sergt. Wm. Allison, John Dougherty. Missing—Levi Brensinger.

Co. I.—Killed—Private George Kriebel.

Wounded—Lieut. Mark R. Supplee, Sergt. Andrew J. Leedom, Sergt. Geo. Carney, Corp'l. James Y. Shainline, Privates George W. Fulton, John R. Herd, A. Meister, and Thomas McGolrich.

of the Army of the Potomac that could get away had crossed the river, the retreat being a complete success, the pontoon boats were all taken up and hauled away before daylight of the morning of the 16th. During the day a flag of truce was sent by Burnside to Lee, and permission obtained to bury our dead, the corpses of which lay unburied from Saturday the 13th, to Wednesday the 17th.

Early on the morning of the 17th, a detail of about thirty men was sent out of the 51st P. V. to cross the river for the purpose of burying the Union dead—a like number was detailed from most of the other regiments. They labored hard to get the task accomplished that day, but it was impossible to do so, and several hours of the morning of the 18th were consumed before the sacred duty could be brought to a close. On the return of the detail, they were permitted to bring off such of their dead comrades as could be sent home for decent burial. They reported that all of the Union dead had been entirely stripped of their clothing, and were left by the heartless wretches in a complete state of nudity. The body of J. Wesley Lonsdale, of Co. D., was brought over on a stretcher, and its nudity confirmed all that was reported by the detail. The dead were buried in the trenches that the 51st and other regiments had thrown up while out on picket the last two nights of duty on the battle field.

While our men were employed in burying the dead, the rebels made them large offers for blankets, blouses, shirts and overcoats, which they had with them at the time. As much as \$25 in greenbacks were offered for a blanket or an overcoat, but none were treacherous enough to sell them any, for the

very money offered by the rebels had just been taken out of the pockets of the Union slain. The enemy must have reaped a rich harvest in rifling our dead, as it is well known nearly all of them had their four months' pay in their pockets at the time they were shot down, all of which had fallen into rebel hands.

Now that the dead were buried, and things began to assume their former aspect, the different regiments returning to their regular camp duty, damages being repaired, the wounded attended to, and all recovering from their fatigue, a few little incidents may not be out of place here.

The day the 51st P. V. first crossed the bridge, a regiment of cavalry came down the hill in front of the "Lacy House," evidently intending to venture across the river on the pontoons. It was headed by a full mounted brass band. As it was descending the hill, several rebel shells were fired at it, but did not prevent their advance. On its arrival at the foot of the hill, and directly at the end of the bridge, it halted, and struck up the popular air of "Bully for You." After playing the variations they had just got out the first note of "bully" when a shell exploded in their midst, and in less time than it takes here to tell it, not one of the band could be seen, some scampered off up the river full gallop, others down the river and disappeared as suddenly as they stopped their "bull,"—amid the shouts and cheers of all the infantry at rest in the vicinity.

After the 51st P. V. had got on the field of battle, Col. Hartranft discovered one of his drummers, James Chase, out there. The colonel asked him what made him come out, the drummer boy replied, "Oh! I

thought I'd like to see the fun." He had the proud satisfaction of knowing that his bravery met the approval of Col. H., and also of saying what none of his drummer companions could say, viz.: "that I was in the whole of the Fredericksburg fight of my own free will," for drummers were supposed to remain in the rear and guard whatever property was left there by the men while in action.

Letters were received by different ones in the regiment from home, inquiring how the army appeared to take the defeat. One answer to the inquiries is at my disposal, which conveys the feelings of a large number of the men who "were whipped." The letter says: "You say, that I don't say how we all take our defeat. We take that whipping like a parcel of schoolboys would take a whipping, some crying and whining while getting it, and then after its over, one boy blames the other for getting them all whipped, and finally come to the conclusion that if it wasn't for the master none of them would have got it. And so it is with us, we don't like the defeat. Some blame Burnside, and perhaps justly, but I don't think he is to blame. I am certain the heads at Washington are the party that got us whipped so 'very goot,' as one of our Dutchmen says." The defeat caused considerable discussion, some blame the 2d Corps, some the 9th, some one and others another, and so on, but none knew exactly where to put the blame, for all corps and all commanders came in for a goodly share of censure. One thing certain is, that our defeat was partly brought about by the worthless large ammunition that had been shipped to Burnside for his artillery, for the writer can boldly say, and without fear of contradiction, that he saw our

shells by thousands strike in the right spot, and not more than *one, on an average, out of ten would explode*, while nine out of ten of rebel shells exploded. Our gunnery was far superior to the rebels, and no blame can be attached to our brave artillerists. The rebels themselves told some of the "detail to bury the dead" that they found a large number of our shells loaded with *sawdust, split peas, and beans and sand*. Gen. O. B. Wilcox commanded the 9th Corps at Fredericksburg.

Could any other than a defeat follow the use of such ammunition? It was evident to the whole line of battle that our artillery was doing very little to help the infantry, although the batteries were pouring in tons upon tons of iron into the rebel works, but with little or no effect.

PART III.—1863.

CHAPTER I.

The Emancipation proclamation—Winter—"Guarding" a sutler's wagons—An investigation—Another sutler cleaned out—Good things from home—Suicide of Serg. Jones—Burnside again on the move—The army stuck in the mud—Return to quarters—End of the campaign—Burnside's corps ordered West—Columbus, Ohio—Conflict with provost guards—Loss of life.

ON the 1st of January 1863, President Lincoln issued his famous emancipation proclamation, and on the arrival of the next mail thereafter, it was known throughout the whole Army of the Potomac, and caused considerable angry discussions, the soldiers believing that the object, for which they came into the army, namely, to restore the Union, was to be "laid on the table" and henceforth they were to fight only to free the negro from slavery. Officers and men swore that they would neither draw a sword or fire a shot in support of such a proclamation, but time wore away the prejudice and a better feeling took its place. The regiment continued to go down on picket along the Rappahannock every other day during the remainder of its stay at Fredericksburg.

The winter now had set in in good earnest; the snow was nearly a foot deep, and the mud without any bottom that could be found. One morning the

51st P. V. was relieved rather earlier than usual, on account of a violent snow storm that prevailed all night before; and Lieut.-Col. Schall, out of compassion for the men, allowed them to return to camp as they got relieved, instead of keeping them all together, and taking them into camp in regular order. The first post relieved was one that private Roberts, of Co. A, was on; as soon as he was relieved he left for camp. After wading through the snow and mud until he passed the camp of the 114th P. V. (Collis's Zouaves), and within a couple of hundred yards of his own, he espied several wagons stuck in the mud, on the Falmouth and Belle Plains road. Something induced him to take a peep into the wagons, which he did, and found them heavily laden with sutler goods. The owner of them and the mules had gone, and the property was left in charge of a negro as guard. Bob having his gun with bayonet fixed, and also his blanket strung around his neck, went up to the negro and asked him "If he was the one that was left to guard the wagons?" Receiving an affirmative reply, Bob then told him, "Well, I've come to relieve you, and your boss wants you to come and get your breakfast, right away." The colored man replied, "Golly, I'se glad of dat, for I'se most d—— cold," and left Bob to guard the wagons. But no sooner had the negro got out of sight than Bob began to unload the wagons and carry the articles into camp, where and when he explained everything to his comrades, and in less than half an hour every dollar's worth was carried off. About ten o'clock the proprietor returned with his mules to get his wagons out of the mud, and his astonishment at seeing them all empty can be better imagined than described; but it was

easy for him to tell where the goods had gone to, for a hard beaten path in the snow, from the wagons to the camp, was circumstantial evidence enough for him to accuse the 51st P. V. of the robbery, which he did, and called on Col. Hartranft to assist him in his searches for his goods; but the colonel became highly indignant at the sutler for his audacity in accusing *his* regiment of being guilty of such an act, as he was at that time entirely ignorant of the robbery. The colonel referred him to Gen. Ferrero to get permission to allow him to search the whole brigade, as he, the colonel, was not willing for him to single out the 51st P. V. for search while other regiments were so near, and they to be exempted. So the sutler went to Gen. Ferrero; but the general had very little sympathy for sutlers, and referred him to the provost marshal to get a permit to search the division. But the provost marshal deputized his lieutenant (who was no other than a lieutenant of Bob's company, 2d Lieut. Jno. Moore, of Co. A, who was on the provost marshal's staff) to accompany the sutler to search the brigade for the goods, holding a special order to that effect. The search began at Co. A, and as soon as the sutler and Lieut. Moore entered the first tent to examine knapsacks, Cos. A, F, and D's boys began to remove their plunder to the left of the regiment, and the search through Co. A was unsuccessful; the same with F and D. But while the search was going on in Co. D, Co. I boys carried their share of the goods up to A and F. Being through with D, they next visited Co. I; but Co. I was just then without any commissioned officers present, Capt. Bisbing having gone to Falmouth, 1st Lieut. Geo. Schall was acting adjutant,

and the 2d Lieut. M. R. Supplee, having been wounded in the late battle, was at home; consequently the company was left to the command of the fifth sergeant. Considerable time was lost in getting the sergeant to take the responsibility on himself to permit the search; but as the boys all had ample time to get the things away safely, it was concluded to begin. But while searching the tents of this company, the Cos. C, E, H, G, K, and B removed whatever articles they had got to the right companies, and the search was useless, for not a solitary thing was found belonging to him, or, if he saw anything which he thought was his in the possession of the men, they would *lie* him out of it, and bring proof on all occasions that it was just received from home by mail. After the search was completed and nothing recovered, the boys who were guilty gathered around the sutler to sympathize with him in his loss, which was, at his estimate, between six and seven thousand dollars. Many of the boys, while standing talking to him, and swearing that the perpetrators of the theft "ought to be shot," "hung," "cart-whipped," &c., had on the sutler's shirts, socks, drawers, boots, caps, vests, paper collars, neck-ties, gloves, &c., and one man had the impudence to stand in front of him eating pickles taken out of one of his glass jars, and holding an orange that belonged to the sutler in one of his hands. It must not be thought that *all* the men in the regiment were guilty, for such were not the case; it was only a portion of them that was implicated in such villanous acts, and that portion was bound to "clean a sutler out" at every opportunity.

About the same time a sutler pitched his tent in

an open space some two hundred or three hundred yards in the rear of Gen. Ferrero's quarters; being attached to no particular regiment he could not claim the protection of any U. S. officers, and therefore was an independent concern, and carried on his business altogether on his own responsibility and risk. The boys of the different regiments had "spotted" the man, and were only waiting for him "to get in a good supply" ere they would "rally on him." After waiting patiently for a long time the "large supply" at last came. About 10 o'clock at night the 21st Mass. ran along the color line of the 51st P. V. and 51st N. Y., yelling, like so many demons, "Fall in 51st Penna.! fall in! rally on the sutler!" and in a few moments the evil disposed ones of the three regiments were on their way at a double-quick to the tent of the unfortunate trader. He had shut up for the night and retired to rest, but not to sleep. Soon he found his tent coming down all around him, for the boys had cut all the ropes. By this time some eight hundred or nine hundred men from the various regiments had assembled, and the plundering became general. Only a few minutes sufficed to "clean him out," and the majority of them got little or nothing; being disappointed they set his tent on fire. He then ran through the mob brandishing a couple of revolvers, threatening to shoot them if they didn't disperse, but as they would not, he fired several shots, wounding one of the 21st Mass. in the leg; this so exasperated the men that he had to flee for his life, and sought shelter in Gen. Ferrero's tent. The general took him under his protection and dispersed the men to their quarters, but ere the men all got

there Ferrero had dispatched an orderly to all the colonels of his brigade with orders to immediately form their regiments on their respective color lines and have the rolls called, and all absentees to be reported to him in the morning. It was now midnight and the order was rigidly carried out, but the culprits had all got to their quarters in time to answer to their names, and the guilty ones were never found out. The loss of this sutler was between two thousand and three thousand dollars. He gathered up the remnant of the ruins and left for parts unknown.

On Friday, the 2d of January, 1863, Chaplain Mallory received a large box from the "ladies of the Lutheran Church of Norristown" filled with fine cakes, bread, &c., also a barrel of splendid apples and onions; the articles were divided into five equal parts and distributed to the five companies from Montgomery county, Pa. An extract from a private letter gives an idea how gladly the gift was received, it says:

"The things were shared out to the five companies from Norristown, each company's portion again shared out to the men, and it gave them such a feast as none, or at least very few of us, have seen since the day that we left our own little tables at home, and you may be sure we enjoyed the eatables with many a fervent 'God bless the ladies for their kind consideration for us here.'"

At the same time a large number of boxes that had been sent from home by "Adams' Express" during the summer and autumn of 1862 arrived, but their contents were all spoiled, excepting such things as tobacco, segars, and liquors, the remain-

der were worthless; but it was only in accordance with all the other boxes expressed to the regiment by that "reliable concern," as they would take all the boxes offered, even when they knew the men would never get them, or at least until their contents were damaged.

Nothing more of interest occurred since the late battle than what has been already related, excepting the death of Q. M. Serg. William Jones, who committed suicide by shooting himself on the night after the regiment had returned from Fredericksburg. He had been in a depressed state of feeling for several days previous to his committing the act, acting very strangely during the absence of the regiment, but none that were left back in camp ever suspected that he contemplated taking his own life. He was buried in the rear of the hospital tent, and a short time thereafter his remains were disinterred and sent to Norristown. Corp. Christopher Wykoff, of Co. F, was promoted to fill the vacancy created by his death.

Gen. Burnside was now making preparations for another attack on Lee at Fredericksburg, and the 51st P. V. received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, with three days' cooked rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition. A few days after the orders had been issued, it was found that the entire army was on the move, but after proceeding a short distance the great depth of the mud proved the movement to be impracticable. Wagons, artillery, caissons, and everything on wheels became so imbedded in the mire that horse or mule power was insufficient to move them, and everything "stuck fast in the mud" for two weeks afterwards.

The movement was finally abandoned, and the troops returned to their old quarters completely worn out with the fatigue of wading through the earthy mixture that appeared to be without any bottom, such was its great depth.

On the 26th day of January, 1863, Gen. Burnside, on leaving the army of the Potomac, took leave also of the 9th Corps at the same time; when it came under Gen. Sedgewick. After Gen. Burnside was ordered west to the department of the Ohio, he requested that his old corps be transferred to his new command; and two divisions were ordered to report to him, but the 3d Division was left at Newport News.

Reviews now began to be the order of the day, and every few days the 51st P. V. was out for that duty; but on the 7th day of February, 1863, orders were issued to the 51st P. V. to cook three days' rations and prepare to move on the following day.

On Tuesday morning, February 9th, the regiment struck tents and marched to the depot and embarked on the cars for Aquia creek, where it arrived in the afternoon. It then embarked on board of a transport, and arrived at Newport News on February 11th, going into camp near its former camping ground, where it lay until the 26th of March, 1863.

Nothing of especial interest occurred at this camp; the regular routine of duty, such as drills, parades, reviews, guarding, &c., was attended to as formerly. Gen. Ferrero and a select company of officers had a ball on one of the government boats, which was attended by a few of the officers of the 51st P. V.

On the morning of the 25th March, Col. Hartranft again left for his home on a leave of absence.

While lying here the recruiting officers and men who went home in August, 1862, from Fredericksburg to recruit, arrived about the 1st of March, after being absent seven months.

The weather here was very fine, and the officers and men enjoyed themselves much in the innocent games of cricket and base-ball.

On the morning of Thursday, March 26th, 1863, at sunrise, the 51st P. V. struck tents and embarked on its tour to the far west, on board of the splendid steamboat Louisiana for Baltimore, where it arrived on Friday evening, the 27th. After unloading the baggage the regiment marched to the depot of the Northern Central Railroad, where it arrived at 11 o'clock at night; but as it could not get away before 1 o'clock of the morning of the 28th, the men took a stroll through the city. Everywhere they went they were treated with the utmost hospitality; owing to the fact that the boys all knew the 2d Maryland Regiment, which appeared to be a kind of a pet regiment of the Baltimoreans. Many of them got drunk and became riotous, but the charm of knowing the 2d Maryland, saved many of them from the lock-up; others not so fortunate brought up at Fort McHenry, as deserters, &c., and did not get released for a long time after the regiment arrived at its destination.

At 1 A. M., of the 28th, the cars were ready, and what there was left of the regiment embarked once more. About 10 A. M., it arrived at Little York, Pa., where the citizens had coffee ready made and gave them a good breakfast, but here, as in Baltimore, a few more got left behind, but succeeded in overtaking the regiment at Marysville,

above Harrisburg, by jumping on the express train. At sundown of the same day it arrived at Bridgeport, opposite Harrisburg, but it only remained here a few minutes; but in those few minutes a large number jumped off the train with the view of going home, and did not return until arrested as deserters or found that they would be if they did not rejoin their regiment as soon as possible.

At midnight the train arrived at Altoona, on the Pennsylvania Central road. Coffee and whiskey was served up here in abundance. After stopping there about an hour the train again started for Pittsburg, where it arrived after crossing the Alleghany mountains, on Sunday morning, March the 29th, at daylight. Here the regiment was treated to a handsome collation in the City Hall, by the citizens. The regiment was received in a spirited speech by Maj. McCook, a brother of the heroic family of McCooks. After the collation was over the citizens separately took the soldiers under their charge, and long before night a large number of them were "laid up on the platform of the car depot," being too *feeble* to support themselves on their legs.

Although whiskey flowed as freely as water, and a large number became very drunk, yet all behaved themselves with propriety and decorum. The officers allowed the men free scope as long as they behaved themselves properly, and very few of them gave their officers any trouble.

It was 8 P. M., of Sunday, before the regiment could get away from Pittsburg, but at that time cars for Cincinnati arrived, and the regiment left for Columbus, Ohio, where it arrived at 3 o'clock P. M., of Monday, the 30th. The citizens of this beautiful

city furnished the men with a sumptuous feast of coffee, cakes, boiled eggs, ham, bread and butter, and other things, to satisfy the inner man. Everything passed off very harmoniously until within a few minutes of the time for starting, when a few of the men of the 51st P. V., 21st Mass., and the 51st N. Y. wished to take a stroll through the city, for a few minutes, to see it, but they had only proceeded a few yards when they were halted by the provost-guards of that city, and were not allowed to proceed any farther, as they had no pass; but the men seized the guns of the guards and threw them over a brick wall into a private yard, and as they were equal a fight took place, and the guards were getting the worst of it when another squad of guards came to their assistance and fired on the visiting men, killing one of Co. A's men and wounding three of the 21st Mass. The men now rushed frantically to the cars to get their muskets, with a full determination of wreaking vengeance on their assailants, but the officers' coolness in the matter prevented them from getting their guns and also prevented what was in a fair way of becoming a terrible riot. As it was, the officers had considerable difficulty in getting the men to leave the ground and get on the cars, not, however, until several of the guards had been knocked down by stones and bricks that were hurled at them by the exasperated men. The lieutenant in charge of the guards had formed his men in line of battle on the sidewalk facing the railroad, and as the stones and other missiles were hurled at them they would raise up their guns to fire; the lieutenant would run along the line and knock up the muzzles and beg them for "God's sake, don't fire;" though that was just what

our boys wanted them to do, for then they would have disregarded all their officers' commands and entreaties, and seizing their guns would have annihilated the whole provost guards force. Col. Clark, of the 21st Mass., now took the whole matter in hand and promised the lieutenant of the guards that he should hear from him again. Capt. Joseph K. Bolton took an active part in trying to quell the disturbance, so that he could investigate the manner and cause of the death of the member of his company, but the whistle of the train blew for "all aboard" before the true state of the case could be found out, and he was forced to forego his humane intentions.

The men once more on the train it started while angry words were passing between the two conflicting parties. Had not the citizens interfered on behalf of the stranger regiments the riot would not have passed off as quickly as it did, but the citizens unanimously decided the guards to be the aggressors, and the boys did not wish to harm or destroy anything belonging to them, as they had been treated kindly by all excepting the guards, who were deficient in their duties, being raw recruits and presuming to exercise more power than they possessed.

CHAPTER II.

Cincinnati—Generous reception—Paris, Ky.—Mt. Sterling—
Winchester—Hickman's Bridge—Lancaster—Negro life and
peculiarities—Crab Orchard—Stanford—Correspondence.

THE regiment arrived in Cincinnati early on Tuesday morning, the 31st of March. Almost as soon as the regiment arrived at Cincinnati a committee of the citizens waited on Lieut. Col. Schall, tendering to him and his regiment a collation that was prepared for them at the Fifth street market. If the hospitalities of the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania were generous, those of the Queen city were trebly so, for, not satisfied with giving the troops a splendid breakfast, the citizens took the men into their private dwellings and emptied their haversacks of the hard-tack and pork, and filled them with roast turkeys, chickens, ducks, beef, cakes, pies, bread and butter, oranges, lemons, apples, preserves, and in fact everything that they thought a soldier could possibly wish for. The canteens were filled with brandies, wines, milk, nectar, and all other kind of drinks at hand. Money in no small amounts was slipped into their hands, and after all had been done to please the men they begged of the soldiers only to mention something else that they wanted; but where so much was given it was hard to think of anything else that was needed; and the regiment left the city never to forget its kindness, nor should it ever be forgotten by any man of the 51st P. V.

After leaving the market the regiment marched through the city and halted in front of the Burnet

House, where Gen. Burnside had his headquarters; the hero came out on the balcony and made an appropriate speech to the men, after which the regiment marched to the ferry and crossed the Ohio river to Covington, Ky. Late in the evening they embarked on the cars of the Kentucky Central Railroad for Paris, Ky., where it arrived early in the morning of the 1st of April, 1863.

The regiment encamped on the fair grounds about half a mile from the town, and during that night was done some sound sleeping, as neither officers nor men had had one hour's sleep since the night of the 25th of March, before they left Newport News, Va., and if a regiment ever was grateful for an hour's rest from the fatigues of so long a march, attended with so much excitement, the 51st P. V. was for this, their first sleep for a whole week. The next day was spent in fixing up the camp, and resting from their long journey. At night a large number of officers and men visited the town of Paris as, also, did a number of the 48th P. V. They were not long in the town when Capt. Nicholas, of Co. B. was assailed by some Kentucky secesh scoundrels, and somewhat of a riot was about to break out, when the officers of the 48th P. V. not understanding the cause of the quarrel, "pitched in" and Nicholas came off second best, with a swelled eye or two, but the mistake was discovered in time and order was soon restored; the spunky little captain having been determined to allow none of the chivalry to advocate secession within his hearing.

On Saturday, April 4th, at daylight, the 51st P. V. struck tents and left Paris for Mount Sterling, Montgomery county, Ky., where it arrived late at night and completely worn out with fatigue, having

marched twenty-three miles in a blinding snow storm, and over a hard turnpike road. Towards noon it became evident to Col. Schall that if some way to get the men's knapsacks hauled was not adopted his regiment could not reach its destination that night, he therefore issued orders to the men to press into service any teams that could be found on the line of march. It was not long before the boys found teams enough to haul everything that was cumbersome to carry, and by that means the regiment reached Mt. Sterling at 8½ P. M., and bivouacked close to the road for the night. Soon after the men had lain down to sleep an order came in for thirty of them to be detailed for picket. It was amusing to hear the orderly sergeants calling off the names of those whose turn came for duty, not more than one out of a dozen would answer, and yet the sergeants knew the men were there, but it was so dark that they could not find them; after calling the entire roll they began to pull the blankets down from the men's heads, and peep into their faces until they found the right ones, then some swearing would be done, all kinds of excuses framed, "sickness," "sore feet," "too tired," "not my turn," &c, but the sergeants were inexorable and out they had to go cold and wet, tired and hungry.

Next morning the regiment passed through the town and went into camp about one mile from it. In passing through the town a few families who were undoubtedly loyal, welcomed the 51st P. V. with tearful eyes, and expressing their gratitude in catching the men by their hands and giving them a hearty shake, adding at the same time, "We are so glad to see you, my dear friends," and such like expressions. Their tales of sorrow and of all their sufferings at

the hands of the rebel guerrillas were hurriedly told, and they were too happy in seeing some sign of protection afforded them, but alas! it was only of short duration, for in a few days all the Union troops were withdrawn from that neighborhood, and the guerrillas came pouncing on them the very first night after our departure, and plundered them of everything movable, taking every horse belonging to citizens who were in the least tainted with loyalty.

On Sunday morning, the 5th, the pickets came in with five guerillas they had taken during the night; on the Tuesday following they captured seven more.

One feature in social life among the Kentuckians was noticed by the Northern soldiers, viz., that the women did all their journeying on horseback; if they had only a fourth of a mile to go it must be done on a horse, even children would go on horseback, and frequently as many as three little ones who were scarcely able to walk, would be seen sitting astride of a single horse going to school; after getting there the horse would be turned loose to graze until school was dismissed, then the little fellows would, by the help of the larger ones, remount and ride home in perfect safety.

While lying at Mt. Sterling, Capt. J. Merrill Linn was made Provost Marshal of the town, and company H was detailed for provost guards.

On the 7th Col. Hartranft arrived from his home; also several other officers who had been absent through wounds or sickness. At the same time was brought a splendid sword for Capt. G. W. Bisbing of Co. I, a present from his friends in Upper Merion in consideration of his bravery, and to replace the one broken at Antietam by a fragment of an ex-

ploded shell. While at this camp the paymaster visited it and gave them, on the 14th, four months' pay. The men now having plenty of money, and luxuries very cheap, they lived like princes. Eggs were 10 cents per dozen; flour, \$4.50 to \$5 per bbl.; chickens, \$1.50 per dozen; largest size turkeys, 40 cents; maple sugar, 10 cents per cake of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; large pies, 10 cents apiece, and everything else in proportion. But it was not long before the citizens got Yankeeized and raised the prices to 50 cents per dozen for eggs, and all other articles at the same rate, they becoming Yankeeized in a very short time.

The regiment left Mt. Sterling on the 17th for Winchester, Ky., at 1.30 A. M. At 8 A. M. it halted for breakfast, and after partaking of a hearty meal it proceeded on its march to Winchester, where it arrived at sundown, making the march of thirty-two miles in one day; but one-half of the men were left along the road, unable to get on any farther, from fatigue and being overloaded with heavy knapsacks. After getting in camp about two miles from the town, two companies, C and H, under Capt. Allebaugh, were detailed for Provost Guard duty at the latter place. Co. I was detailed to take charge of the ferry at Boonesboro on the Kentucky river, ten miles from Winchester.

On the 14th of April Capt. E. Schall, of Co. D, resigned his commission and left for home. His company escorted him into town, and presented him at another time with a splendid gold medal, inscribed on it, "Presented to Capt. Edward Schall by the members of Co. D, 51st Regt. Pa. Vols., as a token of their love and confidence. Stanford, Ky., May 28, 1863. Roanoke, Newbern, Camden, Bull Run, Chantilly,

South Mountain, Antietam, Sulphur Springs, Frederickburg." He bade them all an affectionate farewell, and parted from his men with a heart too full for utterance. He was beloved by the whole regiment, and his departure drew tears from many a stout heart in other companies besides his own.

On the 1st of May, 1863, the different companies that were away on special duty returned to camp near Winchester, and prepared to leave, which it did on the 4th, for Lancaster, Ky., where it arrived on the 9th of May.

On the night of the first day's march it encamped in one of the heaviest rains that ever fell in Kentucky. The ground was under water most of the night to the depth of four or five inches; but in fact this march was altogether in a rain, for it was a continuous one for eight days and nights. On the night of the third day's march the regiment encamped on a farm owned by a most violent "secesh." The boys had found a case of guns buried on his place not far from his house. He denied knowing anything about them, but his colored men declared that he and his sons buried the guns on the approach of the regiment. For this piece of *loyalty* the boys were not in the least sparing of his fences. This place is near Lexington.

The fourth day's march put the regiment across Hickman's Bridge, over the Kentucky river. It went into camp about one mile beyond, on a rocky hill a short distance from the turnpike.

The rain and darkness of this night baffles description. Shelter tents were of very little use, if any, as a protection, for the heavy drops beat through the tent cloth as if it was a collander, and the men

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got up in the morning as wet as when they lay down. The wagon train belonging to the brigade, which was intended to accompany the regiment, did not get into park until late at night. Next day the regiment did not start until 8 A. M.; passing through Lancaster, Ky, it halted for a long rest about one mile to the left of the town, on the road to Lovetts, a small town eight miles distant. This was to be the end of the march, but Col. Schall received orders to proceed to Lovetts at once, and the regiment pushed on and reached the designated place at 5 P. M. of Saturday, May 9th. While lying here a large batch of furloughs came in, but were only signed for ten days, though twenty days were asked for. The twenty days had received Col. Schall's signature, Col. Hartranft's and Gen. Sturgis's, but when they reached Gen. O. B. Wilcox he cut them down to ten days. The anger of the furloughed men knew no bounds, and some refused to receive their furloughs for so short a time, as it would take nearly the ten days to get home and return. Those who did go did not return until the 18th day.

On Sunday morning, the 10th, orders came in before daylight for the regiment to return immediately to Lancaster, and by sunrise the column was on its way there, where it arrived at 11 A. M. and encamped.

On the 14th orders were issued to be ready to move at a moment's notice, with three days' cooked rations and sixty rounds of ammunition to each man, to proceed to Somerset, Ky., to head off Morgan in his contemplated raid on either Louisville or Lexington.

On Monday, the 18th, the regiment moved camp to a more eligible location, but scarcely had the last

tent been pinned down than the order to be ready to move, &c., was renewed, but like the original one it did not take the regiment off. The men kept in good spirits, and hoped that the order would be countermanded, as both officers and men enjoyed themselves hugely by playing at base ball in day-time between drill hours and at night by the performance of genuine negro minstrels, who were the field hands belonging to the neighboring plantations. Their mode of performing and style of dress was certainly very interesting. Ten or twelve would form a circle in one of the company streets and the oldest negro of the party would seat himself on a cracker box in the centre of the circle, armed with a violin, banjo, guitar or tamborine, and direct affairs to suit his own original notions, which would generally be of a most ludicrous character. He would compose the greater part of his melodies as he sung them, and accompany himself on whatever instrument he had with him. But his songs were of a childish nonsense, meaningless, and his companions would set up a howl for a chorus that was truly laughable. Sometimes they sang songs of what might be properly called serio-comico-patriotic, of which a verse or two will give an idea:

“Ingin rubber overcoat,
Gum elastic shoes,
John Morgan on the telegraph,
Trying to read the news.
“Fare you well ! fare you well !
Hippa loo ! hippa loo di doodle doo.

“Jeff Davis built a breastwork,
And built it out of trash,
'Long come de Lincomnites
And knocked it all to smash.
CHORUS—“Hippa loo, &c.”

The above is a fair sample of their favorite songs. How many verses it contains would be hard to say, for they could sing it for an hour and not repeat a verse; nor would they be done the song then, but would cease singing simply because they tired of it. Their dancing was truly wonderful, surpassing anything ever exhibited by Carncross & Dixey or any "pale-faced" Ethiopian band of minstrels. The men of the 51st would erect a platform of boards for a dancing stage, and after a long consultation among the dancers two or four would be selected as the champions. Divesting themselves of nearly all their clothing they would "go down to it" with a hearty will, and dance their "break-downs" for an hour, and only quit because one of their number would put in an "extra step" against which some one would remonstrate. As for quitting through fatigue or heat it was absurd to think of it, for they took so much pride in dancing that they would sooner drop or die than to give it up for so trifling a cause as fatigue!

But the most amusing thing was to see them open their eyes and mouths when one of the regiment sang for their entertainment the "Lincum Gumboats," which, at its conclusion, they pronounced "one ob de berry best songs that was eber sung in old Kaintuck."

This amusement continued nightly while the regiment lay in camp near Lancaster. An extract from a private letter gives an idea of how the boys appreciated it, viz.: "I wish you were here in our camp at nights, for we have the true Simon-pure "Kentucky Minstrels" performing nightly. Generally, eight or ten of the plantation darkeys in their gro-

tesque dress, and with their violins, tambos, banjos and guitars. They sing their melodies and dance for us from sundown till midnight, and it *is* dancing too, for what negro is down here that can't dance?"

It was here at this camp that the regiment had a correspondent who wrote regularly once a week to a newspaper published in Norristown, Pa., "*The National Defender*," of which Col. Edwin Schall was the proprietor, giving the doings of the regiment from the writing of one letter to that of another, up to the time of Col. Schall's death, when the paper fell into other hands, and the intercourse was transferred to the "*Herald and Republican*." Casual letters from the regiment appeared in another paper, the "*Independent*," but any and all of the correspondence was highly appreciated at home on account of neglect in the men to write to their friends and their homes.

One letter by a correspondent in the regiment to a Lewisburg paper came very near creating a melee between the 51st P. V. and the 9th New York, (Hawkin's Zouaves) this correspondent stating that the 9th New York was lying behind the hospital like "shysters," while the 51st did the fighting for them.

How true the accusation was, it is impossible to say, but it was reported that while the 51st was in the said battle, one or two knapsacks belonging to the men were robbed, but by whom it is hard to say. It surely could not have been done by the Zouaves, for they went into the fight shortly after the 51st opened the battle. The robbery was more likely to have been committed, if any were robbed, by a few stragglers and shirkers who congregated

around the hospital as soon as the enemy fired their first solid shot.

On Saturday, the 25th, the orders previously issued to be ready to move, were carried out; the regiment left the camp near Lancaster, Ky., ostensibly with the view to reinforce our troops at Cumberland Gap; but, after marching nine miles, it was halted by a courier, who brought in word that we were not wanted out there, as our army had defeated the enemy, and were in possession of the Gap. The regiment went into camp within a short distance of a small village called Crab Orchard. This short march of nine miles was a most trying one; the heat was intense, the turnpike dry, the clouds of dust were so dense that a man could not distinguish his file-leader, and suffocation seemed inevitable; no water to be had; springs and creeks were all dried up along the whole route. The suffering for water was beyond describing. So great was the thirst of some of the men, that they left the ranks, and wandered four to six miles in search of water, but obtained none until noon.

On Sunday morning, the 26th, the regiment received orders again to push on to the Gap; but just as the regiment was moving in column, the order was countermanded, and it moved across the turnpike, and again pitched its tents, fully expecting to stay there at least a week; but no, for early on Monday morning, orders came again to push forward with alacrity, which it did, but only for a few miles, when the regiment again halted, and again went into camp about one mile beyond Crab Orchard, and was informed that it would lie there for three or four days; but, at 4 P. M., orders were issued to

again be ready to leave at 7 o'clock in the evening for a night's march to Stanford. Morgan was threatening a raid on that town, and hence the move. At 7 P. M. the regiment started. Lieut. M. R. Supplee and Lieut. Wm. F. Campbell had command of the rear-guard, and arrived at Stanford a little before daybreak. This march was accomplished with very little fatigue. The night was clear and cool; the moon shed its bright, silver-like rays; water was everywhere plenty, and of an excellent quality. The rations while in this part of Kentucky were very meagre, and of an inferior quality; the meat was smoked flitch, which would have been acceptable had it been sweet; but it was unfit to eat, being so very rancid that none of the men would keep it either in their tents or haversacks. But better rations were promised in the future, as Crab Orchard was to be made the commissary post for the Tennessee army.

On the 27th of May, the officers and men who had received a ten days' leave of absence and furloughs, returned to the regiment, being absent eighteen days instead of ten. As each one returned, his arrival was hailed with interest and delight, for all were bearers of some little nicety from home to the absent ones. Even the few days that those soldiers were home was sufficient to change their complexion from a swarthy brown to nearly white, and the men in the regiment, for the first time, began to find out that they were nearly black from sunburn and exposure. But such was the fact, that the whitest of them was darker than the darkest mulatto. One thing at this camp made it very acceptable to all the troops encamped at this post, and that was the op-

portunity of buying newspapers only one day old. The line of communication from Covington, Ky., and Cincinnati, O., was now uninterrupted to this place, and the Cincinnati dailies found their way to the 51st's camp, and sold readily at ten cents per copy. But the mails from the North and East were very irregular and uncertain, and the facilities for conveying the mails from Nicholasville (the terminus of the Kentucky Central Railroad) to this place, a distance of only thirty-six miles, were not of the first order. Stages ran from here to Nicholasville twice a week, but were not trusted to carry the mail, as that was only done by the military authorities; but it was a great convenience to the soldiers going and returning on furloughs. The fare was highly exorbitant, being \$2.50 for the thirty-six miles. The mails from the army were quite as irregular, if judged by a paragraph copied from the "*National Defender*," of June 23d, 1863, a paper published in Norristown, Pa., in which it says:

"The latest intelligence we have from the 51st regiment is that they are stationed at Memphis in Tennessee. This place is said to be three hundred and ninety miles from Vicksburg, where Grant is at work. It was reported that the regiment had gone there, but such were not the facts at the latest dates. An engine boiler blew up as they were going down, but none of the men of the 51st were injured, although three men of other regiments were reported killed by the accident."

The mails must have been sadly out of order if the above was the "latest intelligence." The regiment never was stationed at Memphis. It lay over for a few hours at that place while on its way to Vicks-

burg, and no doubt the "latest" had its origin from that fact. There were delays in the mails for the "*Defender's*" correspondent. "T. H. P." dated his communication from Cairo, Ill., June 8th, and it did not appear in the printed form till July 21st, 1863. This letter gives a detailed account of the doings of the regiment from June 1st, 1863, up to the writing of it, as given below :

ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO RIVER,
CAIRO, ILLINOIS, *June 8th*, 1863.

HAVING a few moments to spare, while we are waiting for transportation from this, I will tell you what the 51st P. V. has been doing since I last wrote you. On Monday afternoon, 1st inst., while on dress parade, it was announced to the regiment that Q. M. Serg't Samuel P. Stephens had received a first lieutenant's commission from Gov. Curtin, and was thereby promoted to regimental quarter-master of the 51st. In this promotion there was considerable sagacity displayed by our Union loving governor, for no man knows the duties better of that important and highly responsible post than the present incumbent. He has proven himself a faithful officer in the nearly two years of his connection with that Department. It was also announced at the same time and place that all officers' baggage was to be reduced to thirty pounds to each officer ; and that the enlisted men were to pack up all surplus clothing on the next day in boxes to be sent to Hickman's Bridge, on the Kentucky river, they only to reserve a change of underclothing ; and we were further ordered to carry three days' rations in our haversacks and *five* in our knapsacks. On Tuesday, 2d inst., early in the forenoon, the camp was alive with "hurry and bustle," being a busy day for both officers and men in packing and sending off all surplus baggage, as per order, and also of the sending to Lexington of forty-eight rebel prisoners who had been captured by our forces near Cumberland Gap. While the boys were busy boxing up their goods, a few that were idle for the time being, started off on a raccoon hunt. They had been gone but a few minutes, when we were surprised to see them coming into camp with a "coon" of the largest size, which they

had succeeded in capturing by treeing it and then cutting down the tree. The "coon" ran out of the hollow in which it had its nest, and it and the boys had a severe but bloodless battle, in which the "coon" came out second best, and unconditionally surrendered to its *overwhelming foe*. It was borne into camp by its captors, and afforded no little amusement to a large number of the brigade.

While at Stanford, Kentucky, the boys employed their spare time in an ingenious way, making finger rings, crosses, shields, figures, etc., out of cannel coal, which is found in large quantities in Kentucky. Some specimens of their art shown to me were finished off in the finest style of the jeweller's art, and in fact would reflect the highest credit on those skilled in the profession.

Brig.-Gen. Ferrero returned to the 2d brigade after an absence of six weeks. He was received by the brigade with loud cheers. He relieves Col. Hartranft of the command of the division, and the colonel thereby takes command of the brigade.

On the 3d inst., the 11th N. H. and the 35th Mass. struck tents and took up the line of march just at sundown for Lexington depot. A few minutes after they had left, the 51st received orders to be ready to leave Stanford next morning at daylight for Nicholasville, Kentucky. On the 4th, as per order, we were ready to leave, and at six o'clock A. M. we formed line and left that beautiful camp for — ; well, I will tell you after we get to our destination. We reached "Camp Dick Robinson," distant from Stanford seventeen miles, about 4 o'clock, P. M., considerably fatigued and a good many sore feet, where we pitched our tents for the evening. Lieut.-Col. Schall received orders for him to report that night at Nicholasville, but the orders could not be complied with, as we were too near "played out." We found the 8th East Tenn. encamped at this old camping ground, and they witnessed our dress parade of that evening with evident satisfaction. The country between Stanford and Lancaster is not of as high a character as between Lancaster and Covington, but in buildings of all kinds it compares well with any part of Kentucky that we have been in. There are some private residences through that section that are truly magnificent, and had I time to make special notice of any of them I would do so.

On Friday morning, the 5th inst., at two o'clock, reveille was beat, and we left Camp Dick Robinson for Nicholasville.

distant fifteen miles. We crossed Kentucky river at Hickman's Bridge at sunrise, being half way of our journey on foot for that day. At this point on the Kentucky river is some truly romantic scenery. On either side are rocks of limestone and bastard marble of an altitude of two hundred to three hundred feet. High peaks, bluffs, cliffs and yawning abysses abound in this place. The Lexington pike winds round one of the lofty eminences, and at one point, about midway, the road runs close to a precipice of at least three hundred feet in height, with little or nothing to prevent a refractory horse from plunging headlong down this dizzy height.

But I must return to our march. We reached Nicholasville by 9½ o'clock A. M. No cars being in readiness for our transportation, we filed into a neighboring woods and took a sleep of two or three hours that we had been robbed of the night before. At 2 o'clock P. M. cars were in readiness for us, and we left Nicholasville for Lexington. We reached that beautiful city at 3 o'clock P. M. and left it for Covington at 4 o'clock P. M. the same day. When near Paris an accident occurred that came very near being the death of one of Co. B's boys, named Matthew Delaney. He, along with hundreds of others, who had been on the top of the cars enjoying the beautiful scenery of that most beautiful of all States, Kentucky, that so enchants a person, was in the act of changing his position, and being near the outer edge of the roof and the cars going at the highest rate of speed, causing them to sway to and fro, he lost his balance, and finding that he was likely to fall he attempted to save himself as much as possible by an effort to leap to the ground, and no doubt the forethought saved his life. He fell heavily to the ground, and, as the cars passed on, we all thought him dead; but we have since learned by those who arrived here to-day, who saw him yesterday, that he was very little harmed by the fall, and that he would be all right again in a day or two. We arrived at Covington about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th. We slept in the cars until daylight and then disembarked and marched through that city to the wharf on the Ohio, and then embarked on the steamboat Queen City and crossed over to Cincinnati. We took the cars of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad for Sandoval, Ill., where we arrived yesterday about 9½ o'clock A. M., changed cars for those of the Illinois Central Railroad, and proceeded to Cairo. We passed through the entire breadth of Indiana and arrived

at the town of Vincennes, on the line between Indiana and Illinois, about midnight, and there we were refreshed by a cup of good coffee and some bread. On Sunday, at the town of De Soto, Illinois, we were furnished with ample quantities of good coffee and fried beefsteaks and mutton chops. We arrived at Cairo at 10 o'clock P. M., Sunday the 7th, disembarked and slept on the platform of the depot. Early on Monday we marched about a mile above the city awaiting for transportation down the Mississippi river. More anon,

T. H. P.

Below we give a letter from another correspondent, "E. S.," (Col. E. Schall.)

NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., }
June 18th, 1863. }

We purpose at this time to give you a brief history of our "excursion" from Stanford, Kentucky, to this place. When in the early part of June orders were issued to the troops to reduce their baggage, and directing each soldier to carry sixty rounds of ammunition, and eight days' rations in haversack and knapsack, we little thought in a few days thereafter we would march to the rear. One and all looked for the order to "move on," which was to terminate in the deliverance of East Tennessee. However, on the 3d much bustle was noticed among the camps of the regiments near to us, and before dark all struck tents. We were much surprised by this movement. We did not know what to make of it, as the first and only intimation we had of a movement was the striking of tents. Then arose the question, "Will they go forward, and will we remain behind to garrison the post?" But no one could tell. However at dress parade the officers were instructed to be ready to move at an early hour in the morning; and soon afterward large fires sprung up all around, over which the soldiers cooked their three days' rations. Ere darkness had settled over us it was evident to all that our destination was to the rear, and not to the front as first supposed. Of course there was much speculation as to our movement. Some predicted we were going to Vicksburg, others that we were going to the rescue of Hooker, while as many more thought we were going to Western Virginia, and operate against Tennessee from that point. Every one believed he was right, and thus there

was a constant excitement on this subject. No doubt many as they sat in front of their little tents on this beautiful evening regretted the necessity which compelled them to forsake their beautiful camping ground and excellent water. But regrets were in vain, for necessity consults the comforts of no man. Early on the morning of the 4th we bade good-by to Stanford, and briskly moved toward Lexington. The day was quite warm, making marching far from pleasant. It was quite evident from the remarks of the citizens that they did not like this retrograde movement. They expected the State would certainly be again invaded by the rebels. Whether their fears were well grounded we are not able to say, for it is very seldom we receive a newspaper. As we passed through Lancaster, where we were formerly encamped, we found the town in possession of the young ladies, who were making preparations to give a concert in the evening for the benefit of the sick soldiers. We hope and believe they were properly encouraged in their noble work. A few miles beyond the town the regiment rested for several hours, after which it resumed the march, reaching Camp Dick Robinson at 4 o'clock. Here it was most of the Kentucky regiments were organized. An East Tennessee regiment was encamped here. While there, they had a dress parade, which was rather awkwardly conducted, for which, however, due allowance was to be made, for it was the first they had with arms. Our men being anxious to show these noble patriots how well an old regiment could perform, a dress parade was ordered; on which they looked with much surprise, thinking it almost impossible men could become so proficient in the exercise of the manual. Many, too, for the first time heard the strains of a brass band. It was to them, indeed, a rich treat. During the evening our men freely mingled among them, obtaining from them a history of their trials in East Tennessee. They are true patriots, and deserve the gratitude of every American for their devotion to the Union. The sacrifices made by our people are as nothing compared to those made by these exiles. At 3 o'clock the next morning we again moved forward. We passed the Kentucky river shortly after daybreak. A high bridge spans the river. The bluffs on the northern banks of the river rise to a great height. Around this bluff the road winds. At places it is quite narrow, with no railing to guard against a fractious horse from leaping over the dizzy height. At some points the

height is so great that it is fearful to look over. We will not stop to speak of the country—that has been done by other correspondents. We reached Nicholasville at about 10 o'clock, and were at once ordered to go on the cars waiting for us. However, at our arrival at the depot, we found they were not prepared for us. So we marched to a neighboring grove, and rested until 1 o'clock. We need not add the men were very much tired by the day's marching. The pike was hard and very dusty. At 1 o'clock the train was in readiness for us, and we at once took possession of it. We arrived at Lexington at 2, and remained here for several hours. We took the opportunity to visit the cemetery, which is near to the depot. We were much pleased with the monument to Henry Clay. It is built of native marble, which somewhat resembles granite. The yard is the most beautiful we ever saw, and those who have visited Laurel Hill say that it will not bear comparison with this. We left Lexington at 5 o'clock, and reached Covington at midnight. Near Paris a private of Co. B—Mat. Delany—fell off the cars, and was supposed to be killed. We learned, however, a few days after, that he was only slightly injured. We remained in the cars until near 6 o'clock, when we got off, formed regiment and moved to the Ohio river. Here we crossed in a ferry boat, and at once proceeded to the Ohio and Mississippi railroad depot, where we again got on the cars. We staid here long enough to get refreshments—not from the citizens—but such as our purses secured.

We moved off at ten o'clock. As we passed through the city there was the usual cheering and waving of flags and handkerchiefs. It seemed to be, too, a festive day for the young, for as we passed along the Ohio, we saw a large steamer crowded with gayly dressed misses and gents, who evidently intended to spend the day in one of the many beautiful groves along the river. As we passed them there was quite a lively waving of handkerchiefs. No doubt many of the soldiers wished, as they gazed on the gay party, that this wicked rebellion was crushed, so that they, too, could participate in these festive pleasures.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, we received coffee at Seymour, which proved quite refreshing. Again at midnight we had bread and coffee at Vincennes, Ill. It was very tiresome this night travelling, as the cars was most too much crowded for comfort.

At Sandoval, Illinois, where we arrived early on Sunday

morning, we changed cars. We here saw the car which the company had built for the use of the Prince of Wales while making his tour through the West. It was finely arranged inside—and must have been very gratifying to the Prince. After the change was completed, we left for Cairo, where we arrived at midnight. At Centralia the troops were supplied with refreshments, which proved very acceptable to all.

The troops disembarked at three o'clock A. M. and slept the remainder of the night on the platform of the depot. At eight o'clock the regiment moved up the banks of the river a short distance, and went into camp. Towards evening the Paymaster came round to pay us, but just as he was about to commence an order came for us to go immediately on board the steamer Hope. The regiment was at once formed and commenced to embark on the steamer. It proved to be a very fine boat, there being ample room for all. The officers were very polite and gentlemanly. We left at about six o'clock.

We will not stop to talk of the towns and plantations we passed. This has already been done. We arrived at Memphis on Wednesday morning. The day previous, we had been paid by Maj. McCook, the father of the many McCooks in the Army and Navy, who have so much distinguished themselves.

We laid at Memphis all day of Wednesday and Thursday. Many took the opportunity to visit it. It is really a very pretty city, and we were much pleased with its appearance. We met several former residents of Norristown. Among the number were Squire Weaver, Al. Lindsey, and Leidy and son. They are all doing business in this city.

We left early on Friday morning. Arrived at Helena at ten o'clock. Here quite a warm discussion arose between our troops and those of the west. Gen. Prentiss finally interfered. Instead, however, of ordering his own troops to be silent, he called upon the officers of our troops to order them to be silent.

We expected all along to be fired upon by one of the many bands of guerillas who prowl along the river, but we were never molested, though one of the boats a short distance behind us, was fired into.

We arrived at Sherman's Landing, in sight of Vicksburg, on Sunday morning at eight o'clock. We at once disembarked and went into camp near the landing. Near to us was the celebrated canal, of which so much has been written by newspaper correspondents.

In the evening orders came to move early in the morning. At four o'clock, we moved off. At an early hour we reached Carthage. No boat being there to convey us across the river, we stacked arms and were dismissed. This being the camping ground for the numerous negroes who came into our lines, there was sufficient to interest us while laying here.

A little before noon we crossed the Mississippi, landing at Warrenton. We were ordered to go into camp, which we did. But our stay was short, for scarcely had we erected our little shelters, ere orders came to go back. The troops immediately went on the transports, and in a short time we were once more in Carthage. Proceeding along the banks of the river, a short distance, we again went into camp; but at dusk we again received marching orders. The regiment was promptly formed, and we moved back to Sherman's Landing. Remained here all night, and next day went on board of one of the transports, and at night reached Haines Bluff on the Yazoo river. The following morning we disembarked, and marched to our present location, which is some three miles from the landing. We have thus hastily and very briefly alluded to our journey from Kentucky to Vicksburg.

E. S..

CHAPTER III.

Off for Vicksburg—The 8th Tennessee—Lexington—Covington—Cairo, Illinois—Big catfish—On the Mississippi—Correspondence from the regiment—Sherman's Landing—Mortar firing—Letters to the "*National Defender*,"—Description of the operations in the rear of Vicksburg.

ON the 4th June, 1863, the regiment left camp at Stanford, Ky., at 6 A. M., for Vicksburg, Miss., to reinforce Grant, and to assist in protecting his rear from the rebel Gen. Johnston, who was hovering around between the Big Black river and the lines of Gen. Grant, who had Pemberton invested within the

city limits of Vicksburg. The trip occupied ten days from Stanford to Sherman's Landing, La., where it arrived at 10 A. M., on Sunday, June 14th, 1863; but the *actual* time occupied in travel was eight days. The first day's march from Stanford was on a very hot day, and the regiment made about eighteen miles by 4 P. M., reaching and camping at Camp Dick Robinson, on the Lexington turnpike, about fifteen or sixteen miles from Nicholasville. The great heat of the day and long marching, with but little rest, and a good part of the day's work over the hard turnpike, found the men completely jaded out and foot sore. While preparing to put up a temporary camp for the night, the men of the 8th Tennessee regiment, who were encamped on the opposite side of the pike, waited on Lieut.-Col. Schall, and requested him to have a dress parade for their benefit, as they had never seen a regiment drill or on "parade." Lieut.-Col. S. replied that he "would willingly do so if his men were in a fit condition to appear, but they are 'played out,' foot sore, and their clothing, arms, and accoutrements are not in a fit condition; and, my friends, I can't find it in my heart to order a dress parade, but I will see what they say." He did see what they would say, for in ten minutes after, the regiment was on the color line. Tired out as every one was, it was not expected to be in strict accordance with military discipline; but the men actually revered their Lieut.-Colonel, and their whole heart was in their drill to make as creditable display as possible. After the parade was over, the Lieut.-Colonel pronounced it equal, if not superior, to any dress parade he ever held. One thing sure, the splendid brass band accompanying

the regiment never performed better than on this occasion. The 8th Tennessee regiment witnessed the dress parade with evident satisfaction as an exhibition, but as an example to them they became discouraged, for, as they expressed themselves, it was showing to them how to do what was an impossibility to them, as they could never handle a gun in that prompt way; but Lieut.-Col. S. encouraged them to "try, try again! and in time they would be as proficient in arms as was the 51st P. V., as his men were as 'green as they' when first enlisted." The two regiments mingled very freely together until time to "turn in." The next morning the reveille was beat at 2 o'clock, and the regiment took up the line of march at precisely 3 o'clock, and reached Hickman's Bridge, on the Kentucky river, between daylight and sunrise, being full one-half of the day's march accomplished; by 9½ o'clock it had reached the end of its "route step march." The cars to convey the regiment were not in readiness to receive it, and the men, after stacking their arms in an inviting grove, laid themselves down to rest and sleep; but by noon they began to stir, and strolled into town to buy some knick-knacks for their comfort on their journey: pies, soft bread, cheese, and last, but not least, canteens full of "old Bourbon," were the articles most sought, especially the whiskey. At 1 P. M., the regiment embarked on the cars, and left for Lexington, where it arrived at 2 P. M., but, from some inexplicable cause, it did not get away from that beautiful city until 4 P. M.

While waiting at this place, the men scattered like a flock of scared sheep, rambling through the city and its suburbs, to see the sights and to lay in a fresh sup-

ply of "Bourbon." At 4 P. M. the whistle blew for "all aboard," and in five minutes after, the train went whizzing on its way, with every man on board, to the city of Covington, Ky., on the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati, where it arrived at 2 A. M. of the 6th of June, 1863. After waiting for daylight, the regiment crossed the river, and took the cars for Cairo, Ill., where it arrived on Sunday night, about 10 o'clock of the 7th of June. After sleeping on the platform of the depot that night, the regiment left early on Monday morning, to embark on a steamer for Vicksburg; but on arriving at the wharf, there were no pilots to be obtained. The regiment marched up the Ohio river about a mile from the city, made fires and a cup of coffee. Here the men saw, for the first time, the famous Mississippi catfish, but their money being scarce, they could not purchase the coveted delicacies. Some of the officers had compassion on their men, and purchased a few for their own companies. Among the benevolent was Capt. G. W. Bisbing, who supplied his company with several fish, of which the least weighed not less than twenty-five pounds, and all his company had a large ration.

A little before dark, a pilot was impressed into the service, and placed on the steamer Hope, and the regiment embarked for Vicksburg. From some cause, the steamer halted at Memphis, but the whole trip is so graphically described by the correspondent of the "*National Defender*," that it makes comment unnecessary. We give it below :

CAMP OF THE 51ST PENNA.,
NEAR SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS.,
June 18th, 1863.

Here we are, near the "jumping-off place," surrounded by cane brakes and all other kind of "breaks." We left Cairo, Ill., on the afternoon of the 8th instant, on board of the fine steamer Hope, for Memphis, Tenn. We travelled all night, and thereby missed a "peep" at Island No. Ten, which we passed a little before daylight, much to the regret of all on board. We stopped twice to take on wood, on the 9th, and had to lay over for the night on account of the Egyptian darkness that environed us. Our boat was made fast to a tree on the Arkansas shore, and then we put out a number of pickets for the safety of the boat and all on board. It rained all that night in torrents, and I must say that it rains the easiest of anything you ever saw. We have seen it rain when it was thought impossible to do so. We reached Memphis, Tenn., on the morning of the 10th.

Changing the subject, we were paid off on the day before and I am sorry to say that the Mississippi river and also the City of Memphis abounds with the "light-fingered gentry" technically called pickpockets, which our boys have discovered to their sorrow. Our regiment alone has been the loser of near a thousand dollars. Many of the boys had their pockets cut and the contents abstracted while making purchases in the city and would only find it out, when the villains had escaped with their booty, as they would go to pay for their purchases. Many of them lost their all. A large amount was put in the Adams Express Office to be forwarded home, and those who have been in the habit of receiving money from the regiment will know, if they are slighted this time, that the former senders of money are minus through the manly art of abstraction.

The City of Memphis is a splendid place, the streets are laid out with nice precision and run at right angles. There is an air of aristocracy in the appearance of many of the private residences, but all the large buildings are in military hands and are used mostly for hospital purposes. Provisions of all kinds are at high prices, cheese, 25 cts. per lb., eggs, 40 cts. per doz., dried beef, 25 cts. per lb., oranges, (small) 10 cts. per piece, and what is a five cent loaf of bread at home is $12\frac{1}{2}$ cts. or two loaves for a "quarter" as they sell here, cigars (sixes) 10 cts. per piece, chewing tobacco such as sold at home when we left for 5 cts. a plug is selling in that city at 25 to 30 cts. per plug,

sweet cakes such as we can get at home ten for a "fip" we can get here three for a quarter.

We left the City of Sharpers (Memphis) at daylight (on the steamer Commercial, which appeared to have no pick-pockets on as no one lost any money while on that boat) of the 12th. Durell's battery also was on the same boat. The pilot houses on all the boats have to be protected in some way from the guerillas who infest both shores of the river and fire on all boats that go up or down the stream when they can do so with safety to themselves. Most of the pilots are protected by pieces of iron boilers $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick and six or seven feet in height, of which—one piece forms a semi-circle and a piece is put on either side of the wheel, the pilot standing in the concave of the half boiler, making him pretty safe against bullets, but not from cannon shot. We were not molested in any way on our trip down, being escorted by several gunboats past the most dangerous points. All the towns on both shores from Memphis to Vicksburg have had to be burned or destroyed in some way, for they afforded shelter to the guerillas and gave them every opportunity to fire on the boats with impunity, the pilots being their targets. The Mississippi boats bear the marks of many well-directed cannon shot; some of them I noticed had as many as four shots through their pilot houses alone, and some have their wheel-houses terribly shattered.

We arrived at Sherman's Landing on Sunday morning and camped in the woods on the banks of the canal or famous "cut off" in front of Vicksburg. The mortar boats laying under cover of the high bank of the point in front of the beleaguered city, keep up an incessant fire both day and night, dropping a nine inch shell either in the city or the rebel entrenchments and no doubt with considerable effect. Grant's army forms a semi-circle or crescent far below, to the rear and above the city, from the shore at Warrenton to the Yazoo river. Gunboats lay below the city and fire a shot every few minutes. The city is plainly visible to the naked eye from Sherman's Landing, but with the aid of glasses objects moving in the streets can be discovered quite plainly.

On the morning of the 15th we marched to Carthage, Louisiana, and took the ferry-boat and crossed the river to Warrenton, on the Mississippi shore 8 miles below Vicksburg, but before another boat load could get over the order was countermanded and we had to re-cross and march back to Sherman's

Landing, which we reached by 9 o'clock that night. Next morning we went on board the steamer John H. Dickey and steamed it up the Yazoo river to Haines Bluff. While on our passage up the Yazoo we were visited with a most terrific hail-storm which lasted only a few minutes, however; some of the hail stones were the size of a pigeon egg and pelted all who were unfortunate enough to have to be on the hurricane deck, with unrelenting pity. A few minutes after the storm had ceased the boys descried a huge alligator laying like a log in the water, but the noise of the boat disturbed him and he buried himself in the "deep bosom" of the Yazoo river. I must not forget to tell you a fish story, even at the risk of it being condemned as rather fishy. Lieut. Jacob P. Brooks of Co. F. took his line and went down to the Mississippi river and got into a yawl and dropped his line in the water and much to his gratification he succeeded in hooking a catfish weighing 21 lbs., he baited his hook again and in less time than it takes me to tell it he got a "cattie" weighing 35 lbs., that being, as he thought, his share, he quit fishing and went into camp with his fishy prize to enjoy a fry. These fish were taken while at Sherman's Landing, and numbers of other fishermen had equally as good luck in catching fish but not such large ones.

We disembarked from the Dickey on the morning of the 17th and after getting a little breakfast we took up the line of march to these bluffs, and here we are now in camp enjoying a little rest after fourteen days and nights constant travelling.

We are here, as I learn, for the purpose of checking Joe Johnston from getting in the rear of Grant, while the siege continues, but from all that we can learn Pemberton cannot hold out much longer, for both the citizens and the rebel troops have to depend upon the Mississippi river for water, and when any one comes down to the river for water our mortars drop a shell about the size of a Yankee water bucket in their vicinity and they have to leave. Their mules and horses must be out of forage, for while we were down at Warrenton several mules floated past us that had either died of starvation or from our shells, and the rebs in the city have turned several hundreds of horses, mules and cattle loose which the 88th Illinois captured and have them in an enclosure. One of the 88th Ill., told me that last week he seen as many as a dozen dead mules floating down the river at one time.

The boys here are enjoying themselves in picking that de-



Wm. Bolton

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

licious fruit, the blackberry. I gathered a fine lot in a few minutes yesterday. Don't it make your mouth water? Just think of eating blackberries on the 17th of June. I must close my letter and begin to clean up my accoutrements, as there is to be a general inspection to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. More anon.

Yours, &c.

T. H. P.

CAMP OF 51ST PENNA.

SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS., *June 21st, 1863.*

On last Friday night, 19th inst., at about 11 o'clock, heavy cannonading commenced at Vicksburg between our forces and the rebels, which equalled the bombardment of Fredericksburg, Va., last December, in constant heavy thunder-like roar and length of hours. It continued incessantly until 10 o'clock of Saturday morning, the 20th. Our pickets plainly heard the musketry and the sharp shrill crack of the rifle. I have not been able to find out with certainty the cause, but have been informed that the rebels massed their troops and made a desperate effort to cut their way out through our lines and earth-works, in which they were unsuccessful, for they were driven back with considerable slaughter on their part and very little on ours.

It has been rumored through our camp that General Grant has obtained information, on reliable authority, that Pemberton has at least three months' provisions within the besieged city, and, therefore, the fall of that much-coveted city will be delayed for a long time, as starving out will be the proper *modus operandi* of achieving that great object.

I have been taking a stroll out through the country, and can say for this part of the State, that if a landed proprietor would offer me a farm, of any size, *gratis*, with a proviso that I would have to live on it (or rather starve on it) I should unhesitatingly decline his kind, or cruel, offer. Corn is out in tassel, and some is forward enough for boiling ears to be plucked; but how they manage to farm this land would puzzle a Pennsylvania farmer to tell, for a more rugged country cannot be found,—the face of the country is broken, and possesses nothing but ravines, gorges, hills, cliffs and bluffs of all altitudes—bluffs and cliffs overhanging deep gorges that sends a thrill of timidity through a person when standing on the verge looking down the dizzy

height. Most of these bluffs are covered with dense canebrakes, blackberry briars, and underbrush that affords harbor to the venomous reptiles, such as rattlesnakes, green and gray lizards, stingarees, &c., which are to be found in great numbers here, but are daily growing beautifully less, for the boys are continually killing them wherever they find them.

Col. Hartranft is again back in command of our regiment. On last Friday he had a general inspection of the regiment, in which could be seen the wide difference between the condition of arms, accoutrements, clothing and persons that had been exposed to all kinds of weather and inconvenience of travelling both day and night without shelter for two weeks, and the general inspection of yesterday. The inspection of yesterday was satisfactory, and proved that a few days in camp brings everything up to its original pristine brilliancy again.

Sanitary orders were issued yesterday from headquarters to all the regiments of the division for cautionary measures against that scourge of all sickness, the yellow fever; it warns us not to expose ourselves unnecessarily to the scorching rays of the sun in day time or to the damp and chilly night air; also, to use no water for drinking or culinary purposes other than that obtained from wells and springs, in which barrels or boxes must be sunk for the purpose of guarding them against any uncleanly matter finding its way into the water, which undoubtedly would be the case in the event of a rain, for the current of water which necessarily must flow down the deep gullies and ravines would wash or carry down in its "rushing career" the carcasses of dead mules and other filth that accumulates from one rain till another. We are recommended to bathe our persons at least twice a week.

A report is rife in camp to-day that the rebel Lee is in Pennsylvania, and within 20 miles of Harrisburg, with his horde of "bearded and beardless warriors." It causes no little excitement among the few Pennsylvania regiments that are here; but don't let them stay there; rout them out if there is any truth in the report; the majority here believe it, some few don't, and I am with that few. If he is there, I think he will be apt to find that he is bearding the lion in his den.

The weather here at present is very dry, and extremely hot in the daytime, but quite chilly at night. The health of our regiment is good. We are encamped on the bluffs about nine miles above Vicksburg. Although not in a desirable location,

yet it is far more convenient than many other regiments have, for we have water at the foot of the hills, while the other regiments have to haul their water from our camp spring, which is certainly one of the finest flows of water in this part of this district.

The boys continue to gather daily large quantities of blackberries, and also a fruit resembling very close what we call at home mountain cherries, but in flavor they are vastly superior, being just sweet enough when fully ripe to be pronounced excellent.

Here are now nearly three weeks since a mail has blessed the eyes of the regiment. What is the matter? Lee has not certainly torn up the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, has he? We are becoming very impatient for a mail; and if none comes, there will be no need for us to write home any more, for you folks will have to share the misfortune with us. I have just been told by a gentleman, who just came down the Mississippi river, that it is almost impossible for a boat to get either up or down the river on account of the numerous guerilla bands that infest both shores. If that is the case, it may in some measure be a cause of delay in the non-receipt of our mails.

This is the greatest country that we have been in, yet for insects of all descriptions. Here is where you can find your fine, plump mosquitoes, sand-flies, beetles, bugs, ants, worms of all kinds, ticks, and in fact anything in the insect line that you want for the formation of a cabinet of nature's tiniest works. Nature has slighted this State in the more substantial and necessary means of subsistence, and seems to have been most profuse in bestowing her gifts to that State of all States, Kentucky. Art, however, has done more for Indiana and Illinois, as far as can be judged by a hasty ride through those States, than any other State, apart from Pennsylvania, that I have been in, in north, south, east or west. In Indiana the well cultivated vineyards indicate the thrift of her population, and the, I might say, heavenly appearance of their beautiful but small white cottages as they stand out in bold relief on either side of the Ohio and Mississippi Central Railroad, indicate a refinement of taste that poets or painters might puzzle their fertile imaginations to equal, so dazzling and enchanting is the picture to be seen along that route. Illinois is not behind her sister State, Indiana, in her artificial beauty, for there too stands those beautiful white cottages that so enchant a traveller

and almost makes him think that he certainly is in *dreamland*, and the scenes before him are the works of fairies, and not of mortals like himself. There, too, stand beautiful towns scattered over the widespread prairies, looking at a distance like towns built by the same fairy-like hand out of the pure and unpolluted snow, so white and neat are they in their appearance, and wearing an air of hospitality and welcome about them that baffles description. More anon.

T. H. P.

CAMP OF THE 51st P. V., SNYDER'S BLUFFS,
MILLDALE, MISS., *June 29th.*

Just as I was about beginning this week's correspondence, we got marching orders, and in consequence of the move I am a little late in the transmission of my weekly epistle. Since writing my last I've had a stroll of a few miles into the bowels of Mississippi, and a more rugged and poverty stricken State, it would be difficult to find.

On Monday, the 22d inst., the 9th Army Corps began, for the first time in its history, to entrench itself against an attack from the enemy, the 51st performing a goodly share of the work in digging rifle pits and felling trees, so as to give our batteries a clear scope of country for the use of their engines of death. The breastworks extend for a number of miles protecting Grant's rear from any attempt on Johnston's part to harass the besieging forces. Heavy cannonading began a little before dark on the 23d, and continued all that night and throughout the next day, notwithstanding a heavy rain was falling nearly the whole time. On the 25th the cannonading was resumed with still more vigor on the doomed city, but since then only occasional shots from the mortars and heavy guns are heard.

Blackberries continue in great abundance and the troops gather large quantities of them. We are to enjoy the blessing of fresh baked bread in a few days. Our regiment have already begun the construction of an oven for that purpose, and it will be eagerly sought after by the boys, for they are, beyond a doubt, very tired of masticating those hard crackers, that have been used by them for so long a time.

As I said above, that as we had marching orders I am a little late with *this*, and must necessarily be very brief, but will promise to continue my weekly efforts as regularly as circumstances will permit me to do so, for it is my wish to keep up a current

of events linked together from my first letter, until our regiment drops down in Main street, Norristown, after having either faithfully served its three years out, or this unholy rebellion is forever crushed, and the bonds of this most glorious Union more firmly united and cemented together by the blood of those who sacrificed luxury, ease and comfort, for the tented field, and have met a soldier's grave. Many more of our comrades will find a grave in this far distant land ere that peace and prosperity, so much coveted, can be firmly established, but what parent will refuse to shed his blood, and freely too, that his offspring may inherit such a rich legacy as our forefathers transmitted to us, but which some of their children have been so recreant to the trust as to attempt its destruction.

The Rev. D. G. Mallory has had his Chapel Tent put up at the Bluffs, and held service in it several times. It is not as well attended as it should be, but I cannot think it is because immorality in the regiment is on the increase, but rather think it is owing to the extreme heat on the one hand, and the fatigue of the boys coming into camp at night after toiling all day in the rifle pits, and cutting down the dense forest which surround our breastworks. The health of the regiment is still very good. There were five more discharges from the regiment to-day, cause, physical disabilities, two or three on account of wounds received in action. The headquarter guards and teamsters of this corps arrived to-day from Kentucky, on board of the steamer *Prima Donna*. They had 48 cannon shot and two vollies of musketry fired into them while coming down the Mississippi river, below Helena, Ark., by about 800 guerillas, who hold that point for their murderous purposes. Five horses and 20 mules were killed, and one or two of the men slightly wounded.

Yours, &c.,

T. H. P.

We give below an extract from the columns of the *Defender*, inviting attention to the correspondence from the 51st P. V.:

"So many of our readers and the public generally are interested in the movements of the 51st that we continue the interesting letters from that source in this week's paper, to the exclusion of other matters. We finish the communications now on hand, and we hope hereafter to give more attention to local matters."

We give below a letter signed "D. G. M." published in the *Defender*, leaving no doubt on the mind of the writer of this that the author is the worthy Chaplain of the 51st, Rev. G. D. Mallory. He being in feeble health while at Milldale, was left in the old camp at that place, along with the sick and convalescent of the regiment, while it was after Johnston :

"MILLDALE, *Vicksburg, Miss.*

"It is the Fourth of July night. I had retired; for it is said of Americans that they never 'go to bed,' but always 'retire.' I am sure the broad clean bed, waiting patiently for me at home, would blush to hear me call the thing I sleep on here a bed. I had retired; that is to say, I had taken off my boots, had carefully removed a big black bug from the inside of my trowsers, had tucked the trowsers legs into my stockings, as some slight protection against the prying officiousness of bugs, fleas, gnats and mosquitoes, not desiring to collect there an entomological museum, had lain down on my camp cot, and covered my face and hands with a mosquito net, with some faint hope of composing myself to sleep.

"I was listening to a concert sung in all the parts known to music—and unknown—by those interesting creatures, who sought admission to my castle with all the perseverance and persuasiveness of him who won the ear and heart of Parley, the Porter. The air was saturated with the sounds of myriads of katydids and locusts, and the thousand tribes of insects which in a southern forest make night noisy. A toad was hopping along under my bed. I knew that a few yards off were ugly lizards, green and brown and gray. In the thickest of the gully at my right were snakes, if not 'gorgons and chimeras dire.' Along the road in the hollow two hundred yards to my left, rattled the long train of pontoons pushing forward to the front that the 9th Corps might cross the Big Black. I was thinking of the fall of Vicksburg when the moon arose.

"The circumstances in which I saw the moon rise on this night of the eventful Fourth of July, 1863, were very peculiar. The quarters are on a hill top which, in every direction but the east, terminates in very abrupt and steep hillsides, falling down

into the little valley or hollow below. The front of the tent and the foot of my bed are towards the east, looking out along the top of this ridge or hill. Along the side of the hill runs a line of rifle pits, and on the ridge to the east, in front of the quarters, is a bastion where the guns of a battery have for a week past been looking out patiently, but in vain, for the rebel Johnston. All sides of the tent are raised as high up from the ground as they can be, so that really the tent is all roof, and lying on my cot I can look out in every direction over the hills. I was lying here on my back looking out through the musquito bar at my feet and thinking of Vicksburg, which had just surrendered to Grant. My feet showed distinctly against the distant sky when the moon rose above the horizon, behind the soles of my feet, and peered over my toes. The moon was what the astronomers call 'gibbous,' that is, awfully swelled on one side, so that the 'man in the moon,' as he peeped over my toes and laughed at me—for I saw him laugh—looked like a boy very, very bad with the mumps in one cheek.

"As I said, I was thinking of Vicksburg. Great preparations had been made for a Fourth of July attack on the city, and for its capture. There were 180 immense siege guns in position ready to open fire on the doomed city. It was expected that the capture would occasion great loss of life and limb, and all the steamers were ready to receive the wounded and carry them North at once, to spare them from this fatal climate. The Imperial, being the fastest boat here, was ready to take the news of the capture immediately to Cairo, where it could be telegraphed all over the country. A week ago the principal work of the rebels was blown up and Fort Hill was taken; yesterday (the 3d) another fort was taken by the same process, three of the rebels being blown from their works into the Federal camp. When all was ready for the final attack the rebel works were ornamented along the line with flags of truce, and instead of a bloody fight a bloodless victory crowned the great national festival.

"Early in the morning I listened with all my ears for the opening of the fight, but heard only the national salute to the Day. I say 'all my ears,' not referring to the *size*, but the *number* of them, and meaning, as the French say, 'all two' (*tout deux*) of them.

"A happy day, and a happy, because bloodless, victory. For four days the rebels in Vicksburg had lived on one scanty

meal a day, looking in vain for help from Johnston. When they surrendered they had only enough for one meal left, and I doubt not they would have held out one day longer if it were not for the great and useless loss of life which must result from the attack which they knew Grant was about to make. We shall need to make heavy drafts on our commissary stores to supply these 23,000 starved prisoners.

"It is reported that Port Hudson has also fallen, and that 20,000 prisoners were taken there. But the news is so good that we are afraid to believe it.

"Vicksburg having surrendered, two divisions of Grant's army were left in charge of the town and the prisoners, and this very day the rest of his army immediately crossed the Big Black river below, while our 9th Corps crossed above, and have all started off in hot pursuit of Johnston. With Grant below him and Parke above him, and an immense cavalry force in his rear approaching from Corinth, Johnston may find himself in a jug with the stopper in.

"Well, I was thinking of these things, and wishing we might soon be ordered North, when the 'man in the moon,' with his swelled cheek, peeped over my toes and laughed at my misery as he saw my hands and face disfigured almost beyond recognition by mosquito bites.

"What with the horrible, sickening heat, and the painful itching of hands and face, and the tormenting songs of the insects, who sang, 'Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a Yankee mun,' and the hideous noise that filled the air and filled my ears, and the provoking sneer of the moon as it rose higher and higher, I was driven out of bed at midnight, and so sat down to write you this; first throwing sticks into a neighboring tree to drive off some frightful ill-omened bird of night, which had kept up a distressing screech for an hour past, more gloomy than 'The Raven's' dolorous 'Never more.'

"Good night.

D. G. M."

When the regiment arrived at Sherman's Landing, in Louisiana, it encamped directly at the famous "cut off," or canal, where the Mississippi Fleet was to traverse the river to pass the stronghold, Vicksburg. On the south bank of the curved part of the river, close in to the shore for shelter, lay

several mortar boats, dropping their ponderous shells of two hundred pounds each into the city.

This was an interesting sight to the majority of the men of the 51st, for it was the first mortar firing that they had ever seen. A great many of them had purchased field glasses, and they were levelled on the besieged city with much satisfaction. Animated things were quite visible in it to the naked eye, and to get a glimpse at the beleagured place caused the troops to assemble *en masse*. The enemy opened a few rifled guns to disperse the "Yankees' inquisitive gaze," and fired several rifle shells for that purpose, but without much effect, as the "Yankees" were not to be driven away by such means. Each one being enrapt with the panoramic view before him, loitered there until the enemy, in order to force them to go, sent in a perfect shower of heavy shells, which partly had the desired effect.

After the men retired to their quarters the shelling ceased, and they prepared themselves a cup of coffee, and indulged in a few moments of piscatorial sport, Lieut. Jacob P. Brooke leading the van in catching big "catties," he having caught two weighing respectively twenty-one and thirty-five pounds. Others fished, but had no luck like his.

The friends of the regiment had heard nothing definite as to the whereabouts of the 51st, the mails being so very irregular, respecting which notice was given in the *Defender* of the arrival of a batch of letters from its correspondent, which appeared in the columns of that paper Aug. 18, 1863, viz.:

"Our valued and prompt correspondent (PARKER) T. H. P. has sent us several more of his letters, keeping us posted up in the movements and doings of the 51st regiment. Although

these letters date back several weeks, yet the last bring us up to a late date, and they have all arrived within the past few days. We shall endeavor to make room for them all in next week's *Defender*. The last letter was dated near Snyder's Bluff, Mississippi, where they have plenty of good water. The regiment expected to get back to their "Old Kentucky Home" soon. So let our friends and the friends of the 51st look out for an interesting correspondence in next week's paper."

In the next week's edition appeared letters dated respectively July 13th, 17th and 27th, 1863, the following notice heading them:

"We have other letters from the 51st regiment on hand for next week's paper. We are thus enabled to let the many friends of this regiment know what they have been doing. We are under great obligations to the regular contributor, 'T. H. P.' The letters next week are an interesting continuance of the doings of the 51st."

CITY OF JACKSON, MISS.,

July 13th, 1863.

Here we are, pitching into his honor, Joe Johnston, with both iron and lead, and Yankee like, I guess he is getting rather the worst of it, too. I wrote my last to you while lying in the woods, one and a half miles on the west side of the Big Black. We left there on Tuesday, the 7th; our advance had been skirmishing all night, and succeeded in driving the rebels from that side of the river. Our loss was one killed and ten wounded. We crossed the Big Black river about 3 P. M. of that same day. Johnston kept falling back towards Jackson under the severe pressure of our troops, and our forces succeeded in driving him behind his fortifications at Jackson, and on the 8th inst. the battle for the city was duly inaugurated and has been kept up both day and night, without intermission, up to this writing.

Our battery, belonging to the 2d Brigade, met with an accident while crossing the Big Black. The bridge was a frail, temporary structure, and the immense weight of the six heavy horses and the caisson full of ammunition caused it to give way, precipitating the whole mass into the river, (fifteen feet deep.) The caisson being filled with shot and shell it sank to the bottom of the river, and before the drivers could cut the two

tongue horses loose they were drowned, but the four other horses were cut loose and were got out in safety. The Big Black river is a narrow sluggish stream, not being over thirty-five or forty yards wide, but from fifteen to thirty feet in depth.

On the day that our regiment crossed the river, although our progress was somewhat tardy, yet none of us experienced as hard a march since we have been out, as on that day. The rays of the sun actually bore us down to the ground. Two men of the 11th N. H. died on the march from sun stroke, and there were a large number of *coup de soleil* cases in our brigade. We marched until 10 o'clock of that night; about sundown a terrific thunder storm arose and continued nearly all night. Most of us had no covering along with us and we spent an uncomfortable night I assure you, in our wet clothing and on the wet ground, with a wet covering over us, of clouds; but such is a soldier's life, and we must take the bitter with the sweet, only the sweet don't come quite as often as the bitter, nor does it last so long, but we can stand it all should it be all bitter, for we have become inured to both toil and danger, and seldom give either a casual thought.

On the 8th orders were issued for each company to capture a mule, for the purpose of carrying water to the regiment during the pending battle. It was not long after the order was issued before the boys had complied with it by leading into our lines about a dozen mules, which have proven themselves invaluable in keeping us supplied with water, which has to be brought from great distances.

We took up the line of march again at 3 P. M., on the 8th inst., and proceeded out on the Clinton road, where at night we halted and bivouacked for that night. On the 9th, at daylight, we started off again and took another road that led us to the left of Jackson, and at dark halted for the night four miles north of Jackson. On the 10th we left our knapsacks in the woods under a small guard, and then advanced on towards the enemy. At 6 o'clock A. M., we crossed the railroad running north from Jackson, at 10 o'clock that night we laid on our arms near the plantation mansion of the rebel, Col. Oscar J. Stuart. We put out our pickets about thirty yards in our advance and went to sleep, being much fatigued and *not a little* hungry. On the 11th we pushed our way through all obstacles until we arrived on the extreme front and within close range of the rebel breastworks, and here we found the bullets and

shells flying about in a careless manner, with their rip, buzz, whirr and chuck, for each missile has its own peculiar sound, and if a head should get a little above the crest of the hill it would very instinctively bow it to the ground, that would sometimes endanger the nasal appendage from being brought in too close a contact with mother earth. We supported the skirmishers for several days and it is a very unenviable position to be in so long, to lay day and night on one's stomach for three or four days at a time, and the balls continually flying over head, each one admonishing you to lay still closer and more quiet. The 9th Corps had not a very high opinion of the western mode of fighting, it is too tedious to us eastern troops. Had this department been under a general of the Virginia department, the taking of Jackson would not have occupied *more* than two days. The rebel works would have been carried by assault on the second day, even if attended with great slaughter. But the western plan saves far more lives by its cautionary movements and I believe attended with far more success, but we are impatient to see Jackson succumb to the force that is in his front. Yesterday, the 12th, was by far the hottest day of the fight so far. There have been no casualties in our regiment save one up to the present time. Sergt. Benjamin White, of Co. F, was slightly wounded in the left temple; he was taken off the field and is now improving very fast, being able to walk about. Your humble correspondent also made a very lucky escape yesterday. While in the act of raising my rifle to get aim on a "gray back" who was walking very coolly on the parapet of the fort, a minie ball struck my gun near the muzzle, tearing the top band off and cutting itself in two pieces and running along the stock to near the middle band, when it glanced off and struck me in the thigh, causing a few hours' lameness. Last night picks and shovels were brought out and we "went in" for digging rifle-pits, and now to-day we find them a great advantage in saving of both life and limbs. Our position being on the extreme left, the rifle-pits extend now from one extremity to the other. Our batteries occupying a range of hills in our rear, and our shot and shells, with those of the rebels, keep up a lively commotion in the air directly over our heads, as they pass and repass each other in their lightning speed. I must close, and I hope in my next to be able to say that Jackson, the proud capital of Mississippi, is in undisputed possession of loyal troops. Yours, &c.,

T. H. P.

JACKSON, MISS., *July 17th*, 1863.

This has been another glorious day in the history of the 51st P. V. This morning, at six o'clock and thirty-five minutes, we stacked our guns in the main street of the stubbornly fought for Capital of the State of Mississippi, in front of the Capitol building. The beleaguered city of Vicksburg having surrendered to Gen. Grant at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 4th inst., we immediately packed up our "knapsacks" and started off on a march that same afternoon towards the Big Black river to pay our respects to his *Excellency*, (alias Gen.) Joe Johnston, who was loitering in that vicinity with his "cohort of rebel warriors." After taking a circuitous route, our advance came up with him at the Big Black on Sunday, the 5th, and considerable skirmishing commenced, when he was driven across the river with some small loss, and still smaller on our side. On the evening of the 5th we halted in a woods within two miles of the Big Black, awaiting the construction of a bridge suitable for infantry and artillery to cross on. By three o'clock, P. M., of the 7th it was sufficiently finished for infantry to cross, and *we* did cross. I gave you in my last all of any interest up to the time of writing. I now begin where that one ended.

About 3 o'clock, P. M., on the 13th, the rebels showed an uneasy spirit, and displayed their lines by them all raising upon their feet with bayonets fixed. We taking that for a cue to a bayonet charge, the 51st, under command of Lieut. Col. Schall, were instantly brought to their feet, and fixing their bayonets were determined to stand and receive the charge. We had been supporting another regiment in our front, who, unlike the 51st P. V., became highly excited, and becoming panic-stricken, fled from their post, leaving their guns, haversacks and us to our fate, let it be what it might. But it was not so with the 51st; instead of fleeing from rebel bayonets we formed a close line and advanced to the crest of the hill and laid down until the rebels should get within twenty or thirty yards of us, and *then* it would have been our turn to have jumped to our feet and poured a volley into their grizzled ranks and made our charge, but, from what cause I am unable to say, the rebs did not make the attempted charge, but we laid awaiting their coming until near sundown, and finding them *non est* we went back to our original position. It was nearly an hour after we

fixed bayonets before the boys of the frightened regiment returned to their post, and as they did come back they came very sneaking and looked self-condemned. On the morning of the 14th, at daylight, we were relieved by the 1st Division of the 9th Corps; we then fell back near a mile to the rear of the Insane Asylum, and camped in the woods. We scarcely had stacked arms before our boys were down and locked in the arms of Morpheus, and enjoyed "tired nature's sweet restorer" to their hearts' content. They needed all the rest that they could get, for they had not had an hour's complacent rest for ten days. Our commissary stores are getting very low. We have now been several days on half rations of sugar and three-quarters rations of crackers or hard bread, and the result is the boys have to hunt a good bit of their own rations by making raids into cornfields for boiling ears. On the morning of the 14th, Johnston sent in a flag of truce, asking to suspend hostilities until 4 o'clock, P. M. of that same day, to give him a chance to bury his dead, and at the same time for us to come and bury our dead, who laid inside of their lines, who had fallen there during several charges made by our centre and right brigades. The flag of truce was granted, the dead buried, as soon as 4 P. M. arrived, the cannons began belching forth their fire in tones of thunder, and soon another "batch" of victims were ready for the sacred rites of sepulture.

On the 15th we moved our camp to a more desirable location, but water is our only trouble here, or we would be contented to stay here a few days, but there is no water except what can be got out of stagnant mud-puddles and horse-ponds, where man and horse drink out of the one puddle. A detail was made of 400 men out of our brigade, on the 15th, for a reconnoitering party; their object was to force their way to the Pearl river, in the rear of Jackson, to find a ford or suitable place to construct a bridge to cross, for the purpose of investing the city and laying siege to it. The reconnoissance proved successful, they finding a good place for a crossing; they were seen on the river banks by the rebel cavalry, and to that I attribute the evacuation of Jackson on the morning of the 17th, at 2 o'clock, for a rebel prisoner told me that they had seen our men, and it was reported to Johnston, and he previously had heard that Banks was coming up in his rear with his Port Hudson forces, and he believing that we were trying to get our coils around him, *a la Pemberton*, he found it more safe in get-

ting his forces into Alabama, than to remain in such jeopardy, and further, Benjamin's N. Y. Battery was ordered to fire one shot every five minutes, both day and night, until the night of the 16th, when it ceased. This, Johnston took to be done for the purpose of engrossing his attention, while our forces were operating in his rear. One hundred of the reconnoitering party were out of our regiment, and on returning to camp they captured twenty or thirty head of neat cattle, and brought them into camp. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 16th we again went to the front to relieve the 1st division, which had been out forty-eight hours. We moved half a mile still further to the extreme left, and supported the skirmishers for twenty-four hours, and while lying here there was some very hard fighting on the right and right of centre. I must here state, the boys, finding it impossible to obtain tobacco, even at the liberal price of \$2 for a twenty-cent plug, they were induced to satisfy their cravings by smoking dry weeds, but now, to-day, they are "flush" with tobacco, which they found large quantities of in this city, and appropriated it to their own use. I will here also mention how the evacuation of this city was discovered by the left. At 2 o'clock this morning we were taken down a deep ravine, and placed on picket within a few yards of the rebel rifle-pits. As soon as the light began to make its appearance, Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing, of Co. I, was disposed to feel the position of the enemy. As we were ignorant of the ground, it being a new place to us, he sallied forth outside of our rifle-pits to make an individual reconnoissance; when Corp. Wm. Dignan, of Co. D, asked permission of Capt. Bisbing to accompany him in his tour, it was granted, and the two directed their steps to the nearest rebel rifle-pit, and to their satisfaction found them empty. They had evacuated them about one hour before the discovery.

Yours, &c.,

T. H. P.

MILIDALE, NEAR SNYDER'S BLUFF, MISS.,

July 27th, 1863.

Well, here we are, back at our old camp ground, where, thank God! there is no more suffering for plenty of good water. We left camp, in rear of the Insane Asylum, near Jackson, on Monday morning at 4 o'clock, and marched till noon of that same day, when we came to a halt at 4 o'clock P. M., at or near the town of Clinton. We had a good though much needed rest, and at the appointed time took up the line of march again, and

marched until 11 o'clock that night, making about twenty-two miles under heavy knapsacks, a scorching sun through the day, almost impenetrable clouds of dust, and a great scarcity of water, and also a scarcity of rations. Many of us laid down that night supperless, being too much fatigued to prepare what little rations we had for eating. On the next morning at 4 o'clock we were again on the march; the orders came so unexpectedly early that only a few, if *any*, were fortunate enough to break their fast, which caused not a few complaints from those who went to sleep without their suppers. We were somewhat favored in our march to-day by its being a little cloudy, and a great part of it was through deeply shaded woods, and, still more, the 51st was the extreme right regiment; consequently, being at the front or head of the column, we were saved the necessity of snuffing up so much dust, for nothing had travelled over the road since the heavy rain which fell about ten days or so before. We marched until 10 o'clock A. M., and then halted. As soon as we came to a halt fires were lighted, and each one busily engaged in cooking breakfast. Cattle were killed and rations served out to us for the day, and after each had regaled themselves with such food as they had, the major part of the men laid themselves down for a sleep. At 3 o'clock P. M. we again started off, and marched until within two miles of the Big Black river, where we arrived about 9 o'clock at night, and bivouacked in a cornfield. On Wednesday morning we were moved into a woods adjoining the cornfield, where there was plenty of water, both for drinking and bathing purposes. In this woods we laid over until 4 o'clock P. M., for the purpose, I was told, to give the stragglers a chance of catching up to their regiments previous to crossing the Big Black; for, to tell you the truth, fully fifty per cent. of the corps were stragglers, and often when the column came to a halt, some companies could not stack more than five or six guns. Quite a number fell dead while marching, from excessive heat and weariness. Sore feet was very prevalent; diarrhœa also. At 4 o'clock P. M. of Wednesday we were once more on our road, feeling considerably refreshed from our shady rest and a bath in a clear, limpid stream that coursed its way through our resting place. We crossed the Big Black at 5 o'clock, amid a suddenly sprung up thunder storm, which continued with unabated fury for near an hour. Gum blankets were of great value then, but there were very few of them. It was hard

marching on account of the dust before the rain ; it was more "horrid nice" after it, for the great depth of the mud baffled all attempts at its description. Suffice it to say that it was preferable to have the dust twice as bad as it had been before the rain. We marched till 11 o'clock that night, and then bivouacked along the road-side at "McCall's." At 5 o'clock on Thursday morning we left "McCall's," and reached this place (home to me) about 9 A. M., and went into camp, where we are now awaiting for transportation to take us (we suppose) to Kentucky. We have orders to go on board at a moment's notice. When we left the place first, we left a few sick in the hospital, but on our return we find the most of them enjoying once more robust health. I am sorry to have to record the deaths of a few of our comrades. Paul H. Custard, private, in Co. C ; he went with us on our march to Jackson, was taken sick while on the march, and died on the 18th inst., at Jackson. Private James Milton, of Co. I, was accidentally killed on Sunday, the 12th inst., near Jackson ; he was detached from his company, and was on headquarter duty with the wagon-train, going after cotton for building fortifications, and a comrade of his carelessly threw his gun into the tail of the wagon, the hammer striking the tail-board, causing the cap to explode and the discharge of the gun. Milton was sitting on the seat in the front of the wagon, the ball entering his back and came out at his breast. He lived about three hours, and then breathed his last, lamented by all who knew him. He was worthy of all the respect we held for him, for he was a noble, generous-hearted soldier. Private Reuben DeHaven, also of Co. C, died here in the hospital, while we were at Jackson. The health of the regiment is not so good as it has been ; nearly every other man complains of diarrhoea ; but now that we are getting a little rest after our eight days' fight and our hard marching, the health of our regiment will improve under the skill of our surgeons—Rineholt and Duffell—for they fully understand their onerous duties, and ply themselves so willingly, and with so much kindness, that we emphatically pronounce them the right men in the right place.

Gen. Grant sends a congratulatory address to the 9th Army Corps, in which he compliments it for its endurance, bravery, drill, and discipline. In fact, he says the 9th Army Corps is the best disciplined body of troops that he has ever seen. That's saying a good bit.

Yours, &c.,

T. H. P.

At the same time appeared in the paper an extract from a letter in reference to Lieut.-Col. E. Schall's humane feelings towards his men.

Col. Hartranft having been frequently called to take charge of other duties than the command of his regiment, and thus leaving the 51st under the command of Lieut.-Col. Edwin Schall, we have often heard complimentary things written home by the soldiers to their friends, of his care over and interest in his men. We cannot refrain from publishing the following extract, written by a soldier in the ranks in reference to the attention the Lieut.-Col. bestowed upon his men. It proves conclusively that there is a deep and abiding affection between the men and this officer :

"I must not let our Lieut.-Col. E. Schall pass unnoticed in this place for his untiring efforts to lighten the burden of our late march as much as was in his power to do. I speak the sentiments of his whole command when I say his generous deeds will live while memory sits upon its throne. He forgot himself in the interest of his men, marching at the head of his regiment on foot, while the lesser able to walk were put upon his horse's back. Did any other regimental commander make such a sacrifice in the whole corps? I think not."



CHAPTER IV.

Leaving Milldale—McCall's—News of surrender of Vicksburg—Movement toward the Big Black—Sherman in command—Destruction on the march—Tyranny of Col. Le Gendré—Crossing the Big Black—Bad water—Awful storm—Correspondence—The march to Jackson—Continuous fighting—Daring of Bob Roberts—Retreat of the rebels—Race for the Capitol—Triumphant entry of the 51st.

ON Monday, June 29th, the regiment struck tents at Milldale, and moved out towards the Big Black river about nine miles, and went into camp in a woods at "McCall's." This move was in anticipation

of the surrender of Gen. Pemberton with his rebel army in Vicksburg, and to place the troops in closer proximity to Johnston's army, to watch his movements and to prevent him from making any attempt at rescuing the army then besieged in Vicksburg. Here the 51st fitted up a most comfortable camp, but it was not to be of much use, for at 10 A. M. on Saturday, July 4th, 1863, Gen. Grant received the surrender of Vicksburg. The fall of that place rendered necessary an immediate movement against Gen. Joe Johnston, who was in strong force (28,000) on the Big Black river. Immediately after the surrender a courier made his appearance in the road in front of the 51st P. V. and publicly proclaimed the downfall of the southwestern key to the great rebellion. Cheer upon cheer went up for the great victory, and the good news filled the hearts of the soldiers with sweet anticipations of a long and quiet rest from exposure to the almost tropical sun. But the work was not yet done, for while all hearts were beating high at the bright prospect of a speedy termination of the war, orders came in to be ready for an advance at 12 A. M. of that day. Accordingly at the hour appointed the army (41,000) under Gen. Sherman was in motion, "filing right" towards the enemy. The army had divided into two columns and marched against Johnston by two different roads. Nearly all the western troops took the road to the right, while the 9th Corps proceeded on the road to the left. Col. Hartranft in command of the brigade, and Lieut.-Col. Schall of the regiment. Nothing interfered with the progress of the 51st until about 9 P. M. when in the Cimmerian darkness, the artillery so blocked up the road that the regiment pitched

headlong against horses, guns and caissons, producing so much confusion that the men were unable to either find the road or their places in the ranks. Lieut.-Col. Schall at once determined to bivouack then and there for the night, and await the approach of daylight. When it dawned such a shapeless mass of confusion revealed itself to the army, that they ceased to wonder why they had all lost themselves the night before. Here was a caisson locked in with a wagon, there the artillery horses tangled up with the mule teams, another place a capsized gun, another or perhaps two or three wagons overturned, and the road filled with debris of the wreck of the several kinds of trains, all caused by the intense darkness of the night by which the whole column lost its way and bivouacked in a cotton field instead of the road. Heavy black clouds likewise assisted in making the darkness more opaque, and almost felt. On Sunday morning, July 5th, the column again unwound its coils of confusion, and like a huge anaconda at the start, slowly moving off until its whole length was like one perfect moving panorama. The commanding officers of corps, divisions, brigades and regiments, displayed admirable skill in the manner they so promptly brought out order and discipline from chaos and dire confusion. The day opened beautifully, clear, but hot. If there is any other word to express intense heat besides hot, it should be employed here, for the latter only conveys but a faint meaning of that day's heat.

The sufferings of the men from sheer heat and for the want of water while on this move, can only be known by those who participated in it.

The regiment having come up by noon of the 5th

to Johnston's forces near the Big Black, it halted, and bivouacked in a woods at the roadside opposite to a number of large buildings belonging to an extensive cotton plantation. Considerable skirmishing took place, and continued that afternoon until long after dark. Soon after halting at this woods, several batteries of western artillery came up and halted on the open ground where stood the buildings. After fixing up temporary quarters for themselves, they mingled freely with the 51st P. V. and 51st N. Y. and asked, "why have you not fired those buildings?" being answered, "we can't say," they remarked "they've got to come down, that's so!" And soon after, what had been costly structures, were made heaps of smouldering ashes. So determined were these western troops to lay waste southern property, that the column in which the 9th Corps marched, could distinguish the route that Sherman was taking with the right wing, although many miles apart. Dense columns of black smoke reached to the clouds and pointed out his course by day, and bright fires cast their rays high up in the sky at night.

The regiment quartered in this woods until Tuesday the 7th at 3 P. M, (while the advance were throwing a temporary bridge across the Big Black, Johnston having previously destroyed it and in fact all other bridges across that deep stream,) when it began its march again for the river two miles distant. But if the heat had been great previous to this, the great heat of the infernal regions only could compare with this Tuesday. Col. Le Gendré of the 51st N. Y. led the advance of the brigade, the 51st P. V. following next, and when within a few yards

of the river, whose banks were well shaded by a thick growth of trees, came to a halt (as a couple of hours' more work was necessary to complete the bridge in order to cross) in a sort of a half basin, each flank and rear being shut in by high hills and lofty eminences, excluding from this hollow all chances for a circulation of air. This tyrant refused to move his regiment up to the inviting shade, but took good care to seek it for himself, leaving his men to suffer in the broiling sun, and compelling other more humane officers from bringing their regiments up for shelter, as it was too unmilitary to march one regiment past another. Lieut.-Col. Schall begged of him as a necessity and for the safety of the men, to move nearer the shade, so his (Schall's) men could be protected from the hot sun. But this pompous French gentleman turned deaf ears to all of Lieut. Col. S.'s importunities. Other regimental commanders appealed to him for "God's sake to go on out of the scorching hot sun," but all to no purpose, (even the threats and curses of the enlisted men fell on his ears as if he was dead to hearing, to humane feelings or anything pertaining to a man who held the lives of brave men as something that possessed the sense of feeling.) Lieut.-Col. Schall finding that his pleadings could not find a tender chord in the French colonel's heart, he turned to the men and told them to shelter themselves in whatever way they could find protection from the sun, besides cautioning them in parental tones not to indulge too freely in drinking water that flowed in the sluggish river close by.

The men taking him at his word, sought such shelter as they could find; every little ragweed only

a foot high was sought out, and a head would be thrust under its branches to get what little shade its tiny leaves afforded, but it is impossible to describe the agony of those suffering men, but hundreds, aye, thousands! who were down there can bear me witness when I say it was all that a hell is represented to be.

The obstinacy of Col. Le Gendré made him very unpopular in his own regiment, as well as with the officers and men of the whole brigade. As everything has an end, so it was with this torture. The bridge being finished by 5 P. M., the troops began to cross, but the exposure in this fiery furnace told severely on the strength of the men, for in less than one mile of marching no less than thirty-five men belonging to the 35th Mass. fell from sunstroke, seventeen of which proved fatal. Fifteen men of the 11th N. H. received sunstroke, two of whom fell dead. Several of the two 51sts also suffered from sunstroke, but none fatal, and all this through a man, unfit to have the care of anything with feeling, being clothed with a little brief authority and a pair of plated eagles on his shoulders; but I am digressing. If in the past it was troublesome to find water, I do not know what to call it after the regiment had left the river. From that river until the regiment arrived near Jackson, the only water to be obtained was from stagnant ponds in fields, where horses, mules and cattle all rushed wildly in along with the men to slake their almost unquenchable thirst. Many of those ponds contained the carcasses of dead horses, mules and dogs, and were covered with a nasty revolting green scum full an inch thick, and as stringy as toasted cheese; the rushing in of the animals for a drink

would stir up the mud and filth, making it so thick that it might only be correctly compared to the slime or white of an egg. Other regiments suffered terribly by sickness from the use of this water, and although the 51st P. V. had to use it the same as the rest, yet it was surprising what little sickness it had in comparison to any and all other regiments.

About 9 o'clock at night of the 7th, while the regiment was still on the march, a very terrific thunder-storm burst in all its fury on the heads of the marching troops; peal upon peal of the most terrible and awful thunder that any one ever heard, with not the slightest intermission, filled the angry elements with a deafening roar. The vivid flashes of lightning could only be compared to the ignition of floating air, the rain poured down in fearful torrents; yet on plodded the nearly drowned soldiers, but so intensely bright was the flashes of lightning that the whole column came to an involuntary halt, as if in holy reverence to Him who rides and rules the storms. It was certainly a most singular thing to see the whole column halt as if the command had been given by one human voice. Not only the men, but the horses that were ridden by the officers also came to a halt as sudden as if shot dead at the instant, nor with any amount of urging with swords, whips or spurs could the animals be induced to proceed a step further. Lieut. Col. Schall in his correspondence to the "Defender" gives a beautiful account of that night's storm, which we here give below. Although some paragraphs are a repetition of what is told above, yet it is full of interesting matter.

NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., *July 17th, 1863.*

“*Vicksburg has surrendered!*”—*At 10 o'clock McPherson's corps will take formal possession of the City!*” was the shout of a mounted officer as he rode through our camp on that bright, clear morning of Independence Day. Vicksburg, indeed, had fallen, and at 10 o'clock our forces under McPherson marched into the city and planted the glorious ensign over its once proud and defiant, but now humble and subdued people. Memorable as the day already is, it is doubly so, if possible, by the brilliant and substantial achievement of this day. It is, indeed, as Jeff. Davis has well said, the “vital point,” and from this hour we can see the end of this wicked rebellion.

Now, that the foe in our immediate front was conquered, and his stronghold in our possession, it becomes necessary to pay our respects to Johnston, who was threatening our rear and promising deliverance to the beleaguered garrison of Vicksburg. It was while all were quietly seated under the many shade trees discussing the news of the day, that an orderly brought in the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 9TH ARMY CORPS,

NEAR VICKSBURG, *July 4th, 1863.*

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 7.

All commanders will see that their troops are well provided with five days' rations in haversacks and regimental wagons, cartridges at the rate of 150 per man—wagons not to exceed three to a regiment, one for ammunition and two for cooking utensils and provisions—and two ambulances for the sick and wounded. Great attention should be paid to providing water, for which purpose each company should have a pack mule, with two small kegs on a saddle to which the canteens of the men can be suspended.

By command of

(Signed)

Major-General J. G. PARKE.

NICHOLAS BOWEN,

Ass't Adj't Gen.

To get ready for the march was but the work of a moment. The little shelter tents soon disappeared from sight, knapsacks were packed, and at about 5 o'clock, the regiment was formed, and stacking arms, waited by the roadside for the order to move

on. At six o'clock it came. Slowly the column moved over the dusty road, the long wagon train preventing rapid progress. Darkness settled over us, but still we moved on. It was probably ten o'clock when the order was given to halt, and bivouac for the night. The character of the ground was far from favorable for troops to spend a night on, but it was the best that could be done, and so dispensing, in a great measure, with the usual cup of coffee, most of us laid down to find rest in sleep.

The march was renewed the following morning at six o'clock. The air at first was cool, but as time passed it grew warmer. We did not, however, go far before a halt was ordered, and drawing up in line of battle a little from the roadside, arms were stacked, and the men permitted to enjoy a rest of several hours. We did not learn why this long halt was ordered, but suppose there was some confusion of orders, our division moving at the hour fixed for the first division, and thus blocking up our way.

It was past noon when the march was resumed. When we say it was warm, we mean it, as the soldiers with their heavy knapsacks upon their backs, can testify. We halted within two miles of the Big Black river, and bivouacked in the woods.

During the night we heard cannonading for some fifteen minutes. As we had heard of no firing through the day, many thought the rebels had surprised our forces, but it did not prove to be so. The firing was one-sided—our men doing all of it.

At mid-day we received orders to be ready to leave at four o'clock; but when the hour arrived, it was changed to an early hour in the morning. Towards evening we were favored with a refreshing shower, which cooled the atmosphere and laid the dust that had constantly swept through our camp, filling our nostrils with it. The change was a delightful one, and all felt extremely happy with the prospect of enjoying a pure and refreshing sleep through the night.

At noon on the 7th inst., we filed out of the woods, and proceeded towards the Big Black river. The heat was intense—the bright rays of the sun telling fearfully upon the men. There were no trees to interpose themselves between it and us to protect us in a great measure from its effects. Heavy clouds of dust rose and encircled us, as if our punishment was not already enough. No pen can describe the reality. That hot sun

shining down upon us with all the wrath of a large furnace, its very brightness dazzling your eyes, the close, stifled air, the dust, dust, dust, and the long open fields over which we moved, are strongly impressed upon the mind. And we never can forget the weary, exhausted soldiers who marched under this hot, broiling sun. How they suffered! Many laid down by the way, to be picked up by the surgeons in a wild and delirious state—the inevitable result of sunstroke. Some there were who fell down in the ranks, whom no earthly power could restore to consciousness, death having done his work quickly. Yes, it was an afternoon long to be remembered. The Big Black is reached. We crossed this muddy, narrow, but deep stream, on a rude, hastily constructed bridge, and pushed forward for the woods ahead. At last it is reached, but it was about all that human strength could accomplish. We did not have all with us when we halted, for one by one had sought refuge under the shade trees by the way.

We had especial cause to be thankful, for while many in the regiments of our brigade and division were laid low by sunstroke, all of our men escaped it. And when we again moved on, most of the men had joined the regiment, having recovered from the exhaustion caused by the heat.

We leisurely pursued our way until near dusk, when an hour's halt was ordered, to give the troops an opportunity to prepare coffee. The time was well improved. Nothing, as our readers must be aware, so refreshes soldiers on the march as a warm cup of coffee.

As darkness settled over us we filed out into the narrow road, with our minds made up for a whole night's march. True, there was no hot sun to shine upon us, but still it was very close, and made marching very hard for the men; but they, almost to a man, kept up with the regiment, though, in many instances, doing injury to themselves by exerting themselves so much, when they ought to have been in ambulances. Perhaps this spirit among the men to avoid straggling behind is owing to the reputation which the regiment enjoys among its sister regiments for its general good health, power of endurance and excellent marching.

As the night advanced, heavy clouds arose, little gales of wind sprung up, the heavens grew darker and darker, the lightning's flash became more vivid, the distant roll of thunder grew louder, large drops of rain commenced falling, and soon the

storm was upon us. It was a fearful night! The storm was terrible! Never, never, did we witness such a night! The lightning was incessant—there was no pause, no flash of light now, then darkness; but there was a continuous light, and such sharp flashes as to fairly blind your eyes, and cause them to suffer with pain. And, oh! what terrific thunder! Here peal after peal, sharp and quick, startled us as we stood in the road. And the rain! how it drenched one and all. It seemed to us as if by a common impulse the whole column halted when the lightning was most vivid, the thunder most terrific, and the rain most copious, as if in humble recognition of the power of the Great above, and as an acknowledgment of the weakness and utter helplessness of man.

After the storm had somewhat subsided, we moved forward about an hundred yards and bivouacked in the fields on the right and left of the road. The rain continued to fall through the night, and the result was that many did not get much sleep, as the water would accumulate on the ground, compelling them to “evacuate their position.”

The night was succeeded by a bright, clear morning, and, fortunately for the troops, orders were issued to cook rations for three days, which was equivalent to an order to remain for the greater part of the day. This afforded the men an opportunity to dry their clothes, which was, as may be readily supposed, well improved.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the column was again put in motion. We will not stop to speak of passing incidents along the road. It was 1 o'clock in the morning before we halted for rest and sleep. The men were quite tired, and as soon as dismissed, laid down to sleep.

Early in the morning the march was resumed. At noon we halted for dinner, and laid in the woods until 5 o'clock. It was late in the evening when we halted to bivouac for the night. The heat exhausted the men very much, but more than all, the scarcity of good water. Much of the time the men were compelled to drink out of ponds, the water of which our Pennsylvania farmers would deem unfit for their horses.

Friday morning more than usual stir was visible among the troops, for this day they expected to engage the enemy, as he was reported in our immediate front. The following order, too, seemed to confirm the expectations of the troops:

HEAD-QUARTERS, 2D BRIGADE, 2D DIV.,
July 10th, 1863.

CIRCULAR:

Commandants of regiments will hold their commands in readiness to move upon the enemy at a moment's notice.

Knapsacks and shelter tents will be piled on a heap, and left in camp under guard of invalids.

By command of

J. F. HARTRANFT,
Col. Comd'g 2d Brigade.

(Signed)

G. H. McKIBBIN, A. A. General.

The distance from here to the city of Jackson was about six miles. It was not long after the above order was received, that the command, "fall in," rang along the road. After the formation of the brigade, each regimental commander was required to make out a report of the number of enlisted men and officers present. The total of our regiment summed up as follows: twenty officers and two hundred and seventy enlisted men. The whole number of enlisted men in the brigade did not exceed one thousand and twenty.

We moved very slowly over the road and fields, as our skirmishers were pushing the enemy back. There were frequent haltings, and it was not till near sundown that we drew in sight of the Asylum, a short distance this side of Jackson. There were all sorts of rumors during the day of the enemy evacuating the city, and our forces being in it, but which proved, like most camp stories, without truth.

While watching our skirmishers advancing over the fields and through the woods, we received orders to bivouac for the night; but just as the men were building their fires to cook, we were again ordered forward. We marched some two miles, formed in line of battle, sent pickets out, and enjoyed a very good night's sleep. During the night large fires were seen in the direction of the city. It was supposed by many that the rebels were destroying their commissary stores preparatory to evacuating the city. Such, however, could not have been the fact; for the length of time they occupied the city thereafter contradicted it, and renders it impossible.

Early on Saturday morning, the brigade advanced toward the city. Our progress was necessarily slow. The Asylum was

reached at about eight o'clock ; filing round it, we moved down to the left. As we passed through the field several shells came whizzing over us, but did no damage. The little minies, too, came singing over us, but they too, did us no harm.

The skirmishers having just moved over the ground, and not knowing the exact position of them, the column was halted, and the desired information obtained ; after which our regiment advanced to the support of the 2d Mich., which was then skirmishing with the enemy. We formed in line of battle, our right resting near the right of the skirmishers. As then the whole line needed support, the regiment was so divided as to be able to give proper support on the right, left, and centre.

We were visited during the day by quite a heavy shower of rain. It had, at least, the good effect of cooling the atmosphere, and rendering it more pleasant for those skirmishing. Our skirmishers and those of the enemy kept up a very lively fire all day ; and even in the midst of the heavy rain, it did not cease.

On Sunday there was very heavy firing along the whole line. It seemed as if a general engagement had taken place on our right. Such, however, was not the case. To-day we received the cheering news of the defeat of Lee and the surrender of Port Hudson. How the gladsome news caused each countenance to lighten up with joy ! With Vicksburg in our possession, and now Port Hudson, too, and last, not least, the disastrous rout of Lee, there was everything to excite the liveliest emotion of joy and gratitude, and to inspire each heart with the double assurance that the end was near.

In the evening and all the night long, the regiment was employed in digging rifle-pits. It was pretty hard work, the more so as there was a scarcity of picks. They went, however, at it with a will, and the opening of the following day disclosed to the enemy a pretty strong line of pits.

On the afternoon of the 13th the enemy made a demonstration against us, more, we suppose, for the purpose of feeling our line to discover the weak points than to force on an engagement. However, whatever may have been their design, they were driven back with less men than they appeared. They did not repeat the demonstration.

On Tuesday we were relieved, and marched about a mile to the rear. The men were very glad of the opportunity to enjoy a respite from their severe duty of constant watchfulness, and

the suspense in which they were constantly kept by the position of the two armies. During the afternoon of this day, hostilities were suspended for several hours in order to bury the dead.

On Wednesday morning one hundred men were detailed from our regiment to go on a secret expedition. They were divided into two companies, one being under the command of Capt. L. S. Hart, and the other under Capt. Linn. There were, besides these, one hundred men detailed from the remaining regiments of our brigade, making a total force of two hundred men, under command of Maj. Wright of the 51st N. Y. Their mission was fully and satisfactorily accomplished, and all returned in safety to the camp. This expedition, we doubt not, hastened the subsequent abandonment of Jackson by the enemy.

We changed our camp to-day, moving further to the left. In the evening we received orders to be ready to move at an early hour to the front.

It was half past 2 o'clock on Thursday morning when we again moved to the front. As heretofore the skirmishers kept up a continual fire through the day. In the afternoon our skirmishers advanced to feel the rebel lines, but they found them in force, and again fell back to the pits. It was in this demonstration that Libol Breinholtz, of the 50th Penn., was very severely wounded.

During the night the moving of wagons and artillery could be very plainly heard, but being on the extreme left it was not certain whether the enemy were evacuating the place, or moving to our left with the intention of breaking it.

At 3 o'clock in the morning we relieved the skirmishers in our front. About daylight the order came to advance skirmishers. Soon the whole line of skirmishers advanced across the country. The enemy's rifle-pits were soon reached, but the bird had flown, and left behind him two large seige guns.

The Second Brigade was the first to enter the city and plant the colors upon the dome of the Capitol. It was matter for much congratulation that our corps was the first to enter the city. The Western troops, on the other hand, felt much mortified, and said that we were too fast, that we had advanced without orders, and like pleas for their tardiness. Our corps, at least the 2d Brigade, was an hour in the city before any of the Western troops arrived. Some of the men took especial delight in teasing them for what they did to us when we first joined them. As they moved towards the State-house, regi-

ment after regiment, some would sing out every once and awhile, "Boys, you are too late, the whiskey is all gone, the 9th Army Corps got all of it over an hour ago." This grated harshly on their ears, not the matter of whiskey, but the fact of the 9th Army Corps getting first into Jackson. Some of them could not, however, with these facts before them, resist the temptation to tease our men with their want of success in the East and their constant retreats, &c. Whenever they did, they received the following sharp repartee—"Never mind, boys, we walked into Jackson while you were lying asleep in the bushes and firing at imaginary rebels."

The city of Jackson is the capital of Mississippi. Some parts of it are quite attractive. There are a few very fine private residences. It is, or rather was, a much prettier place than Vicksburg. The rebels destroyed several blocks of buildings the night they retreated. During the day the Western troops fired quite a number of buildings, so that by night a goodly portion of the city was in ashes.

In the evening we returned to our old camp. Thus ended the eight days' seige of Jackson. We have special reason to be thankful for our deliverance from death and serious injury. Of the two hundred and seventy men who, with the exception of two days, were constantly in the front, only one man, Sergt. Benj. White, of Co. F, was seriously injured, though some ten or fifteen more were grazed or struck by spent balls.

On Monday morning we commenced moving back to Vicksburg. On Thursday we reached our old camp, after the most severe marching our regiment ever performed. We have not the time now—much as we would desire—to refer to the incidents of this march. We may take occasion to do so at another period. Begging pardon for the abrupt manner in which we bring this letter to a close, we remain,

Yours, &c., E. S.

After the storm somewhat abated, the heaviest peals of thunder over, and the lightning's flash began to move off in the distance, the regiment with the whole column moved off again, but the abundant supply of water had made further marching impossible, for what had only a short time before been stifling dust was now a bed of mire, and the column

halted for the night after floundering through the mud about an eighth of a mile. When the column made its involuntary halt, the men, in conversation among themselves, protested against proceeding any further that night—they were dripping with water, their boots and shoes were filled with the liquid that had drenched them to the skin and ran down their legs into their foot gear, and swearing that if Gen. Parke wished to go on he could do so, but they were going to leave the ranks and look out for themselves. Consequently when the column started off again three-fifths of the men made good their word by filing to either side of the road to quarter for the night, so as the column moved the men kept falling out at every step and not unfrequently did the officers follow. Had Gen. Parke persisted in continuing the march that night it might be safe to say he could not have mustered one hundred men out of his whole command at the end of a mile. When daylight appeared next day the men found themselves scattered at great distances from their colors, but all immediately tore down their rudely constructed quarters and began to seek out their respective regiments, which they found had marched the night before only a couple of hundred yards after they had fallen out. They needed not to hurry themselves, for after reaching their colors they found orders had been issued to cook three days' rations, which would take several hours to accomplish.

At this place a well newly dug had been discovered. It had evidently been dug by Johnston's army, as the dirt around it indicated that it had recently been turned up. This well contained about twelve feet of water. Its discovery was through the

agency of an old negro man residing in the vicinity. When first found the well had been dug down at the sides about four feet, rudely covered over with slabs, boards and brush, this basin then filled up with earth even to the surface of the ground, and then vehicles drawn over it to hide every vestige of such a prize, by making ruts, to give it the appearance of solid ground. After being opened, so great was the rush for water that the supply was exhausted in a very short time. Strings were tied to tin cups, canteens, buckets, mess-pans and camp kettles, and lowered to the water. A dozen would be descending while another dozen were being hauled up, only to be spilled by the men—eager to grasp it and run.

In the middle of the afternoon orders to resume the march were issued, and the column began to wind around a sharp curve to the left in the road at 4 P. M. After marching a few miles orders were issued to the men to capture all the mules or horses they could find along the line of march, and men were detailed to carry out the order. They were also to fasten canteens on the animals, to be filled with water for the use of the men, as water was only to be obtained by going a great distance for it. The mules were captured, but very little water was conveyed to the troops by that means, as their riders preferred using their speed for their own private wants, foraging for watermelons, peaches, figs, and other fruits of that region, while the troops were suffering with thirst. Some few—yes, very few—did their duty honorably. A member of Co. D, Wm. Jenkins, deserves especial mention; he had captured a jackass and not only supplied his own company with water when he could find it, but supplied

a number of men of other companies. About 1.30 A. M. (the 9th) the regiment halted for the remainder of the night. The men were too much fatigued to make a cup of coffee, and threw themselves down on the ground to get a little rest and sleep. At 6 o'clock A. M. of the 9th they fell in again and marched until noon, with only three rests in the six hours. The heat was excessive, and the men began to lag behind from exhaustion, although striving to their utmost to keep up with their colors. Marching across a large field, a beautiful grove appeared in view, and when reached, the brigade halted and stayed there until 5 P. M. The change from tightly buckled accoutrements and the rays of a dazzling, scorching sun, to the reanimating shade, cool air and loosened clothing, was too enchanting to be fully appreciated by any one who never experienced precisely the same thing. Water, too, was here! pure, limpid water, that was so often sought for but so seldom found. At 5 P. M., with many regrets for the good water that had to be left behind, the column started again. Being now close on Johnston's heels, the march became more tedious, the skirmishing more frequent, and the firing more rapid—teams and artillery blocking up the road. The regiment came to a halt about 8 o'clock that night, in a woods close to the roadside, only a short distance from Jackson. Here the men quartered for the night, tolerably comfortable, if we except the scarcity of water. At daylight next morning (10th) heavy firing began all along the front, and preparations were made for leaving to meet the enemy at once and attack him before he could get behind his entrenchments. Orders were issued for everything

burdensome to be left behind under guard of the sick and worn-out.

Col. J. F. Hartranft made his headquarters in an ambulance, he being unable, from sickness, to sit up, but reclining on the cushions of the seats, he dispatched orders and manœuvred his command as skilfully as if able to sit on his horse and attend to the details in person. He possessed for an assistant adjutant general, Capt. G. H. McKibbin—a host within himself—and who was without a doubt one of the bravest among the brave, and a fit companion in courage and skill for the intrepid Hartranft.

At 6.20 A. M. of the 10th the regiment formed on the color line, and the true strength of the regiment taken by the adjutant and sergeant major, who reported fit for field duty, 20 officers and 251 enlisted men, besides 19 enlisted men unfit to participate in a battle, summing up 20 officers and 270 enlisted men as the total strength of the 51st present that day.

After the report was made the column again advanced to the support of the skirmishers, who now were engaging the enemy near his earthworks in front of Jackson. The marching was toilsome and slow, for the enemy stubbornly contested every inch of ground, and would only give way when no longer able to hold his position. Fifty to one hundred yards would be as far as the column could move at a time, making it very painful to stand in the ranks until ordered to proceed. Some halts would be for only a few seconds, others for an hour, and when the Asylum (the first building in view on the outskirts of the city) was first seen, it was nearly sundown.

The regiment drew up in line of battle in a field

about a mile west of the Asylum, stacked arms and demolished the fencing preparatory to making a cup of coffee, some few fires were started, when orders were given to "fall in." It was now nearly dark. The regiment moved by the road to the rear of the Insane Asylum, into a field on the side of the road opposite to the mansion of the rebel colonel, Oscar J. Stuart, and there drew up in line of battle again, and sent out a strong picket line about one hundred yards in its front. The regiment then lay in line on their arms all night.

On the morning of the 11th orders were issued for the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, to advance on the city. Col. Hartranft not being able to get his ambulance on the field of battle, sent it to the rear out of the way of the ponderous shells that now filled the air. He mounted his horse, although scarcely able to sit there, and led his brigade into action, making his charger leap a frightful chasm that very few men in sound health would dare attempt. After getting his men posted to suit him, he became so weak and exhausted that he had to withdraw from the field, but not from active command. The battlefield was his glory, and if he could not remain on it he was determined not to be far from it.

It was about 9 A. M. of the 11th when the regiment became engaged with the enemy. Skirmishers were thrown out and the column followed to their support, the 51st P. V. supporting the 2d Michigan, who now were engaging the foe. The engagement now became general, and wounded men were being borne to the rear in large numbers.

One man of Co. A, Capt. Jos. K. Bolton, by name of Robert Roberts, deserves special mention for his

daring in this day's fight. While others were lying as close to the ground on the brow of the hill as they could get, "Bob" stood on his feet loading and firing from the going in of the regiment until night, exposing himself as a target the whole day to the entire fire of the enemy's centre without receiving a scratch. His mode to escape being hit was somewhat original. As soon as he fired, he would drop the butt of his gun on the ground, grasp it by the muzzle, and dragging it after him, loading and capping it while traversing a circle of about twenty-five yards in diameter, continually keeping himself in motion, standing in no place for a single instant only while firing. His captain remonstrated with him for foolishly exposing himself, when he could do his share by lying down and firing with his regiment. Capt. Bolton, though, was nearly as bad as "Bob," for every few minutes he exposed himself to the same dangers, to satisfy his curiosity, by trying to see what effect the firing of Sherman's men was having on the enemy.

When darkness set in, entrenching tools were issued to the troops, for the purpose of throwing up breastworks for the protection of the pickets. The 51st worked all night at its line of pits, and ere daylight came the line was complete from right to left, and it must have somewhat surprised the enemy to see such a formidable work thrown up in such short time. Here the regiment lay four days and nights in battle. On the third day of the attack, the enemy arose to their feet and "fixed bayonets" for a charge upon our works. Col. Schall immediately warned his command that the charge must be repelled, let the sacrifice cost what it may. But the

regiment needed no such warning, for at the instant the enemy sprang to his feet, so did the 51st, with their bayonets fixed as soon as the rebels' were. A certain regiment that was supporting the 51st became so alarmed at the sudden appearance of the enemy, and the formidable aspect of the 51st in resolutely determining to brave the coming storm, that it ended in a panic, and they wildly rushed to the rear, leaving the 51st to repel the threatened assault as best it might. However, the charge was not made; and they came back to their old position in about an hour. The 51st kept in line until dark, when they again took their old posts as pickets. The enemy did make a charge on the right of centre, but were repulsed.

Next day, the 2d Division, 9th Army Corps, was relieved by the 1st Division, 9th Army Corps, and the 51st fell back to a dense pine woods near the Insane Asylum, and went into camp, where all were glad to get a little rest and sleep, after watching in the pits four days and nights without one moment's relief. Even the comfort of a good smoke, or a chew of tobacco, was denied them, as neither smoking nor chewing tobacco could be obtained through friendship or money. Weeds, of nearly all species, were obtained to smoke as a substitute for tobacco—many smoking ground coffee, tea, paper, in fact anything that hands could procure that would burn.

Soon after getting into camp, their dreams of rest and sleep were dispelled by an order calling for a detail of one hundred men, to start immediately for the Pearl river, on a reconnoitering party that was composed of the 2d brigade alone. As might have

been expected, Gen. Parke received a genuine "cursing" from all hands. Although unheard by him, *he certainly must have felt his ears burn*, for he was consigned to all kinds of torture by the already wornout soldiers.

After the detail started on its secret expedition, the regiment changed camp, and expected to remain in it at least two days; but, in the evening, the regiment was again ordered to the front; at 2 o'clock of the next morning the regiment was groping its way, in silence and in darkness, through the woods, ravines and gullies, to its place in front. Arriving there, it relieved the 2d Michigan Sharpshooters.

In the afternoon, our troops advanced their skirmishers to feel the enemy's line; but they had no need to go far, for the enemy showed too plainly, that they were not only there, but in heavy force. The battle lasted about an hour, and the line fell back to its former position, keeping up a sharp picket firing for the remainder of the day and night. The batteries of both sides kept up a lively artillery duel throughout the night, and a circumstance that happened during the "duel," shows the correct range that both sides had of each other in the pitchy darkness. A little to the right of centre, two shells met in their aerial flight. The explosion of our shell took place on the instant of concussion, directly over our picket line. It caused a very peculiar sound, something like striking two hammers together. Then came the explosion. The rebel shell must have been of by far the heavier metal, as its force was only partially checked, for it exploded only a little short of its intended object.

Next morning, the 51st was relieved of the pits,

and moved about fifty yards to the rear to support the pickets; which position it occupied until midnight of the 16th of July, when it was ordered to take up a position on the extreme left of the whole line, which was being extended at least one mile further in that direction and towards Pearl river. This movement will never be forgotten by any who participated in it. The nature of the ground was unknown to any one in the brigade—the darkness of the night was beyond description, aided by the dark foliage of the almost impenetrable forest, made the progress very tedious, painful, and slow. Tedious, on account of the unevenness of the ground, which was full of deep, narrow ravines, whose sides were as perpendicular as walls; painful, from getting entangled and scratched in the green chapparal briars—falling in holes, and scrambling to ascend the high banks—running of eyes against branches of dead underbrush, and striking our legs against stumps and fallen tree-trunks; slow, through disengaging clothing, haversacks, accoutrements and guns, from the limbs of felled tree-tops, briars, the dense growth of underbrush—and in losing their way in the dark, and getting separated from each other—this short move occupied until near daylight. Soon after getting into position, Capt. Bisbing, of Co. I, with Corp. William Dignan, of Co. D, determined on finding the true position of the enemy; and these two sallied forth and went on until they reached the rebel pits, which were empty! This piece of good news was immediately communicated to Col. Schall, who ordered the regiment to “fall in,” as also did the 2d brigade, and at once started towards Jackson. The 51st being on the advance, it had

proceeded about a mile and a half when the other part of the line perceived the "stars and stripes" moving towards the city ; but, as soon as perceived, the Western troops directly started for the same point, and a race ensued for the entry first into the city. Although the 51st had considerably farther to march than any other part of the line, yet it was the first to attain the object, and planted its colors in front of the Capitol at 6.28, A. M., of July 17th, 1863. This feat was received by the Western troops with a very bad grace. It silenced their abuse against the 9th Army Corps, for the Western troops were continually insulting the latter by asking them "if they came out there to teach them how to retreat, and show them how that Yankee Army of the Potomac could run?" But, after the fall of Jackson, whenever the Eastern troops were taunted, they retaliated by asking "who had to come away out here to help you take a one-horse town like Vicksburg? who took Jackson for you?" Such replies had the desired effect, and towards the close of the association of the two armies, quite a strong friendly feeling began to manifest itself between them. The loss of the 51st P. V. during the attack on Johnston, was as follows.*

A number of deaths occurred from sickness that will hereafter be accounted for.

* Co. F.—Sergeant Benjamin F. White and Harry Jacobs, wounded.

Co. I.—Capt. George W. Bisbing, Sergt. Thomas H. Parker, and Corp. William Pope, wounded. Several more were wounded, the official report says 10.

CHAPTER V.

Sacking of Jackson—Frolicsome march to the fort—Grotesque costumes and rich scenes—Severe marching—A land of plenty—Rest—Foraging in the cornfields—Arrival at the Big Black—Heavy storm—Mud-marching—Milldale again—Complimentary order from Gen. Grant—Correspondence—Resignation of Chaplain Mallory.

AFTER the regiment planted its colors in the front of the Capitol, it stacked arms in the street in front of the Capitol grounds. A detail was made to guard the stacks and another to secure the prisoners who were unable to get far from the city. The 51st secured about fifty of the Southern chivalry, a number of whom acknowledged that they had just been paroled at Vicksburg, and had been in Jackson with Johnston's army several days.

The remainder of the regiment who were not on special duty broke ranks and ransacked the town for tobacco, whiskey, and such valuables as had been left behind by the fleeing citizens on the retreat of Johnston. Tobacco warehouses had been broken open, and the invaders freely supplied themselves with the weed of the very best brands; none other suited them now. Whiskey was the next thing to be sought out, and a copious supply was found and used, but not a drunken man was to be seen in the whole 9th Corps. After supplying themselves to repletion with tobacco and whiskey, then private property had to suffer. Grocery, dry goods, hat, shoe, millinery and drug stores were broken open and "cleaned out" of every vestige of their con-

tents; private dwellings entered and plundered of money, jewelry, and all else of any value was carried off; crockery, chinaware, pianos, furniture, &c., were smashed to atoms; hogsheads of sugar rolled into the street and the heads knocked in and contents spilled.

Some rabid Secessionists on leaving the city had set it on fire in several places, and the Union army on entering had tried their utmost to stay the devouring element, but with no success, as it had got too far under way, and soon some very splendid buildings were reduced to ashes.

About noon the regiment was ordered to take possession of a large fort that extended across the main street at its entrance to the city. As the regiment was marching out it made quite a ludicrous appearance, for the men were dressed in the most laughable and grotesque habiliments that could be found. Some all clad in female attire, some with hats having crowns a foot high and run up to a point, some with sacques on, some with mantillas, shawls, sun-bonnets, frock skirts, with crinoline over all instead of underneath; in fact everything was put on that a head, hand, arm, body, a foot or feet could get into, and while marching out to the fort dressed in this fantastical style they carried bonnet and handboxes in their hands, as if they were about to travel to Europe, or going into the country to spend a few days or weeks. They were followed by the colored females, yelling and screaming with delight, and begging the "Yankees" to "gib us dat bonnit," and "Massa, do please gib me dat fruck;" still another, "Oh, de Lor bress you, dim (give) me dem hoops," and so many such like expressions beset the

men, that by the time they arrived at the fort the colored ladies were in possession of nearly every particle of clothing of female wear which the men had.

Gen. Sherman, in company with several other generals, passed the regiment when so bewitchingly attired, and enjoyed the sight as much as any one could, if the shaking of his sides by laughter was any indication of his enjoyment. Gen. Ferrero also met the regiment, and putting a severely stern look of anger on his countenance, halted his horse as if he intended to rebuke them for their unmilitary appearance, when one of the men, who wore an old-fashioned, high-crowned Dunstable bonnet, saluted him with so much *sang froid* as to make him burst out in a peal of laughter that could not be controlled, and he rode off amid the cheers of the regiment.

On arriving at the fort a detail of about thirty men was made to guard the two heavy siege guns that had been left behind by Johnston, and the almost innumerable cotton bales that had been used in the construction of the work; also, to guard some of the more costly edifices and private property in the vicinity of the fort.

Towards evening of Friday, July 17th, 1863, the regiment was relieved at the fort by a regiment of Sherman's men. We marched back to the vicinity of the Insane Asylum, and went into camp in a pleasant woods. The next day (18th) the men did no other duty but clean up their arms, accoutrements, and wash their very scanty stock of clothing, for while on the march from "McCall's" to Jackson the men threw away nearly all their clothing. New blankets, pants, blouses, shirts and tents had all been

left on the roadside as being too cumbersome, and at the time the regiment encamped at this place scarcely any man was the owner of more than one shirt, and without tent or blanket to protect them from the rays of the sun or to cover them during the night.

On Sunday (19th) Col. Schall had regimental inspection, and if it was witnessed by any person ignorant of the part the 51st acted in the taking of Jackson, they would certainly have doubted that those men were so destitute of clothing, or so shortly before had been wallowing in the mud of the rifle-pits; for on this occasion their personal appearance was characteristic of the highest discipline, and received due credit from their beloved commander.

On Monday, July 20th, the regiment broke camp and began to wend its way back towards Milldale, distant by most direct route forty-four and one-half miles, but by the circuitous route taken by the corps it was full sixty-five miles. It left camp at 4 o'clock in the morning and marched on till 11 o'clock that night, when it bivouacked in a large field close to a fine mansion that stood on a corner of a cross-roads, about twenty-eight miles from Jackson. There was scarcely thirty guns stacked with the colors, the day had been very hot and sultry, water scarce and filthy, and rations far too meagre for hard marching, (being only one and a half days rations issued to take them back to Milldale.) The heat and excessive marching forced the men to leave the ranks and shelter themselves from the sun's rays among the undergrowth of hedges and woods. The immense clouds of dust that arose through the marching column, filled the throats and nostrils almost to suffocation; clothing, hair, faces, whiskers, arms and

equipments were so begrimed with dust that everything and every one was of one color and one complexion; the mouth so filled with dust that in closing the teeth they grated as if grinding on sand.

After stacking arms for the night the men began to wander through the darkness in search of water to make their coffee; finally they found some less than a half mile from their quarters, and as some wag had started the cheering news that it was the Big Black river, every one sought it, elated with having clear running water to drink and for cooking; they used it freely and all filled their canteens in the dark to be ready to leave when ordered, but great was their chagrin the next morning when it became light enough to see what they had been using so freely all through the night. When some few ran to look at the river! a glance at it told them they had been awfully "sold," for instead of a river it proved to be one of the most filthy and disgusting stagnant ponds that had been their lot to see while in that State.

On Tuesday morning, the 21st, at 2½ o'clock, the 51st had to prepare to leave, it being broad daylight that soon. The men not knowing they were to leave so early, and feeling much fatigued from the previous day's march, they were naturally slow about falling into line, each one supposing that he would have ample time to make a cup of coffee before starting. Some few fires were kindled when the hour (3 o'clock) for starting arrived, the drums beat the assembly, the men fell in unequipped and only partly dressed, wondering what such a fuss was all for, but the word "forward" was sounded and they were

astonished at the idea of having to leave without their breakfast, such as it was.

This early start was occasioned by the 51st being posted on the extreme right of the corps which had to take the advance of the column. To the 51st this was a "Godsend," for nothing had passed over the road since the last rain had fallen, and it thereby missed the stifling dust that could be seen rising like heavy clouds in its rear after the whole column had got into motion; this one blessing compensated and satisfied them for the loss of their breakfast. The regiment marched until 8 o'clock, when it halted in a woods for their morning meal, half an hour being allowed for that purpose. After the expiration of the time it again started and marched until 10 o'clock A. M., when it halted in a woods for the middle of the day. While here cattle were killed and issued to the different regiments, but nothing else was issued, and the men being informed that they were not to move until 3 P. M., struck out in small squads to forage for something to eat besides fresh beef. Peaches of the most luscious flavor were in abundance, apples not so plenty, but for watermelons, nutmegs and cantaloupes their equal was never seen in the Philadelphia markets for either size or lusciousness; consequently haversacks, blouse sleeves and handkerchiefs were well filled for the resumption of the night's march that was to follow. A good dinner of boiled green-corn, fresh beef, stewed peaches and apples, a little cabbage, &c., with a dessert of melons, was highly appreciated by the officers and men. Shortly after 3 P. M., the regiment again started, but the heat was equal to any part of the day and made it almost impossible for men to exist.

After marching five or six miles they began to give out. Lieut. Col. Schall saw that each man had tried to outvie his companions by endurance, and as there was no object to straggle for, the men sinking from actual exhaustion, he dismounted from his "Bobby," and placed the most wearied ones on the horse, and allowed them to ride until they became a little rested, when a couple more "invalids" would take their places in the saddle and on the horse's back behind the saddle, and thus they were helped along on their weary way until 10 o'clock at night, Col. S. leading the horse most of the time for them, until the regiment halted for the night in an almost limitless cornfield within a few miles of the Big Black river.

Early the next morning the whole column was moved into a large woods that stood like an island in the cornfield, and waited there until 4 P. M., for the purpose of giving all the stragglers an opportunity of catching up to the corps before it crossed the Big Black. Here the day was spent in pleasure, for a magnificent spring gushed out of the rocks and formed a fine stream for bathing, swimming, washing of clothes, &c.; several smaller springs added their contributions to the stream, and to the delight of the men these springs gushed out from between the rocks near the surface of the ground and had a perpendicular fall of about thirty feet, where the water struck on a ledge of rocks and fell in a mist-like shower to the bottom of the ravine twelve or fifteen feet lower. Under this stream of mist forty or fifty of the men would assemble for the purpose of taking a cool shower-bath.

Large fires were kindled all through the woods, and the men (officers also) indulged in boiled and

roasted green corn to their entire satisfaction. The damage done to this large field of corn cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. The whole column had marched through the heart of it—men, teams, artillery, ambulances, horses, mules, and cattle, all, all had traversed its length and breadth. When they had passed through and halted, a well beaten road, one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, looked as if it might have been a public highway for constant travel since the days of Noah—not a vestige to be seen that indicated the least sign of vegetation ever growing in that well-beaten path, which had only a few short hours before presented seemingly an almost impregnable barrier of growing maize. Did the damage stop here it would not appear much—but the ravages of the men for a whole night and day was not inconsiderable; besides, there were all the mules, horses, and bullocks belonging to teams—guns, caissons, ambulances—and the officers—all these were fed on the green fodder until they could eat no more. The drove of cattle alone destroyed acres of it, after they were done feeding, by roaming and chasing each other over and through it. If the field was worth one million of dollars before the corps squatted thereon, it was not worth one thousand dollars when that body left it.

This long rest afforded the stragglers full opportunity to reach the corps and get rested. Some of their feet were frightful to look at—swollen to nearly twice their natural size—the toe-nails squeezed into the flesh, from which the blood oozed out—large blisters on the soles, sides, and heels of their feet; and to them alone were their sufferings actually

known. By the time the column was ready to leave they had their feet well protected with pieces of blankets and tents, which were wrapped around them.

At 4 P. M. of that day (22d), the command to "Forward!" was given, and the column started off in fine style. Dark, heavy clouds, began to gather in the southwest. The distant thunder, and the sharp flashes of lightning, indicated an approaching storm. Two miles further was the bridge that crossed the Big Black. Could it be reached before the storm arrived, all would be well; if not, another night must be spent on that side of the stream. The elements seemed to enter into the race as if conscious of life; the column pushed on with vigorous steps, each man determined to do his best to get over the river before the storm could reach them. On, on! came the threatening clouds—louder and louder roared the thunder—brighter and more vivid flashed the lightning. Closer is the column to the bridge. Only one mile, and then all will be well. Now, only half a mile! Each one, with upturned face, is watching the coming clouds, whose very edges seemed fringed with liquid fire. A drop from the clouds tells them the storm is here. Oh, what suspense! only one fourth of a mile from the coveted spot, and the awful storm breaks on their head with all the fury of the demons!

What had been, only a few moments before, stifling dust, was now an almost impassable bed of mortar, making the progress painfully slow, and filling the shoes full of water, mud, and gravel.

When the head of the column reached the bridge, the surface of the stream was not within six feet of

the bridge's bottom. When the left reached it, the water ran over the floor at least three feet deep, through which men and teams were obliged to wade. The water kept on increasing in depth, so that eleven teams did not succeed in getting over that night.

As each rank crossed the bridge, the men broke for shelter in a large log building that stood to the left of the road on the west bank of the river. Several smaller buildings in the vicinity were soon filled to repletion. The men all remained under shelter until the storm abated, which was near night, when the column started again for "McCall's," where it arrived about 10 P. M., drenched to the skin, and covered with mud from head to foot.

If the marching was hard, on account of heat and dust, before the rain, it was horrid after the rain. An attempt was made to march the column in the road, but the men sticking fast in the mud and losing their shoes, induced Col. Schall to leave the road and take to the fields, as being better, but it was found to be all alike; and the men deployed on their own account as skirmishers, so as to not step in the footprints of any other man, as it was the only manner in which they could get along; but even in this way they sank in over shoe-top.

On arriving at "McCall's," the regiment bivouacked on either side of the road, close to a lot of buildings, where there was a well of good water; but the ground whereon the men had lain all night, looked in the morning more like a mammoth hog-pen that had been overflowed. After the regiment had partaken of its morning meal of green corn and cup of coffee, it again started for Milldale, about

ten miles distant, where it arrived about 8½ A. M. on the morning of the 23d, 1863.

An extract gives a very good account of the mud and rain. The letter is dated Milldale, July 24th, 1863 :

“We left Jackson last Monday morning at 4 o’clock, and got here yesterday at 8½ A. M., marching day and night. It is set down as being the hardest march that the 9th Army Corps has ever done. . . . We only had a day and a half’s rations for the whole march of nearly four days, and no water to be had, of much account, until Wednesday night, when another of these southern thunder-storms came up and deluged everything, making marching very toilsome and killing. We, as a matter of course, got very wet, for a rain seldom stops a march, and about 11 o’clock that night we lay down and slept in mud almost knee deep, just as sound as if we had been in the best feather beds. It is strange what a man will get used to.”

And again, another extract :

“On our march from Jackson we stripped cornfields, water-melon patches, peach and apple trees, and all the ripe fruit within our reach. I had a good mess of fresh ripe figs while in Jackson. I ascended a tree and eat a *few*. They are delicious when fully ripe.”

Another extract, from a private letter dated July 28th :

“We are enjoying a fine rest, which we all need, God knows. The regiment is very sickly ; in fact, the whole corps is. It has been produced by over-heat, over-marching, and the use of stagnant pond water to drink while on the march, very little to eat, and the want of rest.”

After getting back to Milldale, one hundred men were detailed from the regiment (and the same from each in the brigade), daily, to dig rifle pits, and to clear off the vast wilderness in front of the earth-works, so as to give the mounted guns full sweep

of the surrounding country in case the enemy should deem it prudent to make an attack on McPherson's army after the withdrawal of the Ninth Corps.

An occasional dress-parade was had, for the purpose of reading off the various orders that accumulated in the adjutant's office. Among the orders read, was one from General Grant, of a congratulatory character, as follows :

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE TENNESSEE,
VICKSBURG, MISS., *July 31st, 1863.*

In returning the 9th Corps to its former command, it is with pleasure that the General commanding acknowledges its valuable services in the campaign just closed. Aiming at Vicksburg opportunely, taking position to hold at bay Johnston's army, then threatening the forces investing the city, it was ready and eager to assume the aggressive at any moment.

After the fall of Vicksburg it formed part of the army which drove Johnston from his position near the Big Black river into his intrenchments at Jackson, and after a siege of eight days, compelled him to fly in disorder from the Mississippi Valley.

The endurance, valor and general good conduct of the 9th Corps are admired by all, and its valuable co-operation in achieving the final triumph of the campaign, is gratefully acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee.

Maj. Gen. Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners and guidons, "Vicksburg and Jackson."

By order of

Maj. Gen. U. S. GRANT.

T. S. BOWERS, A. A. A. Gen.

Below will be found another letter from T. H. P., the "*Defender's*" correspondent :

SNYDER'S, NEAR VICKSBURG, *August 3d, 1863.*

Another week has passed and still we are in this most miserable of all states, Mississippi. We were visited last week by one of the most violent hurricanes that we have ever seen in

these parts, attended with heavy thunder, lightning and rain, filling the air with the little shelter tents, boughs of trees and everything else that wind could bear aloft. Thunder storms are very frequent occurrences here; we had one on the 26th, one on the 27th, and a severe one on the 28th, and another on the 1st inst. The thunder here is of nearly one continual peal after another, reminding one very much of the terrific bombardment of Fredericksburg, Va., last December. The rain falls in torrents, causing the gorges and ravines to fill and swell to the magnitude of small rivers, carrying away all bridges and crossings, and even carrying away mules and other live stock. The principal damage that we sustained was the loss of one day's bread in the hands of the bakers, and a few pieces of tents.

Since we have been back from Jackson, the boys have been supplying themselves with another outfit of clothing that will all be hung up "on the ground," when another hard march presents.

It is fearful to contemplate the sickness of this corps; some regiments are burying two or three every day. The 20th Michigan have a fatality among them that is diminishing their ranks rapidly. I have not learned what the disease is, but those who are the unfortunate victims do not suffer long, three or four hours are sufficient to pass them to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." We suppose it to be yellow fever. If it is, the surgeons are careful to keep it *shady*.

Our regiment still keeps its health the best of any in the whole corps, although we have had as many as fifty on the sick report daily, for several days. There are, however, very few serious cases, diarrhœa being the prevalent disease.

We are enjoying fresh baked bread now daily, and we now can set ourselves down to our table on the ground, and "let our feet hang down," and enjoy our coffee and toast and fried bread, for you must know that we are all good cooks. Individuals have ovens dug in the banks and rifle pits, and carry on the pie and cake baking to such an extent that your Norris City family bakers would blush to think that they were not in the army where they might perfect themselves in the baking business. Our peach and apple pies *are some*, I tell you, and the boys bring in large quantities of fine peaches every day, but they are used principally for pies.

There is not much prospect before us of getting away from

here for a week at least to come. Some few troops of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Corps, have left here on boats, and they are sending off their sick and wounded to Keokuk, Iowa, as fast as they can obtain transportation for them.

Our worthy chaplain, D. G. Mallory, has tendered his resignation as chaplain to our regiment. It has been accepted, and he will leave in a day or two for home.

Whiskey has been ordered to be issued to every man in the whole corps until we arrive at our destination. No doubt a judicious use of that stimulant will serve to counteract the bad effects of bad water, and prove highly beneficial to the men of this corps. A rumor has been rife in camp for a couple of days that Charleston, S. C., has fallen, but as we cannot get any news here until it becomes stale and forgotten at home, all that we can do is to hope that the said rumor may prove true.

I must tell you a little of the crops of the interior of the State of Mississippi, as far as I have been. The cotton crop has been literally ignored. I have seen but one place wherein cotton was growing and that was but a small piece of not more than three acres. There is but little tobacco planted, and what little there is of it will make but a very small crop, because it has been worked very little, and consequently is overrun with weeds. I saw but one field in with sugar cane; it contained fifty to seventy-five acres, and if its owner returns in due season to secure it, he will no doubt reap a full crop. There are immense fields of beans planted, no doubt "to aid and comfort the enemy." But for cornfields, Mississippi can beat all creation. A cornfield here is generally computed not by acres but by miles. Plenty of them contain ten to twelve square miles, in fact it is impossible to find the limits of the cornfields, for almost every square foot of arable land is in with corn, showing that the planters invariably obeyed Jeff. Davis' edict to lessen the cotton crop and enlarge the corn crop. I have not seen one stalk of wheat, rye or oats. Some few gardens have the Irish potatoes in very limited quantities, but vegetables are a very scarce article throughout this State, while fruits are *vice versa*, peaches, apples, figs, watermelons, nutmegs and citrons, grapes and *Pawpaws*. None of the above fruits, excepting the watermelons and canteloupes, are cultivated. From every appearance they grow wherever a seed accidentally falls on the ground and takes root, as you will find no regularity in their position. Fresh figs are delicious fruit, and are to be found in abundance through-

out the State. The first crop being over, the second crop is now in its height, and the few remaining citizens scattered through the country bring them into camp, and sell them readily at fifteen cents per dozen; peaches sell for twenty-five cents per dozen, watermelons we don't buy, we generally lay siege to a patch and it soon surrenders unconditionally, to our gratification, but to the mortification of Johnny Rebs.

Another order has been received from Gen. Grant, complimentary to the 9th Corps for their soldier-like bearing, bravery, and endurance, and has ordered our corps commander, Gen. Parke, to have "Vicksburg and Jackson" inscribed upon the regimental flags of the corps. This may be chalked down as one instance wherein a chieftain has seen something in this corps worthy of appreciation, and proving himself doubly a hero by boldly acknowledging its efficiency in face of its malignant accusers. For I believe that there is not another corps in the service of the United States that has seen more than one-half the service that the 9th Corps has. It has done more hard marching, hard fighting, and less grumbling than any other corps out, and received less praise, if any, than any other corps, and why is it? Even the fate of the Antietam battle hung upon the taking of the bridge by the 51st Pennsylvania and 51st New York, who are a part of the 9th Corps, and I was told on the best authority that McClellan said, after the bridge was taken, that the fate of the battle was to be decided on charging the rebels away from it. Well, *we* took the bridge; but who got the credit? Did we? From our own officers we did, and had we black-mailed a batch of the penny-a-liners who give honor to whom honor is due, our corps would have been lauded to the very echo, but as it was the work of the 9th corps, its pæan must be sung by some future impartial historian.

Yours, &c.,

T. H. P.

While at Milldale, after coming from Jackson, the surgeons of the regiment ordered a full ration of whiskey (one gill) to be issued to each man early in the morning, to assist in counteracting the bad effects of the use of unwholesome water, and to give a more healthy tone to the men's system—it had its desired effect. Chaplain Mallory tendered his resig-

nation on account of ill health, a notice of which appeared in the columns of the *Defender*.

“Rev. D. G. Mallory, the Chaplain of the 51st, since his resignation and return home, and a little rest, is recuperating, and will soon be himself again. His general health has much improved, although the severity of their marching in Mississippi came pretty near using him up, with the soldiers themselves. We ‘can’t see the point’ of marching men to death, in such a sterile region as they were in down there.”

CHAPTER VI.

Haines' Bluffs—On the Yazoo—Scenes on the Father of Rivers—Heaving the lead—Wooding up—Island No. Ten—Cairo, Ill.—Off for Ohio—Railroad accident and loss of life—Cincinnati—Speech from Gen. Burnside—Covington, Ky.—Nicholasville—Camp Parke—Crab Orchard—Garrison duty—Ordered to Knoxville, Tenn.—The performing Zouave.

ON the 6th of August orders were issued to the regiment to be ready to go on board of the boats at Haines's Bluffs, on the Yazoo river, to return to Kentucky on the next day. Everything was packed and sent down to the landing early on the morning of the 7th, the regiment soon followed; the distance from Milldale to the boats was only three miles, but it was one hundred miles through torture, for the heat might only be equalled by the fiery furnace, at least so intense was the heat that day that it took the regiment two and a half hours to go the three miles, no less than twenty-two men were prostrated by the rays of the sun.

On arriving at the landing the steamboat that was to take the regiment on board had also to take the

famous Durrell battery of Reading, and the regiment was obliged to stand in the hot sun while the guns, caissons, horses, and men were being put on board, to accomplish which took about two hours. There being no place under which the men could shelter themselves from the sun, Col. Schall endeavored to get permission from the captain of the boat to allow him to put his regiment on the hurricane deck, which was covered with an awning, until the artillery got on board, after which he would distribute his men over the boat to whatever quarters they should be assigned; but this proposition of the humane colonel was refused, and the men were left standing until it became necessary to carry several on board who had sunk down from the effects of the sun. Col. Schall deserves the thanks of the whole regiment for his kind attention to relieve the men from their torture and to get them comfortable quarters on the boat. His whole heart seemed to swell with sympathy for them, while he needed as much for himself. He could have gone on the boat and remained there until it was ready to receive the regiment; but no, his heart was with his men, and with them he would share their trials. However, the long-wished-for moment arrived, and at 12 M. the men rushed pell-mell on the boat, regardless of the commands of the captain and clerks of the steamer, and with the approbation of their commander, who felt that the captain was too much of a brute to have his wishes respected.

The men sought out such quarters as suited their choice, subject only to Col. Schall's command. At 2 P. M. everything was ready for leaving the banks of the sluggish Yazoo river, the hawser was

loosened, and the steamer glided down the stream amid the cheering of those on board and on land. Several brass bands saluted our regiment as it passed the boats that were loading on other regiments.

A little before sundown the steamer passed out of the mouth of the Yazoo and entered the Father of Rivers, when she swung around with her head up stream and there "laid to" for about an hour, when she again started and ran all night, striking the bottom of the river every few miles. "Heaving of the lead" was rather an amusing affair to the soldiers. As the man that made the soundings would exclaim "half twain," "twain," or "twain one," &c., the soldiers would repeat it in a chorus, much to the indignation of the man with the "lead." It was an interesting study to the thoughtful ones to note the unevenness of the bed of the Mississippi river; some places scarce water enough to float the boat, and in less than half the boat's length ahead it would be twenty feet more than was needed for the floating palace, then in the next half length she would stick fast on the bottom.

Several times the boat ran up to the shore, seemingly into the woods, to take in fuel, but only once in the daytime during the whole trip up, all other times were in the night. When up above the Arkansas State line the steamer hauled in under a bluff to take in wood. The rain poured down in torrents, the night was of Egyptian darkness, but the deck hands could not be prevailed on to go ashore until pickets were sent out for their protection; guerillas had *once* been there and *might* be there again. The pickets were sent ashore and posted themselves

only a few yards off and got a complete drenching while the hands were "wooding up." To those who never saw "wooding up" at night on the Mississippi it would be an interesting sight—the torches employed on such occasions are of a gigantic size and made of a coarsely woven wire basket, which is set on the end of a staff about four feet in length, pointed for the purpose of sticking in the ground; a large ball of tow, saturated with tar and turpentine, is laid in the wire basket, and when ignited, burns for a long time and sheds a lurid glare on surrounding objects, making one imagine that he is in the place of one of the weird sisters in the witch scene in Macbeth.

A little after daylight on the morning of the 11th of August the regiment passed the renowned Island No. Ten, between it and the eastern bank of the river. It was in possession principally of colored persons who were refugees from Southern rule. The channel here is narrow, and assisted greatly in helping the enemy in their stubborn resistance for the Union possession of that long-fought-for place.

On the 14th the regiment disembarked at Cairo, Ill. After lying there all that night, it embarked next day on the cars of the Illinois Central Railroad for Sandoval, Ill., sixty miles east of St. Louis, Mo., where it changed cars for those of the broad-gauge Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and proceeded on its way to Cincinnati. All along the line of the railroad the regiment was greeted with cheers, waving of handkerchiefs in the hands of the fair sex, hot coffee, pies, cakes, sandwiches, &c. In fact, it was a perfect ovation, such as any regiment might be proud to receive. Nothing transpired of any interest while

moving by rail, until within a mile or two of a small hamlet called Shoals, Indiana, about one hundred and fifty miles from Cincinnati, when, about 7 o'clock in the afternoon, the train of ten or twelve cars met with a serious accident by the breaking off of a flange, causing the cars to leave the track while passing over a bridge that spanned a small, deep river. The train was midway on the bridge when the first car left the iron, and the three cars in the rear followed, cutting the ties and bridge timbers nearly off. When about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards past the bridge, one car that had been running on the edge of the bank, rolled down the embankment, stopping the whole train with a crash. Five cars were frightfully piled upon each other, two of which were reared like a combed roof. The correspondent of the Philadelphia "*Press*," writing from Cincinnati, describes the accident in detail. Below we give his own language, viz.:

"CINCINNATI, *August 20th*, 1863.

"Memphis looks very differently now from what it did when we went along there two months ago. It was a desolate, forlorn-looking place—dirty, no life, no business. It seemed the change of a conjurer—bustle, stir, hotels, billiard-rooms, restaurants, and drinking-houses (the peculiar life of many Southern towns) in full course. But Memphis has other than this peculiar life; it has fine buildings, has a rich surrounding, and the easiest modes of transit. It was said that the taking of Vicksburg was not believed in Memphis until long after the papers in the North contained the news. But Northern papers of the 9th and 10th of July, received at Memphis on the 15th and 16th, with their graphic accounts of it, dispelled the last lingering doubt.

"Troops returning have been landed at Cairo, and passed over the railroads from there to Sandoval, then on the Ohio and Mississippi Road, of broad gauge, and very comfortable.

Indeed, the officers of that road are to be commended for the promptness with which they have furnished transportation on all occasions required by the Government. There has never been any delay longer than necessary to transfer the baggage. Cars in abundance were always ready. Some accidents have occurred which have given rise to speculations rather painful. A train, on Sunday night, having on board the 51st Pennsylvania Regiment, and headquarters staff and horses, was thrown from the track a mile and a-half east of Shoals. It was the third or fourth car from the engine that seems to have been thrown off, and went crashing along over a bridge spanning a deep stream, cutting the ends of the ties and sleepers completely off; and, fifty yards from the catastrophe, tearing up the track some distance. A car having the officers' baggage rolled down the embankment, and another, with horses, fell on the top of it, crushing it to pieces. Strange to say, of four or five men in the car, who had to be cut out of the wreck, but one was killed, and he was sitting on a chair at the open door of the car, and was precipitated out by the first shock. Over these two cars, two others were raised up, end against end like the rafters of a house. One had horses and the other a company of men, (H, 51st P. V.,) with some on the top, but, except the jamming they got from all being slid into the one end, were not at all hurt. One horse was smothered. One man in the baggage car was saved from smothering by happening to have his nose pushed through the opening in the seat of an army saddle. On the left hand side of the track was another car with horses. They are put within the side opening of the car, and boards nailed across, leaving the centre of the car open, in which were lying four or five negroes. The accident threw horses and negroes pell-mell into one end, but none were hurt, though they scratched their woolly heads with astonishment at this unexpected deliverance.

“One man of the 11th New Hampshire had his head and legs crushed, and he had jumped from the cars. The tops of the cars were full of men who had made their beds there. Not one was hurt; though some were landed on the tops of the trees, and went tumbling away down into the ravine. One on his descent was caught by a limb under the chin and hung there. It was about 8 o'clock in the evening, and most were asleep. A telegraph operator brought from the neighboring

town, immediately cut the wires and telegraphed both ways. Dr. Martin and son and Dr. Peck came from Washington about midnight, to find all very coolly sleeping, and all things quiet, notwithstanding ten cars were put *hors de course*, freighted with living beings. Indeed, the most wonderful thing was the coolness of these soldiers. There was no noise or confusion. The colonel superintended, and as many men as could conveniently work were busy; the rest laid down and slept. Many within a car or two of the accident hardly raised themselves more than on their elbow, and at that distance you would hardly believe there were such a fearful scene so little in advance. Old railroaders, who had been in numberless smashes, said they never saw such a wreck. The work of relieving the horses was a difficult and dangerous task, and required the coolest and steadiest of men. The horses were piled all together. There was imminent danger of the cars falling, especially the two "rafters." Old wreckers would not have done as these brave men did. One went bravely in among the heels of the horses to rescue a man. Some were cooking coffee while the others worked, and all laid down and slept when they were assured that every life was reached. The surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Duffield, was cool, calm, and prompt; naturally so—perhaps something of it acquired on the fields of Antietam, Fredericksburg, and such like. Col. Hartranft and Lieut.-Col. Schall were able and energetic in their management of the fractures. I have heard these men speak with grateful affection of these officers; of their care in their long campaigns, and of late, especially, in the campaign in Mississippi, when Lieut.-Col. Schall was in command of the 2d Brigade, 2d Division, as this regiment filed off at Jackson, to enter the front, said, "Take good care of the men, colonel." He need not say he would; he had, and did. It was what "Old Johnny," as the men call Col. H., always did for them. I would not wish for more honor than to have my name written on the hearts of the men of a regiment as theirs are."

A little allowance must be made for the mistake, in the last paragraph by the "*Press's*" correspondent, not intentional, wherein he says, "when Lieut.-Col. Schall was in command of the 2d Brigade, 2d Division," &c., he certainly intended to say "Col. Hart-

ranft," as it was Col. H. who was in command of the brigade and Lieut.-Col. Schall of the regiment at the time the "regiment filed off."

After working at the wreck until late at night, and all the maimed, car-imprisoned men and horses had been got out and cared for, the men lay down in and on the cars to rest for the night. As soon as daylight came next morning, the wreckers and the men of the 51st began to clear the track of the debris, which was accomplished by noon, so the train could proceed on its way. But before leaving, the men belonging to Co. D applied to an undertaker in Shoals to make a coffin for Thomas McQuerin, the soldier who was killed; but the generous undertaker wanted to know where, when, and how he was to get his pay! The amount, \$10, was raised, and the coffin left in the hands of the undertaker, who promised that he "*would have him buried if he could!*" The regiment having to get aboard of the train, could not remain behind to see if their comrade did get buried. Some doubts to that effect exist at this day. After placing the body of McQuerin in the hands of the undertaker, it was found that a man (name unknown) belonging to the 11th N. H., lay dead on a stretcher near the track, another victim of the smash up; but as he was there a stranger, it is safe to say that the poor fellow had to be buried by the railroad company, as no one appeared to take any notice of him only through curiosity. Although it seems inhuman to neglect a fellow comrade, yet when we consider all the ghastly sights of a battle-field, on which a true soldier is compelled to look, they cannot do otherwise than blunt the finer feelings, and an expression of sympathy rarely

gets utterance. When the train arrived at Seymour an ale-wagon, that was delivering ale at the hotel, was besieged by a number of the 51st, and a keg of the extract of malt was removed unceremoniously from the wagon to the top of one of the cars; the driver begged for the men not to take the keg away as he was not the owner, saying, at the same time, that they were welcome to the ale, and requesting them to leave the keg behind; but the boys "couldn't see it," and so took the keg along.

It was originally intended that the regiment should leave the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad at this place, and take the cars on another road for the Ohio river, and proceed to Louisville, Ky.; but, for reasons never made known, the original order was countermanded, and the regiment kept on to Cincinnati, where it arrived on the night of the 17th.

Before leaving the Yazoo country a number of furloughs had been granted in the different regiments, the 51st coming in for a goodly share. Lieut.-Col. Schall having the dating of them, gave every man an extra day, making it twenty-one days in which to report back to the regiment.

After arriving at Cincinnati, the regiment proceeded to the "Burnet house," the headquarters of Gen. Burnside, who made a short speech to the men from the balcony. He was loudly cheered by them, and when silence reigned, one man, Thomas Cornog, exclaimed in reply to the general's expression that they were to go into Kentucky, "We want you along with us, General." The General smiled and answered, "I'll be with you in heart, if not in person." The regiment then proceeded to the Ohio river, and crossed over to Covington, Ky., where it went into

camp a short distance east of the city. While they were pitching their tents, the paymaster arrived and paid the regiment two months dues, which came very good to those who wanted to send their money home. As the officers and men who had leave of absence and furloughs were unable to get away before the middle of that night, every officer and man who then left for home had been entrusted with large amounts to take with them, all of which were promptly delivered.

Continuing in this camp several days afforded the boys a fine chance of enjoying themselves in the city of Cincinnati; many of them took up their quarters there and *visited* the camp a few minutes every day.

Col. Hartranft, Capt. Jos. K. Bolton, and Capt. Wm. Allebough, had left this place to enjoy their "leave" at home. Capt. Bolton went home on sick leave, having very sore eyes, caused by hard marching, hard fighting and exposure during the Mississippi campaign. A notice of Capt. Allebough's arrival appeared in a Norristown paper, viz.:

OUR REGIMENT.—Capt. Allebough is home looking well after the fatigue of the late marches—others from the regiment are coming. We wish they were all home, and this wicked, cruel war over.

In another issue of the same paper, appeared the following:

"AT HOME.—Lieut. Geo. Schall, Wm. P. Schall and Sergt. Geo. Smith of the 51st Reg. P. V. arrived home on furloughs on Saturday last. They look well."

"SERENADE.—Our band serenaded Capt. Joseph K. Bolton, on last Tuesday evening. He has been home for some time

past suffering with sore eyes. He is now, however, improving and we hope ere long will be quite restored."

It will be seen that the liberal citizens of Norristown appreciated that true soldier, Capt. Jos. K. Bolton, by tendering a worthy compliment to his bravery and gentlemanly manners. The regiment after lying in the vicinity of Covington for about a week, took the cars, proceeded to Nicholasville Ky., encamped almost adjoining the great Kentucky rendezvous, "Camp Nelson," and there constituted "Camp Parke," in honor of Maj. Gen. John G. Parke, who was in command of a division in the 9th Army Corps. The regiment lay in that location near two weeks, when it received orders to report at Crab Orchard. While at Camp Parke the health of the regiment was not good, owing no doubt to the over-indulgence while at Covington. One man by the name of Arthur McGill, of Co. I, died here from camp fever, with only a few hours' sickness.

On the 10th September, the regiment left Camp Parke, reached Crab Orchard on the 11th, and established quarters one mile north of the latter place, and adjoining a large encampment of invalids. While here a large number of officers and men were transferred to the invalid corps, but did not join their new organization until towards the close of the month.

About the 14th of the month, an order was issued for the regiment to report to Gen. Burnside at Knoxville, East Tennessee. He had taken Cumberland Gap a few days before by strategy.

Below is Burnside's report to Gen. Halleck, also

Gen. Rosecrans', who was acting in conjunction with Burnside, viz. :

Official Despatches from Gens. Burnside and Rosecrans.

"WASHINGTON, Sept. 11.—The following official report from Gen. BURNSIDE, concerning the capture of Cumberland Gap, has been received at Headquarters :

"CUMBERLAND GAP, Sept. 9, 1863.—To Maj.-Gen. HALLECK, General-in-Chief: I have telegraphed you of our movements up to the occupation of Knoxville by our forces. Since then a cavalry force has been sent up the railroad to within a few miles of Bristol, capturing some three locomotives and twenty odd cars.

"Another force, composed of two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry I brought to this place in person, to reinforce Gen. Shackleford, who was here with two regiments of cavalry, Col. De Coursey being on the Kentucky side with a brigade, which I started in that direction before leaving Kentucky. The infantry brigade marched from Knoxville to this place, sixty miles, in fifty-two hours. The garrison here, consisting of over two thousand men and fourteen pieces of artillery, made an unconditional surrender at 3 o'clock P. M. to-day, without a fight.

"A. E. BURNSIDE, Maj.-Gen."

"The following despatch from Gen. ROSECRANS has been received at Head-quarters: CAMP NEAR TRENTON, GEORGIA, Sept, 9, 1863.—To Maj.-Gen. HALLECK, General-in-Chief:—Chattanooga is ours without a struggle, and East Tennessee is free! Our move on the enemy's flank progresses, while the tail of his retreating column will not escape unmolested. Our troops from this side entered Chattanooga about noon; those north of the river are now crossing.

"W. S. ROSECRANS, Maj.-Gen."

A great change seemed to force itself upon the regiment just in the few days from the 12th to the 16th of September. At the last-mentioned date, there were only three commissioned officers present with the regiment. Col. Hartranft absent on leave,

Lieut.-Col. Schall in command of the 2d brigade, 2d division, Maj. Wm. J. Bolton on leave of absence, surgeons all absent, and only three line officers present for duty. Capt. Bisbing was in command of the regiment. The companies were commanded by sergeants.

Co. A, under command of 2d sergeant.

" B,	"	"	1st sergeant.
" C,	"	"	2d Lieut. Wm. F. Thomas.
" D,	"	"	5th sergeant.
" E,	"	"	1st "
" F,	"	"	1st "
" G,	"	"	3d "
" H,	"	"	Captain
" I,	"	"	1st sergeant.
" K,	"	"	1st sergeant.

At this date (16th), the order to reinforce Burnside in Tennessee was countermanded, and the brigade was distributed for the several duties below mentioned.

The 51st N. Y. was stationed at Hickman's Bridge to guard it, as they reported only forty-one men fit for duty.

The 35th Mass. and the 51st P. V. were posted at Crab Orchard, for garrison duty.

The 11th N. H. were sent out to London, forty-five miles from Crab Orchard, to do duty at Post Pitman.

The 21st Mass. was transferred to 1st brigade. This scattering of the brigade led the men of the 51st to think they were fixed now, for once in their term permanently, and were to do garrison duty for a certainty. This supposition wrought considerable discredit on the regiment, for feeling they were

“lords and masters of the situation,” they indulged too freely in Bourbon, and through its influence, a sutler’s establishment near the toll-gate above Crab Orchard was “torn out,” or more properly speaking “*cleaned out*,” of all canned fruits, whiskey, tobacco, and everything else. The exact participators in this outrage were never discovered, or if they were, nothing was done and the affair was hushed up.

The men now were having a “good time of it”—at least, so they supposed—but “the way of the transgressor is hard,” and it was verified in twenty-one cases of breach of discipline in the regiment. Whiskey was the whole cause. It was very plenty in that section of country, easily obtained, and obtained it was to excess; and for days in succession a large number of men, also non-com’s, were intoxicated, until the provost marshal at Crab Orchard had to issue prohibitory orders to the citizens and sutlers against selling any liquor unless on an order signed by a commissioned officer. The continued drunkenness of some of the men in the regiment brought them to disgrace; for no less than twenty-one non-commissioned officers were reduced to the ranks by their company commanders, approved by Lieut. Col. Schall.

Even this did not seem to check it at first, but the provost marshal’s order coming fast on its heels, had in a great measure the desired effect, and discipline once more reigned throughout the camp.

Lieut. Col. Schall was commander of the post at this place, and having his quarters a considerable distance from where the regiment reposed, he could not be held accountable for their conduct; yet he

did all that lay in his power, by example, persuasion, and light punishments, to stop the riotous behavior.

Things now began to wear a gloomy aspect, as Gen. Rosecrans, who was operating with Burnside in Tennessee, met with a serious check at the hands of Bragg, Longstreet, and Johnston. The garrisoning duty of the 51st P. V. began to be a little agitated, and its days were numbered.

While at this post, an adventurous Illinois Zouave visited the regiment, and gave an exhibition of his superior skill in handling the rifled musket. He drew a vast crowd around him, and his movements were watched with evident delight and much interest. He certainly handled the musket with extraordinary skill, showing to what beauty and perfection the manual of arms can be brought, through intelligence, patience, and perseverance. His bayonet exercise was a complete triumph, as in fact every movement was, eliciting praises and applause. His performance inspired the men to imitate him, and for months we could see different ones attempting to reproduce his various movements—such as throwing the gun, with fixed bayonet, high up in the air—making it revolve with great speed, now the point up, now the butt of the gun up, and, as it descended, he would catch the piece by the point of the bayonet and revolve it around his head with great velocity, passing it under his arm, over his shoulder, then round his neck and under the other arm, etc., etc.

But none were ever able to perform any of these feats with the same dexterity that the Zouave did. Peter Undercoffer, of Co. C, certainly came the nearest, and handled the gun with much credit.

One thing—like all other exhibitions, the men were called on to pay for the lesson, which they did by taking up a collection for the Zouave which amounted to several dollars. After pocketing the money, he proceeded to another camp, where his performances were likewise hailed with delight. His account of himself stated that he was a member of an Illinois regiment, had been wounded several times, captured once, and was now on his parole, visiting camps, to give exhibitions to replenish his portmonnaie, and to show that any one can become proficient in the use of the gun, the bayonet, sword-bayonet, and the sabre ; and now he was awaiting his discharge from the service.

We do not know what was thought of the truthfulness of his story, but we, our individual self, always considered him in no other light than a *rebel emissary, spying out what supplies were stored at Crab Orchard*—for at this time the stores at this post were immense, consisting of ammunition, arms, rations, harness, forage, medicines, etc., to the value of over two millions of dollars, and were destined for the use of the Army of the Ohio, in Tennessee.

CHAPTER VII.

Mt. Vernon—Starting for Knoxville, Tennessee—Correspondence—History of a Dog—Newspaper extracts—London—Racing on the march—Its results—Post Pitman—Laurel Bridge—Barboursville—Knobs of the Log Mountains—Horace Maynard—Parson Brownlow—Crossing the Cumberland Mountains—Cumberland Gap—Descent into Tennessee—Tazewell.

WHILE at Crab Orchard, towards the close of September, Capt. George W. Bisbing, in command of the regiment, was ordered to take the 51st and proceed along the Cumberland Gap road to a small town called Mount Vernon, about fifteen miles from Crab Orchard, to repair the road in that vicinity, as it was becoming impassable for the teams. The regiment was absent three days, when it returned to camp after accomplishing its labors.

On the evening of September 29th, 1863, Lieut. Col. Schall received orders to move his brigade to Knoxville, East Tennessee, and to be ready to move at daylight next morning, with eight days' rations in haversacks and knapsacks, and with sixty rounds of ammunition to each man. Lieut. Col. Schall was under the impression that his brigade was to go to Knoxville merely to relieve the garrison at that post, to enable them to go to the front; but a couple of days after the regiment's arrival there, dispelled all such fancies from his mind.

Early on the morning of October 2d, 1863, the 51st P. V. struck tents and prepared for its march into Tennessee; Lieut. Col. Schall in command of the 2d brigade, 2d division, 9th Corps; Capt. Wm.

Allebough, Co. C, Act. Assist. Adj. Gen. on Col. Schall's staff; Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing, Co. I, in command of the regiment; Capt. Gaulin, Co. G, Lieut. Wm. F. Thomas, Co. C, Lieut. Wm. W. Owens, Co. F, were all the line officers present with their companies, the other seven companies were under the command of their sergeants.

Below we copy the *Defender's* correspondent's (T. H. P.) letter, which gives the march in full.

BIG SPRINGS, (five miles S. E. of Mt. Vernon, Ky.,)

October 3d, 1863.

Since my last to you, our garrisoning at Crab Orchard has been knocked flat on the head by some unaccountable "military necessity," and we are on a pleasant little tour (for the benefit of Uncle Sam's health) of 157 miles. We are on our way to Knoxville, Tenn., and have some 16 or 17 miles of the "job" done.

On Tuesday evening last Lieut. Col. Schall received a telegraphic order from the front to move his brigade and to bring all the convalescents, from the convalescent camps, along with him, and to report at Knoxville; we were to start at 6 o'clock A. M. on Thursday, October 1st, but as teams could not be got ready by that time we did not take up the line of march until yesterday morning, which was a lucky circumstance for us poor devils, for it had rained the whole day and night before, one of those light rains that saturates clothing and makes marching very painful and laborious. After we left Crab Orchard the column halted at the convalescent camp for the convalescents to fall in. Capt. Allebaugh, Act. Asst. Adj. Gen. to Lieut. Col. Schall, had attended to that business, and in about an hour's time they were assigned to a position in the centre, the 35th Mass., being in the rear, and the provost guard, acting as rear guard, followed in the rear of the column to keep stragglers with their respective regiments. The march now had actually began, and Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing, who is in command of the regiment, "put us through" our day's march by 3 o'clock P. M.; we made about ten miles over one of the roughest roads that I had ever seen up to our halt of yesterday. It was part of the time up steep rocky hills of considerable

length, then descending those hills would try the muscles in the boys' backs at every step, for as they would step from one rock to another lower down, their "knappies" would come against them with a surge nearly precipitating them, not to bear comparison with our wagon train misfortune; there are eleven wagons with us, or rather started with us, six of the teams are made up of "green" mules, and the consequence is, they were not able to make more than five miles yesterday, one wagon upsetting, another had to be held up with props until it got unloaded, and the remainder stuck fast among the rocks and mud. (How I would like to see some of our home teamsters out here with a string of six "green" mules—climbing these "knobs," as the natives call them.) So the wagonmaster, with Quartermaster Stephens' consent, laid over until daylight this morning. As we cannot be too far ahead of our wagon train, we waited until after 10 A. M. to-day for them to catch up; they doing so we again took up the line of march, the 35th Mass. leading the column—being only them and the 51st P. V., having lost the convalescents yesterday, they not being able to keep up with us. I thought, as well as others, that I saw some rough roads yesterday, but the part traversed to-day by us is a "sweetener" for both troops and teams; we made about six or seven miles to-day, and we are now encamped for the night at a place where there is plenty of good water.

The teams have not all arrived yet, but as we looked up the hill at whose base are our tents, we saw some coming down. One would think they would roll over the mules that are hitched to the wagons, for as the fore wheels roll from one declivity to another the wagon appears to be about standing on its front end, but yet they, so far, have got down safe. The mules to those wagons are well broken, and, like their drivers, understand their work and do it. We will not reach Knoxville before the 16th or 17th of this month, we have to move slow for we are to have two batteries with us, viz., Benjamin's six-gun battery of twenty pound Parrotts, and Edwards's six-gun battery of twelve pound Parrotts. Our march must necessarily be slow and tedious, for as the road to the mountains is very hilly and rocky, the artillery and wagons will not be able to make very rapid marches on such highways. It is seventy-eight miles from here to Cumberland Gap and it is called sixty-two miles from the Gap to Knoxville; the road

over the mountains is very rugged—from the base to summit on this side is seven miles, and the descent on the other side is eight miles. Some interesting events, I think, will transpire in crossing the mountains, of which I will try to keep the numerous readers of the *Defender* apprised of at as early an opportunity as I can get.

We expect to reach a post called London, distant about twenty-three miles from here, by next Monday, the 5th, at which place we will gather into our column another regiment, the 11th New Hampshire, which belongs to the 2d brigade. By the addition of that regiment we will make quite a formidable appearance.

A number of furloughs were granted the evening before we left to the boys of the different companies of the 51st Pennsylvania, and the recipients of them may consider themselves born under a lucky star, in getting out of this march.

We are still short of commissioned officers for line duty, Capt. Gaulin, Lieuts. Owens and Thomas are all we can find on the march with the regiment.

More anon,

T. H. P.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY, KY.,

October 9th, 1863.

In my last, I gave you a sketch of our march up to the close of the 3d inst. I will now merely give the remainder of this march in the form of a diary, with the incidents and scenery that I think will interest the general reader of the *Defender*. On Sunday the 4th inst., at 7½ A. M., we formed in line and were again on the march, and in a few moments after we started we crossed the Big Rockcastle river, a very diminutive stream to boast of such a high-sounding title; immediately after crossing the above *rivulet*, we ascended a hill far more worthy of being called a mountain than the above creek a river. At about one-fourth of a mile from the base of this hill we found quite a number of sutlers' wagons, as well as others, "stuck," for at this point of the road it was at an angle of at least forty-five degrees perpendicular. We were nearly "stuck" as bad as the teams, but by being blessed with good toe-nails we succeeded in gaining the summit at the loss of considerable breath. About 1 P. M. we had made eleven miles, and coming to the above river again, Lieut.-Col. Schall halted the brigade until the next morning. We pitched our tents and made ourselves

tolerably comfortable notwithstanding that night was very cold and frosty.

At 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ A. M. of Monday, the 5th, we again were on our march, crossed the above river, and began the ascent of the famous Wild Cat mountain, made famous by the rebel chieftain Zollicoffer having his camp and fortifications on its summit. The tent poles of his camp are still standing erect, but show little vestige of busy camp life. While descending this mountain our worthy friend George Bodey, who was driving an ambulance and sitting in front, was precipitated headlong out of the wagon on the ground, turning a somersault and alighting on his back; it was gratifying to us all when we found that he sustained no injury whatever. All along this road the rebellion has left its desolating mark. The citizens having at the outset of the rebellion deserted their once happy homes and either linked their fates with Jeff. Davis, or gone off as refugees to some distant places of safety, their houses are now occupied by loyal refugees from Eastern Tennessee, of whom the majority are preparing to return to their homes in Tennessee. It is an old but true saying, that one half of the world don't know how the other half lives. These refugees live in the most squalid poverty, having had to leave all their property behind them and seek an asylum in among these mountains where there is little or no vegetation whatever, their sufferings are beyond description.

When our forces drove Bragg out this road through the Gap, the contending forces left their marks upon the trees and in the roads, for some of the trees bear the unmistakable sign of the determination of both forces; some of the trees are perforated with as many as thirty balls, some having their tops cut off by a shell or cannon shot, and at short distances apart. Bragg felled large trees across the roads to impede the pursuing artillery of Buell, and to blockade the roads to prevent Buell from pressing his rear too severely. I have digressed a little but I will return to our march first and the incidents afterwards.

We made a rapid march this day of eight miles in three hours, for by half-past 11 o'clock A. M. we had reached the encampment of the 11th N. H. of our brigade, which has been out here nearly four weeks, this camp is in Laurel county, Ky., near London. Just before we reached this camp we passed a party of rebel prisoners who were on their way back to Lexington, Ky., they were as rough a looking set of bipeds as I

ever saw. We are now at this writing, encamped here awaiting the arrival of the batteries of which I made mention in my last letter that is to accompany us to Knoxville.

On Tuesday the 6th in consequence of the inability of procuring supplies sufficient to feed us, our daily rations were to be considerably reduced, but the reduction has proved to be of little or no loss to us, although some saving to the Government stores, for the surrounding mountains abound in a species of game that our boys have contrived to capture and apply to their own behoof and use only, the game (commonly called hogs and sheep,) roams about here apparently without any owners, until after shot, then an owner of mushroom order springs up as the case may be, but generally with the success of getting off *himself* without being harmed, for the boys hold on to *their* property by that wholesome law, the right of discovery.

Wednesday 7th. This was a rainy day and had rained all night, making everything disagreeable and uncomfortable in camp. We are still using the little shelter tents, but they afford but a very poor protection against a dashing rain.

Thursday 8th cleared off cold, a large train of wagons camped here to-day, having just come in from Knoxville, they left on the 1st inst., and report everything going on as well as could be wished for in front, excepting the whole army out here are upon less than half rations. They report plenty of hogs between here and Knoxville, but unfit for use, unless we carry corn along to feed them a little, and also carry a little fat to fry them in.

Friday 9th. The wagon train that came in yesterday is loading up with bituminous coal to be delivered at Crab Orchard.

I understand that there are immense fields of bituminous coal in this region. There is ample mineral wealth in this part of Kentucky to induce capitalists to invest largely in developing the hidden treasures that are known to exist here, but the want of railroad to some market has deterred the formation of a company or corporation from being organized. It wants a few enterprising Pennsylvanians out here to show them how fortunes are made.

More anon,

T. P. H.

The next letter of T. H. P. is dated from Knoxville, Oct. 21st, 1863, as follows:

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE,

Oct. 21st, 1863.

Since writing my last we have reached this city and I will now endeavor to give a graphic account of our very toilsome march. Just as I closed my last letter on Friday, the 9th inst., the two batteries that we had been waiting several days for, arrived and orders were issued to be ready to break camp and leave at noon of the next day, Saturday, 10th. According to orders we left at the designated time, and with the 35th Mass. and the two batteries (regulars) we made quite a column. We had to leave the 11th N. H. at London to await the return of a supply train, which had to go back to Crab Orchard for an additional supply of rations, for the purpose of acting as a guard to it on its way hither. We made ten miles this day and camped for the night near Laurel Bridge, in Laurel county. Here we found a few hogs running in apparently a wild state and we appropriated them to our use for the inner man.

On Sunday, 11th, we again broke camp and left at 7 o'clock A. M. This day we made nineteen miles over a very mountainous road, at noon we halted at a roadside inn for half an hour, here we had a good rest. We passed through the town of Barbourville and camped about 5 P. M., on the banks of that beautiful stream, the Cumberland river. On Monday, 12th, we left camp at 7½ A. M., and made fourteen miles, forded a river and camped in among the mountains at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On Tuesday, 13th, left the ford at 8 o'clock forenoon, crossed three very high and steep mountains, and arrived at Cumberland Gap at 2 P. M., in a drenching rain; we made fourteen miles this day and then camped. On Wednesday, 14th, we again started at 8 o'clock A. M., we crossed Cumberland Mountains at the Gap, where Kentucky, Virginia, and Tennessee joins. The point of State limits is marked by a large square corner stone cut out and put up for that purpose. It stands at the top of the mountain, on one side of the road crossing the mountain. We made fifteen miles this day and camped at the town of Tazewell, Tenn. Rained all day.

Thursday, 15th. This day we had to lay over for supplies to arrive, our rations having run out, and also the teams being entirely out of forage, and had to go out a foraging to enable them to subsist on forage obtained along the line of march. The train having our supplies arrived at 4 P. M. Friday, 16th, left Tazewell at 9 A. M. This day we made thirteen miles and

forded the Clinch river, which was a most unpleasant duty I assure you, for the water was very deep and icy cold, and the river very wide with a swift current. On Saturday, 17th, left the ford this morning at 8 o'clock, passed through Maynardsville, County-town of Union county, made fourteen miles this day, and camped twenty-one miles from Knoxville. The first seven miles of this day's march was on a road that had a creek of water running over the bed of the road for the whole seven miles. Sunday, 18th, rained very hard all day, mud knee deep and the marching of the most disagreeable character, however, we made seventeen miles and camped about 5 P. M., within four miles of Knoxville. Just as we were pitching our tents for the night we were surprised to see our beloved major, Wm. J. Bolton, Capt. L. S. Hart, and W. P. Schall come riding into camp, having just returned from home. They were greeted with many a hearty shake of the hands and welcomes, a crowd soon gathered around them to hear the news of the election which evidently was highly satisfactory to almost every soldier. While here we received a mail, being the first mail received since leaving Crab Orchard. It was a mammoth one, reminding the boys of the large mails we used to receive after we left Camp Curtin in 1861. On Monday, 19th, we left camp at 9 A. M., and arrived here at Knoxville at half-past 10 A. M., and went into camp where we now are.

Last night about 8 o'clock we received orders to march again this morning at 6 o'clock, with three days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition to each man. Per order, we were nearly ready to start this morning, when the order was countermanded, to the gratification of all the troops, and especially to us, as we had just came off a long, wearisome march, and many of the boys are entirely barefooted. One man in Co. I marched from eighty to ninety miles, over rocky roads, without anything on his feet, and if we have to go on another march before the clothing arrives, there will be quite a number who will have to trudge it barefooted. There is no blame to be attached to any one for the misfortune, as it is one of those unavoidable mishaps. When we left Crab Orchard, every man was well shod, many of them having two pairs of shoes when we started; but it rained nearly every day, and between the gravel in the mud and the sharp pointed rocks in the roads, with upwards of thirty mountains to climb, it cut out shoe leather nearly as fast as if held on a grindstone. The injury done to shoes in climbing so

many mountains is plainly visible in the toes of the shoes; while the heels and balls of the shoes are good and very little worn, the toes are cut off almost square for an inch and a half back. The cause is produced by the men carrying heavy knapsacks and other articles, that in climbing a mountain causes them to lean very much forward, thereby throwing all their weight on the toe of the shoes. Our regiment is in first-rate health, owing no doubt to having a plentiful supply of the best of water while on the march. The country abounds in great quantities of apples, and all along the line of march the trees were loaded down with this delicious fruit in every variety. Yesterday I took a stroll through the city of Knoxville; it is and has been a most enterprising city. In time of peace it boasted of a population of 7,000 white inhabitants. There are twelve or fourteen churches, several banks, schools, machine shops, and foundries, several furnaces for smelting iron, and various other works that employ a large number of hands. It is the most beautiful city that I have seen in any of the Southern States. Parson Brownlow is here, and about starting his paper again. He passed us while crossing the Cumberland mountains at the Gap, having, he said, a new font of type in his carriage at the time. He is now very busy in pointing out the more rabid secessionists to Gen. Burnside, who is taking care of them.

More anon,

T. H. P.

While the regiment lay at Winchester, Ky., Capt. E. Schall, of Co. D, resigned his commission and went home. He took with him a small black dog, named "General." This dog had been in the regiment before its organization at Camp Curtin. When brought there, he was under four weeks of age; as he got older, he grew in size and in the affections of the men. He followed the fortunes of the 51st P. V. from that time up to the resignation of his master, in May, 1863. "General" was with the regiment at the taking of Roanoke Island, Newbern, Camden, second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Sulphur Springs, Fredericksburg,

and in all the marches from Camp Curtin to Winchester, Ky. When he returned to Norristown, Pa., it was only to enjoy life a few short months. A notice of his death, which appeared in one of the papers of that town, of October 20th, 1863, says:

“DEAD.—The dog ‘General’ departed last night from this world. Quite a history is connected with his life. He joined the 51st regiment at Harrisburg, (or we might say was impressed into the service by ‘Buglum’ Taylor,) he followed the fortunes of the regiment through North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky; he passed safely through all the battles fought by that regiment; he was *the pet* of the regiment as well as of the 2d brigade. It is supposed that he was poisoned, inasmuch as no mark could be found on his body. It was evidently the spite work of some malicious person. His remains were placed in a neat little box, and buried in the corner of a yard. A small marble stone, with suitable inscriptions, marks his resting place.”

Another dog followed in the fortunes of the 51st P. V., and made quite a record for himself. He outdid his regiment in the number of his battles; in his long career in the regiment and the large number of his fights he was never known to have been whipped, although attacked sometimes by four or five dogs, none of them as small as himself. His owner took him home, as he was being worn out with age, hard fighting, and the loss of his teeth. All will remember “Tinker” and his master, Sergt. John McNulty, of Co. D.

The 51st P. V. left Crab Orchard to reinforce the army already in East Tennessee, and right lustily did the column push forward to its duty; but its assistance was not needed on its arrival, as the following report of Gen. Burnside to Gen. Halleck will explain:

“KNOXVILLE, TENN., Oct. 17th.

“Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

“On the 8th inst. the enemy held down as far as Blue Springs, and a cavalry brigade of ours held Bull’s Gap, supported by a small body of infantry at Morristown.

“I accordingly despatched a brigade of cavalry around by Rogersville to intercept the enemy’s retreat, and with a considerable body of infantry and artillery moved to Bull’s Gap.

"On Saturday, the 10th instant, I advanced a cavalry brigade to Blue Springs, where they found the enemy strongly posted and offering a stubborn resistance.

"Skirmishing continued until about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when I sent in a division of infantry, who charged and cleared the woods, gallantly driving the enemy in confusion until dark.

"During the night the enemy retreated precipitately, leaving their dead on the field, and most of their wounded in our hands.

"His advance is now ten miles beyond Bristol.

"Our loss at Blue Springs and in the pursuit was about one hundred killed and wounded.

"The enemy's loss was considerably greater.

"About one hundred and fifty prisoners were taken.

"A. E. BURNSIDE, *Major General.*"

About the middle of October, 1863, Gen. Rosecrans was relieved of the command of the "Army of the Cumberland" by Gen. Grant; this did not materially affect the several regiments in the command, more than to move them with greater celerity and at an earlier period. The 2d brigade, 2d division, 9th Army Corps, after reaching Tazewell, Tenn., pushed on with perseverance to the end of its march, not because its services were any more urgently needed, but the change in commanders in chief caused the army to be more centralized than it had been previously.

A dispatch to the "Associated Press," announcing the event, we give below:

"GEN. ROSECRANS SUPERSEDED.—A dispatch, received at one o'clock this morning from Louisville, announces the supersession of Gen. Rosecrans by Gen. Grant, who assumes the command of the armies of the Cumberland, and Ohio, and Kentucky, with ample powers. Gen. Grant left for Nashville, which will probably be his headquarters, yesterday morning, to assume the direction of affairs at Chattanooga. Maj. Gen. Thomas, the "obstinate fighter" at Chickamauga, takes command of the Army of the Cumberland, and Gen. Rosecrans is ordered to report at Cincinnati, by letter to the Adjutant-General at Washington. Gens. Garfield and Steadman, of Rosecrans' staff, arrived at Louisville last night."

By another dispatch from the same source, it shows

that Gen. Grant kept moving himself, which meant that he intended all others to do the same thing, the dispatch bearing the same date as the last one, October 15, 1863:

“VICKSBURG AFFAIRS.—Gen. McPherson, since the departure of Gen. Grant, remains in command of the Union forces south of the Arkansas river down to Gen. Crocker’s line at Natchez. Gen. Logan is the military governor of Vicksburg. Joe Johnston is in command of all the rebel troops in the vicinity, and is using every effort to raise a large army by conscripting every man who comes in his reach.”

The dispatch not only speaks of Gen. Grant’s early departure from Vicksburg, but gave the men of the 51st P. V. an idea how things were going on in the department where they had fought and suffered so much. But, as we are again digressing, we will return to the march.

The march from Crab Orchard to London (Post Pitman) was accomplished by the 6th; the last eight or nine miles were done in a hurry, inasmuch as the 35th Mass. was secretly racing with the 51st P. V., and thinking they (being raw troops) could march as fast and long as older disciplined ones. But, to their discredit (they being in the advance), in turning an angle in the road, or when hidden by a dense woods at almost every bend, they would double quick along the road, until the advance of the 51st P. V. would come in view of their rear, when they would assume the route step, as if they had been going at that ordinary speed all the time. The men of the 51st caught the idea of what the 35th Mass. were doing, and they put on a little more steam, with the approbation of the regimental commander, Capt. Bisbing. In fact, he entered into the race as heartily as the men, and up to within three miles of the last

of that day's march, the 51st P. V. merely held their own, pretending to be ignorant of the object of the 35th Mass.; but on the starting in on the last three miles, the two regiments being nearly a mile apart, the 51st resolved to soon close up *that* gap. By the time another one and a half miles were done, the 51st were at their heels, hallooing and yelping like so many hounds after a fox, for them to "push on," "get out of the way," &c.; but they were nearly jaded out by their exertions, and d—d one another for making fools of themselves and being overdone. Nearly one-half of their regiment "fell out," while the other part, more persevering, seemed determined to get to their camp ground before the 51st could to theirs; but the 51st P. V., followed by the 51st N. Y., pushed on through and around the ranks of the 35th, and were on their camp ground with "guns stacked," before the 35th "filed in" from the road. This race satisfied the 35th that green troops could neither march faster nor longer than veterans, and they never attempted to race again, either secretly or openly.

After the 51st P. V. got into camp each man began to "take account of stock," in sore feet, blisters, sore nails, rubbed heels, &c., and found that they were rich, indeed, but not quite as flush as their opponents, the 35th were, for every step they took through camp was performed in the most delicate style, something similar to a person walking on thorns.

This camp was in a woods about one hundred yards to the left of the road, going towards the "Gap," and it was as merry a camp as the regiment was ever in. A sutler, belonging to Post Pitman, had a goodly supply of "Bourbon," and it wasn't long be-

fore the men had a full sufficiency, by paying \$2.50 per bottle of less than a pint. The scene in camp that night was ridiculous. Lieut.-Col. Schall, the brigade commander, had his quarters a short distance off, but the noise and disorderly conduct of a certain few was plainly heard by him, and he visited the camp in person to quell the disturbance. Seven of the companies being under the command of sergeants, little heed was paid by the men to their threats or orders, and what few line officers were present, although they endeavored to restore order, seemed to enjoy the sport as much as any of the men. As soon as they restored quiet in one place, and got to where another noisy party was, the tumult would break out where they had just left; thus it kept them on the go, until they found their efforts were fruitless, and gave it up, as no man was to be found, on their appearance, who could or would tell who the boisterous ones were; and another thing, the men knew their officers liked fun, and they supplied them with it freely; but when Col. Schall came and complained, and appealed to their better judgment, they instantly ceased their sport, not through fear, but knowing him to be a strictly pious man, and that such conduct wounded his feelings, they, out of respect and reverence for him, brought their revelry to an end for the night.

Next morning, an order was issued by Col. Schall against shooting cattle, hogs, or sheep while lying there; but, with all their respect and reverence for him, they could not brook that order, for their rations were short, and they would not starve to please the natives of that region, and before night nearly every man was frying a nice piece of fresh pork or mutton.

On the 9th the regiment received orders to be ready to leave by noon of the 10th. Their long stay at this place was occasioned by having to take two very heavy batteries along with them, which could not be got ready for the march any sooner; one of which was Benjamin's celebrated New York brass battery of six twenty-pounder Parrott guns; the other, Edwards' (regulars) six gun battery, of twelve-pounders, Parrotts.

At 10 A. M. of Saturday, October 10th, the regiment struck tents and packed knapsacks preparatory to leaving Post Pitman, and precisely at 12 M. it started off towards Laurel Bridge, where it arrived a little before dark, and bivouacked for the night. Soon after getting into quarters, the men began hunting up fresh meat by shooting a few pigs and sheep, much to the indignation of the citizens of the neighborhood. A whiskey distillery was found at this place, but every thing had been removed out of sight of the Yankees. The proprietor had sixty barrels of liquor stored away in the cellar of his large mansion, but it was unknown to the brigade, with the exception of two or three men whom an old colored man had informed that he had helped to put it there only a few days before. The next was a hard day's march, being over a rugged and mountainous road, making about twenty miles. At noon, the regiment halted for an hour and a-half at a public house that stood on the right side of the road; the hotel was closed, but the officers of the different commands entered the rear of the house, and obtained their dinner, while the men were contriving every scheme imaginable to obtain a little whiskey, but with poor success. There was plenty of it, but

it could not be found, as the knowing ones kept out of the way. After the officers had done their dinners, and showed the men a chance of getting theirs, also a good rest, the regiment again started off, and passed, at 5 P. M., through Barboursville, situated on the Cumberland river, and, after fording it, encamped about one and a-half miles from the town, on the bank of the river, in a narrow strip of woods on the right of the road, and about three hundred yards from it, the artillery parking between the regiment's camp and the road. The men belonging to the infantry viewed with envy the plentiful supply of rations which the batterymen had, while the former had only a cracker and a cup of coffee for their supper. Several privates belonging to the 51st P. V. were detailed to serve in Benjamin's battery, to fill vacancies occasioned by deaths and discharges. These men served with Benjamin all through the Tennessee campaign, and with marked distinction. One of whom, John Dunn, of Co. D, deserves especial mention. One of his great feats will be mentioned in the attack on Fort Sanders during the siege of Knoxville, which we will mention hereafter.

The next morning the regiment broke camp, left the Cumberland, made fourteen miles that day, and reforded the same river higher up. The bed of this stream was rocky; the submerged stones were as slippery as ice, and not a few who were trying to keep themselves dry by stepping from one stone to another would slip and get a ducking in the icy cold water that made them feel disagreeable for some time thereafter. After fording the river, the regiment filed to the left of the road, passed an old

building, climbed a steep acclivity, and went into camp on this high hill at about 3½ P. M., which was another act of kindness of the brigade commander, Lieut.-Col. Schall, and it was appreciated by the whole brigade, for it gave all the men who were dripping and soaked to the skin from fording, a chance to dry their clothing and their persons, and by the huge fires they kindled their chattering teeth and shivering limbs soon resumed their natural feelings of warmth.

The regiment left this place next morning, at 8 o'clock, (Tuesday, 13th,) filed down the hill to the road where the column was forming, and immediately started for the "Gap," in a cold, drizzling rain, which, by noon, came down in torrents, making the marching most abominable, and what added to the painful labor was the crossing of the three very high and rocky "knobs" of the Log Mountains, which appeared to worry the men far more than crossing the Cumberland Mountains, at the Gap; their shoes were filled with mud and gravel; their clothing heavy, and dragging with rain; their scanty rations unfit to eat by being soaked in rain water, and all mashed up in their haversacks, and themselves shivering with the cold. By 2 P. M. they reached the base of the Cumberland Mountains, filed to the right of the road, and camped in a meadow about three miles from where the road began its ascent to the Gap. It did not appear to be four hundred yards off, from the fact that the great height of this mountain makes it seem to be close, when, in reality, it is at a great distance. After getting into camp, another difficulty arose in the shape of want of fuel, it being very scarce owing to the long occupation of that

vicinity by the rebel army previous to the surrender of the Gap, and to the Union army after getting possession of it. What little could be found was so water-soaked as to make ignition nearly impossible, but before dark, camp-fires were all ablaze. While some were making the fires, others were obliged to forage for their supper. Some few were a little successful, but only a little, while the majority had to make their supper entirely of stewed apples and coffee. The apples were scrubby things, and we had to go back three miles to get them. This was a cheerless day and night to nearly all the officers and men, and its influence was keenly felt next morning in preparing the morning meal. Although it was intended to start early, yet the rations were so short that Col. Schall deemed it more prudent to show the men a chance of foraging an hour or two for their breakfast, which they did with a hearty good will, but with poor success. He being unable to delay longer the starting, at 8 A. M. the column was under way, with empty stomachs and empty haversacks, to cross the Cumberland Mountains at the Gap.

While at a halt, about two miles from the summit, the Hon. Horace Maynard, U. S. Representative from Tennessee, and a champion of the Union, passed through the regiment, and proceeded up the road to the Gap. When about half-way up, (being on foot,) he stopped and faced the halted troops, evidently wondering if there was strength enough in that little band of heroes, which lay at his feet, to insure a safe entrance for him back to his own beloved State which had so recently driven him away, because he had dared to stand up so nobly, with his compeer, Parson Brownlow, in defence of the Union, and

against secession. No doubt he felt willing to risk it, for after viewing the troops for ten or fifteen minutes, he resumed his way, and we lost sight of him until he got to Knoxville.

Parson Wm. G. Brownlow next came along, in a two-horse carriage, accompanied by that intrepid daughter who had dared to shoot down a rebel sergeant on her father's door-step, while attempting to force his way into the house for the purpose of arresting the Parson. He seemed dejected at his prospects, for he, too, like his friend Maynard, was venturing back to the city of Knoxville, where the "secesh" citizens had twice put the rope around his neck to force him to renounce his Union sentiments, and to link his fortune with theirs; but even with death staring him in the face, the brave old man still stood up for his cherished principles, and defied them to do their worst. He had a couple of U. S. army-wagons at his service, which contained his baggage and a new font of type, which he was going to use, as he said, when he got back to his home. He was told, perhaps he couldn't stay there, when he replied "As long as Gen. Burnside remains in the State, I am bound to stay, and when he leaves I can tell better what I will do." Soon afterwards the Parson passed on over the mountain, and reached Knoxville in safety, where the secessionists would as lief have seen his Satanic Majesty appear among them as the Parson, for they had had their day, and they now trembled in their blockade-running shoes at the prospect that the Parson was about to have his. They well knew he would retaliate with equal severity, and justly, too; for no punishment could he inflict on them that would more than compensate

for their atrociously barbarous crimes, committed on him by them; for were the whole class of secessionists and their sympathizers exterminated from the face of the earth, seas of blood and millions of treasure would have been saved to this most precious Government, and the nation now would not be groaning under such onerous taxation.

The regiment, after a good rest, ascended the mountain in a drenching rain, but not so cold as the day before, and reached the Gap at 10½ A. M., where it halted and viewed the fortifications that were now in possession of the 23d Army Corps.

How a place, so strongly fortified by nature as the Gap, could be taken under any circumstances whatever except by regular siege (and then only by starvation), was a mystery to all thinking military men. After a halt for half an hour's rest, the regiment began to descend on the Tennessee side, and marched on towards Tazewell, thirteen miles south of the Gap, where it went into camp at 3 P. M., within half a mile of the town, on the right of the road, close on the margin of a large pond, the artillery parking on the opposite side of the road. While here, an angry feeling sprung up between the men of the 51st P. V. and the officers of the batteries, which would have led to serious consequences had it not have been for the timely interference of Lieut. Col. Schall. The artillery officers had issued orders to their batterymen prohibiting them from shooting anything like cattle, hogs, sheep, or poultry, or molesting the property of any of the citizens. Gen. Burnside had issued such prohibitory orders when he first entered the State, and they were still in force, and were posted up all along

the line of march in Tennessee. But, hunger defies orders and officers, and the result was the shooting of a shoat by one of the 51st P. V. in the field wherein the artillery was parked. The man was arrested by a guard belonging to the battery, at the command of the artillery officer—which officer, legally, had a right to order the arrest, but, morally, he had not; and in the latter light the men viewed it, and were plotting a rescue, when Lieut. Col. Schall was informed of the state of affairs, and, as brigade commander, had the man set at liberty; and things resumed their wonted tranquillity. Lieut. Col. Schall never acted the part of a tyrant in the enforcement of an order. When a rigid order was to be enforced, he generally had it enforced as strictly as any other commander, and at the same time retained the affection of his command, whether of a regiment or a brigade. He would allow the men to forage for food when rations could not be furnished by the government, even in conflict with standing orders against such actions. He could not see his command suffer for food when plenty surrounded them, but was always careful that the Union-loving citizens should suffer the least by depredations committed by his men. The wagon train arrived about an hour after the regiment, with a scanty issue of rations, but no forage, and the regiment had to lay over until the morning of the 16th, to give the forage train an opportunity to gather forage sufficient for the remainder of the march.

CHAPTER VIII.

An infuriated she-rebel—Clinch river—Maynardsville—A loyal farmer—Return of Major Bolton—Arrival at Knoxville—Misfortunes of a Glee-club—Correspondence—Loudon—Retreat across the river—Grand leap of a locomotive—Taking up the pontoons—Flank movement of Gen. Longstreet—March to Lenoir Station—Leiper's Ferry—A brave corporal—Letters to the *Defender*.

AFTER leaving the Gap about five miles in the rear, Capt. Bisbing halted the regiment near an apple orchard, to enable the men to fill their canteens and to rest. About one hundred yards off to the right of the road stood a long one-storied house. This house was visited by some of the boys for the purpose of getting something to eat. They found the door fastened on the inside, and they were unable to gain admittance in that way; and supposing the denizens had "skedaddled," attempted to seek ingress by a side-window. But, on peering in at the window, they discovered a female within, at least what proved to be a female afterwards, for she did not appear to be anything short of Barnum's "What is it?" Her hair stood out in a mop that nothing less than a bushel basket would encompass, and looked like a large bundle of tow in color. Her head certainly had not been combed since the rebellion broke out. As soon as she discovered the men at her window, she unbarred the door, seized an axe, and rushed on them with the impetuosity of a tigress. The boys vacated their position, "rallied on the regiment" as their reserve, and entered into a war of words with the termagant, in which they

came off only second-best. Her language was both blasphemous and obscene, her voice shrill as a fife, and with the uplifted axe she charged and re-charged to drive the regiment from their resting place in the road. When she found that they were Pennsylvanians, her rage knew no bounds, and she exhausted the vocabulary of epithets on the Yankee "s— of b—!" After leaving her premises, she still followed after the regiment a short distance; and at this time the cause of her antipathy to the Pennsylvanians was made manifest. It appears that her husband was killed in battle in the fore part of the rebellion by a Pennsylvania regiment, and the loss of her husband had partly or wholly deprived her of her reason, and she now was a raving maniac while in sight of those whom she supposed was the cause of all her trouble. How she managed to live, none could tell. The rebel army had fed her while it held the Gap, but now she refused all assistance from the Unionists, either civilian or military. Her appearance will be remembered by all who were with the regiment that day, as also by thousands who marched along that road afterwards, for she attacked all who passed her house.

At 9 A. M., the regiment left camp and passed through Tazewell, and took the road to the right or east of the town for Knoxville. While passing through Tazewell, a small Union flag was seen hanging from a window of a house that was pointed out as the residence of three sisters of Maj. Gen. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia. Two of the sisters were violent Secessionists, and the third was an extreme Unionist; and it was this latter one that had hung out the Union flag.

After leaving Tazewell about twelve miles in the rear, the regiment was again compelled to ford the Clinch or Tennessee river. This was a most disagreeable duty, being very near half a mile wide, and very deep, but with a good bed for fording, consisting of gravel and small rock. After crossing the river, (which took a long time to accomplish, on account of such slow progress being made in fording a deep stream with a swift current,) the regiment filed to the left of the road, and encamped about 4 P. M. in a small field in the rear of an old barn. Next morning (the 17th) the regiment left the ford at 8 o'clock, and had an exceedingly difficult road to march over, it being a succession of hills. For about seven miles our route lay in the bed of a swift-running stream of uncertain depth—now not more than a couple of inches deep, then, the next step, knee-deep. After crossing this elevation, the regiment passed through a small village, of which a large saw-mill was the principal feature, called Maynardsville, the county-seat of Union county, and proceeded about six miles further and went into camp on a staunch Union man's farm, to the right of the road, on the banks of a large creek of splendid water. This man's property was under a "safe-guard," issued by Gen. Burnside. Consequently his cattle, hogs, sheep, &c., with which he was amply supplied, suffered from no act of the 51st P. V., if we except the shooting of a fine goose by one of the men, who was ignorant of the existence of the safe-guard. This farmer, who was well blest with this world's goods, showed that he possessed a heart susceptible of kindness, for when he heard the men complain of having so little to eat, he gave them permission to

kill some of his sheep, which were in splendid condition, with the injunction not to kill more than they would be able to consume, as he did not approve (and justly too) of wasting that which would be needed another day. The regiment had a good supper that night, and without violating discipline; but the after part of the night was most cheerlessly spent, for it began to rain, and the water ran in under the tents rousing the sleepers to a sense of their condition. Towards daylight the rain slackened a little, and the boys prepared their morning meal while they had a chance. At 7 A. M. of Sunday (18th) the regiment left for another day of hard marching—raining copiously all day, the roads in a most horrid condition, the men's clothing dripping wet, and the mud of such a soft, greasy, unctuous nature, and almost knee-deep, that entirely baffles description. Seventeen miles to be done in that kind of roads, as they were all alike; but the men persevered, and, only a few straggling, reached a flat or meadow on the left of the road, bounded on one side by a large creek, and within four miles of Knoxville, at 5 P. M. While laying out the camp-ground, preparatory to pitching tents, the regiment was surprised at the appearance of three horsemen, who were dashing up the road at full gallop towards the camp, but, on a closer view, it was ascertained to be Maj. Wm. J. Bolton, Capt. Lane S. Hart, and Private Wm. P. Schall, who had just returned from their homes. This acquisition to the number of commissioned officers was hailed with delight, and the men evinced a deal of pleasure in having their old major with them once more. On the next morning, at 9 A. M. of the 19th, the regiment took up the

line of march to complete the task of one hundred and fifty-seven miles, which they succeeded in doing at 10½ A. M. of the same morning, making the one hundred and fifty-seven miles in precisely eighty-two hours as follows:

Oct. 2d, 10 miles, 4 hours; 3d, 7½ miles, 7 hours; 4th, 11 miles, 5½ hours; 5th, 8½ miles, 3 hours; 6th, lay over until the 10th; 10th, 10 miles, 5 hours; 11th, 19 miles, 8½ hours; 12th, 14 miles, 7½ hours; 13th, 14 miles, 6 hours; 14th, 15 miles, 7 hours; 15th, lay over until the 16th; 16th, 13 miles, 8 hours; 17th, 14 miles, 9 hours; 18th, 17 miles, 10 hours; 19th, 4 miles, 1½ hours. Total, 157 miles in 82 hours.

To the casual reader this may not seem to be much of a march, but to march one hundred and fifty-seven miles in eighty two hours, climbing innumerable mountains, fording deep, wide, and swift-current rivers, and in muddy or on rocky roads, with heavy rains just half the time, but sufficient to keep the men dripping wet all the time. We think it a remarkable march, inasmuch as the men were so scantily rationed, and carrying heavy knapsacks, two to three pieces of D'Abri tents, a gum and a woollen blanket, plates, frying-pans, tin-cups, their guns and accoutrements, making, on an average, about sixty-one pounds for each man to carry, and as such things always seem to get heavier the further they are carried, the weight appeared to be not less than ninety or one hundred pounds by the time the regiment arrived at Knoxville; arriving there completely jaded out and very hungry, with a poorer prospect than before of getting a full half-ration of coffee, or hard-tack and coffee. The regiment encamped in a field in the suburbs of the city, about half a mile northwest of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad depot. Soon after the tents were pitched, the boys took a stroll through the city, and

those who were the fortunate possessors of a few "stamps" invested them in such things to eat as could be found. The principal things were molasses, corn meal, and tobacco, which were held at untold prices. The molasses was sold at one dollar per canteenful; corn meal at fifteen cents per pound; and only a very limited quantity could be obtained even at those prices.

A few of the men of the regiment who had formed themselves into a glee-club, made the acquaintance of some of the Knoxville ladies, and spent an hour or two the first night after their arrival in serenading their new-made acquaintances by singing "When this cruel war is over," "Who will care for mother now?" and a number of others, until 2 A. M. of the 22d; and again went into the city in the evening of the same date and serenaded the fair ones once more; in fact, they had spent the most of the day in town, and while there the regiment received marching orders, to be ready to move in an hour and a half; but of this the singers were ignorant, and at the designated time for the regiment to leave, everything was in readiness excepting the serenaders, who were still absent. Their tentmates had packed up their knapsacks, strapped on their blankets and laid all their arms, accoutrements, and other property in a heap, in case they returned in time to leave with the regiment—but no; the regiment left them, and they lost guns and all else, for when they returned to the old camp-ground everything had been carried off; and thinking that some of their comrades had their articles with them for safety, returned to the city to do more serenading; but on their return to the regiment, they found themselves poor indeed! which no

doubt served to teach them that a soldier has no business to serenade all day and night, to the neglect of his military duties.

On the 22d, the regiment left camp at Knoxville at 3½ P. M., and marched to the depot of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, preparatory to embarking for Loudon, Tennessee. The correspondent of the *Defender*, "T. H. P.," gives the move in detail as follows:

CAMP OF THE 51ST REG'T P. V.
OPPOSITE LOUDON, TENNESSEE, *Oct. 26th, 1863.*

Yesterday we were blessed with another mail, it being the second one since we left Crab Orchard, Kentucky; the boys were glad of it, I assure you, for it seems as if we are shut out now entirely from the world, everything around "these diggings" is literally deserted, and nothing but tents, teams, soldiers, and fortifications of immense strength meet the eye in all directions. On Thursday, 22d inst., at two o'clock P. M., we received orders to be ready to march from Knoxville in one and a-half hours. In a few minutes after receiving the orders, tents were struck, rations issued for three days, forty rounds of ammunition to each man, and then all were ready to leave; but at the expiration of the time we were still in camp, in fact we did not leave until six o'clock in the evening, when we marched to the depot of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, to take the cars for this place; but as there were only cars enough to take the first brigade, we were marched to the rear of the depot, stacked arms and laid on the platform of the depot all night. At daybreak on Friday 23d, it set in a cold, heavy rain, which continued without one minute's abatement in its fury until Saturday morning. At about eight o'clock A. M., on Friday, the cars returned for us, but through the inflexible power of "red tape," we did not get embarked. As soon as "red tape" said all was ready, it was discovered that the telegraph wires were cut somewhere between the two points. A guard was immediately detailed and put upon the engine and tender, which was uncoupled from the train, and went a whizzing over the road on a voyage of discovery, when within fifteen miles of Loudon, they found the

wires down, the damage was repaired, and a despatch sent to Knoxville to that effect. Another engine was fired up, headquarters' baggage and horses loaded, and at half-past one P. M. we were loaded. Companies A and F were more fortunate than the rest of us, they obtaining a close-covered car, the remainder of us were loaded on trucks, and being without either sides or roof we were kept standing in the cold, driving rain until three o'clock, being but thinly clad, very few having overcoats, and wet to the skin, we suffered terribly with the cold. At the time the rations were issued for three days, it was intended to serve us until Sunday night, but as they were considerably less than half rations, some of the boys were already out of "grub." Six crackers were the allowance for the three days, and any ordinary man would have consumed them in one day. Hunger began to gnaw the vitals of some, making their cold and wet situation far from being pleasant. At last the whistle blew and off we went, but not with the speed of your lightning express train on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, but at about seven miles an hour. I think I hear you say, that is slow travelling! Well, it was slow, but from what followed, I think we did "bully." The men on half rations, the road in not quite half repair, the locomotive only in half running order, and I believe it was, like the men, on half rations of wood and water also, for it almost "stuck fast" on every slight grade, in fact it did make a "stick" once on a grade, and General Burnside, who was on the train with us, told Lieutenant-Colonel Schall, who was and is in command of the brigade, to get a dozen men off of each car to push the train up the grade; the men jumped off and put their shoulders to the wheel, having the example set by General Burnside in person, who was "leaning into it" like a "Georgia Major," thinking, no doubt, that if he got stuck in the mud last winter at Fredericksburg, that it should not go before this uncharitable world that he got stuck on railroad iron in Tennessee. After a long push, a strong push, and a push altogether, we got over the grade, and arrived at the end of our journey at nine o'clock that night. We disembarked, amid the rain and dark, in mud almost knee-deep, as near dead as alive, every one shivering and shaking as with a fit of ague. Teeth chattering, and knees knocking together, like castinets, each one found that under the circumstances that surrounded us that we would have to make the best of the most disagreeable situa-

tion, and therefore each one struck out on his own hook, as it was impossible to form the regiment within the narrow limits of the deep cut where we disembarked. The boys of the whole brigade scattered and sought such shelter as they could best obtain for the night. Next morning at daylight, the regiment began to collect together around the quarters of Major Bolton and Captain Bisbing, and pitched their tents; about three o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was formed, and we moved to the side of a hill and went into regular camp, where we now are.

We are lying on the east side of the Tennessee river, the town of Loudon laying on the west bank of the river, almost entirely surrounded by lofty heights, which are strongly fortified and commanding the town and surrounding country for a great distance. There is a pontoon bridge laid across the river that the rebels left behind them in their hurry to get away. The railroad bridge, which spanned the river at this point, they destroyed by fire when on their retreat. It was, no doubt, a fine structure, it contained ten well-constructed piers, which are all that remain standing to mark the work of peaceful times.

On Saturday, the rebels sent in a flag of truce, demanding the town by three o'clock of that afternoon. General Burnside "couldn't see the point" and retained the flag of truce, and sent out two pieces of artillery to answer for him; a brisk engagement ensued, and the rebels fell back to a small town, Philadelphia. Some of your readers may question the propriety of keeping the flag of truce, but it was only paying the same party back in their own coin; for only a few nights ago, Wolford, with his command of cavalry, were in a tight place, and sent in a flag of truce to the rebels for some special purpose, when the rebs retained the flag of truce, and immediately deployed their columns, and had him entirely surrounded before he was aware of the coils so adroitly placed around him. He (Wolford) soon perceived his situation, and, as one of his own men told me, he told his men of the predicament that they were in and all that was left for them to do, was "to do or die." Some succeeded in cutting their way out, but about three hundred were captured; and General Burnside merely retained their flag of truce as an equivalent.

More Anon.

T. H. P.

An extract from a private letter, of which we give below, confirms all that "T. H. P." asserts in his correspondence, and reads almost as if one person had written them both, but as they were written by two distinct persons, it shows how near the two persons felt under the same circumstances, which is but a type of the condition and feelings of the whole regiment. It says:

"Last Thursday we left camp, but not Knoxville; we struck tents at two o'clock in the afternoon, but did not leave till six, when we went to the depot to take the cars for somewhere, twenty-eight or thirty miles southwest of Knoxville. On arriving at the depot, there were no cars to take us, for what few there was had loaded with Colonel Siegfried's brigade, and we had to lie there all night on the platform of the depot, without any shelter excepting the broad canopy of Heaven, which wasn't tucked down around the edges, like mother used to tuck the quilts in our little trundle bed, and the biting, frosty wind didn't help to keep us any warmer. Before day-break on Friday, a heavy, cold rain set in, and kept raining until last night. We all got wet to the skin while at the depot, and being nearly naked, no tongue can tell what we suffered. At one o'clock on Friday afternoon, we were loaded on the cars, or rather trucks, for they were cars only used for dirt and hauling wood, being without either sides or coverings, and there we had to stand and take it, until three o'clock, in the rain; then we started off, the cold and driving rain chilling us all to the heart. Shame's sake kept many a one of us from shedding tears in his distress. We arrived here at nine o'clock that night, more dead than alive, *our teeth chattering, and our knees knocking together like castinets*, we were unloaded in a ditch, alongside of the track, in mud to the knees, and in a cut so deep and narrow that only one man could walk between it and the cars; so every fellow had to look out for himself, and the result was we all got lost from each other. My tentmate and I walked about a mile in the mud and dark, until we found an old log hut nearly ready to fall down, and in we went, made a huge fire and dried our clothes. By two o'clock in the morning, we lay down on some rails and went to sleep; no, not to sleep, to try to sleep, I mean. When daylight came, we left the old house and went over on a high hill, made a fire, had a cup of hot coffee, but *nothing to eat*, for on Thursday we drew rations to last us until Sunday night, but as we got less than half rations for that time, nearly every man was out by Friday night. You ask what were we to do until to-night? I will tell you how we two did. I borrowed twenty-five cents, and Bill went over to the town and bought five pounds of rye middlings,

and I made a few cakes, so *we* were all right. I saw one man pay one dollar for a five cent loaf of bread, which he ate at once. Well, the regiment did not get altogether until after sun down yesterday. Burnside and his staff came along with us, but they had a good comfortable passenger car. Yesterday, Burnside kicked up a muss with the rebs before he ate his breakfast, and they fought all day, up till dark, all around us, but we did not get into the fight. He drove them back seven miles, to a small town called Philadelphia, on the other side of the Tennessee river.

On the arrival of the regiment at Loudon, it disembarked, as above stated, in a ditch, in a deep cut, at the terminus of the railroad track, which was about one mile east of the railroad bridge, that spanned, or had before its destruction, the Tennessee river at Loudon; but owing to the stormy night and the dense darkness, it was impossible for the regiment to form in line. The whole brigade was so mixed, that the men gave up in despair of getting in their proper places that night, and all sought such shelter as they could find, caring very little about what became of them. As soon as daylight of the next morning appeared, the men began to hunt for the colors of their respective regiments, and it was not until well on towards the middle of the afternoon that all were gathered around their regimental headquarters. Major Bolton, who was now in command of the regiment, with Capt. Bisbing on his staff, formed his regiment and encamped it on a suitable site only a short distance from where it had disembarked the night before. While the men were preparing places to pitch their tents, it was found that the field was swarming with rabbits, and the whole regiment dropped their axes and hatchets to secure some of the game. Some men in Companies G, H, K, and B, captured from six to ten each by knocking them over with clubs

and stones. Nearly every man had one or two, which helped them greatly to eke out their rations.

Our forces occupied the town of Loudon, which lay on the west bank of the Tennessee river, and was accessible by only a pontoon-bridge across the river above the town. This bridge was laid by the rebels, who were driven away from their position by Burnside's furious attack on them, in which they did not get time to destroy it. The beautiful ten-arch railroad-bridge had been thoroughly destroyed by the enemy some time previously, but did not get all their cars away when they left. Nothing transpired, while lying opposite Loudon, until the night of the 27th October, when orders were issued to be ready to move at daylight. On the 28th instant, at 5 A. M., the regiment formed in line and marched down to the river where the pontoon was stretched across, and filing to the right, parallel with the river, drew up in line of battle facing the town. Speculation ran high as to what it all meant; but soon the object was discovered, which was the evacuation of Loudon, and the destruction of all kinds of property that would render "aid and comfort to the enemy." The engineers took possession of the pontoon bridge, and as soon as the last man and last mule had crossed it, the engineers "fell in" and took up the boats, under the protection of the infantry, who were in line of battle in supporting distance. Previous to taking up the bridge, a locomotive that was coupled to a number of cars standing on the track in Loudon, was "fired-up" by order of General Burnside, and as soon as there was enough steam generated to move the train, it was turned on, and the detail having charge of the job jumped off;

and the whole thing moved away slowly, as if conscious of its final fate. Having about two hundred yards to run, and getting a full head of steam on, it was running at a good rate of speed on its approach to the fatal brink. The track ran out to the first archway over the water, and ended abruptly at the precipice, which was about one hundred feet high. As the locomotive neared the spot, it seemed as if the whole army was spell-bound, each one holding his breath in anxiety. At last, the huge iron horse reaches the end of the track and shoots over the precipice, dragging its companions in misfortune into the awful abyss below. A loud crash, and a cloud of steam, told that the last job of evacuation was completed; and the wreck, nearly all of which was engulfed from view, lay at the bottom of the river! After the pontoon boats were taken up, they were conveyed to the end of the railroad track where the regiment had disembarked in the deep cut. They were then hauled up to the top of the embankment of the cut, and the 51st P. V. was detailed to load them on the cars, which occupied the remainder of that day and nearly all of the next. There were fifty-two of the largest size pontoon boats, weighing near a ton each, and being unwieldy, it was a "fatigue duty" that will be long remembered by the regiment. After getting the last boat loaded, we took up the line of march for Lenoir Station, six miles from Loudon, on the railroad from the latter place to Knoxville. Here the regiment went into camp, with a prospect of remaining for the winter. The 30th and 31st of this month was occupied in fitting up our abode in a

comfortable manner. It was situated on the Holston river, twenty-two miles west of Knoxville.

On the 1st of November, 1863, a detail of about fifty-five men were sent up the Holston river six miles to do picketing at Leiper's Ferry. This detail was under the command of Capt. Gaulin and Sergt. G. W. Patterson, Co. I, and Corpl. Levi Ammons, of Co. H. On the night of the 2d, the rebel pickets on the opposite side of the river, only a few yards wide, fired into Corpl. Ammon's relief; but the corporal was of a courageous nature, and stood his ground with his little band of heroes like a true soldier, and fought the enemy for twenty minutes, when the rebels retired to their original position.

The correspondent of the *Defender* gives another letter which treats of the operations of the 51st P. V. in detail, which we here insert:

CAMP OF THE 51ST REGT. P. V.,
LENOIR, TENN., Nov. 2d, 1863.

You see we have again changed our location since I wrote my last. We left Loudon on the 29th ult., and marched to this place, distant six miles from Loudon. On the 28th ult., we evacuated the town and withdrew all of our forces to this side of the Tennessee river. The pontoon bridge was taken up, and we were detailed to load the boats on the cars, which was done, and they were sent to Knoxville. A locomotive and two cars that were on the Loudon side of the river had to be destroyed, and accordingly the engine was fired up, and as soon as enough steam had generated to put the locomotive and cars in motion, they were started off to make their last trip. They ran about two hundred yards to where the track ends at the bridge, and made a final leap into the depths below of the Tennessee river, with a tremendous crash and a cloud of steam, and all was over. It was a grand sight to those who beheld it, and was witnessed by thousands of troops and citizens. I cannot pretend to give any reason why Gen. Burnside evacu-

ated the town, but as he is competent to lead an army he is likewise competent to determine what is the most sagacious. Part of the regiment is on picket about six miles from here, at Leiper's Ferry, on the Tennessee river. There are numerous foraging parties going out daily, scouring the country around for miles, and always return with wagons well filled with corn, &c. It is a risky business sometimes, as our parties enter a large cornfield on one side, the rebels enter on the other side, in considerable force, for the purpose of capturing our men, but they very seldom ever succeed in a capture. The corn crop in this region is a good one, and as for team supplies our force might forage here for a long time. Should we stay here, as some suppose, we will remain here all winter. The First Division has already commenced building log huts for winter-quarters, and a few of our (Second) Division are preparing also winter-quarters, but as usual this corps will not be permitted to lay long enough in one place to enjoy more than a couple of days in comfortable quarters; the Ninth Corps must be kept moving, if it is only for the sake of depriving the men of a little comfort; but we can live anywhere, anyhow, or in any place; therefore they can't put us wrong, if they try. Col. Hartranft has not arrived here yet, but is looked for daily. Lieut.-Col. Schall is still in command of the brigade. Major Bolton is commanding the regiment; 1st Lieut. Gillilan is acting Adjutant; Sergt. Isaac Fizione, acting Sergt.-Major; and a more gentlemanly set of officers no regiment can boast of. The weather here is of a peculiar kind; I thought it rained in Mississippi, when we were there, the easiest of anything in this world, but down in that State it only rained when there were clouds flying, but here it rains just any time at all, whether there are clouds or not; one hour it is clear and pleasant, the next one the rain comes pouring down, and if you look up you wonder where all the rain comes from; and if it clouds up in the old-fashioned style for a rain, it does it up brown, I tell you. It never gets tired of raining then; it only stops because its supply of the aquatic fluid is cut off. The roads are in bad condition, and it is difficult for artillery to move, the soil being of a loose nature, and the almost never-ceasing rains cause the mud to be very deep. The face of the country is very hilly, but well watered and of a fertile quality, producing splendid crops of cereals as well as of the Chinese sugar-cane. Grazing is not as extensive a business here as in Kentucky, but no one

can doubt but it can be carried on as profitably in this State as in any of the Union. There is every facility here for it—valleys, hills, mountains, with splendid table-land, and well watered in all sections. All that is needed now is Peace, and a few enterprising capitalists to invest in natural resources of this State that which will pay them a larger dividend than any investment that can be found up North.

Furloughs are still granted, but with restrictions, subjecting the men to a division court-martial if they don't report in person to their regiment at the expiration of their furlough. Sergt. John Fair, of Co. C, will leave here in a few days for home—he receiving a furlough for twenty-five days—and, as there is no other going, to my knowledge, very soon again from here, I mention his departure in case any one at home wished to send any light parcels, such as letters, &c., to their friends in the regiment, that, on his return, he will carry them.

While on dress parade a few nights ago, an address was read to the regiment by Adj. Gillilan from the Ladies' Union Association of Norristown, signed by Miss Annie Yerkes, &c. It was received in the same spirit as it was penned, and, let me assure the ladies of Norristown and its vicinity, that while the noble old Fifty-first is absent doing battle for our glorious country, that we are ever mindful of the generous impulses that prompts their gentle hearts to hold us in fond remembrance for our efforts to sustain our Government, and to throw the strong arm of "the Constitution as it is" around them for protection for all time to come! God bless the ladies of Norristown!

More anon,

T. H. P.

The *Defender* being in possession of a number of T. H. P.'s letters, notices them thus:

"None of our readers will fail, of course, to read the interesting letters of our Fifty-first correspondent. See how cheerfully the soldiers in that regiment sustain the trials and sufferings they are almost continually exposed to. These letters from Mr. Parker, in our paper, form a continuous history of the 51st regiment since they have been in the field. They will be important to preserve for future use.

LENOIR, EASTERN TENNESSEE,

Nov. 11th, 1863.

Here I sit in camp nearly solitary and alone. There are, as you will remember, about fifty-five men up the Tennessee

river, at Leiper's Ferry, doing picket and guard duty. Well, this morning the reveille was beat at four o'clock, which is two hours before daylight, and soon the camp was in busy preparations of getting breakfast. At six o'clock the assembly was beaten and the boys were soon "in harness." The companies formed and marched out to the color line and the regiment formed there and stacked arms, and the boys were then dismissed with the injunction to be ready to "fall in" at a moment's notice. Now you ask what all this meant? I will tell you as far as I can, correctly. In a day or two after we came here from Loudon, a number of men were detailed out of the corps to make pontoon boats. Yesterday the boats were finished and most of them hauled to the ferry at this post, and it is the intention to lay a pontoon bridge across the Tennessee river at this place to-day. The 1st brigade crossed the river this morning about half-past six o'clock on the ferry flat boats, and I am told, but how *true* I cannot say, that they found plenty of rebels on the other side and also were fired into by the rebels. At noon orders were issued for about a hundred men to be detailed out of our regiment to cross the river. Accordingly the detail, under command of Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing, left and nearly cleaned out our regiment, being but very few fit for duty that escaped the detail. The bridge at this writing (two o'clock P. M.) is a little more than half across the river, and it is confidently expected that it will be completed by this evening. The engineer corps and the workmen have not been interfered with by the rebels as it was first supposed they would be. As soon as the bridge is finished wagons will cross for the purpose of foraging. A large number of Union citizens who live on the other side of the river from here, but who are necessarily for their own personal safety on this side, say that there is full and plenty of hay and corn over there, while others say that the rebels have foraged up to within a mile or two of the river and have taken everything—hay, corn, cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and mules, completely stripping the country and citizens of every vestige of movable property, and at the same time they drive everything *Union* outside of their lines into ours, and the consequences are these: the aged, the sick, and infirm, the young and all, have to seek a sheltering place beneath some bush or in the woods within our lines and depend on the cold charities of this uncharitable world for their subsistence, for they lose everything they possess in the world

at the hands of the rebels. The Union families who have been driven out of rebeldom are to be seen in clusters of five to ten persons all huddled up together trying to make the best of their unfortunate situation in the woods and in the most utter destitution, for even their clothing has been taken from them. It is enough to make a callous person open his heart to sympathy to hear some of the tales of sufferings of these poor Union women, to hear a mother with her unconscious infant in her arms tell how she has travelled all night in the woods through the cold storms, with her little ones at her side, fleeing from her persecutors to seek a place of safety ; and how day after day, and night after night, her little ones would cry for food and to be kept warm, of which the first she could not give and the last she *dare* not do, for if she would have kindled up a fire the rising column of smoke from it would have betrayed her whereabouts. Some may doubt the plausibility of the above, or may say there may be a few isolated cases, but let them ask the very many of the 51st Pennsylvania, who have so frequently of late been out foraging for miles around the country, and have never came back to camp without meeting a large number of cases of the above persecutions.

We have had severe cold weather for these three last days, freezing at nights very hard. The boys feel the cold very sensibly this autumn, for they put in the two former winters with scarcely knowing that it was winter at the time, but we are sadly in want of overcoats and there is no telling when they will arrive here, as we have been expecting clothing for some time past ; it certainly will come soon.

We have been busy putting up winter quarters for these few days back, as it is supposed that we are to winter somewhere around here in this God-forsaken region. I think it is likely that a good number *will winter here*, if we stay six weeks here, for it will be enough to kill one-half of the regiment off.

My individual opinion is that we cannot stay here this winter, even if the rebels will *let* us, for the roads from Kentucky over the mountains will be impassable, as they are nearly so now, and so far all the supplies that we receive have to come over that road. We are put on quarter rations of coffee and sugar already, and the quartermasters have had to issue flour to us instead of crackers or soft bread, and how Burnside is to keep his army here on the extreme short rations that we have been on for these three last weeks all winter will puzzle not a

few. He certainly will have to do one of two things, viz., either fall back to the Gap or beyond it, or push his way down the railroad and form a junction with Rosecrans at Chattanooga and get his supplies via Nashville. Perhaps we may make a haul on the other side of the river of a month or two of the rebs' supplies, and should that be the case we then can stand the winter very well. Our mails are somewhat deranged as we are in the receipt of very light ones. We get one of these light mails twice a week. I suppose one cause attributable to the mails being small is, that the mail has to be transported from Crab Orchard, Ky., to Knoxville, Tenn., a distance of one hundred and fifty-seven miles, on pack mules, and as the mail carrier hurries up his mules it cannot be that he overloads his packers.

More anon,

T. H. P.

KNOXVILLE, *Dec. 7th*, 1863.

Ere these lines can possibly reach the reader's eye the scenes and incidents to which they refer will have become old ; but taking it for granted that special interest is manifested in the 51st, we indulge the hope that they will at least receive a hasty perusal.

When, on the morning of the 12th of November, we commenced laying the pontoon bridges across the Holston river, at Lenoir, we little thought that in a few days the work of so much labor, time and patience would be destroyed. Yet such was the case. Ere any of the contemplated benefits could be acquired, it was sunk in the deep waters of the Holston.

Shortly after midnight on the 14th, orders came into camp to be ready to move at a moment's notice. At five o'clock orders came to strike tents and load the officers' baggage. This was quickly done, and the wagons were at once sent to Knoxville.

The morning was wet, cold and cheerless. The regiment having stacked arms, the men were gathered around the numerous fires waiting further orders. All was bustle and excitement around us. Our pickets on the other side of the river had been attacked, and fell back to this side. The pontoon bridge was destroyed, and the troops from Loudon came pouring into Lenoir. There was everything to indicate a retreat.

But at 10 o'clock, Gen. Burnside arrived in a special train from Knoxville, and soon thereafter there was a change of

movement. The troops that had just fallen back came to an "about face," and again moved to the front. The 1st Division of the 9th Corps, too, was sent forward. Batteries dashed wildly down the road, and we certainly expected a battle in the afternoon.

Our division remained fast, although momentarily expecting orders to move. The falling rain made our situation far from pleasant. Slowly the day passed, and night still found us on our old camp ground. Wrapping our blankets around us we laid down to sleep. Hardly, however, had we done so, ere a most violent rain storm arose. You can well judge our condition at this time. But the storm gradually abating, we were enabled to obtain some sleep.

At 2 o'clock on Sunday morning we were all aroused and ordered under arms. Shortly afterwards we moved off in the direction of Loudon. The road was very bad, and the morning being quite dark, made it extremely hard for us to get along.

We arrived at Loudon shortly before daybreak. We moved at once to the front, but, before reaching it, the order was countermanded, and we fell back to the heights on the banks of the Tennessee. There we stacked arms, and awaited the orders of our officers. It soon became apparent that it was the purpose of Gen. Burnside to fall back. This was evidenced by our movements, as well as those of other divisions, and the putting in position of our artillery. We could distinctly hear, if not see, the rebel troops crossing the pontoon bridge. Slowly our forces fell back, while our skirmishers engaged those of the enemy. The sharp rattle of musketry and the loud roar of cannon told us the enemy were pressing closely upon the heels of our retiring army. As the rebels emerged from the woods, the scene was exciting in the highest.

The 1st brigade of our division was sent forward and deployed as skirmishers to cover the retreat of the army, while our brigade (the 2d) was held in reserve to support the 1st should occasion require it. For nearly the whole day, our skirmishers held the rebel advance in check, when it no longer being prudent to remain, the order came to fall back. Throwing skirmishers to our left, we slowly moved back to Lenoir.

Here the men were furnished with five days' rations. With barely time to cook their coffee, the line of march was again taken up. Our brigade followed immediately in the rear of

Benjamin's battery of twenty pound guns. Of course the laborous duty of helping it along devolved on us. The duty was very severe, for the horses were nearly worn down, and the roads were in an awful condition. The whole long night, amid the rain and dark, the poor soldiers toiled and labored as men never did before. The cannon were dragged over the steep hills and deep gullies by ropes, piece by piece, and when daylight appeared we discovered that we were only three miles from Lenoir—having made only three miles in *twelve hours*. But we had gone over the worst part of the road, and with the assistance of some mules our progress was more rapid. We succeeded in reaching the point aimed at in time—and just in time. The battery was saved thanks to the gallant men who so nobly clung to it. The excellent service it rendered afterwards fully compensated for all we did.

Few will forget that memorable night. How earnestly all toiled to save the battery, and how well we remember the deep solicitude of the commanding officers for its safety. The men were wet, tired and foot-sore if not heart-sore, but they never faltered or yielded to the discouragements surrounding them. They bravely struggled on, and had the gratifying consolation of saving the battery. What added interest to the occasion, was the constant crack of the rifle, with now and then rapid volleys of musketry, intermingled with the hideous yells of the foe.

Monday, the 16th of November, the anniversary of our departure from Harrisburg, was destined to be another important era in our history. For on this day was fought the battle of Campbell Station. To reach this point it was we worked so hard with the battery, in order to obtain possession of the road leading to Kingston, so that the enemy could not get on our front and flank. And we did not reach it any too soon, for it was not long afterwards the enemy's skirmishers came swarming down the road. Our division, under command of Col. Hartranft, was in position on this road, and its peculiar duty was to hold the enemy in check until the entire army at Lenoir was up. It is enough to say the order was obeyed.

In the meanwhile Burnside had taken up his line of defence, and as the troops came up he placed them in position. Our division was on the extreme left. The enemy pressed closely on the heels of our forces, shouting fiercely as they advanced. Their skirmishers approached to within a few hundred yards

of our line of battle. Soon in line of battle their infantry advanced, and although our batteries opened with rapidity and precision, yet they moved on until they reached a deep ravine in our front. Our skirmishers along the whole line were engaging the enemy's skirmishers. Soon the rebels put in position their "White Horse battery," which rained shell and solid shot upon us. However our guns soon silenced it. But other positions were taken up, and other batteries joined it, so that the artillery duel was quite lively. Their infantry was eagerly seeking to turn our flanks, but our position was such an admirable one, that it was no easy task for the enemy to succeed. Toward evening the army fell back to another height. This was done in excellent order—without haste or confusion. Our regiment which covered the flank of our division, and was deployed as skirmishers along the edge of a woods, fell slowly back by the left flank. As they thus fell back the enemy commenced a vigorous shelling upon them, many of the shells falling and exploding in their very midst.

When the height was reached, we again were placed in position, and awaited the further movements of the enemy. We did not have to wait long, for on a high commanding hill to our left, the enemy in strong force appeared. To plant three twenty-pound guns, and shell the hill was the work of a moment. That hill was soon cleared, and it relieved the anxiety of all. However, as soon as the firing ceased the rebels again appeared.

But it was getting dark, and we were glad of it, for it deprived the enemy of the opportunity to outflank us, which so many feared. The order to retire came as darkness was settling over us. Stopping a short distance beyond the field of battle, to obtain ammunition, we took up the line of march for Knoxville.

I have not here attempted to give a description of the battle of Campbell Station. I have merely referred to the general movements—without going into details. Time will not permit an extended reference just now. It was, however, the most beautiful battle—if the term beautiful is allowable—we ever witnessed. Every movement of the enemy as well as of our own was spread out boldly before the naked eye. The line of skirmishers, the line of battle, advancing steadily and compactly, the position of batteries, now limbering and rapidly dashing to some other point, opened out before us like some grand panor-

ama. The bursting shells, the loud roar of artillery and the quick rushing clash of small arms only heightened the interest of the occasion. It was, indeed, a grand spectacle, which is not often witnessed, and once seen can never be forgotten.

I will not stop to speak of the long night's march; the streams we crossed, waist deep; the terrible roads and the deep, deep mud. It was a hard and wearisome march. Some of the men were barefooted, and all were tired and much exhausted. This was the third night we had no sleep, and the want of it told fearfully upon us. Many would fall asleep the moment the column halted; and as for the officers mounted, it was nowise strange to see their horses plodding along with their riders fast asleep.

We reached Knoxville early in the morning. After enjoying a short rest, the division was assigned its position in the defence of Knoxville. A skirmish line was immediately established in our front, and the work of fortifying our position commenced. There was much to do, but the men went at it with that spirit and activity which has ever characterized them.

The enemy had been so severely punished at Campbell Station that they did not follow us with their usual vigor, and thus time was afforded us to strengthen our position. Our skirmish line, too, was so strengthened that they could only dislodge it by an advance in force. In this way we were enabled to so fortify ourselves that when they did drive in our skirmish line on the left, we were in a condition to receive an assault whenever the enemy should see fit to deliver it.

When first we fell back to Knoxville, I confess, the prospect of holding out against Longstreet was far from favorable, but as each day passed, and our position was strengthened and supplies accumulated, so did our confidence increase in our ability to maintain ourselves. True, the duty each soldier was called upon to perform was of the severest character, yet it was cheerfully performed; "school kept all the time"—there were no recesses, no hours for play. If the men were not on the skirmish line, they were in the trenches, or working on the fortifications.

But here I must stop. The letter is already too long, and besides I am informed that your valuable correspondent, T. H. P., has written a very full history of the siege, which I am sure will prove more interesting than anything I could possibly write.

Yours, etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

Foraging—Address from Ladies' Loyal League at Norristown, Pa.—Reply by Major Bolton—Building pontoons—Laying the bridge—Re-enlistment proposed—Newspaper extracts and correspondence—Description of the Winter campaign—Character and efficiency of the Union and Rebel armies contrasted—Material composing the 9th Army Corps and the 23d Army Corps—Return of officers from home.

For the first few days of the 51st P. V.'s being at Lenoir it was highly necessary to send out all the teams into the surrounding country to forage for supplies for the use of the team, artillery, and officers' horses. A detail of five or six men to each wagon was made to accompany them as guards, and to assist in loading. They started early in the mornings and returned at night; the wagons well laden with corn, etc., and occasionally a hog or a sheep was stowed away beneath the load to prevent detection, as that kind of foraging was strictly forbidden.

The greatest trouble that the regiment now experienced was in the want of clothing, although on scant half rations the men *could, would,* and *DID* steal enough to keep them from starving; but clothing could only be obtained through the regular channel, namely, the quartermaster's department.

The nights were now becoming wintry cold; and so much rain falling, the men suffered terribly for shoes, overcoats, and blankets. Major Wm. J. Bolton received an address from the "Ladies' Loyal League," of Montgomery county, Pa., to the 51st P. V., and was read on dress parade, two days before the regi-

ment left Loudon. It was received by a hearty amen! by all the officers and men who were present. The Major, who was as strong a Union man as he was a brave and true soldier, replied in a spirited style that must have made a few of those hide their heads in shame who had the audacity to rob the 51st P. V. of their hard earned laurels, or at least endeavored to tarnish its bright escutcheon. Major Bolton cared very little for himself, but when the regiment was assailed he hissed in their ears: "Don't dare tread on me!" and he possessed the right kind of courage to carry that warning through. It must not be considered that the major was fighting a political battle, for he honored all men's political opinions that were of a loyal character; for there were Democrats that held high positions in the army that were enthusiastic Union men, commonly called War Democrats. Such persons, in civil or military life, were both honored and appreciated by the Major; but it was the Copperhead wing, or the peace-at-any-price party; the men who "threw up their sweaty night-caps," and wore a smile of satisfaction every time that victory perched on the banners of the rebel confederacy and the starry flag of the Union was trailed in the dust, or when a fresh batch of battle-scarred veterans of the Union army were consigned to those pens worse than the Black Hole of Calcutta—I mean Andersonville, Belle-Isle, and Libby Prison. These, these were the men that Major Bolton was fighting both at home and in the field.

The following is Major Bolton's reply to the Women's Loyal League of Montgomery county:

"LADIES:—Your congratulatory address to the officers and men of the 51st Regt. P. V. was received, and read before the

regiment on dress-parade, near Loudon, Tenn., October 27th. In behalf of the regiment, I would return to you their heartfelt thanks for your kind and friendly consideration of them, who have perilled their lives and health for their country's honor. While you acknowledge our many deeds, the hardships and toils incident to the soldier's life, there are others, as you have truly said, in your community, who call themselves *men*, who are base enough to rob the soldier of his well-earned fame, and place him lower than the common slave. They don't stop at that, they use *every* and *any* means to embarrass the Government that protects and feeds them; anything, I say, except the more manly part of taking arms to destroy our country, to debase the broad Stripes and bright Stars in the glory of national ensigns, and to render the proud title of American citizens, 'a hissing and a scorn among the nations.' Do they stop there? No, they publicly proclaim in your streets, and in your public places, and do it boastingly—men who are *known*, and of whom better things should be expected, that the 51st Regt. P. V. has *never* done anything—a regiment commanded and led by one of your noblest and bravest citizens. Ladies, you have addressed the wrong organization, you have given honor when honor is not due, or those men are malicious liars, and must account for their vile slander. Must twenty-five long months, travelling thousands of miles by sea and land, footsore and wornout, and the participation in a dozen hard-fought battles, be a blank in our history? Must the rich blood, shed by your own townsmen, be lost in vain?

"Ah! let the cripples who still survive—let the disfigured forms and haggard faces speak. Oh more! let the poor widows and orphans of your town and county answer that infamous charge. Ah! still more. Let those noble spirits, who sleep in honored graves, beneath the pines of Roanoke, the sea-washed shores of Carolina, the sacred soil of Virginia, the mountain tops and valleys of Maryland, the beautiful blue grass region of old Kentucky, and the far-distant magnolia of Mississippi, let their noble spirits rise from their green mounds and answer that unkind charge.

"As soldiers, as lovers of our country, we claim, we ask for no merit. It is our unflinching duty as freemen and true lovers of human rights, to defend our common country, *right* or *wrong*. He who would not fight for his country and stand by it deserves none. We are fighting for one Union, and one people to defend it, and as God is just, we will accomplish our end, or die in the attempt.

"Ladies of the Women's Loyal League! Women of America! you have done much, your devotion to your country and your countrymen, has been unbounded. You could be found upon the battle-field, bandaging the ghastly wounds and moistening the parched lips of the fainting soldier. In the hospital you could be found administering to your dying countrymen, and speaking words of kindness to him in his last earthly moments. Yet there is still more for you to do. A great responsibility rests upon your shoulders, but you are able for the task.

“War is a necessary evil ! it may, and it will come upon us again. This generation is fast passing away. War, disease, toils, and hardships have weakened the nation. We are but passing shadows ; soon we will have fought our last battle ; soon must the youth of our land take our places, then how necessary it is for you to teach them in their early years to love their country, to fight and defend her right or wrong, never to fear death in a just cause, but rather fear dishonor. Teach them what treason and treachery have brought upon this country ; point them to the infamous deeds of Davis, Lee, Cobb, Yancey, Mason, and a host of others ; warn them from following such a course ; imbue in their youthful minds to be true to their country in all cases ; to submit to the will of the majority ; not to commit one act, by word or deed, against their country or government, or otherwise they will be sure to go down to dishonorable graves. For noble examples point them to a Banks, a Burnside, a Butler, a Lyon, and the gallant, the noble, the patriotic Gen. Jesse L. Reno, whose brave heart dared to lead where brave men dared to follow.

“And when this cruel, this unjust, this unholy war, waged against one of the best governments ever formed by man, or the sun ever shone upon, by a portion of her unworthy people in human shape, shall have been ended, the bells of the nation shall chime forth their sweet peals of music from the Canadas to the Gulf, from ocean to ocean, proclaiming to the whole world that right has triumphed over treason, and that our land has been blessed with peace. For the noble self-sacrificing part you have taken must gladden the hearts of the philanthropists, and in aftertimes will challenge the admiration of the historian, and the wonder of posterity.

“And when your countrymen shall have returned home to the scenes of their childhood and youth, and to the fond affections of their relatives and friends, know ye, then, that they have returned with the full knowledge and bright consolation that they have, with their blood, the lives of their companions, and their strong arms, restored this government, and with the regeneration she will stand forth purer, stronger, nobler than ever ; and we will return with a flag pure and untarnished, and indeed the flag of the free, or return not at all.

“Thanking you heartily for your kind remembrance and notice of us in our feeble efforts to restore our country, we can assure you that the reputation of the Old Keystone State has not, and shall not suffer at our hands, and with a humble, fervent prayer that the God of battles, the Supreme Ruler and Director of all good, will achieve to our arms a speedy and a lasting peace—one that will not degrade us before the world, but make us one and all, happy with the thought—domestic insurrections—bogus neutrality, ‘Don’t dare tread on me !’

“I am, Ladies,

“Most truly and respectfully yours,

“W. JORDON BOLTON,

“*Major Commanding Reg’t.*”

On the 3d of November an order came into camp for a detail of all the carpenters in the regiment to report at the saw-mill of Mr. Lenoir, proprietor of "Lenoir station." This detail was immediately furnished, and the men set to work in getting out lumber to make pontoon boats to put a bridge across the Holston river, about one hundred yards west of where the 51st P. V. was encamped, for the purpose of having more extensive foraging ground. That side of the river was reported wealthy in forage of all kinds, which was fully confirmed by the loyal refugees who had resided there, but were forced to be on the side of the river with the Union army for protection, as the rebels were conscripting and impressing everything in pants that could handle a gun, whether loyal or disloyal. Flat boats of small capacity were at the Lenoir ferry, and a few men of the 51st P. V. had ventured over to the opposite side, and seen enough to confirm the statement. While the carpenters were building the boats a detail of about thirty men were put to work under the command of Capt. Bisbing, who was acting major of the regiment at that time, to excavate and level the ground, so wagons could approach and get on and off the bridge, when laid. This fatigue duty was continued day and night, and was not completed till after the force had been increased to over one hundred men, which was the day before the boats were ready to be laid. Eight days were occupied in digging away the bank of the river, which was about fifteen feet above water level. This cut was about fourteen feet deep, twenty wide at the top and fifteen at the bottom, and about four hundred feet long from the water to the entrance of the cut. This job was

all done by the 51st P. V. alone, and non-commissioned officers as well as the privates took their turn with the shovel and pick; even the commissioned officers did not stand idle and look on, but took the pick or shovel, and evinced their interest in the work by doing a share of it. By 12 o'clock at night of the 11th, the work was completed and the boats also, and hauled to the river. Everything now being ready for putting down the bridge, the men all returned to camp, excepting a few who were left as pickets, to enjoy a few hours rest. About 4 o'clock in the morning of the 12th, the whole division was aroused by the reveille, and the men being ignorant of the cause of its being beaten, sprang to their feet, and out of their tents to inquire "What's up," but as nothing unusual appeared, most of them laid down again, for they were tired out with hard work of the last eight days and nights. At 5 A. M. Sergt. Fizone, who was acting sergeant-major of the regiment, went around to all the companies and notified them to get up and get their breakfast, as they only had half an hour to get it in. At six o'clock, which was scarce daylight, the "assembly" was beaten, and the regiment formed on the color line, stacked arms, and "broke ranks," with the injunction to be ready to "fall in at a moment's notice." Soon an order came in for Maj. Bolton to furnish a detail of one hundred men, fully armed and equipped, to cross the river to protect the engineer corps and workmen in laying the bridge. The detail was put under the command of Capt. Bisbing, and after leaving the camp there was not over ten men, except non-commissioned officers, left in camp. Nothing of special interest occurred while the bridge

was being laid, as the rebels did not show themselves to interfere in the work, and by night the bridge was completed, and Capt. Bisbing with his command returned to camp in safety. Rations now continued scarce and the men complained bitterly of the way they were treated—nearly naked, more than half-starved, and worn out with fatigue, and “regular duty.” Below we give an extract of a private letter, dated from Lenoir:

“* * * * * Yesterday being the last of the month, we were mustered again for two months’ pay. * * * * * It is fair to presume that we will be paid off in a few days. I hope so, for we are suffering very much for tobacco and something to eat. * * * * * Since I last wrote to you we have been knocked about from post to pillar—one day we drive the rebels, and the next they drive us—and they keep us on the watch both day and night. Day before yesterday our cavalry had a fight at Leiper’s ferry, on the Holston river, six miles from here. The rebs whipped them, and we sent about forty or fifty men up there out of our regiment. They are still there, I believe, holding their ground. In the middle of that night (Friday) the long roll was beaten; the rain poured in torrents, and the night was tremendous dark, yet we all fell in line of battle, expecting a midnight attack; but after waiting an hour or so, we found that we could go back to our tents, as nothing serious was known to exist—but we had to hold ourselves in readiness in case we were wanted. * * * * * Burnside has removed his headquarters back to Knoxville. I don’t see how he is to keep us here, for there is no way of getting supplies to us only by wagons. Some of the regiments are on one-quarter rations, and we are on less than half rations. We drew half rations of coffee, one-third rations of sugar, (*i. e.*, one day’s,) to last three, half a spoonful of salt, a one pound loaf of heavy bread for three days, with a little piece of fresh beef. I am afraid we will have to fall back to Kentucky, or pitch into the rebels in earnest, and try to get railroad communication opened to Chattanooga, and then we may get a little more to eat. If Bill Bolton had his way, he would either have something for us to eat or get us a devil of a licking in trying for it.”

While preparing to lay the pontoons an offer was made to the Ninth Corps of \$402 as a bounty to each man that would re-enlist. This was not received at first very favorably by the 51st P. V., for they were

afraid that to re-enlist was only making it appear that they were satisfied with their treatment in this Department, in which they expected they would be retained if they re-enlisted. The order was thoroughly discussed, but not a man had expressed a willingness to put down his name. The first mention made of re-enlistment was on the 30th of October, 1863, but attracted very little attention and still less of credit, for it had not been given officially to the 51st P. V. The circumstances attending it began to die out for the need of explanations; there being nothing definite known about it, it was looked upon as "camp talk."

The following letters to the *Defender* give a history of the doings of the 51st, from the laying of the bridge up to date:

CAMP OF THE 51ST REGT. P. V.

December 22d, 1863.

"Corporal Longstreet," as our boys call him, has been meddling with our affairs here now for the last four or five weeks, so that our mail operations have been somewhat interrupted, and leaves me with several weeks' correspondence to forward to your valuable sheet. I shall not attempt to apologize, for I am satisfied that your many readers know, long ere this, that a cog had broken out of the wheel of our marching machine, and we were shut up in the city of Knoxville to make good the damage done. Since I wrote my last to you, the 51st has passed through an ordeal that far surpasses anything that took place in the "iron days of '76," or, "the days that tried men's souls." All that our forefathers suffered in those days the 51st have borne, and suffered with tenfold more severity. Hunger, cold, fatigue, and mental anguish has far exceeded anything in the annals of American Revolutionary history; but we are amply repaid for our sufferings by a most glorious victory achieved over the legion of rebels who threatened at one time to overwhelm us by largely superior numbers, who had besieged us for eighteen days in the city of Knoxville. Our work began at the completion of the pontoon bridge, laid at Lenoir.

On Thursday, 12th of November, we finished laying the pontoon, and our regiment was engaged all day and night in cutting down the river bank for a road, so that our wagon train could cross the river for forage. The next day, Friday, was a day of rest, but it was not to continue, for, as I told you in my last letter, the Ninth Corps must be forever on the move, if it is only for the sake of moving ; but this time it was an important movement.

On Saturday morning, the 14th ult., at half past three o'clock, orders were issued to be ready to strike tents at a moment's notice. Soon our camp was the scene of busy preparation—breaking up camp and the putting in order all the paraphernalia of war—knapsacks packed, breakfast over, and everything accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. At 6 o'clock A. M. tents were struck, and we immediately formed on the color side and stacked arms, and were dismissed by Maj. Bolton, with the injunction to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice. A cold rain had set in about daybreak, and it continued throughout that day and night. Our situation was of a character not to be envied, but, on the contrary, to be pitied ; for there we sat until dark, in the pitiless peltings of a cold north-east winter rain, saturated to the skin and hungry. At dark we broke the line of stacks, and again pitched our tents for the *nonce*, with the orders as usual to be ready to fall in at a moment's notice, but we might have remained out in the rain and cold for all the comfort we derived from our wet and cheerless tents ; for with wet clothing, (none of us had any change,) our blankets dripping, streams of water running under the tents, and a piercing cold wind driving the rain completely through our little shelter tents, made it rather too uninviting for the god of sleep, Morpheus, to dwell with us that night, consequently very few, if any, got any sleep at all, although we had none for the previous forty-eight hours, on account of working at the bridge. On Sunday morning, the 15th, at 2 o'clock, we struck tents again, amid a most drenching rain, and started off on a march to Loudon. The night being dark and rainy, the roads rugged, and knee-deep with mud—the mud being of an unctuous nature, it was not an uncommon thing for a dozen at a time to slip down and find themselves floundering in the mire like a fresh-caught fish on the rivulet's bank. We reached our destination at dawn of day, and to our surprise we found that Longstreet had laid a pontoon bridge

across the Tennessee river, about seven miles below Loudon, and had crossed over in overwhelming force. Skirmishers were immediately deployed, and the measures necessary been taken for a battle. A few minutes after the deployment, the enemy's skirmishers were met, and heavy skirmishing ensued, but as they pressed on us in such heavy odds, we gradually fell back in good order, and with very trifling loss. About 10 o'clock A. M. the 51st deployed as skirmishers, and skirmished over hill and dale to within a short distance of Lenoir, where we arrived a little before dark. We then halted to draw rations, many of us not having tasted a morsel of food since the day before. At our camping-ground where we made the halt, we found the wagon and ambulance trains were all stuck fast in the mud in the rear, which was blocked up for a great distance ahead, retarding our retreat very much, as the enemy would take every advantage of our predicament. The rebels were close on our heels, and were doing their utmost to flank us, so as to cut off our retreat to Knoxville. They had got near enough to fire on our old camp at the teams, that were there waiting to move on. While at Lenoir, the spirits of the men comprising the 2d Division were raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the appearance of Col. Hartranft. His presence seemed to inspire every man with unlimited confidence, for let us get into any tight place, if "old Johnny," as the boys call him, is only with us, we all feel that we are going to be "put through" at least honorably, if not as comfortably as may be desired. To our gratification he assumed command of the 2d Division, and then we feared no blunder; and we also knew we had a soldier that could and would do his duty, and make every other man do the same.

As soon as we drew our rations we started for Knoxville, at 6 P. M. Our progress was slow, for up to 6 o'clock A. M. of Monday, we had only made three miles; such was the bad condition of the roads that wagons, ambulances, and the artillery had all to be extricated by the aid of the soldiers pulling them through the mud. And thus we spent twelve hours in going three miles. The rebs were all this time firing on our left, and pressing us very hard. On Monday, the 16th, after daybreak, we were able to pick our road. When within a mile or two of Campbell's station, on the Knoxville and East Tennessee railroad, the rebs fired on our rear guard. Near this point the Kingston road joins the Loudon road, and both

the rebels and us were pushing hard to gain the forks of the roads—they to get it to cut us off, and we to get it to keep them from flanking us. Both parties were about at equal distances, but we were the successful party. When the 51st reached this point we formed line of battle and met them. Here the battle raged fearfully for about an hour—we struggling to hold our position long enough to give our batteries a chance to obtain positions suitable for their work, and the rebels, determined to drive us from the roads, began to pour their troops upon us in untold numbers. Here at this place we had several wounded, but none seriously. After our batteries had secured good positions, we then fell back, under cover of Benjamin's celebrated 20-pounders, which opened on the enemy in splendid style when we reached the hill whereon the battery was placed.

The most magnificent sights now appeared to view that has ever befallen men to witness. It was a most fitting place for such a struggle. As we stood in line of battle on the brow of a gently sloping hill, we had a view of the whole battle-field. Here stood Gen. Burnside, whose countenance was as calm and placid as any pleasant May-day morning, radiant with smiles at times when he would discover a blunder the rebs had made, and his own troops taking advantage of the mistake. His keen, practised eye would peer over his own troops, who were all in line of battle, and viewed with close scrutiny the immense columns of the enemy, as they poured out of the surrounding woods in line of battle. Not a move was made that day at Campbell's station by our own troops or those of the rebels but was plainly visible to the eyes of both armies; all their engineering, all their advances or retreats, all the positions assigned and taken by both armies were to be seen as if looking over a chess-board, and reminded one of a desperate game of chess. Although they outnumbered us two to one, yet we fought them from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., when we fell back in good order at night to Knoxville, a distance of fourteen miles. We had achieved a victory over them, for we gained our ends, while the enemy was defeated in his. Thus were three days and four nights consumed in battling with the enemy, without rest, and on less rations than we ought to have received for one day. We reached the outskirts of Knoxville just at day-break on Tuesday, the 17th ult. Here we halted for about an hour, and had a cup of coffee. Nearly all of the boys had lain

down to rest their wearied limbs, and were unconsciously falling into the arms of Morpheus, to enjoy that delightful sensation, "tired nature's sweet restorer," sleep, when the tocsin of war again was sounded, and all were on their feet ready for any emergency that might arise. Lieut.-Col. Schall, who had been for a long time in command of the 2d Brigade, rode up to Maj. Bolton, who was in command of the regiment, and ordered us to march into the city of Knoxville, and occupy the centre of the line of battle. We accordingly slung our knapsacks, and by 9 A. M. we had reached the position assigned us. I need scarcely add that all of our dead and wounded of the day before fell into the hands of the enemy. We stacked arms on an open lot of ground in the city, and immediately pitched our tents. Col. Hartranft issued orders to impress all the idle negroes about the city, and put them at work on the fortifications, as the boys of his division were too near "played out" for fatigue duty. Consequently there were soon collected a motley crowd of "contraband conscripts," some of whom were so black that their darkness must have been beautiful to them, while others were so light in color that I would have to take the second look at them to convince me they were "contrabands." They were all furnished with picks and shovels, and by 2 o'clock P. M. they had a three-gun fort and a rifle-pit sufficient for the protection of two regiments, of which the 51st was one. As soon as the pit was done, Maj. Bolton put our regiment into it, which was the first time in the history of our regiment that we were put behind anything affording protection to fight, and right well did we appreciate it, for we fully determined to make these pits our graves ere the haughty enemy should possess themselves of them. When day dawned on Wednesday, the 18th, we found, under the cover of darkness, that the rebels had surrounded us, and that we were besieged. This was a busy day for us, for we were more determined than before to hold our position. We therefore took hold of the picks and shovels and extended our rifle-pits at least two hundred yards longer and built a large dam that backed up the water from four to twelve feet deep for several miles on our front and right. This project was conceived by Col. Hartranft, and to show how valuable it was in the protection of the city, I need only say the rebels had found out its utility, so that during the whole nineteen days' fighting here the enemy did not attempt to make an assault or charge on our centre fortifica-

tions, but many and desperate were their charges on our left, as they considered that the weakest point of the whole line. After this dam was finished, which was 3 o'clock next morning, ten or fifteen men were selected out of the 51st P. V., to occupy surrounding houses and mills, as sharpshooters.

On the morning of the 19th, the rebels having got a position in our front for their battery, began shelling the three-gun fort and the 51st regiment P. V. Their shots were rather close for comfort; but, uncomfortable as it was, not a solitary man left the pits during the shelling. Capt. Voncleis, of the 15th Indiana battery, opened his three guns with such rapidity and precision that the rebel battery-men could not live at their post, and were forced to limber up and hunt a safer place. After that demonstration on the part of the enemy, it was thought advisable and highly necessary to burn all the houses in our front. Consequently about forty men were detailed from the 51st P. V. to act as houseburners. This was the most dangerous and daring work of the whole siege, for it was certain death if the rebels should catch any of them either in the act of firing the houses or after, as was proven in the case of Patterson, of Co. K, who had got outside the house after firing it, and was shot down and then bayoneted until dead. Our surgeons did not think the gun-shot wound sufficient to produce death. His murderer had stripped him of his shoes, and had the villain had a few moments longer time, he would have stripped him of all his clothing, but our regiment making a charge at about that time, drove them back into their own pits. On the 20th, the rebels drove in the pickets of the 2d Maryland just before daybreak, but the brigade to which the 2d Maryland belongs made an attempt to regain their old picket lines, in which they were successful. On the 21st, our dam having filled to overflowing, in consequence of the hard rain of the night before, broke, and what cost us so much labor was all destroyed in less time than it takes me to tell it, and swept away, in its mad, raging fury, all the material that was used. Col. Hartranft was standing in close proximity to the scene, and viewed it all with a calmness worthy of imitation. As soon as the damage sustained was realized by him, he immediately had another detail made to repair it.

Yours, &c.,

T. H. P.

The friends of the 51st P. V. relied a great deal at home on the correspondence from the regiment to hear the particulars of the doings and the whereabouts of that body, as private letters scarcely ever gave any of the details, and the correspondence with the paper was for the sole purpose of general information. The editor of the paper took as much interest in giving publicity to it, as his readers took in perusing it. The constant moving about prevented them from being mailed as regularly as they would have been had facilities offered themselves, in consequence for several issues there would be no correspondence published, and then when any would appear there would be several letters in one paper. The following paragraph copied from the Defender confirms it :

ARMY LETTERS.—We give up a great deal of our space, on the inside, to the letters of our correspondent from the 51st regiment. These letters recount the doings of this band of heroes for some time past. By giving attention to this correspondence, the reader will find much real, valuable, and interesting information that will amply repay perusal. Our correspondent has given a pretty clear and full account of the operations of this regiment since their enlistment, the only connected historical record we probably can now secure.

And then follows as complete a history as could be obtained at that time under the circumstances, viz.:

BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS, EAST TENNESSEE,
December 31st, 1863.

A substantial dam-breast has been built that holds all the tremendous pressure, to this writing, the 22d. There was very little firing during this day, but at dark the cannonading was terrific. The boys began to think that our fate was to be "gobbled up," not by getting whipped, but on account of rations, for we were put on still less rations from this day, all that was issued to us was a quarter of a loaf of bread, made from the pure bran, not having an ounce of meal in forty

barrels, and a small piece of fresh beef, our coffee and sugar was near played out, and that little piece of bran bread and the beef was our only rations, but I shall not attempt to give the details of what we had to endure until I arrive at the siege. The various incidents connected with the siege and the privations that we endured during and since the siege is sufficient to call forth a letter entirely devoted to that subject alone, and no doubt will be read by the many readers of the *Defender*, as well as the many sympathetic friends of the 51st, with more than usual interest. I will also add the complete list of killed, wounded and missing.

Monday, 23d, the seventh day of siege brought us a clear day, and also the cheering news that 11,000 men were at Loudon as the advance of a large reinforcement to our relief. Those of our regiment who were not out on the front picket line had to live day and night in the ditches, if I except the time they were working upon the various fortifications that surrounded the city. The rebels did all in their power in the night to capture our whole picket line, but were only partially successful. They made a desperate sally, but our boys withstood the assault and succeeded in bringing a few prisoners into our lines. Our houseburners immediately applied the match to about twenty-five houses and succeeded in making their escape before the enemy reached the burning buildings, with one exception, that was a man by the name of Patterson, belonging to Co. K, and also of the pioneer corps. He had fired his house but from some inexplicable cause the combustion did not ignite as rapidly as he desired and returning back to the house to make "assurance doubly sure," he was shot down, no doubt seriously but not mortally wounded. His murderer not contented with taking a wounded man prisoner, repeatedly thrust his bayonet through him, once entirely through his head, which thrust no doubt ended the sufferer's life. He leaves a wife and seven small children to mourn his loss. While the above houses were burning, the air was continually filled with reports of a large quantity of exploding rebel ammunition, that had been concealed in the houses, prior to the occupation of Knoxville by our forces. On Tuesday 24th, the rebels charged on our pickets and drove a portion of them in about three o'clock A. M., but by daylight we had succeeded in driving the enemy back and re-established our lines; the losses on both sides were

heavy, and considerable fighting was done all day up to 9 o'clock at night.

On Wednesday, 25th, it was found highly necessary to strengthen our picket lines, therefore the 23d Corps furnished 300 men, and the 9th Corps 200 men, and as the 9th Corps had held the front of centre and a portion of the right, by the 23d Corps furnishing a few additional men we were relieved and posted to the left of centre. After this change was made there was very little firing by the pickets on the line, no doubt on account of the extreme cold weather, the men were scarcely able to handle their rifles they were so benumbed—six or eight more houses were fired, but otherwise things had subsided. Thursday, 26th, brought us another quiet, but, if possible, a colder day than the day before. The boys began thinking the continued quiet omened no good, and things began to assume a mysterious shape. Orders were issued to be ready to move at a moment's notice.

Friday, 27th, only middling quiet. Last night, a good deal of picket firing; and several more houses were burned early this morning. Shortly after daylight we were put in good heart by the information that Sherman had arrived at Loudon with 20,000 more men. At such good news our hunger, raggedness and nakedness, as well as our almost frozen limbs, were entirely forgotten. Saturday 28th, opened with a cold rain which continued throughout the day and night; there was hard fighting all day and night on our left, in which our pickets were driven in.

On Sunday, 29th, the fearful struggle took place. This was a day of victory to our arms and of disaster to the enemy. There had been hard fighting all night on the left, and about 2 o'clock this morning the enemy made several deadly and desperate charges on "Fort Sanders," fully determining to carry the work if it could be done. This fort mounted several twenty pounder guns of the famous "Benjamin's U. S. regular battery." It was under the immediate command of Gen. Ferrero and Lieut. Benjamin, and conclusively showed the bravery and desperate daring of those two heroic officers and the brave men under them. The enemy had massed a large force and rushed amid the darkness in a solid phalanx up and met their deaths. This desperate charge had been expected by our forces, and Gen. Ferrero had anticipated their total destruction. The ground in front of the fort was filled with stumps of felled trees, telegraph wires had been fastened from one stump to

another about a foot up from the ground, forming a complete network of wire for a large circumference around, and as the rebels would reach the wires, they would become entangled within the meshes and fall down one upon the other, until a whole brigade would form one solid heap. While in this situation Benjamin's battery would play upon the confused heap of humanity with grape and canister from his twenty pounders, hurling hundreds of the deluded victims into eternity and wounding and maiming hundreds of others. Still on would rush those who were fortunate enough to escape that death to meet almost as fearful a death at the parapet of the fort. As they arrived at the moat which surrounded the fort, bombs were used as hand grenades, the fuses cut short and then ignited, would be rolled down the parapet into the crowded moat and exploded in their midst, horribly mutilating the now enraged enemy. So determined were they in taking this fort, that some had succeeded in gaining the summit of the parapet, but only to be chopped down with axes or clubs, or whatever the men in the fort could get in their hands the quickest. I have been assured by an eye witness, that one of the gunners of the battery took a worm screw, used for drawing charges out of a cannon, and thrust it over the parapets and giving it a turn, he had fastened it into the uniform of a rebel officer, and screwing it still further into his clothing succeeded in pulling him into the fort a prisoner. Wasn't that cool? Thus continued this desperate fighting until daylight, when the enemy retired out of our reach, leaving several hundred dead (500) and about 600 wounded and a large number of prisoners in our hands.

Gen. Burnside sent Longstreet a flag of truce about noon, to come and bury the rebel dead ; the flag of truce was good for five hours. The 51st had to charge on the enemy a little before daybreak and retake our picket line, in which we were more than successful, for we could have taken their lines too had it been any advantage. Our loss was trifling, but the rebel loss was heavy, and we contented ourselves with staying at our post and shooting down all the "Johnnies" that ventured to show themselves from behind their ditches. There are many laughable incidents connected with this siege that must be told hereafter, as this is not the place for them.

Monday, 30th. The "drubbing" that the enemy got yesterday has kept them very quiet all night. We ascertained yesterday

while the flag of truce was good, that the rebels had lost, since we and they left Lenoir, over 1,500 men, and our loss but 75 in the two corps. On Tuesday, December 1st, we received a dispatch stating that Hooker and Thomas had captured 52 guns and 6,000 prisoners from Bragg. As the order was read to each command nine cheers were given in honor of the victory. Very little firing to-day on either side—we are thinking that the rebels are withdrawing their forces to raise the siege. The remainder of the 51st who did not go out on picket this morning, are engaged in building a splendid cotton and sand-bag fort.

On the 2d inst., Vonceis's battery was removed from the fort in the rear of our rifle pits, to the new fort erected by our boys yesterday. Last night, it was necessary to go there as a support to Benjamin's battery, for they were nearly out of ammunition, and the supply was only kept up by discovering a large number of 32 pound shells and placing them on a turning lathe and reducing them suitable for the 20 pounder guns; by this means Benjamin's battery was kept effective, for with the loss of that battery the loss of Knoxville was certain, and our infantry ammunition was also nearly exhausted, making us feel certain that if the rebels did not raise the siege in a few days surrender we must, for the horses of the different batteries and wagon trains were suffering terribly for provender, in fact one corral of battery horses had eaten up the straw that their collars were stuffed with, as well as the ropes they were picketed with. Our own rations were so small, that one man could consume at one meal what was given to two men for two days' rations.

Thursday, 3d inst., we discovered the rebels' wagon trains were moving up to our right, our twelve gun fort shelled them with great execution, hurrying them pell mell along the river road. We feel fully convinced that Longstreet is about to raise the siege, as their batteries do not reply to ours; no firing on their side only from their pickets. Friday, 4th, our forts are keeping up a lively commotion to-day, the cannonading is deafening, but the rebels are evidently moving off as they have not fired but one shot from their "Gray Horse battery" all day. Saturday, 5th, and 19th day of siege. This morning set in rainy, but brought us the cheering news that the siege was raised about 4 o'clock this morning, very much to the gratification of us poor pent-up mortals. No sooner was it ascer-

tained that the enemy had *vamosed*, than the 51st was ordered to fall in to follow up the retreat, and bring in whatever rebel stragglers might be captured. We were glad of the chance of getting the privilege of roaming the country once more, and notwithstanding the miry condition of the roads and the copious supply of the aquatic fluid falling in torrents, we started off and scouted several miles around the country and on the road to Cumberland Gap. We returned wet, famished and fatigued at about 4 P. M.

More anon.

T. H. P.

HOME AGAIN.—Lieut. Col. E. Schall, Lieut. Ortlip and Sergt. Fair are home on a furlough, with a chance to spend the holidays with their friends at home, they are all well. They have from twenty-five to thirty days leave of absence. Col. Hartranft has been commanding a division and Schall a brigade. (When *will* the authorities at Washington show their gratitude and justice by appointing Hartranft to the position he has so long since *earned*, that of brigadier-general?) The Col. of the fifty-first has been performing the duty of major-general, while the Lieut. Col. has been filling the place of a brigadier. This regiment, the heroes of Roanoke, Chantilly and Antietam, the 51st, is reduced to about one hundred and seven muskets, but they all are hard knots to get over, and when called into service they are the boys to give hard knocks. Major Bolton has had command of the regiment, and most of the officers are doing duty higher than their ranks. Few regiments in the field have won greater or more unfading honors; and may the brave band yet left, all be permitted to return home in health and safety, very soon, with rebellion forever crushed in the land.

BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS, EAST TENNESSEE,

January 1st, 1864.

In my last I closed with the raising of the siege of Knoxville. I will now give you the details of what few incidents came under my own notice, with a few that I have obtained from reliable sources, for it is my wish to record nothing in the annals of the 51st but what are undeniable facts. To begin them; on the day that the flag of truce was sent, and while it (the flag of truce,) was good, Gen. Garcie of the rebel army, Gen. Ferrero and Lieut. Benjamin, of Benjamin's battery, met, after passing the compliments of the day, in rather a cool manner. Lieut. Benjamin recognized in Gen. Garcie an old West Point classmate; they exchanged exclamations of astonishment at meeting each other as deadly enemies, who had in

their earlier days been such tried and devoted friends, although on the ground on which they stood both had given undoubted proofs of their daring and courage only a few hours before ; each stood with hands clasped in friendship, scarcely able to give utterance to each other, of their feelings ; and while their hearts were filled with emotion, tears were seen to trickle down their cheeks, while they gazed on each other in silence. The silence was broken by Lieut. Benjamin asking Gen. Garcie what he thought of the wires ? Gen. Garcie replied, with a braggadocia air, and told Gen. Ferrero and Lieut. Benjamin that he was bound to take his fort, (Benjamin's fort.) Gen. Ferrero replied, "The fort is there, general, and whenever you feel like trying it on again, do so ; you will find us there to meet you ; but I must tell you, that before you can get that fort you have got to whip the old 9th Corps." At the mention of the 9th Corps, Gen. Garcie looked with bewilderment, and, somewhat confused, asked if it was possible that the 9th Corps were actually there. Gen. Ferrero assured him of the fact. I must here give an explanation why the presence of the 9th Corps so astonished the rebels.

A day or two before the rebels made their desperate charge, Gen. Longstreet made a speech to his troops to stimulate them to deeds of valor, and in his speech he assured his men that they could take the fort, also the city, with very little opposition, after making a charge ; telling that there was only the 23d Corps in the works, and that it was composed of green troops who would not stand a charge, or more than one volley, and therefore victory was certain, and the conquest was to be cheap. But when they made that charge and fired *that one* volley, nearly one-half of the storming party lay silent in death, for instead of finding green troops, they had met their old veteran foe whom they had met at Camden, North Carolina, on the 19th of April, 1862, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, and at Jackson, Mississippi, last July. Longstreet's men told our boys that they had been sold twice, once by the Yankee Gen. Ferrero with the wires, and once by Longstreet, in sending them against a veteran corps, under the impression of meeting green troops. While the flag of truce was good, the rebel pickets and our pickets mingled freely with each other, and many a bargain was made between them. Trading watches, pocket knives, tobacco, finger rings, buying and selling of clothing, pocket-books, and such notions as each wish to possess them-

selves of for mementos of the occasion. The best of feeling was expressed by both parties, and if a stray hog should by chance come within sight, both Reb and Yank would start off in pursuit of the porker, and catch and slaughter it, and then divide it equally between them with many jocular remarks about the mode of living that each army was subject to. The commencement of cessation of hostilities by both sets of pickets began with hallooming to each other, then with the poking up of heads above their rude breastworks, and then by exposing themselves outside of the works, finally feeling some confidence in each other, and no shots being fired along either line, they began by advancing towards one another. Between the two picket lines flowed a stream of water, this was the Rappahannock of the two parties, when both parties met near the stream, the following introductory remarks took place, the Rebs asking :

“Hallo, Yanks, what regiment?”

Yank—“The 51st Pennsylvania.”

Rebs—“D— good boys, too.”

Yank—“Say, Johnnies, what regiments?”

Reb—“88th Tennessee, 2d Georgia, and 4th Mississippi.”

Yank—“We’ve met you chaps before.”

Rebs—“Yes, several times; come across the creek.”

Yank—“Can’t see it; will you reach your hand out?”

Reb—“Yes; here, give us your hand; now jump!” and over one went and in a few minutes the 51st boys were on the rebel side, and in return the rebels came over to our side, and all the civilities of an enlightened race were extended to one another.

The pickets of both lines made a treaty between themselves, not to fire a gun at each other during that relief, which would be until 4 o’clock the next morning, and with true faith was it carried out, although the flag of truce expired at 5 P. M. There was not a solitary shot fired until the next relief was put on the next morning. When the new relief was posted, the rebel pickets halloomed over to our boys to know what regiment; they were answered, the 51st Pennsylvania, and our boys asking them, they replied, the 3d Georgia. Now we knew this to be false, or partly so, for this 3d Georgia and the 51st are old acquaintances, having either by accident or design met and fought each other on every battle-field from the Camden, North Carolina, affair, where we met them for the first time, at which place they numbered about 1,400, according to their own figures,

until we met at Knoxville; and at that time that the charge was made on Fort Sanders, the 3d Georgia was annihilated; what few there were who escaped death were taken prisoners, and they acknowledged *that that* was the last of the 3d Georgia. A day or two after we got our ditches dug in front of the 15th Indiana battery, Gen. Burnside visited us, and walked along the works, which were very deep with mud from the heavy rain of the night before. Those who had remained in the ditches all night were terribly besmeared with mud from head to foot. Gen. Burnside, with a smile beaming on his countenance, asked, in a cheering voice, "are you in comfortable quarters, boys?" Barney O'D—— replied: "Yes, General; oh! we are getting used to this."

"No, you ain't! no, you ain't!" hastily replied the general, "you were never in pits before in your life, and how can you be used to it already, were you? Where were the pits that you were in that you have got used to them?" Poor Barney looked abashed, but nothing daunted, replied, "General, I meant that we were getting used to the mud." "Oh! ah! yes," says the general, "if you mean that I expect you are pretty near used to it by this time," and tipping a wink to some stranger colonel, he walked off, and went to the fort in our rear. Some one said, "General, I think the rebels have a battery planted directly in our front." The general asked for the glasses, and peering through them all around the spot indicated by the speaker, took them from his eyes and remarked "That there was a good position out there for the rebels to put a battery, but they *had none there yet.*" The words had not died on his lips when a shot from the battery spoken of struck close to the fort, covering the general and all hands with the earth it tore up; it did no harm further than making an opening in the roof of a house in which Col. Schall had his brigade headquarters. During the siege, the 51st regiment had 102 men for duty, that is field duty; the detail every day for the picket line was 54 men. This detail was divided thus: 27 men would go out on picket at 4 o'clock in the morning, would not be relieved until the next morning at the same time; the remaining 21 would go on at 6 o'clock in the evening, to be relieved at the same time the next evening. Now, this don't seem much, nor is it, if that had been the only duty. Those men who were relieved would come into the pits and get a cup of meal and cook it up for their day's rations, and before they would have

it cooked or baked, they would be detailed to work all day on the fortifications, although they had been out on picket, without any sleep, for the previous 24 hours, and were now to work all day without sleep, and not unfrequently work all night, and then go out on picket again in the morning for 24 hours. I have myself had to take men and put them on picket for 27 hours in succession, and they without sleep all that time, and then detail them to dig pits for a day or a night after coming in. I ask, is it possible for men to keep themselves clean and healthy on being kept occupied both day and night, without even time enough to wash their faces only once a day, to say nothing of getting any clothing washed. I myself was forced to wear shirts *only* seven weeks at a stretch, on account of not getting time enough to wash one. I had attempted it several times, and succeeded far enough *once* to get the water on the fire to boil just as I was ordered to form the company immediately to leave. It is needless to say that the "soldier bugs" and I had stubbornly contested for the shirt when I pulled it off after a halt of an hour, but I came off in full possession, and have not been molested since. Laying jokes on one side, and looking facts in the face as they are, it is not to be supposed that men who have been used as we have, since about the 14th of November last, can do better than we have to keep clean.

More anon,

T. H. P.

CAMP OF THE 51ST REGT. P. V.,

BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS, EAST TENNESSEE, *Jan. 2d, 1864.*

I send a complete list of the killed, wounded and missing of the 51st Pennsylvania from the skirmish at Loudon up to the present time :

Co. A.—Samuel H. and Abram Jones, and Corp. Charles M. Hennis were captured; the latter escaped. Daniel Lare, wounded in the foot at Knoxville.

Co. B.—Wm. Albert, captured at Leiper's Ferry; Benj. J. Riley, wounded in the leg at Knoxville, since died.

Co. C.—Michael Dillon, wounded in the fingers slightly. Wm. Robinson, slightly in the ankle, at Campbell's station, by a spent ball.

Cos. D and E.—None.

Co. F.—Wm. McIntyre, taken prisoner.

Co. G.—Robert Hinton, in the hand slightly. Geo. Meiss, at Blain's Cross Roads, was wounded in the shoulder by the premature explosion of a shell from our own battery; not serious.

Co. H.—Wm. H. Dougherty, killed at Knoxville. Daniel Clark, taken prisoner.

Co. I.—Geo. E. Peters, missing; supposed to have been captured at Campbell's station.

Co. K.—Edward R. Patterson, killed at Knoxville. Sergt. Franklin Sterner, in the ankle. Sergt. Wm. Mellick, in the leg. Those two latter were wounded at Campbell's station. Geo. Buss, wounded at Knoxville, and was taken prisoner. Total killed, 2; wounded, 8; taken prisoners, 7; missing, 1.

I will now give a full account of the doings of the 51st from the 6th of December to the 20th of December, 1863. On Sunday, the 6th, we were pleased to hear that the paymaster would pay us off that day, for we thought if we had a little money we could find something to buy a little of something to eat, and help to eke out the less than quarter rations which we were receiving from the commissary. In this we were in a great measure disappointed, for the citizens were as "hard up" for "grub" as we were. I succeeded in purchasing one pound of cornmeal after walking two miles for it; some of the boys were fortunate enough to get a few canteenfuls of molasses at the round price of \$1 per canteenful, or 67 cents per quart. The prices in Knoxville are almost fabulous: 10 cents for a box of matches, 15 cents for a skein of thread, 10 cents for a six's cigar, 25 cents a glass for whiskey, 20 cents per pound for fresh pork, \$25 per barrel for flour, \$8 to \$20 for boots, \$10 to \$22 for pants; eggs, 75 cents per dozen; poultry, \$1 to \$1.75 per pair; coffee, \$5 per pound; tea, \$12 to \$25 per pound; sugar, from 50 cents to \$1.25 per pound; and everything sells at the above exorbitant prices, that is when you can come across them *to buy*.

Early on the next morning (the 7th) we received orders to pack up and leave our tents stand, and our knapsacks in them, and be ready to march at 7½ A. M. We were ready at the appointed time. We also were to have three days' rations in our haversacks, but there was not rations enough to issue for that one day, and no small number of us had to go on that march without breaking our fast until evening; however, being in light marching trim, we made twelve miles towards Rutledge. We camped at 4 P. M., and waited for the wagons to come up, which they did about 5 o'clock. We then got our "little pint" of meal, and hastily baked it all, so as to be ready to leave at a "moment's" notice. We, however did not leave the next day until 11 A. M.; we then made but 7 miles, and quartered for the first time since we have been out in a large house. Here we met a lad on horseback, coming from mill

with a bag full of cornmeal, and not asking him whether he would sell it or not, we measured it out so as to give every man a quart, and paid the little chap ten cents per quart for it all. It is needless to say that we had a supper that reminded us of days long past, when full rations were in vogue. We spent a comfortable night, and left next morning at 7½ A. M., and marched to within 1½ miles of Rutledge, when we halted for one and a-half hours for dinner; but ere the dinner was over, we were ordered to go into camp on that ground. Not having our tents with us, we cut cedars and pines, and with the aid of rails, we made a kind of a shelter against the worst of the storm.

Here we remained from the 9th to the 15th, in which there was nothing of interest transpired, if I except the departure of Lieut. Col. Schall, who left here on the 12th for his home, taking a very large amount of money home for the boys in the 51st to their friends, and also the arrival of a large mail, being the first one for five weeks. During the time that we laid here we contrived a plan by which we got a little more to eat. We found a small lot of damaged wheat in an old log building, and it was brought into camp, and also whenever there was an ear of corn to be found, it was shelled; it and the wheat went through a grinding process in an old coffee-mill, and the product, which was neither flour or meal, was worked, kneaded into a paste, and then baked. It greatly relieved the "inner man" from that disagreeable sensation, hunger.

On the morning of the 15th, left camp in a hurry, and formed line of battle, as the rebels were driving in our advance pickets. After standing in line for a couple of hours, we were taken through a gorge or pass in the Clinch Mountains, to oppose any flank movement on our left that the rebels might attempt; no attempt, however, was made until night. We had drawn two days' rations of fresh beef and one of flour, and the boys had their flour pretty much all wetted and their meat in the boiler over the fire when orders were given for a retreat. We left in quite a hurry; some threw away both meat and dough, and some of the more thoughtful secured both as best they could, and brought it away with them. We marched that night towards Blain's Cross Roads until 3 o'clock in the morning, when we halted in a cornfield until 9 o'clock A. M. of the 16th; this was an uncomfortable place, being mud almost knee-deep. We then marched about three miles, and formed line of battle, and

constructed a rude breastwork of the surrounding fences, then laid on our arms all night, which was a very rainy one I assure you. The 17th found us early in line of battle; but about 10 o'clock A. M. the rebels had succeeded in driving in Wolford's cavalry skirmishers, and we then went to the front as skirmishers. Considerable skirmishing took place throughout the day. We held our line with as much stubbornness as if we were a large regiment; and night closing on us, found us still holding our own. Next morning, the 18th, Lieut. Foster, who was in command of the 51st skirmishers, advanced the line about 3 miles without any serious opposition. It was during the skirmishing on the 17th that Geo. Meiss, of Co. K, was wounded; a battery that was employed in shelling the rebel skirmishers was posted in our rear, and had to throw its shot and shell directly over our heads; several of the shells exploded prematurely, wounding Meiss in the shoulder.

Lieut. Jacob P. Brooke arrived at his regiment while the fight was going on, and immediately reported himself for duty. He had been two months in trying to reach his regiment; he was received by his host of friends with unrestrained enthusiasm. On Saturday, 19th, five companies were sent over the mountains toward Indian Ridge, to do outside picketing. They stayed out two days, capturing a stray rebel occasionally. Co. I was sent out about two and a half miles to the left to take charge of the cross-roads which diverge to Buffalo creek, Indian Ridge road, and to Renfrau's bridge. A short distance from this important post was two brigades of rebel Alabama cavalry, under the command of Gen. Martin, in camp. A colored man, by name John Reaves, was sent out late in the afternoon after forage. His master employed him to cook for him and another lieutenant of the name of Burnet, belonging to the 7th Alabama cavalry. Before starting after forage, they told Reaves that if he would return without any, that they would whip him. This decided the contraband to get into our lines if possible; he therefore wandered about on his mule, which was the finest one I ever saw, until dark, and then going to a known Union man's house, he gave him a blanket to pilot him into our lines. He came on to our vidette post, and was taken and brought into picket quarters. I furnished him with a cup of coffee that I chanced to have; he said that it was the first coffee that he had seen for two years. In answer to my endless inquiries, he stated that there were two brigades en-

camped there at the ridge, of Alabama cavalry; that they were entirely destitute of both rations and clothing, that many were barefooted, and that no rations had been issued for four days, and all that they could obtain was taken from the citizens, and that they would soon be "played out," as some of our forces were in their rear, and in fact they were entirely surrounded, and could not move either way; they expected to be captured. He also confirmed what other prisoners had stated, which was that they had three batteries with them, of five guns each, but entirely out of ammunition for both artillery and small arms. I placed this Reaves in the hands of Gen. Ferrero's staff, and he was taken to Gen. Parke's head-quarters.

More anon,

T. H. P.

BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS, EAST TENNESSEE,

January 7th, 1864.

Since writing my last, notwithstanding the rough usage that the 51st have undergone since it came into this department, it has almost, or I might say entirely, gone into another three years of re-enlistment. We have been mustered out of our first scrape, and now we are mustered in again for the second edition of a history of the old 51st. To many of our dear ones at home this will be sad tidings. Many, very many, of us struggled to decide what was our duty, we asked ourselves, "Did the interest of our families or our country need us the most? to serve one at home or to serve the other in the field? At last the decision came, that while serving our country in the field we could better attend to our families at home, and therefore, ragged and barefooted as we are, we determined to "rally once again" under that devoted old flag. (Ours is more in the form of fancy fringe work than a flag; but still there is enough of it left to prove that it *was* a flag when Gov. Curtin presented it to our care, more than two years ago.) We hope in this new term to see this accursed rebellion brought to a close. For the information of those at home of the friends of the "veteran 51st," I would say that we expect to leave here in a very short time (two weeks), and go to Pennsylvania as a regiment to reorganize, recruit, and for a thirty day's furlough. We will try to camp, if possible, near Valley Forge, and expect to stay long enough to recruit the regiment to its full quota.

In my last your readers accompanied me in the Coings of the 51st up to December 20th. I will therefore ask them to "fall

in line," and march along up to the above date (January 7th). On Monday, December 21st, Capt. Gaulin, who had command of the whole picket line, brought the remainder of his pickets out to the cross roads where Co. I had been posted the day before. After selecting suitable sites to quarter in, and getting the pickets posted, we were relieved by the 35th Mass., and we then returned to our camp, where we arrived at dark, and found that our knapsacks and tents, as well as cooking utensils, had been brought to us from the city of Knoxville, much to our gratification. Some few pitched their tents that night; but early next morning Major Bolton selected a more sheltered camp ground, in a woods, where we soon pitched our tents, and once more "set up housekeeping" in the usual way. While busy in setting "things to right," we received quite an accession to our ranks, by the arrival of a number of furloughed men, who had been fifty-nine days on their way, from the time that they left home until their arrival in camp. The party who came that day and since were twelve in all, Capt. Jos. K. Bolton and Lynn, Lieuts. Wm. F. Campbell and Schoch, privates James W. Hibbert, Philip Hattel, and others were of the party, and each and all were received with a cordial greeting. They all look well, and much better than when they left for their homes.

On Wednesday morning, 23d, early, we went out several miles to reconnoitre, and returned about two o'clock P. M. Nothing of interest transpired while out, and I might say since then also. The last few days of the month were devoted by the different companies in making out their muster and pay rolls, ordnance, quarterly and monthly reports. We were mustered for two months' pay on the 31st December. After *that* recruiting for the veteran corps began in earnest, as all who wished to secure the bounty and premium of \$402 had to re-enlist before the 5th inst. The *modus operandi* of paying the bounty is as follows, viz.:

I. Upon being mustered into service, he shall be paid one month's pay in advance, \$13. First instalment of bounty, \$60. Premium, \$2. Total payment on muster, \$75. II. At first regular pay day (1st of March) or two months after muster in, an additional instalment of bounty will be paid, \$50. III. At the first regular pay day (1st of July) after six months' service he shall be paid an additional instalment of bounty, \$50. IV. At the first regular pay day after the end of the first year's

service (1st of Jan., 1865) an additional instalment of bounty will be paid, \$50. V. At the first regular pay day after eighteen months' service (July 1st, 1865) an additional instalment of bounty will be paid, \$50. VI. At the first regular pay (Jan. 1st, 1866) after two years' service, an additional instalment of bounty will be paid, \$50. VII. At the first regular pay day after two and a half years' service, (July 1st, 1866,) an additional instalment of bounty will be paid, \$50. VIII. At the expiration of the three years' (Jan. 1st, 1867) service, the remainder of the bounty will be paid, \$40.

If the Government shall not require these troops for the full period of three years, and they shall be mustered out, honorably, of service before the expiration of their term of enlistment, they shall receive upon being mustered out, the whole amount of bounty remaining unpaid, the same as if the full term had been served. The legal heirs of volunteers *who die in service* shall be entitled to receive the whole bounty remaining unpaid at the time of the soldier's death.

Paragraph fourth of general orders No. 376, says: In going to and coming from the respective States and homes, the veteran volunteers, furloughed as herein provided, will be furnished with transportation by the Quartermaster's department.

The weather here, at present, is very cold, freezing as hard in a night as it usually does in Pennsylvania at the same period of winter. We have had several snow storms, the largest of which we had yesterday, making it very bad for the shoeless soldiers of whom their name is legion. If the United States would do its duty to the soldier *one-half as faithful* as the soldier does his to his country, we need not now be literally naked and barefooted as we are. Our neediness has only been brought about by the culpable neglect of some of the whiskey-heads at or around Washington, for we know that the government allows ample for all departments.

More anon,

T. H. P.

BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS, EAST TENN.

January 14th, 1864.

"'Tis always darkest, the hour before day," is an old adage, and in our case a true one. While we have been groping around in darkness since our advent in this department, in the shape of rags and an empty stomach, a ray of sunshine peeped

in upon us yesterday. We were the recipients of a few articles in the way of clothing, viz. : one blanket to a company, two or three pairs of pants, five or six shirts, one pair of drawers and a few pairs of boots and shoes, also to each company. It was a Godsend to those who were fortunate enough to get them; *small* as the issue was, many and *large* were the smiles it produced. Now the "winter of our discontent is made glorious summer" by that indefatigable soldier, Lieut. S. P. Stephens, quartermaster of the regiment, who is away endeavoring to hunt up a few more pairs of shoes for the boys. Some may think that a quartermaster's post is to be envied, but I say to all who think so, get a post of that kind in a department like the Cumberland, and try it. It is one rather to be pitied, for no man racks his brains more, whereby he may invent some means to obtain supplies of clothing and rations, to appease the clamorous, half starved and naked soldiers who surround him on every side, and watches with eagle eyes his every move, thinking each turn or "about face" is to bring something to eat or wear. Such has been our situation from morning until night, that we followed with our eyes every move of that true, honest, and faithful soldier, Quartermaster S. P. Stephens. He has well earned the glowing title of a warm and noble-hearted man.

Last night about eight o'clock orders were received to leave for home. The camp was very quiet previous to the arrival of the order. We were considerably chagrined a few days ago in seeing the 48th Regt. P. V., in passing our camp *en route* for home, and at the same time, a rumor got under way that as the 48th got off before us, we would have to remain here for two or three months, consequently last night, around the camp fires, speculation ran high as to when we probably might get off. As I said above, the camp was quiet when the order "on to Norristown" arrived, but as soon as the order was published, the hum of voices and the hearty laughs soon betokened that "good news in camp" was well received, and met with a hearty response. Every one was busy, the major, the adjutant, quartermaster, orderly sergeants—all, all were busy in folding and signing their re-enlistment papers, receiving and despatching orders, reminding one of an editor's sanctum on an election day—everybody elbowing their way into the adjutant's office. After the agreeable surprise was over, each one sought quiet in his tent to dream of home, and by midnight business was at an end, and we enjoyed an unusually good

sound sleep. We fully expect to leave to-morrow, provided that shoes and sufficient rations can be obtained to-day for the march. We will march to Nicholasville, Ky., via Cumberland Gap, Barboursville, London, and Camp Nelson, each man to carry six days rations and forty rounds of ammunition. The distance to march is 191 miles, and we expect to make it in about sixteen days' from the time we start, so you may look for the old 51st about the 7th of February to make "a brilliant raid" into the very heart of your quiet borough of Norristown. At the same time a number of raids may be made by that sly little citizen soldier, Cupid, on the affections of the "dear ones" at home. I hope the young ladies of your town will not turn a cold shoulder to the young returned veterans, who have been absent for two and a half years from them, undergoing almost fabulous trials, privations, and sufferings as well for their sakes as to sustain that "dear old flag."

I was considerably amused the other day, in looking over the columns of the Norristown *Republican*, when my eyes rested on a letter from the 138th Regt. P. V. The gifted correspondent, signing himself "Frisket," says "we have had but one day's soft bread since the 10th of October." Now, the date of his letter is November 16th, being about *five weeks* that the *poor fellows* had to eat "hard tack," or crackers. What would "Frisket" say if he had been *five months* as we have, without either soft bread or hard bread, (and I was going to say no bread at all, but that would be "piling it on a little thick;") only black musty flour, or coarsely ground corn meal, and sometimes receives his corn on the cob of one and a half ears for a day's rations, and that he would have to grind in an old ricketty coffee mill. I forgot that while we were shut up in Knoxville, we did get a quarter of a one pound loaf of *soft doughy bread*, made from bran, and as choky as any hedge pear. "Frisket" is also tired of *wormy* crackers. If he had them here to-day, I would guarantee him twenty-five cents apiece for his haversack full, not of worms, but of crackers. All I have to say is, if "Frisket" is tired of wormy crackers, to send them to us, and we will promise to waste neither a crumb nor a *worm*. But enough, for soldiering in all departments has its joys and sorrows, and the 138th is not exempt.

Since writing my last the 51st has had it very easy, being only twice to the front on picket, and with the exception of a little fatigue duty nothing else has been asked of us. In

fact, we have long been unfit for duty, being, as your readers have previously been informed, entirely destitute of clothing, and in no way able to resist the cold. Our rations, also, have been too meagre to do duty on, and it takes all the time of those whose shoes would admit of it, to go out in the country and bring some little necessities, such as chopped corn, meat, molasses, &c. Many of them would be gone two days, and went fifteen or twenty miles to obtain enough for two or three days, and that by paying untold prices for.

A lot of green hides (fresh off of the beeves) were sent out to us this week for the shoeless, to make themselves coverings for their feet. A good many made a sort of moccasin out of them, but their utility were destroyed by the immense weight of them when marching, but as there have been shoes issued and more expected to-day, there will be no further need of the moccasins. When we get to Camp Nelson every man will receive a complete outfit, and when we march into Norristown, we will not look as if we had been nearly naked and starved as I have above described.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have been positively assured that we leave here on Sunday morning, the 17th inst.

T. H. P.

When the rebel General Longstreet crossed the Tennessee river, his whole available force amounted to about twenty-eight thousand men, who were equal if not superior to Stonewall Jackson's corps of "the flower of the Confederate army." Gen. Burnside's total efficient force was a trifle over eight thousand men. Longstreet's men were in splendid condition, healthy, comfortably clad, well fed; had the sympathies of the citizens; an immense amount of fixed and unfixed ammunition; and were well posted up in the geography of the country, which was of great advantage to him. Besides, his whole command was composed of acknowledged fighting veterans. Burnside's force, on the contrary, was in an almost famished condition. Sickly, nearly naked, and dirty—betrayed by the citizens—with but a limited

knowledge of the country—destitute of all kinds of ammunition, forage, and rations—and only a small part of his army (the 9th Corps) were fighting men. The larger portion was composed of a new corps (the 23d) of Western men, who were enlisted for six months only, and had had no experience in field service. Their principal duty was to garrison such posts as the 9th Corps had taken. Thus was Gen. Burnside forced into a terrible struggle against an overwhelming force of highly-disciplined troops, under the command of one of the South's very best fighting generals. The contest, unequal as it was in point of numbers and other advantages, was nevertheless entered into by the two corps with a determination to achieve a victory at all hazards or fill a true soldier's grave. While the 9th and 23d Corps were greatly inferior in numbers, they were largely superior in intellect, and possessed in their officers a far greater engineering talent, in which, beyond cavil, Col. Hartranft was the fountain-head. It was he who assisted Gen. Burnside, in his best works of engineering, to a successful result. It was through the true perfection, and the carrying out of all plans, that the city of Knoxville, with its band of heroes, did not fall into the hands of the Confederate army. No part of the entire Union army was handled with more skill and bravery by its officers than was that small besieged force in Knoxville. All hail to Burnside! All honor to Hartranft!

On November 3d, 1863, Lieuts. Jacob P. Brooke, of Co. F, and John S. Moore, of Co. A, left their homes, where they had been on a leave of absence, to rejoin their regiment. But as the enemy occupied the country between Cumberland Gap and

where the 51st was stationed, they did not succeed in reaching their companies until the 18th December, 1863, but just in time to take part in a heavy skirmish which the 51st was engaged in at Blain's Cross Roads, East Tennessee. Their departure from home was noticed in the paper published in their town, viz.:

REJOINING THE ARMY.—Lieuts. John S. Moore and Brooke, start this week to go to their regiment, the 51st, now stationed near Knoxville, Tennessee; and we have understood that they will have to march between two and three hundred miles, unless they should accidentally fall in with teams going on the same route—as there is no public conveyance for that distance to the present position of our regiment. Over this long road our men had to travel, day after day, “foot-sore and weary.” At home, we often wonder how men are enabled to endure such marching; for many of these men were not at all accustomed to hard toil before they enrolled themselves for the defence of our flag and the suppression of this fearfully wicked rebellion. Yet, our brave heroes endure all these hardships without murmuring—for it has to be done—and is a part of that plan that must be gone through with to reach the end, the supremacy of our laws over the whole of the United States.

Through the disarrangements of the mails and telegraph, the friends of the regiment were unable to obtain any reliable information concerning the whereabouts of the 51st, or of its doings during the siege, and every little item that appeared in any of the newspapers of the day was greedily snatched up and republished in other papers, so as to let the public form their own conclusions. The following are clipped from one published November 24th, 1863, during the siege, no doubt relieving the minds of many:

ARMY OF THE OHIO.—We have further exciting news from East Tennessee this morning. Parson Brownlow has found it necessary to leave Knoxville, and sends a despatch to Cincinnati stating that fighting was in progress “all about Knoxville.” A previous despatch, from General Burnside himself, conveys the idea that everything was going well with us, and that ultimate victory was certain. It is quite probable that a

heavy battle has been fought at Knoxville, and the seige of that city is now going on. As the place is fortified to some extent, it is believed that the rebels will not be able to dislodge our forces without great loss, and probably defeat. The latest reports by mail say that Generals Burnside and Hartsuff were concentrating their forces to resist the advance of Gen. Longstreet.

“FROM Knoxville we receive nothing definite. Gen. Longstreet does not appear yet to have raised the siege; for, if he had, we certainly should have intelligence of it from Gen. Burnside. There is no communication between Cumberland Gap and Knoxville yet. Gen. Foster is idle on the Clinch river, twenty miles from the Gap, where he has but a handful of cavalry. He makes no attempt to advance any farther. A Federal force of three thousand is said to have left Chattanooga to aid Burnside, though the route taken is not very evident. The Confederates are represented to be in strong force at Loudon, twenty-three miles west of Knoxville, and at Kingston, ten miles northwest of Loudon. Cannonading has been heard in that direction, so that it would seem the expedition had marched over the Cumberland Mountains, and was in conflict with the enemy.”

And again, another item in the same paper of another date :

“SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.—At the late battle of Fort Sanders, the Fifty-first regiment was engaged. We have made an extract from a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the battle, which will be found in another column. It will be seen that our regiment had three killed and one wounded. We have understood that all these persons were in the companies from Easton. How covered with honor are these brave and faithful veterans of the glorious old Fifty-first !”

And of still another date :

“FIFTY-FIRST.—We have not heard anything from this regiment for some time past. The report that portions of it had been captured do not seem to have much truth in them. The reason for not hearing from them is probably that their position is so far removed from the conveniences of mail routes that the receipt of letters is necessarily uncertain.”

CHAPTER X.

Destruction of the pontoon bridge—Approach of the enemy—A retreat ordered—General confusion—Burnside arrives on the field—Change of programme—Advance to Loudon—Fighting and falling back—Skilful manœuvring—Severe marching and suffering—Campbell's station—Magnificent battle scene—Repulse of Longstreet—Night march to Knoxville—Losses in the regiment.

THE 51st, on the 12th day of November, worked faithfully to get the pontoons laid across the Holston river at Lenoir station, in the sweet anticipation of going over the river to have a new scope of country through which to forage, in order to obtain a few more mouthfuls of rations to add to their already meagre supply; but in this they were again doomed to disappointment, for scarcely was the last boat laid when orders were issued to cut the bridge loose, scuttle the boats, and sink them in the deep waters of the Holston. Astonishment was depicted on their emaciated countenances as they silently obeyed those severe but highly necessary orders. Their cups, brimful of joy, were dashed to pieces in the twinkling of an eye! Speculation ran high as to the cause. Were the "Johnnies" coming? something of the kind must be up! The "Johnnies" were there—but not in any great force, as only a party of rebel cavalry were reconnoitering, but that was enough to tell that their main body was not far off.

The laying of the bridge had been watched closely by the citizens, and as soon as it was under way, information had been given by some of them. to the rebels, though the Union scouts discovered

them in time to prevent a surprise ; yet our pickets on the other side were driven in, and the pontoon bridge had to be destroyed.

On the next night, the 13th, orders came into camp to be ready to move at a moment's notice. Consequently, by 5 o'clock A. M. of the 14th, the orders were given to strike tents and send all the baggage to the rear, and the assembly was beaten for the regiment to "fall in on the color line." The troops that were stationed at Loudon began to pour into Lenoir and form line of battle. It began to be evident a battle was in embryo. Artillery teams and ambulances were plunging through the rain and mud, with their heads turned towards Knoxville. A retreat was on the tapis.

Gen. Burnside had removed his headquarters to Knoxville, and Col. Siegfried, of the 48th P. V., was in command of the division of which the 51st P. V. was in. Everything seemed to go wrong. But, some time towards noon of the 14th, Gen. Burnside made his appearance, in a special car, on the scene. As soon as the car stopped, and while on the platform, he exclaimed, in no unmeaning tone, "What does all this mean, General?" addressing himself to a Gen. White, who was in command of the movement. Gen. White's reply was, "We are retreating, sir !" Gen. Burnside replied, "I'll soon stop that, sir; halt your command, and about-face that artillery !" Gen. Burnside's face now flushed with anger, and it became evident that he was going to risk a battle at such an inauspicious moment. The whole army was in great confusion, not through any fear, but on account of the inefficiency of some of the higher grade officers, who did not know the

meaning of the commands they gave. Gen. Burnside took the whole cause of the commotion in at one view, and assumed command of the field in person. In fifteen minutes thereafter he had restored order, and turned the retreat into an advance on the enemy opposite Loudon. He laid his plans, and deployed his troops in such positions as to check the enemy should he be coming. Excepting the 2d Division of the 9th Corps, the whole force moved up the railroad about half a mile and formed line of battle, awaiting the approach of the enemy. Holding themselves in readiness all day in a drenching rain, they slept on their arms that night. But, about 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 15th, the troops were ordered to advance. The drum corps beat the assembly, and the column, instead of marching to Knoxville, were now on the road to Loudon to meet the advancing enemy. The distance was about six miles—the roads in a horrible condition, the men hungry and wet, but in high spirits, as also was their commander, Gen. Burnside. The enemy's skirmishers were met on a high hill to the east of Loudon, just at daybreak. Heavy skirmishing ensued, and their further advance was checked. Benjamin's battery obtained a good position, and held it until the enemy's full strength was felt. About 10 A. M. Longstreet reinforced his skirmishers by a full brigade, and forced Burnside to fall back. To keep up the appearance of a heavy force, Burnside deployed nearly his whole command as skirmishers, which gave him a chance of falling back in splendid order. The 51st was deployed as skirmishers on the extreme right of the line, with its right skirting the

road from Loudon towards Lenoir, reaching Lenoir about 5 P. M. During this retrograde movement the troops on the left, and left of centre, were pressed by the enemy most severely; and as Burnside had made a halt at Lenoir, Longstreet endeavored to flank our left in order to cut us off from our works in Knoxville. We were drawing rations while at halt at Lenoir, preparatory to our night's retreat. While doing so, the enemy poured volley after volley of musketry into our lines from the Kingston road, with an occasional shot thrown in among the teams, producing considerable excitement. While this excitement was at its height, it was discovered that our troops had, from some unknown cause, left the Kingston road open to the advance of the enemy free of all opposition. The discovery of this blunder was made by Gen. Ferrero, who commanded a brigade. He immediately reported his discovery to Gen. Burnside, in the presence of Gen. White, whose duty it was to have kept that road well guarded by his command. Burnside was astonished at such a proceeding, and ordered White to send troops to the left and hold the road. But Ferrero volunteered to take his brigade up the hill to regain possession of the road if Burnside would consent. Gen. White scowled at the idea; yet Burnside knew Ferrero too well to doubt his bravery and sagacity, and gave his consent. In less time than it takes to narrate it, Ferrero had his brigade on the move toward the road, and by his bull terrier propensities he succeeded in regaining the possession of the Kingston road, and thus saving us from being cut off from Knoxville.

It was now drawing close on to evening, and

the 51st lay near by the railroad track at Lenoir, awaiting orders, resting, drawing and cooking five days rations—while passing events, on all sides, began to fill them with gloom. When they perceived the tall form of their old colonel, Hartranft, a murmur of satisfaction went through the whole regiment, although the men knew that he would not take command of the 51st, nor did they desire it, for they reposed entire confidence in their present commander, Major William J. Bolton; but they wanted him to take command of their division, which he did, relieving Col. Siegfried. And now, being officered as they wished, their gloomy feelings were dispelled—Burnside commanding the whole movement in person, Hartranft our division, Lieut. Col. Schall our brigade, and Maj. Bolton the regiment, what more could we ask for while fighting? Being thus officered fully implied victory.

At a little before dark, the cars at Lenoir station were loaded with all cumbersome articles, and at once dispatched back to Knoxville; also the wagon trains, etc. As soon as everything cumbersome was out of the way, orders were given to march on to Knoxville that night, a distance of twenty-two miles. The enemy was kept in check, but the fighting for the Kingston road was severe and constant. The enemy, keeping on the range of hills on our left, seemed determined to outflank us, while Ferrero stubbornly contested every inch, and succeeded in keeping back the rebel horde sufficiently to enable us to trudge through the mud of that night. Our progress was terribly slow. Leaving Lenoir at 6 P. M., we only reached the 19 mile post on the railroad at 6 A. M. of the 16th, making but *three*

miles in twelve hours ! Who is there, living now, that participated in that three mile night march, that has forgotten, or ever will forget it? No pen, however eloquent, can describe the toiling, the sufferings, of both body and mind during that terrible dark night, with the fiends of rebellion firing and yelling like so many devils close on our heels. Oh, the suspense of those dark hours! Gen. Hartranft, can you forget it? Gen. William J. Bolton, can you? Men of the 51st P. V., you never will, while memory holds its seat in the throbbing brain.

The 51st P. V. was detailed to assist Benjamin's battery of 20-pounders through the mud. One and a half inch ropes, of two hundred feet in length, were attached to the guns; and with the whole regiment of men, and twelve to sixteen battery-horses at a single gun, it required their united strength to drag it through the mud for a few feet at a time. After getting a gun dragged about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, it would be left standing, and all would return to work up another one -- and so on, until the last one would be brought up--then begin again--and so on until the bottomless mire was wrought through; the enemy harassing us as much as they could, fighting going on all around us except directly in our front and on our right. To leave the guns sticking in the mud, would have been fatal to us, for our salvation laid in keeping possession of that now more than priceless battery. The men worked, pulled, and dragged as men never did before. The poor jaded and hungry horses appeared to know the necessity of getting the guns along, for, worn out as they were, the poor beasts labored with a will that seemed akin to reason.

Had they proved baulky and refused us their enormous strength, our fate would certainly have been Andersonville or Libby.

Daylight of the 16th found us but three miles from where we started the night before, but it found us through the worst part of the mud, with the advantage of being able to pick our way.

At or near Campbell's station, the roads from Loudon and Kingston made a junction, and then formed the road leading into the city of Knoxville. To get possession of the forks of this road, was the main object of both chieftains, Burnside and Longstreet. Could Longstreet gain it first, Burnside would not have had a road by which to reach the city, as there was but the one that ran in that direction, and escape would have been impossible, at least with artillery and caissons. Longstreet, fully alive to the importance of the possession of that point, deployed his skirmishers more to our right, with the view of forcing Burnside to strengthen that part of his line in order to weaken his left, that the enemy might throw a force on this road sufficient to crush our resistance and gain possession. The enemy's advance rushed on like an avalanche, pouring volley after volley into our rear, and the rear returning volley for volley until the junction was reached. Hartranft was entrusted with the extreme left. Burnside remained in the centre, on foot, and the race was drawing to a close which was for life or death. *We have reached the road.* A halt is made. Hartranft double-quickens his division, and files left into a cornfield to the right of the Kingston thoroughfare, and is about flanking a division of the enemy in our rear, when the whole column of

both armies came to a halt—and the battle raged most furiously for about an hour.

While this preliminary fight was going on, our artillery was taking the advantage of the contest, which was wholly between the infantry, by securing a splendid position. It was near noon, and thus far our troops had been successful in holding their ground. After the 51st had double-quickened into the cornfield, Col. Hartranft discovered the enemy advancing on him with an overwhelming force, for the purpose of flanking him, and cutting him and his division off from the main body. But in this they were foiled, for by this time the artillery had got into position, and he double-quickened his command to the support of the two batteries, Benjamin's and Voncleis' 15th Indiana, thereby leading his pursuing enemy directly under the range of the guns of the 15th Indiana. Finding they were outgeneraled in that move, they quickly fell back out of harm's way.

This was a most magnificent battle-field. It was in the form of a huge basin. Burnside, Hartranft, the two batteries, the 51st P. V., and the 51st N. Y., occupied that part of the rim of the basin nearest to Knoxville. This was the objective point that Longstreet directed his best energies against. The enemy occupied that part of the rim of the basin farthest from Knoxville, directly opposite to that of Burnside. A house, barn, and other outbuildings occupied the centre of the hollow of the basin, or rather the right of centre. Between those buildings and the enemy stood an orchard of large apple trees. The rim of the basin, to the right of the buildings, was skirted with a heavy forest, that ran

off to the right and lost itself to view. From the rear of Longstreet all the way round to within a few yards of our left, was also a dense forest, which ended abruptly on a high bluff. The face of the landscape was broken by a deep ravine between the woods and the batteries.

As soon as the artillery had got into position, Maj. Bolton detailed Capt. Bisbing and about two-thirds of the regiment to skirmish in the woods towards the enemy on our left, because a whole brigade of rebels moved off in that direction and had become lost to view. The 51st started directly in front of the battery, and skirmished through the field down to the very centre of the hollow, and then filed to the left into a field of tall dead grass, full five to six feet high, that adjoined the woods. This woods was very dense with underbrush and briars. After reaching the edge of the woods, Bisbing commanded "Lie down." After remaining in that position, completely out of sight, for about half an hour, the snapping of brush as if trod upon was distinctly heard on the right, in the woods. In a few minutes Bisbing discovered two brigades of rebels quietly sneaking through the woods, as if their object was to flank our batteries. He watched them intently, until they had disappeared on the other side of the hill or rim, and thinking their object was to move around to the rear of the battery, and, by the low ground outside of the rim, get up within a few yards of the guns before they could be seen, he commanded "Rise up," and deployed as skirmishers through the woods up to its abrupt termination; but what became of the enemy could not be determined. After returning to their post at the battery,

the battle became highly interesting. Burnside and Hartranft stood side and side by the guns, and gave their orders with such coolness that a person unused to such sights would think that they were alike dead to all feelings of humanity.

Longstreet endeavored to get a "gray horse battery" into position on the right of his centre at the edge of the woods. He first sent two brigades down into the bottom of the hollow, where they formed line of battle, ostensibly with the object of charging on our artillery, and, in order to accomplish this, his battery was to support them by shelling us away from our guns, which then would fall an easy prey into their hands; but as soon as their white horses were seen to emerge from the woods, our guns were turned on them with fury. They succeeded in unlimbering one gun but no more; they fired two or three shots, when they limbered up again, and left at full gallop, finding it impossible to live under such firing as our gunners displayed. The two brigades still held their position; none of our officers appeared to pay any attention to them, but they were watched close. The enemy endeavored to get another position in the orchard, and Burnside allowed them to do so for a few minutes only. After getting fixed, as they thought, to suit themselves, they began shelling our batteries and the 51st with tremendous velocity; they then sent a body of troops into the woods on the left of the house, &c., to flank us on our right and get possession of the Knoxville road; but as they emerged from the woods, their cover, they were rather stunned in finding that their progress was checked, for Burnside had already a strong line lying on the ground as a precaution

against any such a move on the part of the enemy. A brilliant skirmish ensued between the two antagonists, and although the enemy was far the stronger force, yet our troops, with the aid of our batteries, succeeded in making them beat a hasty retreat, and abandon all further attempts by that flank.

Burnside's attention was now turned on the rebel battery in the orchard that had been sending an amazing quantity of rifled shells in and around the two batteries and the 51st P. V.; in fact, no attention had been paid to the rebel artillery previous to this; but it received the undivided attention of Burnside and Hartranft now, for they were literally covered from head to foot with dirt thrown over them by the enemy's shot and shell, as they came ploughing through the ground at their feet. The two batteries (Benjamin's and the 15th Indiana) opened in splendid style on their enemy, clearing the orchard of all rebels in less than ten minutes. They then made another effort to get their battery into position in the corner of the woods where they had made their first attempt; as soon as they showed their "gray horses" at the edge of the woods, our batteries hurried them out of that by a few well-directed shots. The 51st P. V. was again sent forward to skirmish the woods to our left. The two brigades of rebels still being in line of battle in the hollow, attention now was turned to them, and they received a number of shells right in the midst of their ranks, thinning them somewhat, and scattering them like a flock of sheep. They sought shelter in the woods on their right. The 51st was in the same woods skirmishing along the top of the rim or hill towards its abrupt termination. The regiment

scarcely, however, reached the battery, when the hill they had just left was swarming with the foe, who seemed to defy the whole of Burnside's force. They came out of the woods and stood in the clear field only a few yards from our guns, and cast an impudent gaze along the whole of our rear. A few men of the 51st could not resist the impulse to fire, and, doing so without orders, they "knocked" a few of them, when our artillery belched forth death by the wholesale. They then escaped back to their cover in the woods.

One little incident is worthy of notice here. Sergt. David Long, of Co. D, being seized with the impulse to fire when the enemy exposed themselves so near us, dropped on one knee and fired. The ball must have entered his foe's heart, for he sprang into the air about two feet, and fell dead without moving a limb. It is very uncertain for a soldier to say he knows that he killed one in battle, yet it will not be incorrect for Sergt. Long to say so.

Night was now closing our day's work. We had kept the enemy at bay for two days and a night, and another half hour of daylight would in all probability have seen us a captured army. The enemy was tightening his coils around us; cowards had begun to sneak off undiscovered to Knoxville; our lines were becoming weaker; the enemy closing gradually in on us; they, in number, three to our one; they, with full supply of ammunition; we, nearly out—for a great part of our artillery ammunition had been thrown out of the caissons to lighten the weight. Here we were, sixteen miles from Knoxville—a dark and muddy road before us—worn out with fatigue and hunger; having had no

sleep for forty-two hours, and no chance even to make a cup of coffee since the Sunday evening previous, and three hours sleep was all we had for four days and nights; but the boys were all in high spirits, for they saw that by showing a bold front, they could accomplish much. The number of wounded on our side was large, but they were nearly all sent into the city; so was everything else that was likely to cause a minute's loss of time on the retreat; and when night began to spread her sable mantle over the bloody field, our forces were ready to withdraw at a moment's notice. At last the order came, and posting a strong rear-guard, the line resolved itself into a marching column, and quietly withdrew in good order from the scenes of that day's toils and dangers, leaving its killed, a few wounded, and a good many prisoners in the enemy's hands.*

Burnside's command left Campbell's station at 8 P. M., and marched to the outskirts of the city, where it arrived at 4½ A. M. of the 17th, foot-sore and weary. Scarcely had the column come to a halt, when the men sunk down to the ground from sheer exhaustion, and fell asleep without hunting for any kind of a comfortable place to lay. They had forded several streams and were wet up to their arm pits, still sleep stole over their benumbed senses and they one and all slept the sweet sleep of the cradled innocent. Nothing of interest occurred on that night's march excepting the loss of a few worn out

* The following is a list of casualties, as far as could be obtained:

Co. B.—Wounded—Private Benj. Reilly. Captured—Wm. Albert.

Co. C.—Wounded—Corp. Wm. Robinson.

Co. I.—Captured—Private George E. Peters.

Co. K.—Wounded—Sergts. Wm. S. Mellick and Frank B. Sterner. Captured—Henry C. Deutler.

troops, who found it impossible to keep up with the retreating column and fell prisoners into the enemy's hands, and an occasional pressure of the enemy's advance on our rear-guard. As day began to make its appearance on Tuesday, the 17th of November, the drums beat the reveille, but so sound did the men sleep that only few, if any, heard it. Shortly after the drums ceased, the stentorian voice of Maj. Bolton was heard commanding "fall in;" as if by magic every man sprang to his feet and seized his gun. It seemed as if each one had lain down with the intention that no other sound but "fall in" was to awaken them.

CHAPTER XI.

The 51st entrenched—Building and breaking of the dam—Skill and daring of Sergeants Parker and Fair—Picket fighting and house burning—Grand and awful scenes of fire and battle—Sufferings of the men—Rumors of relief—An assault by the rebels—Retaking of the picket pits by Schall's brigade—Constant fighting and conflagration.

THE brigade under Lieut. Col. Schall formed in line, and then marched by the flank into the city, and through to the other side, where it took up a position on the extreme right of the town, in front, almost, of the railroad depot, on an elevation that presented a fine view of the surrounding country.

Shortly after getting into our position, Col. Hartmanft impressed all the contrabands found running in the streets, and placing picks and shovels in their hands, he bade them go to work in the trenches,

and by noon they had accomplished a part sufficient to allow the 51st P. V. to take possession. Thus on the 17th of November, 1863, was built the first regular entrenchments in which they ever fought. They had been in pits on the picket line in front of Jackson, Miss., but not as regular breastworks on the main line. This event filled them with pleasure, for now they knew they need not be exposed needlessly to the enemy's balls.

They began now to see the fruits of their hard toiling at the ropes of the artillery on the Sunday night previous; they could perceive that by their exertions that splendid battery of twenty pounder brass guns had been saved to resist an incoming siege.

Longstreet now began to approach the city with great caution, his long lines of infantry could be seen slowly winding their way west of the outskirts of the old works.

As soon as dark set in, a detail was made of fifty-four men from the 51st, to go out on picket; it was hard to send them, but the necessity of the case demanded it. The detailed men obeyed promptly with but one exceptional case of grumbling, and that was by a man who could not exist without grumbling, for it was his nature. Reader, if you have never been on such duty, after losing as much sleep as those poor men, you cannot form any idea of the agonizing torture it is to be sent out on picket, just as you had fully satisfied yourself that you were about lying down to enjoy one night's quiet sleep! Imagine as you may, you cannot form a true picture. They had been four days and three nights, and this was to be their fourth night, with less than four hours' sleep. Their brains in a whirl of excitement

all the time; their minds racked with suspense as to the result of the battles; their physical natures completely worn down with the laborious duty which kept their sinewy frames on a constant strain both day and night; their shoulders aching under their canteen and haversack straps; their waists and hips, galled by their waist belts, borne down with their well filled cartridge boxes; their arms aching from the constant carrying of their muskets; their backs and shoulders in agony from the tightly strapped knapsacks; their feet blistered from heel to toe; and in short, cold, tired, hungry and sick! You have now their true condition, but do not think the officers fared any better, they did not—officers are but men with the same feelings, and see the difficulties of a soldier's life with the same eyes that an enlisted man does, though they are not compelled to become pack mules as the private, but they are under greater restraints, undergo heavier responsibilities, and have duties to perform attended with far more danger.

The morning of the 18th found Burnside pretty thoroughly invested by his antagonist; the siege had been fully inaugurated. Our pickets had made themselves a line of entrenchments, just outside of the thickly settled part of the city, within three hundred yards of their main line. A great many houses stood between our pickets and the main line of works, and the rebels made a number of sallies at different periods during the siege to get possession of our pits; sometimes they were successful, at others they failed.

Every day, from the commencement of the siege until it was raised, added strength to our fortifi-

cations; new pits were dug; old ones enlarged; earthworks grew like magic; beautifully constructed forts dotted the entire line; some built entirely of the earth, others constructed of sand bags, others of cotton bales, and the principal streets were barricaded with old wagons, carts and other lumber, such as could be found in the sheds and stables in and around the city. Thus after making the city pretty safe against assault, Col. Hartranft decided to make his part of the line (the extreme right) doubly safe, by damming up a creek on the right of it. This creek was known by the citizens as "First creek." It ran at right angles with Hartranft's lines and emptied into the Holston river, in the rear of the works. A street extended parallel with the line of pits and crossed the creek over a one arch stone bridge. To dam up the water where it entered the arch would be a task of vast importance; though laborious to perform, Col. Hartranft had not the material to build such a dam, as might make it strong enough to resist the immense pressure of water that would collect there, but such as he had he used, and got a large detail of men from his division and put them to work at it. As the water rose in the dam, it became evident that the material was not staunch enough to resist the pressure; but the work progressed towards completion and the dam filled to overflowing, backed up the water to the depot, to the depth of three to six feet; but it was no sooner completed and the men still looking at their work, than the whole thing gave way, and the water rushed like a torrent, sweeping everything in its current into the river below.

Col. Hartranft looked at the frustration of his hopes with a calmness that was truly heroic.

As soon as the water subsided into its natural sized channels, he had another detail made and another dam in progress. This time he secured a heavy girder, about twenty-four feet long and fourteen by fourteen inches square; this was let down into the water so that each end might rest against the respective sides of the arch, and form a strong foundation on which to build the new work; but after reaching the water, from some uncontrollable cause the girder missed catching on one of the walls, and swung around and was passing through the arch, on its way towards the river. No one knew the depth of the water in the creek, and none cared to jump in to find out; but as the foremost end had entered the archway, Sergt. Parker leaped into the water with his clothing on, and reached the girder in time to save it from floating off. The current was deep and swift, and having a very uncertain footing, he could do nothing but hold the timber from getting any further away. At least two hundred men stood looking on, but none would venture in to assist him. Sergt. John W. Fair, of Co. C, happened to catch a glimpse of the operation, and in an instant he was aiding Sergt. Parker. The two were at times so deep in water that they found a difficulty in towing the heavy stick against the strong current, until they got it far enough away from the arch for those on *dry* land to assist them, after which the two sergeants floated the girder into its proper place. The filling in with planking taken off of the bridge floor now commenced. A strong breast was thus built and filled in with about one thousand

cart-loads of dirt. This time the work was a complete success. The water rose and backed up the creek clear to the rebel lines. All the low ground on the right of the city was flooded, varying from four to six feet deep, making an insurmountable barrier for a charging foe to face. This flood of water made that part of the line secure, also the strongest.

The next thing in order was to burn the splendid mansions on the outskirts of the city, so as to prevent the enemy from placing sharpshooters in them to pick off our gunners in the fortifications.

A large number of men were detailed on the volunteer system to act as sharpshooters and house-burners. They were all taken out of the 51st P. V. A specified number was to come from each company. Each man was fully instructed as to his duties, and of his peril, if caught by the foe. They were to take up their quarters in the houses—two or three to a house—to remain there day and night, to have a pile of combustible material in each room they occupied, and on the first approach of the enemy towards the houses, they were to apply the match, and escape, if they possibly could, to the inner works; but under no circumstances were they to leave the house without firing it. To these instructions they readily acceded, and volunteered to fill the detail. Nearly all succeeded in firing their houses and escaping the vengeance of their enemies. One man only, Patterson, of Co. K, fell into their hands. He had fired his house and left it; but thinking it was not burning, he returned to apply the match the second time; but as he was leaving the house the rebels had got too close on him and shot him down, but not killing

him. They then thrust a bayonet through his head, putting an end to his sufferings. His foe or foes stripped him of his shoes, but our pickets charging on them they escaped to their own lines. Patterson's body was carried in to Dr. Reinhold's quarters, and his wounds were examined by Dr. R., who pronounced him killed by the bayonet, as the gunshot wound was not of itself sufficient to produce death.

Some nights as many as twenty-five houses would be on fire at one time, presenting a sublime picture to all who witnessed it. The city, the picket-pits, and the whole surrounding country would be lighted up as bright as midday. It was a sight but seldom seen and never to be forgotten.

The duties of the 51st P. V. during the siege was of an extraordinary character, having only about one hundred and four men fit for efficient service. One-fourth of that number would go on the picket line at four o'clock in the morning, there to remain twenty-four hours. At six o'clock of the evening of the same day another fourth would go on for twenty-four hours. Then at four A. M. of the next day the first pickets would be relieved by the third fourth, and that same night the second fourth would be relieved by the last fourth, and so on during the entire siege.

The pickets, as relieved, would retire to their quarters to prepare whatever rations, if any, they had to satisfy their hunger to but a limited extent, and to enjoy, as they imagined, a few hours' sleep; but in this they were invariably disappointed, for a detail from headquarters would be in for them to go on "fatigue duty" as soon as they were relieved from picket. The fatigue duty was to those poor

fellows of the most painful kind—to use the pick and shovel, perhaps, for the next twenty-four hours, and be relieved to go immediately out again on picket, three times out of four without a morsel of food to eat or to take with them. It may be doubted by many that such usage of men could possibly be, and the men live; but, dear reader, this is no overdrawn picture. If you still doubt it, ask any of the participants of that siege, either officers or privates, either of the 9th or 23d corps, and if you can find one who will say the picture is untrue or in the least overdrawn, then I stand convicted before the public of a base, wilful *lie*, for falsehood is too genteel a term to be tolerated.

And again, those same men were not only forced to do duty in the above manner from the necessity of the occasion incident to a siege, but they were obliged to be out through the inclemency of the wintry season in a mountainous section of the country in an almost naked condition. Numbers of them were without the comforts of a blanket, and still larger numbers without shirts, drawers, or stockings; their blouses and pantaloons in tatters; the frosty night air pinching their bare skin, without a cup of warm coffee to cheer them in the long, dreary, sleety night, or a spark of fire by which they might indifferently warm their benumbed limbs; their fingers so torpid with the constant handling of their cold muskets, that it was painful to behold. Thus were they, during the entire siege, worn out in mind and body; suffering from the chilling wintry blasts; nearly naked, heartsore, and weary, living on less than one-fourth rations, and that of an inferior quality. A large portion of their bread was made

from musty black bran, and of a pasty, doughy nature. Those who were fortunate enough to possess shirts were compelled to wear them until nearly ready to fall from their backs with filth and vermin, their time being so occupied with their onerous duties, that leisure to wash them was denied the men.

Lieutenant Samuel P. Stephens, quartermaster of the regiment, was indefatigable in his exertions to procure the men all and every necessary that he could lay his hands on, but large as his noble heart was, his means to furnish supplies were of too limited a nature for him to do much to alleviate his suffering men. Visiting the works several times a day, he was besought by the men "for God's sake, Stevie, get us something to eat." "Poor Stevie," as the boys all called him, would leave and call around among the headquarters of the different commands, and if he could find a single cracker or "hard tack," he would appropriate it for whoever he thought had the most need of it. Returning to his own regiment, with the hard tack buttoned up in the breast of his coat, to prevent it from being seen, he would listen to the tales of hunger, and bestow his scanty morsel on him who was the greatest sufferer. He would gaze on their shivering forms as they flitted past him, and, singling out the most destitute, would return to his own quarters and take a shirt, drawers, or pants, and come back to make some one the recipient of his limited but generous bounty, until he became as destitute of clothing as those for whom his heart ached. Nothing was a trouble to him. He was partial to none, but liberal to all, not from any

selfish ambition, but from the purely generous impulses of his noble, noble heart.

Major Bolton, too, was another to whom too much praise cannot be given for his kindness towards his command. As detail upon detail would pour in for his men, he would plead with the officers until the number would be reduced to the smallest amount possible. Thus some one would receive the benefit of an hour or two of rest.

But of all the abused men in the whole army, the adjutants of the different regiments generally fare the worst, whose duties are similar to that of a first or orderly sergeant of a company. In fact the adjutant is the orderly sergeant of the regiment. It falls to his lot to fill all details from headquarters, by detailing an equal number of men *pro rata* from each company under his command. On this occasion 1st Lieutenant John R. Gillilan of Co. G was acting adjutant of the 51st P. V. Whenever the boys would see him coming out of his tent with a piece of white paper in his hand, they were fully convinced that another detail was wanted. Perhaps the men had just been relieved either from picket or fatigue duty. They would gather around their first sergeant (if it was a detail asked for) to know if they would have to go on it. By the time they would be answered in the affirmative, the adjutant's voice would be heard on the left of the line inquiring for Sergeants Parker and Long, who appeared to be the only sergeants that the lieutenant expected to find at their posts. Then would commence a parley between the sergeants and adjutant, the former asserting that they had no men to detail, they were all either on duty or just going. If the adjutant saw a few

around him, the sergeants would be silent, while the men would all declare that they were on duty of some kind. The adjutant would then ask them what they were doing in at their quarters. Their old stereotype answer, "We've just come in to see if there was any rations to get," was of no use. The adjutant would enforce his detail, and sergeants, as well as privates, would have to go to make up the quota.

The enemy was desperate in his efforts to break through Burnside's line. Attempts were made, nightly, with no other success than breaking through the picket line and capturing a few pickets.

On November 23d, a rumor became circulated through our troops that at Loudon there were eleven thousand men coming to reinforce us, which had the effect to raise Burnside stock to par, and send Libby and Andersonville far below it. The good news was electrical. Each man forgot his troubles, and cheerfulness pervaded both corps. But, as the men listened, without success, to hear distant cannonading in the rear of Longstreet, and the day wore on, they began to think they had been "sold." Nevertheless, many believed it, and thus it served as an encouragement for several days.

On the next morning, about 2 o'clock, the enemy made a desperate charge on that part of the picket line held by the 51st P. V., and succeeded in driving in our pickets to the main line in the city, the enemy occupying the pits and a portion of the ground between those two lines.

Orders were immediately despatched to Lieut. Col. Schall to forward his brigade and take back

the pits before day should break. This was no easy task, as the night was dark as Erebus, not even a house on fire to lend its light, and the enemy were in possession in strong force. However, Col. Schall advanced his brigade to the rear of the railroad depot by the flank, then filing left among the ruins of the late fires, he brought them quietly to a front and formed line of battle. But, from the nature of the ground, and the numberless piles of debris of the fallen buildings, with the many half-filled cellars, holes, fallen trunks of trees, stumps, etc., it was a very difficult task to make a charge in the darkness of the night. Col. S. gave the orders to advance; but it was impossible to do so with an unbroken line. Our men involuntarily came to a halt. They began to be impatient and restive. Daylight was near at hand, and soon the work must either be done or the attempt abandoned. Col. S., in an undertone, again gave orders to forward—the enemy being within fifty feet of his line, made it necessary to be as quiet as possible in the movement; but only a few in the vicinity of the lieutenant colonel could hear the order, and that part of the line advanced a few paces, and came to a halt. Major W. J. Bolton demanded of Col. Schall to know if it was his object to take the pits. Col. S. replied it was. Maj. Bolton asked him if he was ready, as it was getting late. He was answered “Yes.” Then, in as loud a voice as he could command, which reached to the right and left of the whole brigade, Major Bolton said, “Then by G—d let us take them! Forward—double-quick—march!” and the whole line charged on the enemy like a tornado, yelling like so many devils, and pouring their

volleys of musketry into the fleeing foe. The whole thing, after the major gave the command, occupied about thirty seconds and the work was completed.

The charge thus made afforded many a hearty laugh at the expense of a great number of the men, who were unfortunate enough to tumble into the cellars and other places of like nature.

As the men rushed pellmell over the ruins, it was no uncommon thing for a dozen of them to fall together into a cellar, or some place of like character—some with their heads up and others with their heels up.

The enemy were terribly frightened, for up to the time that Maj. Bolton gave the command, they were not aware of their close proximity to the Yankees, and a whole brigade yelling as they did, made the enemy think the entire corps was coming at them.

The firing on both sides was pretty brisk until daybreak, when the brigade withdrew, and left the pickets once more in possession of their pits.

The next day, the 25th, the picket line was strongly reinforced, as the event of the night previous had proven how much too weak it was. Five hundred more men were sent out, with those already there, making a strong enough force to give an obstinate fight if attacked again.

CHAPTER XII.

News from General Sherman—Night attack on the left—Fort Sanders—The network of wires—Desperate charge of the rebels—The struggle on the parapet—Repulse of the enemy—Disparity of losses—Raising of the siege—Retreat of Longstreet—Rutledge—Blain's Cross-roads—Another battle—Re-enlistment commenced—Close of the campaign of 1863.

ON the 26th, things had quieted down all along the lines. Very few shots were fired from either side. Orders were issued in the afternoon to be ready to move at a moment's notice. "What is up now?" was heard on all sides. Were we getting reinforced? and were we to attack the enemy and compel him to raise the siege? Some of the more hopeful thought so; others, more desponding, thought Longstreet about to attack the whole line by assault; but nothing definite could be known.

Shortly after daylight of the 27th, an order was read to the troops that Sherman, with twenty thousand men, was coming to our rescue. At the conclusion of the reading, cheer upon cheer reverberated through the air and penetrated the enemy's line. The good news made all forget their forlorn and almost hopeless condition.

On the 28th the enemy attacked the extreme left of our line, shortly after midnight, with desperation, driving in our pickets and feeling the strength of the main line. The enemy had received secret information that that part of the line was the weakest, which it was, hence hard fighting occurred throughout the day and night. That night about 11 o'clock

the enemy massed two full brigades under the command of Gen. Garcie. As they now held that part of our picket line, the two brigades were within six hundred yards of our main line. After manœuvring around for a great length of time, the enemy made a charge on Fort Sanders,* which occupied a point a little to the right of centre. Gen. Ed. L. Ferrero commanding that portion of the line had taken the precaution to make such an attempt on the part of the foe a failure. He had taken down all the telegraph wires in and around the city, and secured them to stationary objects for a number of yards in his front, placing the wires about a foot above the ground and far enough apart to allow a person to walk between them, providing they could see them. In the darkness the enemy made his charge. They rushed like demons, yelling defiance at the volleys of musketry that were poured into them until they reached the wire abattis, when they went to the ground in dire confusion by being tripped. Lieut. Benjamin now handled his 20-pounder pets with a will, pouring canister shot into their confused masses while in their heaped up condition. The struggle was fearful, the excitement was great along the whole line. Would the enemy be successful! if so, Knoxville must fall and a surrender would be inevitable.

The enemy in his desperation came on, his ranks fearfully depleted; he gains the parapet of the fort; a hand to hand fight ensues, some are in the fort demanding the surrender of it with their hands on

* Named by Genl. Burnside in honor of Brig. Genl. Sanders, who was mortally wounded near this point while gallantly rallying his brigade, a few days prior to the final assault.

the guns, with such exclamation as "Surrender, you Yankee s—s of b—s;" but they had "reckoned without their host." Many of them were laid low by the blows from muskets, axe-handles, clubs, stones, swabs and rammers, or anything else the "Yanks" could seize most conveniently.

The enemy finally beat a retreat, or at least as many of them as could get away. They had lost heavily at the tripping up at the wires in killed and wounded, and also heavily at the fort in killed, wounded and prisoners. Ferrero's loss was comparatively light, not amounting to more than 30 killed and wounded, while that of the enemy was known to be over 500 killed, 600 wounded, and 315 prisoners, total 1,415.

The following account of the charge on Fort Sanders, is taken from the "Philadelphia Inquirer."

ARMY OF THE OHIO.—A delayed despatch from Knoxville, dated on Monday, tells of an abortive assault of the rebels upon Gen. Burnside's picket line and first lines of defences. The rebels were repulsed with great slaughter, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands, with a number of prisoners. This was a decided check to Gen. Longstreet, and probably had something to do with his retreat subsequently.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Nov. 29—*Evening*.

The thirteenth day of the siege of Knoxville has been marked by the most important engagement since the enemy first invested the city. The attack so long expected, a fight which, in the comparison of loss on either side, finds a parallel only in Gen. Jackson's battle of New Orleans.

The rebels charged across the open space which intervened between the timber and fort, and which was crossed with logs and the stumps of felled trees, and came on at impetuous speed. The first check was given when the foremost of the column stumbled over a line of the telegraph wire, which had been stretched through the low brush and coiled from stump to stump out of ordinary view. As they halted here momentarily, one falling over another, until the cause of the obstruction was discovered, our batteries in the fort had full play.

The ambulances from both sides now met on the neutral ground, and the dead were carried back to the rebel line, where

they were buried by their late comrades. The officers commingled, from generals down to lieutenants, and so also did the soldiers, until their officers ordered them back to their places. Nearly a hundred of the rebel wounded had been carried into the city and cared for at the hospital of the 9th Corps.

The rebel wounded state that Gen. Longstreet issued an address to the troops last night, boasting that they would all take dinner in Knoxville to-day. Their repulse, when it was so unlooked for, is therefore all the more disastrous and demoralizing. The veteran 79th Highlanders held the post of honor and danger here as they have on many another occasion, and were supported by their not less valorous comrades of the old 2d Mich., 29th Mass., and 100th Penn. "roundheads."

Our men, screened by the parapet of the fort and the edges of the rifle-pits, lost less than twenty in killed and wounded. I have not the exact list as yet, but it embraces about four killed and fourteen wounded. This disparity finds a parallel, as I have observed in the commencement of this letter, only in the battle of New Orleans.

Among the individual acts of gallantry was that of Sergeant Judge, of Company K, 79th Highlanders, who, when the battle-flag of a Georgia regiment was raised upon the parapet, rushed out amid the bullets, and, tearing it down, carried it in through the embrasures, a prize to his comrades.

While the main battle was in progress at Fort Sanders, our line, further to the right, under Colonels Hartranft, Siegfried, and Schall, successfully charged and drove the rebels from the position which they captured from us last night; and before the battle terminated our skirmishers at this point had resumed their old places.

KILLED AND WOUNDED PENNSYLVANIANS.

100th Pennsylvania.—Killed, Aaron Templeton, Co. A, minie ball through head; J. R. W. Garrittson, A, minie ball through head. Wounded, Chas. McConnell, Co. E, minie ball passing through right ilium; First Sergeant Joe Kennedy, minie ball, entering back of neck and passing out of mouth; Underwood, A, minie ball, slightly, in right side of neck.

50th Pennsylvania.—Wounded, Samuel Hese, Sergeant Co. F, slightly, scalp.

51st Pennsylvania.—Killed, William Patterson, Co. K, Nov. 24; Wm. Doudy, H, Nov. 29. Wounded, B. J. Reilly, Co. B, left thigh.

48th Pennsylvania.—Killed, Corp. John Spooner, Co. H. Wounded, Second Lieut. Henry Jackson, Co. G, left thigh; James Heiser, Co. I, right ear.

The 51st, we learn, have inscribed upon their flags all the battles in which they have participated. This has been done in accordance with orders from Gen. Burnside, and we think the order a very good one, as it distinguishes the veterans from the newly enlisted troops. Look upon the list of battle names

inscribed upon their flags, and then say whether or not they are deserving of the praise which has been so freely lavished upon them by our citizens. Read:—ROANOKE, NEWBERN, CAMDEN, BULL RUN, CHANTILLY, SOUTH MOUNTAIN, ANTIETAM, SULPHUR SPRINGS, FREDERICKSBURG, VICKSBURG, JACKSON, LOUDON, CAMPBELL'S STATION, KNOXVILLE.

This is a noble record the 51st have made for themselves.

At noon of the same day Gen. Burnside sent Gen. Longstreet a flag of truce to come and bury his dead, which was gratefully accepted by that heroic officer.

While the "truce" was good the boys of the 51st P. V. met their enemies between the two lines on the most friendly terms, and dealings sprung up of an innocent nature between the two parties, trading of knives, combs, buttons, tobacco, &c., was strongly indulged in, to obtain mementoes of the occasion.

On the 30th, every man of the 51st P. V., whether officer or private, who was not on other duty, was engaged in building a fort, with sand-bags and cotton-bales, at the top of the hill, across the street leading from the railroad depot, and in barricading the same street from the depot up to the fort with wagons, carriages and carts, for the attack on Fort Sanders showed that the enemy was still anxious to capture the town. It was completed on the 1st December. On the 2d December, the 15th Indiana battery, that was stationed in the fort, directly in the rear of that part of the main line occupied by the 51st P. V., was removed to the new fort just completed, leaving the 51st P. V. without the cover of a gun. The men now saw, more than ever, the utility of the protection afforded by the dam built by Col. Hartranft; their part of the main line was safe from a charge in their front, at least.

Things now began to wear a more cheerful aspect

along the whole line; the enemy was, no doubt, making preparations to raise the siege by leaving; the firing was less frequent. On the 4th December, but one shot was fired by their battery the whole day; and on Saturday, December 5th, (the nineteenth and last day of the siege,) at 4 A. M., Longstreet left the investment of the city to seek safety from the vengeance of Gen. Sherman's army, who had come to our rescue. Daylight convinced us that we were once more free of the coils of the foe.*

As soon as it was known that Longstreet had left, the 51st was ordered to follow him up, and secure whatever prisoners might be found playing the lag-gard. A large number of his pickets had been left on their posts, and were captured.

On Sunday, the 6th December, the paymaster, who had been in Knoxville during the whole siege, and unknown to any one except a few of the higher grade of officers, gave notice to Maj. Bolton that he would now proceed to pay his regiment, which was accordingly done, filling the men with unbounded joy. They were now free from the enemy, and with their pockets full of money; but the trouble was, how were they to get it home, or what could they buy with it? Lieut. Col. Schall relieved them of the former, by notifying them that he was going home

* Casualties at Knoxville :

Co. A.—Wounded, Corp. Daniel Lare; Corp. Charles M. Henniss, captured.

Co. C.—Wounded, Private Michael Dillon.

Co. G.—Wounded, Private Robert Hinton.

Co. H.—Killed, Private William Dougherty. Captured, Private David Clarke.

Co. K.—Killed, Private Edward H. Patterson. Wounded, Private George Bass.

in a few days, and any that wanted to send their money home could do so by him—a risky, thankless job. His kind offer was eagerly accepted.

On the 7th, before sunrise, orders were issued to the 51st to pack up and to be ready to march at 7½ o'clock, to leave tents stand, and *with three days' rations in their haversacks!* Where were they to get one day's, let alone three? At the hour designated, the regiment moved off towards Rutledge, making about twelve miles that day, many of them without tasting a morsel of food until they halted for the night, when Lieut. Stephens issued a pint of corn-meal to each man.

The regiment left again the next day a little before noon, and made about seven miles more towards Rutledge, where they halted near a creek for the night. Next morning, at 7½ o'clock of the 9th, it left again and marched about seven and a-half or eight miles, bringing them within a mile and a-half of the town, then visible; but there it had to come to a permanent halt, as Gen. Longstreet had his head-quarters there, and did not care to be intruded upon by the Yankees.

The weather being inclement, and they having nothing with them to make shelter, they pulled down the fences, and made temporary quarters with rails, and cedar and pine boughs, which broke off the severest of the storms. Here the 51st P. V. remained for six days at perfect rest, except the foraging done by individuals on their own private account, which was pretty well followed up, especially by Companies B, E, G, H and K, whose men seemed to be more fortunate in hunting food than some of the others.

Lieut. Col. Schall left for home while the regiment

was here, having in his possession several thousand dollars to pay to the families of the men of the 51st, when he should arrive there.

As soon as the regiment came to a halt, on the 9th, a small detail of pickets was sent out, and the line kept up during our stay there; but on the morning of the 15th our quiet was disturbed by being suddenly ordered to "fall in" and form a line of battle, as the pickets were being driven in at a rapid rate; but after standing in line for a long time, the regiment was moved to a gorge in the Clinch Mountains, a short distance on our left. The enemy not advancing any further at the time, two days' rations of fresh beef and one of flour were issued to each man; but the men had scarcely got their flour wet, and their meat on the fire, which some were frying on the half of a canteen or a tin plate, or stewing it in their tin cups, when it was found that the enemy was close on to us, and we left in quite a hurry. Some threw away their rations; others left them on the fire; and others crammed theirs, stews and all, into their haversacks, and fell in for a hasty retreat.

The regiment marched back towards Blain's Cross-roads that night until 3 o'clock A. M., (the 16th,) and camped in a cornfield, that was more like a bed of mortar than if composed of earth.

At 9 o'clock A. M. of the 16th, the regiment again fell back about three miles, and made a stand against the enemy. A rude breastwork was hastily constructed on the left of the road by tearing down fences, by order of Maj. Bolton, and we lay on our arms that night in a drenching rain.

The next morning early the regiment was in line of battle, Col. Hartranft commanding the division.

About 10 A. M., Wolford's celebrated Kentucky cavalry was driven in, as also was Gen. Saml. Sturgis's cavalry. The 51st was then thrown forward as skirmishers, and considerable skirmishing ensued throughout the day. It held its ground with much stubbornness; but night closing in, brought with it quietness. One man of Co. K., Geo. Meis, was wounded. Next morning, Lieut. Wm. R. Foster, Co. E, who was in command of the skirmishers, advanced his men about three miles further without much serious opposition. Longstreet having fallen back, as the following despatch of December 19th asserts:

"LONGSTREET has returned to Bull Gap, for the supposed purpose of wintering in Watuga valley, or with the view of moving into North Carolina. The railroad is in operation south of Knoxville to Loudon, and the river is open to navigation from Loudon to Chattanooga. Gen. Foster has established his headquarters at Knoxville."

While the skirmish was at its height, Lieut. J. P. Brooke arrived from home, amid the congratulations of his host of friends, and immediately buckled on his sword-belt, and entered into the work with a will.

The enemy had withdrawn out of harm's way, and we again settled down to quietness. On Saturday, the 19th, it was found necessary to post outside pickets, or videttes, consequently five companies—D, E, G, H and I—were sent over among the mountains towards Indian Ridge, which was about two miles and a-half to the right of the road leading to Rutledge. They staid two days, capturing a few rebels, when Co. I, under Sergt. Parker, was sent out about two and a-half miles further to the left to take up a position at White's Cross-roads where they diverged, one towards Buffalo Creek and one towards Chan-

frau's Bridge; the other went over the Indian Ridge, where a couple of brigades of Alabama cavalry were known to be in camp, under the command of a Gen. Martin.

On Monday, the 21st, Capt. Gaulin, of Co. G., who was in command of the entire picket line, brought his whole command out to where Co. I had been posted the day previous; but before night set in he was relieved by the 35th Mass. On returning to camp the pickets were made happy by Maj. Bolton having all their tents, knapsacks, &c., brought out from Knoxville. The regiment went regularly into camp, where it remained to the close of its first enlistment, doing no duty but picketing, which many of them had to do barefooted or nearly so. The frosty ground would lacerate their feet; yet there was no alternative but to comply. The men while here were receiving a small ear of corn per day for a ration, which had to be shelled and ground, or rather mashed up, in an old, rickety coffee mill; receiving the ear of corn generally about 9 o'clock at night, when the mill for grinding it would be in constant use till daylight, before the last man would have his corn ground, as there was only one mill to a company, and it worn out and useless to a great extent.

It was now drawing on close to the last of the month, as well as the last of the year. The Government had made a liberal offer to all who would re-enlist for another three years. The last of the month was muster day, and up to that time very little was said in favor of the new enlistment. At last, the 31st of December, 1863, arrived; the regiment was mustered for two months' pay; still nothing

said about re-enlisting. Towards sundown a dress parade was formed, and as it was about being dismissed, Col. Hartranft appeared at the side of Maj. Bolton, who was in front and centre of his regiment. Col. H., through the courtesy of the Major, addressed his old regiment in a short but patriotic speech, urging it to re-enlist. The speech had the effect to make the men think seriously about their own selfish desires and of the more ennobling duty to their country. The parade was dismissed at the close of the speech, and the companies marched in silence to their quarters, to ponder over what had been said and promised by Col. Hartranft.

CASUALTIES AT BLAIN'S CROSS-ROADS. — Co. B. — Captured—Privates Geo. Crawford, Courtland Dutt.

Co. F.—Captured—Private Wm. McIntyre.

Co. G.—Wounded—Geo. Meiss.

Co. I.—Captured—Henry Derr.

PART IV.—1864.

CHAPTER I.

First muster of veterans—The veteran roll of honor—A thirty days' furlough—Green-hide moccasins—Starting for home—The march northward—Arrival at Camp Nelson, Ky.—New clothing—Cincinnati—Preparations at home for reception and welcome—Proclamation of Gov. Curtin—Arrival at Harrisburg—The welcome home—Affecting scenes.

JANUARY 1st, 1864, was a busy, exciting day from the fact that a few had decided to re-enlist. Lieut. Wm. R. Foster was detailed to recruit for veterans. Private John Siebert, of Co. B, was the first man to put his name down, and it remained on the roll solitary and alone for several hours; finally the veterans slowly began to enrol themselves. The men were not satisfied to re-enlist under some of their present officers. A visit to Col. Hartranft's quarters was necessary to extort promises from him that such a sergeant should be commissioned captain, or 1st lieutenant, or 2d lieutenant, and that their old officers should be discharged as soon as their term expired. If all of this should be done then they would re-enlist, but not without. Col. H. made some very fair promises, and that alone was the inducement of many re-enlistments. Those promises he intended to carry out in good faith, but Gov. Curtin stood greatly in the way of the fulfilling them; it was he that did the commissioning and not Col. H.

Although Col. IL. tried his influence on the Governor, to have his promises made good, the Governor was inflexible, and the old officers still retained their commissions, to be mustered out when the war should be over.

On the 2d of January what few had re-enlisted were marched down to the headquarters of Lieut. Bartlett, an officer belonging to the U. S. regulars, and acting as Commissary of Musters, who mustered them in for three years longer.

Disputes now arose among the men as to who should be captain or who should be a lieutenant, and no more would re-enlist until that point was settled, causing another visit to Col. Hartranft, who again promised to accede to their wishes. Then a few more enlistments would follow, and in this manner proceeded the whole work of re-enlisting, which was not completed until the 5th of January, which was the last day that re-enlistments would be received. Up to the last hour there had been re-mustered in one hundred and eighty veterans, leaving about seventy-five men who were away on other service, such as special or extra duty and a few who could not be induced to a second enlistment. The following is the muster-in rolls of the veteran organization :

Co. A.—Capt. Jos. K. Bolton ; 1st Lieut. Abraham Ortlip ; 2d Lieut. John S. Moore ; 1st Sergt. John H. Coulston ; 2d Sergt. Benj. R. Thompson ; 3d Sergt. Jacob H. Moyer ; 4th Sergt. Osman Ortlip ; 5th Sergt. Ed. L. Evans ; 1st Corp. Frank H. Mills ; 2d Corp. Geo. Ubele ; 3d Corp. Charles M. Henniss ; 4th Corp. Levi Bolton ; 5th Corp. Jesse Herbster ; Musician, John W. Shillich ; Wagoner, Wm. Hoffman ; Privates, George Bodey, William Barr, George S. Buzzard, Henry Dickinson, Isaac E. Filman, Charles Hansell, James O'Neil, Jacob Oster, Washington Smith. Remustered into service as Veteran Volunteers, under General Orders No. 191, War Dept. series of 1863, by N. C. Bartlett, Lieut. 3d U. S. Artillery, Com. Mus. 9th Army Corps.

Co. B.—Capt. Daniel L. Nicholas ; 1st Lieut. John H. Genthner ; 2d Lieut. Robert M. Burrell ; Valentine Stocker, John W. Meeker, Samuel A. Apple, John W. Beam, Alson Stocker, Conrad Swazer, Charles S. Knauss, John M. Wein, Philip A. Barndt, George Johnson, Milton Ackerman, Enos Schoch, Samuel F. Knapp, Henry Schooly, Matthew Delaney, Edward Bullman, George W. Moser, Josiah Ackerman, Harrison Ackerman, Adam Buzzard, John W. Brunner, William Colbrath, Edward Hill, Thomas P. Miller, Christian B. Myers, John Obholzner, John Seibert, Charles Shark, Thomas Unangst, Daniel W. Vannatta, Nicholas Wooring, Cyrus Werkeiser, Lewis H. Young.

Co. C.—Capt. William Allebaugh ; 1st Lieut. Thomas J. Lynch ; 2d Lieut. William F. Thomas ; 1st Sergt. George H. Smith ; 2d Sergt. John W. Fair ; 3d Sergt. Nathan H. Ramsey ; 4th Sergt. Benjamin F. Miller ; 5th Sergt. Montgomery Smith ; 1st Corp. Peter Undercofler ; 2d Corp. William R. Gilbert ; 3d Corp. Levi W. Shingle ; 4th Corp. Patrick Kevin ; 5th Corp. William Robinson ; 6th Corp. John C. Umstead ; 7th Corp. Henry H. Lightcap ; 8th Corp. A. J. Reed ; Hugh Lynch, Benjamin R. Sill, Hugh McLain, William Bean, Andrew J. Grim, Wm. Kooker, Joseph Cornog, Michael Dillon, Samuel Dean, H. D. Espenship, James W. Elliott, David Espenship, Jacob Fizone, Charles R. Fox, George McGinley, Andrew J. O'Neil, George Pickup, Jacob B. Rinker, James Sullivan, George Stout, Henry Undercofler, A. Walt, H. P. Wood, Mark L. Yerger, William H. R. Fox, William Gunn, Frank Grubb, Ellwood Hamilton, Frank Hendrick, Henry Jago, Benjamin Johnson, Jacob Keely, Benjamin Kooker, George W. Lightcap

Co. D.—Capt. Lewis Hollman ; 1st Lieut. — (vacancy) ; 2d Lieut. Jonathan Swallow ; 1st Sergt. Isaac Fizone ; 2d Sergt. David Long ; John Powell, Henry Foreman, William Dignan, William D. Jenkins, John McNulty, John R. Gray, John L. McCoy, Andrew Fair, John Dunn, Albert List, Wm. W. Smith, Isaac Tolan, Albert Wood, Joseph Anderson, Noble Creighton, William Essick, John R. Fleck, Alfred R. Gray, John Johnson, Elwood Lukens, Charles Lysinger, Samuel McDade, Dennis O'Neil, Barney O'Donnell, Thomas D. Smith, W. P. Schall, Hiram Vanfossen.

Co. E.—Capt. George H. Hassenplug ; 1st Lieut. William R. Foster ; 2d Lieut. Martin L. Schoch ; Francis R. Frey, Jas. L. Seebold, Geo. C. Gutelius, Jno. M. Wierman, Thos. D. Reed, E. G. Maize, Chas. Mills, C. Edelman, Geo. Diehl, Jno. H. Sortman, Cyrus A. Eaton, Frank S. Shaffle, Jno. W. Sheckler, Peter Strubble, D. High, E. Sprowles, Levi H. Ammons, Thos. S. Alauck, Geo. M. Aurand, Geo. H. Beers, Jas. P. Cornelius, Thos. H. Claphan, Isaac Dolby, Jas. M. Dunkle, Jacob Miller, S. M. Gregor, S. Searless.

Co. F.—Capt. Lane S. Hart ; 1st Lieut. Jacob P. Brooke ; 2d Lieut. Wm. W. Owen ; 1st Sergt. Howard Bruce ; 2d Sergt. Henry Jacobs ; A. H. Fillman, B. F. White, Wm. B. Hart, J. W. Reed, J. Y. Guder, Wm. H. Fie, G. W. Hiltner, Silas

Kelley, W. H. Yerger, A. Casselberry, Jno. J. Scholl, Jos. Fizone, M. Hiltner, J. W. Truscott, Thomas B. Yerger, R. B. Lindsay, E. R. Worth, J. Wood, W. C. Hansell, W. Allen, H. K. Adleman, M. Boyer, J. Callender, E. Charles, M. H. Dunn, E. M. Johns, W. Kulp, R. McKevin, E. W. Reed, A. Wentzel, J. Wisler, G. D. Williams, S. D. Weidner, J. C. Young.

Co. G.—Capt. Peter A. Gaulin; 1st Lieut. John R. Gilliland; 2d Lieut. George B. Campbell; J. Gunsalles, C. B. Stoneroad, George Decker, W. Heichel, E. Shannon, G. Dumont, D. Youts, D. C. Ammerman, L. Cartuyval, J. J. Peters, J. Ammerman, J. Casker, R. Hinton, J. E. Wilt, L. Bowes, J. Heinel, S. Moore, T. McCafferty, B. McHarney, P. Powers, N. Rolley, G. Wertz.

Co. H.—Capt. J. Merrill Linn; 1st Lieut. William F. Campbell; 2d Lieut. Jacob H. Santo; H. McClure, D. G. Brown, G. Breon, H. Hause, H. J. Lingerman, A. Durst, H. Fogleman, B. Dietrick, R. Baker, J. Moore, A. Bernade, G. W. Carey, J. Pike, A. Henry, J. Hartz, T. P. Mars, J. Phliger, P. Smith, J. H. Smith, F. Smith.

Co. I.—Capt. George W. Bisbing; 1st Lieut. George Schall; 2d Lieut. Mark R. Supplee; 1st Sergt. Thomas H. Parker; 2d Sergt. George W. Patterson; 3d Sergt. John R. Davis; 4th Sergt. George Carney; 5th Sergt. Stephen S. Davis; 1st Corp. James Cameron; 2d Corp. William Pope; 3d Corp. George W. S. Pennell; 4th Corp. Lewis Patterson; 5th Corp. John M. Engle; 6th Corp. James Tinney; Musicians, J. J. Tomkins, James Chase; Privates—Albert H. Bisbing, Samuel E. Bradbury, Charles Baley, Thomas Cornog, Edward Doyle, Henry Clay Davis, Charles V. Evans, George W. Fulton, Philip Hattel, Michael Harrington, James H. Hibbert, Frederick Holbine, Francis R. Keating, John Murphy, Thomas Rinehart, Thomas Troy, Abraham Wampole.

Co. K.—Capt. George P. Carman; 1st Lieut. — (vacancy); 2d Lieut. Franklin Beale; J. Freyburger, J. Hawk, F. B. Sterner, J. Vanlew, D. W. Eichman, J. C. Diller, Theo. Moses, Uriah Dean, F. S. Moyer, T. C. Pierce, J. Gibson, T. Odenwelder, J. Barnhart, C. E. Cole, F. Truxell, J. P. Huber, J. Sutton, D. Shingle, J. Truxell, T. Foster, M. S. Adams, W. D. Ritter, J. Babcock, S. Crossgrove, A. Frey, H. Gangwer, W. R. Logan, F. Schep, W. H. Vogel, J. Winegarden.

The above is the original re-enlistment muster-in rolls of the 51st Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers.

On the night of the 13th of January, at 11 o'clock, orders were received by Maj. Bolton to prepare to leave Blain's Cross-roads for home, to enjoy the promised thirty days' furlough, and to recruit the regiment. The satisfaction that only such an order could give was instantly discernible, for when it

came in the regiment was enjoying a quiet sleep; but all were roused up to hear "the sound of glad tidings of exceeding great joy," and such whooping and yelling as went through the woods that night, was, as it were, enough to make the very mountains tremble. It was far into the small hours of the morning before perfect quiet was restored, and the men sought their little shelter tents to dream of huge pies, roast turkeys, beef, and the thousand other delicacies that had been denied them for the past two and a-half years, but which there were prospects now of soon meeting on that board around which loved ones would greet us as if arisen from the grave. Who but the soldiers can picture to themselves the joy and high anticipations that beat in every pulsation of the soldier's heart at the prospect of a thirty days' furlough, with a pocket full of money?

The only trouble now among the men was, how are we to march through the snow and frost barefooted? Clothing of all kinds was scarce—very little to be had, but "Stevie" was doing his utmost to relieve their necessities as far as lay in his power.

Col. Hartranft interested himself in obtaining a lot of green hides for the men to make themselves moccasins, that they might be able to march to Nicholasville, Ky., where a complete outfit was expected to be drawn. The hides were soon cut out into coverings for the feet, and that much was a satisfaction and a hope. The men now set themselves to work making them by sewing together with thread and needle. Some few who understood the shoemaker's delicate art of making a waxed-end had rather the advantage. All were now busy as bees. The major, in filling up and signing of orders, mus-

ter rolls, inspection and requisition papers, ordnance and quartermaster returns, and a hundred other duties imposed on him as a result of re-enlistment. The adjutant, with settling up his books of the regiment, posting and filing of orders and letters, receiving and distributing orders. The quartermaster, with hunting up forage to issue to his teams for the march, and of whatever rations he could find for his men. The orderly-sergeants of the companies making out the discharge papers of each man, who was now a veteran, filling up blank muster-out and muster-in rolls for their respective companies, answering the orderly's call every few minutes at the adjutant's tent, filling up clothing, camp, and garrison returns, making out duplicate copies of ordnance returns, and seeing the orders as issued were being carried out in their companies in correct order, to expedite the many preparations made for the "gay and happy" march that was soon to take them away from so much suffering.

The men, too, were busy; those that possessed the articles were washing their shirts, drawers, and stockings, sewing on buttons, patching, sewing up rips, darning stockings, mending knapsacks and haversacks, cleaning guns and accoutrements, shaving, washing, &c., all, all in the sweet anticipation of soon being home.

At length the happy day arrived. Monday, the 18th of January, 1864, the veteran 51st bade farewell to Blain's Cross-roads and at seven o'clock in the morning took up their line of march for home.

The evening before the snow fell to the depth of three to four inches. The air was bitter cold, but as the sun rose higher in the heavens the snow began

to soften. The raw-hide moccasins retarded marching from their immense weight, being all made with the hair on the outside, they held all the water, snow, and mud like a sponge, each one weighing ten to twelve pounds. The road in the rear of the regiment, after the first mile had been marched, looked as if it had witnessed a hasty retreat. Moccasins, camp-kettles, and everything that impeded marching was left along the road. One man, Thomas Troy, marched the whole distance from Blain's Cross-roads to Crab Orchard, Ky., without shoes or stockings, and was there ahead of Col. Hartranft, who was on horseback, and rode far in advance of the regiment.

The regiment marched the route step. Every man seemed to go on his own hook—all pushing ahead as fast as they were able; but from the horrible condition of the roads the men were scattered from front to rear, at least five miles. Some were in good condition and led the column, while others were not so fortunate, and would, from necessity, be left behind to struggle along the best they could. The teams followed in the rear, and as Lieut. Stephens came along at the head of his train, he could see here and there lying on the roadside a poor, "played out" soldier, and his generous heart would well up with sympathy, and express it by taking the exhausted one's knapsack and gun and putting it in the train, while his poor mules would be staggering under the already overloaded wagons, then getting off his horse he would put the weary man on in his stead, and foot it ahead of his train in the miry road. Invariably the man thus helped along on his painful march, would be reasonable enough, after riding a

couple of miles, to return the horse to "Stevie," with many thanks, only for the horse to be turned over to another unfortunate whom the quartermaster might chance to meet.

W. Percy Schall, the mail carrier or messenger of the 51st, who was in possession of a horse, did the same thing, and never seemed so happy as when he was walking alongside of his horse, with a poor cripple riding. O, is it not beautiful to see such sweet oases in such a vast desert!

The first day's march took the regiment about seventeen miles nearer home, where it encamped in a woods on the left hand side of the road going towards Tazewell, Tenn. Such shelters as could the most readily be put up for the night were built. The air now was piercing cold. Huge log fires were built in front of the respective quarters of the men, and kept burning all night to keep the wet and bemired soldiers from freezing.

Early on the morning of the 19th the regiment again set forth on the road to Tazewell, arriving within a short distance of it, making about twenty-two miles that day, and camping for the night in a pine woods, surrounded by the Clinch mountains. Pickets were here posted, as the rebel guerrillas were scouting around and through the woods, making it unsafe to camp without that precaution. It was some time before sundown when the regiment reached its camping-ground, and long after nightfall before the teams got in, but later still when the last straggler arrived. The quartermaster here issued a little corn meal to the men; but their eagerness to get home took away their appetite, and nothing but soft bread, pies and puddings, sausage and scrapple,

which stared them in the face, though a great ways off, could induce them to care whether rations were issued or not.

On Wednesday, the 20th, at 7 A. M., the column was again in motion, and passed through Tazewell and camped in a barren field on the estate of a brother of Maj. Gen. Robert Patterson, of first Bull Run notoriety.

On the 21st the regiment crossed the Cumberland mountains, into Kentucky, at the Gap.

Nothing of particular interest occurred in crossing the Log and Wild Cat mountains, or anywhere along the line, except the passing of the different streams of water, which were now worthy of the names of rivers. The Clinch, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Little Rockcastle, the Big Rockcastle, were now swelled to the size of respectable rivers. These rivers were all forded in October, on the advent of the 51st into Tennessee; but the heavy rains and deep snows melting on the mountains sent the currents down the channels with an impetuosity that was fearful to behold. Another event occurred; the regiment, after passing through Barboursville, went into camp along the banks of a small creek, about one and a half miles north of the town. The men who were on the advance, after selecting their shelter for the night, returned to the town, where a ball or party was being held by the rebel citizens. Our Yankees, wishing to trip it on the "light fantastic," concluded they would *volunteer* their presence; but secesh not accepting the generous offer, claimed the right to eject their would-be visitors. The women (for none were ladies) screamed at the top of their voices, and left the room; a fight ensued, in which

the Yankees were the victors, holding the saloon and the music at all hazards, until they thought it near time to get to their camp outside of the town. But previous to "evacuating," each man armed himself with a canteen full of pure old Bourbon, which helped him along on his next day's march by strengthening his spirit and weakening his muscles.

The regiment arrived at Crab Orchard on the afternoon of the 28th, being ten days since it left Blain's Cross Roads. Marching through the town, it went into camp in a field just outside, on the right of the pike going towards Lancaster, Ky. Here was met a large number of men belonging to the 51st, also Lieut. Col. Schall, on his way back to rejoin his regiment, after being home on a leave of absence.

On the 29th the regiment camped near Hickman's Bridge, on the Kentucky river. Taking an early start the next morning, it crossed the bridge at sunrise, and arrived at Camp Nelson about 8 A. M., on Saturday, the 30th, 1864, making the whole distance, one hundred and ninety-one miles, in eleven days and one hour.

As soon as the regiment arrived at Camp Nelson a full supply of all kinds of clothing was drawn and issued from a large, newly-built frame storehouse. The teams were turned in, if they could be termed teams, for the poor mules were in a most pitiable condition, worn out, galled, and in a starving condition; merely their skins stretched over a bony frame; nothing more. They had seen terrible usage. So poor and miserable were they that in the mornings when they were fed for the day's march, some of them had to be helped to get upon their feet so they could eat their forage. Why such teams were issued to

Lieut. Stephens for such a long and mountainous march is more than can be divined. Some that left Blain's Cross Roads never reached Camp Nelson; they gave out and were left along the road, either to starve to death or to be picked up by another passing train, and to be again harnessed up in the place of another mule which had given out; but one that got clear of his wagon at the bridge just outside of Crab Orchard made that his final resting-place. The poor animal fell down from exhaustion, and the gears were taken off of him so that he could get up; but in his struggles, being on the edge of the bank generally found at either end of a stone bridge, he began rolling down the embankment, and only stopped when he rolled into the water. Not having strength enough to help himself, he finally drowned.

After getting new and clean clothing, the men all betook themselves to a stream of water, and gave themselves such a cleaning as they had not had for four months. The regiment then marched to Nicholasville, to take cars on the Kentucky Central Railroad for Covington, where it arrived on the 31st, and was taken to the outskirts of the city to await further orders.

On February 1st the 51st crossed the Ohio river at Cincinnati, and was marched up to the Fifth street market-house, where it quartered for further orders, and to receive the whole pay and bounty due from the original enlistment and the one month's advance pay, the first instalment of the \$402 bounty, including the \$2 premium for the veteran enlistment; but when the rolls were presented to the paymaster, he refused to pay on them, and they were rejected. This cog out of the marching machine took several

days to repair. A complete set of muster-out and muster-in rolls had to be got out *anew*, which occupied nearly four days to accomplish. The most rapid penmen were in great demand, and they labored hard to get through as soon as possible.

While the new rolls were being made out, the regiment occupied the market house on Fifth street, for their quarters while in that city. The officers, both field and staff, took up their quarters in the various hotels of the city. While the regiment was lying here, awaiting the completion of the rolls, its friends at home were making extensive preparations to greet them with a hearty welcome, as testified by the following, which appeared in the "*Defender*," of January 26th, 1864, viz.:

"A joyful telegram announced to our citizens last week, from Col. HARTRANFT, that the 51st regiment had generally re-enlisted, and *would be home* about the fifth of next month, or a week from next Saturday. The probability is, that the time of their return may be extended beyond that point somewhat, but at any rate in the course of a few days thereafter, they will be amongst us. A meeting of our citizens was called last Friday evening, to make suitable preparations for their reception. We hope that on this occasion there may be such a hearty welcome given them by the entire community as will make these heroes' hearts glad. We all remember the spontaneous outburst of honor that was awarded the 4th regiment as it left our borough on that clear, spring morning, in April, 1861, and the hearty God bless you that was given our 51st as they left for the front of the battle, years since.

"These men have now won for themselves imperishable honor, on almost a dozen fiercely contested battlefields, and no regiment among the million men that have been battling for the right, have accomplished or suffered more, and in every circumstance and position they have been placed, have come forth covered with more honors and a brighter glory. (Sometimes such occasions as these returns are made use of by politicians and demagogues to flatter men for their own selfish purposes, an outburst of popular sentiment furnishes some men with an opportunity to display themselves in a windy barangue—as a pin lets out the contents of a gas bag.) Let the reception be a grand ovation of *the people* to do respect to the men that have fought and bled for us on many a battlefield. All hail! all honor! to the Fifty-first. WELCOME! WELCOME! THRICE WELCOME HOME!"

"At the town meeting held last Friday evening—to make arrangements for the reception of the 51st regiment, after appointing a committee to make the necessary preparations—a resolution was unanimously adopted, requesting the town council of the borough of Norristown to appropriate a fund for the purpose of paying a bounty of *three hundred dollars* to each one of the 51st regiment that has or shall re-enlist, or to any new recruit that should enlist in this regiment. This is a move in the right direction, and if our loud professions of respect and admiration for these war-worn heroes of a dozen battle-fields mean anything, let us put our professions into practice, by giving them this bounty. The resolution should be made so as to authorize the payment of this bounty to every veteran from our town, who shall re-enlist, no matter to what regiment in active service they may be attached. We have understood that a number of our citizens are in other parts of the grand National Army, and if they are willing to again enter the field, let the borough pay each man that counts in our quota.

"*This, gentlemen, must be done!* We know that there has been a good deal said in praise of the regiment commanded by Col. HARTRANFT, but talk is cheap and quite unprofitable, without corresponding deeds. And whatever question there be in the minds of any of our citizens, of the appropriation of money out of the common treasury to new recruits, there can be nothing in the way, in furnishing those who have borne their part in the terrific contests of the last three years, in receiving a bounty. While other places are giving three hundred dollars, and more too, to raw recruits, *we dare not* hold back from showing our appreciation of the valuable services our men have rendered the nation in its trial, by withholding what is so manifestly their due. *Every veteran from our borough, or that shall represent Norristown, in any regiment, in the active future operations of our army, must receive three hundred dollars bounty!*

"We have not much doubt but that the men that are left, and now constitute what remains of the 51st regiment, although reduced to less than one-fourth the full complement, are really worth more than a thousand newly-enlisted soldiers would be. If we have paid bounty in other cases, as a borough, and last summer paid *five dollars a week* to the militia, surely the men who have been three years fighting, *without anything from our borough*, should come in for a share of our good will practically carried out. An appropriation by the town council is the fairest way to do the thing, because then the taxes are apportioned equally among our citizens. While there are many men who are *always* willing to contribute their share to this war, there are others who do not do this thing in proportion to their income and means. We shall see who will hold back in such a crisis.

"After considerable delay in coming to any conclusion, between the citizens in favor of a bounty and the borough council, the following has been adopted: The borough agrees to

pay two hundred and fifty dollars to each re-enlisted volunteer from our borough, in the 51st regiment, and the same amount to all new recruits in that regiment. It is proposed to raise the necessary amount of money for this purpose, by issuing bonds immediately, by the Councils, conditioned that they shall be void unless the Legislature legalizes the borough loan. At first, the members of the Town Council hesitated to assume the responsibility of borrowing money and issuing bonds for which there was no law. By the present agreement the citizens generally assume a portion of the responsibility, because if the loan is not legalized the man that loans the money runs the risk of the loss. By this means the citizens generally are deeply interested in securing an act to legalize the loan by the borough.

"Some may think that it is running too great a risk in loaning money to the borough and taking a bond with the provision that shall make it void in case it is not made legal by an act of the Legislature. But there is scarcely a risk in this matter, for the Legislature has legalized such acts with but little hesitancy, and even in cases where there has been some opposition; in regard to our borough there will be none to oppose. A petition is in circulation, and very generally signed, requesting the Legislature, at their earliest practicable moment, to pass an act that shall make the bonds binding—and *this will be done!* It seems, therefore, that so far as Norristown is concerned we have the arrangements complete, and we can confidently hope that we shall be able to find volunteers sufficient now to fill our entire quota under all the calls, without resorting to that severe measure—a draft. The plan seems to be upon as fair a basis as could have been adopted, under the different views entertained by our citizens.

"To give a bounty to the men who are re-enlisting in the regiments who have been in active service as long as the 51st is an act of the simplest justice. Instead therefore of putting it down to the lowest figure we should have made it as large as we could possibly do it. What citizens for thirteen dollars, or, with the bounty, about twenty dollars a month, would agree to do the work, in marching and in camps that our heroic men have done, without running the risk of life in a single battle. The fact is Congress should at once make the pay of a private a dollar a day, certainly as much as the commonest laborer can earn at home. The admiration of the soldier's fellow-citizen should not be entirely expended in that very cheap article talk, but in deeds, both to the volunteer himself and to his family at home. Acts, not words—deeds, not fuss—are the claims of the hour."

And again of Feb. 2d, 1864, in the same paper :

"All the town is alive with notes of preparation in getting ready for the reception of the 51st. We hope the arrangements for that event will be on a scale that will eclipse anything that has ever preceded it here in our borough. Let every house

display its welcome to our friends coming home from the wars, and every citizen show their admiration of these men that have helped to keep the invader from our own soil. For terrible as this rebellion has been, and as much mourning and desolation as it has brought, yet we here in the North can form no idea of the barren desolation it has produced through the Southern States. Towns and cities destroyed—all their railroads and means of travel—churches, school-houses, and homesteads around which gathered all the associations and endearments of life swept away as with a tornado. They have indeed, sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind; a century of uninterrupted prosperity cannot replace many portions of the South as it was before the insane hand of rebellion was raised to destroy our government.

“Yet had it not been for the self-denying volunteer rushing to the contest, *our* State, and *our* fields and homes, would have shared the fate visited in the South. These men have stood as a wall of fire and steel between us and our enemies; let us, as we look at Gettysburg, *the decisive battle of the war*, remember what we have been saved from. In remembering this let us not fail to do honor to the returning heroes—our sons and brothers and dear friends. Fling out your banners and welcome from every house.”

It appears as if the friends of the regiment were determined to furnish enough to satisfy the “inner man,” especially of drink, on its reception in Norristown, as the following from the *Defender* of Feb. 2, '64, would indicate:

. It is reported that the Committee of Arrangements, appointed by the town meeting, for the reception of the 51st regiment, decided to purchase from Reading *six or eight barrels of ale*. That will be more than a gallon apiece to each returned soldier belonging to our borough; and further, that funds have been appropriated and a sub-committee appointed to go to Reading and get this drug. We shall watch events in this line, and see *who* this ale is really intended for. This matter may need some ventilation in future.

The following is the plan of reception adopted by a meeting of the citizens of Norristown:

THE RETURNING SOLDIERS.—*Preparations for their Reception.—Town Meeting, &c.*—The receipt of the despatch from Col Hartranft, and announcement among our people that the Fifty-first had re-enlisted and were coming home to enjoy their furlough, at an early day, set the public mind to work to devise proper measures of welcome. A meeting was called and held at Odd Fellows' Hall last Friday evening for this purpose, over which Colonel James Boyd presided, assisted by William H.

Yerkes and Mark Thomson as Secretaries. A committee of thirty-four persons was appointed to report a suitable plan of reception. The following resolutions having been reported by them, were unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That the day of the arrival of the 51st Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, in this place, be celebrated by a general suspension of business, and that the regiment be welcomed by a military and civic procession, and by a collation at the public expense.

Resolved, That the burgess and town councils of the borough of Norristown and Bridgeport, in their official capacity, be a special committee to receive and welcome the regiment, and that all other citizens, without distinction, be invited to be present, and participate upon the occasion.

Resolved, That a committee of arrangements, composed of thirty-four members, be appointed by the Chairman, to make all suitable arrangements for the purpose of effecting the object of this meeting.

Resolved, That an address to the regiment, on the part of the citizens of the borough of Norristown and vicinity, be prepared and delivered upon the occasion, and the committee designated B. E. Chain, Esq., to deliver the same.

The report of the committee being unanimously adopted, the Chairman announced the following named gentlemen the Committee of Arrangements: F. Sullivan, S. E. Hartranft, S. N. Rich, Joseph Beerer, G. N. Corson, S. A. Kreible, James Hooven, J. B. Dunlap, F. Derr, Joseph L. Allebough, Henry C. Hill, R. E. Taylor, Lloyd Jones, Mark Thomson, E. A. Banks, C. H. Stinson, Michael Mooney, Wm. H. Yerkes, B. M. Boyer, Charles Hunsicker, Walter H. Cooke, Wm. Schall, R. S. Newbold, Charles Earnest, Robert Iredell, A. B. Longaker, A. J. Anderson, L. E. Corson, J. Grier Ralston, B. B. Hughes, Wm. H. Holstein, Andrew Shainline, J. C. Snyder, William B. Rambo; and, on motion, the Chairman of the meeting was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements.

On motion the Committee of Arrangements were instructed to extend invitations to Gens. Hancock, Burnside, and Slemmer to be present at the reception.

On motion of D. Krause, Esq., the following resolutions were adopted :

Resolved, That Col. Hartranft's Fifty-first, the heroic regiment which went from our midst to do battle for the Union, the Constitution, and the Flag, and amongst the foremost did battle in the twelve engagements of Roanoke Island, Newbern, Camden, Manassas No. 2, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Jackson, Campbell's Station, and Knoxville, deserve all a patriotic people can award to merit.

Resolved, That we, their companions and friends, give all hail to them in this meeting for their services as officers and privates.

Resolved, That by enlisting again after being reduced to less

than half their original number in fighting the rebel army, they, as officers and men, show themselves as the true stuff that makes an American army, whether the war be to repel invasion, or subdue causeless, lawless, and criminal insurrection.

Resolved, That this meeting will make every suitable arrangement to give to this hero regiment such reception on arriving here, as will tell our love of brave soldiers and our determined resistance of treason wherever or however that may be enacted.

On motion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting, that the town council of the borough of Norristown, should appropriate out of the funds of the borough, at least three hundred dollars to all of the 51st Regiment P. V., who have re-enlisted in said regiment for three years or during the war, and that a bounty of three hundred dollars be paid to every new man who volunteers in said regiment, and is credited to this borough, to the extent of our quota.

ROUTE OF ESCORT.—The line will form on DeKalb street, in Bridgeport, and upon the arrival of the 51st regiment, will move across the upper bridge to Norristown ; thence along De Kalb street to Egypt street ; down Egypt to Franklin ; countermarch up Egypt to Markley ; countermarch down Egypt to Swede street ; up Swede to Oak ; down Oak to DeKalb ; down DeKalb to Reiff's market house, where a collation will be served up for the regiment.

At the same time Gov. Curtin issued his proclamation to fill up the regiments of Pennsylvania troops in the 9th Army Corps, of which the 51st was one, by recruiting. The following is the proclamation :

HEADQUARTERS P. M., ADJ'T GEN'S DEP'T, }
HARRISBURG, Jan. 21st, 1864. }

The War Department having authorized Maj. Gen. Winfield S. Hancock and Maj. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, two of the most distinguished commanders in our army, to recruit the 2d and 9th Army Corps, now under their respective commands, to fifty thousand men each, for such duty as may be specially assigned to said corps by the War Department, I address myself to the patriotic and loyal citizens of Pennsylvania, earnestly invoking them to lend their active aid to Gens. Hancock and Burnside in the prosecution of such measures as they may adopt, under the regulations of the War Department governing enlistments in this State, to fill up the Pennsylvania regiments and batteries of these noble corps.

They comprise the following Pennsylvania regiments and batteries, viz. :

In the 2d Army Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Hancock,

are the 53d, 69th, 71st, 72d, 81st, 106th, 116th, 140th, 145th, and 148th regiments, and independent batteries C and F, and batteries F and G of the 1st Pennsylvania artillery.

In the 9th Army Corps, commanded by Maj. Gen. Burnside, are the 45th, 48th, 50th, 51st, and 100th regiments, and Durell's independent battery D.

The reinforcement of our victorious armies in the field is the only means of bringing the rebellion to an early close, and of forever sealing the fountain of civil war. Let us then maintain the illustrious record which those gallant armies have already won, and effectively aid the government in securing a glorious future to our country, by filling up the ranks now greatly reduced by disease and the casualties of the field.

Full information regarding bounties and enlistments in any of the Pennsylvania organizations attached to the 2d and 9th Army Corps, will be found in the published circulars of Maj. Gens. Hancock and Burnside.

By order of A. G. CURTIN, *Gov.*, &c.

A. L. RUSSELL, *Adj. Gen. Penna.*

On the 5th of February the complement of rolls (nine to a company) were finished, and the 51st P. V. V. received its full pay and allowances, and on the 6th marched to the railroad depot and took the midnight train for the east, arriving in Harrisburg, Pa., on the 8th, quartering in the Soldiers' Refreshment Saloon, nearly opposite the lower depot. Here they received a breakfast which was a disgrace to the whole State. A tincup of what purported to be coffee, but wasn't; only a strange, weak mixture, sweetened with *molasses*, a slice of dry, stale bread, and a *chunk* of strong, fat pork. Such a feast as that would have been relished by the men five or six weeks before, but not now, while the men were in a civilized community and had plenty of money, with a chance of spending it.

The saloon doors were kept closed until the long table was prepared for the men to come in and eat. The regiment used the adjoining rooms as quarters, the officers boarding at their favorite hotels. When breakfast was ready on the morning of the 9th, the

saloon doors were thrown open for the soldiers to enter, which they did in a respectful, orderly manner; but as the three or four on the right reached the table they tasted their coffee and bread and pork, but disliking all three they "about faced and marched to the rear," soon followed by the whole regiment in disgust, for they had not been offered such a repast in States on which they had no claim. Baltimore—yes, rebel Baltimore did far, far better than that! The men were clamorous to get away from such unprecedented liberality, and wanted to get home.

Col. Hartranft, who preceded the regiment to Harrisburg, telegraphed on to Norristown the following dispatch, as it appeared in the Norristown papers of the 8th of February.

HARRISBURG, *Feb. 7th*, 1864.

TO JAMES BOYD :—The regiment will reach Bridgeport at 1 o'clock P. M. (Tuesday the 9th). J. F. HARTRANFT.

The following order was published on receipt of the despatch :

The marshals of the several bodies who propose to participate in the reception of the above regiment will meet at Brower's Hotel, Monday evening, February 8th, at 6½ o'clock.

R. E. TAYLOR, *Chief Marshal*.

The Committee of Thirty-four will meet in the Council Chamber at 7 o'clock P. M. on Monday.

JAMES BOYD, *Chairman, &c.*

Prior to the 51st leaving Harrisburg, an invitation was tendered the five companies of the left of the regiment to participate in the hospitalities to be offered it on its arrival in Norristown, but it was respectfully declined as it only would make their time a couple of days shorter to enjoy their furloughs at their respective homes, for it must be remembered that those companies, B, E, G, H and K,

were from a far extent of country being made up from seven or eight different counties.

Early on the morning of the 9th the whole regiment was astir preparing to leave for home, companies A, C, D, F and I, for Norristown, Co. B, for Easton, and the other companies to their individual homes. At 8 A. M. the Norristown companies took the cars and steamer for Bridgeport where it arrived at twenty minutes past 1 P. M.

The cars containing the soldiers had been cut loose from the train and halted near the turnpike at the crossing.

The crowd that had assembled to greet the regiment beggars description; look whatever way one might, nothing but a surging, seething mass of humanity would greet the eye. The father looking for his boy in blue, the mother frantic with joy, the wife, how shall she be described, as she stood aloof with her children clinging around her, all exerting their eyes to catch a glimpse of the husband and father. Sweethearts were there too, brothers and sisters, friends and entire strangers were all there to offer their congratulations to the returned veteran volunteers. How many assembled in that throng who came with their hearts beating high with the joy of grasping that dear one's hand whom they fully expected to meet at that happy moment! but instead, received the stunning answer, "he is dead!" How many cannot be told, but certain it is, there were some amongst that class. An aged man whose silvery hair betokened threescore years and ten, had come in his carriage with a daughter, and an empty seat to take the loved one home where they could have him all, all to themselves. The mother

remained at home to have prepared something nice to tempt a dainty appetite, but alas! seeing the 1st sergeant of his dear "Dick's" company he elbows his way through the crowd and reaches the sergeant with the inquiry, "Has Dick got out of the cars yet?" the sergeant used to seeing death around, answered in an indifferent tone, "Why Dick's dead and buried long ago, didn't you know it?" The old man's heart was crushed, his chin dropped on his bosom, and he returned to his daughter who was sitting in the carriage awaiting the father and brother's appearance, but there came no brother—he lay sleeping his last sleep afar off at Camp Nelson, Ky. What must have been that aged mother's grief when she discovered the cause of the returned vacant seat in the carriage that was to have brought so much joy to her (now broken) heart! Yes, poor Dick was dead, and had died two hundred miles away from his regiment, or a friend who could have informed his parents of his decease. It may seem singular that none of his comrades in the regiment had sent a line to his parents apprising them of his death, but not a man that knew Dick expected anything else than to meet him at Camp Nelson and to bring him home with them, but on inquiring for him at that place, they were astounded to learn that he died January 1st, 1864.

After the greetings were partly over at the cars, several ineffectual attempts had to be made to form the regiment before it was accomplished, and then it was taken in hand by the committee and marched over the route as published. The town wore the appearance of a holiday, business was entirely suspended, and the streets were thronged with thou-

sands from the distant country around. After the route was traversed and the market house reached, a neat speech was addressed to the veterans from the steps of that building by B. E. Chain, Esq., on behalf of the committee of reception and the citizens. After which the regiment marched in to the market house and enjoyed a feast worthy of the name, and creditable to all who prepared it; all the delicacies of the season were there until the staunch tables manifestly groaned beneath the weight. After partaking of the splendid collation, the companies were again formed, the men received their furloughs, were dismissed for thirty days, and allowed to take their guns and accoutrements home with them, under the injunction to keep them clean, and to report to their company commanders for duty at the expiration of thirty days. They were now to enjoy thirty days of feasting and pleasure of which every minute was applied with assiduity to that purpose.

CHAPTER II.

Reorganization of the 51st—Leaving home—Harrisburg again—“Taking a french”—Deaths on furlough—Arrival at Baltimore—Annapolis—Camp Parole—Letter from Lieut.-Col. Schall—Camp Bell—Correspondence—Recruiting detail—Visit from Generals Burnside and Grant—Preparing to go to the front.

ON the 9th of March the regiment, or the five companies from Norristown, met in that borough to take their departure for Camp Curtin at Harrisburg. At an early hour they embarked on the cars of the

Reading railroad. At the crossing of the pike where they disembarked thirty days before, their friends again assembled to see them depart, with different feelings to those felt on the occasion of their late reception; then they were all smiles and joy, but now their smiles were turned to tears, their joys to almost inconsolable grief. At last the locomotive's whistle was sounded, and as the wheels slowly began to revolve, the crowd and the soldiers making the welkin ring with lusty cheers, were separated from each other, some never to meet again. The soldiers were in fine spirits and had seen pleasure enough, and were well satisfied as they sped on their way to camp, while their friends with sad hearts turned their steps to that now more than dreary home.

Arriving in Harrisburg in the early part of the afternoon, the five left companies were found to be already there; the regiment formed in line, marched out to Camp Curtin where Wedge and Sibley tents were issued, then pitched, and the men began again their old routine of camp life.

The numbers of the regiment were largely increased while home on furlough by the acquisition of recruits. Recruiting in camp went on as it did in other places.

The regiment left Bridgeport under the command of Lieut. Col. Schall, Col. Hartranft remaining in Norristown for several days after the departure. A few men also remained behind with the consent of Lieut.-Colonel Schall, as also did a few without the consent of any officer. It was amusing to see this latter class, as they promenaded the streets of Norristown; Col. Hartranft was a great deal on the

street, and as those "stay behinds" spied "Old Johnny," they would slip like a flash into a store, no matter whose or what kind, and there watch until Col. Hartranft would be out of sight; but sometimes when they could not elude him quick enough, they would "face the music" with deliberate effrontery, saluting him according to army regulations and in the civilian style of "Good morning, Colonel," or, "How are you, Colonel?" The colonel rarely deigned a reply to the compliment paid him, but putting on a withering frown, would ask, "What are you doing in Norristown?" or "Don't you know your regiment has left?" to which the truant soldier would reply, "Col. Schall said I might stay till tomorrow," when, perhaps, Col. Schall knew nothing about it, and Col. Hartranft knew perfectly well that the men were lying to him!

A few deaths from sickness occurred in the regiment while home on furlough, among whom were Barney O'Donnell of Co. D, and Dennis Buggy of Co. I.

The regiment stayed in Harrisburg until eight o'clock Sunday morning, the 20th of March, when it marched across the Susquehanna river, on the old covered bridge, to the opposite side, to Harrisburg, where cars of the Northern Central Railroad were in waiting to take it on to Baltimore. There were no less than nine wagon loads of officers', camp, and garrison baggage to be transported, consequently a large detail was made to load the wagons at Camp Curtin, to unload them at the cars, and then again to load it into the cars; all had to be carried from the wagons to the cars, as the teams could not get near them.

A few days before the regiment left Camp Curtin, about twenty of the men took what they called a "French furlough," and went home again to see their families, without acknowledged authority. Among them was a number of sergeants and corporals. Lieut.-Col. Schall felt very much incensed at them for doing so, and fully determined to punish them on their return; the non-commissioned officers were to be reduced to the ranks, and the privates to be court-martialed. What made matters worse, was a bill presented to Col. Schall, by the Reading Railroad Company for fifty-eight dollars, to indemnify the company for the damage done to their splendid passenger cars, by some of the drunken men of his regiment, in their transit from Bridgeport to Harrisburg, on the 9th inst.; which bill Lieut.-Col. Schall presented to the men for them to pay, but as *no one had had* a hand in the injuring of the cars, it was found impossible to collect it, Lieut.-Col. Schall paid the bill himself, sooner than let it be apportioned to each man of the regiment, whether guilty or not, and have it deducted from the pay rolls on the next pay day. When a part of the men, who had a hand in the outrage, learned that Lieut.-Col. Schall had settled the bill by his own private means, they were willing to reimburse him, but he declined to accept it. The other part of those men turned out to be a portion of that number, who absented themselves without leave. This determined the Lieut.-Col. to make an example of them; but as the time wore on the thing was finally dismissed from his mind, and the men were let off with only a slight reprimand!

At half-past ten o'clock on Sunday morning, the 20th inst., the men and baggage being loaded, the

cars started for Baltimore, where they arrived at four o'clock P. M. On arriving at Baltimore, it was found that no preparations had been made there for the transportation to Annapolis, the place of general rendezvous of the 9th Army Corps, in consequence the 51st had to sleep in the cars which had brought them to that city.

On Monday morning, the 21st, at seven o'clock, wagons were obtained, and the baggage was unloaded and taken to the Boston steamer's wharf, where it was put on board of the steamer *Georgiana*; the regiment had already embarked at eleven o'clock A. M. for Annapolis, Md., where it arrived the same day at two P. M. It disembarked, fell in line and marched out to the barracks at Camp Parole, about two and a half miles from the city, and close to the railroad, on the identical spot where it had formed Camp Union in 1861-62.

While lying here a few new recruits arrived for the regiment.

The 51st occupied the barracks at Camp Parole until Wednesday noon of the 23d inst., when it moved a few yards nearer the city, and went into quarters with tents on what used to be the old Camp Union parade and drill-ground; but how different everything looked to what it did then. The old, well-known faces of the Camp Union comrades were missed, and their places filled by new ones; the beautiful evergreens that hung in profuse festoons around the old camp, where are they now? Alas! they, too, have passed away, along with those brave hearts that made this familiar spot a scene of mirth and happiness. Where was that Norristown Band that used to assemble around the flag-staff of a Sab-

bath morn, and discourse its solemn and melancholy music to invite the regiment up to the Chaplain's tent, where they might be taught in earnest strains how to prepare themselves to meet the change of spheres which many so very soon made after leaving that cherished spot in 1862!

The following is an extract from a private letter that appeared in one of the Norristown papers, and is supposed to have been written by Lieut.-Col. Edwin Schall:

"LETTER FROM ANNAPOLIS.—We make the following extract from a private letter, lately received:

"Time worketh great changes. This is evidenced in our everyday life, and most strikingly in our history as a regiment. Two years and more we were encamped on the same identical ground, with full ranks, and under the same chieftains. Little then did we dream that once again we would camp upon these plains, and prepare for another expedition of a like character. How many of those who were then with us are here now. When we look over our depleted ranks, sad, indeed, are the thoughts that suggest themselves. Many, very many, who then were the gayest among the gay, the healthiest among the healthy, are now sleeping their last sleep. How painfully are we reminded of the truth that we are all passing away, by the absence of those familiar faces we were so wont to look upon. Of the field and staff, there remains only with the regiment Lieut.-Col. (then Major) Edwin Schall; Col. Hartranft being in command of the depot of the corps. Of the original line officers, there are only ten left out of thirty, viz.: Maj. Bolton, Capt. Bisbing, Capt. Bolton, Capt. Allebough, Capt. Nicholas, Capt. Hart, Capt. Shorkley, Lieut. Geo. Schall, Lieut. Lynch, Lieut. Foster.

"Lieut.-Col. Bell, Capt. Bell, Lieut. Hunsicker, Lieut. Fair, Lieut. Beaver, fell on the field of battle; and Capt. Schall, Capt. Pechin, Capt. Snyder, Capt. Blair, Capt. Titus, Capt. Taylor, Capt. Linn, Capt. Gaulin, Capt. Hassenplug, Capt. Hallman, Lieut. Burrell, Lieut. Swallow, Lieut. Morris, Lieut. Reed, Lieut. Campbell, Lieut. Kelly, Lieut. Linn, Lieut. Beale, have either resigned or been transferred into the Invalid Corps, or promoted.

"Of the nine hundred men then here, there are about three hundred and fifty left. Many have gone to their long homes, others have been discharged on account of disability. It is a sad thought, that the many who to-day are in the full bloom of health, will in a short time be cut down, never to rise in life again. The season for an active campaign is here, and very naturally the corps will have its portion to do, and, let me add, it will be no mean portion."

On Saturday, the 26th inst., the regiment again struck tents, and moving to the other side of the railroad, on a more elevated piece of ground, went into quarters here. This was called Camp Bell, in honor and memory of our lamented Lieut.-Col. Thos. S. Bell, who was killed at Antietam, in 1862.

Col. Hartranft was in command of the depot of the 9th Army Corps, having his quarters in the Naval School buildings near the wharf. Lieut.-Col. Schall was now busily drilling his regiment, as his ranks were getting well filled up by the almost daily arrival of new recruits, and the arrival of the non re-enlisting men, who had been transferred to the 11th New Hampshire, at Blain's Cross-roads, East Tennessee, the day before the veteran organization left to go home, and were now again transferred back to their respective companies. The whole of the time now, until the regiment left Annapolis, was occupied in drilling, both facings and manual of arms. First, squad drill for an hour in the morning, then company drill for two hours; company or regimental drill in the afternoon, and, towards sundown, dress parade. On pleasant afternoons an hour or so would be devoted to a game of base ball. The following is the correspondence of the *National Defender*:

CAMP BELL, 51ST P. V. V.
ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 14th, 1864.

Generals Grant and Burnside paid this Department a visit yesterday, and reviewed all the regiments that are here in their respective camps. They came upon us rather unexpectedly, as their visit had not been heralded, like such events used to be when we were here before; but, notwithstanding their sudden appearance among us, they found a highly respectable reception, one worthy of the two greatest heroes of the day, and of the

veteran 9th Army Corps. General Grant arrived evening before last. Gen. Burnside arrived yesterday morning at 6 o'clock. He (Gen. B.) paid us a "flying" visit last Saturday, and as he passed each camp, on either side of the road, the vociferous cheering gave unmistakable evidence of his great popularity.

The appearance of the camps is truly magnificent. The camps are laid out with military precision, and each street, the line officers' marquees, and the field and staff officers' quarters, are gaily and gorgeously bedecked with various kinds of evergreens, and the grounds laid out in ornamental gardening style, such as rightangles, triangles, and in every conceivable angle, each with very tasty centre pieces, making the camps wear the appearance of being inhabited with "fairies." A rumor is rife here just at present to the effect that the two regiments of the 26th and 29th United States (colored) troops which left here last week for Hilton Head, S. C., were both lost last Saturday night off Cape Hatteras, during the terrible storm then prevailing. It is hoped that the rumor may turn out to be merely supposition, for, although their skin is black, they no doubt would have carried a name worthy of the fame of U. S. soldiers. The Rev. D. G. Mallery joined the regiment one day last week. He was received with much pleasure by those with whom he shared the toils and dangers in days gone by. Divine worship was held in camp last Sabbath afternoon for the first time. We are happy to find that his voice is improving, and hope soon to be able to inform you that he has entirely recovered it. Lieut. S. P. Stephens, Q. M., having been despatched on Monday last to Washington, D. C., per order of Gen. Burnside, to draw ordnance and ordnance stores for the use of the regiment, returned last evening, having accomplished his mission. The arms will arrive to-day. They will be issued to the recruits, and then will begin the drilling of the "manual," which they have been so anxiously waiting for. Your humble servant thinks their anxiety will soon be set at rest. New recruits are daily arriving, and all the old members left in East Tennessee, who did not re-enlist, have arrived here with the 11th New Hampshire, to which regiment they had been assigned, while we were home enjoying our "good old thirty days." They have not yet been transferred to this regiment, but will be in a day or two and then our ranks will number at least nine hundred men. Lieut.-Col. Schall is in attendance,

personally, drilling the regiment and by his urbanity has succeeded in gaining the affections of the men, by which they pay especial attention to their drilling and have thereby made themselves proficient in the "facings." The health of the regiment is about the same as when I last wrote—chills and fever predominant. The weather here is a little like a human being's life, composed of smiles and tears, only we have the tears two-thirds of the time. The roads, in consequence, are hub-deep in mud.

Our destination is not publicly known, but it is generally supposed to be North Carolina. The expedition will leave some time early in May. The corps has not been mapped out yet, but I am informed that the same regiments will be assigned to the same brigades and divisions they were formerly in. There are a great many regiments of other commands to be added to the 9th Corps. We have the 1st Michigan regiment with us. It is chiefly composed of Chippewa Indians, and they make a fine military appearance.

"Them one hundred and twenty-five dollars" of the local bounty has been looked for by the borough accredited ones with intense anxiety, but with no success. The question is, Will it be forwarded to them here, or withheld until the return home of the regiment? Base ball is enjoyed by a large number of officers and men every afternoon, when the weather permits, and, I assure you, some very creditable playing is done—some that would do honor to any base ball club extant.

More anon,

T. H. P.

An order was read on dress parade detailing one commissioned officer and four men from the 51st P. V. V., to proceed North for recruiting purposes.

On the 12th of April, Gen. U. S. Grant visited the 9th Army Corps, and on the next day Gen. Burnside arrived. They reviewed the 9th Corps, and then visited the various camps; afterwards both returned to Washington, D. C. Below will be found further correspondence of the *National Defender*:

CAMP BELL, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

April 20th, 1864.

NOT SO.—In yours of the 12th inst., the regiment was very much surprised to read of the death of Judson Callender, who

is at present *alive and well*. How such a report reached your borough, perhaps you can better tell than I, but as several have intimated that it was your "humble correspondent," I will distinctly state, the first I knew or heard of the event, was on the evening following the issue of our paper, after the arrival of the evening mail, but as he is entirely recovered from his late severe indisposition, he no doubt took means to acquaint his friends that if he was "dead," he couldn't see it.

[We were glad to learn that such rumors never come from *our* correspondent. ED.]

Capt. J. Merrill Linn, of Company H, tendered his resignation last week, which was accepted ; pressure of business of a private character was the cause.

Sergt. John W. Fair, of Company C, returned to the regiment on last evening a week ago, from home, whither he had been to make application for admission to the Philadelphia Military School. He will return on the 22d inst., for the purpose of perfecting himself in the various "field movements" preparatory to applying for a commission in a colored regiment. As he has had considerable practical experience in such matters, there can be but little doubt in the minds of his friends, but that he will pass the ordeal of the "examining board" with *eclat*. He has proven himself a good soldier on more than one occasion, and takes with him on his departure the good wishes of his old companions in arms. Shad and other fish have come down in price sufficiently low that the boys can enjoy a "feed" of them without producing "Sweeny" in their pocket wallets. The quantity of expressage that arrives daily for the regiment is truly a matter of surprise and is daily on the increase. Boxes of every conceivable size arrive and are distributed to the anxious expectants. An old mail composed of letters and wrappers which had been forwarded to Knoxville, Tenn., in January, arrived here last week, and as we perused them they brought vividly to our minds our very "straightened circumstances" at that time. The rumor of the loss of the 26th and 29th U. S. colored regiments, that I mentioned in my last letter, is without any foundation whatever. Transportation for the incidental uses of the regiment, which has been a source of annoyance to obtain for some time past, is now liberally granted. Teams and cars can be got now with very little difficulty, and our daily rations of quartermaster and commissary stores are

landed at our "doors" just when and as we want them. Several colored regiments have arrived here within a few days, among which was the 43d U. S. from Camp Wm. Penn, and as they marched past our camp, a large number were recognized by our boys as some of "Norristown's sable sons." New arms and equipments were issued this week to the recruits of our regiment. Our new comrades take to them "mightily." They have had but three days' practice in the manual of arms and have made rapid strides in the acquirements of that "pretty part of soldiering." Lieut. Col. Schall has been detached from his command for a few days, being detailed on a court-martial that is now in session at this place. Our sutlers, Messrs. Whitney and Myers, arrived here last evening, and to-day their stock of goods and tents arrived. They have already pitched their tents and are making every preparation to open "shop" to-morrow morning; they have not come any too soon. As they are both business men and undoubtedly accommodating, they will reap a rich harvest from an appreciating soldiery; they merit a liberal patronage. The health of the regiment is about as usual, with no abatement in the chills and fever cases. Orders have *just* come in to be ready to move at an *hour's notice*, with five days' cooked rations; and all tents to be turned in, in exchange for shelter tents.

More anon,

T. P. H.

The time for the regiment to strike tents and go to the "front" was drawing nigh to hand, and as it was understood that the men could draw pay for rations during their thirty days at home on veteran furlough, the application was made and the money paid in full, on the 21st of April.

On the 21st orders were received to turn in all tents and quartermaster's stores, and prepare to leave Annapolis. Three days' rations were issued and cooked that night.

CHAPTER III.

Across the Potomac—On the Rapidan—Battle of the Wilderness—The woods on fire—Chancellorsville—Battle of Spottsylvania—Charge and repulse of the 3d Division—Terrible losses in the 51st—Bravery of Capt. Bisbing—Capture of Capt. Allebaugh and the colors—Promotion of Genl. Hartranft—Another day of carnage—Truce of the pickets—Retreat of the enemy—Nearing Richmond—Battle of Cold Harbor—Death of Col. Schall and Lieut. Fizone.

ON Saturday, the 23d, the 51st P. V. V. left at 8 A. M., and marched to Alexandria, Va., passing through Washington, crossing the Potomac on the Long Bridge, and arriving at the outskirts of Alexandria on the 26th.

The baggage had been put on board of a steamer at Annapolis, which sailed at noon of the 23d, and arrived at Alexandria at 3 P. M. on Sunday, the 24th, where it awaited the arrival of the regiment.

The corps was now fully organized, and the 51st P. V. V. was identified with the First Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Army Corps.

While the regiment was at Alexandria it learned of the death of one of its most promising members. Below will be found an editorial obituary, which is correct in all it says, except in the date of the departure of the regiment from Norristown.

“SIX WEEKS.—On the 10th of March the 51st regiment left Norristown, in a scene of military glory, with thousands of our citizens joining in the brilliant pageant. In one of the companies was a young lad of eighteen summers, who had been out on two occasions for the defence of the State, and sustained himself with approval to all his associates. By a course of studies he had prepared himself as an engineer, and having presented himself, was accepted so far as mental and practical qualifications were concerned, for third assistant engineer in

the naval service; but the standard of age prevented his appointment for at least another year; to put in this year actively, patriotically, he enlisted. Amid the good wishes that went with the regiment, he left his home. All went well, hopefully gaining in health and strength, until the fatal typhoid attacked him, soon turning to congestion of the brain—he lingered for four days, and on the 21st *died*! On Saturday last his cold corpse was brought back to his home! All the ambitious project of life extinguished in six weeks. Such was the career of WASHINGTON IRVING GRIFFITH. O, what *is* life! Alas! alas, there are hundreds of cases, similar in many respects to this, occurring in such times. The dreams, prospects, and ambition of life all cut short—in a few days.”

On Wednesday, April 27th, at sunrise, the regiment left camp, marched through Alexandria to about one mile beyond Fairfax Court-house, and encamped near midnight, having marched about eighteen miles that day.

On the 28th the regiment again left and marched to Bristow's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and encamped at sundown, making eighteen miles that day.

The next day (29th) it left Bristow's and marched to Warrenton Junction, and camped at 5 P. M., having marched that day fifteen miles. Here the regiment lay for a few days and went out on a “reconnoitre” to Warrenton on the 2d of May, leaving camp very early, and not finding any foe returned late the same night to the Junction.

While here a sudden death occurred that surprised all. George Bodey, of Co. A, was up early and attended to Lieut.-Col. Schall's horse “Bobby,” cleaning and feeding him previous to saddling him for the reconnoissance. After the regiment started, George prepared and ate a hearty breakfast about seven o'clock, and was in the best of health and spirits, more so than usual, when suddenly he was taken sick in camp, and by noon was a corpse. He

was well known throughout the whole corps for his giant-like proportions.

On Wednesday, the 4th of May, the regiment started again on the march, from which it had no rest until the surrender of Lee and his followers. It left for Rappahannock Station, where it arrived before night and posted its pickets. On the 5th it was aroused at 4 A. M., got a hasty breakfast, left the station at 5 A. M., and arrived at Germania ford, on the Rapidan river, at 11 o'clock A. M. After crossing the river on pontoons it went immediately to the front. Arriving in front of the enemy it was sent off to the right of the line, and went on picket, where it remained until 4 o'clock of the next morning, when it came in and took up a position in the front. At eight A. M. it was in battle with a desperate foe, in a perfect wilderness, where daylight had to struggle to penetrate the dense foliage. Towards noon the enemy's fire slackened a trifle; they were evidently getting terribly punished. The 51st advanced a short distance, but were driven back; then in turn the enemy was forced back, and thus it was until 7 o'clock P. M. on Friday, the 6th of May, on which was fought "the battle," as it is properly called, "of the Wilderness." The loss in the 51st of killed, wounded and missing was not definitely known, but it was about ninety in all. Killed, twenty-five; wounded, fifty; and missing, fifteen.

* The following list is the best that could be obtained :

Co. A.—Killed—Lieut. John S. Moore. Wounded—Thos. J. Bolton, Chas. Fix, Daniel Hood, Osman Ortlip, John Bare, Theodore H. Gilbert, Samuel Himes, Amandus Gargas.

Co. B.—Killed—Edward Bullman, Philip Bond. Wounded—George Paul. Captured—Henry Mixell.

Co. C.—Killed—Color-sergeant Patrick Kevin. Wounded—Abraham Tochler.

The regiment was relieved about 7 P. M., and went to the rear a short distance, and had a good night's rest.

On the next morning, the 7th, the regiment at 4 o'clock was again preparing a hasty cup of coffee, when orders came to erect a kind of breastwork, or rather barricades, which orders were promptly complied with. But they were scarcely erected, before an order was given to change positions. The firing from the enemy was now becoming more rapid and annoying; a new position was now taken; another line of defences thrown up, and the regiment awaited on their arms for the coming storm of iron and leaden hail to burst, in all its fury, on their devoted heads. There they stood, a bulwark to their country's cause; but the storm was averted, and fell on their sister corps of Gen. Sedgewick, who had a fearful struggle till late in the night. Soon after midnight the 51st took up the line of march very slowly towards Chancellorsville, and at 1½ A. M., of the 8th, it was fairly underway, but had to leave all the wounded behind. The woods had either been fired by design on the part of the rebels, or by accident from the paper that formed the cartridges; but, be that as it may, hundreds of Union soldiers, both

Co. D.—Killed—David H. Yerkes, William H. Showalter. Wounded—Noble Creighton.

Co. E.—Killed—Levi Ammons. Wounded—John Millhouse.

Co. F.—Wounded—Wm. W. Owens, Howard Bruce, Francis Adleman, Thos. G. Ashton, Elwood Charles, Henry White.

Co. G.—Killed—John Elliott, Aaron Thatcher.

Co. H.—Killed—Frederick Smith. Wounded—H. C. McCormick, Harrison Bower, John E. Leamon, George Vangeeser.

Co. I.—Killed—John Murphy. Wounded—Edward Doyle.

Co. K.—Killed—Frederick Schwep. Wounded—Theodore Odenwelder, John Fangford, Alfred Schilling.

killed and wounded, were consumed in the fiery element, their whereabouts and their identity forever sealed to the living. Did the fire get a start by design, that one act of barbarism on the part of the rebels should have been adequate to have kept Andrew Johnson so sufficiently loyal as to carry out his policy, that "treason is a crime, and should be made odious." The regiment reached Hooker's battle-field at Chancellorsville about noon, and rested there till about 4 P. M., when it slowly wended its way about one mile to the left of the ruins, where it went into camp for the night. The day had been intensely hot, and the dust was stifling to a painful degree; water was scarce and hard to obtain.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 9th, the 51st again fell in, and moved off towards the Fredericksburg plank road. The dust was even worse than it was the day before, and the heat equally as great. The enemy was here met, and heavy skirmishing ensued between the 51st and the foe for several hours, culminating in a severe battle, in which the enemy left the field, and the 51st erected another work of defence, expecting the battle would be renewed ere the next morning.

On the morning of the 10th the 20th Michigan was thrown out as skirmishers, and the 51st lay in support of that regiment until 12 o'clock, noon, when it moved off a mile to the right of the corps, with orders to erect works of defence. Trees were felled, and a strong line of rifle pits was erected, it having been determined to hold every inch of ground gained. It was a pleasant day, and the regiment in fine spirits, although their ranks were being depleted

rapidly. As the regiment finished the works, orders were received for an advance. Lieut.-Col. Schall immediately sent out a strong body of skirmishers, and the line advanced a full half mile directly front; then making a full left wheel, advanced through the woods and openings another full mile. The skirmishing at times was severe, the regiment had lost eleven in killed and wounded, having been subjected to an enfilading fire all night, besides a constant fire in front.

On the 11th, which was rainy, at daylight, the regiment commenced throwing up breastworks, but, as it often happened before and afterwards, just as they were completed, the regiment received orders to change position, and fortify itself again immediately, which works were completed by 3 P. M. At 4 P. M. orders were received to fall back to the other side of a deep hollow or ravine, to go into camp and cook rations; but before any fires were kindled, orders were again received to advance, which was done. We advanced about a mile, then "about face," marched back and went into camp again about 10 o'clock P. M., in a drenching rain. It must be remembered this going into camp was merely lying down on the bare ground, for the tents were all on the wagon train, which was in the rear.

On the next day, the 12th, in a considerable rain, the ever memorable battle of Spottsylvania was fought. The regiment was roused up from a sound sleep at 2 A. M., and left at 3 A. M., and crossed the river to the opposite side, where it encountered the enemy and drove them before it like scared sheep; then went to the support of the 2d division, when it was again ordered to take up a position to the left

of the 27th Michigan. In front of this situation was a high crest or knoll of ground, whereon the enemy had a battery and deep rifle pits. Orders were given for the 51st to charge this crest, and capture the guns. Six companies were sent out as skirmishers, and the regiment was advanced to make the charge; but before the charge occurred, the order was countermanded, and four companies were sent to the support of Hancock, who was being pressed very closely by the enemy on their left. In a short time the four companies returned, when a general charge was made by the whole of the 3d Division, 9th Army Corps, but met with a repulse that sent it back flying to its starting point. In this charge the loss of the 51st was terrible in killed, wounded, and prisoners, with two stand of colors. The loss of the colors chagrined the men tenfold more than the loss of their comrades, for by some it was looked upon as a most damning disgrace, by others as a high mark of credit, as showing that the regiment had been in a tight place; but be it considered a disgrace by whom it may, that does not make it one. A regiment charging in such a place as that was, with nearly one-half of its men shot down, and the enemy at almost hand to hand encounter, with far greater superiority of numbers, it seems almost a miracle that any man escaped death or capture, and those of the 51st P. V. V. should be proud of the loss of their colors under the circumstances that caused it. Had they been lost through treachery or cowardice, then it would be just and proper to condemn the deprivation. Again, had the State considered it a disgrace, another flag would never have been given to it. And again, had there been any

suspicion on the part of the higher rank of officers, that the colors were disgracefully lost, a commission would have been detailed to investigate it. No! brave men of the 51st, you were not disgraced by your loss.

In this charge, Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing received a ball through his wrist, but nothing daunted he still pushed on, with the blood streaming from his wound, when another one struck him in the left side of his loins, traversing his back, passed out the other side, and he fell, mortally wounded. Among the captured was Capt. Wm. Allebaugh, of Co. C, who, seeing his colors in danger of capture, resolved to save them or perish, but the enemy bearing down on his color-guards in such overwhelming numbers, he was forced to a surrender of himself and colors. After being repulsed, the regiment reformed and went to the front again, where it remained all night under arms, in the midst of a heavy rain.

The next morning (the 13th) was very quiet along the whole line—the rain still coming down. An attack from the rebels was momentarily expected; the utmost vigilance was exercised, but up to 5 P. M. it was quiet, when at that time the enemy made a demonstration in front of the 51st, which did not amount to much. During this day an attempt was made by the adjutant of the regiment to figure up its losses. The sum total up to the night of the 8th was, in killed, wounded, and missing, eighty-four officers and men. Among the killed were Lieut. John S. Moore, of Co. A; Color-Sergeant Patrick McKeevin, of Co. C; Private David Yerkes, of Co. D; and Private John Murphy, of Co. I. Among the wounded was Lieut. Wm. W. Owens, of Co. F;

Sergt. Howard Bruce, of Co. F; Sergt. John McGilligan, and Private Noble Creighton, of Co. D; and as far as the adjutant could learn correctly from the night of the 8th up to the night of the 12th, the 51st had sustained a loss of about two hundred. Among the wounded were Capt. Geo. W. Bisbing, Co. I; Sergt. John R. Davis, Co. I, captured; John George, Francis R. Keating, John Stiver, and ten more of Co. I. Among the prisoners were Capt. Wm. Allebaugh, Co. C; Lieut. Wm. F. Campbell, Co. H. The enemy were heavily in force in the front of the 51st, and their batteries threw shot and shell amongst the regiment constantly. Our guns returned a few shots during the day. In the afternoon our artillery massed themselves to resist any attack the enemy should attempt, but none was made.

The next day, the 14th, was another disagreeable day, raining nearly all the time. Heavy and rapid firing began on the left and continued for about an hour, when orders were issued for a general advance along the whole line, but from some prudent cause, no doubt, it did not take place, but as night advanced it was feared that the enemy intended an attack under cover of darkness, but the night passed off very quietly.

The 15th found the regiment occupying rifle pits, and as the enemy to the right commenced a vigorous shelling about noon, the regiment dug traverses for a protection against the flying shells. It was while the regiment was at this work that it learned with much satisfaction of the promotion of Col. Hartranft to a Brigadier-General, a promotion he should have received, if justice had been done him,

at the close of the battle of Antietam. The enemy's works were close to ours and in full view, with their battle flags flying defiantly in our faces, their bands playing, and the singing of good old Methodist hymns were plainly heard. In the evening things were quieted down, and the greatest annoyance now was the stench arising from the dead bodies that lay between the two lines unburied, for neither army could bury many of their dead, and the almost constant rain, with a hot air, soon caused the bodies to decompose and fill the atmosphere with a most offensive odor.*

On the 16th the enemy still in front kept very

* The following is but a partial list of the casualties at Spotsylvania :

Co. A.—Killed—none. Wounded—Jesse Freas, Jacob H. Derr, Thos. Farrell, Saml. H. Freas, Charles S. Hansell, Jesse Johnson, Ephraim Parvin, Henry Smith, John Saylor, Jeremiah Gray, Jonathan B. Ellis, Edward Hallman, Henry McLain, George Smith, Joseph Supplee, Chas. Yunker. Captured—Chas. Yunker.

Co. B.—Killed—Harrison Ackerman. Wounded—George W. Moser, Edward Hardy.

Co. C.—Killed—Lieut. Thos. J. Lynch. Wounded—Andrew J. Grimm. Captured—Capt. Wm. Allebaugh, Hillary Sloop. Philip Stoffet, Joshua Kevin. Missing—Michael Dillon, Benjamin Kooker.

Co. D.—Wounded—Harry Forman, Wm. H. Body, Daniel R. Yost. Captured—Jeremiah Cassiday. Missing—John Johnson, Jefferson Clare.

Co. E.—Wounded—Jeremiah Aikey, Jacob Boop, Wm. Schnure. Captured—Jeremiah Aikey.

Co. F.—Killed—Robert Lindsay. Wounded—Wm. Dresher.

Co. G.—Killed—Samuel Moore. Wounded—August Rolley.

Co. H.—Captured—Lieut. Wm. F. Campbell, Hugh McClure. D. C. Brown, George Breon, Harrison Hause, D. M. Wetzell, Simon Goss, John Hartz, Wm. J. Lattimer, Wm. A. Miller, Jacob Smith, Isaiah Smith.

Co. I.—Wounded—Capt. George W. Bisbing, John R. Davis, John J. Stiver. Captured—John R. Davis, Philip Hattel, Abraham Wampole.

Co. K.—Killed—Lieut. Frank B. Sterner, Charles W. Willett. Wounded—Franklin S. Moyer, Jno. Ranks. Captured—Thos. Arbuckle, Absalom Baldwin, James Ludwig.

quiet, and our artillery opened a vigorous cannonading on them, but as their reply was rather feeble, it was supposed they were falling back from our front. Skirmishers were sent out; the right of the line advanced over a mile; the skirmishing was but trifling. One man of Co. G was mortally wounded. The regiment remained out all night in the picket pits. Events were inactive. The bands of both armies discoursed "most excellent music," and were distinctly heard by the contending foes while on the line up to nine or ten o'clock at night.

On the 17th the entire supply trains were ordered to Fredericksburg, where a great part had been for more than a week. The wounded also had all been sent there, nearly every house had been taken possession of by the surgeons and turned into hospitals for the wounded and dying. Every house was crowded to its fullest capacity. At one time there were not less than 60,000 wounded men there, and the Government was transporting them to Washington as fast as its means afforded.

A kind of cemetery outside the city was formed and long pits similar to rifle pits were dug about four feet deep, seven wide, and two to three hundred long. The dead were laid on the ground, wrapped in a blanket close side by side until the pit was filled with bodies, then covered over with dirt, with a board at the head of each, having the man's name, company and regiment on it as a finish to the work.

Everything remained quiet at the front all day. The bands of both lines seemed to be trying to outvie each other in the strength and variety of their playing. At night orders were received to prepare

for a night's march at short notice, but the regiment remained in its pits, as the command to "forward" was not issued, but the next morning, the 18th, the plan for the day's work was decided on and the order was issued as follows: The 2d and 6th Corps, with the 2d division of the 9th, were to assail the enemy on our right, and, if the assault should prove successful, the 1st brigade of 3d division was to advance in front of and with the 51st. The day was beautiful, excepting a little too warm. Early in the morning the attack was made; the cannonading on both sides was terrific; the shells filled the air with that awful shriek that was enough to make the stoutest heart quake; the roar of artillery and the continual explosions of the shells were truly deafening; the enemy's works appeared to be filled with artillery, and all their batteries must have been massed in anticipation of an attack from Grant. Several men of the 51st were badly wounded by the premature explosion of our own shells. After several hours of severe fighting, the attack being a total failure, the line assumed its old position in the pits, and our artillery all moved off in the night, and at two o'clock of the morning of the 19th orders were received by the 51st to be ready to move off at a moment's notice. The order to move was given at four o'clock. The regiment left and the entire works were abandoned. The 51st moved to the left about two miles, and took up a position in the rear of the 6th Corps about noon. In the evening the regiment again changed its position to the left of the 1st brigade, and occupied the second line of battle close to the 95th and 138th Penna. regiments. Here the 51st met a great many old acquaintances

in the two regiments. During the entire evening the cannonading on the right was very heavy. In the morning the regiment moved off to the left. It will be observed that it was noon before it arrived at its new position, only going two miles. The slowness of this progression was caused by having to cut their way through a perfect wilderness; trees had to be felled, in fact a regular road had to be cut and cleared, before it could reach its position. On the 20th of May the front line of battle had dug themselves pits, and throwing up a substantial line of breastworks the 51st lay in support of those in the pits. In the afternoon the skirmishers advanced about half a mile. One man of the 51st was fatally wounded and borne to the rear, then sent to Fredericksburg.

The next day, the 21st, Lieut.-Col. Schall was detailed as field-officer of the day of the brigade. He went on duty at midnight, and Maj. Wm. J. Bolton took command of the regiment. At 3 A. M., Maj. Bolton with the entire regiment went out on picket. Shortly after being posted the men of the 51st and the pickets of the enemy began a friendly conversation which ended in trading tobacco, coffee, &c., but unknown to any of the commanders until the field-officer of the day, Lieut.-Col. Schall, discovered and put a stop to it, as it was a violation of the articles of war. About 2 o'clock P. M., the enemy advanced towards the left and drove in our skirmishers and forced the 51st to fall back to the main line, but Maj. Bolton rallied it again and advanced it to its former position; while the 6th Corps was engaging the enemy in a severe struggle, in which the latter fell back. After that it became quiet all along the

front of the 9th Corps. Shortly after midnight and early in the morning of the 22d, a rumbling noise was heard within the enemy's lines indicating a removal of wagon trains and artillery, and at 4 o'clock A. M., the regiment again started off, but the enemy had fled. It made a march this time of eighteen miles over a tract of country which appeared as if that had been the first body of troops that passed over it; fences and buildings were in good repair and the soil luxuriant in crops. At night the regiment camped on the side of a woods near a small stream that emptied into the North Ann.

On the 23d, the regiment left its camp at 5 o'clock A. M. and marched till noon, when it fell in with the 2d Corps, forming a junction a short distance from the North Ann river, and marched till dark. The advance had met the enemy and entered into a battle. The scene of action was reached by the 2d and 9th Corps at dark. The 51st immediately took up its position and began to entrench itself. It was evident that Grant was now nearing Richmond, for all through the night the rebel locomotive whistles could be continually heard, as if the enemy was receiving reinforcements by railroad. The regiment labored until long after daylight to complete their works, which were made very strong, *i. e.*, strong enough to resist any ordinary shell from a field-piece. Considerable cannonading all day in front, which began to be very heavy. Towards dark a heavy rain having set in, continued the greater part of the night, making it slippery in the works of newly dug earth. The 1st Division, 9th Corps, assaulted the rebel works, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

A few minutes after the regiment had lain down,

fully expecting a good night's sleep in their new works, orders came in for it to move off to the left; it went about half a mile and sent four companies out on picket. The next morning, the 25th, the four companies were relieved and rejoined the regiment. The pickets while out had a lively time of it, for they kept up a constant fire all night with the enemy. Just before dark both armies became restive, culminating in a genuine artillery duel, and the capture of five rebels who were after a bullock that had got between the two lines. Both armies now occupied an almost limitless pine forest, which furnished splendid material for breastworks, to which a great deal was appropriated. A new line of works was built up again and the regiment lay in them until the afternoon of the next day, the 26th, when one hundred and fifty men of the regiment were detailed and went out on picket, where they learned from the enemy that Lee was killed. This put our men in good spirits and seemed to compensate them for all their trials of the past twenty-one days fighting, but like all camp stories it proved to be untrue.

Heavy firing of musketry and artillery was heard on the left. Orders were received to be ready to move at 11 o'clock that night, but were countermanded. Heavy musketry firing began at 9½ o'clock, and continued for about one hour, when all became comparatively quiet. After that picket firing the enemy's bands could be distinctly heard in front of the regiment until late at night, when orders were again issued to move at 4 o'clock the next morning, 27th. At the appointed hour the regiment formed and moved to the left into the road, where it re

mained until 11 o'clock A. M. for further orders. It afterwards started off in the direction of the North Ann river, to which place the enemy had fallen back and were crossing to the other side. Pickets were sent out from the regiment and a position was taken up, but it was again moved further to the left. The pickets evidently had purposely been left on their post with the view of keeping the enemy ignorant of a flank movement that our troops were then making on his extreme right. The affair succeeded admirably, but the pickets suffered considerably, as they had no support; and not knowing that their army had entirely left, they fought their adversaries with desperation, losing heavily. The regiment lost twenty six in killed, wounded and missing, besides twelve that were known to be captured. The enemy had discovered by this piece of strategy on the part of Gen. Grant, that he had given them the slip and crossed his whole army over the Pamunky river, not far from Hanover Junction. There they met our troops and desperately fought to hold them in check, but this was only a "dodge" of Gen. Grant to give them another go-by, which he did during the night and following day.* The next morning, the 28th, at 7 o'clock, the 9th Army Corps was in motion, with the 51st leading the advance. At 12, noon, the column halted for dinner and rest, for it

* The following is a list of the casualties at North Ann River:

Co. A.—Captured—Wm. Barr, George W. Berks.

Co. C.—Captured—Andrew J. Bell.

Co. D.—Captured—Lemuel Moode, Andrew Wherle, Philip Wampole.

Co. E.—Captured—John W. Sheckler.

Co. H.—Killed—Jno. W. Erdley. Captured—David Yorder.

Co. I.—Captured—George B. Slough.

Co. K.—Captured—Alexander Deibler, Jas. S. Garrett.

had marched with great speed. At 1 P. M. it again started on a forced march until 11 o'clock that night, having made nearly thirty miles that day. The troops were literally jaded out, and it was beyond all cavil the severest march of the whole campaign.

The next morning, the 29th, the 51st got orders to leave at 4 o'clock A. M. It only went about three miles and was ordered to throw up breastworks. It was supposed that here was to be taken a decided stand; the works were first laid out with great care and in regular order; they were to be sufficiently strong to resist artillery. It was nearly completed when orders were issued to stop. Eighty men were then detailed from the 51st to go out with a party to reconnoitre the enemy's works, which were found to be of the most formidable character. About 1 P. M. the regiment fell back a little, and the whole brigade was then massed in anticipation of an attack. Here we enjoyed a good night's rest.

The next morning, the 30th, the regiment, as per orders, left at 6 o'clock, and moved a distance of five miles—it arrived about 8 o'clock that night. Its progress was very slow, as it had to fight for every foot of ground over which it marched. It was now at Cold Harbor, and only eight miles from the objective point, Richmond. We immediately took up a position in a dense pine forest, and erected works which were not completed till after midnight. Skirmishers now advanced and the enemy gradually retired to the outer works and fortifications surrounding Richmond, no doubt to draw our army within the range of their heavy siege guns.

About 10 A. M. of the 31st, the regiment was or-

dered to advance on the enemy's fortifications in their front, distant about three-fourths of a mile. The line was formed, and it advanced, driving the enemy's skirmish line into and beyond a woods directly in front of their works. Still following the enemy up, they moved a good distance into the woods and began to fortify. After laying out the plans and commencing entrenchments, orders were issued to stop. The regiment then formed line of battle and awaited further mandates, which soon came, to recommence fortifying; but scarcely was it resumed before it was countermanded again, and we were ordered to advance, which we did about four hundred yards, and gained a good position on the crest of a hill, where we laid on our arms all night.

Early on the next morning, June the 1st, orders were received to move up a little to the right so as to connect the lines with the 1st Division, 9th Army Corps. New works were thrown up here, which occupied most of the day. When completed, the regiment sent out a skirmish line to the front—when the enemy, in return, advanced their main line and drove in our skirmishers. The troops on our extreme left fell back without firing a single shot, but the left of the 3d Division, 9th Army Corps, swung around, and, pouring volley after volley into the enemy, drove them back to their own works. The firing from both lines continued through the whole night.

The next day the regiment again advanced to the outskirts of the woods on the edge of the crest where they had erected their former works. Between this edge and the enemy's entrenchments was an ugly hollow, or ravine, about fifty yards wide. Here they

had felled trees in all directions, and made further advances an utter impossibility. Their works and the last named (that is, those on the edge of the ravine), of the 51st, were about one hundred and fifty yards apart. Our communication with the rear was now cut off, as the 51st had advanced too close to the enemy to allow any egress but retreat. So it remained all day on the far side of the crest, and built a regular fort. After dark set in, the men dug out traverses in order to open up communications with those occupying the main line, which they accomplished before daylight, and the men proudly boasted of having two homes now at one time, which they seemed to enjoy by spending a few hours on the main line, and then returning to their second home outside of all the other works—some facetiously terming it their “country seat”—where they could look at the steeples of Richmond.

Early on the morning of the 3d of June, orders were received by the 3d Division, 9th Corps, to advance to the left of its front. Lieut. Col. Schall formed his regiment and moved it to its position in the line. At 5 o'clock A. M. orders were given to charge the enemy's works. It was immediately done by the whole charging party. The 51st, advancing with fixed bayonets at double-quick, was met by the enemy, who were well prepared to receive a charge, and poured volley after volley into the regiment, which kept steadily advancing until an unpropitious bullet entered the neck of Col. Edwin Schall, killing him instantly; and at the same time one struck Lieut. Isaac Fizone, of Co. D, killing him instantly also. It is generally believed that the one ball killed them both, by pass-

ing through Lieut. Fizone's head first, and then through Col. Schall's neck afterwards; but as Lieut. Fizone was a much taller man than Col. Schall, it seems almost impossible, unless the former was in a leaning forward position. Or again, it may have, in passing through the lieutenant, struck a bone that caused it to glance downward, and then striking the colonel. The command of the regiment now devolved on Major William J. Bolton. The regiment received a check, and fell back with the whole line to its works, the battle lasting the whole day. The regiment suffered considerably in killed and wounded.* The next day the enemy made an attack on the whole line, but were handsomely repulsed, with a heavy loss.

* Below is a partial list of the casualties at Cold Harbor:

Field and staff.—Killed—Col. Edwin Schall.

Co. A.—Killed—Corp. Frank H. Mills. Wounded—Sergt. Jacob H. Moyer, Sergt. John H. Coulston, Corp. George Uebelle, Private Geo. B. Baker, Private Jacob Sterns.

Co. B.—Killed—Private Cyrus Werkeiser. Wounded—Private Wm. Draher.

Co. C.—Killed—Private John Upright. Wounded—Abraham Walt, Mark T. Yerker.

Co. D.—Killed—Lieut. Isaac Fizone.

Co. E.—Killed—Private James M. Dunkle. Wounded—Private Robert Hickerne.

Co. F.—Killed—Henry K. Adleman. Wounded—Sylvanus H. Daub.

Co. G.—Killed—Private Emil Held. Wounded—Private Charles Prescott.

Co. H.—Killed—Private Levi Breninger, Private Aaron Willamson.

Co. I.—None.

Co. K.—Killed—Private David Shingle. Wounded—Private Wm. Buoy, Private Benjamin Rank, Private John Widdell.

At the Potomac. Co. F.—Wounded—Wilson Allen, severely.

CHAPTER IV.

Progress of the advance—Crossing the James—Affair with the Home Guards—A bloody charge—Severe losses in the 51st—In the rifle pits—Another desperate rush—The railroad cut—Daring and persistent courage of the troops—Frequent repulses of the enemy—Close and continuous fighting—Efforts to connect the lines—Failures—The 51st detailed to do the work—A grand success.

THE regiment still retained its old position in the "country seat" works until the 10th of June, when it moved off towards the White House, on the York river, but after going fifteen miles it halted for the night. Early next morning it started off towards the James river, making about twenty miles this day, and camping for the night along the right of the road, in a barren, sandy field. On the morning of the 13th, the regiment again started on a march of not less than ten miles, arrived within a league or two of the James river, and again camped for the night. On the 14th, the regiment moved off slowly on the north side of the James river, and within six miles of it. Pickets were posted for the night. The regiment lay here till the next day, when it started for the landing a few miles below Harrison's, on the James river, where it arrived on the 16th of June, and crossed on pontoons. Early next morning, the 17th, the column advanced from below City Point to about five miles below Petersburg. Here they were met by an army of what might be properly styled "Home Guards." Lee was not or had not the least idea that Grant would try the "On to Richmond" movement by crossing the James river,

and in consequence had had no troops on that side of the river—therefore the resistance came from the rebel element in and around the city of Petersburg, Virginia. The enemy had fortifications built, with but small garrisons in them. These troops, with the aid of the Petersburg Home Guards, made a desperate fight, but were gradually driven back to within sight of the city. The 51st charged a line of rebels on a crest near the Petersburg road, and within a mile of the Weldon railroad, driving them back to the deep cut of the railroad nearly opposite to the cemetery. Getting possession of the crest, it began to entrench itself, using their tin cups and plates to dig the earth. Here the regiment remained all night. Its loss through that day was small.

The next day, the 18th, the regiment formed line of battle to make another charge, when it was found that the forces in its front had been largely strengthened, and that reinforcements were pouring in at a rapid rate. Lee had crossed the river with his forces, and was sending troops to the front as fast as they arrived. The charge, however, was made, and considerably more ground was gained, but at a great cost of blood, the 51st losing on that day sixty-four in killed and wounded, making upwards of three hundred and seventy-five casualties since it had crossed the Rapidan on the 5th of May. After the charge the regiment moved to the right, into the woods, and erected breastworks by felling the pine trees and cutting them to suitable lengths. Here the regiment lay for about a week, when it was relieved and moved to the rear to rest, but had scarcely reached there when it was ordered a little to the left of where it previously had been lying, and was again

behind the breastworks, where it lay for several days. It was here that Capt. Jos. K. Bolton received a slight wound on the side of the neck, from a minie ball; and also where private James McKenna, of Co. D, was killed, while in the act of filling his canteen with water from a spring in a ravine in front of the works, about thirty yards from the right of the regiment. His death occurred on the 21st of June.

While here the officers' baggage was kept on a barge at the wharf at City Point. This baggage had to be sent out to the front every Sunday, for the officers to get a change of clean clothing. At night it would be loaded on the wagon and sent back to the boat for safety. It gave the officers less trouble in moving about, as they had no valises to trouble them.

The regiment lay in these pits for about two weeks, eating, sleeping, and living entirely in them. Its next move was about four hundred yards to the left, in an orchard; here it threw up rifle-pits and held a very important part of the line, as well as one of the most dangerous, from the fact that it was on a hill directly in front of one of the largest forts that the enemy had on his whole line, being the fort that was blown up by Burnside on the 30th of July following. The ground whereon the 51st rested was that occupied by Fort Morton a short time after. Between this line of pits and those of the rebels the railroad ran through a deep cut, forty feet deep, in the side of the hill, on which the regiment lay. The rebel works were on rather a more elevated position, with a deep and ugly ravine between the two lines. A creek ran through this ravine on the side nearest to the enemy. Orders were received

to charge on the enemy's works. The 51st formed line of battle, and started down the hill at double quick towards this ravine. Major Bolton, who was now colonel, led the charge. The regiment, not knowing anything of this deep railroad cut, charged down to the very brink of it before they saw it, but having such headway on from running down the hill, they could not stop in time, and went headlong down the precipice before they came to a full stop, the enemy pouring volleys of grape and canister into their ranks, besides their whole line of musketry had full play at the same time on them. After reaching the bottom of the cut they could not get out, on account of the high perpendicular walls of earth on each side of the track. The enemy had an enfilading fire from a battery that could rake this cut clear in a few minutes. Col. Bolton double-quickened his regiment down the railroad to the other side of the Petersburg road to another ravine on the left, then across the ravine to a knoll, where they entrenched themselves for the time being. That night he took the regiment to the top of the hill, and threw up rifle-pits on the side facing the enemy. The next morning the enemy, whose works were now very close, seeing ours in their front, began a vigorous fire of artillery and musketry, to try to drive us out of it, but to no purpose. The men returned the fire, and kept possession of the hill till night, when Colonel Bolton put the regiment to strengthening the works; but as soon as daylight appeared the enemy again brought to bear on our front another battery that they had got into position during the night before.

The regiment now had a good as well as a strong

position, but was subjected to an incessant fire from the batteries in front and on its right, as well as from the heavy line of infantry, which was kept up day and night on them by the now desperate foe, who had failed to make them fall back. Shells and case shot or shrapnel were rained down on them, but the regiment braved it all and still remained there, occupying pits of their own construction far in advance of any other part of the line; but in a few days that part on the extreme left and south of the 51st advanced and took up a position connecting their line with that of the 51st. The line now extended from the Appomattox, on the right, to near the Yellow Tavern on the Weldon railroad, on the left, a distance of about eight miles south of the city.

The line on the right advanced across the Weldon railroad to the last range of hills opposite to the cemetery, of which the enemy's works were in front. The whole force now was in between the railroad and the city, excepting that part of the road which curved short and led into the depot; but it was now an unbroken line from the right to the left. The foe was astounded at such audacity and daring, and at once determined to force them back, if possible. Assaults were made and met, but our ranks remained firm and resisted all attempts to be routed. The enemy chagrined at his failure, then began mounting heavy siege guns, columbiads and mortars, with one battery of cohorns to the right of the Petersburg road, going towards the city. With these he rained a continual shower of shot and shell both day and night, with the view of expelling our troops from their works, and to make them fall back. In

this he was partly successful. They found the pits too hot to remain in them, but did not fall back.

Our troops bravely determined to keep all the ground they had gained, and instead of falling back they charged on the enemy's line, meeting with a repulse, but not a defeat. As they had reached the same hill which the enemy occupied, they laid down on their stomachs and within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's fortifications. The part of the line that the 51st occupied was within one hundred and eighty yards of the enemy's, and as it lay on the ground it began entrenching itself, each man with the aid of his tin-cup, plate or spoon, scratching a little soil together and piling it up in front of his head and forming a crescent shaped shelter, that was a slight protection to the head only; but even this was a dangerous piece of work, for the enemy poured volleys of musketry into them incessantly, and although they hugged the ground close, the elevating of the elbow at times while scraping the dirt together placed them in great peril of getting hit by the flying missiles that filled the air. There were a great many wounded in the 51st but none killed. The regiment continued there all day and kept up a sharp fire at times, as a resting spell from their novel mode of entrenching themselves. After night set in tools were obtained, and the ground thus gained in the daytime was made secure after dark by rude breastworks. The line to the left of the road did not connect with that of the 51st, and a junction was highly necessary and all important, but from the nature of the ground it was impossible for a man to make the attempt and live, either daytime or night. The ground was very even from the creek

in the ravine clear up to the enemy's works, but rose in a gradual ascent along the road from the left of the rear of the 51st up to the top of the hill, and across this gentle ascent was where the lines did not connect. The enemy's artillery and infantry had full sweep along its entire breadth, which was about two hundred yards wide. On the first night after the 51st had erected breastworks on their part of the line, two regiments were detailed to attempt the connection, and the enemy knowing that such a thing would be tried by our troops, kept up a constant fire with musketry and grape, from the approach of dark until long after daylight, to prevent the connection being made. In daytime it was certain death for a man to raise his head up for an instant above his earthworks. The two regiments made the attempt to connect the lines, but did not succeed in putting a pick in the ground, as it was utterly impossible for either officers or men to stand and live outside the pits. Although the night was very dark, yet the first attempt proved a failure. The next night another detail of men, who knew nothing of the danger or of the appearance of the ground, made the attempt, but in less than fifteen minutes they left the place in disgust, cursing Burnside, Meade, Wilcox, and all the officers in general, for sending them to do what they considered an impossibility. They were willing to charge on any fort along the line, but they would "be d—d if they were going to stay out there all night as a target for cannons and muskets, without having some show for their lives."

Gen. Wilcox, who commanded the division to which the 51st was attached, began to despair of

getting the connection made, and telling Gen. Hartranft of the ill success of the two former attempts, General Hartranft replied, that he could get a regiment that would make the conjunction. Wilcox requested him to do so. Gen. Hartranft at once detailed the 51st P. V. V. to do the work, and the 38th Wisconsin to furnish the 51st with sand bags. Col. Bolton received the order and at once determined that the junction should be effected; and giving his head that ominous shake, indicating "do it or die trying," he detailed his brother Capt. J. K. Bolton and Lieut. Gillilan to do the work.

Capt. Bolton took one-fourth of the detail and began at one end; Lieut. Gillilan took another fourth and began at the other end; The other half Capt. Bolton placed in the centre to work each way. By midnight enough was done to admit the colored company to take possession; and soon after the defence was completed. But the 38th Wisconsin left them early in the evening and went back to their camp.

Col. Bolton had to report to Gen. Wilcox every hour, to apprise him how the work was progressing. The report had to be made in writing, and that being done in the dark, must have puzzled the general to have read it.

While Capt. Bolton and his detail were at the work, the enemy kept up a severe fire from their batteries, as well as from pickets and sharpshooters, but the labor went on all the same, and just before daybreak Capt. Bolton had the satisfaction to complete the connection of the two lines. He received the congratulations of the officers of the stranger regiments to whose line he had connected his own,

as well as those of his fellow officers. During the time that the detail was at work, the remainder of the 51st was keeping up a severe fire on the enemy to silence them as much as possible. Now that the lines were unbroken and the pits afforded tolerably fair protection, the regiment lived altogether in the works both day and night.

Each company had one or two men detailed to do the cooking for their respective companies, which was done about five hundred yards in the rear. When the rations were cooked the cooks would have a dangerous duty to perform, in running the gauntlet, in carrying the food in camp-kettles out to the line to the men. While discharging this duty, they at once became the targets for all the sharpshooters within whose vision they were. It was no uncommon thing for a cook to get hit while being thus exposed.

CHAPTER V.

A memorable shell—Diversion by Gen. Lee—Heavy assault all along the lines—Repulse of the rebels—Narrow escape of Gen. Hartranft—Preparations for a grand assault—Burnside's mine—Firing of the train—Awful explosion and loss of life—Charge of the colored troops—Failure of the supports to come up—Meade's jealousy of Burnside—An important statement—The reserve sent to the rear by Mead, during the charge—Repulse of our troops and heavy losses—Death of Lieut. Fillman—Battle of Yellow Tavern.

COL. BOLTON now transferred his quarters to the rear of the pits about five yards, where he fitted them up quite comfortably. He held his position for several days, but as the enemy's shells were continually dropping about that distance in the rear of

the line, and it being otherwise inconvenient, he moved down to the foot of the hill and put up his quarters within a couple of feet of the edge of the deep creek which coursed along the west side of the ravine. He had just fairly got established, when a good sized mortar shell fell without exploding into the water, only about a foot from his feet, while he was standing at the front of his quarters, making him think that he hadn't got a much safer place than the one he left. The shell falling in the water extinguished the fuse. The colonel dug it out of the mud and cleaned it, sent it home, and has it now in his possession, handsomely painted in black and gold, with the inscription "Petersburg, July 13th, 1864," on it.

About the 5th of July, 1864, the enemy made an attempt to draw Gen. Grant away from their front by a foolish diversion on their part, pretending to pay the North another visit in the shape of an invasion, but Gen. Grant "couldn't see it," and only sent one division of the 6th Corps. Believing the ruse had succeeded and that Grant's army was reduced to a mere skeleton by it, they, on the 8th of July, made a charge along the whole front. Our troops kept quiet in their pits until the enemy got midway of the two lines, when our army sprang to their feet, and pouring volleys of musketry and artillery into their ranks, sent them back reeling in less time than it took them to get there, with a tremendous heavy loss on their side. The loss on our side was large, but not one-tenth of theirs. The 51st suffered none, although occupying the part of the line nearest to them. Lieut. S. P. Stephens made a narrow escape from the explosion of a shell.

He had been out on a visit to the defences, and while there a heavy mortar shell dropped close to his feet. As it was entering the ground it exploded, covering him with the dirt, as he threw himself down at the instant the shell passed his head, thus, perhaps, saving his life. While the fight was going on, Gen. Hartranft, who had his stars put on only a day or two before, was sitting in his quarters writing, when a minie ball passed through, taking one of his stars off his shoulder. The General thought that an informal way of reducing his rank, and kept on writing as if nothing had happened, or there was no further danger. The undermining of the large fort which was directly in front of the 51st, and was so very annoying to the regiment, was in progress at the time the enemy made their charge. Great care had to be exercised to keep the assailants from making the discovery of the work, but as they did not get as far as expected, the secret was strictly kept. The subterranean passage was through the hill directly under the centre of the regiment.

Nothing of anything like interest among the soldiers occurred until it became known among them of the attempt of Burnside to blow up the rebel fort. Only that party (the 48th P. V. V., Col. Henry Pleasants commanding) engaged in the mining and the 51st were in the secret. Other regiments were aware that something of the kind was going on, but where, they could not tell, nor had they even suspected the place. As the time for applying the match was drawing to a close, and fearing the rebels had got the information, it was given out that the thing was a failure; but, at the same time, the 48th were working like beavers. A constant fire was

kept up along the entire front, and an occasional charge made by a regiment or a brigade was the daily and nightly duties of all the troops. The 51st improved their pits by widening them and cutting them straighter. At length the awful hour for the explosion was named, which was at daybreak of the next day, July 30th, 1864.

All night before, orderlies were to be seen riding from one end of the line to the other, delivering orders to the different commanders. The troops began to move into positions; regiments began pouring into the ravine in the rear of the 51st's pits, and closing en masse for the desperate onslaught on their enemy—who was lying asleep, unconscious that a mine thirty feet beneath them, containing tons of powder, was about being fired.

The colored troops were to charge first, and to be supported by the white troops. If the explosion was successful they were to charge on into the city, supported by an ample reserve of white soldiers. About midnight the 51st vacated the pits in the front, and took the position assigned it in the rear of the colored troops, who now were becoming impatient from so long waiting for the word "forward." This being the first chance that this body of colored troops had had of showing whether they would fight or not, they were *actually eager for it*. Everything was now ready and in waiting for the approach of day; with straining eyes it was watched until the tinging gray of morning was seen, when instantly the match was applied. Hearts now were beating high with the hope for a successful result, but after waiting one, two, three, four, and even five minutes! for the explosion, it still did not take place. Col. Pleasants now be-

came uneasy; the fuse had surely gone out; day was fast approaching; an investigation was made, and the truth was evident—the train had refused to ignite. Soon an excavation was made by the men of the 48th, and a new train and fuse relaid; the match applied, the sun was nearly up, when a rumbling, trembling sensation was felt under the feet of our troops in the vicinity of the ill-fated fort. At the same time a dark grayish mass was seen ascending in the air to an altitude of about fifty feet, where, at its fullest height, it seemed to remain stationary for an instant, then came down in an awful crash, creating a cloud of dust that was some moments in settling. As the fort was viewed in its ascent and descent, it plainly showed the terrible havoc that had befallen it. Headless trunks, arms, legs, and all parts of the human frame were there mingled with the pieces of broken gun-carriages, guns, blankets, etc. After the settling of the upheaved earth, the command to “forward” was given to the colored troops, and, leaping over our breastworks, they made one of the most splendid charges that had been witnessed along that whole front; through the crater, and far beyond it they went on the double-quick, until they were nearly to the suburbs of the city. The white troops failed to be thrown forward in time to complete the victory, and it was turned into an unsuccessful attempt. Meade accused Burnside of incompetency, and had done all he could to discourage the work while in progress, and only through a selfishness that was unworthy of an officer of rank. Gen. Burnside could not show himself along the line but what he was saluted with cheers by all the troops. Gen. Meade could ride the whole day among his men, they scarcely deigning

to notice him. Hence the popularity of Burnside was galling to Meade's jealous heart, and he desired to see Burnside put down.

In the rear, about half a mile, was a Gen. (Smith or White) with a large body of troops, closed en masse, and on the reserve. There were several thousand of them, and I, as Gen. Meade's accuser, and holding myself responsible for the accusation, know of him riding up to this Gen. White or Smith, and telling him in an unofficial manner, "General, I guess you might as well take your men back to camp," and then rode off toward Burnside's headquarters. This was done while the colored troops were still on the charge, and needed all their support and reserves to come up, which, if it had have been done, Petersburg must and would have fallen, in spite of every resistance the rebels could offer, on that 30th of July. After the colored troops had almost reached the city, and the white troops failing to support them at the proper time, the enemy, who had been thrown into confusion by the suddenness of the explosion, now gathered their scattered senses and forces, and turned all their guns on them that they could bring to bear. They were being repulsed by the terrible discharges of grape and canister from the enemy, when the white troops began to move forward to their assistance, but their colored comrades were retreating in full force. Gen. Hartranft's division succeeded in gaining the inside of the enemy's works, but the colored troops were too panic-stricken to be rallied again, and the few white troops could not hold the works alone, and were ordered by Gen. Hartranft back to their own line. Gen. Hartranft had taken up his position in the crater or mine, and

was in a very tight place. He and his orderlies could not get out to reach the rear. The enemy's attention being now turned to him and his orderlies, they began to pour their musketry into them. Two of his orderlies were killed, and the third and last one escaped with the general, who was more willing to risk getting shot than to being captured.

An extract from a private letter gives a pretty correct account of it. It was written at noon on or near the scene, and runs thus :

IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG,

July 30th, Noon.

As there was one of the most desperate battles fought here this morning that has occurred during this campaign, I must write to let you know that I am safe.

This morning as day was breaking we were aroused by the heavy quaking of the earth and the terrible cannonading. The former was produced by the blowing up of the rebel fortifications in front of the 51st P. V. V., (Gen. Hartranft's old regiment, I believe, and I think now commanded by Col. Wm. Bolton from the same place that Hartranft is,) and the latter by our artillery taking the advantage of the *panic* caused among the rebels by the awful explosion of our mines. We have taken a great many prisoners, and our loss is very heavy, but not near so heavy as the rebels, for they lost about 1,200 men, 300 of whom were buried alive in the debris of the large fort. Some of the boys who were in the mine say that the heads, legs and arms, are to be seen sticking up out of the ground in all parts of it. There was one division of colored troops in front of our division, who made the charge, driving the rebels out of their works ; then the rebels rallied and charged in return on the negroes, the darkies broke and ran like scared sheep. The rebs reoccupied the works out of which the darkies drove them. They also tried to drive the white soldiers from ours ; but the rebs soon found the whites were made of sterner stuff.

Col. Bolton got mortally wounded this morning. Just this minute the whole of our line of artillery has opened on the rebs. My head actually aches with the infernal constant racket that the musketry and 350 cannon keep up. Just imagine, when each gun can be fired five times a minute, making about 1,750 shots a minute, add the report of 1,750 shells exploding in the air, some of them weighing 200 pounds—all this is independent of the firing of the rebels' artillery—and then you can judge why my head aches. Our regiment was not engaged.

After the whole of our troops had retired to their own lines, the killed and wounded were principally left in the hands of the enemy. A great many fell between the two lines—these were secured after night by men crawling quietly out of the pits and sneaking on their stomachs until they could find a body, when it would be brought in.

About 11 A. M. of the 30th July the 51st had taken its old position in the works. The enemy still kept up a terrific fire and threw a great quantity of mortar shells, all of which were loaded to their fullest capacity with iron balls of about the calibre of the Harper's ferry muskets. One of these shells exploded when about one hundred yards from the earth; the balls flew in all directions, one of which struck Col. Bolton in the cheek, and passing down his neck buried itself beneath the shoulder blade, where it still remains at this day. The ball struck him precisely in the same spot that he was wounded in by a minie ball at Antietam. He was carried off the field for dead, and was taken to the hospital to be attended to, and the surgeons—Shurlock and Rineholdt—had no hope of him, still they would try their best to save him, and did; but for a long time his life hung by a slender thread. The same explosion caused the death of Lieut Allan H. Fillman of Co. F, the ball penetrating his brain, killing him instantly. He was brought out of the pits and taken to the rear, and his body sent home. His loss was deeply felt by all who knew him.

He had only received his commission two days before, which promoted him from commissary sergeant of the regiment, and was mustered in only the evening before his death. He immediately went

out to the front, it might be said to meet a sudden death. Some of his friends advised him not to go out to his company until the next day, but he paid no attention to the advice and perished.

The command of the 51st devolved on Maj. Lane S. Hart, late Captain of Co. F, on account of Col. Bolton's absence, wounded. Maj. Hart, like Col. Bolton, was a fighting man, and his vigilance on the line showed him to be no coward. A few days after assuming command, on the 5th of August, the enemy in retaliation for the fort which Burnside destroyed for them, fired a fuse and blew up an abandoned fort on the extreme left of our line, on a Friday afternoon, but doing no damage as the troops had moved out of it the evening before. The enemy had made great preparations for an assault along the whole line, but as the fort went up they were chagrined to find it empty. Their preparations for a charge were well known to our lines, therefore Maj. Hart remained in the pits until it was ascertained no charge on his part of the line was likely to take place. The enemy kept up a constant shelling and a fire of musketry day and night; the 51st returned the musketry with equal vigor.

About the first of the month (August) Lieut. Wm. W. Owens, of Co. F, returned to the regiment from home, where he had been on account of the wound received in May, at the battle of the Wilderness, and reported for duty, but he only remained with the regiment two weeks; his wounds were unhealed, and the surgeons would not let him stay, therefore they sent him back again on the 13th.

The day that Gen. J. G. Parke assumed command of the 9th Corps, the regiment was relieved on the

line and moved back to the rear near Burnside's headquarters, where it went into camp to get a little rest. The baggage was all brought up from City Point and left in camp until the regiment should go to the front again. The officers were disappointed when they received their baggage, as it was in a most deplorable condition. The boat on which it had been stored for safe keeping, sprung a leak and sunk at the wharf in about ten feet of water. The trunks and valises were got out as soon as possible, but not until the books and papers were all totally ruined, occasioning great inconvenience to all. The regimental books, as well as the company books, had all to be replaced, but some very valuable regimental papers were so totally defaced as to be impossible to decipher them so as to be copied.

The regiment, after spending a week or so in camp, went out again to their old works. The shelling and firing was as severe as before, and a man had to move about very cautiously, for the enemy had erected a new fort in a woods in front of the right of the 1st brigade. This placed them under a crossfire from the rebels. The regiment staid here until the night of the 18th, when it departed and marched to the left, halting about 7 A. M. on the 19th at the Yellow Tavern, or near it, on the Weldon railroad, where it drew three days' rations, part of which were salt fish (mackerel). While in the act of drawing the rations, the enemy attacked them in heavy force, and a terrible battle ensued till dark, when they fell back, with a tremendous loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The entire 3d Division of the 9th Army Corps, and a division of the 2d Corps, bore the whole brunt of the battle.

The loss in the 51st was very heavy. In the heat of battle, Major Hart rode into it on his celebrated horse "Gimlet," but finding him too troublesome to manage he jumped off, turned his horse loose, and commanded the regiment on foot. The enemy advanced through a dense woods. The 51st occupied a clear field to the right of the Yellow Tavern, and after Maj. Hart took it afoot they charged on the foe in fine style and drove them far into the woods. Our artillery could get no position, and was consequently useless. The rebel's artillery commanded the entire line. Their grape did serious execution. One struck Maj. Hart just below the hip, and passed through both thighs. He fell, and it was thought he must die. But he received immediate attention and got well, but will be a cripple the remainder of his life.

The major's horse was found two days afterwards, and was returned to the groom by Gen. Peter Lyle, who had captured him during the battle.

As soon as Major Hart fell, Capt. Joseph K. Bolton, of Co. A, immediately assumed command as senior officer of the regiment. The wounded were directly removed to the rear, and those who were able to help themselves went without assistance, among whom was Lieut. J. P. Brooke, Co. F, Sergt. Jno. W. Fair, Co. C, Howard E. Gordon, Thos. Rinehart, Co. I, and a great many others.*

* The following are the casualties at the Yellow Tavern, as correct as could be obtained at the time :

Field and Staff.—Wounded—Maj. L. S. Hart, severely.

Co. A.—Wounded—Corp. John S. Jones.

Co. B.—Captured—Private Lewis Group.

Co. C.—Wounded—Sergt. Jno. W. Fair.

Co. E.—Killed—Corp. George W. Arnaud, Alfred Meckley.

Co. F.—Wounded—Capt. Jacob P. Brooke.

CHAPTER VI.

Renewal of the battle—Splendid Union victory—Ream's station—Return to Yellow Tavern—Fort building—Rebel assault repulsed—Grant's railroad—Capture of rebel pickets—Politics in camp—Fight among the officers—"Smoked Yankees"—Election in the field—Disciplining—Sheridan's victory—Thanksgiving turkeys—Fort Morton—A hot place—A model fort-builder—"Bob's" bogus dinner.

THE 51st sent out pickets, was attacked in the night, then lay on their arms till morning, and then was attacked again. Monday the 21st, at daybreak, the enemy made the attack with a much heavier force than of the day before. They made three charges—the first and last was very desperate. The combatants all got mixed up in the woods, and it was no uncommon thing for a rebel to capture a Yankee, and, as he was taking him to the rear, to pass a Yankee with a captured rebel.

Each charge was bravely repulsed, but in one the 2d Division of the 2d Corps was very near being taken, as the enemy had got in their rear, and cut them off; but the 3d Division, 9th Corps, attacked the rebels, capturing a great many, and driving the others back.

Among the rebel prisoners was Major-General Fitzhugh Lee.

Their loss was, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, from 8,000 to 10,000, all of which fell into our

Co. G.—Wounded—Lieut. C. B. Stonerod. Captured—Thos. Arbuckle.

Co. H.—Wounded—H. J. Lingerman.

Co. I.—Wounded—Howard E. Gordon, Thos. Rinehart.

Co. K.—Killed—William Foster, Christian Sheeks. Wounded—Wm. Poust, Ed. Richards.

hands. Our loss altogether was about 500 in killed, wounded, and missing.*

We lay here in line of battle all the next day (22d) and that night. The next morning we moved back about two hundred yards, built a fortification, and at night sent out pickets. We remained at this fort until 3 P. M. of the 25th, when orders were issued to pack up and be ready to move in fifteen minutes. At the time appointed the regiment started to the relief of Hancock's corps at Ream's station, on the Weldon railroad, about ten miles to the left of the point from which it had started. We arrived on the battle-field at dark, and found Hancock's corps retreating, with the loss of their artillery. The 51st returned on the Jerusalem plank road, until it got opposite to the Yellow Tavern, but about two miles from it, and halted at 4 A. M. of the 26th, put out pickets, and, after taking a short sleep, it again went back to its old quarters at the Yellow Tavern, where it arrived at 8 A. M., and remained there until the 31st at 4 A. M., when it proceeded several miles further to the left into a perfect pine wilderness, about three miles beyond Fort Hays.

* The list of casualties in the 51st P. V. V. is not full, but such as it is we give it.

Co. A.—Wounded—Sergt. Washington Smith. Captured—Sergt. Benjamin P. Thompson, Corp. John A. Jordan, Private Henry McLain, Private Wm. Harff.

Co. B.—Captured—Private Jonathan Brooke.

Co. C.—None.

Co. D.—Captured—Wm. McManemee.

Co. E.—Captured—Isaac Dolby.

Co. F.—None.

Co. G.—Killed—Christian Sheets.

Co. H.—Captured—Peter Smith.

Co. I.—None.

Co. K.—Captured—Frank F. Duck, Alfred Kuntz, Solomon Reish, Alfred Yohl.

After putting out pickets, orders were received to fell trees and use them for breastworks. Here for several days the regiment labored hard, and had built a most substantial work about five feet high and four hundred yards long, all out of the tall pine trees that were felled; but just as it was finished, an order came in for us to move a short distance to the right, and to occupy a line of unfinished works of the colored troops. This was a most dismal place to be in, the ground being very level and low; it partook somewhat of the nature of a huge swamp, only the bottom was hard, the water several inches deep in places, and the timber of gigantic size, thickly undergrown with briars and bushes of all kinds. Here the 51st re-commenced and finished the works that had been left by the colored troops. After getting it done, the complaints from the men about the water caused a removal. Captain Bolton advanced the regiment a short distance to the right and front; here the ground was something better, and a new work, with a large fort, was erected, and the men, although closer to the enemy, were much better satisfied. They would sooner be exposed to their foe's shot, than to stand in water, but it took a strong picket line to keep the position.

The regiment lay here for several days, then was moved further to the right, and about half a mile to the left of Fort Hayes, and began erecting new works on the 2d September. While at this place Captain E. B. Moore, of the 138th P. V., was assigned as quartermaster of the 1st Brigade, 3d Division, 9th Corps. This was a beneficial change for the brigade, and especially for the 51st P. V., for the butchers of the brigade had been allowed, by the

former quartermaster, to retain for their own profit all the fat, hearts, and liver of the beeves killed for the use of the brigade, for which they charged the men from 50 cents to \$1 for a heart, and from \$1.50 to \$2.50 for a liver; but now it was different; these butchers were enlisted privates, who sought to be detailed on that duty, to keep from being sent out to the pits. Captain Moore determined that they should not charge true soldiers such high prices. Twenty-five cents for a heart, and fifty cents for a liver, and nothing for the fat, was the scale of prices issued under him; and if any of the butchers were not satisfied with such prices, they could return to their respective regiments and carry their muskets. But had he told them that they might kill cattle for one-half the pay they were getting as privates, or carry the gun, they would have taken the half pay and staid in the rear. Fresh beef, potatoes, salt fish, cod and mackerel, onions, cabbage, &c., with full rations of whiskey, were issued at this place, and the men lived in comfort, having clean quarters, plenty of good water, in wells that were dug in each company's street, very little fighting to do, only out on the picket line, but plenty of policing and wood-chopping duty.

About 3 o'clock in the morning of the 10th September, the enemy attacked the right of our brigade, and the fight lasted till 8 A. M., at which time the aggressors were charged on and driven into their own works and out of them, our men taking possession of their skirmish line pits.

On the 9th September Grant's City Point railroad was completed to the left, where the 51st lay. This railroad was a novelty in itself; no grading of any

account, the ties temporarily laid, the rails as temporarily put on them, and the track waving up and down hill from the right to the left. Heavy trains of ammunition and supplies would pass over the track; and when on the top of a grade or hill, a full head of steam would be put on, giving the train sufficient speed and momentum to drive it up the next hill opposite; if it did not succeed, the train would back down to the hollow and take a fresh start, and, with the aid of the troops pushing, it would be got over the ascent; but this didn't happen often, the engineers knowing the draught of their train, and what amount of steam was necessary, were pretty successful. The engine and cars were Uncle Sam's, and if they snashed up a few why he could afford it. This railroad was a great benefit to the army. If a small body of troops were wanted in a "hurry" at any part of the line, they were put on the cars, and in a few minutes could be at the point where wanted; also saving the poor mules from dragging heavy loads through mud from City Point to the left.

About 2 o'clock A. M. of the 10th September the troops in Fort Hays, and on the right of the 51st, captured a large number of rebel pickets, who were trying to get in the rear of ours.

The time of a number of the men of the 51st who did not re enlist expiring on the 12th September, they were discharged and on the following day left for home, among them were George Brash of Co. C., and Chas. Rodenbaugh.

On the 12th, orders were received changing the troops in the 9th Corps, and transferring regiments to other brigades and divisions. The 1st brigade of

the 3d division, in which was the 51st, was transferred as 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Corps.

An attack was expected from the enemy on the left of the 51st, and they had been watched closely for more than a week; on the 17th they drove in our pickets, but in turn were driven back, only one man slightly wounded in the 51st.

On the night of the 21st, the pickets in front of the 51st opened a constant and rapid fire on the enemy. The regiment roused up, fell in line of battle and awaited further orders until daylight, when it stacked arms in the works and got breakfast.

Politics now began to attract the attention of the 51st more than did the enemy, as the presidential election was drawing nigh. The "loyal" element in the regiment was far in the majority, those advocated the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, and nearly all the veterans were his advocates, in fact there were but five enlisted men, veterans, who were of the "disloyal" or "peace at any price party" and advocated McClellan's cause. Only one of the commissioned officers who were present was a McClellan man, and he intended to quit the service as soon as his term expired, which would be in a few weeks. Although he felt that his presence in the regiment was disagreeable, yet such was not the case. He was an estimable gentleman, a good soldier, brave and generous, and as such commanded the respect of his superior officers. But being very young, and having too little prudence in the matter, he allowed himself to be drawn into political arguments on every occasion offered, always getting the worst of it; he felt that he was alone, not respected, and disliked, when in fact there was but one in the whole

regiment that ever bore him any malice, and that was a young lieutenant of the same rank, who only disrelished his politics, which repugnance ended in a few weeks after, on the day of the election, in a fight which will be referred to in its proper place.

Several letters from the regiment written by different correspondents appeared in different papers at home about this time. One of them gave offence to a few of the McClellan party in the town in which the communications were published. They tried to find out the author "Caius Claudius," and sent a number of letters to the 51st for that purpose, at the same time endeavoring to fill their friends with enmity against that writer, in which they succeeded. Several visited Lieut. Stephens's quarters, thinking that he either wrote the obnoxious epistle or that he knew who did. The lieutenant, although he knew the author, who happened at that very time to be in his tent, claimed to be the originator by saying to them, "Why, if I did write it, ain't it true to the very last letter?" They now were puzzled and replied, "d—d if we believe you wrote it, but we will find out who did, and God help him if we do." The lieutenant then asked them the objection to it; they stated that their friends at home told them in a letter, that the author had stated that "all the copperheads in the regiment and the army were bummers, shysters, stragglers and deserters. Lieut. Stephens replied, "Whoever sent you any such word are infernal liars, for I saw the letter myself before it was sent off, and it did not contain any such a sentiment," and further told them he would get a copy of the paper and see if such was the case. They then visited the commissary sergeant (Parker) the next day, and asked

him if he was the author of the letter of a certain date, over the signature of "Caius Claudius;" they were asked "Why?" they said he had written that all the copperheads were bummers, &c, and they were determined to find out who the author was and make him retract the letter, or take a "licking," but while this was going on in the sergeant's tent, W. P. Schall brought the mail in, and the subject was dropped until the mail was distributed. A paper containing the letter in dispute was sent to the sergeant and the obnoxious part was read, but with an entirely different meaning, for the sentence read "that all the *bummers, shysters* and *deserters were copperheads*," and not that "*all* the copperheads were bummers, &c." The difference mollified them to a great extent, but was not altogether satisfactory; but they never said any more about it, only in a casual conversation among the men, for they began to enumerate the different cases and they found that nearly if not all the deserters were of their party. But the letter had caused such an excitement among the few "peace democrats," that it had an injurious effect on those who were lukewarm by turning them into McClellanites, and the half dozen or so democrats in the regiment found their ranks swelled to a dozen or fifteen.

The regiment remained here until Sunday, the 25th of September, 1864, when it moved about half a mile to the right and garrisoned Fort Alexander Hays; while here it was relieved from picket duty, which was done in front of the fort by colored troops only. The second day of the regiment's stay here twenty-one deserters from the enemy came into our lines. Shortly after the enemy charged on the

colored pickets and drove them in, wounding a great many; when they rallied and in turn drove the enemy back to their own line, and then took up their old position.

The enemy now having fully discovered that the "smoked Yankees" were on duty in their front, they sought to annoy and harass them as much as possible. Therefore every two or three hours they would "kick up a muss" with their sable enemies and compel the 51st P. V. V. and the 79th N. Y. Highlanders to jump to their guns, which were all the time kept "stacked" in line in the works of the fort.

At night they were very troublesome, causing the two regiments to jump up out of a sound sleep perhaps three to five times every night. Sometimes the "smoked Yankees" and the "Johnnies" would "kick up a muss" that would draw the whole line into it for several miles in extent. The shelling would be kept up by both sides. An extract from a private letter gives a slight idea of the annoyance, viz.:

"Our regiment and the 79th N. Y. Highlanders are holding and doing garrison duty at Fort Hays. The colored troops do the picketing, and about every two or three hours the 'smoked Yankees,' as the secesh call them, and the rebels get at it, and start a fight along the line for seven or eight miles, and both parties bring all their guns and mortars into action, and it beats the devil to see the shells at night flying and singing through the air. It is a magnificent sight to *look* at, but some come too close—then they are not so magnificent! My principal objection is that a fellow has to get up so often through the night, out of a sound sleep, to run into the breastworks for safety. We have sixty-five thousand rounds of ammunition and six days' rations stored away in the magazine in case we get besieged. There are no troops of any account near us that could give us any support. They have all gone far off on the left, towards the Southside railroad, where they have been fighting for two days and nights, but with what success I can't say. We heard last night that the 51st N. Y. and the 45th P.

V. V. were captured, but how true it is I can't tell. The rebs have a very strong force now in our front here. They have a very large fort directly opposite ours."

On the 1st October, 1864, Col. Wm. J. Bolton and Lieuts. Owen and Coulston arrived here from their homes, having recovered from their wounds to a certain extent.

On the 4th, about 9 P. M., word went along the whole line that Richmond had "gone up," and, as the news spread, cheers resounded with a will, but the 51st had been "sold" once before on it, as they were coming down the Neuse river on the transports, to join McClellan at the seven days' fight; consequently not a man "could see it," and had no cheer to give. It must be stated here that while the 51st was at Fort Hays, it was an "independent command," being cut loose from the brigade when the troops went off to the Southside railroad. On Saturday, Oct. 8th, the regiment moved to the left, and rejoined the brigade of Gen. Hartranft, near the "Peeble's Farm," not far from Hatcher's run. The Election Commissioner, Mr. Samuel Jamison, arrived on the 9th at the regiment, and Gen. Hartranft extended the hospitalities of his tent to him. On Oct. 11th, Lieut. S. P. Stephens was detailed from the regiment as quartermaster of the Artillery Brigade of the 9th Corps, and left the regiment for his new position on the next day. Col. Bolton then appointed Lieut. Wm. F. Thomas to fill the temporary vacancy of regimental quartermaster. Lieut. Geo. H. Smith, Co. C., was detailed, while lying here, to act as adjutant of the regiment, during the temporary absence of Lieut. J. P. Brooks, who now was commissioned captain Co. F, and had been home on a

leave of absence, but returned to the regiment, Oct. 15th, fully recovered from his wound. On the 14th of October a man belonging to the 8th Michigan, and who cooked for Gen. Hartranft's orderlies, was detected in abstracting letters containing money from the brigade mail bag, and when closely questioned he confessed to have been doing so every day for two weeks before, and that he had sent home \$800, besides \$200 found on him at the time. The regiment had been paid off on the 8th, and no doubt the villain had got a considerable sum from our boys. On the 15th an order was received from army headquarters granting furloughs from ten to fifteen days, to two men at a time from each company. On the 11th October the election took place for State officers, resulting in a Union majority of eighty-three in the regiment. As it is generally believed that the election in the army was influenced by threats, &c., against those who wished to vote the Democratic ticket, no one, no matter who, can say in truth that the election in the 51st was influenced in any way through the interference of Col. Bolton or his officers, but on the contrary every man was persuaded by Col. Bolton to go and vote just as he pleased. Lieut. Geo. Schall, of Co. I, was appointed judge of the election, who, as all his acquaintances know, was a rank Democrat. After the election was over, Lieut. Geo. H. Smith, acting adjutant, accused Schall of being partial towards certain voters. A quarrel ensued, resulting in the "lie" being given by Lieut. Smith, when Schall struck him in the face, and they grapsed and took it "rough and tumble," in front of the adjutant's tent, and finally ended in the adjutant's office, by the upsetting of Com.-Sergt. Parker, who

was sitting in there filling out a requisition for rations; the desk, table, trunks, valises, &c., with the "special orders" were scattered around quite freely. As the combatants were not equal in size, the smaller one made up in "spunk" and agility, and it became a drawn battle, when they both retired to the inside of their "ditches" to make up their list of casualties in killed, wounded, and missing, which was very light, considering that the two antagonists had brought into action all their forces. The result was, one man had received a slight wound from a "hand-grenade" on the side of his face, as if there had been a nail in it. The loss on the other side was an internal wound in the rear of the nasal organ, producing hemorrhage from that appendage to the extent of nearly a teaspoonful. Why it was that Col. Bolton never recognized this battle and reported it to Gen. Park, that a "special order" might have been issued, for the regiment to inscribe it on its battle-flag, is for the colonel to answer.

An incident of another character occurred while lying near the Peeble house. Some of the company cooks made a fire in the woods for the purpose of cooking rations. After it had been burning some time, a rebel shell, that had buried itself two or three inches in the ground before the fire was made, exploded, while seven men were sitting around it, cleaning everything out. Not a spark of fire was left, and, strange to say, not a man was in the least harmed.

On the 17th the regiment moved a little further to the right, near "Davis's house," where was instituted Col. Bolton's "special staff," which not a few will remember, particularly those who dug out the

most stumps and were the most frequent on his "staff," besides the more conspicuous, who paraded the parapets of the works with a small log on their shoulder, for misconduct. Some for "shysting out of a fight," some for stealing, some for deserting, &c. While at this camp a deserter was shot, who formerly had belonged to the 2d Maryland, on Friday, Oct. 21st. His crime was deserting and joining the enemy's ranks. He was captured in a fight, with his gun in his hands, fighting against the Union army, tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be shot. The place of execution was a few yards in the rear of the 51st's camp.

On Oct. 22d, Saturday, these men were drummed around the inside of a hollow square, formed by the 9th Corps, with large placards on their backs, specifying their crimes. Two read, "I deserted in front of the enemy during a fight, and skulked to the rear." The other was, "I am a coward, and have been absent without leave."

At 9 o'clock P. M., 22d October, a despatch was received, informing the line of Sheridan's complete victory over Early and Longstreet, in Shenandoah Valley. The cheers began at City Point and went along the whole line, a distance of sixteen miles, in less than half an hour. Such cheering was never heard. *The rebels in our front began to cheer for McClellan*, then our pickets took it up and cheered for *Lincoln*, and all the bands played until midnight. The enemy began shelling, to add interest to the occasion, then our batteries, to increase the din and noise, opened on the enemy, and a noisier night was seldom heard on that line.

On October the 22d ninety-two recruits arrived

for the regiment. They were principally from Wayne county, Pa. The most of them were drafted men. Only a few were substitutes, whom the veterans facetiously termed "subs;" and on the 24th about two hundred and eight more arrived.

On the 27th the regiment (only the vets.) went out to Hatcher's run on a 'reconnoissance in force,' as it was called, but it turned out to be a three days' fight, in which the 51st suffered severely in wounded among whom were George S. Casselberry and John Camden, of Co. F., who each lost a leg.

While the veterans were doing up these three days fighting, the quarters of the regiment, and also the property of the same, were removed back to their old camp in the woods at the Peeble house, for the purpose of drilling the "green recruits," who certainly were "green" enough.

On the 30th the veterans returned from "their reconnoissance in force," and went into camp along with the recruits, drilling now constantly and long at a time.

On the 26th November, 1864, the regiment received quite a treat from the citizens of New York, in the shape of what was to have been our Thanksgiving dinner, but though delayed two days, it was none the less acceptable. It was a complete feast, and more than could be eaten in two days, consisting of roast turkeys, beef *a la mode*, apples, onions, potatoes, smoking and chewing tobacco, mince pies, full of brandy, and cakes. A nice little incident occurred, and a very agreeable one to the lucky persons. One barrel of the turkeys was largely contributed to by a Miss Louisa Dietz, of No. 132 William street, New York, and five of the turkeys that she

contributed were issued, one to Col. Bolton, one to Capt. Bolton, one to Capt. J. P. Brooke, and the other one to Lieut. George H. Smith. Lieut. Smith, whose supper was soon ready, after carving his "ration" of turkey off the outside, attempted to force his knife through the bones to get at the stuffing, but it wouldn't go through on account of a hard substance inside. Investigating the cause, he found a bottle of the best pale brandy very ingeniously stuffed into the turkey, and carefully moulded over with splendid bread stuffing.

An extract from a private letter of an officer of the regiment gives a better description than can the writer of this work, viz.:

" * * * * Five very large turkeys, each with one bottle of the best pale brandy in them, which was very ingeniously put inside of the turkeys, and then all indications of a bottle being in them were carefully concealed from view by filling up the cavities with splendid bread stuffing, and tying the ends of the legs on one side of the neck of the bottle, and the tail on the other side, and carefully plastering all places up with stuffing. This gave them the appearance of a very full stuffed turkey. Now I must tell you who were the lucky ones that got them, and it was all by chance, for when they were all given out, no one dreamt of any such a thing as liquor being in them. So last night Lieut. Smith, our adjutant, went to cut up his turkey for supper, and had got the outside of it cut off, when he tried to cut the turkey into halves, but his knife would not go straight through, on account of some hard obstacle. He began then to investigate the cause by removing the stuffing, when the first thing that greeted his eyes was a bottle of brandy stuck in. So this morning I looked at mine, and there was one sure enough. I called the colonel in and treated him, and he said he must look after his, and sure enough there was one in his, and one in Capt. Bolton's, then Capt. Brooke thought it time for him to look, and he also found one. It afforded considerable amusement for a time at Miss Dietz's expense."

On the 29th November the 51st struck tents and moved to the right. It arrived at Fort Morton, opposite the crater, on the morning of the 30th, where

it took up its quarters in bomb-proofs. A great change had been made in the works while the regiment was on the left. Traverses had been dug from the fort out to the ravine, near the picket line. At night a detail of one hundred and eight men were sent out to the front line on picket, in the pits that were dug by the 51st several months before.

This was found to be a pretty hot place. The heavy mortar shells were continually dropping all day and night, and not a day from that time until Petersburg became evacuated was it any less; but every few days it would be worse. The routine of duty was a sameness, from ninety-eight to one hundred and ten men every day for picket, besides one commissioned officer to go out with them; twelve to fifteen men daily for fatigue duty, such as cutting and hauling wood, repairing works, etc. The remainder drilling, both fore and afternoon, in squad, company, battalion, brigade and division drill; regiment, brigade and division dress parades, with a good deal of drilling, and winding up with passing in review.

Col. Harriman, of the 37th Wisconsin, commanded the brigade, although Colonel Bolton was his senior officer, but from a mistake made at headquarters, Col. Harriman was assigned to the command. As soon as the mistake was discovered, the assignment was *offered* to Col. Bolton. Col. Bolton thought as Harriman was there he might stay, and he did. The men of the 51st were dragged out on brigade drill, simply because their brigade commander wanted to gratify his vanity. It was not that he could teach them anything, for there was scarcely a veteran but could drill a brigade as well, if not better; but he

wanted to put in exercise all his military power, to show what a "big man" he was. He even formed a "school for officers," so they could learn how to drill the "facings;" all this to attract the attention of officers of higher rank. But his last attempt to establish his high military fame capped the climax. It was long after Lee's surrender and the end of war; and, it is supposed, all the historians had gathered all the material for their literary works, (which is to be regretted, as it has fallen to my lot to record it, which is the penalty for being so dilatory in getting this work out,) as none of them have ever said a word about it, though they should, however, write out new editions. He conceived an idea to perpetuate his non-engineering skill, by detailing nearly the whole of his brigade, for several days, to build a large fort *in a hollow, with the embrasures in the rear*, at Black's and White's Station, on the Southside railroad. If history fails to record it yet, as long as the last man of this brigade lives, his fame will not have died out.

On the night of the 5th of December, the regiment had on picket one hundred and fourteen men and two commissioned officers. They captured five rebels; one was an orderly, one a commissary, one a second sergeant, belonging to the 59th Virginia, Bushrod Johnson's division of A. P. Hill's corps, and two were privates belonging to the Louisiana Tigers.

Heavy firing on both sides all that night. On the 8th of December, Col. Bolton went home on a leave of absence, the command of the 51st devolving on Major Bolton.

Gen. Hartranft invited all the officers of the 51st

P. V. V. to dine with him on Christmas day ; some few went, but most of them were debarred from accepting the invitation by field duties, etc.

The officers had another civility extended to them a few days after, which was a "sell." A note had been sent to the regiment, apparently from a clerk in a division commissary named Robert Young, who had been formerly in the 51st New York, but not re-enlisting. He had been discharged, went home, and returned as a citizen to clerk for the division commissary. This note stated that he had been home and had had so many good things to eat, that now being returned he felt a great sympathy for the poor fellows in the pits, and therefore invited them to meet at his tent on the next Saturday night, and partake of some of the delicacies of the season. A few of the officers had been let into the secret, and they helped the "sell" on by expressing many regrets that their duties prevented them from going.

As the time had arrived to take their departure to "Bob's tent," they assembled at the Colonel's quarters. The colonel being one "let into the secret," had very little to say. One officer, little afraid to go without permission to do so, asked the colonel if he thought he could be spared, as so many had collected to go. The colonel replied, "Yes, you can go, but don't stay too long, for there is no telling how soon all hands may be wanted." Bob's tent was about half a mile off, and eleven officers, the hospital steward, and Martin Dunn, the one who had written the invitation, started in company. When the party had got a few yards from Fort Morton, one of them began to suspect the trick, and asked for the note. It was produced, some declaring that that was

"Bob's" writing, others had their doubts. Finally, it was submitted to "Dunnie" for his decision, who of all others the most anxious to make a sure "sell," decided emphatically "it is Bob's writing." When the party got near "Bob's" tent, "Dunnie" had to leave, as the surgeons were waiting for medicine that could only be got at the division doctor's. "Dunnie" was coaxed to "come on," but he must go for his medicine, and was let off on the promise of coming back as soon as he got the medicine. The party went on to the tent, and then halted to consult, as the tent didn't have a very inviting look, and they appointed a couple to go in, but not to "let on to Bob," until they were satisfied that all was right; but those who went in returned in a few minutes and explained all. Bob hadn't returned from New York yet, and Dunnie had got up the affair for a "sell." The party returned and took the affair in good humor, all hands enjoying a good laugh.

PART V.—1865.

CHAPTER I.

Shelling Fort Morton—Rebel flag of truce—The Peace Commissioners—Conference on the picket line—Reception of the rebel magnates by Genl. Grant—Complimentary enthusiasm on all sides—Failure of the mission—Shelling renewed—Narrow escape of Capt. Parker—Movement to the left—Capture and re-capture of Fort Steadman—Tom Troy's visit to Petersburg—Capture of the city—Last march southward—End of the war—Resignation of Gen. Burnside—Last order of Col. Bolton—Return home of the regiment—Final farewell.

ON January 3d, 1865, the rebels began early in the day their shelling; their whole spite seemed to be centred on Fort Morton, on the 51st P. V. V., which partly quartered in the fort, and on the whole support. Fort Morton had a battery of a few brass cohorns, which threw a 24 lb. shell, situated about fifty yards in its advance. This cohorn battery had the exact range of two of the enemy's forts, and as soon as the enemy began their shelling they opened on them in reply with tremendous vigor, causing the rebels to bring in play every gun that could get the range. Towards noon, it getting most too hot, Fort Morton blazed away with all of her guns and mortars, and an attack seemed to be imminent. The shelling now on both sides became terrific and sublime. One 200 lb. rebel shell entered the bomb-proof of the magazine, but did no particular harm; one fell into a tent that had just been vacated, exploded and tore the tent to atoms. Several men were

wounded with pieces of shells. Towards right the shelling slacked up a little, and ceased altogether after dark.

On the night of the 15th January a severe rain set in, and flooded the tents and bomb-proofs with water to the depth of from one to two feet deep. Those who had no tents, and only bomb proofs, had rain for three or four days after it cleared off; they being covered with several feet of earth, the water soaked through and made everything disagreeable by the water dripping and draining through for several days.

On Sunday, the 28th January, 1865, a white flag was displayed in front of the enemy's works on the Petersburg road, and all firing on both sides entirely ceased. Capt. Parker, who was in command of the brigade picket line at the time, was at the quarters of the reserve pickets when a sergeant belonging to the 8th Michigan reported to him that a flag of truce was up, and he went out to answer it. After getting on the parapet of the works, and satisfying himself that it was a duly authorized flag, he reported the circumstance to headquarters. Having received instructions to go and meet it, to see what was the desire, he divested himself of his arms, and met the officer on the road midway of the two lines. After passing the compliments of the day, Capt. Parker inquired the cause of the "truce," and informed them that he had met him for the purpose of receiving any communication he had to offer. The rebel officer replied that Lieut. Col. (rebel) Hatch, Assistant Commissioner of Exchanges, desired an interview with the chief of Gen. Grant's staff, on business of the greatest importance, and wished to know how soon

the captain would communicate with him. He replied, "In half to three-quarters of an hour;" they then parted, each retiring within their respective lines. The captain again made his report; but before receiving any further instructions from his superior officers, the flag advanced again, and he met it again; but this time two officers accompanied the flag. One was an old man, scarcely able to walk, and introduced as Alex. H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the rebel confederacy, and the other the Hon. Mr. Hunter, formerly U. S. senator from Virginia.

Mr. Stephens informed Capt. Parker that he and Mr. Hunter were appointed commissioners of peace, and to report such information to Gen. Grant; they also requested him to inform Gen. Grant that they were appointed to confer with Mr. Lincoln, and, as the James river was ice-bound, they could not get down that way to Washington, but wanted to come through his lines, so as to lose no time.

The captain again made his report to headquarters, when Lieut. Col. Ely, of the 38th Wisconsin, came out to the lines, and conferred in person with the commissioners.

It will be remembered that Gen. Grant at this time was down at Fort Fisher, Wilmington, N. C.; consequently nothing could be done until he returned. But in a day after Gen. Grant was on the spot, arrangements were entered into whereby the commissioners were admitted into our lines.

From the moment the flag of truce was displayed the works of both lines were crowded with troops, and the enemy and our men watched the whole proceeding in silence until its import was made manifest,

when, as if with one accord, the two lines of troops yelled with delight at the prospects of coming peace. From the right to the left of the lines, cheer upon cheer was given with a hearty will, each party trying to cheer the loudest. "Peace on the brain" seemed now to have spread like a contagion.

Lieutenants, captains, majors, lieutenant-colonels, colonels, brigadier-generals and major-generals were to be seen flying on horseback in all directions, to catch a glimpse of the gentlemen who were apparently to bring so unexpected a peace.

At 4 P. M. of the ever memorable Sunday, Capt. Parker of the 51st P. V. V. was relieved from picket by Capt. Wm. W. Owens, of Co. D, who also had the charge of the brigade picket line. Shortly after Capt. Owens took command, the flag was again displayed by an officer on the rebel pits; Capt. Owens immediately answered it by taking his white handkerchief which had the "starry banner" in bold relief on each of the four corners, placing his "truce" with the four beautiful, miniature flags on an iron ramrod, sallied forth to meet his "quondam friend." After passing the compliments of the day, they entered into the "peace" business, which had been so long getting arranged.

It was settled that the commissioners were to be admitted into our lines at between 7 and 10 A. M. of Jan. 30th, but as it took so much "red tape" they did not get through. Troops had assembled in a surging mass to witness the entrance to our lines; they had come from great distances and from all quarters, from City Point to Ream's station, but only to meet with a disappointment.

Then Capt. Owens again met the truce, when it

was settled that they should be admitted at 5 P. M. of the same day. The eager troops got the information and they lingered around until that time only to be disappointed again. But at 5 P. M., of the 31st, Messrs. Stephens, Lieut.-Col. Hatch, and the Hon. Mr. Hunter, accompanied by another gentleman, servants, trunks, &c., were admitted to the proposed conference. Another vast assembly thronged the road and the adjoining fields, and the scene became very exciting. The rebel breastworks were crowded with ladies and soldiers; our works with soldiers only. About 4 P. M., a large, close carriage was seen wending its way from the "Cockade City" towards the rear of the enemy's works on the Petersburg road; it was watched with interest by all eyes along both lines. The carriage halted at the works and its inmates descended the steps, but as the last one reached the ground the rebel soldiery burst out with one accord and cheered the distinguished party, while the thousands of ladies waved their snowy handkerchiefs in honor of the occasion. Slowly the commissioners crossed their line. On our side, in the road at the point occupied by the 51st P. V. V., Gen. Grant had several beautiful ambulances in waiting to receive and convey the distinguished gentlemen to City Point, where also was in waiting a steamer to take them to Fortress Monroe.

As the commissioners entered our picket-pits those on picket welcomed them with long and loud cheering, and was taken up by the thousands assembled in the rear.

As our pickets cheered, the enemy with the ladies on their works, proposed and gave "three cheers and a *tiger* for the whole Yankee army." Our

pickets acknowledged the compliment and gave the same for "the whole of the Confederate army." After silence was restored and while all were on their works watching with interest the movements of the commissioners, our boys proposed "three cheers for the ladies of Petersburg," which was given with a deafening yell and was taken up by the rebel troops with equal enthusiasm. The ladies acknowledged the compliment by the waving of their white pocket-handkerchiefs. By the time these compliments were passed, the commissioners had reached our main line, and as they began to cross over it, cheers upon cheers rent the air, by our own troops and the enemy, until the rolling vehicles were out of sight. The works of the main line where it crossed the road had been slightly levelled down to pass the gentlemen through. Mr. Stephens seemed to be very feeble and very much excited, and walked very slowly to the ambulance, where he had to be assisted to get in.

The result of this conference with Mr. Lincoln was a total failure to negotiate for peace, the commissioners asking for a recognition of their Confederacy and its independence. President Lincoln demanded the disbandment of the whole rebel army and the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and for the return of the Southern people to their former allegiance; on no other terms would he treat for peace. This they emphatically refused to accede to, and the negotiations were at an end and the commissioners returned home, and President Lincoln to Washington.

On Feb. 1st, 1865, orders were issued to be ready

to move at a moment's notice. The order to march did not come, but was kept a standing one.

On the 3d, the enemy opened all along their lines with artillery and musketry, and the firing continued throughout the entire day and night, when at daylight it ceased entirely and the boys of the 51st P. V. V. and those of the 56th (rebel) Virginia mingled together throughout the entire day, between the two lines, exchanging tobacco, coffee, playing cards, &c.

On the 5th and 6th. a battle was in progress on the left and caused quite a commotion along the whole line. The 51st fell in under arms, where it remained until the morning of the 7th, then it broke ranks and went to its quarters with injunctions to be ready to "fall in" at any moment. The roar of artillery was incessant, but an attack was not expected, as there was a heavy fall of rain, hail, and sleet which froze as fast as it fell, making the ground too slippery to stand upon.

Officers and men were now receiving leaves of absence and furloughs whenever occasion offered, as there was no prospect of an advance being made any time soon.

The enemy indulged in another treat of shelling on the 14th Feb., doing a considerable deal of damage to the quarters of the officers and men. One shell dropped into a tent of Co. C, exploding, tearing it to atoms, and blowing the "kitchen utensils" high in the air. Another dropped on the chimney of Dr. Rineholdt's bomb-proof, knocking the whole thing down; another dropped on Col. Bolton's quarters, tearing nearly the whole roof off; another dropped on Lieut. Smith's adjutant's office, smashing things in general; another dropped on the rear-end

of Capt. Parker's quarters, and after reaching the logs it exploded, displacing the logs blowing off all the plastering, and filling the place with smoke and earth. Capt. Parker was lying on his bunk at the time; a private, Job Milne, sitting on the edge of it, was blown to the front of the quarters, a distance of not less than twelve feet, and strange to say neither of them were harmed in the least, excepting a peculiar sensation felt in the head, caused by the violent concussion. Another dropped on the quarters of Co. E and G, knocking off about two cart-loads of dirt, displacing the logs and filling the place with it.

Dangerous as this constant shelling was, it was impossible to keep the men in their bombproofs, and it is a miracle how so many escaped death or wounds.

In the front of Col. Bolton's quarters, but in its rear from the enemy, was a high pile of earth which had been thrown up from a traverse that overlooked the colonel's quarters and the fort. On this mound would congregate a large crowd of the 51st, among whom was Lieut. Valentine Stoeker, Co. B, more familiarly known in the regiment as "Daddy" Stoeker. As soon as the shelling would begin "Daddy" would mount the "pile" and watch the shells in their descent; and in a strain of laughter to see the scampering of the men, "Daddy" would yell out, "here comes another one from the woods on the right, look out!" thus keeping the boys constantly running from one place to another half the time when no shells were in the air, but as they were falling generally pretty fast they always obeyed the cry of the boy that the "wolf" was coming, not daring like those in the fable to doubt the warning. The scene

would cause a big crowd to gather on the "pile" with "Daddy," when the enemy would begin to shell them off the place, but never successfully, for the boys would watch the shells in their flight and could tell, when they were half a mile high, near the spot they would fall. About the only thing the men were afraid of would be the shell exploding before it reached the ground.

It was generally believed that the rebels were evacuating Petersburg on the 22d of February, as our batteries were shelling them all day at a fearful rate, and receiving very feeble replies from them. Our batteries all fired shotted salutes at noon, in honor of the day, being Washington's birth anniversary.

Nothing of any particular interest occurred during the remainder of the month of February, but the incessant shelling day and night.

March brought the "beginning of the end." Orders were issued to the different regiments to send all their unnecessary baggage to City Point to be shipped to Alexandria for storage.

The 2d, 5th and 6th Corps had vacated the works on the left of the 9th, and started off still further to the left. The 2d, 5th and part of the 6th Corps made a foray on the enemy's right, while the remainder, the greater part of the 6th and the whole of the 9th Corps, held the entire line from Petersburg to near Hancock's station, this occurring on the 18th of March.

On the 19th, the enemy in our front suspecting a move, and in order to feel the strength of our lines, opened on Fort Morton a terrible fire, which continued till midnight. One man, John Omlor, Co. I,

was severely wounded and sent to the hospital. The 51st was in line of battle all day.

The 22d of March was very quiet in our front. The enemy and our men met between the two lines, having quite a sociable time and a hunt. The two parties "scared up" three rabbits, and a chase ensued, the "Yanks" and "Johnnies" hallooing to each other "there he goes, Johnny;" "there he goes, Billy Yanks;" "bit him, Johnny;" "hit him, Yanks," &c. A Yank would run against a Johnny and knock him over; the Johnnies would upset a Yank, and all hands laugh and take it all in good feeling. The Johnnies caught one, and the Yanks killed two and made the Rebs a present of them.

The 25th of March inaugurated the downfall of the confederacy. The rebels about 3 A. M. stealthily crept upon our works, and sent a couple of their men into our picket line in front of Fort Steadman, apparently to give themselves up as deserters. They told the pickets that a whole brigade, officers and men, were ready to come into our lines to give themselves up, and if they would promise not to fire on them they would come. The pickets consented, and at a certain signal that had previously been agreed upon being given, the whole brigade came in. As soon as in, the enemy captured the pickets, then proceeding very quietly to Fort Steadman, where the troops were in their quarters asleep, they began an indiscriminate massacre of the entire garrison, shooting those that tried to escape, and bayoneting those who were asleep in their bunks, capturing none.

Soon after they secured our picket and main line, they occupied two large forts nearly in front

of Gen. O. B. Wilcox's headquarters, which was to the right of Fort Morton, and turned the guns of Fort Steadman on to the main line and against Fort Morton. The battle was now assuming a formidable shape, troops were all needed where they were, and the prospect was that the rebels were to have it their own way. Gen. Grant had sent cars up to the far left for one division of the 6th Corps to reinforce this part of the line.

Gen. Hartranft, who now commanded a division of all new recruits, was encamped about one mile to the left of Fort Steadman, and getting information of what was going on formed his division and double quicked it down to the battle ground, where he arrived just in time to prevent the enemy from capturing Meade's station with its valuable stores of supplies. Daylight was not very distant and Gen. H. was about to attempt the recapture of the lost lines with his division of recruits when he received orders not to try it, but to wait for the arrival of reinforcements from the 6th Corps. The general waited but not long, daylight was near, but it was very dark still, and he determined to make the attempt by himself, if the reinforcements did not soon come. After waiting a few minutes longer, and making himself acquainted with the position of the enemy, he quietly got his division in line of battle and commanded a charge, he leading it in person, that astonished the enemy and they fled in a panic, but their loss was heavy, while Gen. H's was not over 130 in all. He had captured upwards of 3,000 rebels, among which was Maj-Gen. Ransom of Beauregard's command.

The enemy had captured Gen. McLaughlin, commanding the 1st Division, 9th Corps.

The loss of the 51st was five killed—three of which was of Co. F, and two of Co. B.

After daylight, troops began to visit the bloody field. The rebel dead laid thick all over the ground, with here and there one of ours. It was truly a sickening sight; but it only went to show how fiercely the raw recruits had made their charge. This one act should have secured Hartranft a full major-general's commission had justice been done him.

On the 27th, Gen. Sheridan's command arrived, and proceeded on to the extreme left, which indicated that the spring campaign had fairly opened.

On the 28th, Col. Bolton gave orders to "fall in" in the works supporting Fort Morton. The 51st did so, and remained in line all day and night under a hot fire from the rebel batteries. In the night the rebels made a simultaneous attack along the whole front, driving in our pickets in face of Fort Morton. This picket line was under the command of Lieut. Lewis Patterson, who struggled hard with his men (114) to keep them at their posts, but, being principally drafted men and substitutes who never had been in an engagement before that night, it was impossible for one man to control their panic-stricken movements. He did his duty nobly, but all in vain. The line under his command was about four hundred yards long, and while he would be at one end of it, cheering up his men and begging them for God's sake not to desert him, they were doing that very thing at the other end. By the time he had gone along the line two or three times he found the pits empty, excepting one post of four

men, who told him that they would stay at their post as long as he would, and that he might depend on it that they would not leave the pits until he left or was captured.

It is to be regretted that their names were not all retained. Only one, that of John M. Engle, is preserved; but they were all veterans.

Col. Bolton was not long in making the discovery that the men had left the picket line, and every man that had come in was hunted up, and the veterans that could be spared from the support of the fort were sent out along with them, with the injunction to shoot the first man that attempted to leave again. It was now about midnight, and the fighting was severe. The bullets and the shells filled the air above, below, and all around. The detail was put under the charge of Sergt. George W. Patterson, a "vet.," who was to take them out to Lieut. Patterson. The sergeant, to punish the recruits for their cowardice, instead of taking them out through the traverses, took them out over the surface of the ground, where they were exposed to the flying missiles until they reached their posts. Sergt. Patterson turned them over to the lieutenant, who posted them with a veteran on each post—and they kept there too!

On the 29th the fighting on the left was terrific, but at evening had quieted down somewhat; and after dark the 51st's pickets were again assaulted, but held their part of the line. Nearly half of the 8th Michigan, which joined the right of the 51st, and all the 109th New York, the left, cleared out and went into their camp; but ere long they were sent out again.

A heavy rain set in at 2 A. M. of the 30th and

dampened the heated ardor of the enemy. He ceased his assaults through the remainder of the night, but kept up a destructive fire with all kinds of arms.

On the 31st, the enemy began again to show some uneasiness, and in the afternoon commenced shelling us and Fort Morton in splendid style. Finally, Morton opened, with her cohorns, rifled guns and heavy mortars, causing the rebels to concentrate their fire from a half dozen forts on her, making it hot, hotter, hottest ! The last battle preceding the downfall of Richmond and Petersburg was now inaugurated. It continued in fury and increased in vigor until April 2d, at midnight, when the enemy ceased firing altogether.

The 51st, for the last three days and nights, was in support of Fort Morton, and the shower of shells from the enemy's works served to keep them fully awake. Soon after midnight huge fires were seen springing up in all directions through the doomed city. About 2 A.M. of the 3d of April, Fort Darling, at Drury's Bluffs, blew up with a heavy report. Everything indicated the evacuation, and Col. Bolton selected a daring man, Thomas Troy, but better known in the regiment as "Scout," at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 3d, and asked him if he was willing to make an attempt to go into Petersburg and see if it was evacuated. The man replied "He would go." The colonel told him to take off his equipments, and leave them and his gun in his quarters. Tom said "No ; while he had his gun he was sure of pinning one man before they could take him !"

Col. B. consented for Tom to take his gun along,

and he started. In less than an hour he returned, with the pleasing intelligence that the enemy hadn't all left yet, but they were getting out of it as fast as they could. Tom had certainly been in the city, and long enough to get a *leetle* tight.

Col. Bolton now ordered the skirmishers to advance into the rebel works. They sent into camp for the colonel to send them the colors. He refused, but they proceeded on and were the first to enter the city. They were in there half an hour before any other troops, but lost the credit because they did not have their regimental colors to erect there. They remained until daylight, and while in town they secured some mementoes of the event—among which was a bell they took off of a horse-carriage, and which is now in the possession of Gen. William J. Bolton.

Soon after daylight, Col. Bolton gave orders to pack up. The regiment struck tents, formed on the color line, and came to a "rest," at which it lay until 12, noon. The corps then formed in column and marched into the city.* The 1st Brigade

* The list below embraces the casualties from the 17th June to August, 1864, and then from November 29th, 1864, up to the fall of Petersburg, April 3d, 1865. It is far from complete, but the best that could be reached.

Co. A.—Killed—Private Levi Mattis, Private Adam W. Yeager. Wounded—Capt. Jos. K. Bolton, Privates Simon Dobson, Lewis Myers, Lucius Lake, Jonathan Weeber. Captured—Nelson Y. Mattis.

Co. B.—Killed—Private John F. Ackerman. Wounded—Privates Henry Smith, Gabriel Fay.

Co. C.—Killed—Corp. Wm. Kooker, Corp. Joseph Cornog, Privates Henry Fry, John McFaul, Frank Hendricks, Henry Gunter. Wounded—Sergt. Jno. W. Fair, Privates Wm. Hotchkiss, Henry Erhard, J. M. Favinger, Joseph Green.

Co. D.—Killed—Sergt. Wm. Dignan, Corp. James McKenna. Wounded—Corp. Jno. B. Godley, John Roshon, Everett H. Staunton.

Co. E.—Killed—David Lenhard. Wounded—Sergt. George

marched through to the upper end at Halifax, where it remained until the 5th, when the regiment left at 1 P. M. for Sutherland's Station on the Southside railroad, where Gen. Grant had his headquarters. We reached here at 10 P. M. of the same day. After marching into the woods, halting in column, and coming to a front, Col. Bolton gave the command, "By the right of companies, to the rear into column. Battalion, right face—file right—march!" And away they went, through the dark, over stumps, logs, brush, briars, holes, cord-wood and rail piles, into a peach orchard, when he commanded halt! and said, "Now boys, make yourselves comfortable for the night." Fires were first made, and the little light they afforded assisted in putting up such places as each one wished to erect for the night. By 11 o'clock every man was down and asleep. When orders came to "fall in" for a night's march, that "fall in" grated harshly on the ear, for what necessity was there now for a night's march? The rebellion was over—Lee couldn't get away—Sherman would head him off; and those were the thoughts and expressions of many.

At fifteen minutes past 11 the 51st was groping

Diehl, Corp. Thos. S. Mauck, Privates Reuben Kline, John Rahback.

Co. F.—Killed—Lieut. Allen H. Fillman, Corp. Ed. R. Worth, Corp. Josiah Wood, Privates Chas. Wagoner, Samuel Gillespie.

Co. G.—Killed—John Blyler, Bartly McHarney. Wounded—Daniel Sheets, Jeremiah Troy.

Co. H.—Killed—Wm. Shriner, Joseph Pareby. Wounded—Capt. George Shorkley, Jno. A. Nieman.

Co. I.—Killed—Sergt. Stephen S. Davis, Private Robt. K. Felton. Wounded—Sergt. Geo. Carney, Corp. John George, Thos. Herdenstine.

Co. K.—Killed—Thos. C. Pierce, James Gibson. Wounded—Lieut. Jacob Fryburger, John Harris, Daniel Hoover, Wm. M. Stuttsman, Daniel Sheeks, N. Vancurin.

its way for near a mile through the dark woods, as black as midnight, on its way to Wilson's station, on the Southside railroad, where it arrived on the evening of the 6th, and went into camp on the rebel Col. Hobbs' plantation, along the road and within fifty yards of the mansion. Next morning, the 7th, Col. Bolton, with his field and staff, put up their quarters on the lawn, within a few feet of the high steps of the mansion, much to the dissatisfaction of the Hobbs family; but the place just suited Col. Bolton, and that had to be *the* spot.

A "starry banner" of the right kind floated from the roof of the verandah of the mansion. Upon inquiry how it came to be put up, Mrs. Hobbs replied "that a Yankee General by the name of Hartranft had given it to them yesterday, as he went by with his army, and waited until he saw that we put it up, and told us not to take it down."

Col. Bolton put up his regimental colors in front of his quarters, much to the dislike and disgust of the dear old "Secesh" soul. At 11 P. M. of the 9th we packed up and moved further up the Southside railroad to Black's and White's station, to picket the railroad. The regiment arrived there the next day, but did not go into camp. All the companies were sent out separately to guard the railroad, occupying a line of near two miles, where they remained until the 20th. General Burnside resigned his command 15th April, 1865, while the 51st lay at this place.

On the 21st the companies all again assembled at the station to rejoin their colors, and went into camp. While lying here the officers of the 51st P. V. presented Gen. Hartranft with a splendid gold watch. The General received it with a short but appropriate

patriotic speech, at the conclusion of which he thanked them kindly for the testimonial. The regiment formed three sides of a square previous to the presentation. After the ceremony was over, "three cheers for Gen. Hartranft" was given with a will. It was here that the assassination of President Lincoln was officially announced to the regiment, and the indignation knew no bounds. Men of *all parties* united in calling it one of the most dastardly acts ever perpetrated in any country.

The 1st brigade (in which was the 51st), while lying at this station, was detailed to build a large fort to commemorate the name of Samuel Harriman, the colonel commanding the 1st brigade, but the poor fellow didn't get his fort done, as the Secretary of War ordered the 9th Corps to the vicinity of Washington, D. C. What he will do now to perpetuate his memory is hard to say, but his heroism on the night of April 2d will never be forgotten by Lieut. Patterson, who commanded at Fort Morton, and the 51st P. V. V., who supported the lieutenant when he (the colonel) could not induce the lieutenant to spike his mortars, and get his horses to haul the guns out of the fort, while the rebels were still three hundred yards distant and trying to get still further off. He certainly can't say the whole of the Latin phrase to his friends, without blushing, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

On the 20th the 51st P. V. V. left Black's and White's station, on the South Side railroad, and marched for City Point, where it embarked on a steamer for Washington, D. C., arriving there on the 24th. After the steamer arrived, it lay in the stream awaiting orders, which soon came for it to

land us at Alexandria, Va. After landing, the regiment marched to the outskirts of the city, and encamped, about a mile from it, in a woods, where it lay until next day, the 25th, when it moved and located near Fort Lyons, remaining there until the next day, when it again moved off to Tenallytown, arriving a little before dark, and went into camp for the night, along the roadside. Next day, the 27th, it proceeded into the woods to the right of where the regiment had lain the night before, and after cutting out the brush and clearing up the trash, it "quartered," and sat down to work on the muster-rolls. It remained here until the 1st of May, when it again marched back to Alexandria and encamped near Gen. Curtin's headquarters, where it rested for a couple of days; then it marched out about three miles on the Mt. Vernon road, and went into camp under the appellation of being in the "Provisional Brigade," and 3d Division, 9th Corps. This site was called "Camp Andrew Johnson," in honor of the President of the United States.

On the 25th of May, 1865, while lying at this place, the 51st P. V. V. was highly honored by a visit from that estimable lady, Mrs. Harry Hill, of Norristown. She spent the afternoon and evening with the regiment. Our men complimented her by an illumination of the whole camp in the evening, and the drum corps of the regiment gave a serenade. After which she received another serenade from the brass band belonging to the 1st brigade. She then took her departure for the night, bidding them all a heartfelt farewell.

On the 27th May the regiment moved into Alexandria, at the upper end of King street, and went into camp. It was detailed to do the patrolling of

the city. Col. Wm. J. Bolton was appointed Military Governor of Alexandria; and Lieut.-Col. Wm. Allebaugh, exchanged as a prisoner, (having been captured at Spottsylvania C. H. on the 12th of May, 1864,) now commanded the regiment.

Nearly all the drafted recruits of the 51st P. V. V. were mustered out June 1st, 1865, and sent, under the command of Capt. J. P. Brooke, to Harrisburg, to receive their pay and final discharge. They left camp at 2 o'clock of the morning of June 2d, and marched to Washington, where they took cars for Harrisburg.

While here, Captains Wm. R. Foster, Jacob P. Brooke, Wm. S. Mellick, and Thos. H. Parker, and Lieutenants David Long, George C. Gutelius, and Hugh McClure, were detailed to sit on court-martial for the District of Alexandria. Their duties continued for about four weeks. When finishing up all the business pertaining to their term, they were relieved by a detail from the 2d District of Columbia regiment.

Towards the middle of July the order to muster out the 9th Army Corps was issued and sent to corps headquarters in the city, where it lay for several days before it was promulgated. The muster-out rolls came into camp on the 16th of July, and the company commanders went to work at them immediately, to get them filled up; all the men, too, who were anxious to get home, volunteered to assist in the stupendous task; for, be it known, it was an immense job—every name that ever appeared on any of the former rolls, from the original muster-in, had to be accounted for on nine separate rolls. The task was completed on the 27th July, 1865.

On the night of the 21st July the order to muster

out the regiment arrived in camp; the news was received with lively satisfaction. It also contained a paragraph stating that all the men could retain their guns and equipments at a cost of six dollars per set to each man. There were only a few who declined to retain those articles that had become associated with them so long, in all their trials, privations, dangers, troubles, and pleasures, and those few were principally the "raw recruits."

Col. Bolton made a farewell address to his command in the following order, as published to the regiment:

HEAD-QUARTERS 51ST REGT. P. V. V. }
ALEXANDRIA, VA., *July 26th*, 1865. }

Officers and men of the 51st Regt. Penn. Vet. Vols. :

In a very few days this organization will cease to exist. Our mission has been fulfilled, the armed hosts of the enemy no longer defy us, our long, fatiguing marches and hard fighting and weary watching for the enemy, day and night, are things of the past. You have, by your patriotic devotion, assisted in establishing a country, one, grand, glorious, and indeed free. For nearly four years I have been associated with you, and for over one year of that time I have had the honor to be your commander. I would not be doing myself or you justice without giving expression to my feelings. A thousand thanks are due to both officers and men for your prompt obedience to all my orders, and my love is increased by the remembrance of your bravery and gallantry, as you have so often displayed on many a bloody field. But alas! many of our organization now sleep in the valley of the dead; they sleep in honored graves. And it is with pleasure that we can think of their many virtues, their valor in the field, and their cheerful voice in camp, and hope that they have received their golden reward in heaven. When all looked gloomy, you wore cheerful faces; and when orders were exacting, you always cheerfully obeyed. When fighting against overwhelming odds, and by superior numbers compelled to retreat, you have ever evinced that noble, praiseworthy characteristic of a good soldier, "repulsed, but not whipped," "defeated, but not conquered." I feel sad to part with you; we may never meet again. You are about to return to your homes, and assume the garb and customs of private citizens. I am a young man; there are amongst you many who are old enough perhaps to be my father; time has whitened your hoary locks. I cannot part with you without urging that if you have acquired bad habits, incidental to camp life, to make a firm resolve to break off at once, and show to your friends at home

that you can be as good and law-abiding citizens as you have been good, brave, and exemplary soldiers.

I need not particularize separately your many deeds; they all have been fairly won. The record you bear on your silken colors have been honestly won by the blood of your companions, and the deep scars many of you bear upon your persons. You need no marble shaft to commemorate your many valorous deeds; your scars, your sacrifices, and the noble acts of gallantry you have displayed, will be your monument. Posterity will applaud you as the redeemers of our country, the world will admire your self-sacrificing devotion to your country.

I now bid you farewell, and when the war of this life is over with us, when we shall have performed our last earthly mission, may we all meet in heaven is the earnest prayer of the colonel commanding.

With my kindest wishes for your future prosperity, I bid you farewell. WM. J. BOLTON, *Colonel 51st P. V. V.*

The day of muster-out arrived, the 27th of July, 1865, and the regiment was mustered out of the United States service by Capt. Edwin Earp, of the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Assistant Commissary of Musters for the District of Alexandria.

On the morning of July 28th, the regiment broke camp and marched to the foot of King street, amid the congratulations of its friends who thronged the street on both sides, where it embarked on board of a steamboat for Washington; there disembarking marched to the Baltimore depot, where it had to lie till near dark, when it took the cars for Baltimore. On arriving there it marched to the depot of the Northern Central railroad, and steamed it on to Harrisburg, arriving on the 30th. It turned in its books and regimental papers, unserviceable arms, and those not retained by the men, and received its pay and discharge papers. The five companies remained in Harrisburg until the next day, when they departed for Norristown, to receive the congratulations of the "loved ones" and friends, and partake of a collation served up at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, after which a final separation took place, and each

sought the comforts and quiet of a home in civil life. The next day the officers had to return to Harrisburg, to settle up their accounts and indebtedness with the Government and get their pay, which kept them two or three days. After adjusting their accounts, a final "farewell" took place, and the last obligatory vestige of the noble old 51st P. V. and 51st P. V. V. was lost to the nation's view; and now, since we have obtained our pay and are mustered out, free of military restraint and discipline, we bid farewell to the cannon's roar, hoping it shall never again be heard in battle with our own people.

CHAPTER II.

Roster of Field and Staff Officers—Roll of Co. A—Roll of Co. B—Roll of Co. C—Roll of Co. D—Roll of Co. E—Roll of Co. F—Roll of Co. G—Roll of Co. H—Roll of Co. I—Roll of Co. K—Roll of names unassigned—Statement—Causalties—List of battles engaged in—Distance travelled.

Col. Jno. F. Hartranft. Promoted brigadier-general, June 8, 1864, and to brevet major-general, March 25, 1865.

Col. Wm. J. Bolton. Promoted from captain of Co. A. to major, September 17, 1862; then to colonel, June 26, 1864; then to brevet brigadier-general, March 13, 1865.

Lieut.-Col. Thos. S. Bell. Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Lieut.-Col. Edwin Schall. Promoted from major to lieutenant-colonel, September 17, 1862. Killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Lieut.-Col. Wm. Allebaugh. Promoted from captain of Co. C. to lieutenant-colonel, April 23, 1865; to brevet colonel, March 13, 1865. Was captured along with his colors at Spottsylvania Court-house, Va., May 12, 1864; rejoined his regiment, May 1, 1865.

Maj. Lane S. Hart. Promoted from captain of Co. F., July 12, 1864. Severely wounded, August 19, 1864, in battle at the Yellow Tavern, on the Weldon railroad, Virginia. Discharged on account of wounds, December 17, 1864.

Maj. Joseph K. Bolton. Promoted from captain of Co. A., January 15, 1865.

Adj. Daniel P. Bible. Resigned, June 5, 1862.

Adj. George Shorkley. Promoted from 1st lieut. Co. H. to adjutant, June 6, 1862. Wounded at Camden, N. C., April 19, 1862, and again severely wounded in front of Petersburg in 1864. Was promoted to captain of Co. H., April 22, 1864, and to brevet major, July 30, 1864; then to brevet lieutenant-colonel, March 25, 1865, and again to brevet colonel, April 9, 1865.

Adj. Martin L. Schock. Promoted from 1st sergeant to 2d lieutenant, January 12, 1864; to 1st lieutenant and adjutant, May 2, 1864. Discharged on account of wounds received in action, November 2, 1864.

Adj. Jacob H. Santo. Wounded at Antietam, September 17, 1862. Promoted from 1st sergeant to 2d lieutenant, April 15, 1864; to 1st lieutenant and adjutant, January 15, 1865. Veteran.

Quar.-Mas. Jno. J. Freedley. Promoted from 1st lieutenant of Co. C., October 17, 1861. Resigned, and went home, May 11, 1863.

Quar.-Mas. Samuel P. Stephens. Promoted from sergeant, November 16, 1861, to commissary-sergeant; then to 1st lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, May 13, 1863.

Surg. J. A. Livergood. Transferred to 101st regiment, P. V., Nov. 20, 1861.

Surg. Jno. A. Hosack. Transferred from 101st regiment, P. V., November 20, 1861. Resigned, July 30, 1863.

Surg. Wm. C. Shurlock. Transferred from 100th regiment, P. V., March 9, 1864. Mustered out June, 1865.

Surg. Manning F. Bowes. Mustered out with regiment, July 27, 1865.

Asst.-Surg. Jas. D. Noble. Resigned, July 21, 1862.

Asst.-Surg. Jno. B. Rineholdt. Mustered out, June 5, 1865.

Asst.-Surg. Chas. S. Duffell. Mustered out, November 16, 1864. Expiration of time.

Asst.-Surg. Jas. Cress. Mustered out with regiment, July 27, 1865.

Chaplain Danl. G. Mallory. Resigned, July 27, 1863. Re-commissioned, April 8, 1864. Discharged by special order, Sept. 2, 1864.

Sergt.-Maj. Curtin B. Stonerod. Promoted to 2d lieutenant in Co. G., June 25, 1864.

Serg.-Maj. C. Jones Iredell. Killed by accident, August 13, 1862, at Aquia creek.

Serg.-Maj. Geo. C. Gutelius. Promoted to 2d lieutenant in Co. E, January 14, 1865. Veteran.

Sergt.-Maj. Levi Shingle. Promoted from sergeant in Co. C., Jan. 14, 1865. Veteran.

Quar.-Mas. Sergt. Louis Cartuyval. Mustered out, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Quar.-Mas. Sergt. Christopher Wyckoff. Promoted from corporal in Co. F. to quarter-master sergeant, December 13, 1862. Discharged by special order, March 8, 1865. Veteran.

Quar.-Mas. Sergt. Wm. L. Jones. Died, December 12, 1862.

Com. Sergt. Levi Bolton. Promoted from corporal in Co. A., December 3, 1864. Mustered out with regiment. Veteran.

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Com. Sergt. Thos. H. Parker. Promoted to captain in Co. I., December 2, 1864. Veteran.

Com. Sergt. Allen H. Filman. Promoted to 2d lieutenant in Co. F., July 22, 1864. Veteran.

Hosp. Steward Martin H. Dunn. Mustered out with regiment. Veteran.

Drum-Maj. Ed. D. Johnson. Mustered out with regiment.

ROLL OF CO. A.

*From its organization in 1861, to its final muster out in 1865.
Alphabetically arranged and not according to rank. Recruited
at Norristown.*

Wm. J. Bolton, captain. Promoted major, Sept. 17, 1862; colonel, June 26, 1864; to brevet brigadier-general, March 13, 1865; was severely wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at the taking of Antietam bridge; was again wounded in the same spot, July 30, 1864, at the blowing up of the rebel fort by Gen. Burnside. Mustered out with regiment July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Jos. K. Bolton, 1st lieutenant. Promoted captain Sept. 17, 1862; then major, Jan. 15, 1865. Wounded in June, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va. Mus. out with reg. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Abraham L. Ortlip, 2d lieutenant. Promoted to 1st lieutenant Sept. 17, 1862; resigned April 20, 1864.

John S. Moore, 1st sergeant. Promoted to 2d lieutenant Sept. 17, 1862; to 1st lieutenant, May 3, 1864. Killed at Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Buried at Wilderness cemetery. Veteran.

Jonathan B. Ellis, sergeant. Discharged March 4, 1864, for disability. Re-enlisted as a veteran private and was promoted corporal Oct. 31, 1864. Mus. out with company. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania.

Adams, John. Promoted corporal, Jan. 15, 1865. Deserted June 22, 1865, while on furlough.

Abbott, Henry. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Altar, Henry, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Bolton, Levi, corpl. Reduced to ranks July 4, 1862. Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862. Promoted corporal, March 29, 1863. Wounded May 12, 1864. Promoted commissary sergeant, Dec. 3, 1864. Mustered out with regiment, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Butz, Abraham, corpl. Discharged April 21, 1863.

Brannon, Jno. C., corpl. Reduced to ranks, Nov. 26, 1861. Died at Newbern, N. C., May 21, 1862.

Barndt, Irwin, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Cps, Nov. 8, 1863.

Barr, Wm., priv. Deserted and arrested, Oct. 1, 1862; sentenced to forfeit one month's pay. Captured at North Ann, May 27, 1864. Dis. by G. O., May 12, 1865. Veteran.

Bellman, Gotlieb, priv. Died of disease, Nov. 19, 1862.

Bennett, Jacob, priv. Discharged Dec. 2, 1862.

Bodey, George, priv. Died May 2, 1864, at Warrenton Junction, Va. Veteran.

Bolton, Benj. F., priv. Discharged, Sept. 11, 1864, at expiration of term.

Bolton, Thos. J., priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va. Dis. on account of wounds, Feb. 25, 1865. Vet.

Bolton, James M., priv. Wounded, Sept. 17, 1862. Discharged on account of wounds, June 25, 1863.

Bond, George, priv. Died Oct. 20, 1861, at Camp Curtin, Pa.

Buzzard, George S., corpl. Wounded, Sept. 17, 1862. Prom. corporal, 1864. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Baker, James M., priv. Discharged by G. O., July 11, 1865.

Bergest, Samuel, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Block, Elijah, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Block, James, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Beam, Jonas, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Burkhart, Joseph, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Brown, Wm., priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Bockus, Wm., priv. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Barringer, Wm. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865.

Baker, Geo. B., priv. Wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865.

Baten, Jas. W., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Bockus, Henry, priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Barndt, Albert, priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Buzzard, Saml. S., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Brooks, Jonathan, priv. Trans. to Co. G., Sept. 18, 1864.

Boyer, Henry, priv. Died May 4, 1864, at Alexandria, Va.

Backen, Wm., priv. Died July 1, 1865, of tonsillitis.

Bare, John, priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Died from wounds, May 30, 1864.

Berks, Geo. W., priv. Captured at North Ann, May 27, 1864. Died, Oct. 24, 1864, while a prisoner at Andersonville. Grave, 11,434.

Berks, Archibald, priv. Deserted from Filbert street hospital, Feb. 27, 1865.

Buzzard, Adam S., private.

Broomall, Benj., priv. Deserted at Alexandria, Va., June 22, 1865.

Coulston, John H., corporal. Promoted corporal, Jan. 21, 1862. Wounded, Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Promoted 5th sergeant, Sept. 17, 1862; to 4th sergeant, Sept. 28, 1862; to 1st sergeant, Oct. 1, 1863. Promoted 2d lieutenant, May 3, 1864. Wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864. Promoted to 1st lieutenant, Oct. 1, 1864; to captain, Jan. 15, 1865. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Clare, John, priv. Trans. to 1st U. S. Art., Oct. 27, 1862.

Custer, Abraham, priv. Deserted Oct. 1, 1862; sentenced to forfeit one month's pay. Wounded, Dec. 13, 1862; died, Dec. 14, 1862, from wounds received at Fredericksburg.

Campbell, Davis, priv. Deserted, April 30, and again Aug. 30, 1862. Discharged, June 28, 1863, at Milldale, Miss.

Carrier, Wm. A., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Claycut, John, priv. Dischar'd, Dec. 23, 1864. Substitute.

Cornog, Wm., priv. Died of disease, Aug. 18, 1864, at Fort Schuyler, N. Y.

Capwell, Richard N., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Constable, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Collego, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Case, Enos, priv. Mus. out with company, July 27, 1865.

Carney, Wm., priv. Died, Aug. 19, 1864. Buried in Cyp. H. cemetery.

Coulston, Jas., priv. Killed, Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Doud, Benj. F., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Doud, Saml. G., drum. Trans. to Invalid Corps, Camp Nelson, Ky., Nov. 8, 1863; re-enlisted, Jan. 24, 1865. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Doud, James M., corpl. Reduced to ranks, Oct. 30, 1863. Promoted corpl., June 23, 1865. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Doud, Thos., priv. Mustered out, Sept. 11, 1864. Expiration of term.

DeHaven, Isaac, priv. Transferred to battery K., 1st U. S. Artillery, Oct. 27, 1862.

Dickinson, Henry, corpl. Promoted corpl., June 3, 1865. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Divers, Jos., priv. Mus. out Sept. 11, 1864. Expir. of term.

Druckenmiller, Aaron, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Dobson, Simon, priv. Wounded, April 1, 1865, in front of Petersburg, Va. Died, April 3, 1865, from wounds.

Derr, Jacob H., priv. Wounded at Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 12, 1864. Died of wounds, May 28, 1864. Buried in Nat. Cem. at Arlington, Va.

Detinger, Saml., priv. Discharged by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Dried, Daniel, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Delinger, Franklin, priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Evans, Edward L., lieut. Promoted from priv. to corpl., Jan. 21, 1862; to sergt., Jan. 5, 1864; to 2d lieut., Dec. 18, 1864. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Ellis, Jonathan B., 1st sergt. Promoted to 1st sergt, Sept. 17, 1862, from 2d sergt. Promoted 2d sergt., Jan. 21, 1862; discharged for disability, Mar. 4, 1863; re-enlisted as veteran private, March, 1864. Prom. corpl., Oct. 31, 1864; wounded, May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Ecker, Danl., priv. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865.

Evans, Chas. B., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Eckhart, Geo., priv. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865.

English, Harrison, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 20, 1865.

Fillman, Isaac E., sergt. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862. Promoted, Jan. 1, 1864; to sergt., Dec. 3, 1864. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Fix, Chas., priv. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862. Wounded, May 6, 1864 at Wilderness. Died of wounds, June 18, 1864. Veteran.

Foreman, Nathan, priv. Discharged, Feb. 18, 1863, at Long Bridge, Virginia.

Foreman, Saml.; priv. Dis., Jan. 25, 1863, at Philadelphia.

Franklin, Lindley R., priv. Discharged, March 4, 1863. Captured, Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run battle.

Farrel, Thos., priv. Wounded at Spottsylvania Court house, May 12, 1864. Discharged by G. O., July 24, 1865.

Florey, John, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 20, 1865.

Foos, Israel, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Findley, Archibald, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Foucht, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Sub.

Fischer, Lewis C., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Freas, Jesse, priv. Killed, May 12, 1864 at Spottsylvania.

Freas, Saml. II., priv. Wounded, May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania; absent at muster out of company, July 27, 1865.

Fried, Jno. G., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Gilbert, Theo. H., priv. Reduced from sergt to the ranks, Jan. 21, 1862. Wounded, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Mustered out, Dec. 23, 1864; expiration of term.

Gray, Jeremiah, corpl. Wounded, May 14, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Prom. corpl., Mar. 10, 1864. Died, May, 16, 1864, from wounds; buried in Wilderness burial ground.

Goodwin, Benj., priv. Wounded, Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Deserted, Aug. 30, 1863.

Goodwin, Jonathan, priv. Discharged, Dec. 12, 1862.

Gargas, Amandus, corpl. Promoted corpl., Dec. 3, 1864. Wounded, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865.

Getman, Jno., corpl. Promoted corporal, April 11, 1865. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865.

Geisinger, Fredk., priv. Des. while on guard, May 30, 1865.

Gauker, Israel, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Gerhart, Jos., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Gross, Jno. F., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Hammel, Pat., priv. Mus. out, Sept. 11, 1864. Expir. of term.

Hansell, Chas. S., priv. Wounded, May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Hoffman, Wm., team. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Hayberry, Chas., priv. Trans. to 1st U. S. bat., Oct. 25, 1862.

Hennis, Jno., priv. Tran. to 1st U. S. bat'y, Oct. 25, 1862.

Heard, Wm., priv. Killed, Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.

Hennis, Chas. M., sergt. Captured, Dec. 15, 1863, at Clinch Mts. Escaped. Promoted from corpl. to sergt., Dec. 3, 1864. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Herbster, Jesse, corpl. Prom. corpl., May 14, 1863. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1864. Veteran.

Harff, Wm., priv. Captured, Aug. 21, 1864, at Yellow Tavern. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 3, 1864, while a prisoner.

Hallman, Edw., priv. Wounded, May 14, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Transf. to Vet. Res. Corps, March 4, 1865.

Hood, Danl., priv. Wounded at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Deserted, Dec. 27, 1864, from hospital.

Herbster, Wm., priv. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865.

Himes, Saml., priv. Wounded, May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Transf. to vet. res. corps, March 4, 1865.

Hueguenin, Geo. A. priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Horner, Wm. A., priv. Mus. out by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Hildredth, Allen, priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Hunsinger, Chas. G., priv. Mus. out with com. July 27, 1865.

Irwin, Isaac, M. D., priv. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Jordan, John A., corpl. Reduced to ranks, July 4, 1862. Deserted, Oct. 31, 1862, and again, Mar. 10, 1864; but returned to duty, April 12, 1864; taken prisoner at the Yellow Tavern, Va., Aug. 21, 1864. Mus. out with com., July 27, 1865.

Jones, Saml. H., corpl. Prom. corpl., Nov. 1, 1862; taken prisoner, Dec. 15, 1863, at Clinch Mountains, Tenn. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Jones, Abraham, priv. Taken prisoner at Clinch Mountains, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1863. Mus. out with company July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Jones, Benj. D., priv. Wounded Sep. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Dis. Jan. 4, 1863, for disability.

Jones, John S., corp. Wounded Aug. 19, 1864, at Weldon R. R. Dis. June 3, 1865, on account of wounds. Veteran.

Johnson, Ashberry M., priv. Dis. Sep. 8, 1862, at Beaufort, North Carolina.

Johnson, Jesse, corp. Captured Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Mustered out Sep. 11, 1864, expiration of term. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

Johnson, Isaiah T., priv. Transf. to Vet. Res. Corps, March 4, 1865.

Johnson, Edward, music'n. Trans. to Co. C., Sep. 18, 1864.

Jones, Ralph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

James Wilson, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Kelichner, Edward, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mus. out Sep. 11, 1864, expiration of term.

Keyser, Chas., priv. Wounded Sep. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Died Sep. 30, 1864, of wounds received in action.

Keyser, Lewis T., priv. Capt. Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Deserted Nov. 1, 1862.

Kilpatrick, Wm., priv. Died of disease, Dec. 1, 1861.

Keller, Jacob, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Kulp, Jacob W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Kelly, Barney, priv. Deserted and returned. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865.

Lare, Daniel, corp. Wounded, Dec. 2, 1863, at siege of Knoxville, Tenn. Mus. out Sep. 11, 1864, expiration of term.

Lare, Albanus, priv. Wounded, Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Dis. March 24, 1863.

Lewis, Jos. N. Mus. out Sep. 11, 1864, expiration of term.

Linck, Christian, priv. Deserted July 4, 1863, arrested and sent to Fort McHenry.

Lysinger, Hiram, corp. Promoted to corp. Oct. 31, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Lake, Lucius, priv. Wounded April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Moyer, Jacob H., sergt. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Pro. to 3d sergt. Sept. 17, 1862. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va. Died July 11, 1864, from wounds.

Mills, Frank H., corp. Prom. corporal July 4, 1862. Killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

McDade, Washington, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

Maguire, James, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

Markley, Jacob W., corp. Dis. Feb. 21, 1863, for disability.

McGugan, Daniel, priv. Trans. to Inv. Corps, Nov. 8, 1863.

McMicken, David, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

McKane, Andrew, corp. Pro. to corporal July 4, 1862. Deserted Feb. 23, 1863.

McKane, Wm., priv. Trans. to 1st U. S. Artillery, Oct. —; re-enlisted Oct. 17, 1864. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Morton, Thos., priv. Mus. out Sept. 11, 1864, expr. of term.

McCoombs, Samuel, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

McLain, Henry, priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. Captured Aug. 21, 1864, at the Yellow Tavern, Va. Died while a prisoner at Salisbury, N. C.

Murray, Chas. A., priv. Absent, undergoing sentence of general court-martial at Auburn jail, N. Y., for 9 years.

Mattis, Nelson Y., priv. Captured July 30, 1864, at the explosion of the Burnside mine. Died at Danville, Va., Jan. 10, 1865.

Mattis, Levi, priv. Killed July 8, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.

Myers, Lewis, priv. Wounded June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Died July 12, 1864, from wounds received in battle.

Mack, Alexander, priv. Deserter.

McMullen, James E., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Moyer, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Miller, Samuel J., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

McGrail, Thos, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

McGlinchy, James, priv. Deserted to the enemy, Jan. 25, 1865, with gun and equipments.

Mason, Wm., priv. Absent sick at mus. out of co.

Nyce, Monroe, priv. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, North Carolina. Deserted March 29, 1863.

Nunheimer, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Noll, Rudolph, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Nathans, Lewis, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Ortlip, Osman, sergt. Pro. to corp., Jan. 21, 1862, to sergt. 1863, to 1st sergt. April 13, 1865. Wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness, Va., and at South Mountain, Sep. 14, 1862. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

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O'Neil, James, corp. Prom. corp., April 11, 1865. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Oster, Jacob, priv. Mustered out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Pinch, Harvey, priv. Captured Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. Carolina, and captured at the same time. Died at Annapolis, March 31, 1864. Veteran.

Pinch, Winfield S., priv. Trans. to battery K, 1st U. S. Artillery, Oct. 27, 1862.

Parvin, Ephraim, priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Parker, Saml. G., priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Quinlan, Edward, priv. Wounded Mar. 30, 1863, at Columbus, Ohio. Died April 1, 1863, from wounds.

Rittenhouse, Jacob, priv. Mus. out September 11, 1864, expiration of term.

Roberts, Robert, priv. Mus. out Sep. 11, 1864, expiration of term.

Rodenbaugh, Lemuel, priv. Discharged Dec. 27, 1861.

Richards, John, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Richards, David, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Reed, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Raunzahn, David, priv. Draft. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Richards, James, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Reed, Daniel, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Reily, James, priv. Substitute. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Rogers, Albert, priv. Discharged by G. O., May 25, 1865.

Supplee, Robert, sergt. Pro. 4th sergt., Sept. 17, 1862. Died Sept. 27, 1862.

Shillich, Jno. W., musician. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Sanders, Adolph, priv. Died Nov. 10, 1861.

Schrack, David, priv. Died July 12, 1862, of disease.

Schock, Theodore, priv. Discharged Nov. 22, 1862.

Selah, Thos., priv. Deserted Dec. 13, 1862.

Slingluff, Samuel, priv. Deserted and arrested; sentenced by general court-martial to be shot; escaped Oct. 15, 1862.

Sensenderfer, Sol., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, Nov. 8, 1863.

Shade, Israel, priv. Deserted Dec. 11, 1862.

Shade, John, priv. Discharged Oct. 21, 1862. Wounded Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain.

Sickle, Edwin R. W., priv. Discharged Dec. 22, 1862.

Smith, John D., priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Vet.

Smith, Washington, sergt. Pro. corporal July 30, 1864; to sergeant Jan. 15, 1865. Wounded Aug. 21, 1864, at Yellow Tavern. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Somerlot, Wm., priv. Killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Stout, Daniel, priv. Wounded Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Discharged Dec. 29, 1862.

Smith, George, priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Died May 30, 1864, from his wounds.

Smith, Henry, priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Died May 14, 1864, from his wounds.

Supplee, Joseph, priv. Wounded May 9, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Saylor, John, priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at near Spottsylvania. Absent at mus. out of co.

Sterns, Jacob, priv. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, Mar. 4, 1865.

Scheets, Chas., priv. Trans. to Co. G, Sept. 1864.

Strayer, Samuel, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Settler, Fred'k, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., May 26, 1865.

Schafer, John, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Stover, Abraham D., priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Shelley, Austin, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Shelley, Enos, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Shimer, John W., priv. Des. Absent in arrest at Mus. out.

Sweeny, Jacob H., priv. Trans. to co. G, Sep. 18, 1864.

Spease, Jesse, priv. No remarks on roll.

Thompson, Benj. P., 1st lieut. Pro. corp. 1862; to 3d sergt. Jan. 21, 1862; to 2d sergt. Sep. 17, 1862; to 1st sergt. Oct. 1, 1864; to 2d lieut. Oct. 1, 1864; to 1st lieut. Dec. 18, 1864. Taken pris. Aug. 21, 1864, at Yellow Tavern. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Toy, Charles, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Discharged Nov. 22, 1864. Veteran.

Thompson, Benj. F., priv. Died of disease, April 20, 1862, at Roanoke Island, N. C.

Turner, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Tillson, Sinclair, priv. Substitute. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Uebele, George, corp. Pro. corp. Sep. 17, 1862. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor. Died June 18, 1864, from wounds received at Cold Harbor.

Vanhorn, Wm. M., priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1864, at Fredksbg.

White, Joseph, corp. Wounded Sep. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Died Sep. 15, 1862, from wounds.

Widger, Geo. W., priv. Dis. Nov. 14, 1862.

Widger, Andrew, priv. Wounded Sep. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Wood, Harry C. priv. Dis. April 28, 1863.

Weeber, Jonathan, priv. Wounded June 17, 1864, in front of Petersburg. Dis. March 27, 1865, on account of wounds.

Williams, Adam B., priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Wadworth, Michl., priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.

Winters, Enos, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Welsh, John, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Yunker, Charles, priv. Des. Oct. 31, 1862. Wounded and taken prisoner May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Veteran.

Yeager, Adam W. priv. Killed July 15, 1864, at Petersburg.

Zearfoss, Joseph H., priv. Wounded and captured April 19, 1862, at Camden N. C. Deserted and dis. by order of the War Department Jan. 27, 1865. Veteran.

Ziegrist, Jno., priv. Dis Mar. 6, 1863.
Total names on roll 227.*

ROLL OF CO. B.

Recruited in Northampton County.

Ferdinand W. Bell, capt. Killed at Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.

Daniel L. Nicholas, capt. Pro. from 2d lieutenant to captain Dec. 14, 1862, to brevet major, March 13, 1865. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John H. Genther, 1st lieutenant. Pro. to 1st lieutenant Dec. 14, 1862, from 2d lieutenant, appointed Brigade A. A. Q. M. in 1863. Mus. out at expiration of term, Oct. 9, 1864.

Valentine Stocker, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 1st sergeant to 1st lieutenant Oct. 30, 1864. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Vet.

Robert M. Burrell, 2d lieutenant. Dis. for disability May 2, 1864.

John W. Meeker, 2d lieutenant. Pro. from sergeant to 2d lieutenant Oct. 30, 1864. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Samuel A. Apple, 1st sergeant. Pro. from corporal to 1st sergeant Oct. 30, 1864. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865. Veteran.

* *Summary of Casualties.*—Killed in battle—Commissioned officers, 1; non-commissioned officers, 1; privates, 10; by accident, 1. Died of wounds—Non-commissioned officers, 5; privates, 12. Died from disease—non-commissioned officers, 1; privates, 11. Died in rebel prisons—non-commissioned officers, 1; privates, 4. Wounded—Commissioned officers, 5; non-commissioned officers, 18; privates, 44. Captured—Commissioned officers, 1; non-commissioned officers, 3; privates, 13. Transferred—Privates, 18. Discharged—Non-commissioned officers, 3; privates, 77. Deserted—Non-commissioned officers, 3; privates, 22. Resigned, 1. Absent, sick, at muster out—Privates, 3. Absent, in arrest, at muster out—Total, 3.

Recapitulation.—Killed, 12; Died of wounds, 17; Died of disease, 12; Killed by accident, 1; Died in rebel prisons, 5—Total deaths, 47. Wounded, 67; Captured, 17; Transferred, 18; Deserted, 25; Resigned 1; Absent, sick, at muster out, 3; Absent, in arrest, 3; Discharged, 80, Total, 214. Total casualties, 261.

The above account of the depletions of the ranks of Co. A is reliable; although but 227 names appear on the rolls, yet its list of casualties would far exceed 261, for there is not one case in the preceding list of wounded but what were severe ones; none are given under that head "with but one exception," but those cases that had to be sent to the hospitals. The slightly wounded, numbering about 80, if added with the severely wounded would make a grand total of 147 wounded, swelling the total casualties in the company to 341. The officers and men of Co. A can compare records with any other individual company that was in the entire service, whether "regulars" or volunteers, without suffering a leaf to be plucked from their crown of living laurels, as I have looked over some pretty bright records in the Adjutant-General's office that have received high encomiums from those who know where honor is due.

- John W. Beam, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Alson Stocker, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Conrad Swazer, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Chas. S. Knauss, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Wm. J. Osterstock, sergt. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expiration of term.
- Geo. W. Arndt, sergt. Trans. to Vet. Res. Cor. Sep. 27, 1863.
- John M. Wein, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
- Philip A. Barnet, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Geo. Johnson, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
- Milton Ackerman, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Enos Schock, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
- Saml. F. Knapp, corp. Mus. out with co. July, 27, 1865. Veteran. Prom. corp. May 1, 1865.
- Henry Schooley, corp. Prom. to corp. July 7, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
- Benj. F. Ackerman, corp. Prom. to corp. July 3, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Matthew Delaney, corp. Captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., exchanged and rejoined his co. April 21, 1865. Dis. by G. O. May 29, 1865. Veteran.
- Thompson Ackerman, corp. Dis., date unknown.
- Saml. Moore, corp. Trans. to 11th N. H. Jan. 16, 1864. Vet.
- Edward Bullman, corp. Killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va. Veteran.
- George W. Moser, corp. Died from wounds received in action, June 13, 1864, at Washington D. C. Veteran.
- Jno. D. Knass, musician. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Almer Neigh, musician. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Ackerman, Josiah, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Apple, Edward, priv. Absent sick at mus. out of co.
- Arnold, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Albert, William, priv. Captured at Leiper's Ferry, E. Tenn. Died at Danville, Va., Jan. 12, 1864.
- Ackerman, John F., priv. Killed July 31, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., buried in 9th A. C. cemetery, at Meade's Station.
- Ackerman, Harrison, priv. Killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 13, 1864. Veteran.
- Andrews, Wm., priv. Deserted May 27, 1864.
- Buzzard, Adam, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Brunner, John W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Bachman, Wm. H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Bowman, Wm. L., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Burns, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

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- Boswell, George, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Bring, Sebastian, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Bisbing, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Brittain, Wm. H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Buck, John H., priv. Mus. out April 11, 1865, expiration
 of term.
 Bowes, John, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Butz, Wm. H., priv. Dis. June 2, 1865, by G. O.
 Bullman, Jack'n, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Bond, Philip, priv. Killed May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness.
 Brook, Jonathan, priv. Cap. Aug. 21, 1864, at Yellow Tav.
 Brown, Chas., priv. Not on mus. out roll.
 Bridges, James, priv. Not on mus. out roll.
 Colbrath, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.
 Cheney, Jeremiah, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Curtz, Philip, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.
 Crocket, Israel, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Clifton, Allen J., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Coff, John, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
 Crawford, Geo., priv. Cap. Dec. 14, 1863, in East Tenn.,
 exchanged Mar. 1, 1865. Mus. out Mar. 6, 1865, expir. of term.
 Chambers, Chas. H., priv. Not on mus. out roll.
 Dutter, Reuben, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Deihl, Wm. H., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Diehl, John H., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Dulot, George, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Dutt, Courtland, priv. Cap. Dec. 14, 1863, exchanged Feb.
 26, 1865. Mus. out Mar. 3, 1865, expir. of term.
 Dole, Uriah, priv. Drafted. Dis. June 2, 1865, by G. O.
 Dean, George, priv. Dis. June 2, 1865, by G. O.
 Draher, Wm., priv. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor.
 Died June 21, 1864, from wounds received in action.
 Delly, Laurence H., priv. Deserted, date unknown.
 Everett, Wm. D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Everett, Joel L., priv. Deserted Oct. 17, 1864.
 Furich, Henry, priv. Wounded at Petersburg, June 20, 1864.
 Absent in hospital at mus. out.
 Frautz, Peter, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Fay, Gabriel, priv. Absent wounded at mus. out of co.
 Gregory, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Gosner, Jacob W., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expiration
 of term.
 Gerhart, Danl. H., priv. Dis. on surgeon's certificate Dec.
 25, 1864.
 Gamber, Jacob, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
 Gosner, Chas. N., priv. Trans. to Signal Corps Aug 1, 1863.
 Godley, John B., priv. Trans. to co. D, April 30, 1864.
 Group, Lewis, priv. Cap. Aug. 20, 1864. Died at Rich-
 mond, Va., Sep. 27, 1864.
 Haas, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Haas, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hill, Edward, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Hardy, Edward, priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va. Absent in hospital at mus. out.

Hufsmith, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hixon, Theo. F, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Henning, Michl., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Hiney, Chas., priv. Drafted. Dis. June 2, 1865, by G. O.

Haines, Jeremiah, priv. Draf. Dis. June 2, 1865, by G. O.

Halsted, John A., priv. Trans. Jan. 16, 1864, to 11th N. H.

Henning, Wm., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Judge, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Kresge, Reuben, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 3, 1865. Draf.

Kustetor, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 3, 1865. Draf.

Knauss, Chris., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 3, 1865. Draf.

Kresge, Emanuel, priv. Died at Phila., Pa., Nov., 7, 1864.

Kross, Lewis, priv. Not on mus. out roll.

Lee, John A., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Lee, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Leary, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Lottig, Aaron, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Miller, Thos. P., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Veteran.

Myers, Chris. B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Veteran.

Myers, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Mettler, Philip M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Mixell, Henry, priv. Captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864.

Absent at mus. out of co. July 27, 1865.

Moore, Wm., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Moser, Thos., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Miller, Thos., priv. Dis. on surgeon's certificate May 15,

Miller, John, priv. Deserted.

McDonald, Ptk., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

McFall, Titus, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

McKeighan, Wilson, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Nicholas, T. J., priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O., date unknown.

Newsbaum, Chas., priv. Sub. Des. Dec. 14, 1864.

Nugent, John, priv. Sub. Des. July 2, 1865.

Obenholzer, John, priv. Mus. out with co, July 27, 1865.

Veteran.

Paul, Geo., priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

Absent at mus. out of co. July 27, 1865.

Poff, Henry, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Rauch, Wm. O., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Reigle, John B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Rickets, Thos., P., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Ricker, Chas., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.

Reily, Benj. J., priv. Wounded at Campbell's Station. Died Nov. 28, 1863, at Knoxville.

Raub, Joshua, priv. Wounded at Campbell's Station. Died Nov. 28, 1863, at Knoxville.

Ruff, Adam, priv. Des. July 28, 1864.

Reed, Chas., priv. Des. Nov. 25, 1864.

Seibert, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

- Sharp, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Scott, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Scott, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Samuels, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Snyder, Andrew, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Snyder, Edwin P., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Stocker, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Smith, Stephen, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Shook, Abraham, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Samsell, John S. priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Searfoss, Simon, priv. Dis. July 18, 1865, by G. O.
 Searfoss, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Steinhoff, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Schooly, John H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Snedeker, James, priv. Absent sick at mus. out of co.
 Sweeney, Jacob H., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expiration
 of term.
 Sheets, Charles, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expir. of term.
 Slator, Thos., priv. Mus. out Mar. 27, 1865, expir. of term.
 Smith, Wm. A., priv. Mus. out Mar. 27, 1865, expir. of term.
 Shick, Wm., priv. Dis. by G. O., date unknown.
 Seiple, John H., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 15, 1865.
 Steiner, Rudolph, priv. Trans. Jan. 9, 1865, to Vet. Res.
 Corps.
 Stratford, Wm. F., priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Freds'bg.
 Stone, John, priv. Des. Nov. 26, 1864.
 Stewart, Wm., priv. Not on mus. out rolls.
 Snyder, Wm. L., priv. Not on mus. out rolls.
 Titus, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Tomer, William, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Thompson, Henry, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expiration
 of term.
 Thatcher, Aaron, priv. Trans. Jan. 16, 1864, to 11th N.
 Hampshire.
 Unangst, Thos., priv. Died Feb. 20, 1864, at Easton, Pa.
 Veteran.
 Vannatta, Danl. W. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Woodring, Nicholas, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.
 Williamson, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Wacht, Gabriel Z., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Weidnecht, John, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expr. of term.
 Weidnecht, S. C., priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expr. of term.
 Woodring, Hiram, priv. Mus. out Oct. 9, 1864, expr. of term.
 Warner, Henry, priv. Dis. March 16, 1865, on surg. cer.
 Walters, Geo., priv. Dis. March 31, 1865, by special order.
 Warner, Samuel, priv. Dis. June 2, 1865, by general order.
 Drafted.
 Werkeiser, Cyrus, priv. Killed June 3, at Cold Harbor. Vet.
 Wilson, John, priv. Deserted July 2, 1865.
 Wilson, Isaac, priv. Not on mus.-out rolls.
 Young, Lewis H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.

Zamaria, Stelio, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Total names on the rolls 174.*

ROLL OF CO. C.

Recruited in Montgomery county, Pa.

William Allebaugh, captain. Captured at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864, with two of his regimental colors. Rejoined his regiment May 1, 1865. Promoted lieutenant-colonel April 23, 1865.

William F. Thomas, captain. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 2d lieutenant. Sept. 19, 1862; to 1st lieutenant. May 13, 1864; to captain April 24, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

John J. Freedley, 1st lieutenant. Pro. to R. Q. M. Oct. 17, 1861. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Resigned 1863.

Davis Hunsicker, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 2d lieutenant. to 1st lieutenant. Oct. 17, 1861. Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

Thomas J. Lynch, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 2d lieutenant. to 1st lieutenant. Sept. 19, 1862. Killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania.

George H. Smith, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 2d lieutenant. Aug. 8, 1864, to 1st lieutenant. April 25, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John W. Fair, 2d lieutenant. Pro. from sergt. to 1st sergt. Oct. 8, 1864, to 2d lieutenant. May 17, 1865. Wounded Aug. 19, 1864, at Weldon Railroad, and at Petersburg, July 3, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Nathan H. Ramsey, 1st sergt. Pro. from sergt. to 1st sergt. May 17, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

* *Summary.*—Killed—Com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 1; privates, 5. Died of wounds—Non-com. officers, 1; privates, 2. Died of disease—Privates, 2. Died in rebel prisons—Privates, 2. Wounded—Non-com. officers, 1; privates, 5. Captured—Non-com. officers, 1; privates, 6. Transferred—Non-com. officers, 2; privates, 5. Discharged—Com. officers, 2; non-com. officers, 3; privates, 64. Deserted—Privates, 12. Absent sick, at muster out of co., 4.

Recapitulation.—Killed, 7; died of wounds, 3; died of disease, 2; died in captivity, 2; wounded, 6; captured, 7; transferred, 7; discharged, 51; deserted, 12; absent sick and wounded, at muster out, 4. Total casualties, 101.

The casualties and other causes of the depletion of the ranks of Co. B, are *far more numerous* than the above table indicates. It is to be seriously regretted that a more full and explicit list could not be obtained. Not even a single muster-out roll of Co. B, or any papers whatever are to be found in the adjutant-general's office that would indicate that such a company was ever in existence, or that would give the least clue to the correct number of wounded, or who were killed, captured, or died from disease. One thing certain, the company's record is equal to any of its sisters, and its record will be dug out from the archives of State by some future legalized historian, and its pæans will echo throughout the country.

Benjamin F. Miller, sergt. Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Montgomery Smith, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Peter Undercofler, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

William R. Gilbert, sergt. Pro. from corp. to sergt. May 17, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Levi W. Shingle, sergt. Pro. to sergt.-major Jan. 14, 1865. Veteran.

Patrick Kevin, sergt. Killed May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Was color sergeant of the 51st P. V. V. Veteran.

William Eastwood, sergt. Discharged Jan. 10, 1863.

Samuel Fair, sergt. Pro. 2d lieut. in Co. D, Oct., 1861. Killed at South Mountain Sept. 14, 1862.

William Robinson, corp. Wounded Nov. 16, 1863, at Campbell's Station, Tenn. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

John C. Umstead, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Henry H. Lightcap, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Andrew J. Reed, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Hugh Lynch, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Benjamin R. Sill, corp. Pro. corp. May 1, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Hugh McClain, corp. Pro. corp. May 17, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

William Bean, corp. Pro. corp. May 25, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Andrew J. Grim, corp. Died June 6, 1864, from wounds received in action. Buried in National Cem'y, Arlington. Vet.

William Kooker, corp. Killed June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

Jos. Cornog, corp. Killed June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

David Kane, corp. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Samuel Hart, corp. Sentenced by G. C't martial to Rip Raps, Aug., 1862. Discharged as being too worthless for the service.

Simon P. Emery, corp. Died of wounds at Mill Spring, Sept. 29, 1862.

James Sullivan, corp. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Discharged Feb. 23, 1863, on account of wounds.

Samuel Egolf, corp. Shot through the lungs at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862. Discharged Jan. 29, 1863, at Milldale, Miss. Re-enlisted as veteran private Jan. 31, 1864.

Edward D. Johnson, musc. Pro. drum major March 1, 1865.

Allen, Thomas, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expir. of term.

Baum, Levi, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Sept., 1863.

Bell, Andrew J., priv. Capt'd at North Ann, May 27, 1864.

Briggs, Christopher, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Black, Wm. F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Bryn, Wm. M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

- Barclay, Robt., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
Bryant, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Brauntlinger, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Barry, Wm., priv. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expir. of term.
Breish, George W., priv. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expir. of term.
Bruner, Jacob, priv. Died at Alexandria, Va., May 20, 1865.
Brown, Richard, priv. Deserter.
Custer, Abraham, priv. Severely wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C. Discharged 21, 1863, on account of wounds.
Custer, Paul H., priv. Died of disease July 17, 1863, at Jackson, Miss.
Creamer, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Cook, John J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Cook, Thos. R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Condon, James, priv. Dis. June 2, 1865, by G. O.
Carson, Michael, priv. Deserted April 4, 1865. Sub.
Deeds, Albert, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Dillon, Patrick, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Darling, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Davis, Henry, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. on account of wounds.
Detwiler, Joseph W., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Dis. on account of wounds April 18, 1863.
Dillon, Michael, priv. Wounded Nov. 19, 1863, at Knoxville, E. Tenn. Missing at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864. Veteran.
DeHaven, Reuben, priv. Died July 18, 1863, at Jackson, Miss.
Davis, Thos., priv. Dis. May 17, 1862. Disability.
Davis, John T., priv. Absent sick, at mus. out of co.
Dean, Samuel, priv. Died at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 20, 1864. Veteran.
Dougherty, Michael, priv. Died at Alexandria, Va., Sept. 20, 1864.
Duffy, John, priv. Deserted Oct. 26, 1864. Substitute.
Espenship, H. D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
Espenship, W. I., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Espenship, Enos D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Elliott, Jas. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
Emery, John E., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
Espenship, David, priv. Dis. on surg. cert. Sept. 20, 1864. Veteran.
Erhard, Henry, priv. Died at Alexandria, Va., July 9, 1864, from wounds.
Fizone, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
Fox, Charles R., priv. Wounded at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, 1862. Absent on furlough at mus. out of co. Veteran.
Fry, Henry, priv. Died of disease Oct. 10, 1862, at Washington, D. C.
Fillman, Oliver A. Dis. May 29, 1863, at Rhode Island, for wounds received in action.
Fox, William H. R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Fox, Franklin R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Force, Emanuel, priv. Absent in arrest at mus. out of co.
 Fitzpatrick, Patrick, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.

Farrel, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Fry, Samuel J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Favinger, Josiah M., priv. Dis. July 6, 1865, for wounds received in action.

Ferrington, Matthew, priv. Dis. Dec. 31, 1862, at Wash.

Fry, Henry H., priv. Killed in front of Petersburg June 17, 1864.

Gunn, William, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Gunn, James, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expr. of term.

Gross, Marcus A., priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Absent in arrest at mus. out of co.

Garner, Eli, priv. Died Nov. 23, 1861, at Harrisburg, Pa. of disease.

Grubb, Franklin, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Green, Jos., priv. Absent wounded, at mus. out of co. Sub.

Gillard, Wm., priv. Drafted. Dis. on surg. cert. Dec. 21, 1864.

Gunter, Henry, priv. Drafted. Killed at Petersburg, Feb. 18, 1865.

Gibbs, Wm., priv. Sub. Des. April 4, 1865.

Hallowell, John, priv. Died of wounds Nov. 14, 1862, at Mill Springs, Md., received Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Hughes, Henry C., priv. Trans. to Co. F, Oct. 16, 1861, at Harrisburg.

Hartenstine, Valentine, priv. Des. Feb. 1, 1862. Taken prisoner and died in rebel prison.

Hallman, Jesse, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hauff, Fred., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Hotchkiss, Wm., priv. Absent wounded, at mus. out of co.

Holden, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Hamilton, Elwood, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Hoover, Jacob, priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Hunt, Jas., priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Hendricks, Franklin, priv. Killed June 17, 1864, at Petersburg. Veteran.

Inglis, Robt. A., priv. Dis. by S. O. Nov. 25, 1864.

Jago, Henry, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Absent wounded, at mus. out of co. Veteran.

Johnson, Benj., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Johnson, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Jones, Ed. C., priv. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expr. of term.

Johns, Fred. W., priv. Mus. out. Sept. 13, 1864, expr. of term.

Kile, Abraham, priv. Trans. to Inv. Corps Nov. 16, 1863, at Camp Nelson, Ky.

Kevin, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

- Keely, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Keeler, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kooker, Benj., priv. Miss. at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864. Veteran.
 Kelly, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kevin, Joshua A., priv. Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., Sept. 25, 1864. Veteran.
 Lath, Wm. H., priv. Died from wounds Oct. 3, 1862. Buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.
 Lightcap, Geo. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
 Leach, Jos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Latham, Jas. N., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Lape, Abr., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Lynch, Thos. J., priv. Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864. Buried in Wilderness burial grounds.
 Morgan, Griffith E., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Miller, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Miller, Andrew, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Myers, Peter, priv. Des. May 12, 1864.
 Murphy, James, priv. Died Aug. 1, 1862, at Beaufort, N. C., of disease.
 Murphy, James, priv. Died Oct. 20, 1862. Buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Md.
 Mercer, Geo., priv. Died of wounds Oct. 3, 1862.
 Munshower, Wm., priv. Died of wounds Oct. 3, 1862.
 McDade, Patrick, priv. Trans. to Invalid Corps Nov. 16, 1863. Re-enlisted Jan. 14, 1865. Mus. out with co.
 McDevitt, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 McManamy, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 McVeigh, Nathaniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 McGill, John H., priv. Sub. Trans. to 201st P. V. Feb. 3, 1865.
 McGinly, Geo., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown. Veteran.
 McFaul, John, priv. Sub. Killed at Petersburg Feb. 13, 1865.
 McBride, Owen, priv. Deserted. Veteran.
 McMullen, Michl., priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.
 McMenamee, Jeremiah, priv. Des. May 7, 1863, at Lancaster, Ky.
 McMullen, John, priv. Des. May 7, 1863, at Lancaster, Ky.
 Newman, Geo., priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
 Ostrander, Eli H., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 13, 1865.
 O'Neal, Andrew J. Prisoner from May 7, 1864, to April 25, 1865. Dis. by G. O. May 24, 1865. Veteran.
 Paul, Sylvester, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Peters, John H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Pickup, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Pfifer, Chas., priv. Dis. on surg. cert. June 9, 1865.
 Parson, John C., priv. Dis. on surg. cert. June 9, 1865.
 Plunket, John, priv. Taken prisoner April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C.

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Peters, Michael, priv. Dis. for disability Jan. 29, 1863, at Washington.

Rogan, Patrick, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. on account of wounds Mar. 4, 1863. Re-enlisted March, 1864.

Rinker, Jacob B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Roeder, Lewis, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Read, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Radebaugh, Charles, priv. Wounded Sept. 14, 1862, at S. Mountain, Md. Des. Dec. 8, 1862, at Baltimore. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expr. of term.

Rogers, Allen, priv. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expr. of term.

Robinson, Morris, priv. Died June 15, 1862, at Newport News, of disease.

Springer, John M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Smith, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shaner, Wash. M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Schmearer, C. B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Sullivan, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Sullivan, Jas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Spare, David R., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Sherman, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shearer, Samuel J., priv. Absent in arrest at mus. out.

Sortman, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Stout, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Smith, Benj. F., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 23, 1865.

Shaffer, Jacob W., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 5, 1865.

Steltz, Wm. C., priv. Mus. out Sept. 13, 1864, expr. of term.

Sloop, Hilary, priv. Captured. Died June 10, 1864, at Andersonville.

Stoffet, Philip, priv. Captured. Died March 29, 1865, at Wilmington, N. C.

Sullivan, Patk., priv. Dis. May 24, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.

Snyder, John, priv. Dis. Dec. 23, 1862, at Washington.

Sweeney, George, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

Tommy, Stephen, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Tochler, Abraham, priv. Dis. April 15, 1865, for wounds received in action.

Tinney, Michael, priv. Dis. by gen. order June 9, 1865.

Trumbull, Geo. B., priv. Sub. Deserted Oct. 26, 1864.

Temperly, Thos., priv. Trans. to Invalid Corps Sept. 1, 1863.

Umstead, Jacob H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Underkofer, H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Upright, John, priv. Killed June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor.

Walt, Abraham, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Discharged on account of wounds April 18, 1863. Re-enlisted again as a veteran. Wounded at Bethesda Church June 1, 1864. Absent wounded at mus. out of co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

White, Charles, priv. Dis. on surgeon's certif., date unknown.

Walters, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co.

Wood, Henry P., priv. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Waters, James, priv. Mus. out with co.

Yerger, Mark L., priv. Absent wounded at mus. out of co. Veteran.

Young, Henry K., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Young, Joseph C., priv. Trans. to Co. F Oct. 16, 1861, at Harrisburg.

Total, 195 names.*

ROLL OF CO. D.

Recruited at Norristown, Montgomery County, Pa.

Edward Schall, captain. Resigned April 14, 1863.

Lewis Hallman, captain. Pro. from 1st lieutenant to captain. April 14, 1863. Trans. to Invalid Corps Aug. 6, 1864, on account of wound received at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Wm. W. Owen, captain. Pro. from 1st lieutenant of Co. F to captain of Co. D, Sept. 1, 1864. Wounded seriously May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

John Gilligan, 1st lieutenant. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Pro. from sergeant to 1st lieutenant. Aug. 12, 1864. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

* A complete list of the wounded cannot be given, as the material for such a purpose is not to be found in the adjutant-general's office; but the list of deceased, captured, transferred, and discharged soldiers, will be found reliable and complete.

Recapitulation.—Killed—Commissioned officers, 2; non-com. officers, 4; privates, 8. Died from wounds—Non-com. officers, 2. privates, 7. Died from disease—Privates, 10. Died in rebel prisons—Privates, 4. Wounded two or more times—Com. officers, 1; privates, 2. Wounded once—Com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 5; privates, 27. Captured—Com. officers, 1; privates, 8. Transferred—Privates, 8. Discharged on account of wounds and disability—Privates, 35; non-com. officers, 4. Resigned—Com. officers, 1. Deserted—Privates, 11.

Summary.—Total killed in action, 14; died of wounds, 9; died of disease, 19; died in rebel prisons, 4; wounded, 36; captured, 9; transferred, 8; discharged, 39; resigned, 1; deserted, 11. Grand total loss, 141.

This list is correct and reliable from the original enlistment up to January 1, 1864; but it can readily be perceived that from that date up to the final discharge of the company that only a very few cases of wounded appear on the list. The company was hotly engaged at the battle of the Wilderness; still hotter at Spotsylvania C. H.; equally so at Cold Harbor; was the target in the charge, June 17, 1864, on Petersburg, as also at the Yellow Tavern and Hatcher's Run; and its loss in those battles of wounded must have been immense, and it is a source of regret that it cannot be obtained. The writer saw seventeen wounded of Co. C at the battle at the Yellow Tavern while the battle was raging, all of which has escaped his memory, with one exception; that one is Sergt. Jno. W. Fair, who was severely wounded in the foot.

Saml., Fair, 2d lieutenant. Promoted from sergeant of Co. C., to 2d lieutenant. Oct. 1, 1861. Wounded at South Mountain Sept. 14, 1862. Died Sept. 21, 1862, from wounds.

Jonathan Swallow, 2d lieutenant. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, severely. Resigned Mar. 15, 1864, on account of wounds.

Isaac Fizone, 2d lieutenant. Promoted from sergeant to 2d lieutenant. May 3, 1864. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Killed June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va. Veteran.

David Long, 2d lieutenant. Promoted from sergeant to 2d lieutenant, June 25, 1864. Mustered out with company July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John Powell, 1st sergeant. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Henry Foreman, sergeant. Discharged Mar. 24, 1865, on account of wounds received in action. Veteran.

Wm. Dignan, sergeant. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. Killed June 18, 1864, at Petersburg Va. Veteran.

Wm. D. Jenkins, sergeant. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John McNulty, sergeant. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John R. Grey, sergeant. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Freeman S. Davis, sergeant. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mustered out Sept., 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

Walter M. Thompson, sergeant. Mustered out Oct. 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

Penrose W. Clair, sergeant. Discharged by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Edwin Bennett, sergeant. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Discharged on surgeon's certificate, Nov. 14, 1862.

John L. McCoy, corporal. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Andrew Fair, corporal. Mustered out with company, July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John Dunn, corporal. Served in Benjamin's battery, from Oct. 1, 1863, to Jan. 1, 1864, was in the night attack on Fort Sanders. Knoxville, and succeeded in capturing a rebel officer by twisting a battery screw into an officer's clothing and pulling him into the fort over the parapet. Mustered out with company. Veteran.

Jas. Powers, corporal. Mustered out with company. Veteran.

Nicholas Murphy, corporal. Mustered out with co. Veteran.

Albert List, corporal. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mustered out with company July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John Sutch, corporal. Mustered out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

John Beal, corporal. Mustered out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.

Isaac N. Yocum, corporal. Discharged by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Wm. W. Smith, corporal. Wounded Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, March 23, 1865. Veteran.

Isaac Tolan, corporal. Discharged Aug. 2, 1863, at Hampton, Va. Re-enlisted as a veteran. Deserted Sept. 3, 1864.

Geo. W. Bowman, corpl. Died Feb. 4, 1862, on board of the steamer Cossack, on Pamlico sound, N. Carolina.

Richard Lewis, corpl. Died August 11, 1863, on board U. S. Steamer Lycoming, Mississippi river.

Albert Wood, musc. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Wm. S. Lauback, musc. Died at Newport, R. Island, July 27, 1864.

Jos. Moyer, musc. Dis. June 23, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.

Anderson, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Aronimer, Albert, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Ackers, Wm., priv. Discharged by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Andrews, Thos., priv. Discharged by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Boyd, Thos., priv. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865.

Beswick, Chas., priv. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865.

Bumgardner, Lewis, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Browning, Thos., priv. Absent sick at muster out.

Buehler, George, priv. Sub. Mustered out with company.

Bancurt, Jonathan, priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Bodey, Wm. H., priv. Died May 16, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania.

Blakeney, Chas., priv. Died at York, Pa., April 8, 1865.

Barrett, George, priv. Sub. Deserted June 17, 1865.

Boyle, John W., priv. Tran. to Vet. Res. Corps, Sept 3, 1863.

Bacon, Augustus, priv. Deserted December 11, 1861.

Clark, Saml. L., priv. Mustered out with co., July 27, 1865.

Cramer, James, priv. Mus. out with co., July 27, 1865.

Clare, Jefferson C., priv. Missing at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864. Supposed to have been killed.

Creighton, Noble, priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Absent at mus. out of co. Veteran.

Cornog, Addison, priv. Mus. out with co.

Clark, Wm. H., priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.

Colpetzer, John, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.

Cook, Wm. B., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Cassedy, Jeremiah, priv. Captured. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Dec. 4, 1864.

Creighton, Erwin, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, Nov. 6, 1863.

Conway, James, priv. Died Jan. 16, 1862, off Hatteras Inlet.

Crouthamel, Adam, priv. Deserted July 5, 1862, at Newport News, Va.

Dunbar, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Deihl, Wm. F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Doan, Wm. F., priv. Drafted. Discharged for disability Sept. 29, 1864.

Diamond, Patk., priv. Dis. for disability May 9, 1862.

DeHaven, John, priv. Dis. for disability Feb. 21, 1863.

Davis, Chas., priv. Dis. for disability June 5, 1862.

Deweese, Wm., priv. Deserted Dec. 11, 1861.

Eilenburg, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.

- Essick, Wm., priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. on surgn's certificate Jan. 12, 1864. Veteran.
- Evans, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Drafted.
- Easton, Walter, priv. Killed April 8, 1864, accidentally. Drafted.
- Earls, John, priv. Wounded September 17, 1864, at Antietam, with loss of arm. Dis. March 27, 1863.
- Furlong, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co.
- Fisher, James, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.
- Fleming, Hugh, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.
- Forbes, Michael, priv. Dis. Dec. 21, 1864, for disability. Drafted.
- Fisher, Hiram C., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
- Fisher, Harman G., priv. Mus. out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.
- Frank, Barnard, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
- Fizone, Mordecai, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 27, 1865.
- Ferguson, Wm., priv. Deserted April 3, 1865. Sub.
- Fleck, John R., priv. Deserted April 3, 1865. Dis. by S. O. July 21, 1865. Veteran.
- Faulkner, W., priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. on account of wounds Nov. 27, 1862.
- Fair, Chas., priv. Dis. on account of disability Oct. 31, 1862.
- Gartner, John, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.
- Grey, Alfred R., priv. Mus. out with co. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Veteran.
- Godley, John B., priv. Killed at Petersburg, July 6, 1864.
- Geanger, Frank, priv. Deserted April 3, 1865. Sub.
- Guyer, John, priv. Dis. for disability Feb. 21, 1863.
- Guyer, John G., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Dis. April 4, 1863, at Washington.
- Guyder, John, priv. Dis. May 31, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
- Guyer, Geo. W., priv. Dis. Oct. 31, 1862, at Harrisburg.
- Gillan, Hector, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Trans. to Invalid Corps Nov. 15, 1863.
- Hudson, Wm., priv. Absent sick at mus. out of co. Sub.
- Hammond, Jno., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Hagan, Patk., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Hummel, Calvin, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Hunt, Danl., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Hager, Wm. H., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.
- Hixon, Theodore, priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 9, 1864.
- Houser, Joseph, priv. Deserted July 12, 1865. Sub.
- Hayberry, George, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Died of wounds Oct. 18, 1862.
- Haines, Henry, priv. Deserted Dec. 11, 1861, from Harrisbg.
- Horan, Michael, priv. Dis. Dec. 31, 1861, for disability.
- Henshall, Jno. priv. Dis. Dec. 31, 1861, for disability.
- Hamburger, Wm. priv., Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Trans. to Invalid Corps Nov. 6, 1863.
- Johnson, John, priv. Missing at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864. Supposed killed. Was wounded at Newbern N. C. March 14, 1862. Veteran.
- Jones, Warren, Priv. Dis. by G. O. July 6, 1865.

- Kane, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kobba, Fredk., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Drafted.
 Keppler, Wm., priv. Deserted June 14, 1865. Sub.
 Kelley, James, priv. Deserted June 13, 1865. Sub.
 Kay, Samuel, priv. Killed Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain.
 Kemmerer, Benj., priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredksbg.
 Lancaster, John, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.
 Lukens, Elwood, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fred-
 ericksburg. Mus. out with co. Veteran.
 Lysinger, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. Veteran.
 Lybig, Jonathan, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.
 Lindner, Samuel, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.
 Lonsdale, J. Wesley, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fred-
 ericksburg.
 Mogee, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. Dis. for disability
 March, 5, 1863. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862. Re-enlisted.
 Montgomery, T. J., priv. Mus. out with co.
 Moode, Lemuel, priv. Captured at North Ann, May 27,
 1864. Absent at mus. out of co.
 Mauchey, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.
 Myers, Joseph, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Drafted.
 Moore, Henry C., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 11, 1865. Wounded
 at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, 1862.
 Messersmith, J. H., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.
 Michaels, John A., priv. Deserted June 3, 1865. Sub.
 Mogee, John, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.
 McNamara, Patk., priv. Mus. out with co.
 McDade, Saml., priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 McDade, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 McDade, Danl., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 McKenna, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 McLoughlin, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Substitute.
 McCluskey, Barnard., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
 McCurry, James, priv. Dis. by G. O. July 11, 1865. Sub.
 McKenna, James, priv. Killed at Petersburg June 21, 1864.
 Veteran.
 McConnell, Owen, priv. Wounded Sept. 14, 1862, at South
 Mountain. Discharged 1863.
 McQuarress, Jas., priv. Accidentally killed August 16,
 1863, on Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, by the smashing of the
 train of cars in which the 51st P. V. was on transit from Vicks-
 burg to Cincinnati. Buried at a small town called "Shoals,"
 in the vicinity of the "smash up."
 Mooney, Michael, priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 McMeeken, Thos., priv. Dis. June 11, 1863, for disability.
 McManamy, Wm., priv. Wounded Sep. 17, 1862, at Antie-
 tam. Captured at Snicker's Gap March 4, 1863. Dis. March
 4, 1863, for disability.
 McCoy, Uriah, priv. Dis. Dec. 31, 1862, for disability.
 McKessick, Hugh, priv. Deserted Feb. 10, 1863, again July
 4, 1863.
 Miller, John R., priv. Dis. Feb. 2, 1863, for disability.

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Norris, Robert, priv. Deserted Dec. 11, 1861.

O'Neil, Dennis, priv. Wounded Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 6, 1863. Re-enlisted Feb. 28, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

O'Donnell, Barney, priv. Died while home on veteran furlough March 10, 1864. Veteran.

Olenwine, George, priv. Died May 1864.

Peasley, David, priv. Mus. out with co.

Peterson, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.

Price, Amos M., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Porter, Alfred, priv. Deserted April 3, 1865. Sub.

Pollock, Wm., priv. Dis. May 29, 1862, for disability.

Rafferty, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. Sub.

Robinson, Robt., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Rhode, Henry, priv. Dis. Sept. 27, 1864, for disability.

Raifsnyder, Wm., priv. Trans. to co. K. Nov. 11, 1864.

Roshon, John, priv. Died at Petersburg from wounds Aug. 22, 1864.

Rex, Owen, priv. Wounded Mar. 14, 1862, at the taking of Newbern, N. C. Wounded again April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C. and again Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Dis. on account of wounds June 23, 1863.

Richards, John, priv. Died of wounds Sept. 26, 1862. Buried in Military Cemetery D. C.

Reider, Jacob, priv. Dis. May 1, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.

Rhoads, Thos., priv. Deserted July 11, 1865. Sub.

Smith, Nathan, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Smith, Thos. D., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Sloan, Isaac, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. Aug. 2, 1863.

Sharp, Saml., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Trans. to Invalid Corps Nov. 6, 1863.

Sutch, Henry, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Trans. to Invalid Corps Nov. 15, 1863.

Shaffer, Geo., priv. Died of disease Jan. 2, 1862, on the Cossack.

Sutch, Thos. B., priv. Dis. May 21, 1862, for disability.

Smith, John, priv. Dis. Nov. 27, 1862, for disability.

Smedley, Benj., priv. Dis. June 23, 1862, for disability.

Sutch, Benj., priv. Dis. Feb. 13, 1863, for disability.

Schall, W. Percy, priv. Captured Aug. 20, 1862, at Kelly's Ford, Va. Dis. by S. O. Jan. 31, 1864. Veteran.

Stadenmayer, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with Co. July 27, 1865.

Spotts, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Schlunkofer, Geo., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Staunton, Ever't H. priv. Wounded at Petersburg Dec. 8, 1864. Absent at muster out.

Sands, Jacob, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Schnier, Conrad, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Smedley, Isaiah F., priv. Mus. out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

Smedley, Hunter, priv. Mus. out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

Smedley, Mifflin, priv. Mus. out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

Smith, Alfred, priv. Mus. out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

Sarba, John, priv. Sub. Dis. by G. O. May, 27, 1865.

Smith, Winfield S., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 16, 1865.

Sarba, Joseph, priv. Trans. to Co. K Nov. 11, 1864.

Saurwine, Paul L., priv. Died May 6, 1864, at Wilderness.

Showalter, Wm. H., priv. Killed May 22, 1864.

Smith, Wm., priv. Sub. Deserted June 13, 1865.

Smith, Albert, priv. Mus. out on expiration of term.

Tyge, Anthony, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Thomas, Geo. W., priv. Draft. Dis. by G. O. June 13, 1865.

Thorp, Stephen, priv. Dis. by G. O. May 24, 1865.

Vanfossen, Hiram, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865, Veteran.

Valentine, Aaron, priv. Draft. Dis. by G. O. July 25, 1865.

Vanfossen, Thos., priv. Dis. Feb. 26, 1863, on account of wounds received Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.

Weidner, Josiah, priv. Died Dec. 2, 1861, of disease at Norristown.

Weidner, Wm. W., priv. Died April 16, 1862, of wounds received at Newbern.

Whitehead, Jas., priv. Captured Aug. 20, 1862, at Kelly's Ford, Va. Discharged for disability Jan. 4, 1863.

Werkeiser, Geo., priv. Dis. Dec. 2, 1863, for disability.

Warst, John H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Wampold, Philip, priv. Captured at North Ann May 27, 1864. Absent at mus. out.

Wherle, Andrew, priv. Captured at North Ann May 27, 1864. Absent at mus. out.

Ward, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Walter, Jackson H., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 29, 1865.

Widger, Chas., priv. Mus. out Sept. 19, 1864. Expiration of term.

Wanamaker, Tar. Sub. Dis. by G. O. July 14, 1865.

Weidnecht, John, priv. Trans. to Co B. Oct. 9, 1864.

Weidnecht, Saml., priv. Trans. to Co. B. Oct. 9, 1864.

West, Joseph, priv. Sub. Deserted June 3, 1865.

Ward, Hugh, priv. Deserted June 21, 1865.

* Yost, Danl. R., priv. Wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864. Absent at mus. out of co.

Yerkes, David H., priv. Killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness.

Yeager, Francis, priv. Deserted June 17, 1864.

Yarnall, Geo. W., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Dis. Mar. 7, 1863, on account of wounds.

Zerner, Franz E., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Total names on the rolls, 219.*

* *Summary of Casualties.*—Killed—Commissioned officers, 1; non-com. officers, 1; privates 10. Died from wounds—Com. officers, 1;

ROLL OF CO. E.

Recruited at Mifflinburg.

G. H. Hassenplug, captain. Dis. by S. O. June 11, 1864.

Wm. R. Foster, capt. Pro. from 2d to 1st lieut. Sept. 10, 1863, to capt. July 13, 1864, to brevet-major March 13, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Jno. A. Morris, 1st lieut. Pro. to assistant quarter-master, and transferred to Gen. Burnside's staff March 16, 1863.

Francis R. Frey, 1st lieut. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 1st lieut. Jan. 13, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Martin L. Schock, 1st lieut. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 2d lieut. Jan. 12, 1864, to 1st lieut. and adjutant May 2, 1864.

James L. Seebold, 2d lieut. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 2d lieut. May 2, 1864, com. 1st lieut. June 12, 1864, not mustered. Discharged by special order, Dec. 10, 1864.

Geo. C. Gutelius, 2d lieut. Pro. from sergt.-major Jan. 14, 1865, to 2d lieut. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John M. Wierman, 1st sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Thomas D. Reed, 1st sergt. Pro. to 1st lieut. Co. G, Nov. 23, 1864. Veteran.

Ellridge G. Maize, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Charles Mills, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Cornelius Edelman, sergt. Pro. from corp. to sergt. Jan. 15, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

George Diehl, sergt. Dis. July 11, 1865, for wounds received in action. Veteran.

Lewis G. Titus, sergt. Died Jan. 17, 1863, from wounds received Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

John H. Sortman, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

privates, 7. Killed by accident—Privates, 2. Died from disease—Non-com. officers, 5; privates, 6. Died in rebel captivity, 2. Wounded—Com. officers, 5; non-com. officers, 10; privates, 27. Captured—Privates, 7. Transferred—Com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 1; privates, 12. Resignations—Com. officers, 2. Discharged for disability, on account of wounds, and expiration of term, 71; deserted, 21; missing, 2.—Total, 114. Add deaths, 34; wounded 42.—Grand total of casualties, 190.

The above list, roll, and table can be relied on as being correct as far as it goes. It reaches but a very few cases of casualties, such as the wounded during the veteran organization, as those cases are not to be found on the papers in the adjutant-general's office. Still the studious reader can judge from what Co. D has suffered in its original enlistment—that it did not stand at "ground arms" while its sister companies were begrimed with powder and the smoke of battle during their veteran organization. The men have a right to be proud of their officers, and the officers an equal right to be proud of their men.

- Cyrus A. Eaton, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Peter Struble, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
- Isaac Treat, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Daniel High, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
- Ebert Sprowles, corp. Pro. corp. June 2, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- William Kelchner, corp. Pro. corp. June 2, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Isaac G. Magee, corp. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
- Adam Gluse, corp. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
- Thomas F. Search, corp. Trans. to Co. H April 11, 1864.
- Jno. C. Youngman, corp. Trans. to Co. H April 11, 1864.
- Geo. W. Foote, corp. Trans. to Co. H April 11, 1864.
- Levi H. Ammon, corp. Killed May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Buried at 9th A. C. cem., Meade station. Veteran.
- Thos. S. Mauck, corp. Died June 20, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg. Buried in Nat. Cem., Arlington. Vet.
- Geo. M. Aurand, corp. Killed at Yellow Tavern on Weldon railroad, Aug. 19, 1864. Vet.
- James Luker, corp. Dis. Feb. 21, 1863, for disability.
- Chas. D. Kline, Jr., corp. Dis. Jan. 1864, by special order.
- Joseph A. Logan, musc. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Aikey, Jeremiah, priv. Captured. Died at Andersonville. Date unknown.
- Barnes, Albert, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Black, James, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Burkhart, Adolph, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Benner, Asher, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Baker, Ralston, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
- Boop, Jacob, priv. Dis. Dec. 8, 1864, for wounds received in action.
- Blair, Simon S., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draft.
- Bowers, George, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
- Bomgardner, Jno., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 5, 1865. Draft.
- Benner, Lewis J., priv. Trans. to Co. H, April 11, 1864.
- Beers, David H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Barklow, Geo. E., priv. Died July 21, 1863, at Brownsville, Mississippi.
- Benfer, Abraham, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Date unknown.
- Burk, Geo. P., priv. Dis. May 21, 1862, for disability.
- Brouse, Benj. H., priv. Killed April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C.
- Bell, Wm. H., priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Date unknown.
- Burris, Samuel, priv. Dis. Dec. 2, 1861, for disability.
- Cornelius, James P., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
- Cornelius, Geo. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Chambers, Jas. M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Curtis, Jeremiah F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Curfman, Daniel, priv. Dis. by G. O. May 15, 1865. Draft.

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Cole, Luther G., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draft.
Chambers, Morrin B., priv. Mus. out Sep. 22, 1864. Expiration of term.

Chappel, Ezra, priv. Mus. out Sept. 22, 1864. Expiration of term.

Claphan, Thomas H., priv. Died March 13, 1864. Vet.

Dolby, Isaac, priv. Captured. Absent in hospital at mus. out. Veteran.

Dolby, Abraham, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Dersham, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Diehl, Henry C., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Dewire, Alexander, priv. Absent in prison since Feb. 25, 1865, by sentence of general court-martial.

Dingman, Abraham, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.

Donnison, Aaron, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draft.

Dunkle, James M., priv. Killed June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor. Veteran.

Donachy, Thos., priv. Dis. Dec. 1, 1862, for disability.

Derks, John D., priv. Trans. to Reg. Army, Oct. 27, 1862.

Engle, Solomon, priv. Dis. Dec. 12, 1862, for disability.

Eidem, Henry, priv. Trans. to Reg. Army, Oct. 25, 1862.

Fletcher, Justice J., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draft.

Frederick, Jacob, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Fox, Henry D., priv. Trans. to V. R. C. Date unknown.

Fetter, John, priv. Trans. to V. R. C. Date unknown.

Geninger, Wm., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draft.

Galloway, Geo. W., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Sub.

Gordon, Jacob, priv. Trans. to V. R. C. Oct., 1863.

Heitsman, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Heitsman, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Heimback, Elias, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hackman, Wm. R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hummell, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hilbish, Ammon, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hanselman, David, priv. Absent in arrest at mus. out of co.

Hassenplug, John T., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Henderson, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Hendricks, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Substitute.

Hendershot, Christ., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Drafted.

Heiteman, Isaiah, priv. Trans. to Co. H, Nov. 16, 1864.

Hickernell, Robt., priv. Died of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Hauley, Timothy, priv. Deserted April 5, 1865. Substitute.

Hansell, David, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. October 25, 1862.

Hanselman, Adam, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 25, 1862.

Hoffman, Wm. R., priv. Killed, April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C.

Hoffman, Ed. J., priv. Trans. to U. S. Artillery October 27, 1862.

Hutchinson, Henry, priv. Dis. June 17, 1862. Disability.
 Harris Berryhill B., priv. Dis. June 17, 1862. Disability.
 Irwin, Robert H., priv. Mus. out Sept. 22, 1864. Expr.
 of term.

Kline, Reuben, priv. Absent wounded at mus. out.
 Kline, Joel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kline, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kline, Charles, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kline, Andrew T., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kunkle, Samuel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kunkle, Jonathan, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kidson, Fran., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Klinger, John, priv. Discharged Aug. 10, 1864. Disability.
 Kennedy, Barton, priv. Discharged by G. O. June 7, 1865.
 Kelly, James T., priv. Trans. to Co. H. Nov., 1864.
 Kline, Jacob L., priv. Died May 6, 1864; buried in U. S.
 General Hospital Cemetery, Annapolis, Md.
 Lloyd, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lottz, Galen, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Long, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Laudenslager, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lenhart, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Lloyd, John, priv. Mus. out Sept. 22, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Lydle, Chas., priv. Mus. out Sept. 22, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Leinbach, Wm. F. N., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Laird, Saml. H., priv. Discharged by G. O. June 5, 1865.
 Lenhard, David, priv. Killed June 17, 1864, at Peters-
 burg, Va.

Miller, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Miller, Henry., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Miller, James, priv. Absent in hospital at mus. out of co.
 Myers, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Masterson, Ed. J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Substitute.

Mertz, Jacob K., priv. Mus. out with co. July, 27, 1865.
 Middaugh, John T., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Drafted.

Millhouse, John, priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilder-
 ness. Discharged May, 16, 1865, on account of wounds.
 Moll, Joseph H., priv. Trans. to Co. H, April 18, 1864.
 Meckley, Alfred, priv. Killed in battle at Yellow Tavern,
 Aug. 19, 1864.

Mullin, Arthur, priv. Deserted June 18, 1865. Substitute.
 Marsh, Charles H., priv. Deserted April 10, 1864.
 McGregor, Samuel, priv. Deserted April 26, 1865. Vet.
 McFadden, Jackson, priv. Discharged for wounds received
 Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Norton, Henry M. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Orwig, Wm. P., priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 25, 1862.
 Orwig, John W., priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 25, 1862.
 Paul, Peter G., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Post, Victor E., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Rule, John V., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

- Rahback, John, priv. Absent, wounded, at mus. out.
 Rote, Joel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Rote, Saml., priv. Discharged by G. O. May 23, 1865.
 Reed, Martin G., priv. Discharged by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Reese, Jonathan, priv. Mus. out Sept. 22, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Raden, Jeremiah, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 27, 1862.
 Renner, Levi, priv. Dis. Jan. 10, 1862, for disability.
 Searless, Sebastian, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Veteran.
 Schnure, George, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Schnure, Wm., priv. Wounded in action. Dis. July 17, 1865.
 Shriner, Josiah, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Schaffle, Frank S., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 31, 1865. Vet.
 Smith, Albert E., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draf.
 Sheckler, John W., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 29, 1865. Vet.
 Seebold, Geo. A., priv. Mus. out Sept. 22, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Sholley, Wm. S., priv. Trans. to Co. H, April 18, 1864.
 Seebold, Castor, priv. Died May 11, 1864, at Philadelphia.
 Simmons, Thos., priv. Sub. Deserted May 17, 1864.
 Shaffer, Anthony, priv. Deserted March 7, 1864.
 Shreffler, Joseph, priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 27, 1862.
 Sassman, Emanuel, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 27, 1862.
 Sassman, Noah W., priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 27, 1862.
 Speese, Daniel, priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 27, 1862.
 Sheary, Saml. F., priv. Dis. for disability, date unknown.
 Sheckler, John W., priv. Captured. Dis., date unknown.
 Snyder, Henry, priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 25, 1862.
 Snyder, Jonathan, priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 25, 1862.
 Stizer, John T., priv. Trans. to U. S. Army Oct. 25, 1862.
 Toland, Robt., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Tucker, Samuel, priv. Deserted March 10, 1864.
 Trainer, Chas. H., priv. Dis. Dec. 21, 1861, for disability.
 Wilson, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Weaver, John D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Watson, Wm. S., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Drafted.
 Wolfinger, Joseph, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Wirt, Andrew G., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Webb, Wm., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.
 Wirt, Geo. W., priv. Died Sept. 15, 1863, at Lexington, Ky.
 Woodward, C. W., priv. Dis., date unknown, for disability.
 Zechman, Melancthon, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Zimmerman, Wm., priv. Trans. to Reg. Army Oct. 25, 1862.
 Total names on the rolls, 182.*

* It will be impossible to give the faintest idea of the casualties in Co. E, as it, in company with the five which constituted the "left wing," appear to have ignored the propriety of entering them as they happened on their regular muster and pay rolls. Those in the regiment know full well that Co. E, under such a cool, brave, and noted officer as Captain Wm. R. Foster, must have expe-

ROLL OF CO. F.

Recruited at Norristown.

Robert E. Taylor, captain, Resigned July 27, 1862.

Lane S. Hart, capt. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam, again Aug. 19, 1864, at the Yellow Tavern, Va. Pro. from 1st lieutenant to captain July 28, 1862; to major July 21, 1864.

Jacob P. Brooke, capt. Wounded Aug. 19, 1864, at the Yellow Tavern, Va. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 1st lieutenant. July 29, 1862; to capt. July 22, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Wm. W. Owen, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from sergt. to 2d lieutenant. July 23, 1862; to 1st lieutenant. July 22, 1864; to capt. Co. D, Sept. 1, 1864. Seriously wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness.

Howard Bruce, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 2d lieutenant. Sept. 2, 1864; to 1st lieutenant. Oct. 31, 1864. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, again May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Joseph C. Reed, 2d lieutenant. Pro. capt. and com. sub. July 22, 1862.

Henry Jacobs, 2d lieutenant. Wounded July 16, 1863, at Jackson,

experienced considerable loss, for he always led them into the thickest of the fight, where the heaviest blows were most needed, and certain it is, that his men did not escape the dangers incident to the conflict, but shed their brave blood equally as free as those of other companies. The writer can give a voucher for this from his own observations. At the time Colonel Hartranft double-quickened the division into the cornfield at the junction of the Kingston and Knoxville roads at Campbell's Station, East Tennessee, on Nov. 16, 1863, seven men of Co. E were wounded, and not one of the cases appears on the company rolls, therefore it is to be inferred that they cared very little about noting down such glory, it being sufficient to know that they had got a "smack."

The following tabular statement will have to suffice:

Killed in battle—Non-commissioned officers, 2; privates, 5. Died of wounds—Non-com. officers, 2; privates, 2. Died of disease—Privates, 4. Died in rebel prisons—Privates, 1. Wounded—Com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 3; privates, 7. Captured—Privates, 3. Transferred—Com. officers, 2; non-com. officers, 3; privates, 26. Discharged—Com. officers, 2; non-com. officers, 5; privates, 50. Deserted—Privates, 7.

Recapitulation.—Total killed and died, 14; wounded, 11; transferred, 31; discharged, 57; deserted, 7. Grand total loss, 123.

This table shows one thing that is plain to every soldier and those conversant with military matters, and that is the great disparity between the killed and the wounded, being but eleven wounded to seven killed. Even allowing but seven killed, and taking the lowest percentage for wounded, it would put the wounded at thirty-five, and at the highest percentage at forty-nine; but as Co. E has done some pretty hard fighting, it would be but fair to strike the medium, and to put down forty-two for its wounded. Its killed and wounded would no doubt equal any other company, if it could be ascertained.

Miss. Pro. from sergt. to 2d lieut. Nov. 1, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Allen H. Fillman, 2d lieut. Pro. from com. sergt. to 2d lieut. July 22, 1864. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Killed July 30, 1864, at the explosion of the Burnside mine, in front of Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

Benjamin White, 1st sergt. Wounded July 16, 1863, at Jackson, Miss. Pro. from sergt. to 1st sergt. April 1, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

William B. Hart, 1st sergt. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Prom. to captain and A. A. Gen., U. S. Volunteers, April 1, 1865. Veteran.

Jacob W. Reed, sergt. Wounded Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Jas. Y. Guyder, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Wm. H. Fie, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Geo. W. Hiltner, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Thos. B. Garner, sergt. Dis. Oct. 29, 1862, for disability.

Saml. P. Stephens, sergt. Promoted to com. sergt. Nov. 16, 1861. Veteran.

Silas Kulp, corp. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Geo. S. Casselberry, corp. Discharged Feb. 26th, 1862; re-enlisted as a veteran, Mar. 8, 1864. Severely wounded, with loss of leg, Oct. 28th, 1864. Discharged Feb. 26, 1865, on account of wounds.

Wm. H. Yerger, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

William H. Yerkes, corp. Dis. Dec. 16, 1862, to receive promotion to major 179th Penn. Volunteers.

Arnold Casselberry, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John J. Scholl, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Jos. Fizone, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Martin Hiltner, corp. Mustered out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran. Promoted corp. April 2, 1865.

John W. Truscott, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Thos. B. Yerger, corp. Discharged Feb. 28, 1865, for disability. Veteran.

Robt. B. Lindsey, corp. Killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va. Veteran.

Ed. R. Worth, corp. Killed June 18, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

Josiah Wood, corp. Killed July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

Wm. Montgomery, corp. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam; discharged Dec. 11, 1862, on account of wounds.

Chris. Wyckoff, corp. Prom. to Q. M. sergt. Dec. 12, 1862.

Henry C. Hughes, corp. Discharged May 21, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.

Wm. L. Jones, corp. Died Dec. 12, 1862, at Falmouth, Va.

Wm. C. Hansell, musician. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

- Lyle, Franklin, music. Absent in arrest at muster-out of co.
 Adams, Daniel, private. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Aldeman, Francis, priv. Discharged June 13, 1865, on account of wounds received in action.
 Allen, Wilson, priv. Died June 9, 1864, from wounds received in action at Po river, Virginia. Veteran.
 Adleman, Henry K., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg; killed June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor. Veteran.
 Ashton, Thos. G., priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness; died June 9, 1864, from wounds.
 Addy, George W., priv. Discharged for disability, May 21, 1862, at Newbern.
 Arnold, Samuel G., priv. Trans. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.
 Batman, John, priv. Absent sick at muster-out of co.
 Batman, Jos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Bidlack, James, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. July 18, 1865.
 Biddler, Amile, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Boyer, Manassa J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
 Bowman, George, priv. Absent in hospital at muster-out.
 Blackmore, Darran, priv. Drafted. Dis. Dec. 22, 1864, for disability.
 Bousman, Henry, priv. Drafted. Dis. April 13, 1865, for disability.
 Burrows, Edwin A., priv. Drafted. Transferred to 201st regt. P. V., Nov. 1864.
 Bowie, Frank. Substitute. Dis. by G. O., May 27, 1865.
 Baker, James F., priv. Deserted, May 6, 1864, at Wilderness.
 Buck, Jeremiah W., priv. Trans. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.
 Buckies, Jessie M., priv. Trans. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.
 Baird, James S., priv. Transf. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.
 Burgert, Adam, priv. Dis. (date unknown) for disability.
 Boadwell, John, priv. Dis. May 21, 1862, for disability.
 Callender, Judson, priv. Absent in hospital at muster out. Veteran.
 Case, John P., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Cox, Richard A., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Coyle, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Charles, Elwood, priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilderness; died May 24, 1864, from wounds, at Washington. Vet.
 Camden, John, priv. Wounded, with loss of leg, Oct. 27, 1864, at Hatcher's Run, Va. Died Nov. 23, 1864, from wounds, at Washington.
 Cremmer, James, priv. Deserted, 1865.
 Casselman, Nathaniel, priv. Captured April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C. Supposed to be dead.
 Cox, John, priv. Dis. May 21, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
 Comer, Wm., priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 Derrickson, Wm., priv. Deserted—returned. Mustered out with company.
 Dexter, Harvey H., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Daub, Geo. W., priv. Absent in Albany prison, N. Y., by sentence of general court martial.

Dunlap, Jeremiah, priv. Died June 11, 1865; buried at Alexandria Cemetery, Va., grave 3,218.

Dresher, Samuel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Detwiler, Isaac, priv. Mus. out Oct. 15, 1864, expir. of term.

Dolan, James, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam; discharged April 1, 1863, on account of wounds.

Derough, Jesse, priv. Dis. Jan. 1, 1862, for disability.

Deiner, Thos., priv. Dis. Nov. 19, 1862, on acc't of wounds received July 30, 1862, at Bull Run, Va.

Daub, Sam. G., priv. Transf. to Vet. Res. Corps, Nov. 6, 1863.

Dumming, John H., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Daub, Sylvanus H., priv. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor; died June 27, 1864, from wounds.

Dresher, Wm., priv. Wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va.; died July 8, 1864, from wounds.

Doyle, William, priv. Deserted.

Day, Charles, priv. Transf. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.

Dunn, Martin H., priv. Promoted to hospital steward, November 16, 1861. Veteran.

Evans, Robt., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Earls, Alexander, priv. Transf. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.

Earp, John W., priv. Transf. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.

Evans, Ferd., priv. Transf. to Invalid Corps, Nov. 6, 1863.

Franklin, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Freas, Daniel, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam; discharged June 28, 1863, at Milldale, Mississippi.

Faulkner, Wm. J., priv. Drafted. Discharged by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Fisher, Jacob, priv. Dis. Oct. 1, 1862.

Griffith, William H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Gerhart, Henry L., priv. Transf. to Invalid Corps, Nov. 16, 1863. Mus. out Oct. 15, 1864, expiration of term.

Groff, Henry M., priv. Dis. Mar. 8, 1862, at Newport News.

Gerhart, Wm., priv. Mus. out Nov. 27, 1864, ex. of term.

Gillespie, Sam., priv. Killed at Petersburg, June 29, 1864. Buried in 9th A. C. cemetery, at Meade Station.

Griffith, Wash. I., priv. Died April 1, 1864, at Annapolis.

Gibbons, Jas., priv. Deserted June 23, 1865.

Hendricks, Sam., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Heller, Milton, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Heissy, David, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Heddiffin, Robt., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Home, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Horne, Ephraim, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Holler, John B., priv. Sub. Mus out with co. July 27, 1865.

Haas, Dav., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 12, 1865.

Hayden, Geo. M., priv. Discharged by G. O. June 2, 1865. Drafted.

Holmes, Geo. M., priv. Discharged, date unknown.

Higgins, Pat., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

- Hodson, Ed. M., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Drafted.
 Hilton, Geo., priv. Deserted.
 Holmes, Jno. M., priv. Died June 21, 1862, one report says, another, Nov. 21, 1861—at Norristown.
 Hansell, Geo. Y., priv. Transf. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.
 Johns, Edwin M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.
 Jaggers, Jas., priv. Dis. May 28, 1862, at Newbern.
 Jackson, Wm., priv. Deserted, Dec. 27, 1862.
 Jacobs, Philip, priv. Transf. to reg. band Nov. 16, 1861.
 Keins, And. J., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Koser, Aaron, priv. Absent, in arrest, at muster out of co.
 Kremer, Sutton P., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kurtz, Wm. M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kulp, Willoughby priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.
 Kremer, Frederick, priv. Mus. out Oct. 15, 1864, ex. of term.
 Krepner, Amos, priv. Prom. to 2d lieut. U. S. colored troops, Nov. 2, 1864.
 Kartsher, Richard S., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 5, 1865.
 Kulp, Benneville, priv. Transf. to Vet. Res. Corps, Oct. 6, 1864.
 Kulp, Nathan, priv. Transf. to Vet. Res. Corps, Nov'r 6, 1864. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.
 Kreamer, Geo., priv. Deserted Oct. 21, 1861.
 Lentz, Henry D., priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 Law, Chas., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lewis, Geo. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lewis, Oliver, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lewis, Hiram, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lewis, Wm. H., priv. Trans. Feb. 2, 1865, to Vet Res. Corps.
 Lemkuhl, Fredk., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lemkuhl, Jer., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Leister, Benj., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Loch, Christian, priv. Dis. by G. O. May 15, 1865.
 Maudley, Bruno, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Munsick, David, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg; dis. Feb. 4, 1863, on account of wounds.
 Mogee, Robt., priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam; transf. to Invalid Corps Nov. 6, 1863.
 McCormick, Ch'n, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mus. out Nov. 27, 1864, expiration of term.
 Markley, Sam., priv. Dis. Mar. 6, 1863, for disability.
 McSparren, Wm., priv. Dis. Mar. 14, 1863, for disability.
 McFadden, Francis, priv. Trans. Nov. 6, 1863, to Inv. Corps.
 McGuncken, Hugh, priv. Deserted Nov. 9, 1861.
 McIntyre, Wm., priv. Captured Dec. 15, 1863, at Clinch Mtn. Gap, E. Tenn.; died at Andersonville, Ga., Apr. 16, 1864—grave 461.
 Miller, Peter I., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Minard, Enos G., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Menell, Dwight W., priv. Dis. Dec. 22, 1864, for disability.
 Millhouse, Jos. C., priv. Transf. to reg. band Nov. 16, 1861.

McClennan, Sam., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

McCarter, Sam., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

McMiller, Geo. K., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

McKevin, Reuben, priv. Died Mar. 17, 1864, at Norristown. Veteran.

McGlinchy, Jas., priv. Deserted.

Neece, Geo. W., priv. Absent in arrest at muster-out.

Pilkington, Abr., priv. Absent in arrest at muster-out.

Pyle, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Quin, Patrick, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Reed, Ed. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Reed, Geo. M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Rider, Wm. O., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Reigle, Fred., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Rambo, Jos. C., priv. Absent in arrest for desertion at muster out.

Reininger, Manassas, priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.

Robb, Erastus, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Ramsey, Wm. H. B., priv. Mus. out Oct. 15, 1864, expiration of term.

Reinhart, Henry, priv. Deserted May 5, 1865.

Rowland, Benj., priv. Transf. to reg. band Nov. 16, 1861.

Scholl, Jarrett D., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shorthill, Jas., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Sherer, Frank, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Smith, Daniel, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Sayres, Jno. F., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Schreck, Franklin, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Saylor, Jos., priv. Sub. Dis. by G. O. June 5, 1865.

Shiffler, Jacob K., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Shuler, Geo., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Syock, Henry, V., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.

Shaeffer, Henry, priv. Died May 4, 1865. Buried in Nat. Cemetery, Arlington.

Shultz, Henry, priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Sassaman, Jacob, priv. Transf. to 2d U. S. Cav., Oct. 27, 1862.

Teany, Albert, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Discharged by G. O., June 3, 1865.

Taylor, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Tarrance, Samuel D., priv. Mus. out Oct. 15, 1864. Expr. of term.

Time, John, priv. Sub. Dis. by G. O., June 5, 1865.

Thompsons, Chas., priv. Trans. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.

Urbine, Peter, priv. Died Sept. 9, 1863, at Covington, Ky.

White, Henry, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Died July 5, 1864, at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

Wise, Wm., priv. Died Nov. 9, 1862, at Weaverton, Md.

Widger, Mark, priv. Dis. September 28, 1862, for disability.

White, Wm., priv. Dis. Feb. 28, 1862, at Newport News.

Waddle, Jas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Wheatley, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wetzel, Adam, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Wilson, Howard, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Weeks, Wm. S., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wisler, Jonathan, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Williams, Geo. D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Wyatt, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Weidner, Saml. D., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 25, 1865. Vet.

Woodward, Alex., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Sub.

Wagoner, Chas., priv. Killed March 25, 1864, at Fort Mor-
ton, in front of Petersburg, at the attack on Fort Steadman;
buried at Meade Station.

Workizer, Wm., priv. Trans. to reg. band, Nov. 16, 1861.

Young, Jos. C., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Young, John M., priv. Drowned by the sinking of the
transport "West Point," Oct. 26, 1862, at Aquia Creek.

Total names on the rolls, 210.*

* *Summary of Casualties.*—Killed—Com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 3; privates, 7. Died from wounds—Privates, 8. Died in rebel prison—Privates, 1. Died by drowning—Privates, 1. Died by accident—Non-com. officers, 1. Wounded—Com. officers, 7; non-com. officers, 5; privates, 17. Captured—privates, 2. Transferred—Com. officers, 2; non-com. officers, 2; privates, 25. Discharged—Com. officers, none; non-com. officers, 6; privates, 46. Deserted—Privates, 11. Resigned—Com. officers, 1. In arrest at muster-out, —Enlisted men, 6. Died from disease—Privates, 6.

Recapitulation.—Killed, 11; died from wounds, 8; died from disease, 6; died from various causes, 3; wounded, 29; captured, 2; transferred, 29. Total discharges, 52; total deserted, 11; total resigned, 1; total in arrest, 6. Grand total of casualties, 158.

Co. F.'s list of casualties are nearer correct than some of the other companies, still, in wounded it is far short of the actual number; for there was the same apathy evinced in entering the casualties on the rolls as in other companies, and none ever find their names on the rolls unless they are absent as wounded in the hospitals on the regular muster day. Hundreds of wounded would sooner lie in camp and suffer than to enter a field hospital, while a few would "jump" at the chance of going to one with what has been properly termed a "furlough wound." Yet, as long as a man can crawl off the battle field, he thinks there is no use going to the hospital; or, if he goes, as soon as the wound is dressed he is apt to be found back in camp, and his case is not entered on the company's muster and pay rolls.

Co. F can feel a soldierly pride when it scans over its military horizon and bring to mind its first individual skirmish at Camden—when it and Co. A received the first shock of battle while on the advance of the column, with the solid shot of the 3d Georgia ricocheting along the road, then either through its ranks or over their heads. Again, at Bull Run, etc., when its ranks were kept well closed up through the various ordeals, and trying ones too, while the enemy endeavored to flank the battery in the rear of Co. A.

ROLL OF CO. G.

Recruited in Centre County, Pennsylvania.

Austin B. Snyder, capt. Resigned Feb. 12, 1862.

Wm. H. Blair, capt. Prom. from 1st lieutenant to capt. Feb. 12, 1862; to col. 179th P. V. Dec. 19, 1862.

Peter A. Gaulin, capt. Prom. from 2d lieutenant to 1st, Feb. 12, 1862; to capt. Jan. 11, 1863. Resigned Mar. 16, 1864.

John R. Gilliland, capt. Prom. from sergeant to 2d lieutenant. Mar. 1, 1862; to 1st lieutenant. Jan. 11, 1863; to capt. June 5, 1864. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864, expiration of term.

Thos. D. Reed, capt. Prom. from 1st sergeant. Co. E to 1st lieutenant. Nov. 23, 1864; to capt. Feb. 11, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Geo. B. Campbell, 1st lieutenant. Prom. to 2d lieutenant. Jan. 11, 1863; to 1st lieutenant. June 5, 1864. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864, expiration of term.

John Gunsalles, 1st lieutenant. Prom. from 1st sergeant to 2d lieutenant. Jan. 14, 1865; to 1st lieutenant. Feb. 13, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Curtin B. Stonerod, 2d lieutenant. Prom. from sergeant-major to 2d lieutenant. June 25, 1864; to captain, Oct. 20, 1864. Not mustered. Dis. Dec. 31, 1864, for wounds received in action August 19, 1864.

George Decker, 2d lieutenant. Prom. to 2d lieutenant. Feb. 13, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Wm. Hichel, 1st sergeant. Prom. from sergeant to 1st sergeant. Feb. 13, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Edward Shannon, sergeant. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Geo. Dumont, sergeant. Prom. from corporal to sergeant. Feb. 13, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

David Youts, sergeant. Prom. from corporal to sergeant. Apr. 6, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

D. C. Ammerman, sergeant. Pro. from corporal to sergeant., March 9, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Jos. A. Clark, sergeant. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.

Louis Cartuyvel, sergeant. Pro. to q. m. sergeant. Mar. 9, 1865. Veteran.

Jos. J. Peters, sergeant. Died at Bellefonte, Pa., April 5, 1865. Veteran.

Adam Grassmire, sergeant. Discharged for disability.

Jos. Ammerman, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

John F. Bowes, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Serdon Rolley, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Richard Lewis, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Martin Falstic, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Jacob Casher, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Chas. Heitchel, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Robt. Hinton, corporal. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Wm. Maurer, corporal. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.

- John E. Wilt, corp. Killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness. Vet.
 James Dowling, corp. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 Geo. Armstrong, corp. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 Discharged on account of wounds.
 Hezekiah Dixon, corp. Discharged for disability.
 James Holmes, corp. Discharged for disability.
 Seth Brewer, musician. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Jas. Elder, musician. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Ammerman, Thos., priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Arbuckle, Thos., priv. Captured. Died Jan. 1, 1865, at Salisbury, N. C.
 Allen, Wm., priv. Deserted Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 Ammerman, J. E., priv. Died at Covington, Ky., date unknown.
 Allard, John, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.
 Bowes, Levi, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Berall, Lewis, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drftd.
 Brady, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Bruxton, Jarvis, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Beighton, Jacob S., priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Belcher, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Bruce, James, priv. Discharged Nov. 28, 1864, for disability.
 Brown, Fred'k, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Bowles, John, priv. Trans. Oct. 16, 1864, to Co. B.
 Buoy, Wm., priv. Died July 20, 1864; bur. in Nat. Cem., Arlington.
 Bratton, Philip H., priv. Trans. Oct. 16, 1864, to Co. K.
 Blyler, John, priv. Killed Feb. 24, 1864, at Petersburg.
 Beightol, James, priv. Died June, 1863, at Beaufort, S. C.
 Baird, Theophilus, priv. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C. Discharged on account of wounds.
 Bowers, Rolland, priv. Discharged Sept., 1862, for disability.
 Cayot, Lewis P., priv. Absent sick at mus.-out. Veteran.
 Crossly, Wm. M., priv. Absent sick at mus.-out.
 Cox, George, priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Commer, Israel H., priv. Drafted. Discharged Feb. 3, 1865.
 Carson, Fred'k, priv. Drafted. Discharged by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Confer, John, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Clifton, Allen J., priv. Trans. Nov. 16, 1864, to Co. B.
 Cramer, H., priv. Died March 16, 1864, in Centre co., Pa.
 Carey, John, priv. Sub. Deserted April 5, 1865.
 Capwell, John, priv. Deserted June 25, 1865.
 Callahan, Chas., priv. Trans. Oct. 27, 1862, to 2d U. S. Cavalry.
 Conway, Cornels, priv. Discharged for disability.
 Derry, Wm., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Dixon, John, priv. Drafted. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Davis, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Derstine, John F., priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.

- Diehl, John H., priv. Trans. Nov. 16, 1864, to Co. B.
 Dutott, George, priv. Trans. to 45th Regt. P. V., date unknown.
 Duncan, Enos, priv. Trans. Oct. 16, 1864, to Co. B.
 Darran, Thos., priv. Sub. Deserted June 28, 1865.
 Dore, Lewis, priv. Sub. Deserted July 10, 1865.
 Dillon, Miles, priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.
 Deckman, Daniel, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Downing, Ed., priv. Discharged for disability.
 Dolan, James, priv. Wounded Feb. 8, 1862, at Roanoke Island, N. C. Discharged on account of his wounds.
 Ells, Edw., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O., June 1, 1865.
 Eckley, Nicholas, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Emel, Henry, priv. Died April 24, 1864, at Annapolis.
 Etters, Benj., priv. Died May 24, 1864, at Alexandria, Va.
 Fie, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Fricze, Daniel, priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Fetzer, Andrew, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Farr, Edward, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Force, David, priv. Discharged for disability, 1862.
 Frazier, Archy, priv. Died, 1862, at Beaufort, S. C.
 Fisher, John J., priv. Trans. to 2d U. S. Cav. Oct. 25, 1862.
 Garis, Leonard, priv. Drafted. Discharged July 20, 1865.
 Glosner, Henry, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Gossner, J. W., priv. Trans. 45th Regt. P. V.
 Giles, Larry, priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.
 Gummo, James, priv. Drowned at the sinking of the "West Point," 1862.
 Hollaback, Mordecai, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hess, Andrew, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Hohn, Ferdinand, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Henderson, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Heagey, Charles, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Trans. June 2, 1865, from 200th P. V.
 Hess, Wm. priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hall, James, priv. Discharged June 1, 1865, by G. O.
 Houmell, Henry, priv. Discharged Nov. 2, 1864, for disability. Drafted.
 Hollabaugh, R. C., priv. Discharged June 1, 1865, by G. O.
 Huey, Jas., priv. Discharged June 1, 1865, by G. O. Drftd.
 Harrison, Samuel, priv. Dis. June 1, 1865, by G. O. Drftd.
 Heinel, John, priv. Discharged June 1, 1865, by G. O. Vet.
 Hollabaugh, Jno., priv. Discharged Nov. 28, 1864, for disability. Drafted.
 Halsted, J. A., priv. Drafted. Deserted. Returned. Prisoner from May 21, 1864, to April 21, 1865. Mus. out April 11, 1865. Expr. of term.
 Hinton, Robt., priv. Wounded at Knoxville, Nov. 27, 1863.
 Henning, Michael, priv. Trans. to 45th P. V., date unknown.
 Harrington, Wm., priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.
 Held, Emil, priv. Killed June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.
 Hall, Wm. P., priv. Died at Annapolis, 1862.

Hall, Andrew, priv. Trans. from Vet. Res. Corps. Mus. out expr. of term.

Heichel, Houston, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

Hoovan, John H., priv. Deserted, 1863.

Irwin, Thos., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

Jauss, Conrad, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Jossett, Germain H. priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Johnson, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Jones, H. D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Johnson, Barnhart, priv. Discharged, date unknown.

King, Abraham B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

King, Charles K., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Kengle, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Kershner, Wm. B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Substitute.

Kase, Caleb, priv. Absent sick at mus. out.

Kepler, Wm., priv. Absent sick at mus. out. Drafted.

Katon, James F., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

Katon, Wesley, priv. Died Sept. 22, 1862.

Kearnes, John, priv. Dis. for disability, date unknown.

Kearnes, Martin, priv. Dis. for disability, date unknown.

Killinger, Samuel, priv. Trans. to 2d U. S. Cavalry, Oct. 27, 1862.

Larsh, George, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Leiby, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Leferer, Sanders, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Lucas, Geo. B., priv. Dis. by S. O. Jan. 16, 1865. Drftd.

Lucas, James G., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.

Lottig, Aaron, priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.

Lucas, Jesse, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

Loeb, Marx A., priv. Mus. out at expr. of term.

Me'sse, George, priv. Wounded at Blain's Cross-roads, Dec. 17, 1863. Mus. out at expr. of term, Oct. 16, 1864.

Moser, Thos., priv. Trans. to Co. K, Nov. 16, 1864.

Mills, David, priv. Trans. to 45th P. V., date unknown.

Montgomery, Robt., priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.

Moore, Samuel, priv. Killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. Veteran.

Murphy, Daniel, priv. Deserted April 5, 1865. Sub.

Moore, Wm., priv. Discharged for disability, date unknown.

Miller, John, priv. Wounded Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Discharged for wounds.

Morrison, Calvin L., priv. Died at Covington, Ky., date unknown.

Mackey, Wm., priv. Died, date unknown.

McCafferty, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

McMahon, Michael, priv. Discharged July 11, 1865. Drftd.

McGonnigal, John, priv. Dis. June 1, 1865, by G. O. Drftd.

McHarney, Bartty, priv. Killed June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

- O'Neil, Henry, priv. Deserted April 5, 1865. Sub.
 Parson, George, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Pierce, Henry G., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Powers, Patrick, priv. Discharged April 24, 1864, for disability. Veteran.
 Price, Phineas, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.
 Pletcher, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Pennel, George, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Parson, Simon, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Poorman, Wilson, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Poorman, James, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Peters, Samuel, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drftd.
 Poff, Henry, priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.
 Prescott, Charles, priv. Wounded June 1, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va. Died June 4, 1864, from wounds.
 Powers, James, priv. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C. Discharged on account of wounds.
 Rolley, August, priv. Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., May 29, 1864; grave, 1,454.
 Rodgers, Geo., priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.
 Reese, Levi, priv. Drafted. Dis. June 1, 1865, by G. O.
 Rolley, Nichols, priv. Drftd. Dis. June 6, 1865, by G. O. Veteran.
 Ricker, Chas., priv. Trans. to Co. B, Nov. 16, 1864.
 Richards, Philip, priv. Trans. to Co. K, March 24, 1864.
 Rodgers, Henry, priv. Deserted July 6, 1865. Sub.
 Rapp, Jacob, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.
 Recides, Wm., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Discharged on account of wounds.
 Roan, Henry A., priv. Died, 1863, at Covington,
 Showers, H. D., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Smith, Amos, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Smith, George, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Slattery, Jas., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Shoppell, Edw., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Savage, Frank, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Slack, Henry M., priv. Absent sick at muster out.
 Shannon, Julius O., priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Shrezer, Emanuel, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Sprole, Hezekiah, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.
 Smith, Wm. A., priv. Trans. to Co. B, March 24, 1864.
 Slater, Thos., priv. Trans. to Co. B, Nov. 26, 1864.
 Stidinger, Samuel G., priv. Trans. to Co. K, Nov. 26, 1864.
 Shires, Michael, priv. Trans. to 45th P. V., date unknown.
 Shay, John, priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.
 Showers, Daniel, priv. Trans. to 2d U. S. Cav. Oct. 27, 1862.
 Search, Wm., priv. Trans. to 2d U. S. Cavalry, Oct. 27, 1862.
 Scott, Jas. A., priv. Trans. to 2d U. S. Cavalry, Oct. 27, 1862.
 Sheets, Daniel, priv. Wounded July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Died Aug. 1, 1864.
 Sheets, Christian, priv. Killed Aug. 19, 1864, at Weldon Railroad, near Yellow Tavern, Va.

Simon, Christian, priv. Dis. on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.

Tyson, James, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Thomas, George, priv. Dis. by S. O. Jan. 27, 1865.

Thompson, Henry, priv. Trans. to Co. B, Oct. 16, 1864.

Troy, Jeremiah, priv. Wounded at Petersburg. Died Aug. 1, 1864; buried in 9th A. C. Cem., Meade Station.

Thatcher, Aaron, priv. Killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Virginia.

Taylor, Jos. B., priv. Drafted. Died Dec. 10, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Wellar, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wertz, George, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Williams, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Waters, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Wolf, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Wertz, John, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Womer, Daniel, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Watson, David, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Wilson, Wm., priv. Mus. out Oct. 16, 1864. Expr. of term.

Watson, Wm., priv. Dis. by S. O., date unknown.

Woodring, Hiram, priv. Trans. to Co. B, date unknown.

Walker, John, priv. Drafted. Drowned April 25, 1865, in Chesapeake bay.

Watts, Joseph, priv. Deserted June 13, 1865.

Whipple, Newton, priv. Dis. on surgeon's certificate.

Wenrick, Wm., priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Wylands, Lewis A., priv. Died, date unknown.

Wiggins, Wallace, priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Watson, Jackson, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

Yeager, Peter S., priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Young, Wm., priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Dis. for wounds, date unknown. Re-enlisted Nov. 16, 1863. Killed June 18, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.

Total names on rolls, 230.*

* The rolls of Co. G are very imperfect as to the casualties. Nothing of the kind was ever entered on them except such cases as were compelled to be by army regulations. It is to be deeply regretted that there is no way for its noble braves to have their battle scars individually mentioned; in fact, so little has been recorded of the wounded that a person would naturally suppose the company was always out of harm's way; but such was not the case. Co. G was always up to the work, shoulder to shoulder, with her sister companies. She has the undisputed honor of losing the *first blood* of the regiment shed in battle—that of James Dolan, private, Feb. 8, 1862, at the taking of Roanoke Island, N. C. That the company has suffered in wounded to a terrible extent cannot be doubted; yet they cannot be accounted for; but that does not make it any the less true, as it merely proves the negligence of its officers to insert their casualties—showing that they fought for the good of the flag, and not for their own fame and glory, completely discarding all personal honors and caring not to have their achievements heralded to the world—but below we will

ROLL OF CO. H.

Recruited in Union, Lycoming, and Snyder Counties.

J. Merrill Linn, captain. Resigned April 4, 1864.

Geo. Shorkley, captain. Pro. from adjt. to capt. April 22, 1864; to bvt. maj. July 30, 1864; to bvt. lieutenant-col. March 25, 1865; to bvt. col. April 9, 1865. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C., and severely wounded at the explosion of the Burnside mine, July 30, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, '65.

Jacob G. Beaver, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 2d to 1st lieutenant. June 6, 1862. Killed at Antietam, September 17, 1862.

Wm. F. Campbell, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from sergeant to 2d lieutenant. June 6, 1862; to 1st lieutenant. September 18, 1862. Wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam. Prisoner from May 12, 1864, to March 9, 1865. Mus. out April 28, 1865.

Hugh McClure, 1st lieutenant. Pro. from 1st sergeant to 1st lieutenant. May 15, 1865. Captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Aaron Smith, 2d lieutenant. Pro. from 1st sergeant to 2d lieutenant. October 23, 1862. Discharged November 7, 1863.

Jacob H. Santo, 2d lieutenant. Wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam. Pro. from 1st sergeant to 2d lieutenant. April 15, 1864; to 1st lieutenant and adjt. January 15, 1865. Veteran.

David C. Brown, 2d lieutenant. Wounded December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.; captured May 12, 1864. Pro. to 2d lieutenant. March 16, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

George Breon, 1st sergeant. Wounded at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862; captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania Courthouse. Pro. to 1st sergeant. May 15, 1865. Mus. out with co. Vet.

give a summary of what casualties there can be gleaned from the rolls to show that they cannot hide all their glory, if they want to.

Summary of Casualties.—Killed in battle, non-commissioned officers, 2; privates, 10. Died of wounds, privates, 8. Died of disease, non-com. officers, 1; privates, 11. Died in rebel prisons, privates, 2. Died by accident, 2. Wounded, commissioned officers, 1; non-com. officers, 1; privates, 11. Captured, privates, 3. Transferred, com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 1; privates, 38. Discharged, com. officers, 3; non-com. officers, 5; privates, 66. Deserted, privates, 11. Resigned, com. officers, 2. Absent at muster-out; privates, 5.

Recapitulation.—Killed, 12; died from wounds, 8; died from disease, 12; died from accident, 2; died in rebel prisons, 2. Total, 36. Total wounded, 13; captured, 3; transferred, 40; discharged, 74; deserted, 11; resigned, 2; absent sick at muster-out, 5. Total, 148. Grand total of casualties, 184.

It will be observed that there is but 13 wounded to 12 killed outright in battle, showing conclusively that Co. G's wounded were not accounted for. Nothing in the annals of modern warfare ever showed such a disparity of casualties, and its wounded can safely be given at the lowest average percentage, which is 60; assuming it as conceded that it suffered more than the full or medium percentage, then the medium would give 72 wounded, and the highest, 84.

Jacob Nyhart, 1st sergt. Dis. September 22, 1862, on surgeon's certificate.

Matthew Vandine, 1st sergt. Pro. to 1st sergt. June 6, 1862. Killed September 17, 1862, at Antietam bridge.

Harrison Hause, sergt. Pro. to sergt. August 3, 1863. Captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Geo. W. Brown,* sergt. Pro. to sergt. May 21, 1865. Mus. out with co.

John Aldendarfer, sergt. Pro. to sergt. May 21, 1865. Mus. out with co.

James Kincaid, sergt. Pro. to sergt. June 26, 1865. Mus. out with co.

Daniel M. Wetzell, sergt. Wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; captured at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864. Dis. by G. O. June 26, 1865.

Seth J. Housel, sergt. Dis. to enlist in 8th Regulars, U. S. infantry, October 24, 1862.

Wm. Allison, sergt. Killed December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.

H. J. Lingerma, corp. Wounded August 19, 1864, at battle of Yellow Tavern, Va. Pro. to corp. April 14, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John Grambling, corp. Pro. to corp. January 1, 1865. Mus. out with co.

Geo. H. Knauf, corp. Pro. to corp. January 15, 1865. Mus. out with co.

Alfred Durst, corp. Pro. to corp. January 1, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Henry Fogleman, corp. Pro. to corp. June 1, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Michael Lepley, corp. Pro. to corp. June 16, 1865. Mus. out with co.

Andrew Knepp, corp. Pro. to corp. June 16, 1865. Mus. out with co.

Dietrick Beckman, corp. Pro. to corp. June 26, 1865. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

R. A. M. Harner, corp. Mus. out November 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

H. C. McCormick, corp. Wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862, and again at the Wilderness May 6, 1864. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865.

J. Backenhamer, corp. Mus. out November 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

Henry B. Wetzell, corp. Dis. May 15, 1865, by G. O.

Reuben Baker, corp. Dis. Dec. 30, 1864, for disability. Vet.

Peter Koser, corp. Dis. October 24, 1862, to enlist in 8th Regulars, U. S. infantry.

Nicholas Nicholas, corp. Dis. Dec. 27, 1861, for disability.

Robert Henry, corp. Dis. October 24, 1862, to enlist in 8th U. S. infantry.

Henry J. Warner, corp. Captured at Bull Run August 30, 1862. Dis. on surgeon's certificate December 5, 1862.

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H. Coley McCormick, corp. Wounded at Camden, N. C., April 19, 1862, at Antietam September 17, 1862. Dis. by S. O. February 12, 1864.

John Quincy Adams, corp. Trans. to Vet. Reserve Corps November 6, 1863.

Charles Merrill, corp. Pro. to corp. April 1, 1862; trans. to Vet. Reserve Corps November 6, 1862. Died at Nashville—date unknown.

James M. Schooley, corp. Dis. December 24, 1862, for wounds received at Antietam September 17, 1862.

Jacob Moore, musc. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Andrew Bernade, mus. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Charles P. McFadden, musc. Mus. out November 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

Allhouse, Peter, priv. Absent at mus. out by sen. of gen. court martial.

Armpriester, Wm., priv. Drafted. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Angstadt, Jonas, priv. Drft. Mus. out with co. July 27, '65.

Angstadt, Mabury, priv. Drft. Dis. June 28, 1865, by G. O.

Auchenbaugh, Wm., priv. Dis. June 15, 1865, by G. O.

Baldwin, Eleazer, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, '65.

Blunt, James, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Beehn, Henry, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Brownfield, John, priv. Draft. Absent at mus. out by sen. of G. C. M.

Bomgardner, Danl., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Boyer, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.

Boyer, Jno., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.

Bordwell, Danl. C., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Bobst, David, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Benner, Lewis J., priv. Mus. out November 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

Bower, Harrison, priv. Wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864. Dis. February 1, 1865, on account of wounds.

Boone, Daniel, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865.

Berkeylile, David, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865. Draf.

Bennett, Miles, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865. Draf.

Brensinger, Levi, priv. Cap. Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

Beaver, Henry, priv. Dis. on surg. certif. March 18, 1863.

Beck, Isaac, priv. Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

Bear, Edward, priv. Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

Beightol, Thos., priv. Trans. to Co. G Nov. 28, 1861.

Britton, Simon, priv. Trans. to reg. band Nov. 16, 1861.

Brown, Asa, priv. Died Oct. 28, 1862, at Frederick City, Md.

Buskirk, Jacob, priv. Wounded at Camden April 19, 1862. Dis. on account of wounds Jan. 8, 1863.

Bastian, Peter, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 6, 1863.

Bastian, Abraham, priv. Dis. Feb. 11, 1863, for disability.

Carey, Geo. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Cusseck, Northiel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Clouser, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draf.

Clark, David, priv. Trans. from 2d Md. Vols. June 30, 1862.

Cap. Nov. 23, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, expiration of term.

Corl, John, priv. Dis. June 15, 1865, by G. O.

Chrisher, Wm. F., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, expiration of term.

Christie, James, priv. Dis. Oct. 24, 1862, to enlist in the 8th regiment U. S. infantry.

Cox, George, priv. Trans. to Co. G Nov. 28, 1861.

Calhoun, Wm. F., priv. Trans. to Co. G Nov. 28, 1861.

Crossmire, John J., priv. Trans. to Co. G Nov. 28, 1861.

Clark, Joseph A., priv. Trans. to Co. G Nov. 28, 1861.

Doyle, Matthew, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Doyle, Jas., priv. Draf. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Dysher, Matthias, priv. Drafted. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Dumheller, Abner, priv. Drafted. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Dilloplains, Mahlon, priv. Drafted. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Dawson, John L., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.

Dye, Richard, priv. Dis. on surg. certif. Feb. 8, 1863.

Dopp, John P., priv. Dis. on surg. certif., Feb. 8, 1863.

DeHaven, Reuben, priv. Trans. to Co. C, Nov. 28, 1861.

Diblegorn, John J., priv. Dis. Oct. 24, 1862, to enlist in 4th regiment U. S. cavalry.

Dougherty, W. H., priv. Killed at Knoxville Nov. 29, 1863.

Dougherty, John, priv. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862. Trans. Nov. 6, 1863, to Vet. Res. Corps.

Dougherty, James, priv. Dis. Oct. 24, 1862, to enlist in 4th regiment U. S. cavalry.

Doughty, Calvin, priv. Deserted Sept. 17, 1862.

Eberly, And. F., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Erwin, Frederick, priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.

Erdley, Jno. W., priv. Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Killed at North Anna, May 27, 1864.

Everett, Wm., priv. Dis. Dec. 3, 1862, for disability.

Egolf, Samuel, priv. Trans. to Co. C, Nov. 28, 1861.

Espenship, David, priv. Trans. to Co. C, Nov. 28, 1861.

Fies, Henry, priv. Mus. out with Co. July 27, 1865. Draf.

Fike, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Forte, Geo. W., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.

Feuring, Geo., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 25, 1865.

Frederick, Ebenezer, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 19, 1864.

Farley, Samuel, priv. Died at Knoxville, Dec. 19, 1863.

Fox, Wm. H. R., priv. Trans. to co. C Nov. 28, 1861.

Frynte, Geo. H., priv. Dis. Oct. 24, 1862, to enlist in 8th regiment, U. S. infantry.

Grambling, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

- Getty, David H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Gardner, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Gallagher, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Grier, Thos. G., priv. Mus. out Sept. 23, 1864. Died at Morehead City, N. C., Oct. 6, 1864.
 Goss, Simon, priv. Cap. May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. Died at Florence, S. C.
 Henry, Adam. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Heffner, Jonathan, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hoffman, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Hefflinger, George, priv. Absent at mus. out by sentence of general court martial. Drafted.
 Hertzog, Emanuel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.
 Hartline, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.
 Hartline, David, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.
 Haas, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.
 Harris, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hulslander, Geo. F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Humphrey, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.
 Holland, Thos., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.
 Hartz, John, priv. Cap. May 12, 1864. Died June 19, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., grave 2, 189. Veteran.
 Harding, Jewett S., priv. Wounded and pris. Aug. 30, 1862, at Bull Run. Dis. Nov. 13, 1862.
 Hitesman, Isaiah, priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.
 Hain, Henry, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 6, 1863.
 Hain, John, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 6, 1863.
 Ingerson, Hillman, priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. July 6, 1865.
 Isidel, August, priv. Sub. Deserted June, 1865.
 Jones, Thos., priv. Trans. to Co. G, Nov. 28, 1861.
 Kritz, Daniel, priv. Draf. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kelly, James T., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.
 Knepp, Simon, priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865.
 Krepp, Simon, priv. Draf. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865.
 Kyszeroski, Joseph, priv. Sub. Died at Alexandria, June 7, 1865.
 Kelly, Jas. A., priv. Died Mar. 27, 1862, at Roanoke Island.
 Keiter, Henry J., priv. Dis. Feb. 16, 1863, for disability.
 Knode, Albion G., priv. Dis. Sept. 27, 1862, for disability.
 Leimbach, J. Calvin, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Lott, John W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Leamon, John E., priv. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862; again at Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Dis. Dec. 24, 1864.
 Lyon, Conrad, priv. Dis. June 15, 1865, by G. O. Drafted.
 Lattimer, Wm. J., priv. Cap. Died at Florence, S. C., Oct. 14, 1864.
 Lennig, Jacob, priv. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C. Died May 3, 1862, from wounds.

Lynch, Thos. J., priv. Promoted to 2d lieut. in Co. C, date unknown.

Murphy, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Moyer, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draf.

Mocherman, Jno. H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Drafted.

Moll, Joseph A., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.

Marr, Thos. P., priv. Dis. Mar. 4, 1865, for disability. Vet.

Miller, Wm. A., priv. Cap. May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania.

Discharged June 15, 1865, by G. O.

Moore, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865.

Miller, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865. Drafted.

Myers, Wm. H., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 15, 1865. Draf.

Moyer, Daniel B., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.

Miller, John, priv. Dis. Oct. 24, 1862, to enlist in 4th U. S. cavalry.

Miller, Daniel S., priv. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, expiration of term.

Murphy, John, priv. Dis. Sept. 22, 1862, for disability.

Miller, Jeremiah, priv. Died Dec. 2, 1861, at Annapolis, Md.

Murphy, James, priv. Trans. to Co. C Nov. 28, 1861.

Meisse, George, priv. Trans. to Co. G Nov. 28, 1861.

Miller, Samuel S., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 6, 1863.

Marks, Levi, priv. Killed at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

McMurtrie, Isaac, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

McEwen, Samuel S., priv. Dis. April 18, 1864, by S. O.

Nieman, John A. Wounded June 17, 1864, at Petersburg.

Died August 5, 1864, from wounds.

Oakes, Wm. L., priv. Dis. June 12, 1863, for disability.

Purcell, Geo., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Phillips, A. F. C., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864, ex. of term.

Passell, Robert W., priv. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Pareby, Joseph, priv. Killed at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

Drafted.

Pearson, Jas. C. Sub. Deserted June, 1865.

Phliger, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Rhoades, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Drafted.

Rexford, Henry E., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Ream, Jacob, priv. Drafted. Dis. June 1, 1865, by G. O.

Ritter, John F., priv. Dis. Oct. 24, 1862, to enlist in 4th U. S.

Cavalry.

Snyder, Nathaniel, priv. Killed at S. Mount, Sept. 14, 1862.

Smith, Peter, priv. Cap., Aug. 21, 1864, at Yellow Tavern.

Absent at mus. out of co. Veteran.

Smith, David, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Slottman, Danl., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Swab, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Snyder, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shreck, Jno. V., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

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Swarerly, Adam, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Serwatyness, Jos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Shappee, Devier, priv. Mus. out with Co. July 27, 1865.

Shaffer, Levi J., priv. Mus. out with Co. July 27, 1865.

Search, Thos. F., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

Sholley, Wm., priv. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864. Expiration of term.

Smith, John D., priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Smith, John H., priv. Dis. June 14, 1865, for disability. Vet.

Seales, Edwin N. B., priv. Mus. out Nov. 25, 1864. Expiration of term.

Souders, Ephraim, priv. Trans. to Co. K. Nov. 10, 1864.

Shriner, Wm. H., priv. Killed at Petersburg July 1, 1864.

Smith, Jacob, priv. Cap. May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C.

H. Died at Andersonville, Ga., July 5, 1864; grave, 2,941.

Smith, Isaiah, priv. Cap. May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C.

H. Died at Andersonville, Ga., 1864.

Smith, Frederick, priv. Killed at Wilderness May 6, 1864. Veteran.

Shuler, Harrison, priv. Deserted Feb., 1864.

Stewart, Chas. R., priv. Dis. Oct. 27, 1863, for disability.

Sullivan, Patrick, priv. Trans. to Co. C Nov. 28, 1861.

Steltz, Wm., priv. Trans. to Co. C, Nov. 28, 1861.

Smith, John F., priv. Dis. Nov. 28, 1862, for disability.

Turner, James, priv. Drafted. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Taylor, Samuel, priv. Died June 15, 1864, at White House Landing, Va.

Titus, Lewis G., priv. Trans. to Co. E, Nov. 28, 1861.

Temple, Chas. W. A., priv. Deserted June 17, 1863.

Umstead, John C., priv. Trans. to Co. C, Nov. 28, 1861.

Uhl, Christian, priv. Dis. Jan. 15, 1865; disability. Drafted.

Updegraph, Lewis, priv. Absent sick at mus. out.

Vangeeser, Geo., priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilderness. Dis. by G. O. June 29, 1865.

Williamson, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wellings, Wm. J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wentzell, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Drafted.

Weaver, Thos., priv. Mus. out Nov. 16, 1864. Expiration of term.

Wiery, Wm., priv. Dis. by sentence of G. C. martial.

Wagore, Geo., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.

Wood, Aaron, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.

Williamson, Aaron, priv. Killed June 3, 1864, at C. Harbor.

Wittes, Isaac, priv. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Watkins, Benj., priv. Trans. to reg'l band Nov. 16, 1861.

Williams, Wm., priv. Trans. to reg'l band Nov. 16, 1861.

Wiesenbach, Ant'y, priv. Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862. Dis. April 7, 1863, on account of wounds.

Wiesenbach, Leo, priv. Dis. Oct. 21, 1862, to enlist in 8th U. S. Infantry.

Youngman, John C., priv. Dis. by S. O., date unknown.

Yoder, David, priv. Cap. at North Anna May 27, 1864. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1863.

Young, David J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Zechman, Chas., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Total on the rolls, 236.*

ROLL OF CO. I.

Recruited in Montgomery County.

George R. Pechin, captain. Resigned June 21, 1862.

George W. Bisbing, captain. Pro. from 1st lieut. to capt., June 23, 1862. Wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 16, 1863. Wounded twice at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864. Died June 7, 1864, from wounds.

Thomas H. Parker, captain. Wounded at Antietam and at Jackson, Miss. Pro. from com.-sergt. to capt., Dec. 2, 1864. Mus. out with com. Veteran.

* *Summary of Casualties in Co. H.*—Killed—Commissioned officers, 1; non.-com. officers, 2; privates, 13. Died of wounds—Privates, 2. Died in rebel prisons—Privates, 5. Died of disease—Non.-com. officers—1; privates, 7. Captured—Com. officers, 2; non.-com. officers, 4; privates, 11. Wounded—Com. officers, 3; non.-com. officers, 8; privates, 14. Discharged—Com. officers, 1; non.-com. officers, 15; privates, 70. Transferred—Com. officers, 1; non.-com. officers, 2; privates, 28. Resigned—Com. officers, 1. Deserted—privates, 5. Absent, in arrest—Privates, 2. Absent at mustering out—Privates, 3.

Recapitulation.—Total killed, 16; died of wounds, 2; died in rebel prisons, 5; died of disease, 8; captured, 17; wounded, 25; discharged, 86; transferred, 31; resigned, 1; deserted, 5; absent in arrest, 2; absent sick at mustering out, 3. Grand total casualties, 201.

Co. H has apparently a heavy list of casualties; 201 out of a roll of 236, leaving but 35 that were not accounted for, providing the contingencies are distributed, one to a man. But the observant reader can easily detect the cause by looking over the roll and noticing that some of the men furnish two or three cases; for instance, private Jewett S. Harding was wounded, captured, and discharged; he alone furnishes three cases.

Co. H's rolls are more complete, with the exception of Co. A, than any of the other companies; still it shows for itself the deficiency in its wounded, having only one-third more wounded than killed. Its average, at the lowest percentage, would put its wounded at 80 men; it is certain that that is too low.

Co. H needs no further remarks on her record. It has made it as bright and as enviable as the best of them, and is fully satisfied that it has honestly complied with its contract with the United States, and not one dollar received without rendering its equivalent in putting down the rebellion.

George Schall, 1st lieut. Pro. from 2d to 1st lieut., June 23, 1862. Mus. out Oct. 24, 1864. Expr. of term.

Lewis Patterson, 1st lieut. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 1st lieut., May 21, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Mark R. Supplee, 2d lieut. Pro. 2d lieut. from 1st sergt., June 23, 1862. Severely wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mus. out Nov. 15, 1864. Expr. of term.

Geo. W. Patterson, 2d lieut. Pro. from sergt. to 2d lieut., May 21, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

John R. Davis, 1st sergt. Pro. to 1st sergt. May 21, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. Wounded May 12, 1864. Veteran.

Enoch B. Kirby, 1st sergt. Died Feb. 22, 1863, of diarrhœa.

George Carney, sergt. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862—again June 28, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Wm. Pope, sergt. Wounded July 15, 1863, at Jackson, Miss. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Geo. W. S. Pennell, sergt. Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, and Aug. 19, 1864, at Yellow Tavern, Va. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

James Cameron, sergt. Captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H. Mus. out with co. Veteran.

Richard Martin, sergt. Died at Camp Nelson, Ky., Jan. 2, 1863. Wounded April 19, 1862, at Camden, N. C., by a solid shot.

Stephen S. Davis, sergt. Killed June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. Veteran.

Andrew S. Leedom, sergt. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Discharged April 9, 1863, on account of wounds.

Thos. T. Schoch, sergt. Killed Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain.

J. Clark Davis, sergt. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Geo. B. Slough, corp. Captured May 27, 1864, at North Anna river. Died at Andersonville, Ga., March 28, 1865.

Jno. M. Engle, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Jas. Tinney, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Henry C. Davis, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Saml. E. Bradbury, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Henry B. Pope, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Frederick Holbine, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Francis R. Keating, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Jas. Y. Shainline, corp. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg. Mus. out Sept. 27, 1864. Expr. of term.

John George, corp. Wounded July 30, 1864, at Petersburg. Died from wounds Aug. 8, 1864. Veteran.

Jas. Mauger, corp. Died Feb. 12, 1862, at Roanoke Island.

Thos. P. Davis, corp. Killed Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam.

Hugh McGill, corp. Trans. to Inv., Corps, Sept. 27, 1863.

- John Cox, corp. Discharged for disability, Nov. 13, 1862.
 Jacob J. Tompkins, musc. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Veteran.
 Jas. Chase, musc. Absent in arrest at mus. out. Veteran.
 Anderson, Levi, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Anderson, John H., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 1, 1865.
 Armstrong, Ed., priv. Discharged by S. O., Oct. 18, 1862.
 Anderson, Wm. J., priv. Killed at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862.
 Buley, Chas., priv. Wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.
 Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.
 Bisbing, A. H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Barry, Jno., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Bassert, Adam, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Bayley, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Bloom, David, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Brower, John H., priv. Drafted. Discharged by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Bottorf, Martin, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Brown, Wm., priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Brower, Jacob, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Barrett, And. C., priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Brady, Isaac, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Barrell, Jacob, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 2, 1865.
 Buggy, Dennis, priv. Died of disease Oct. 14, 1864. Vet.
 Bangs, James, priv. Deserted May 12, 1864.
 Baker, Thos. L., priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, Nov. 8, 1863.
 Brady, James, priv. Killed by lightning while on picket at Milldale, Miss.
 Buggy, Robert, priv. Deserted.
 Brown, Hugh, C., priv. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862. Trans. to 1st U. S. Cavalry, Sept. 22, 1862.
 Burns, Henry, priv. Dis. on writ of habeas corpus, 1861.
 Bankuss, Henry, priv. Dis. May 1, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
 Broom, Thos. priv. Dis. Feb. 2, 1863, for disability.
 Coatner, James, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Cornog, Thos., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Carey, John, priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 13, 1865.
 Coleman, John N., priv. Drftd. Dis. by G. O., June 13, 1865.
 Campbell, Zach., priv. Killed at South Mtn., Sept. 14, 1862.
 Carr, Morton C., priv. Deserted Aug. 24, 1863, at Sulphur Springs.
 Detteline, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Doyle, Edward, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Digtmaker, Max., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Substitute.
 Dysher, Reuben, priv. Dis. by G. O. of May 17-18, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Derr, Henry, priv. Captured at Bull Run, Aug. 29, 1862, and again Dec. 15, 1863, at Cumberland Gap., East Tenn. Died at Belle Isle, Mar. 25, 1864.

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Davis, R. Clarkson, priv. Wounded Sept. 14, 1862, at South Mountain. Trans. to 1st U. S. Artillery, Sept. 22, 1862.

Davis, E. Lewis, priv. Wounded at South Mountain, Sept. 14, 1862. Died September 24, 1862, from wounds.

Dougherty, Matthew, priv. Trans. to 1st U. S. Artillery, Sept. 22, 1862.

Deeds, Jehu, priv. Dis. Oct. 18, 1862, at Pleasant Valley.

Edwards, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Evans, Chas. V., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Eck, Chas. R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drftd.

Edsell, Noble, priv. Sub. Dis. by G. O., May 17, 1865.

Elliott, John, priv. Discharged by G. O., May 18, 1865.

Emrich, Jacob, priv. Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Trans. September 28, 1863, to Invalid Corps at Camp Dick Robinson, Kentucky.

Fulton, Geo. W., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862. Mus. out with co. Vet.

Fox, Geo. F., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Fryer, Amos, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drftd.

Fry, Dominick, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Frieze, Samuel, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 12, 1865. Drftd.

Fetzer, Michl. W., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 12, 1865. Drafted.

Fox, Geo. H., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 12, 1865. Sub.

Felton, Robert K., priv. Killed at Fort Morton, Va., Feb. 24, 1865. Drafted.

Farley, James, priv. Deserted while on duty at Boonsboro' Ferry, Kentucky river, Ky., May 1, 1863.

Gordon, Howard E., priv. Wounded Aug. 19, 1864, at the Yellow Tavern, Va. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Gelman, Ambrose, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Gelman, Henry H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Gimmell, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Gallagher, James, priv. Dis. by G. O., June 12, 1865. Drafted.

Glisson, Geo. W., priv. Trans. to U. S. Art. Oct. 25, 1862.

Harrington, M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Hibbert, James H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Herdensline, Thos., priv. Wounded June 20, 1864. Died Dec. 1, 1864.

Herman, John, priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hunsberger, Henry, priv. Discharged by G. O., June 10, 1865. Drafted.

Hummel, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Harbst, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drftd.

Harlin, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Hessly, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

- Hedgelen, Enoch H., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 10, 1865. Drafted.
- Hall, Wm., priv. Dis. by G. O., June 10, 1865. Drftd.
- Hiney, John, priv. Dis. by S. O., Oct. 26, 1864. Drftd.
- Hattle, Philip, priv. Cap. May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C.
- H. Died June 26, 1865, at Camp Parole, Md. Veteran.
- Heard, John, priv. Died at City Point, Va., June 25, 1864.
- Heard, Thos., priv. Died at Frederick City, Md., Sep. 20, 1862.
- Herd, John R., priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Dis. on account of wounds 1863.
- Hamilton, James, priv. Des. Aug. 18, 1862, at Kelly's Ford, Va.
- Holigon, Peter, priv. Des. Jan. 6, 1862.
- Iredell, Jas. W., priv. Dis. by S. O. April 28, 1863.
- Jenkins, John W., priv. Des. Aug. 28, 1862.
- Kelley, Danl., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
- Kriebel, Geo., priv. Killed Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredkbg., Va.
- Long, George, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draf.
- Lysinger, Danl., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Lyons, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
- Lyons, Shuman, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 10, 1865. Sub.
- Morgan, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Mulner, Ludwig, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
- Substitute.
- Miese, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
- Marbaker, Ed., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
- Magee, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
- Milne, Job, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
- Martin, Robt., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draf.
- Moyer, Ulrich, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 10, 1865. Draf.
- Meister, Antrim, priv. Wounded Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va. Dis. Oct. 24, 1864, at expr. of term.
- Mowery, Reuben, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 10, 1865. Draf.
- Miller, Mark, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 10, 1865. Draf.
- Murphy, John, priv. Wounded Sep. 17, 1862, at Antietam, Md. Killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness. Veteran.
- Myers, Jacob H., priv. Wounded Sep. 17, 1862, slightly and deserted same day, retaken Oct. 5, 1863. Absent in arrest by sen. of G. C. M. at mus. out of co.
- Michener, Phineas, priv. Dis. by S. O. May 1, 1862, at Newbern.
- Myers, Saml., H., priv. Dis. by S. O. July 14, 1862, at Newbern.
- Myers, Geo. W., priv. Drowned at the sinking of the steamer West Point in the Potomac Oct. 26, 1862.
- Moore, Fredk. N., priv. Dis. Dec. 9, 1862, on surg. cer.
- Milton, James, priv. Killed by the accidental discharge of a comrade's gun while guard of a forage train at Jackson, Miss., July 9, 1863.
- McKuen, Edward, priv. Deserted June 14, 1865.
- McGorrick, Thos., priv. Wounded at Fredericksburg, Va. Died from wounds Jan. 1, 1863.

McGill, Arthur, priv. Died of disease at Camp Parke, Ky., Aug. 28, 1863.

Omlor, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

O'Hara, Ptk., priv. Deserted. Dis. by an *informal* order, Oct. 14, 1862, at Washington, D. C.

Pierce, George W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Powers, Chas., priv. Mus. out Nov. 28, 1864, expr. of term.

Peters, Geo. E., priv. Cap. Nov. 16, 1863, at Campbell's Station. E. Tenn., was held by the enemy till Feb. 27, 1865. Mus. out May 8, 1865, to date March 4, 1865.

Potter, Thos., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 12, 1865. Sub.

Pluck, Jacob, priv. Trans. to 1st U. S. Cav. Sep. 22, 1862.

Pugh, Levi, priv. Dis. for disability Feb. 2, 1863.

Quick, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. July 7, 1865. Draf.

Roush, Wm. A., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.

Rinchart, Thos., priv. Wounded severely Aug. 19, 1864, at Yellow Tavern, Va. Dis. for wounds June 2, 1865. Vet.

Rively, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Recruit.

Reese, Chas., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draf.

Robinson, Adam, priv. Killed at Camden N. C. April 19, 1862.

Rambo, Wm., priv. Died of disease at Newbern, N. C., May 6, 1862.

Stiver, Francis, priv. Wounded at Gen. Pope's H. Q., at Sulphur Springs, Va., Aug. 28, 1862. Dis. Nov. 28, 1864.

Stiver, John J., priv. Wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Recruit.

Schlichter, Milton, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Recruit.

Smith, Chas. A., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Snyder, Chas. H., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shuey, Franklin, priv. Dis. by G. O. July 22, 1865.

Springer, Jno. F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Seiberet, Geo. W., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shelley, Wm. A., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Shales, Miles D., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 22, 1865. Draf.

Straw, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. July 22, 1865. Draf.

Sunckman, Wm., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 8, 1865. Sub.

Siedtz, Andrew, priv. Died Sep. 18, 1864, at City Point, Va.

Smiley, Geo. W., priv. Dis. for disability May 1, 1862, at Newbern.

Troy, Thos., priv. Cap. at Bull Run Aug. 29, 1862, escaped Nov. 1, 1862, frequently visited the enemy afterwards to gratify his curiosity, was always successful in getting back to his own lines. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Treevitts, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Vaughn, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 10, 1865. Draf.

Verguson, James, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 10, 1865. Draf.

Wampole, Abraham, priv. Wounded April 19, 1865, at Camden, N. C. Cap. or killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., never been heard of. Veteran.

Wharram, Jno. R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Substitute.

Warner, Loman D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Substitute.

Walker, Gotlieb, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wails, James J., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Wharton, Joshua, priv. Mus. out Nov. 28, 1864. Expr. of term.

Wilfong, Ed. R., priv. Mus. out Nov. 28, 1864, expr. of term.

Wheeler, James, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Wheeler, Wm., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Wasson, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Woodruff, Geo. W., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865. Draft.

Watson, Andrew, priv. Deserted. Sep. 12, 1862.

Young, Wm., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Sub.

Total names on the rolls, 189.*

* *Summary of casualties.*—Killed—Non-commissioned officers, 4; privates, 7. Killed by accident—Privates 3. Died of wounds—Commissioned officers, 1; non-commissioned officers, 1; privates, 3. Died in rebel prisons—Non-commissioned officers, 1; privates, 2. Died of disease—Non-commissioned officers, 3; privates, 6. Resigned—Commissioned officers, 1. Wounded—Commissioned officers, 5; non-commissioned officers, 10; privates, 17. Captured—Non-commissioned officers, 3; privates, 5. Discharged—Commissioned officers, 2; non-commissioned officers, 2; privates, 53. Transferred—Non-commissioned officers, 1; privates, 7. Absent in arrest at muster-out, 2. Deserters—Privates, 11.

Recapitulation.—Total killed, 11; killed by accident, 3; died of wounds, 5; died in rebel prisons, 3; died of disease, 9; resigned, 1; wounded, 32; captured, 5; discharged, 57; transferred, 8; absent at muster-out, 2; deserters, 11.—Grand total casualties, 147.

Co. I, like all the companies in the 51st, is deficient in having its wounded entered on its rolls, but it speaks as a voucher that the other companies' casualties are put at much too low a figure, for while the hardest fighting was going on from the 10th of May, 1864, till within a few days of the last of November of that year, more than one half of Co. I's enlisted men fit for duty were on special or detached service away from the 51st, while the men of the other companies were nearly all with their regiment. As a proof of the truth of this assertion Captain Bisbing had only 18 enlisted men with him to take into battle at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, while the other companies had from 30 to 35 men to take in, and at Cold Harbor Co. I had 17 men only, and that was about the highest till after the first detachment of drafted recruits were sent to the regiment in October, 1864. Its list of casualties is very nearly correct, all that it is deficient in is the wounded. None who remained on duty after being wounded are counted in the list. The one case of Abraham Wampole is included in the killed, as those who were captured at the time say they never saw or heard of him during their captivity. He was known to have been wounded, but that is all up to this time (1869) that has developed concerning him.

ROLL OF CO. K.

Recruited in Union and Northampton Counties.

John E. Titus, captain. Resigned Sep. 10, 1862.

Geo. P. Carman, cap. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 2d lieu. Dec. 28, 1861; to 1st lieu. July 26, 1862; to capt. Sep. 10, 1862. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.

Wm. S. Mellick, capt. Wounded Nov. 16, 1863, at Campbell's Station, E. Tenn. Pro. from sergt. to 1st sergt. Dec. 28, 1861; to 1st lieu. Dec. 19, 1864; to capt. April 18, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Josiah Kelley, 1st lieutenant. Resigned July 25, 1862.

John B. Linn, 1st lieu. Resigned March 9, 1863.

Jacob Fryburger, 1st lieu. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 1st lieu. March 11, 1864. Wounded at Petersburg June 18, 1864. Dis. for wounds Oct 3, 1864. Veteran.

Jacob Hawk, 1st lieu. Pro. from 1st sergt. to 1st lieu. April 18, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

J. Franklin Beale, 2d lieu. Res. Dec. 28, 1861, re-commissioned Sep. 29, 1862. Res. April 7, 1864.

Frank B. Sterner, 2d lieu. Wounded at Campbell's Station, E. Tenn., Nov. 16, 1863. Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.

John Vanlew, 2d lieu. Pro. from sergt. to 2d lieu. April 18, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Danl. W. Eichman, 1st sergeant. Pro. from sergt. to 1st sergt. April 18, 1865. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

John C. Dittler, sergeant. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Geo. H. Sherry, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Theo. Moser, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Uriah F. Dean, sergt. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Franklin S. Moyer, sergt. Died June 16, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, buried at Arlington. Veteran.

Thos. C. Pierce, sergt. Killed at Petersburg June 17, 1864. Veteran.

Jas. Gibson, sergt. Killed at Petersburg July 30, 1864. Vet.

Albert Snyder, sergt. Died from wounds received at Antietam, Sep. 17, 1862.

Theo. Odenwelder, corporal. Wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864. Absent at mus. out of co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Francis Ludwig, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Jas. Barnhart, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Chris. E. Cole, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Francis Truxell, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Rich'd Berryman, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Nicholas Reinhart, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Jacob F. Cole, corp. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

John P. Huber, corp. Dis. March 18, 1865, for disability. Veteran.

John Sutton, corp. Dis. by G. O. May 11, 1865. Veteran.

David Shingle, corp. Killed at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864. Veteran.

Jacob Truxell, corp. Killed at Petersburg July 7, 1864. Vet.

Thos. Foster, corp. Killed at Yellow Tavern., Aug. 19, 1864. Veteran.

Henry G. Dentler, corp. Cap. Died at Andersonville, Ga., May 17, 1864. Grave 1,161.

Danl. Troxell, corp. Trans. to U. S. Reg. Oct. 27, 1862.

Wm. Buoy, corp. Died of wounds recd. at Cold Harbor.

Philip Richards, corp. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.

Montgomery S. Adams, musc. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Wm. D. Ritter, musc. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.

Philip Bratton, musc. Mus. out Nov. 16, 1864, expr. of term.

Aikey, Lewis, private. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Aikey, Zachariah, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Anderson, Sol. K., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.

Augenstein, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Substitute.

Allen, Benj. P., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 15, 1865.

Atlee, Amandus, priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865.

Arbuckle, Thos. J., priv. Cap. Died, date unknown.

Bower, Wm. D., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Betzer, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Babcock, Jos., priv. Absent sick at mus. out. Veteran.

Bentley, Frank., priv. Dis. Feb. 25, 1865, by sen. of G. C. M.

Benfer, Danl., priv. Dis. Jan. 12, for disability.

Buss, George, priv. Wounded at Knoxville and then cap. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.

Baldwin, Absalom, priv. Cap. Died Sep. 24, 1864, at Andersonville.

Bonnell, Wayne, priv. Des. June 16, 1865.

Bower, Jacob, priv. Des. July 11, 1865. Sub.

Burns, Abraham, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 27, 1862.

Bostain, Geo. W., priv. Dis. on surg. cer.

Bower, Martin, priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 27, 1862.

Crossgrove, Saml., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Veteran.

Cox, John T., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Covey, Matthew, B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.

Crossgrove, Lemuel J., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.

Cliner, Jacob, priv. Trans. to V. R. C. date unknown.

Duck, Franklin F., priv. Cap. Aug. 21, 1864, at Weldon R.

R. Absent at mus. out of co.

Deibler, Alex., priv. Cap. at North Anna May 27, 1864. Absent at mus. out of co.

Dull, Geo. N., priv. Died Sep. 19, 1864, at Alexandria, grave 2,683.

Depo, Thos. T., priv. Trans. to V. R. C. 1863.

Daly, Henry A., priv. Trans. to U. S. A. Oct. 27, 1862.

Eickner, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draf.

- Eckley, John., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 11, 1865. Draf.
 Edwards, Henry, priv. Des. June 1, 1865. Draf.
 Fangford, John, priv. Wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va. Absent at muster-out of co.
 Fritz, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Frutchey, Fred., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Fritz, John, priv. Dis. by G. O. July 11, 1865.
 Frey, Alpheus, priv. Deserted May 5, 1864. Veteran.
 Foley, John F., priv. Deserted May 23, 1865. Sub.
 Fisher, George, priv. Not on muster-out roll.
 Fisher, Thos. T., priv. Died January 12, 1862, at Annapolis, Md.
 Fortner, Jacob, priv. Wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. on account of wounds 1862.
 Gangeer, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, '65. Vet.
 Grube, Frank T. Dis. by G. O. May 12, 1865.
 Garrett, James S., priv. Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga., August 18, 1864; grave, 6,140.
 Geddes, John, priv. Deserted August, 1862.
 Gallagher, James C., priv. Miss. in action at 2d Bull Run.
 Griner, Wm., priv. Dis. for disability 1862.
 Herzog, Daniel, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Henry, Isaiah, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Houtz, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Houselman, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hemperly, Jno. F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Hoffman, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Huntzberger, Jesse, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Hahn, Nathan M., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 11, 1865.
 Harris, John, priv. Wounded June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; died of wound June 30, 1864.
 Hoover, Daniel, priv. Wounded June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; died of wounds 27, 1864.
 Hoover, Chas., priv. Died at New York city Nov. 12, 1864.
 Holden, Geo. V., priv. Dis. August, 1863.
 Hold, Edward, priv. Trans. to Vet. Reserve Corps; date unknown.
 Hickernal, John, priv. Trans. to U. S. army Oct. 27, 1862.
 Hummel, Christian, priv. Died June, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
 Krites, Wm. K., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kauffman, Xavier, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Kramer, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Kinney, Chas., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 13, 1865.
 Kinney, Wm. M., priv. Died October 27, 1864, at City Point, Va.
 Kuntz, Alfred, priv. Captured. Died November 5, 1864, at Salisbury.
 Kemmel, John, priv. Trans. to Vet. Reserve Corps, date unknown.
 Kaiser, Chas., priv. Dis. for disability, date unknown.
 Ludwig, James, priv. Captured May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania. Absent at muster-out of co.

- Logan, Wm. R., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, '65. Vet.
Lorah, Henry, priv. Dis. by G. O. July 10, 1865. Draft.
Marr, James, priv. Absent sick at mus. out of co.
Matley, Howard, priv. Absent sick at muster out of co. Dft.
Morgan, James E., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Drafted.
Meylert, Wm. S., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 23, 1865.
Mann, Philip J., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 2, 1865.
Mills, David, priv. Mus. out November 12, 1864. Expiration of term.
Miller, Nicholas, priv. Deserted April 5, 1865. Sub.
Morse, Chas., priv. Deserted April 5, 1865. Sub.
Moore, Joseph G., priv. Trans. to Vet. Reserve Corps June 10, 1865.
McMullin, H. L., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Draft.
McBride, Anthony, priv. Deserted April 5, 1865. Sub.
McBride, Paul, priv. Wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. December, 1862, on account of wounds.
Neifert, Jacob, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drft.
Ocker, David G., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
O'Neil, Joseph, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, '65. Sub.
Proof, Alonzo, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Paegle, Raleigh, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
Poeth, Joseph M., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 11, 1865.
Poust, William, priv. Wounded August 19, 1864, at Yellow Tavern; died September 10, 1864, from wounds.
Patterson, Ed. H., priv. Killed December 1, 1863, at the siege of Knoxville, while doing duty as a houseburner.
Rossman, David, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Reese, John Lee, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Rank, Benj., priv. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor.
Rider, Benj., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Reish, Solomon, priv. Captured Aug. 21, 1864, at Weldon Railroad. Absent at muster-out.
Robb, Henry, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
Rosenberger, Ed., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Riter, Geo. S., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.
Reifsnyder, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
Drafted.
Ritter, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Drafted.
Robinson, And., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
Royer, Saml., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
Richards, Philip, priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
Reifsnyder, Wm., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
Rank, Saml., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 3, 1865.
Reichley, David, priv. Dis. by G. O. May 17, 1865.
Roush, Benj. F., priv. Dis. for disability Feb. 10, 1865.
Rank, John, priv. Died May 14, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864.
Richards, Ed. H., priv. Wounded Aug. 19, 1864, at Yellow Tavern. Died of wounds Sept. 10, 1864.
Ryan, Jas., priv. Deserted April 5, 1865.

- Rundio, Wm. T., priv. Dis. for disability Sept., 1862.
 Richards, Erwin, priv. Wounded Sept. 17, 1862, at Antietam. Dis. on account of wounds Jan., 1863.
 Reedy, Francis, priv. Des. Feb., 1864.
 Schilling, Alfred, priv. Wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
 Absent at mus. out.
 Stees, David C., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Stutzman, Wm. M., priv. Wounded in action July 16, 1864.
 Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Schlegel, Peter, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.
 Shaw, Robt. B., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Sub.
 Snyder, John, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.
 Steinberger, Edmund, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Springer, Jacob P., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Schenck, Paul F., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Souder, Eph., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
 Shires, Mich., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
 Stidinger, Saml. G., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
 Sarba, Jos., priv. Mus. out Nov. 12, 1864, expr. of term.
 Search, Wm., priv. Dis. by sen. of G. C. M. Feb. 15, 1865.
 Summers, Cline, priv. Dis. by sen. of G. C. M. Feb. 15, 1865.
 Swagers, Thos., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.
 Shafer, Thos. C., priv. Dis. by G. O. July 15, 1865.
 Southard, Abram C., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 26, 1865.
 Drafted.
 Showers, Henry C., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 27, 1865.
 Shafer, Geo. S., priv. Died March 18, 1864, at Harrisburg, Pa.
 Schwep, Fred., priv. Killed at Wilderness, May 6, 1864. Vet.
 Scheeks, Danl., priv. Died July, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, Va.
 Scheeks, Christian, priv. Killed at Yellow Tavern, Aug. 19, 1864.
 Singer, Lewis, priv. Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, date unknown.
 Trutt, Wm. M., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Taylor, Jos. C., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.
 Twigg, John T., priv. Dis. by G. O. June 1, 1865. Drafted.
 Turner, Lyman B., priv. Not on mus.-out roll.
 Vogel, Wm. H., priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Vet.
 Vancuran, Nathaniel, priv. Wounded June 16, 1864. Absent at muster-out.
 Winegarden, John, priv. Vet. Wounded at June 6, 1864.
 Absent at muster-out.
 Wilson, Wm., priv. Sub. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Walker, Chas., priv. Draft. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Wagner, Aug., priv. Draft. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865.
 Wertz, Robt., priv. Dis. by G. O. May 22, 1865.
 Willet, Chas. W., priv. Killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
 Widdell, John, priv. Wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor.
 Watts, John, priv. Not on mus.-out roll.

Yates, Wm., priv. Wounded at Antietam Sept. 17, 1862. Absent at muster-out.
 Yoder, Seneca, priv. Mus. out with co. July 27, 1865. Draft.
 Yohl, Alfred, priv. Captured. Died at Salisbury, N. C., Oct. 26, 1864.
 Yearick, Tobias, priv. Dis. for disability Oct., 1863.
 Total names on the rolls, 197.*

A ROLL OF NAMES THAT ARE UNASSIGNED.

Agen, John, priv. Enlisted March 24, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out rolls.
 Balliet, John W., priv. Enlisted Feb. 11, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out rolls.
 Bate, Joel, priv. Enlisted Feb. 23, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out rolls.
 Barthell, Lewis, priv. Enlisted March 2, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.
 Coughan, Patrick, priv. Enlisted Sept. 19, 1864. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.
 Clevenstine, John, priv. Enlisted Aug. 26, 1864. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.
 Corey, Matthew B., priv. Enlisted Feb. 25, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.
 Cole, Christopher C., priv. Enlisted July 29, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.
 Collins, John C., priv. Enlisted Jan. 23, 1864. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.
 Fisher, Samuel, priv. Enlisted June 4, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.
 Fleishhaner, Isaac, priv. Enlisted Jan. 27, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.
 Garrett, James, priv. Enlisted Feb. 26, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

* *Summary of casualties.*—Killed—Com. officers, 1; non-com. officers, 5; privates, 5. Died of wounds—Non-com. officers, 3; privates, 6. Died of disease—Privates, 6. Died in rebel prisons—Non-com. officers, 1; privates, 7. Wounded—Com. officers, 3; non-com. officers, 4; privates, 18. Captured—Non-com. officers, 1; privates, 10. Transferred—Non-com. officers, 1; privates, 10. Discharged—Com. officers, 2; non-com. officers, 3; privates, 44. Resigned—Com. officers, 5. Deserted—Privates, 11. Absent at muster-out—Enlisted men, 9.

Recapitulation.—Killed, 11; died of wounds, 9; died of disease, 6; died in rebel prisons, 8; wounded, 25; captured, 11; transferred, 11; discharged, 49; resigned, 5; deserted, 11; absent at muster-out, 9. Grand total casualties, 155.

With the exception of the wounded, this list is reliable, as the rolls indicate a desire to record everything (wounded excepted) pertaining to a casualty incident to a military organization.

Company K has done a full share in the battles in which the 51st participated, as its list indicates.

Hunt, Daniel, priv. Enlisted Feb. 19, 1864. 3 years. Deserted, date unknown.

Hercher, Charles F., priv. Enlisted Feb. 22, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Hummel, James, priv. Enlisted Feb. 22, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Kime, George, priv. Enlisted Feb. 22, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Keens, Alfred, priv. Enlisted Feb. 2, 1864. 2 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Learch, Wm., priv. Enlisted Jan. 29, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Lubold, Castor, priv. Enlisted Feb. 19, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Ludwick, Jared R., priv. Enlisted Jan. 30, 1865. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Labor, Alonzo, priv. Enlisted Jan. 25, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.

Nixon, John T., priv. Enlisted Jan. 25, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.

Nolan, James, priv. Enlisted Mar. 24, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.

Perry, Geo. W., priv. Enlisted Feb. 25, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Simmons, William, priv. Enlisted April 1, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.

Troy, John, priv. Enlisted Feb. 25, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Thompson, John, priv. Enlisted April 4, 1865. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.

Valquette, Leon, priv. Enlisted July 16, 1864. 1 year. Not on muster-out roll.

VanGeezer, Geo. R., priv. Enlisted Feb. 16, 1864. 3 years. Not on muster-out roll.

Statement of 51st Regiment P. V. V.

Field and staff, com. and non-com., 33; Co. A, 227; B, 174; C, 195; D, 219; E, 182; F, 210; G, 230; H, 236; I, 189; K, 197. Total names on the roll of the 51st, 2,092.

Casualties in the field and staff. Killed, 2; killed by accident, 2; wounded, 5; captured, 1; transferred, 6; discharged, 7; resigned, 5. Total, 28.

Recapitulation (final). Killed, field and staff, 2; Co. A, 13; B, 7; C, 14; D, 12; E, 7; F, 11; G, 12; H, 16; I, 11; K, 11. Total, 116.

Died of wounds. Field and staff, none. Co. A, 17; B, 3; C, 9; D, 8; E, 4; F, 8; G, 8; H, 2; I, 5; K, 9. Total, 73.

Died of disease. Field and staff, none. Co. A, 12; B, 2; C, 10; D, 11; E, 4; F, 6; G, 12; H, 8; I, 9; K, 6. Total, 80.

Died in captivity. Field and staff, none. Co. A, 5; B, 2; C, 4; D, 2; E, 1; F, 1; G, 2; H, 5; I, 3; K, 8. Total, 33.

Wounded. Field and staff, 5. Co. A, 67; B, 6; C, 36; D, 42; E, 11; F, 29; G, 13; H, 25; I, 32; K, 25. Total, 291.

Captured. Field and staff, 1. Co. A, 11; B, 7; C, 9; D, 7; E, 3; F, 2; G, 3; H, 17; I, 5; K, 11. Total, 76.

Discharged. Field and staff, 7. Co. A, 80; B, 51; C, 39; D, 71; E, 57; F, 52; G, 74; H, 86; I, 57; K, 49. Total, 623.

Transferred. Field and staff, 6. Co. A, 18; B, 7; C, 8; D, 14; E, 31; F, 29; G, 40; H, 31; I, 8; K, 11. Total, 203.

Resigned. Field and staff, 5. Co. A, 1; C, 1; D, 2; F, 1; G, 2; H, 1; I, 1; K, 5. Total, 19.

Killed by accident. Field and staff, 2. Co. A, 1; D, 2; F, 2; G, 2; I, 3. Total, 12.

Deserted. Co. A, 25; B, 12; C, 11; D, 10; E, 7; F, 11; G, 11; H, 5; I, 11; K, 11. Total, 123.

Missing. Co. C, 2; D, 2. Total, 4.

Absent at muster-out. In arrest.—Co. A, 3; C, 4; F, 1; H, 2; I, 2.—12. Sick.—Co. A, 3; B, 4; C, 7; D, 6; E, 5; G, 5; H, 3; I, 1; K, 9.—43. Total, 55.

Summary. Killed, 116; died of wounds, 73; died of disease, 80; died in captivity, 33; died by accident, 12. Total deceased, 314. Wounded, 291; captured, 76; discharged, 623; transfers, 203; resignations, 19; desertions, 123; missing, 4; absent, sick and in arrest, 55. Casualties total, 1,394.

This list of casualties in recapitulation of the 51st Regiment P. V. V., when sifted, will be found pretty nearly correct as to the total deaths by killing and other causes. In the transfers, one-third was made within the regiment, the remainder outside. The wounded are reported as often as injured, those who were struck three times are registered as often; this is to be borne in mind, or else an incorrect impression may be made that the idea is to swell the casualties to outdo other organizations, which has not been the case. Jealousy was a stranger amongst the officers and men of the 51st, and if any other regiment has a brighter escutcheon than the former, it or they have the best wishes of every officer and man of the 51st, to enjoy it, and none will uphold them in it more than their comrades of the 51st P. V. V., as they all know that it took a deal of patient endurance to gain what little glory it possesses, and also that if other regiments do outstrip it, their hard knocks, like our own, were seldom received in a spirit of envy.

Below are the battles in which the 51st P. V. V. participated, from its first entrance on the field to its retirement from camp-life:

Roanoke Island, Feb. 7 and 8, 1862.
 Newbern, N. C., March 13 and 14, 1862.
 Camden, N. C., April 19, 1862.
 Bull Run, Va., August 29 and 30, 1862.
 Chantilly, Va., September 1, 1862.
 South Mountain, September 14, 1862.
 Antietam, September 17 and 18, 1862.
 Fredericksburg, December 12, 13, and 14, 1862.
 Vicksburg, Miss., June 16 to July 4, 1863.
 Jackson, Miss., July 8 to July 18, 1863.
 Campbell's Station, Tenn., November 16, 1863.
 Knoxville, Tenn., November 17 to Dec. 5, 1863.
 Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864.
 Spottsylvania, Va., May 12 to 14, 1864.
 Cold Harbor, Va., May 31 to June 8, 1864.
 Petersburg, Va., June 16 to August 18, 1864.
 Yellow Tavern, Va., August 19, 1864.
 Weldon Railroad, Va., August 21, 1864.
 Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27, 28, and 29, 1864.
 Petersburg, November 29, 1864, to April 2, 1865.

Skirmishes. — Kelly's Ford, 1862; Rappahannock, 1862; Warrenton, 1862; Sulphur Springs, Va., Nov. 16, 1862; Sulphur Springs, Aug. 24, 1862; Upperville, Va., 1862; Fairfax C. H., 1862; Big Black, Miss., July 6, 1863; Jackson, Miss., July 7, 1863; Loudon, Tenn., Nov. 15, 1863; Lenoir, Tenn., Nov. 15, 1863; Rutledge, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1863; Blain's Crossroads, Dec. 18, 1863; Poplar Grove Church, 1864; Bethesda Church, 1864; Peeble's Farm, 1864; Ream's Station, 1864; Weldon Railroad, 1864; besides a large number of minor importance, of which there are memoranda.

Below is a perfectly reliable statement of the distances traversed by the 51st P. V. V., by marches, transports, and railway, as taken from a Diary.

From Bridgeport to Harrisburg, 95 miles; From Harrisburg to Annapolis, Md., 123 miles; from Aquia Creek to Fredericksburg, 15 miles; from Bealton to Culpepper C. H., Va., 15 miles; from Fredericksburg to Aquia Creek, 15 miles; from Baltimore, Md., to Paris, Ky., 778 miles; from Nicholasville, Ky., to Cairo, Ill., 508 miles; from Cairo, Ill., to Nicholasville, Ky., 508 miles; from Knoxville to Loudon, Tenn., 28 miles; from Nicholasville, Ky., to Bridgeport, Pa., 789 miles; from Bridgeport, Pa., to Harrisburg, Pa., 95 miles; from

Harrisburg to Annapolis, Md., 123 miles; from Washington, D. C., to Harrisburg, 124 miles; from Harrisburg to Bridgeport, 95 miles—Total by rail, 3,311 miles.

By transports from Annapolis to Fortress Monroe, thence to Roanoke Island, to Newbern, to landing at Albemarle Sound, back to Newbern, to Hatteras Inlet, back to Newbern, to Newport News, to Aquia Creek, to Baltimore; from Cairo to Vicksburg and back to Cairo; from City Point to Washington, from Washington to Alexandria.—Total 5,390 miles.

By marches, total 1,738 miles; by water, total 5,390 miles; by railway, total 3,311 miles.—Aggregate, 10,439 miles.

The above statement is within the actual distance the regiment travelled. The railroad distance has been taken from the railroad surveys. The water distance was obtained from the pilots, captains, and officers in command of the respective vessels of transportation. The marching was taken from a diary that had been kept by the owner very accurately in reference to marches, and can be relied on. The whole table is not ten miles either above or below the true distance; if either one, it is below.

A few words to the disappointed. You should not take it unkind in not finding your name among the wounded on the rolls of your company. Everything has been done to obtain your name, when, how, and where you shed your blood, everything that time, expense, trouble, and vexations, with a dogged perseverance, could possibly accomplish, and the result is very imperfect. The aggregate of the wounded of the 51st would not be one less than 650 cases, of which only 291 of your names stand out in bold relief, while the deep scars of your jagged wounds are the silent evidence that you too "was there." It is to be regretted that your wounds were not recorded on your company's rolls instead of the names of those disgraces to their country's flag—the deserters.

CHAPTER III.

Review of the services of the 51st—Defence of the regiment by Colonels Bolton and McClellan—Glorious history of the Ninth Army Corps—Sketches of the field and staff—Villains denounced—Stanzas in honor of the dead heroes—Their widows and orphans—Thanks—List of Cemeteries—U. S. price list.

IN ending it must be said that the 51st Regiment of Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers has no cause to point to the record of any other military organization and say their escutcheon is brighter than ours, but it can, with justice and infallible truth, point heavenward and say that in the performance of duty during its whole military career it stands second to none in the vast armies of which it was destined to be a part and parcel. Its long confinement in Camp Curtin in 1861, its hundreds of privations and dangers in the "Burnside Coast Expedition," both on the broad bosom of the Atlantic Ocean, or on the marshy soil of Roanoke Island, or the swampy mud of the Neuse river, all these induced a fitness for the subsequent hardships it passed through in the forty-seven months of service it rendered the Union, the Constitution and the laws of this unprecedented Republic. It can boast with pride of its aid in destroying that "last relic of barbarism, the accursed of all nations, the institution of slavery." It has helped to remove the libel on the country of being a Republic, when it was only a Republic in name but not in fact. It has battled long and hard to verify that portion of the Declaration of Independence; "That all men were created equal." It proved by its deeds

that its members were Union men of the right stamp, no matter what were their politics or religion. It can glory in being the only regiment that was from beginning to end with the noble Burnside.

The aspersions of its enemies have been met and silenced by its brave and noble commander Col. Bolton, strengthened by the conscientiousness that it did its whole duty, and by receiving the full and entire approbation of its influential class of friends. The spleen and venom of some who belonged to the "bar-room" oratory, as well as that of another class of persecutors, turned back on to the ventors of the insidious poison, forcing them to blush and hide their faces when in the presence of their braver superiors.

To those it was a disgrace to wear the "livery of the Lincoln minions," and thanks to those two champions of a "soldier's dignity," Cols. Wm. J. Bolton of the 51st, and M. Robert McClellan of the noble 138th P. V., who fought those calumniators with similar weapons and drove them "into the last ditch." Why the brave soldiers of the two regiments were so assailed and villified by those who had not the courage to join their friends and with a musket fight the battles of the South, can be answered by asking, why was our Saviour persecuted unto death? But the time may come when they will see the error of their ways, and yet turn to be good, loyal citizens.

To the thousands of friends of the 51st, both in Pennsylvania and New York, the thanks of the entire regiment are due for their frequent and many favors received and enjoyed. And now at the end, the disbandment of the 9th corps, it is to be regretted

that the oldest one in the army should receive only a small share of commendation due to its whole meritorious course. It was slighted from its conception until its disbandment by the entire editorial staff, not because it had done nothing, but each reporter having a peculiar interest in other commands, could seldom find out, or see, or hear anything the 9th Corps had done, and soon verified the adage that "none are so blind as those who do not want to see."

A spirit of jealousy, occasioned by the great popularity of our commander with his own men and those of other corps, by the commanders of which the 9th Corps was "peddled" out, caused them, with one exception, to remain silent on the merits or demerits of the nobly brave 9th. That one exception was an acknowledgment from the greatest of them all, Gen. Grant. He rose above the petty jealousy that infected even officers of far higher rank but of far less honor, and dared to acknowledge in an order after the siege of Vicksburg and the capture of Jackson, that the 9th corps was composed of *soldiers*.

No corps in the whole army was used like the 9th. It has been in nearly every command of the entire army; hawked about like a peddler's pack, wherever a command was in a tight place the 9th corps was sure to be sent to its aid. It was under Burnside, Foster, Parke, Hooker, Sumner, Meade, Grant at Vicksburg, Sherman at Jackson, McClellan and Pope, and a number of others, hence the propriety of its name for travelling all over rebeldom; but its greatest reproach was the degradation of having the colored troops attached to it. In this lies the secret of the non-recognition of its services, for merit could

not be awarded to the white troops without the colored troops being sharers of the praise. The poor colored soldier should not have had the chance of manifesting his love for his country to the disgust and horror of those who "could prove the war a failure." The country was nothing to him, he was only a "chattel," and what right had he to shoulder a musket and spill his black blood to give freedom to millions of his kindred who were living in painful "luxury" in the cotton, rice and sugar fields of the South, and in helping the further perpetuation of this republic and in bursting the *cordon* of the "White Man's Government?" His sphere was the cotton-field with a hoe, not the battle-field with a musket; and by his not being in his proper compass the poor do-nothing 9th Corps must not expect to be admitted among high circles who are akin to the F. F. V's. Ye black-skinned warriors, see the damage you have done through your fighting shoulder to shoulder with the "small-fisted farmers, the greasy mechanics and the mudsills of the North." But let the 9th Corps get any praise or not, it has the satisfaction of knowing that it conscientiously performed its duty and aided as much as the *best* in putting down the rebellion of '61-'65.

The respect due to the officers of the regiment will always be evinced whenever occasion requires and calls for it from the men lately under their command. The esteem in which its first commander, Col. John Frederick Hartranft who is now a Maj. Gen. by brevet, has been shown by the suffrage of his fellow-citizens in electing him for a second term to the high and responsible post of Auditor-General of Pennsylvania.

Col. W. J. Bolton, who is now a Brigadier-General by brevet, enjoys the respect and confidence of his old command and the citizens of the town in which he resides, and he too, like his predecessor, has enjoyed the perplexities of a public office by filling the unpleasant one of high sheriff of his county, (Montgomery.)

Lieut.-Col. Wm. Allebaugh has accomplished a victory which proves that he, like his superior officers, is held in high esteem in the town where he resides, by his second elevation to a public office, the position of burgess of the borough.

Major Jos. K. Bolton, an interested friend to every man in the old 51st, and of all who know him, for his urbanity of disposition, holds not only the esteem of his old command, but the actual *love* of them all.

Lieut. S. P. Stephens, quartermaster, is in feelings and respect the counterpart of his superior officer, the major, and enjoys the confidence of the authorities at Harrisburg, and a good berth as clerk, for which he is well fitted, in the Auditor-General's office.

Surgeon Wm. C. Shurlock was a man of no ordinary ability, and is deserving of a slight biography. He was a graduate of the class of the 9th of March, 1858, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philada. He then returned to Darlington, Beaver co., Pa., and entered upon the practice of his profession, enjoying the confidence of a large list of patients, until the echo of the first gun that was fired upon Fort Sumter reverberated among the hills of Beaver county. He then thought it was his duty to offer his services to his country. He raised a company of one hundred

and ten men for the "three months' service," but they were not accepted, as the State's quota was filled. He kept his company together, and when the time arrived he entered the service as captain of Co. D, of the Roundheads, or 100th P. V. He was in the taking of Port Royal and Beaufort, S. C. After which he was stricken down with disease, with no prospect of ever recovering his health in that climate. On the recommendation of the surgeons of his regiment, he was induced to resign on the 16th of December, 1861.

He went home and the change restored him to health, when he again entered the service as assistant surgeon in the 100th P. V., his commission dated July 15th, 1862. He served with this regiment until December 28th, 1863, when he was promoted to surgeon, and ordered to report for duty to the 51st P. V. V.

He was mustered as surgeon of the 51st P. V. V. on the 9th of March, 1864, and remained on duty as surgeon till May 6th, 1864, when he was detailed as operating surgeon at the division hospital in the field, where he remained on duty till April 24th, 1865, when he returned to his regiment, and remained with it till June 6th, 1865, when he was mustered out of the service, under orders of the War Department for the reduction of the army, dated May 17, 1865.

Assistant-Surgeon J. B. Rineholt, whose close attention to his patients caused them to hold him in high esteem, was kind and sympathetic to those who were sick, but a terror to those who tried to "play sick" in order to shirk any duty for which they were detailed. He is living and doing a fine business in Muscatine, Iowa.

The adjutant, Jacob H. Santo, was held in high estimation by his officers and the men. Being of a quiet, unobtrusive disposition, he made friends wherever he went. His only fault was—"You are detailed," &c., which he would tell you at midnight as quick as midday. He is doing a good business in Harrisburg, Pa.

And now, in conclusion, one circumstance that occurred while at Alexandria tarnishes the fair fame and the bright bearing of the 51st P. V. V. Its atrociousness deserves that it be mentioned, although it only can be wished that it could be blotted out of the history of the regiment. The heinous crime called for the shooting of the villains who committed the deed, but through the instrumentality of the friends of the accused, and the war being over, only one received a slight punishment. It was the crime of murder. A man belonging to the 36th New Jersey regiment had been paid off, and went to the city. After taking a few drinks too many, and while on his way to his camp, he stopped at the sutler's tent of the 51st P. V. V., and treated a few who were standing around. Some seeing that he had a large sum of money about him, decided to rob him. They followed him up, until from over-intoxication the man lay down under a tree in the shade to sleep off his potations, when the desperadoes with a stone mashed in his head, and robbed him of his money, leaving him dead on the roadside. The circumstances call for a larger paragraph than what is given here, but enough has been told to remind the 51st that a spot of deep rooted rust rests on its bright armor. Burnish it as you may, it will stand there as a damning disgrace on the hard-earned laurels of the soldier and of the regiment.

We must not forget our heroic dead ; they sleep their last sleep, unmindful of the negligence of their comrade survivors. They have received their reward from God, and rest in peaceful tranquillity on the bloody fields of Roanoke, Newbern, Camden, etc. ; and while they lie awaiting the day when the angel Gabriel shall blow his trumpet to marshal the hosts of the earth to render an account to the greatest Chieftain of all, let us bring to mind their many virtues, and indelibly impress them upon our hearts that we, too, may receive the promotion promised us by the Dying Soldier on Calvary. But while living, it is our duty to remember the great cause for which they died ; for it might have been your death as well as theirs ; but God had a motive for sparing your lives that will be manifested in some epoch of future time.

Gather bright laurels to spread on their graves,
While wrapped in their blankets they wait for the morn,
They've camped for the night in the camp of the braves,
While their deeds on the records of State must be borne.

Breathe not a whisper, but what's uttered with love,
For their marches are over, their battles are won,
But keep their graves green, while they picket above,
And rear monuments high for the work they have done.

The cannon's deep roar cannot call them to battle,
Nor the tap of the drum command them to march,
Nor the clashing of arms or the musketry's rattle,
Nor arid Mississippi their silent lips parch.

They've enlisted above in Jehovah's vast camp,
Not armed or equipped, but their names on his roll,
Without any enemy to flee from their tramp,
But merely on guard there, at the gate of the goal.

They're silently waiting the relief to come round,
That you may relieve them from guarding their post,
The countersign's given, but not in secrecy bound,
For all can recruit for Jehovah's great host.

Then breathe not a whisper that's not uttered with love,
For their marches are over, their battles are won,
But keep their graves green, while they picket above,
And rear monuments high, for the work they have done.

As it is not in the power of any mortal to change the condition of the dead, yet we can hope that they are happier far than we are here, and believing that he who gives his life in honorable warfare for the salvation of his country finds a sure passport to his Saviour's breast, we will drop a tear in memory of our departed heroes, and leave them "at rest" in the great camp above while we "do duty" on God's footstool here below.

But what of the widows and orphans of our noble departed? If we cannot change the condition of the dead, we can of the living. 'Tis said that republics are ungrateful. Time will tell how true that "saying" is, but while we are waiting for that to happen, can we see our legless, armless and otherwise crippled heroes at the street corners grinding out music from an organ by the meagre cent's-worth to the passers-by, when situations could be offered them whereby they could earn a comfortable living and at the same time give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages? Some say, "they can't be trusted in responsible situations." Out with the idea! Can't be trusted? No man living can offer a situation half as responsible as the one in which the soldier lost his limb. The nation's life was reposed in his hands, did he betray the trust? look at his armless sleeve, his legless pants, and see how *too* faithful he cherished his trust, and yet he is not to be trusted! Why, forsooth? Because some displayed their vicious traits? But do not such things happen every day in civil life? Let him be cared for, let his half-starved family receive something to show that his efforts to serve and save his country are appreciated; talk is cheap, but a man's arm or leg is not so lightly bought; who of you would sell a leg or an arm for the paltry sum

of eight dollars a month during the remainder of your days? No, not one; it is not republics that are ungrateful, but it is those who are counted in the census of that republic that are. Are not thousands crying out against the enormous taxation which partly go to give the poor cripple his scanty eight dollars a month? even that is begrudged him, and you would stop it if you could. Republics ungrateful? No! it is you who are ungrateful, not the republic!

Let us smooth their path with gentle hands,
As down life's current they'll be toss'd,
Remove the pebbles in the sands,
And warm the heart that's chilled by frost.

Let the helpless widow of our brave soldiers receive substantial sympathy to make the dreary home one of comfort for her fatherless babes, and keep her from working half the night and all the day for a pittance of twenty or twenty-five cents from some tyrant task-master who is not willing to see her live. While everything ranges high in price it is not much that some can offer who are dependent on their daily labor, but there are others that can, and to those we commit the widows, the orphans, and the maimed and crippled soldiers, for care.

In closing allow me to return my sincere thanks to those brave soldier citizens, Major D. R. Larned, General Burnside's private Secretary; General Wm. J. and Major Joseph K. Bolton, Lieut. Samuel P. Stephens, Hon. Samuel P. Bates, State Historian; Mr. Kelly, Chief Clerk in the Adjutant General's Office, and a host of others, for their especial acts of kindness in furnishing important information and aid to the author of this work, and to all let me say, "may your prosperity and shadows never be less."

List of the National Cemeteries and the most important Soldiers' burial places in the United States, as furnished by the Quartermaster-General U. S. A.

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| 1. Alexandria, <i>Virginia.</i> | 45. Grafton, <i>West Virginia.</i> |
| 2. Alexandria, <i>Louisiana.</i> | 46. Hampton, <i>Virginia.</i> |
| 3. Andersonville, <i>Georgia.</i> | 47. Harrisburg, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> |
| 4. Annapolis, <i>Maryland.</i> | 48. Indianapolis, <i>Indiana.</i> |
| 5. Antietam, <i>Maryland.</i> | 49. Jefferson City, <i>Missouri.</i> |
| 6. Arlington, <i>Virginia.</i> | 50. Jefferson Barracks, <i>Mo.</i> |
| 7. Barrancas, <i>Florida.</i> | 51. Keokuk, <i>Iowa.</i> |
| 8. Baton Rouge, <i>Louisiana.</i> | 52. Knoxville, <i>Tennessee.</i> |
| 9. Beverly, <i>New Jersey.</i> | 53. Lebanon, <i>Kentucky.</i> |
| 10. Beaufort, <i>South Carolina.</i> | 54. Lexington, <i>Kentucky.</i> |
| 11. Bristol, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> | 55. Little Rock, <i>Arkansas.</i> |
| 12. Brownsville, <i>Texas.</i> | 56. Logan's Cross-roads, <i>Ky.</i> |
| 13. Camp Butler, <i>Illinois.</i> | 57. London Park, <i>Maryland.</i> |
| 14. Camp Dennison, <i>Ohio.</i> | 58. Louisville, <i>Kentucky.</i> |
| 15. Camp Nelson, <i>Kentucky.</i> | 59. Marietta, <i>Georgia.</i> |
| 16. Carlisle, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> | 60. Memphis, <i>Tennessee.</i> |
| 17. Chattanooga, <i>Tennessee.</i> | 61. Mound City, <i>Illinois.</i> |
| 18. Chester, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> | 62. Mobile, <i>Alabama.</i> |
| 19. Chicago, <i>Illinois.</i> | 63. Murfreesboro, <i>Tennessee.</i> |
| 20. City Point, <i>Virginia.</i> | 64. Nashville, <i>Tennessee.</i> |
| 21. Cincinnati, <i>Ohio.</i> | 65. Natchez, <i>Mississippi.</i> |
| 22. Cold Harbor, <i>Virginia.</i> | 66. New Albany, <i>Indiana.</i> |
| 23. Culpepper C. H., do | 67. Newbern, <i>North Carolina.</i> |
| 24. Columbus, <i>Ohio.</i> | 68. New Orleans, <i>Louisiana.</i> |
| 25. Corinth, <i>Mississippi.</i> | 69. Philadelphia, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> |
| 26. Cypress Hills, <i>New York.</i> | 70. Pittsburg, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> |
| 27. Danville, <i>Kentucky.</i> | 71. Pittsburg Landing, <i>Tenn.</i> |
| 28. Danville, <i>Virginia.</i> | 72. Poplar Grove, <i>Virginia.</i> |
| 29. Davenport, <i>Iowa.</i> | 73. Port Hudson, <i>Louisiana.</i> |
| 30. Easton, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> | 74. Quincy, <i>Illinois.</i> |
| 31. Evansville, <i>Indiana.</i> | 75. Raleigh, <i>North Carolina.</i> |
| 32. Fayetteville, <i>Arkansas.</i> | 76. Richmond, <i>Virginia.</i> |
| 33. Florence, <i>South Carolina.</i> | 77. Salisbury, <i>North Carolina.</i> |
| 34. Fort Donnelson, <i>Tennessee.</i> | 78. San Antonio, <i>Texas.</i> |
| 35. Fort Harrison, <i>Virginia.</i> | 79. Seven Pines, <i>Virginia.</i> |
| 36. Fort Leavenworth, <i>Kansas.</i> | 80. Springfield, <i>Missouri.</i> |
| 37. Fort St. Philip, <i>Louisiana.</i> | 81. Staunton, <i>Virginia.</i> |
| 38. Fort Scott, <i>Kansas.</i> | 82. Vicksburg, <i>Mississippi.</i> |
| 39. Fort Smith, <i>Arkansas.</i> | 83. Wilmington, <i>N. Carolina.</i> |
| 40. Fredericksburg, <i>Virginia.</i> | 84. Wilmington, <i>Delaware.</i> |
| 41. Gallipolis, <i>Ohio.</i> | 85. Winchester, <i>Virginia.</i> |
| 42. Gettysburg, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> | 86. Washington, <i>D. Columbia.</i> |
| 43. Glendale, <i>Virginia.</i> | 87. York, <i>Pennsylvania.</i> |
| 44. Galveston, <i>Texas.</i> | 88. Yorktown, <i>Virginia.</i> |

Recapitulation.—Alabama, 1; Arkansas, 3; Florida, 1; Georgia, 2; Indiana, 3; Iowa, 2; Illinois, 4; District of Columbia, 1; Kansas, 2; Delaware, 1; Louisiana, 5; Mississippi, 3; Missouri, 3; Maryland, 3; New York, 1; New Jersey, 1; North Carolina, 4; Ohio, 4; Pennsylvania, 9; Kentucky, 6; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 7; Texas, 3; Virginia, 16; West Virginia, 1.—Total 88.

The following is the price list of United States clothing, camp and garrison equipage as charged the 51st Regt. P. V. V. for the year 1865.

Axes	\$1 65	Hatchet helves.....	\$ 7
Axe Helves.....	20	Pants.....	4 75
Blouses, lined.....	4 80	Shirts, flannel.....	2 32
do unlined.....	4 00	do knit	2 25
Bootees, sewed.....	2 70	Drawers, flannel.....	1 60
do pegged	2 25	do knit	1 75
Cap, forage.....	1 00	Socks.....	48
Cap cover.....	25	Blankets, woollen.....	7 00
Canteens.....	65	do painted.....	2 65
Camp kettles.....	1 00	do rubber.....	4 40
Coats, privates uniform	12 50	Knapsack and straps..	3 10
Coats, over.....	12 00	Tents, D'Abri com-	
Coat, do straps.....	12	plete.....	9 80
Hats, uniform.....	2 25	Tents, wall.....	106 28
Haversacks, unpainted	65	do Sibley.....	107 31
do enamelled		do hospital.....	239 95
and painted	95	do A or wedge.....	39 95
Hatchets.....	81	Mess pans.....	45

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