



FIG. 1. *Wrasse* (M. J. M. & J. M. J.)

The fish is a small, slender, laterally compressed species. It has a long, pointed snout and a large, prominent eye. The body is covered in small, dark spots. The tail is deeply forked. The fish is shown in a swimming posture.

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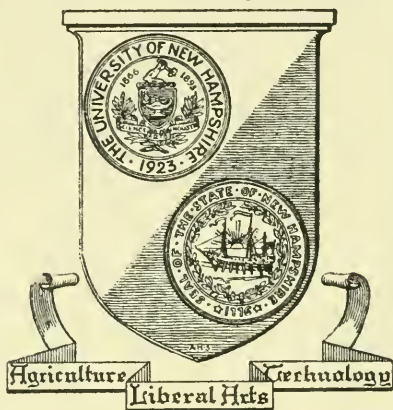
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HISTORY
OF THE
FIFTEENTH REGIMENT
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS
1862-1863

BY CHARLES MCGREGOR

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE
FIFTEENTH REGIMENT ASSOCIATION

1900

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BY CHARLES MCGREGOR.



MARY EMMA MCGREGOR.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY DECEASED WIFE,

Mary Emma McGregor,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, AT SUNSET OF MAY 26, IN
THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY—THIRD YEAR
OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, JUST AS
THIS BOOK WENT TO PRESS,

I Inscribe My Work.

CHARLES MCGREGOR.

ASSURED we there dear ones shall meet,
We loved in earth below ;
Their faces grown in heaven so sweet
That them we 'd scarcely know ;

And where, with ever brightening face,
We may pursue an high ideal,
Upon an ever upward race,
Where all we hope for shall be real.



CHARLES MCGREGOR,
HISTORIAN FIFTEENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS

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* This, though it may be considered matter of reference merely, is given the place of honor in this work.

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THE
FIFTEENTH NEW HAMPSHIRE
VOLUNTEERS.



COLONEL KINGMAN.

PRINTED BY

Ira C. Evans,

CONCORD, N. H.

THE DEAD AND WHERE THEY SLEEP.

“REST on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave ;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.

“ No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts,
Of loved ones left behind.

“ The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.

“ No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dreams alarms ;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.”

ROLL OF THE DEAD.

COMPANY A — 18 DEATHS.

1. ORRIN F. WHEELER, age 19, of diphtheria, at Gilford, now Lakeport, November 22, 1862, not having left the state. This was the first death in the regiment. Hillside Cemetery, Laconia.

2. GEORGE T. JACKSON, age 30, of malarial fever, at Mound City, Ill., August 6, 1863, while en route for home. Hillside Cemetery, Laconia.

3. SIDNEY C. HILL, age 19, of malarial poisoning, at Gilmanton, August 15, 1863. Gilmanton Cemetery, near his old home.

4. NOAH M. WEEKS, age 34, killed by shell at Port Hudson, La., one o'clock of the morning of June 3, 1863. Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, grave unknown.

5. LEWIS BLAKE, age 43, of malarial fever, at Baton Rouge, June 22, 1863. Baton Rouge National Military Cemetery, grave No. 2,446.

6. ANSEL F. YOUNG, age 21, of general decline, at the Carrollton Hospital, Louisiana, May 14, 1863. Buried at Carrollton, La. One year afterwards, the remains were disinterred and forwarded to Belmont, N. H., where they now rest in the family cemetery.



LEWIS BLAKE — Co. A.

7. ARTHUR S. SAWYER, age 30, of diphtheria, at Carrollton, La., July 4, 1863. Body despatched home, but left somewhere on the way on account of imperfect casket.

8. LEWIS S. BEAN, age 18, of disease, at United States barracks, New Orleans, La., July 16, 1863. Chalmette, unknown.

9. HARLAN P. GILMAN, age 23, of fever, on steamer "City of Madison," July 29, 1863, while en route for home. His body, with that of Horace A. Burley, of Company H, was buried in the dense woods on an island at Milliken's Bend, a little way below the mouth of the Arkansas river, in the state of Arkansas.

10. JOHN E. TARBELL, age 36, of fever, July 31, 1863, on steamer "City of Madison," while en route for home. Buried at Helena, Ark., with James Sanborn, of Company D.

11. JACOB WILLARD, age 44, of congestive chills, at three o'clock in the afternoon of August 6, 1863, on train, at Dunkirk, Pa., while en route for home. Body left at Buffalo, N. Y., for burial; it lay on a railroad truck, wrapped in a blanket, when the train pulled out. Forest Lawn Cemetery, soldiers' lot, Buffalo, N. Y.

12. ROYAL BOYNTON, age 44, of disease, at Lake Village, N. H., August 10, 1863. Buried at Lake Village.

13. THOMAS W. MERRILL, age 27, of fever, at Concord, N. H., August 11, 1863. Buried at Gilmanton Iron Works.

14. CHARLES E. CLAY, age 21, of diphtheria, at Carrollton, La., February 25, 1863. Discharged for disability and died same day. His comrades subscribed \$125 for a metallic case in which to send the body home. This was the first death in Company A after reaching the enemy's country. Buried in Belmont.

15. CHARLES F. SWAIN, age 35, of malaria, at Gilford, now Lakeport, September 13, 1863. Buried at Gilford.

Roll of the Dead.

7

16. JAMES W. BLAKE, age 21, of disease, at Gilford, now Lakeport, August 27, 1863. Hillside Cemetery.

17. DEWITT CLINTON, age 44, of climatic fever, at Gilford, now Lakeport, August 13, 1863. Hillside Cemetery.

18. ABNER W. MORSE, age 26, of typhoid fever, at Marine Hospital, New Orleans, La., March 18, 1863. Body despatched for home, but was cast overboard into the sea during the voyage on account of defective casket.

COMPANY B — 24 DEATHS.

1. BENJAMIN F. ADAMS, age 20, killed in action, May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, grave unknown. Was shot through the heart.

2. WILLIAM P. AVERY, age 18, of diphtheria, March 16, 1863, at Camp Parapet, Louisiana. Buried March 17 with military honors.

3. THOMAS A. BARSTOW, age 37, killed in action at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863. Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, Port Hudson, La., grave unknown.

4. HENRY W. BENTON, age 28, of fever, May 11, 1863, at Carrollton, La. He was on guard at Carrollton depot, and in the night tripped on the railroad track, and in falling his gun discharged, tearing off one of his thumbs. He was taken to the hospital to have this wound dressed, and never returned.

5. JOSEPH BROWN, JR., age 19, of diphtheria, August 11, 1863, at Campton, N. H.

6. CYRUS BURBICK, age 30, of congestive chills, at Chicago



CYRUS BURBICK — Co. B.

Marine Hospital, August 7, 1863, while en route for home. Buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, in the soldiers' lot. A register is kept of all soldiers' burials in this cemetery, enabling friends to find their graves.

7. JONAH CAMP, age 40, of disease, at Memphis General Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., August 6, 1863. Left sick while en route for home. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,087.

8. HENRY COOK, age 35, of disease, at Buffalo, N. Y., August 15, 1863. Left sick while en route for home. Soldiers' lot, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

9. BYRON ELLIOTT, age 19, of wounds received in battle, at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863. Died June 5, 1863. Wounded in right side.

10. WALTER B. FARNUM, age 24, of diphtheria, at Baton Rouge, La., June 16, 1863. Baton Rouge National Cemetery, grave No. 2,202. He was the smallest boy in the company. He was taken sick on the twenty-fifth of May while on the "firing line"; he remained on duty, and on the twenty-sixth was wounded while on picket. He was thus the first of the regiment to receive injury from the fire of the enemy. He participated in the battle of the twenty-seventh, after which he was sent to hospital; he was having vomiting spells as he bade his comrades good bye. He was never seen of his company afterwards. He was of a very sunny nature, and was accustomed to visit the boys in the hospitals at Carrollton and cheer them with his kindly offices and words of encouragement.

11. ABSOLAM FORD, age 22, of fever, at Memphis, Tenn., August 4, 1863. Left at Memphis sick while en route for home. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,092.

12. WILDER B. GRIFFIN, age 26, of fever, July 16, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La. United States National Military Cemetery, Baton Rouge, La., grave No. 1,549.

Roll of the Dead.

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13. HYLAS HACKETT, age 18, of fever, August 5, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., while en route for home.

14. EDWIN A. HART, age 18, of malarial fever, August 18, 1863, at Campton Village.

15. ISAAC S. JONES, age 27, of fever, June 17, 1863, in camp, at Carrollton, La.

16. JOHN KIMBALL, age 20, of malaria, May 28, 1863, at Camp Parapet, La.

17. ROCKWOOD G. MERRILL, drum major, age 21, at Bridgewater, N. H., August 25, 1863. Dropped dead just as he reached his own door.

18. JOSEPH B. NELSON, age 21, of fever, July 9, 1863, at Port Hudson, La.

19. GEORGE A. PAGE, age 24, of malaria, at Cairo, Ill., August 3, 1863, while en route



ROCKWOOD G. MERRILL—Co. B.



JUSTUS B. PENNIMAN—Co. B.

for home. Was buried on the Kentucky shore; ordered removed by the civil authorities; re-interred on the Ohio side; again removed to Mound City National Military Cemetery.

20. JUSTUS B. PENNIMAN, age 18, wounded in battle at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863, died of his injuries at New

Orleans, La., June 16, 1863; both legs shot off below the knees. The G. A. R. Post at Plymouth is named in his honor, and it is said he was the first man killed from that town. He was one of the volunteers of May 27, and carried a plank to bridge the enemy's ditch.

21. CHARLES G. PERKINS, age 21, of fever, January 12, 1863, at Carrollton, La. Disinterred from Carrollton avenue and removed to Chalmette National Military Cemetery, grave No. 8,334. This was the first death in the regiment after reaching the enemy's country, and occurred seventeen days after the landing at Carrollton.

22. GEORGE W. PLUMMER, age 35, of fever, at Carrollton, La., February 16, 1863. Chalmette National Military Cemetery, grave No. 8,340. Disinterred from Carrollton avenue.

23. HARVEY D. POWERS, age 20, mortally wounded in action, at Port Hudson, La., June 13, 1863. Died June 26, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La. Baton Rouge National Military Cemetery, grave No. 2,451. Wounded in leg.

24. CHARLES H. WILLEY, age 25, died June 20, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La., of wounds received in action at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863. United States National Military Cemetery, Baton Rouge, La., grave No. 2,356. Wounded in ankle. See register, Company B.



HIRAM S. BAKER—Co. C.

COMPANY C—30 DEATHS.

1. HIRAM S. BAKER, age 27, of climatic fever, on steamer "City of Madison," while en route for home, six miles above Memphis, Tenn., and buried on the Tennessee shore on a high bluff under a large tree. The burial took place while the boat lay too for repairs. Date of death and burial, August 1, 1863. He died in the forenoon at ten o'clock.

Roll of the Dead.

11

2. DAVID BATCHELDER, age 19, died at New Orleans, La., June 13, 1863, of wounds received in battle May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Chalmette National Military Cemetery, grave unknown.

3. JOHN BISHOP, age 44, of disease, August 4, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., where he was left sick while en route for home. United States Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., unknown grave.

4. DEXTER E. BUTMAN, age 19, of climatic fever, April 22, 1863, in regimental hospital, at Carrollton, La. Buried in George Hill Cemetery, Enfield, N. H.

5. CHARLES CARBEE, age 25, mustered out with the regiment August 13, 1863. Died of diarrhoea and general debility the next day at Concord. Buried at Bath.

6. ALBERT CHAMBERLAIN, age 18, of malarial fever, at the regimental hospital, Camp Parapet, La., May 8, 1863. Chalmette National Military Cemetery, grave No. 1,032. Disinterred from Camp Parapet.

7. HARRY CHAMBERLAIN, age 24, of fever, May 18, 1863, at regimental hospital, Camp Parapet, La. Chalmette, unknown grave.

8. STEPHEN C. CHURCH, age 41, of disease, at Memphis, Tenn., September 3, 1863. Left there sick while en route for home. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,067.

9. JOHN CLARK, age 44, of disease, at Bath, N. H., August 11, 1863. Buried at Bath.

10. CHARLES CRAM, age 29, of climatic fever, at regimental hospital, Port Hudson, La., July 25, 1863. Port Hudson Military Cemetery, unknown.

11. ENOCH C. DEARTH, age 31, of malarial fever, at Carrollton, La., May 26, 1863. Chalmette, unknown.

12. CHARLES B. ELA, age 32, accidentally shot by a comrade, at Carrollton, La., and died of the wound January 19,

1863, at general hospital, Carrollton, La. Buried at Carrollton, La., January 20, 1863, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Chalmette, unknown.

13. JOHN C. FULLER, age 41, missing in action May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Undoubtedly mortally wounded and captured by the enemy, and carried within their works. He must have died inside the fortifications of Port Hudson, and been there buried by the enemy. Was never seen nor heard from afterwards by any of his comrades.

14. DAN B. GAGE, age 41, of climatic diseases, at Memphis, Tenn., August 1, 1863, while en route for home. United States Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,089.

15. BURGESS C. KIMBALL, age 18, of malarial fever and general debility, at Enfield, N. H., August 15, 1863. Old Burying Ground, Enfield.

16. EDWARD P. LITTLE, age 21, of disease, at regimental hospital, Carrollton, La., May 18, 1863. Chalmette, unknown.

17. JOHN W. MILLEX, age 22, of fever, at Bath, N. H., August 9, 1863. Buried at Bath.

18. JAMES A. MULLIGAN, age 25, of disease, at Enfield, August 28, 1863. Methodist Hill Cemetery.

19. FRANCIS A. OAKES, age 22, of disease, at Benton, N. H., August 9, 1863. East Cemetery.

20. AMOS V. PARKER, age 37, of diarrhoea and fever, at Baton Rouge, La., July 9, 1863, the day of the surrender. United States Military Cemetery, Baton Rouge, La., grave No. 2,461.

21. JOHN A. POWERS, age 27, of disease, at Concord, N. H., August 13, 1863, the day of the muster out.

22. ANDREW J. ROBERTS, age 42, of disease, at Concord, N. H., August 13, 1863, the day of the muster out. Oak Grove Cemetery, Enfield, N. H.

Roll of the Dead.

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23. ISAAC SMITH, age 29. Died at Port Hudson, May 28, 1863, of wounds received in the battle of May 27 at that place. United States National Military Cemetery, Port Hudson, La., unknown grave.

24. DANIEL SPOONER, age 23, of disease, September 7, 1863, at Haverhill, N. H.

25. WILLIAM N. STEVENS, age 21, of disease, at Hanover, N. H., April 30, 1863. Was discharged for disability at Carrollton, La., March 27, 1863. Roodsboro Cemetery, Hanover.

26. JOHN STEWART, age 44, of fever, at Memphis, Tenn., at three o'clock P. M. of July 31, 1863, while en route for home. Memphis Military Cemetery, unknown grave.

27. JAMES C. THURSTON, age 18, of sore throat, at Port Hudson, La., July 15, 1863. Port Hudson Military Cemetery, unknown grave.

28. LEVI L. TYRRELL, age 33, of disease, at Buffalo, N. Y., August 16, 1863, while en route for home. Soldiers' lot, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

29. ELIAS S. WHITTIER, age 30, of fever and sore throat, at Port Hudson, La., July 14, 1863. United States National Military Cemetery, Port Hudson, La., unknown grave.

30. BENJAMIN F. BURNHAM, age 36, of disease, August 7, 1863, at Chicago, Ill., while en route for home. Oak Grove Cemetery, Enfield, N. H.

COMPANY D — 20 DEATHS.

1. Capt. JONATHAN H. JOHNSON, age 46. Died at Deerfield, N. H., October 13, 1863, of injuries received in battle, June 14, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. South Road Cemetery, Deerfield, N. H.

2. EDWARD P. LANE, age 18, of climatic fever, at Carrollton, La., February 10, 1863. Buried at Carrollton avenue. Removed to Chalmette, grave No. 8,894.

3. FRANK L. ADAMS, age 27, of disease contracted in the service, February 10, 1864, at Eden, Vt.

4. BENJAMIN F. SWAIN, age 18, of fever, July 28, 1863, on steamer "City of Madison," near Vicksburg, while en route for home. Buried on the river bank.

5. JOSEPH W. CHASE, age 18, of malarial fever, March 20, 1863, at Camp Parapet, Louisiana. Was buried north of the parapet with imposing ceremonies, the band officiating. His remains occupy one of the unknown graves in Chalmette. A stone, erected to his memory, stands in the Old Centre Cemetery at Deerfield, N. H.



WESLEY FIFE—Co. D.

6. WESLEY FIFE, age 28, of malarial fever, January 31, 1863, at Carrollton, La. First death in Company D. Was buried at Carrollton avenue; the body now rests in Chalmette among the unknown.

7. DANIEL HALL, age 37, of sunstroke, at Port Hudson, La., July 7, 1863. United States National Military Cemetery, grave No. 3,116.

8. WILLIAM T. STEVENS, age 43, of acute dysentery, August 2, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., where he was left sick while en route for home. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,076.

9. ALBION A. BEAN, age 19, of disease, August 31, 1863, at Deerfield, N. H. Old Centre Cemetery.

10. WILLIAM B. TAYLOR, age 44, of disease, August 5, 1863, at Chicago, Ill. A stone erected to his memory stands in the cemetery at Northwood Centre. Buried at Chicago.

Roll of the Dead.

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11. WALTER W. BEAN, age 19, of disease, at Candia, N. H., August 23, 1863.

12. CHASE C. FULLER, age 44, of disease, September 7, 1863, at Northwood, N. H.

13. WALTER G. BRACKETT, age 18, of fever, at Memphis, Tenn., August 10, 1863, where he was left sick while en route for home. United States Military Cemetery at Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,090.

14. JOHN O. LANGLEY, age 41, killed at Port Hudson, La., while on the picket line, July 1, 1863. He rests among the unknown in the United States Military Cemetery at Port Hudson.

15. JOHN S. LANCASTER, age 18, of dysentery, July 18, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Unknown grave, Port Hudson National Military Cemetery.

16. CHARLES S. MARSTON, age 20, of fever, at ten o'clock in the afternoon of February 14, 1863, at Carrollton, La. Buried at Carrollton avenue. His remains have been removed and now occupy one of the unknown graves in Chalmette.

17. JOSIAH BRADBURY PHILBRICK, age 24, of typhoid fever, at Warner, N. H., October 2, 1863. While being mustered out, was stricken with typhoid fever caused by exposure, and carried to the home of his wife's parents in Warner, where he died October 2, 1863, aged 24 years. He left a wife and one daughter, Meribah Porter Philbrick. He was the only son of Levi B. and Meribah Seavey Philbrick; well educated in the public schools and Pembroke and New London academies. An inordinate reader, ready writer, and superior public speaker; a patriotic and brave soldier, popular with his comrades and beloved by all who knew him. Buried with military honors in South Deerfield, N. H., deeply lamented. A comrade writes of him as follows: "Josiah B. Philbrick, better known as 'Brad,' was one of those indispensable persons in camp life; intelligent, quick witted, and humorous,

in fact a first-class anecdote relater, never lacking for a story to fit the occasion, making brightness and sunshine to break the monotony of army life. Being a good cook, he was detailed as such until we moved up the river to Port Hudson, where he took part in the siege of that place." He participated in all the hardships and dangers of the siege—worked in the trenches, and on battery sixteen, served as sharpshooter and on the picket line, and was in the two great battles of May 27 and June 14.

18. JOHN RICHARDSON, age 24, of disease, August 8, 1863, at Concord, N. H. Buried at Northwood, Richardson's Cemetery.

19. JAMES SANBORN, age 41, of disease, on steamer "City of Madison," July 31, 1863, while on the passage home. Buried on the bank of the Mississippi river at Helena, with John A. Tarbell, of Company A.

20. CHARLES F. SMITH, age 44, of pneumonia, February 15, 1863, at Carrollton, La. Buried at Carrollton avenue. Exhumed by the government and removed to Chalmette, grave No. 2,601. There is a stone erected to his memory in the Smith Cemetery at Deerfield.

COMPANY E—13 DEATHS.

1. DAVID L. ANNIS, of disease contracted in the service, at Litchfield, N. H., December 25, 1863.

2. WILLIS H. BROWN, age 18, of disease. Mustered out August 13, 1863. Died next day at Auburn, N. H.

3. JONATHAN BURBANK, age 29, of disease, at Memphis, Tenn., August 11, 1863, where he was left sick while en route for home.

4. HENRY BUTTERFIELD, age 20, of disease, at Memphis, Tenn., August 3, 1863. United States Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,082.

5. FRANK A. COLBY, age 18, of disease, at Port Hudson, La., July 23, 1863.

Roll of the Dead.

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6. LEVERE L. DUPLESSIS, age 33, of disease, at New Orleans, La., August 10, 1863.

7. WILLIAM H. HODGMAN, age 18, of typhoid fever, at Camp Mansfield, La. (on the "shell road" at Carrollton), January 23, 1863, at half-past nine o'clock in the forenoon. Buried at three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day at Carrollton avenue.

8. FERNANDO PARKER, age 27, fell in battle at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863. (See James G. Morrison, Company H.) Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, grave unknown.

9. LEWIS W. SINCLAIR, age 30, of disease, at Port Hudson, La., July 25, 1863.

10. JOHN C. SMITH, age 41, of disease, at Hollis, N. H., August 10, 1863.

11. GEORGE F. TENNEY, age 20, of disease, at Townsend, Mass., August 21, 1863.

12. JESSE WOODS, age 28, of chronic diarrhœa, at Carrollton, La., February 16, 1863. Buried at Carrollton avenue. Removed to grave No. 8,890, Chalmette.

13. FRANK C. WOODS, age 22, of disease, at Auburn, N. H., September 18, 1863.

COMPANY F — 20 DEATHS.

Lines from Corporal Bullock's diary :

When I am gone
 Weep not for me, when
 You stand by my grave ;
 Plant you a tree which
 May wave over me
 When I am gone.
 Sing me a song if my
 Grave you shall see,
 When I am gone ;

Come at the close of a
 Bright summer day —
 Come when the sun
 Sheds his last
 Lingering ray ;
 Come and rejoice
 That I've passed on my way,
 When I am gone.

1. GEORGE F. COLBY, age 18, of brain fever, at Carrollton, La., Monday, February 2, 1863. Chalmette National Military Cemetery, grave No. 8,155. Disinterred from Carrollton avenue. His headstone is erroneously marked, "Co. C, First N. H. Cavalry."

2. THOMAS DUNLAP, age 37, of fever, at Carrollton, La., March 7, 1863. Was buried March 8. Body disinterred and sent home in November following, and now lies in the Congregational Cemetery at Danbury.

3. EDWIN DIGHTON ALDRICH, age "18" (said to have been under 17), fell in battle May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. He received several shots, but continued to load and fire until his strength failed him. At the last he said to a comrade, "Tell mother that poor Dighton fought just as long as he could." He sleeps among the great "unknown" in the United States National Military Cemetery, at Port Hudson, almost on the very battlefield where he fell.

4. ALBERT E. BARNEY, age 21, of fever, at Port Hudson, La., July 12, 1863. He died very suddenly. Unknown, Port Hudson National Military Cemetery.

5. DEXTER F. BRADBURY, age 27, of diphtheria, July 19, 1863, at St. James Hospital, New Orleans, La. Chalmette, unknown.

6. GEORGE H. BUTLER, age 19, killed at Port Hudson, La., July 2, 1863. Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, unknown.

Roll of the Dead.

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7. CYRUS BURNHAM, age 23, of disease, September 5, 1863, at Wentworth, N. H. Buried at Wentworth.

8. ALMON S. CHURCH, age 19, of disease of throat, August 29, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., where he was left sick on the passage home. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,081.

9. WILLIAM W. DUSTIN, age 43, wounded June 11, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., while supporting a battery, Minie ball passed through right leg. Died of his wound July 21, 1863, at Baton Rouge, in hospital. United States National Military Cemetery, Baton Rouge, La., grave No. 2,372.

10. JOSEPH E. FOLLANSBEE, age 27, of disease, at Grafton, N. H., September 7, 1863. Said by his comrades to have never missed any duty, to have participated in all the battles around Port Hudson, and to have sought posts of danger during the siege. He came home to find his wife, whom he had just married before enlisting, sick with diphtheria, of which she died two days prior to his decease, and both were buried in the Grafton Centre Cemetery at Grafton.

11. JOHN GROSS, age 25, of measles and disease of throat, at Carrollton, La., May 9, 1863. Buried at Carrollton avenue. Removed by government to "Chalmette," grave No. 8,165.

12. ELIAS H. HADLEY, age 22, died of wounds at Port Hudson, La. Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, unknown. Volunteered June 13, 1863, at Port Hudson to be one of a hundred to advance as skirmishers on the enemy's works. A Minie ball shattered his shoulder. During a truce the enemy's surgeons kindly offered to take him inside their works and dress his wounds; this he refused. Lay on the field in the hot sun till night and bled almost to the point of death. His arm was removed at the socket; expired soon after the amputation. This is the boy of whom Lieutenant-colonel Bacon, of the Sixth Michigan, in his Bacon's "Among

the Cotton Thieves," says: (It is late at night of the thirteenth of June.) "I am mounted again, waiting beside the open hospital building for Doctor Mottram, who has been called upon by Doctor Sanger, the division surgeon, to stay and help in an extraordinary case, now in hand. And what a sight is before me! There is the dim flicker of lights in the midst of surgeons, with their young assistants, crowded around a rough bench, on which lies the subject, a nobly formed young volunteer of the Fifteenth New Hampshire. Chloroform has been used in vain; he is crying, 'Kill me! kill me, oh kill me!' I see his large, manly breast, heaving with agony, as he lies on his back, held by some of the young doctors, who have their eyes set on the hands of the older doctors, at work now with probe, now with knife and saw, and now with other frightfully appearing instruments of torture. The young man has been shot in the shoulder, and the doctors are removing his arm at the socket. Some one of them says aloud, 'There is not much chance for him.' The glimmer of candles flickering in the night breeze, dimly showing the naked form of the writhing victim, and the hard faces of the surgeons, with their bloody hands and saws — the darkness hanging over us like a pall, the stars sparkling in the vault of heaven, the same stars beheld by our friends at home far away and by our enemies in the beleagured fort before us — all together make a tableau not to be forgotten. I am glad to find myself at last riding away from the horrid odors and sights of that hospital. The voices of myriad insects of every kind and size, and the occasional boom of a cannon, with straggling shots from sharpshooters, are not enough to drive from my ears the groans and cries of the poor New Hampshire boy, dying in the hands of the surgeons as we left."

13. GUSTAVUS LOVERING, age 27, of typhoid fever, February 1, 1863, at four o'clock in the morning, at Carrollton, La. Died very suddenly; the day but one before his death

he was about the camp. Was buried at Carrollton avenue at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day; the company formed, and headed by the band, marched from the parapet to Carrollton to attend his funeral. Disinterred from Carrollton avenue by the government, and removed to grave No. 8,339, Chalmette.

14. JESSE MARTIN, age 18, of malarial poisoning, August 16, 1863, at Grafton, N. H. Razor Hill Cemetery.

15. JOHN MARCOTT, age 22, of malarial fever, at Memphis, Tenn., August 5, 1863, while en route for home. Comrade Isaac Hoyt spoke to him as he was about to be carried ashore from the "City of Madison." He gave a look of recognition, but could not speak. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,096.

16. GILBERT J. ROBIE, age 27, of disease, August 3, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn. His remains rest in that city, in the United States Military Cemetery, grave No. 4,079.

17. JOHN TAYLOR, age 40, of malarial fever, at Baton Rouge, La., June 8, 1863. Baton Rouge National Military Cemetery, grave No. 2,704.

18. DON C. WASHBURN, age 23, of disease, August 22, 1863, at Canaan, N. H. His sickness began with a vomiting spell while standing in line on the night of June 30, waiting for the "midnight charge." Buried at West Canaan Cemetery.

19. ALVAH GILMAN, age 44, of disease, June 3, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La. United States National Military Cemetery, Baton Rouge, La., grave No. 258.

20. JAMES W. LULL, age 40, wounded May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., and died of his injuries in New York city, August 16, 1863. He fell near Edwin D. Aldrich, with a shot in the shoulder.

COMPANY G — 15 DEATHS.

1. JAMES W. SHAW, age 27. Was shot through the wrist at Port Hudson, La. Died of disease at Pittsfield, N. H., August 16, 1863. Buried in Pittsfield.



DAVID S. HUSE—Co. G.

2. DAVID S. HUSE, age 18. Was one of the May 27 volunteers. Died of disease at Mound City, Ill., August 9, 1863, where he was left sick while en route home. Buried at Mound City.

3. JOHN S. WHIDDEN, age 19, of disease, August 2, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., while en route home. Memphis Military Cemetery, unknown grave.

4. HENRY H. BERRY, age 27, of disease, June 5, 1863, at Carrollton, La. Chalmette, grave unknown.

5. ANDREW J. CROSS, age 34, of disease, July 3, 1863, at Baton

Rouge, La. He sleeps in the Baton Route National Military Cemetery, grave No. 2,467.

6. JOHN CATE, age 44, wounded in battle of May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., and died of his wounds June 8, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La., where he now lies in the United States Military Cemetery, grave No. 2,558.

7. WILLIAM A. FOYE, age 27, of typhoid fever—ague set in at last—at 1 P. M., March 26, 1863, at Carrollton, La. This was the first death in the company. The body was embalmed and sent on its way home for burial, but the casket proving defective it was cast overboard into the sea near Key West, off the southern point of Florida.

8. JOHN HILL, age 44, of disease, at Buffalo, N. Y., August 13, 1863, while on the passage home. This was the day of the muster out. Soldiers' lot, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

9. SAMUEL G. LOVERING, age 35, fell in battle of May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. He was shot in the centre of the forehead; the ball carried the sight of his rifle into the wound. Port Hudson Military Cemetery, grave unknown.

10. JOHN C. MASON, age 18, of diphtheria on board train on homeward passage at Cleveland, O., August 6, 1863. He was said to have been only fifteen years of age. He was of a very cheerful and buoyant nature; with him, mirth and fun never flagged—he was the life of the camp. He died very suddenly at last, falling dead instantly as the disease reached a vital part. He was left at Cleveland for burial.

11. HAZEN D. NUTTER, age 18, of disease, July 7, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La., where he lies in the National Military Cemetery among the unknown.

12. JOSIAH SWAIN, age 21, of chronic diarrhœa, August 5, 1863, at Mound City, Ill. Smallest boy in the regiment. His comrade, H. L. Robinson, relates in his history of "Pittsfield in the Rebellion," that one day before the muster in, as the regiment was standing in line for inspection by the colonel, that Swain increased his height by scraping together a little pile of dirt with his feet and standing on it, which the colonel observing remarked, "You'll do; what you lack in stature you make up in sand."

13. ROBY TRUE, age 44, of chronic diarrhœa, at Carrollton, La., March 28, 1863, at ten o'clock in the evening. His body was cast into the sea while on its passage home, under the same circumstances and at the same time and place as that of his comrade, William A. Foye, who died the day before.

14. ALBERT E. WINGATE, age 18, of disease, July 12, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., where he lies in the United States Military Cemetery, among the unknown.

15. EXOCH M. YOUNG, age 20, of disease, June 2, 1863, at New Orleans, La. Chalmette, grave unknown.

COMPANY H—15 DEATHS.



SERGEANT AMES—CO. H.

1. THOMAS GARDNER AMES, age 21, of diphtheria, within the works at Port Hudson, La., July 20, 1863. Port Hudson Military Cemetery, grave unknown. He was a great sufferer in the end, and begged of a comrade who took care of him to end his misery by death.

2. HORACE A. BURLEY, age 18, of disease, on steamer "City of Madison," on the passage up the river, at one o'clock in the morning of July 30, 1863. His body, with that of Harlan P. Gilman, of Company A, was put ashore and buried at Milliken's Bend, on an island, in the dense woods, a little way below the mouth of the Arkansas river.

3. JAMES H. D. BLAISDELL, age 39, wounded May 27, 1863, in the battle of that date, at Port Hudson, La., and died of his wounds June 30, 1863, at that place. Unknown, Port Hudson National Military Cemetery.

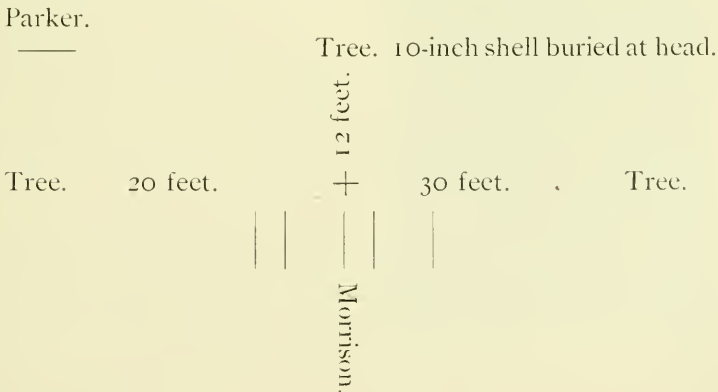
4. GEORGE F. BOWERS, age 18; of malarial fever, at Camp Parapet, La., May 9, 1863. Chalmette, grave No. 1,036. Disinterred from Camp Parapet by the government.

5. NOAH CHATTLE, age 22, killed in battle May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., where he now lies in the Military Cemetery, grave No. 2,660.

6. MOSES E. EASTMAN, age 21, of disease, on steamer "City of Madison," at Natchez, Miss., July 27, 1863. Died just as the boat was about to leave; his body was placed on shore, rolled in his blanket, to be buried by strangers.

7. WILLIAM FIFE, of measles, June 4, 1863, at Carrollton, La. Unknown grave in Chalmette.

8. JAMES G. MORRISON, age 29, killed in action at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863. He rests with the unknown in the United States Military Cemetery at Port Hudson, near the place where he fell. He received the fatal shot through the centre of the forehead, and must have expired in a very few moments after. He was conscious, however, as he requested a New York boy who was near him to hand his watch and pocket-book to his comrade, McGregor, that they might be sent home to his wife. Sergeants J. J. Burley and William H. Philbrook discovered his body on the day after the battle and brought it off the field. It was buried by dim moonlight, side by side with four others, one of which was that of Noah Chattle. A ten-inch shell was placed at his head to distinguish his body. Sergeant Fernando Parker, of Company E, was buried near by. The following is a diagram of the spot, copied from the diary of Lieutenant Washington Perkins:



Full copy of memorandum of J. G. Morrison. Memorandum contained a sprig of leaves from the tree under which he was buried. On fly leaf, James G. Morrison, 15 Reg. N. H. V., Co. H.

Thursday, January 22, 1863. Go to New Orleans. This written in Jackson square under a banana tree. Roses in bloom and very warm.

Friday, 23. Move cook house; very warm.

Saturday, 24. Fair and warm.

Sunday, 25. Warm.

Monday, 26. Go to New Orleans to buy provisions.

Tuesday, 27. Rainy.

Wednesday, 28. Moved to Camp Parapet.

Sunday, February 1. Fair.

Wednesday, February 4. Go to New Orleans with John S. Sanborn. Go to varieties theatre.

Sunday, April 12. Had new potatoes at Carrollton, La.

Thursday, May 7. On guard.

Saturday, May 9. Go to New Orleans with Dow's brigade. George F. Bowers died.

Sunday, May 10. George F. Bowers buried.

Tuesday, May 12. On guard.

Thursday, May 14. Bet one quart of whiskey with S. Shannon that we are here in six weeks.

Friday, May 15. On guard.

Tuesday, May 19. On guard.

Wednesday, May 20. Go on board boat for Port Hudson.

Thursday, May 21. Go to Baton Rouge. No dinner or supper.

Friday, May 22. Land fifteen miles above Baton Rouge; march ten miles, no breakfast, dinner or supper; sleep on arms.

Saturday, May 23. No breakfast. March two hours. Dinner of hard tack. Encamp in woods. Rebel batteries one mile off. Rainy night. Sleep on arms.

Sunday, May 24. Move camp within one-half mile of rebels. Form line of battle. Sleep on arms. Pickets firing all night. Close to rebel rifle pits.

Monday, May 25. Change line of battle to left. Go on picket at night. Battery forty rods off throwing shells at rebs. They reply. Shot and shell flying all night.

Tuesday, May 26. On picket. Firing at intervals by both parties. Called in at night. Sleep on arms.

Wednesday, May 27. General engagement by our division along the lines.

NOTE.—This last entry must have been made in battle, and just before his death.

Comrade M. L. Moore spent all the next day carving Morrison's name, company, regiment, town and state, and age on a headboard to mark his grave.

9. JOHN E. PRESTON, age 35, was discharged for disability May 16, 1863, and set out for home by sea; but dying when three days out, received a sailor's burial, and his body was cast into the gulf stream in the vicinity of the Bahamas. Lieutenant Seavey accompanied him to New Orleans and assisted him aboard the steamer.

10. WILLIAM J. POND, age 40, of measles, at Baton Rouge, La., June 20, 1863. He lies there in the National Cemetery, grave No. 2,452.

11. JOHN B. SHUTE, age 20, of fever, February 13, 1863, at Carrollton, La. This was the first death in the company. Buried in the cemetery, just back of Camp Mansfield, at Carrollton. Exhumed by Captain Sanborn, and sent home to his father. Remains now rest in the cemetery, near Gaza, in Sanbornton.



JOHN B. SHUTE—CO. H.

12. CHARLES H. SANBORN, age 19, of fever. Went to hospital May 20, 1863, the same day the regiment embarked for the siege of Port Hudson. Died on the twenty-fifth, at Carrollton, La. Chalmette National Military Cemetery, unknown. Removed by the government from the cemetery back of the Carrollton camp. This must have been the same cemetery where John B. Shute was buried.

13. GEORGE W. WEBSTER, age 19, of disease, June 1, 1863, at Carrollton, La. Chalmette, grave unknown.

14. HARLAN P. SANBORN, age 29, of disease, August 10, 1863, at Sanbornton, N. H. Sanbornton Road Cemetery, Tilton, N. H. He participated in the siege of Port Hudson, but before the surrender was sent back to the Carrollton camp sick.

15. JOHN H. SANBORN, age 19, wounded in left thigh May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Died of wounds June 2, 1863, at New Orleans, La. His remains repose in Chalmette, grave No. 1,984. Disinterred from Cyprus Grove.

COMPANY I — 12 DEATHS.

1. SYLVESTER B. WALLACE, age 20, wounded at Port Hudson, La., June 13, 1863, while advancing with skirmish line. Died of his wounds June 15, 1863, at Port Hudson. Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, unknown.

2. JOHN H. ROBERTS, age 22, of disease, at Concord, N. H., August 13, 1863, the day of the muster out. Buried in Rochester, N. H., in the Rochester Cemetery, four miles above the city.

3. GIDEON CARTER, age 44, of fever, at regimental hospital, Carrollton, La., April 16, 1863, at 5.14 A. M. Body sent home to Exeter on the day of his death. Buried in Old Cemetery.

4. JOHN C. GARLAND, age 27, of climatic fever, at regimental hospital, Carrollton, La., April 16, 1863, at 12 M. Remains were sent home the next day, and were buried in

the Old Cemetery at Rochester, N. H. Disinterred and removed to the new North Side Cemetery, Rochester, where they now repose.

5. JOHN D. LAMPREY, age 19, killed at Port Hudson, La., in the battle of May 27, 1863. Buried on the battle-field; disinterred and removed to Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, grave unknown.

6. ABNER MORSE, age 21, killed in battle of May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Buried on the field; disinterred and removed to Port Hudson National Military Cemetery, grave unknown.

7. SOLOMON N. NEWLANDS, age 20, mortally wounded May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., and sent to hospital at Baton Rouge, where he died July 4, 1863. Baton Rouge National Military Cemetery, grave No. 1,469.

8. WILLIAM NUDD, age 44, of disease, at Exeter, N. H., August 9, 1863.

9. GEORGE M. SWAIN, age 23, mortally wounded May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La., and died August 4, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La., where his remains repose in the National Cemetery among the unknown.

10. JOHN J. SMITH, age 18, left sick at Memphis, Tenn., July 31, 1863, while on the passage home, where he died September 2, 1863, and where he now reposes in the National Military Cemetery, grave No. 4,095. Was taken sick after the close of the siege.

11. WENTWORTH WILLEY, age 25, was left behind sick at Memphis, Tenn., July 31, 1863, while en route for home, where he died August 3, 1863. He is one of the unknown in the Military Cemetery of that city. Was taken sick just as he embarked.

12. GEORGE F. YOUNG, age 20 — was through all the battles of Port Hudson — of disease, on board steamer "City of Madison," July 28, 1863, opposite Vicksburg, while on the passage home. He was rolled in his blanket and buried without coffin.

COMPANY K — 16 DEATHS.

1. HENRY N. BROWN, age 18, of disease, at Mound City, Ill., August 3, 1863, where he was left in hospital while en route home.

2. MILTON S. BROWN, age 18, of fever, at Port Hudson, La., July 5, 1863.

3. ISAAC N. CLOUGH, age 23, of disease August 2, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., where he was left in hospital while en route for home. .

4. JOHN S. CURRIER, age 19, of malarial fever, at Port Hudson, La., July 2, 1863.

5. MOSES GRIFFIN, age 37, of disease, at Danville, N. H., August 19, 1863.

6. FRANKLIN P. IRESON, age 27, of fever, August 19, 1863, at Buffalo, N. Y., where he was left sick while on the way home. Soldiers' lot, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

7. WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, age 19, of fever, July 31, 1863, at two o'clock in the afternoon, on the river steamer, "City of Madison," near Memphis, Tenn.

8. EDWIN D. KELLEY, age 18, killed by the enemy's sharpshooters June 11, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Shot through the neck and spine. United States National Military Cemetery, Port Hudson, La., grave No. 3,610.

9. MELVIN LOWELL, age 23, of disease, August 22, 1863, at Salem, N. H.

10. WILLIAM F. MANSFIELD, age 18, of fever, at 10.30 p. m., March 26, 1863, in hospital at Carrollton, La. His remains were sent home for burial.

11. DANIEL MARSTON, age 32, of fever, at Carrollton, La., June 7, 1863.

12. GEORGE M. D. MEADE, age 18, of fever, August 15, 1863, at Memphis, Tenn., where he was one of thirty sick

put ashore from the steamer "City of Madison," on its passage up the river and left behind. United States National Military Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., grave No. 4,084.

13. IDDO K. MORRISON, age 35, of disease, August 14, 1863, at Concord, N. H.

14. EDWIN B. MOSHER, age 44. Detailed at Port Hudson as sharpshooter, June 14, 1863, at the opening of the battle of that date, and never seen nor heard from afterward. Undoubtedly killed and buried by strangers with the dead on the battle-field. These dead have all been gathered up by the government, and interred in the United States Military Cemetery, near the place where he fell.

15. ALBA NOYES, age 22, of fever, July 24, 1863, at Port Hudson, La. Port Hudson Military Cemetery, grave No. 3,035.

16. WILLIAM L. STANTON, age 20, of fever, August 10, 1863, at Buffalo, N. Y., where he was left behind sick while en route home. Soldiers' lot, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, N. Y.

Total deaths, 183; of these there died in —

New Hampshire	41
Port Hudson, La.	34
Carrollton, La.	32
Memphis, Tenn.	19
Baton Rouge, La.	15
Steamer "City of Madison"	9
New Orleans, La.	8
Camp Parapet, La.	6
Buffalo, N. Y.	6
Mound City, Ill.	4
Chicago, Ill.	2
Cleveland, O.	1
New York City	1
Townsend, Mass.	1
Eden, Vt.	1
Cairo, Ill.	1
Dunkirk, Penn.	1
At sea	1

Two died, not having left the state.

Eighty-six died en route home or immediately after reaching home.

Of 30 left at Memphis, 19 died.

Very many died later of disease and wounds, of which we make no account.

MEMORIAL AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
OF THE CITY OF BUFFALO,
DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK,
BUFFALO, N. Y., July 25, 1898.

MR. CHARLES MCGREGOR,
Historian Fifteenth N. H. Vols.,
Nashua, N. H.

Dear Comrade: Your communication in regard to the burial of the remains of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers who died in Buffalo during the war, has been referred to me for reply.

I am glad to state that I believe the remains are buried in our soldiers' lot at Forest Lawn Cemetery. The records show that in grave No. 13 there are buried the remains of seven soldiers, names unknown, who died while in the hospitals in Buffalo during the war, and in grave No. 14 the remains of four soldiers, names unknown, who died under the same circumstances. They were removed from the public cemetery when we obtained possession of our lot at Forest Lawn, and are doubtless the remains of your regiment, as we have no records of any others who are buried in our lot whose names are unknown; and they are duly honored every Memorial Day.

Yours truly,

JAMES W. CHATMAN,
Secretary.

All the dead who were left in southern lands have been gathered up and laid in the nearest military cemetery.

THE CHALMETTE MILITARY CEMETERY.

Interments: Known, 6,962; unknown, 5,742; total, 12,704. This cemetery is located near New Orleans, on General Jackson's old battle-field.

THE BATON ROUGE MILITARY CEMETERY.

Interments: Known, 2,512; unknown, 532; total, 3,044.

THE PORT HUDSON MILITARY CEMETERY.

Interments : Known, 594 ; unknown, 3,239 ; total, 3,833.
The unknown here outnumber the known nearly six times.

THE MEMPHIS MILITARY CEMETERY.

Interments : Known, 5,174 ; unknown, 8,820 ; total,
13,994.

MOUND CITY MILITARY CEMETERY.

Interments : Known, 2,508 ; unknown, 2,763 ; total, 5,271.

VICKSBURG MILITARY CEMETERY.

Interments : Known, 3,944 ; unknown, 12,721 ; total,
16,665.

These military cemeteries are established and maintained by a grateful government. They are surrounded by strong walls with massive gates at the entrances, and are each in charge of a superintendent whose residence is within the enclosure. They are places of great beauty and sanctity. Visitors instinctively uncover here, and move about in silence. They are adorned with shade trees ; the graves are not mounded ; the long lines of white headstones stand in the softest of green grass ; the flag, for which they fell who now sleep so quietly beneath, is raised above them each morn at sunrise and lowered at sunset forever.

“ On Fame’s eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with ceaseless round,
The bivouac of the dead.”

KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS.

A, D, E, and K were not in the charging column of May 27.

Company A — Noah M. Weeks — 1.

Company B — Benjamin F. Adams, T. A. Barstow, Byron Elliott, J. B. Penniman, H. D. Powers, C. H. Willey — 6.

Company C — David Batchelder, Charles B. Ela, J. C. Fuller, Isaac Smith — 4.

Company D — Jonathan H. Johnson, J. O. Langley — 2.

Company E — Fernando Parker — 1.

Company F — Edwin D. Aldrich, Geo. H. Butler, William W. Dustin, Elias H. Hadley, James W. Lull — 5.

Company G — John Cate, Samuel G. Lovering — 2.

Company H — J. H. D. Blaisdell, Noah Chattle, J. G. Morrison, J. H. Sanborn — 4.

Company I — S. B. Wallace, J. D. Lamprey, Abner Morse, S. N. Newlands, George M. Swain — 5.

Company K — E. D. Kelley, E. B. Mosher — 2.

COMPARATIVE LOSSES.

	Total strength.	Killed.	Died of disease, etc.	Total loss.	Percentage.
Second Infantry	2,555	159	178	337	13.2
Third Infantry	1,769	194	148	342	19.3
Fourth Infantry	1,759	95	185	280	15.9
Fifth Infantry	2,562	282	176	458	17.9
Sixth Infantry	2,448	158	230	388	15.9
Seventh Infantry	1,762	152	246	398	22.6
Eighth Infantry	1,603	99	232	331	20.7
Ninth Infantry	1,876	143	243	386	20.6
Tenth Infantry	1,333	66	132	198	14.9
Eleventh Infantry	1,655	136	167	303	18.3
Twelfth Infantry	1,463	180	146	326	22.3
Thirteenth Infantry	1,272	90	90	180	14.2
Fourteenth Infantry	1,386	66	159	225	16.2
Fifteenth Infantry	904	32	151	183	20.3
Sixteenth Infantry	914	213	213	23.3
Eighteenth Infantry	978	3	34	37	3.8
First New England Vol. Cavalry	435	15	18	33	7.6
First New Hampshire Vol. Cavalry	1,533	23	106	129	8.4
First New Hampshire Light Battery	258	6	6	12	4.7
First U. S. Sharpshooters, Co. E	116	12	9	21	18.1
Second U. S. Sharpshooters, Co. F	110	14	8	22	20
Second U. S. Sharpshooters, Co. G	125	11	12	23	18.4

It is very nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the loss of the Second.

over $1\frac{1}{4}$ " " " Fourth.

very nearly $1\frac{1}{8}$ " " " Fifth.

nearly $1\frac{1}{3}$ " " " Sixth.

over $1\frac{1}{3}$ " " " Tenth.

over $1\frac{1}{3}$ " " " Thirteenth.

over $1\frac{1}{4}$ " " " Fourteenth.

These losses are copied from the Adjutant-General's report, except those of the Fifteenth Regiment, which are computed from its history. They show that the short term Fifteenth Regiment suffered a greater loss from death than any one of the three years' regiments except the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Twelfth, all of which were about equal. Compared by length of service, they average nearly four times those of the long term regiments. The Sixteenth suffered a greater loss during its short term than any other New Hampshire regiment or organization, and both these far exceed that of the Fifth, which is credited with a greater loss in killed than any infantry regiment during the war. It is four and one-fourth times the loss of the First New Hampshire Light Battery. It is more than two and one-half times that of the First New England Cavalry, and nearly two and one-half times that of the First New Hampshire Cavalry. The Sharpshooters losses average a little below those of the Fifteenth, although the term of all these was four times as great. These comparisons are not made in any invidious spirit, but simply that credit may fall where it rightly should. Exact historical truth is the end aimed at, and no greater wrong could be done than credit any with honor or merit not fairly earned and justly due. The wounded and disabled would show a like disparity.

It should be remembered that, of those mustered out, nearly all who were fit returned to the front and shared in the hardships and dangers of the war to the end—that many others incurred wounds and death; and some of our wounded, and many of our diseased, survived for years and then succumbed, as the unfortunate Rewitzer, of Company I, whose wounds never healed.

NOTE.—It has been claimed that companies A, B, C and F, were raised for the Seventeenth Regiment, but dates show that these companies were in the Fifteenth Regiment camp several days prior to the call for recruits for the Seventeenth, which call was dated at Lancaster, October 18, 1862. The men of Company C, except eight, were all enlisted in September, and all of E, except nine, in September or prior.

THOMAS COGSWELL.

THOMAS COGSWELL, at the time of his enlistment, was a member of the senior class in Dartmouth College, and his age was twenty-one. After his discharge from service, and he had sufficiently recovered his health, he commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the Belknap bar in September, 1866. Began the practice of his profession in Gilmanton, where he has since remained. He has been honored by his political party in a high degree. In turn he has been superintending school committee, selectman, representative 1871-2, and 1899, candidate for speaker of the house in 1872, senator in 1878, candidate for councillor and governor in 1886, was appointed railroad commissioner, and from July 1, 1894, to July 1, 1898, was United States pension agent at Concord, N. H. Was appointed aide on the staff of Governor Weston, early became a member of the G. A. R., and in 1890 was Commander of the Department of New Hampshire. He is a member of the Loyal Legion Commandery of Massachusetts, a Free Mason, and a member of the Grange. Captain Cogswell owns and carries on one of the largest and most productive farms in Belknap county, and has always been greatly interested in agriculture.



CAPTAIN ALDRICH.



CAPTAIN COGSWELL.



LIEUTENANT HENDLEY.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF
COMPANY A.

This company was composed of thirty-six men from Gilford, now Lakeport :

John Aldrich, captain, age 38 ; promoted major April 8, 1863 ; wounded May 27, 1863.

Charles W. Pickering, first sergeant, age 29 ; mustered as second lieutenant April 8, 1863 ; wounded in leg, slightly, May 29, 1863, while on the picket line.

James T. Gordon, third sergeant, age 29 ; designated right general guide December 4, 1862.

Josiah S. Piper, first corporal, age 30.

Lewis D. Badger, second corporal, age 33.

John C. Blake, sixth corporal, age 28 ; detailed in contra-band department April 30, 1863.

Charles F. Swain, seventh corporal, age 35.

Barnet H. Ames, age 18 ; wounded June 14, 1863 ; slight.

Aaron C. Badger, age 42 ; detailed cook at hospital December 4, 1862.

Edwin A. Badger, age 18.

Lewis S. Bean, age 18 ; detailed clerk in commissary department October 30, 1862 ; had served in that capacity since October 4.

Levi Blake, age 30 ; detailed in contraband department April 30, 1863.

James W. Blake, age 21 ; detailed Signal Corps November 22, 1862 ; was captured at Springfield Landing July 2, and parolled.

Samuel L. Blaisdell, age 36.

Albert S. Buzzell, age 24.

DeWitt Clinton, age 44.

Charles P. Davis, age 40.

Nathan S. Davis, age 38.

Thomas S. Davis, age 36.

Isaac L. Foss, age 23; detailed February 23, 1863, as express rider, to ride between Carrollton and New Orleans.

Ezekiel Gilman, age 39.

Otis W. Gilman, age "19" (was only 16 years of age); detailed with Fourth Massachusetts Battery, February 27, 1863.

Nathaniel M. Gray, age 30.

George T. Jackson, age 30.

David G. Lee, age 18; detailed as messenger January 15, 1863.

Edward M. Lee, age 20.

Augustus Merrill, age 34; detailed as chief wagoner of regiment December 27, 1862; returned to company January 17, 1863; February 7, assigned to duty in band.

Comford Merrill, age 33.

Winfield Morrill, age 21.

Joseph D. Moulton, age 24.

Moses Page, age 44.

Adam Pomfrey, age 35.

Alonzo F. Taylor, age 25.

Andrew P. Wadleigh, age 29; his father, still living in January, 1899, was a Revolutionary soldier's son; wounded June 13, 1863, on skirmish line.

Orrin F. Wheeler, age 19.

Noah M. Weeks, age 34.

Thirty-four from Gilmanton and Upper Gilmanton:

Thomas Cogswell, Jr., first lieutenant, age 21; promoted captain April 8, 1863, vice Captain Aldrich promoted major.

Silas W. Leavitt, second sergeant, age 18.

Ira A. Hill, fourth sergeant, age 20.

John P. Hussey, fifth sergeant, age 31.

Harlan P. Gilman, third corporal, age 23.

Ansel F. Young, fourth corporal, age 21.

Nathaniel Young, fifth corporal, age 38.

Charles A. Young, eighth corporal, age 27.

John O. Grant, musician, age 25.

William H. Adams, age 27.

George W. Batchelder, age 20; detailed as orderly at telegraph office at Carrollton, La., March 13, 1863; wounded June 13, 1863, in hand.

Charles A. Bryant, age 18.

Charles E. Clay, age 21; discharged for disability February 26, 1863.

John O. Cotton, age 27; discharged for disability March 7, 1863.

George A. Gale, age 25.

Jacob S. Heath, age 36.

Sidney C. Hill, age 19.

Alfred C. Jacobs, age 41.

Jason J. Ladd, age 23.

Smith D. Lougee, age 18.

Charles E. McCartney, age 23.

Thomas W. Merrill, age 27.

Charles Pinkham, age 43.

John C. Randlett, age 32.

Charles H. Robey, age 38.

Lorain T. Shannon, age 44.

Jonathan Sleeper, age 44.

Stephen F. Weeks, age 35.

George R. Wildes, age 18.

Jacob Willard, age 44.

John P. Young, age 19.

John W. Young, age 19. When the regiment left Carrollton for Port Hudson on May 20, Young was left behind sick with a fever in hospital; the interval is an entire blank. He

was a very large man, and was reduced to a mere anatomy, weighing only one hundred pounds on his return.

Leonard Weeks, age 28 ; wounded May 29, through boot and toe.

George C. Allen, age 21.

Twenty-four from Alton :

John B. Hendley, second lieutenant, age 36 ; promoted first lieutenant May 8, 1863, vice Cogswell promoted captain.

Benjamin A. Ricker, age 35 ; detailed wagoner December 27, 1862.

Stephen L. Batchelder, age 41.

Charles H. Bickford, age 42.

David T. Brooks, age 36.

Lewis D. Collins, age 28.

Benjamin Ellis, age 22 ; shot through hand June 13, 1863.

Jacob Ellis, Jr., age 35.

Aaron Farnham, age 38.

David B. Foss, age 25.

Irad B. Gilman, age 18.

Levi Gilman, age 44.

Manoah G. W. Gilman, age 40.

Jason McIntire, age 44.

Abner W. Morse, age 26.

Isaiah Piper, age 44.

Samuel L. Randall, age 26.

Arthur S. Sawyer, age 30.

John E. Tarbell, age 36 ; wounded in shoulder June 14, 1863.

William S. Watson, age 20.

David S. Willey, age 24 ; severely wounded in leg June 13, 1863.

George W. Young, age 33.

Alfred Garland, age 43.

John J. Hayes, age 18.

Three from Laconia :

Albert S. Buzzell, age 24.

Royal Boynton, age 44.

Simeon Stevens, age 43 ; wounded June 14, 1863, in hand.

One from Enfield :

Lewis Blake, musician, age 43.

One from Haverhill :

Caleb Knight, age 40.

One from Thornton :

Charles M. Bagley, age 18 ; wounded very severely June 13, 1863 ; shot through hips ; recovered and returned to duty in six weeks.

One hundred officers and men all told. Of these two deserted, George C. Allen, at Concord, October 30, 1862 ; was apprehended and assigned to Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, June 20, 1864, to serve out his term ; he was discharged therefrom January 18, 1865 ; and Leonard Weeks, at Camp N. P. Banks, Long Island, near Brooklyn, N. Y., November 22, 1862, but returned to duty voluntarily February 9, 1863, and redeemed his honor by faithful service, and was mustered out with the regiment August 13, 1863. Weeks was but a few days absent from the ranks, and under circumstances such that it is deemed best no disgrace attach to his record on that account, and he will accordingly be treated in these pages as though no lapse occurred.

Two were transferred to Company F by order of Adjutant-General Colby, November 12, 1862, and their record will there appear. One, Orrin F. Wheeler, was stricken with diphtheria at the Concord camp, November 2, 1862, and was removed to his home at Gilford on the following day, where he died November 22, 1862, not having left the state. This was the first death in the regiment.

Levi Blake was detailed October 30, 1862, as clerk in the commissary department, and served as such up to the following March, when he was transferred to the contraband department under Colonel Hanks, and served there through the rest of the term. He was discharged in New Orleans August 7, 1863, not returning with the regiment.

There was much rivalry among the companies as to which should reach camp first, and also as to which should rank as No. 1 and head the line. This company went into camp, altogether, on October 2. A few went by team, but the most of them by rail, taking the cars principally at Gilford, now Lakeport. It was arranged that the Gilford squad should name the captain, John Aldrich; the Gilmanton boys the first lieutenant, Thomas Cogswell; and the Alton boys the second lieutenant, John B. Hendley. They immediately organized and held their election. They were the first company on the ground, although the men that afterwards constituted Company B arrived at Concord on the same train. Mr. Aldrich, in passing, procured blank muster rolls from Captain Holmes in Concord, made out his roll, and appeared with it first before the mustering official, and assumed the letter A. Before leaving for camp an elegant sword was presented to Mr. Aldrich by his Masonic brothers and the citizens of Gilford and Laconia, with public ceremonies in Belknap Hall, Mr. Aldrich responding to the presentation remarks.

Lieutenant Hendley afterwards became the regimental quartermaster, upon the advancement of Quartermaster Moody, as will appear.

After going into camp at Concord, an elegant sword was presented to Lieutenant Cogswell by his company and with the usual ceremonies. This sword, as also that of Captain Aldrich, was injured by missiles from the enemy at the front, as will appear.

While at this camp the company held a grand trout dinner, the fish being caught in Lake Winnepesaukee by Lieutenant Pickering, Sergeant Gordon, Corporal Blake, and others, and prepared by "Zeke" Gilman. Other officers were invited. The times were bustling, and the days passed rapidly away.

CAPT. JOHN B. ELA.

EXTRACT FROM THE "BENCH AND BAR" OF ILLINOIS.

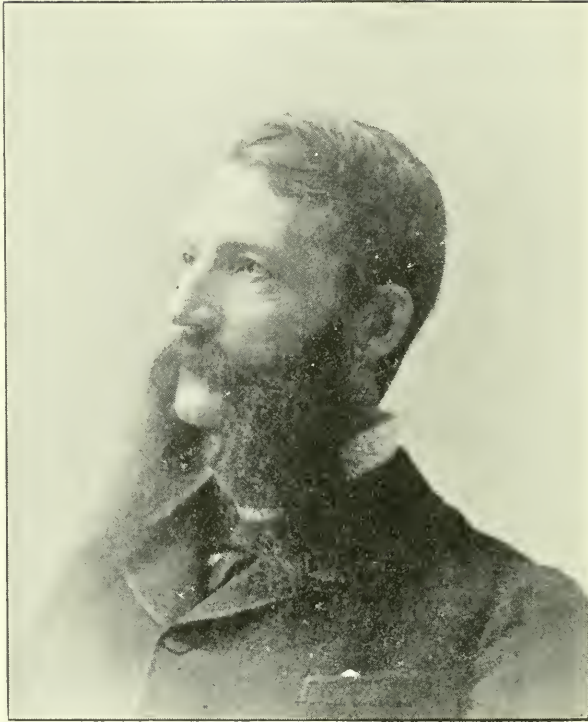
"Attracted by the West, Mr. Ela came to Chicago, and has for more than a quarter of a century been a member of the bar of this city and one of the prominent and successful lawyers of the state. He framed the Illinois civil service law, the first law of that character passed by a western state, and was at the head of the movement which resulted in its passage by the legislature and its adoption by the city of Chicago. When he drafted the bill Mr. Ela was president of the Chicago Civil Service Reform Association, and was an earnest and active worker in the organization of which he was at the head. He has for some years been an active member of the executive committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, of which league George William Curtis was one of the founders and the first president, and of which Carl Schurz is now president.

"Mr. Ela was counsel for the Civil Service Commission before the supreme court, in the suit to test the constitutionality of the Illinois civil service, and was also counsel for the commission in the suit against the Board of Education of Chicago in the supreme court, in which suit that board was compelled to come under the civil service law. He was also counsel for the commission in several mandamus cases in the supreme court, among others the test case which brought all the places of employment in the offices of city collector, city clerk, city treasurer, and city comptroller under the provisions of the act.

"Mr. Ela was president of the Police Commission appointed by Mayor Hopkins, in 1894, to put the Chicago Police Department under the merit system, which commission made the first application of the reform in Chicago, and gave the people an object lesson as to its benefits.

“ Among the other matters of a public nature in which Mr. Ela has been counsel, may be mentioned his appointment by Governor Altgeld to assist in the defence of the state, in the supreme court, in the combined attack upon the constitutionality of the state factory law, involving the question, among others, of the validity of the provision establishing an ‘eight-hour day’ for women. In 1895 he was employed by the *Chicago Times-Herald* to go to Springfield as its counsel, and render opinions on proposed laws pending in the legislature. There was considerable excitement during that session over the veto, by Governor Altgeld, of several bills favoring certain classes or corporations, claimed to have been passed by corrupt means, and the efforts of their friends to pass them over the veto and over other supposed corrupt bills still pending. The *Times-Herald* employed Mr. Ela to go to Springfield to examine the vetoed bills and all proposed measures which could affect the public, and give his unbiased opinion upon such measures and their effect if they should become laws. These opinions were published in that journal from time to time until the close of the session. It was a session noted as a ‘record breaker’ in alleged attempts to accomplish corrupt legislation. As to the results of the efforts of Mr. Ela and the *Times-Herald*, it is only fair to say that, notwithstanding the extraordinary activity of the friends of the vetoed bills (which were all opposed by these opinions and by the paper), not one of them was passed over the veto, and scarcely one of the measures denounced in the opinions and the paper has yet become a law. There was considerable indignation expressed by some of the legislators, at first, on the assumption that Mr. Ela came there to watch over them; but as the character of his services developed, there was general commendation of the work he was accomplishing.

“While a Democrat in national politics, Mr. Ela has always opposed carrying politics into local elections. He has actively supported every ‘citizens’ movement’ in city elections in Chicago. He has been a member of the executive committee of the Civic Federation and its vice-president ; was chairman of the committee which prosecuted the election frauds ; vice-president of the Army and Navy League, which did such effective work in assisting Chicago soldiers and their families during the war with Spain, and has been president of the Chicago Philosophical Society.”



ALVIN BURLEIGH.

FROM "NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN."

"Hon. ALVIN BURLEIGH was born in Plymouth, December 19, 1842. He secured his education at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and at Dartmouth College, whence he was graduated in 1871. The year following his graduation he was principal of the Woodstock (Vt.) High School, and then entered upon the study of law with Hon. Henry W. Blair at Plymouth, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1874. He formed a partnership with Mr. Blair, which existed from 1875 to 1879, when Mr. Blair was chosen to the

United States Senate ; and since then has been associated with George H. Adams, under the firm name of Burleigh & Adams, practicing in the state and United States courts. In 1887 he was speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, and filled that arduous position during the long and trying session of that year with remarkable fidelity and impartiality. For several years he has been president of the Plymouth School Board, is a trustee of the Methodist Church in Plymouth, of the Plymouth Guaranty Savings Bank, and of the State Normal School. When a boy Mr. Burleigh learned the tanner's trade, and from the age of fifteen has supported and educated himself. He forsook the tanner's bench in 1862 to enlist in Company B of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and served until it was disbanded, being one of the four children descended from a Revolutionary grandfather, who fought in the Rebellion. Mr. Burleigh is a member of the Grand Army, has been the commander of the Penniman Post, twice judge advocate of the Department of New Hampshire, and a member of the national staff. Mr. Burleigh is one of the most reliable of men. He has been called as counsel in some of the most noted cases that grace the records of the bar, and as an advocate, as well as a counsellor, his fame is secure. A large practice attests his success, but above all that rests the knowledge of the confidence of those who know him, a dearer and sweeter reward than can come from any measure of honor."



CAPTAIN ELA — Co. B.



LIEUTENANT WYATT — Co. B.



LIEUTENANT WYATT — Co. B.



LIEUTENANT PAGE — Co. B.

SKETCH OF COMPANY B, UP TO NOVEMBER
12, 1862.

CAPT. HENRY W. BLAIR AND CAPT. JOHN W. ELA.

This company was made up of twenty-six from Haverhill :

John D. Brooks, age 27 ; wounded in head May 27, 1863.

Neander D. Brooks, age 27.

James Buckland, age 21 ; deserted at Concord, October 10, 1865.

Charles Carpenter, age 35.

Edwin J. L. Clark, age 37 ; wounded in right hand June 16, 1863.

Royal F. Clark, age 23.

Richard C. Drown, age 32.

Daniel C. Duncklee, age 25.

Franklin Ferguson, age 30.

James G. Glynn, age 22.

Hylas Hackett, age 18.

John Hackett, age 27.

Nelson S. Hannaford, age 28.

Ethan O. Harris, age 23.

George F. Keyes, age 24.

Hiram P. Kidder, age 32.

Aiken Ladderbush, age 39.

Lewis Ladderbush, age 19.

George W. Leith, age 41.

Sylvester W. Marden, age 18 ; deserted at Concord, October 25, 1862.

James A. Page, second lieutenant, age 26.

Calvin Pennock, age 29.

George W. Pennock, fifth sergeant, age 24.

Charles G. Perkins, age 31 ; first man to die in the enemy's country.

John C. Shelley, age 18.

George C. Smith, age 27.

Sixteen from Plymouth :

Henry W. Blair, captain, age 27.

Alvin Burleigh, age 19.

Cyrus R. Corliss, fifth corporal, age 25.

John A. Drake, second sergeant, age 43.

Simeon Eastman, age 35.

John W. Ela, first lieutenant, appointed captain, age 24.

Walter B. Farnum, age 24 ; first man in regiment to receive wounds from the enemy.

Edward E. Ferrin, age 24.

Frank H. George, age 22.

Frank C. Green, age 18.

George K. Jewell, age 25.

Rockwood G. Merrill, musician, age 21.

Andrew J. Morgan, age 25.

Edwin J. Morgan, age 26.

Justus B. Penniman, age 18.

Henry Webster, age 22.

Fifteen from Piermont :

Eleazor P. Andros, age 36 ; detailed blacksmith for horse and mule shoeing.

Thomas A. Barstow, fourth sergeant, age 37.

Albert A. Bowen, age 19.

Edwin O. Bowen, age 18.

Jonah Camp, age 40.

Francis Chandler, eighth corporal, age 18.

George W. Chandler, age 24.

Hiram E. Clark, age 37 ; severe wound in head May 27, 1863.

Absalom Ford, fourth corporal, age 22.

William Harris, Jr., age 40.

Edgar H. Lund, age 20.

Harrison Messer, age 18; wounded in hand May 27, 1863.

Otis B. Rhodes, age 33.

Edgar H. Stevens, age 21.

Ezra D. Terry, age 28.

Fifteen from Campton :

Benjamin F. Adams, age 20.

Joseph C. Blair, wagoner, age 21.

Joseph Brown, Jr., age 19.

Cyrus Burbick, age 30.

Henry Cook, age 38.

Edwin A. Hart, age 18.

James F. Merrill, age 28.

Samuel S. Mitchell, seventh corporal, age 21.

Fred A. Mitchell, second corporal, age 33; wounded in arm June 14, 1863; appointed sergeant after May 27.

William F. Mitchell, age 23.

George A. Page, age 24.

George W. Plummer, age 35.

David Webster, age 27.

Charles H. Willey, age 25.

Henry D. Wyatt, first sergeant, age 25; appointed first lieutenant November 3, 1862; severely wounded in left arm May 27, 1863.

Thirteen from Thornton :

William P. Avery, age 18.

James O. Bagley, transferred to Company F.

Harrold D. Bagley, age 23.

Ezra C. Broad, age 32; wounded in head and shoulder May 27, 1863.

Holmes H. Constantine, age 37; band.

Charles W. Dearborn, sixth corporal, age 28; wounded in head and shoulder May 27, 1863.

Ephraim Elliott, age 39.
 George W. Hackett, first corporal, age 26.
 Newton L. Page, age 25.
 Samuel B. Page, age 21.
 Joseph W. Plummer, age 30.
 George S. Whitney, third sergeant, age 33.
 George D. Rowe, age 18.

Eight from Groton :

Henry S. Annis, age 39. Band.
 Byron Elliott, age 19 ; mortally wounded in right side
 May 27.
 Rosalba J. Fox, age 19.
 Charles W. Goodhue, age 18.
 Wilder B. Griffin, age 26.
 Horatio N. Hall, Jr., age 22.
 Robert M. McCluer, first corporal, age 24.
 Harvey D. Powers, age 20 ; fatally wounded in leg June
 13, 1863.

Three from Woodstock :

Isaac S. Jones, age 27.
 Albert A. Fifield, age 19.
 Henry W. Benton, age 28.

Three from Orford :

Edwin N. Berry, age 18.
 Frederick Robinson, age 23.
 Alden Stevens, age 18.

One from Hebron :

Joseph B. Nelson, age 21.

One from Warren :

John Kimball, age 20.

The company was mustered as above by Charles Holmes, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, on the eighth day of October, 1862, with the exception of Royal F. Clark, who was mustered on the thirty-first of same month. James O. Bagley must have been transferred to Company F, as his name is thereafter found there and ceases to appear on the rolls of Company B; and Henry W. Blair, although mustered October 8, as captain, it seems had already received his appointment as major on the previous day. Thus the promotion of Captain Blair to the field, and the transference of Royal F. Clark to Company F, leaves Company B to stand on October 8, at ninety-nine officers and men all told. Before the promotion of Captain Blair, the officers stood as follows :

Captain, Henry W. Blair.

First lieutenant, John W. Ela.

Second lieutenant, James A. Page.

First sergeant, Henry D. Wyatt.

Second sergeant, John A. Drake.

Third sergeant, George S. Whitney.

Fourth sergeant, Thomas A. Barstow.

Fifth sergeant, George W. Pennock.

First corporal, George W. Hackett.

Second corporal, Fred A. Mitchell.

Third corporal, Robert M. McCluer.

Fourth corporal, Absalom Ford.

Fifth corporal, Cyrus Corliss.

Sixth corporal, Charles W. Dearborn.

Seventh corporal, Samuel S. Mitchell.

Eighth corporal, Francis Chandler.

After the promotion, John W. Ela became captain.

Henry D. Wyatt, first lieutenant.

James A. Page remained second lieutenant by his own option.

John O. Drake became first sergeant.

George S. Whitney, second sergeant.

Thomas A. Barstow, third sergeant.

George W. Pennock, fourth sergeant.

Second corporal Fred A. Mitchell became fifth sergeant.

George W. Hackett remained first corporal.

Robert M. McCluer became second corporal.

Absalom Ford, third corporal.

Cyrus R. Corliss, fourth corporal.

Charles W. Dearborn, fifth corporal.

Samuel S. Mitchell, sixth corporal.

Francis Chandler, seventh corporal.

Private Frank H. George, eighth corporal.

Two privates deserted—James Buckland and Sylvester W. Marden—before leaving the state. This reduces the number to ninety-seven.

Of the company eighteen died of disease, and six of mortal wounds received in the siege of Port Hudson.

Of the Campton men, numbering fifteen, eight died either of wounds or disease.



CAPTAIN LANG — CO. C.



LIEUT. A. C. BEAN — CO. C.



SECOND LIEUT. BEAN — CO. C.

SKETCH OF COMPANY C, CAPT. MOSES LANG.

This company was composed of the following men from Enfield:

- Ezekiel E. F. Austin, age 37.
 Charles D. Banks, age 41.
 Benjamin F. Burnham, musician, age 36.
 Dexter E. Butman, age 19.
 Stephen Church, age 41.
 Arthur A. Austin, age 28.
 Hiram S. Baker, age 27; musician and assistant division hospital steward at Port Hudson.
 Cyrus Burnham, transferred to Company F.
 Almon S. Church, transferred to Company F.
 Samuel A. Currier, age 19.
 Allen V. Cox, first sergeant, age 25.
 Matthew Dutton, transferred to Company F.
 Dan B. Gage, age 41.
 Burgess Kimball, age 18.
 James A. Mulligan, age 25.
 Horace G. Pettengill, age 22.
 Charles B. Skinner, transferred to Company F.
 James C. Thurston, age 18.
 Austin Washburn, age 19; wounded by falling on abattis in the charge, May 27, 1863.
 Joseph Cross, transferred to Company F.
 Timothy E. Furnald, fourth sergeant, age 28.
 John C. Fuller, age 41.
 Everett B. Huse, age 24; on detached service in quartermaster's department, Gen. T. W. Sherman's division, January 1 to July 26, 1863.
 James B. Lindsey, age 35.
 Charles H. Proctor, age 24.

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Andrew J. Roberts, age 42.

Joseph G. Spencer, fifth sergeant, age 33.

Elias S. Whittier, age 30.

Alvin C. Bean, second lieutenant, age 27.

From Bath :

Moses Lang, captain, age 46.

John Clark, age 44.

Charles Carbee, age 25.

William H. Dodge, assistant cook, age 26.

Charles B. Ela, age 32.

Ellery Kentfield, age 29.

John B. Nelson, age 27.

Louis Paradis, age 34.

Milo C. Pollard, age 20.

Harvey L. Smith, age 42.

Benera Sherman, age 28.

Curtis Bedel, age 19.

David Batchelder, age 19; fatally wounded in breast May 27, 1863.

Albert Chamberlain, age 18.

Richard C. Clough, age 28; discharged from New York hospital January 23, 1863.

Harry Chamberlain, age 24.

Carlton H. Clough, age 22.

Enoch C. Dearth, age 31.

Gilbert Fuller, age 30.

Edward P. Little, age 21.

John M. Powers, age 27.

Alonzo Place, transferred to Company F.

Andrew C. Rollins, eighth corporal, age 19.

Horace Smith, age 26.

Lorenzo D. Whitcher, second sergeant, age 34.

Henry S. Bailey, age 18.

Daniel Bedell, cook, age 38.

From Lyman :

George W. Bailey, age 27.

Charles Cram, age 29.

James H. Garland, age 39.

John W. Millen, age 22.

Amos V. Parker, first corporal, age 37.

Benjamin Bailey, second corporal, age 40; wounded in ankle June 14, 1863.

Richard Dodge, musician, age 28.

Enos K. Hall, fifth corporal, age 31; very severely wounded in thigh and groin May 27, 1863.

John A. Powers, age 27.

Isaac Smith, age 29.

From Landaff :

John Bishop, third sergeant, age 44.

Harrison C. Howland, appointed wagoner, age 22; wounded May 27, 1863.

Calvin J. Carpenter, age 20.

Henry W. Howland, third corporal, age 20.

Alson S. Little, age 18.

Daniel Spooner, age 23.

William H. Young, age 19.

Francis A. Oaks, age 22.

John Stuart, age 44.

From Bethlehem :

John T. Dutton, sixth corporal, age 20.

William D. Eudy, age 21.

James R. Gale, age 24.

Levi L. Tyrrell, age 33.

Leonard M. Eudy, age 19.

Ephraim A. Eudy, age 25.

Asa E. Swasey, seventh corporal, age 17.

John Weilds, age 24; assumed name; right name, Asa N. Day.

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From Littleton :

Ransom S. Day, age 21.

Lewis O. Place, age 45 ; father of Alonzo and George W. Place.

Charles S. Haseltine, first lieutenant, age 28.

Austin Morse, fourth corporal, age 18 ; discharged for disability at Carrollton, April 3, 1863.

George W. Place, transferred to Company F.

From Benton :

Moody Howland, age 23 ; wounded in cheek.

William Spooner, age 26.

From Hanover :

Wilder P. Cross, age 39.

William N. Stevens, age 21 ; discharged for disability April 3, 1863.

From Orford :

John Carraway, age 43.

From Monroe :

William W. Farwell, age 19.

From Tamworth :

William P. Gilman, age 41.

Thus the company consisted of ninety-five officers and men, as originally constituted. Of these, two subsequently deserted, Charles D. Banks and William H. Young, both at Brooklyn, N. Y., on the eleventh day of December, 1862, as the company boarded the steamer "Cambria" for the South. Richard C. Clough and Harvey L. Smith were discharged January 23, 1863, at New York, where they were

left behind sick, they never having rejoined the company. Seven were transferred to Company F before leaving Concord, viz., Cyrus Burnham, Almon S. Church, Joseph Cross, Matthew Dutton, Alonzo Place, George W. Place, and Charles B. Skinner. Lewis Blake enlisted from Enfield for Company C, but on arriving at camp was mustered in as musician in Company A.

Samuel A. Currier, Ephraim D. Eudy, Asa E. Swasey, and William W. Farwell were also left behind sick when the regiment sailed, but subsequently rejoined the company, except Currier, who served his time out in New York. Of the ninety-five, three were commissioned officers, three were musicians, two were cooks, seven were transferred, one was detached, and six were left behind sick, which with the two deserters, left seventy-one men to receive arms on the seventh day of January, 1863, when the old Belgian muskets, carried from New Hampshire, were exchanged for the Enfield rifle, and records show that the company drew seventy-one guns on that date.

Reckoning out the seven transferred, and two discharged, and two deserters, leaves eighty-four officers and men, of whom thirty lost their lives in the cause. This is the heaviest loss of any company in the regiment; it is two more than a third. Of those transferred, also, Cyrus Burnham, Almon S. Church, and Lewis Blake died in the service, which would make thirty-three deaths out of the original company.

Upon the company assembling at the Concord camp, a meeting was held in the barracks at which were elected all the company officers by vote.

A sum of money was handed to Captain Lang, from the citizens of Bath, to purchase his sword.

Of Company C, nine died of disease in the southern land, four of wounds received in battle, seven died while en route

Roll and Sketch of Company C.

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for home of injuries and disease contracted in the service, and ten immediately after reaching home, from the same causes. The deaths were all from the seventy-one enlisted men who received arms in the South. It is 42.2 per cent. The Enfield squad went into camp October 3.



CAPTAIN JOHNSON — Co. D.



FIRST LIEUT. CHADWICK — Co. D.



SECOND LIEUT. DURGIN — Co. D.

SKETCH OF COMPANY D, UP TO NOVEMBER
12, 1863.

Those who served in other organizations, so far as can be ascertained, are marked with a star.

[This list follows the spelling of the original descriptive book.]

Jonathan H. Johnson, captain, age 46, Deerfield.

Jerre E. Chadwick, first lieutenant, age 33, Deerfield.

Woodbury M. Durgin, second lieutenant, age 37, Northwood.

Charles A. Towle, first sergeant, age 25, Epsom.

John J. Hanson, second sergeant, age 26, Newmarket.

Nathaniel D. Bean, third sergeant, age 21, Northwood.*

Jeremiah J. Swain, fourth sergeant, age 35, Northwood; wounded in hand May 27, 1863.

John Q. A. Hanson, fifth sergeant, age 28, Dover.

Alfred E. Ambrose, first corporal, age 33, Deerfield.

George J. Fogg, second corporal, age 37, Northwood.

George H. Rand, third corporal, age 31, Chichester.

William B. Chadwick, fourth corporal, age 19, Durham.

Clark S. Willey, fifth corporal, age 22, Northwood.

James W. Goodhue, sixth corporal, age 29, Deerfield.

Clark Bryant, seventh corporal, age 37, Northwood.

Israel G. York, eighth corporal, age 21, Lee.

Edward P. Lane, musician, age 18, Candia.

Benjamin F. Swain, musician, age 18, Candia.

Edwin Batchelder, wagoner, age 31, Deerfield.

Adams, Frank L., age 27, Deerfield.

Ames, Thomas J., age 33, Chichester.

Avery, Joseph, age 37, Candia.*

Batchelder, Benjamin B., age 44, Deerfield.

Barker, Levi, age 44, Candia.

- Beede, Reuben V., age 20, Northwood.
 Bean, Walter W., age 19, Candia.
 Bean, Albion A., age 19, Deerfield.
 Bryant, Henry M., age 24, Northwood.
 Bryant, James A., age 18, Northwood.
 Bryant, Charles L., age 21, Moultonborough.*
 Brown, John H., age 18, Candia.*
 Brown, John C., age 18, Epsom.
 Brown, Charles A., age 18, Epsom; severely wounded in
 body May 27, 1863.*
 Brackett, Walter G., age 18, Epsom.
 Bunce, Charles C., age 20, Dover.*
 Chase, Joseph W., age 18, Deerfield.
 Chase, Arthur M., age 22, Deerfield.
 Clay, Franklin, age 40, Candia.
 Dockham, Charles F., age 18, Newmarket.
 Dow, Samuel T., age 22, Northwood.*
 Dunaven, William C., age 32, Deerfield.
 Duesbury, William N., age 18, Allenstown; wounded in
 leg June 14, 1863.*
 Edmunds, Aaron, age 39, Northwood.
 Farnham, John W., age 21, Northwood.*
 Fifield, George C., age 26, Candia.
 Fife, Wesley, age 28, Deerfield.
 Fogg, John P., age 18, Northwood.
 Fuller, Chase C., age 44, Northwood.
 Gowen, John, age 38, Dover.*
 Goodwin, Robert, age 30, Durham.
 Griffin, John S., age 22, Concord.
 Hall, Daniel, age 37, Candia.
 Haines, Alanson C., age 19, Newmarket; re-enlisted in
 Sixth Massachusetts.*
 Hoit, William A., age 18, Northwood.
 Hill, Henry O., age 18, Northwood.*

Roll and Sketch of Company D.

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- Hilton, Stephen, age 31, Lee.
 Jenkins, William, age 36, Deerfield.
 Johnson, Alexander J., age 28, Northwood.
 Johnson, Calvin D., age 23, Epsom.
 Johnson, Samuel S., age 43, Northwood; severe contusions head and abdomen, June 14, 1863.
 Joy, Eben, age 44, Newmarket.
 Langley, Daniel B., age 28, Candia.
 Langley, John O., age 41, Madbury.
 Lancaster, John G., age 18, Northwood.
 Lock, John F., age 22, Northwood.
 Mason, Daniel P., age 22, Northwood.
 Marston, Charles S., age 20, Chichester.
 Marcott, John, age 22, Hanover.
 Mead, Andrew J., age 20, Candia.
 Nay, Samuel C., age 18, Candia.*
 Nealey, James D., age 19, Newmarket.*
 Norton, John, age 39, Northwood.
 Palmer, John, age 44, Newmarket.
 Page, George H., age 21, Northwood.*
 Perkins, Charles W., age 21, Newmarket.
 Philbrick, Josiah B., age 24, Deerfield; appointed eighth corporal March 25, 1863.
 Randall, Joseph W., age 36, Deerfield.
 Reynolds, Nason F., age 21, Northwood.*
 Richardson, John, age 21, Northwood.
 Richardson, Eben R., age 29, Northwood.
 Roberts, Alvin H., age 18, Northwood.*
 Robinson, Nathaniel, Jr., age 40, Newmarket.
 Sanborn, Anthony L., age 30, Deerfield.
 Sanborn, James, age 41, Northwood.
 Smith, George S., age 21, Pittsfield.
 Smith, Charles F., age 44, Deerfield.
 Smith, James, age 30, Durham.

Smith, John, age 28, Dover.
 Stevens, William T., age 43, Deerfield.
 Stevens, William, age 20, Durham.
 Stanley, William S., age 18, Chichester.
 Taylor, William B., age 44, Newmarket.
 Taylor, George W., son of William B., age 18, Candia.
 Thompson, Josiah D., age 27, Lee.*
 Tilton, George W., age 34, Deerfield.
 Tourrigney, Calis, age 21, Hanover.
 Watson, David P., age 18, Northwood.*
 White, Charles E., age 19, Deerfield.
 Williams, Roswell S., age 43, Northwood.
 Witherell, Edwin E., age 28, Deerfield.
 Wyman, Richard E., age 22, Newmarket.

One hundred and one officers and men.

Fifth Sergeant John Q. A. Hanson, deserted at Camp N. P. Banks, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y., November 21, 1862; George C. Fifield, at Concord, October 11, 1862, and was apprehended June 27, 1863, but never rejoined the company; Robert Goodwin, at Concord, October 25, 1862 — went home on furlough and did not return; James Smith, at Concord, October 25, 1862; John Smith, at Concord, October 28, 1862; and William Stevens, at Concord, November 8, 1862 — six in all. Eben R. Richardson, while at home on furlough, just prior to the regiment's departure for the front, lost one or two of his toes by some "means not explained," on account of which injury he was discharged at Concord, March 27, 1863, not having left the state. These will receive no further mention.

Stephen Hilton deserted at Jamaica, Camp N. P. Banks, November 29, 1862, and William C. Dunaven, November 30, 1862, at Brooklyn, N. Y., but both returned voluntarily

under the President's proclamation, on March 30, 1863, and served with credit to the end of the term, and were honorably discharged.

John Marcott, Calis Tourrigney, and Richard E. Wyman were transferred to Company F on the twelfth day of November, 1862.

Three remained behind sick — Joseph Avery, George S. Smith, and Henry M. Bryant. Avery and Smith remained at home, reported to the company on its return, and were mustered out with the regiment. Smith did not long survive, dying on the fifth day of November, 1865. He took cold on guard, which resulted in pneumonia and consumption. Avery recovered, and later re-enlisted in the First New Hampshire Cavalry, serving therein to the close of the war. Bryant rejoined the company at Carrollton, La., on the tenth day of March, 1863. The company was thus depleted by fifteen men before leaving for the South, three only of whom returned to duty. Except these fifteen, and Lieutenant Durgin, the company reached the enemy's country by the good ship "James S. Green," without serious mishap or the loss of a single life, as will be hereafter related. It will thus be seen that eighty-five of Company D embarked on this steamer, and their names can be ascertained by consulting the roll.

The Northwood and Deerfield boys frequently met and drilled under Messrs. Johnson and Chadwick, previous to going into camp. On the sixth of October, 1862, the Northwood squad rendezvoused at the village store in Northwood Narrows. They had been enlisted by Mr. W. M. Durgin, who at that time was one of the selectmen of the town — afterwards second lieutenant of the company — and under his charge were conveyed to Concord, a distance of sixteen miles, by means of one four-horse team and several single ones, many friends and neighbors accompanying them. The day was a very fine one, and the boys diverted themselves

by pelting each other with apples, and in other boyish sports along the way. It is still remembered that one Johnson's lonely tall hat became a special mark, and was sadly wrecked. The party left the place of rendezvous at nine A. M., and reached its destination at noon and took up its quarters in the barracks at the fair grounds, over the long bridge across the Merrimac river and about one mile from the capitol.

The Deerfield contingent was enlisted by Mr. Jonathan H. Johnson — afterwards captain — who at the time was one of the selectmen of Deerfield. All but Fife went into camp on the same date — October 6 — at the Concord barracks, some by teams, but most by rail from the Candia depot via Manchester. The Candia boys also went by rail at the same time. A joint meeting of the various squads had been previously held in the town hall, at Deerfield, at which the officers of the company were chosen by vote, Mr. Johnson being elected captain, Mr. Chadwick first lieutenant, and Mr. Durgin second lieutenant, and on that occasion swords were publicly presented to the captain and first lieutenant-elect. The non-commissioned officers were chosen October 24. On the seventeenth the company drew their uniforms. After a stay of six or eight days at the barracks all were furloughed home for a week. On the Sunday of October 12, when at home, the Northwood boys buried, with military honors, Lieut. Charles W. Bean, of the Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, who a few days before had returned from the front to die of wounds received at Antietam on the seventeenth of September previous.

During this furlough, neighbors and citizens, with public ceremonies, presented Lieutenant Durgin with an elegant sword, remarks being made by Mr. Henry Knowlton, and to which the lieutenant responded. On the return of the company to camp at the expiration of this furlough, it was fully organized and passed the time in drill and the usual routine

Roll and Sketch of Company D.

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and amusements of camp life until November 12, when, with the rest of the regiment, it marched to Concord, and in the state house yard was formally mustered into the service of the United States.

Of this company, of eighty-eight officers and men who actually reached Louisiana, two were killed, eighteen died of disease, several were wounded as will be shown, and at least nineteen served in other organizations. The light loss of life in killed is accounted for by the fact that the company was detailed as sharpshooters on May 27, 1862, and thereby avoided the severe battle of that date.

Company D, at the muster of the regiment in the state house yard on November 12, had present three commissioned officers, thirteen non-commissioned officers, two musicians, one wagoner, and seventy privates, four privates being at home sick.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF
COMPANY E.

Capt. William E. Stearns's company was composed as follows :

From Hollis — 23 :

Francis A. Wood, second lieutenant, age 27.

Alfred A. Hanscom, sergeant, age 29.

Charles H. Adams, age 18 ; severe wound in hand June 13, 1863.

George H. Annis, age 22.

Caleb W. Chamberlain, age 34.

Al Coburn, age 42.

Charles S. Hamblett, age 37 ; severe wound in hand June 13, 1863.*

Henry J. Hardy, age 18.

Isaac Hardy, age 37.

Samuel F. Hayden, age 29.

George S. Hull, age 30.

Granville P. Patch, age 31.

Aaron M. Pond, age 30 ; severely wounded in leg June 11, 1863.*

Frank E. Pond, age 37.

Rufus Potwine, age 22 ; March 2, 1863, having been absent sick and recovered and not returned, is dropped as a deserter ; March 10, returned from desertion.*

David J. Rideout, age 21.*

Thomas Sculley, age 42.

Freeman H. Smith, age 17.*

John C. Smith, age 41.

George F. Tenney, age 20.

Isaac Vandyke, age 39 ; wounded in face May 27, 1863.

Harvey M. Willoby, age 29.

Oliver N. Willoby, age 38.

Roll and Sketch of Company E.

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The following from Brentwood — 12 :

George K. Russell, first sergeant, age 21.

Josiah Norris, sergeant, age 22 ; severe wound in arm
June 14, 1863.

James S. Lord, corporal, age 26.

Lorenzo D. Cate, age 37.

Frank A. Colby, age 18.

Frank W. Gould, age 20.

Edward Hamil, age 22.

James T. Heselton, age 28.

George B. Lane, age 21.

James H. Robinson, corporal, age 23.*

Lewis W. Sinclair, age 30.

Marcus M. Tuttle, age 19 ; deserted.

From Auburn — 6 :

Moses B. Davis, corporal, age 21.

Daniel C. Abbott, age 32 ; severe wound in foot June 14,
1863.

Jonathan Ballou, age 21.*

Willis H. Brown, age 18.

Jesse Wood, age 28.

Frank C. Wood, age 22.*

From Manchester — 8 :

William E. Stearns, captain, age 21 ; wounded May 27, 1863.

Walter S. Killey, sergeant, age 18.

Michael Abbott, age 18.

George W. Brown, age 22.*

Joseph K. Heselton, age 19 ; wounded in arm by shell
June 21.*

Charles H. Martin, age " 16 " ; was only fourteen years of
age ; wounded June 27.*

Henry S. Perry, drummer, age 16 ; severely injured by
explosion of shell after the surrender.

Irving D. Tobie, age 18.

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From Windham — 6 :

Levere L. Duplesses, age 33.

Albert Fletcher, age 22.*

Charles E. Hanscomb, age 23.*

Elexis Marcott, age 21 ; wounded in hand June 12, 1863.

Joseph F. Mayot, age 18.

Ephraim Plumpton, age 18.*

From Litchfield — 7 :

James F. Parker, second lieutenant, age 20.

David L. Annis, corporal, age 32.

John C. Graham, corporal, age 25.

Langdon Lydston, corporal, age 28.

Jonathan Burbank, age 29.

Charles H. Marsh, age 21.

Fernando Parker, age 27 ; appointed sergeant.

From Epping — 3 :

Horace C. Page, corporal, age 44.

James Richards, age 19 ; wounded June 14.*

Joseph Hamil, age 28 ; deserted.

From Westmoreland — 2 :

Amasa O. Amidon, age 18.*

William H. Clark, age 28 ; deserted.

From Merrimack — 5 :

Charles N. Green, sergeant, age 21 ; discharged for disability May 20, 1863.

Tyler T. Longa, corporal, age 21.*

Henry Butterfield, age 20.

Samuel Marsh, age 44.

George Wylie, age 25.

From Bedford — 5 :

James S. Lord, corporal, age 26.

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Andrew C. Giles, age 22 ; wounded June 21, at Port Hudson.

John Hodgman, age 41 ; severe wound in arm June 14, 1863.

William H. Hodgman, age 18.

Jacob I. Whittimore, age 24 ; severe wound in foot May 27, 1863.

From Dunbarton — 3 :

Chester L. Page, age 34.*

Robert Richards, age 27.*

Lysander Wyman, age 18.*

From Goffstown — 3 :

Leonard N. George, age 18.*

Godfrey Johonnett, age 35.

Henry C. Richards, age 19 ; detailed to Fourth Massachusetts Battery, February 27, 1863.

From Londonderry — 1 :

John Orale, age 19.

From Concord — 1 :

Rothois Flanders, drummer, age 19.

From Salem — 1 :

Stillman B. Heselton, age 25.*

From Landaff — 1 :

John O'Connor, age 22 ; deserted.

From Chichester — 1 :

William Stearns, age 44 ; father of Captain Stearns.

Eighty-eight officers and men all told. Of these four deserted : William H. Clark, Joseph Hamel, John O'Connor, and Marcus M. Tuttle. This leaves eighty-four to reach Louisiana.

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Robert N. Corning, of Concord, presented Lieutenant Parker with a sword. This company, on the day of the battle of May 27, was deployed as sharpshooters on the left of the battle-field, well up front but concealed in a slashing, and this accounts for its light loss of life by gunshot wounds. One was killed on this occasion, twelve died of disease incident to the service, twenty-two served in other organizations, twelve were wounded, forty-six were under twenty-two years of age. This company had two drummers and no fifer. Jonathan Ballou, left behind sick in New York city, rejoined company at Camp Parapet, January 5, 1863. R. Potwine, left behind sick, rejoined company at Camp Parapet, March 12, 1863.

It is a singular circumstance that of the twenty-two from Hollis all returned alive; but John C. Smith died three days before the muster out of the regiment. The company went into camp Thursday, October 2, 1862; mustered in October 9. Lieutenant Parker was mustered in same date. Captain Stearns and Lieutenant Wood were mustered in October 22. The company chose their non-commissioned officers November 1.

Those serving in other organizations, so far as known, are marked by a star.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF
COMPANY F.

From Canaan — 19 :

William Gordon, captain, age 41.

Fred B. Wells, first sergeant, age 42.*

Alvah Gilman, fourth corporal, age 44.

William Adams, age 21.

Edgar D. Aldrich, age 18 ; severe wound in ribs June 11, 1863.

Edwin D. Aldrich, age 19.

Dexter F. Bradbury, age 27.

Albert Bradbury, age 24.

Austin Dunham, age 24 ; wounded May 27, 1863, slight.

Everett W. Dow, age 20.*

James Furlong, age 25.

Rufus S. Gross, age 33.

Hiram Jones, age 44.

David Legro, age 27 ; wounded May 27, 1863, slight, hand.

Levi Martin, age 40 ; wounded May 27, 1863, slight, hand.

Gilbert J. Roby, age 27.

Abial Sharp, age 34.

Don C. Washburn, age 23.

William W. Dustin, age 43 ; severe wound in leg June 11, 1863.

From Grafton — 16 :

Sylvester Martin, first lieutenant, age 25.

Stephen George, fifth sergeant, age 42.

James B. Bullock, second corporal, colors, age 30 ; joined color guard March 2.

William H. Baldwin, sixth corporal, age 28 ; severe wound in side ; returned from hospital, New York, March 14.

Albert E. Barney, drummer, age 21.

Ahira Barney, age 18.

Melvin M. Barney, age 20.

George E. Baldwin, age 29.

John Caswell, age 41.

Joseph E. Follansbee, age 27.

Isaac B. Hoyt, age 19.

Sewell Hale, age 25.

Ora H. Heath, age 21; wounded May 27, 1863.

Jesse Martin, age 18.

Daniel B. Smith, age 24; wounded slight, hand.

John Taylor, age 40.

From Springfield — 14 :

Stephen P. Colby, second lieutenant, age 30.

George F. Colby, third corporal, age 18.

Clinton D. Fowler, age 22.

William M. Fowler, age 20; discharged for disability at Concord, N. H., April 14, 1863; did not go South.

Richard W. Heath, age 19.

Gustavus Lovering, age 27.

Joseph Q. Lovering, age 25.

George McDaniel, age 18; returned from New York general hospital March 14, 1863.

Solon Morrill, age 18.

James K. Richardson, age 19.

John Robie, age 31.

John D. Washburn, corporal, age 18.

James W. Lull, second sergeant, age 40; wounded in arm May 27, 1863.

Horatio B. Fowler, age 22.

From Danbury — 10 :

James E. Ford, first corporal, age 18; wounded in leg May 27, 1863.*

Thomas Dunlop, seventh corporal, age 37.

George H. Butler, age 19.

John Ford, age 27.

John Gross, age 25.

Lowell S. Hartshorn, age 41.*

John A. Jones, wagoner, age 44.

Ira W. Morrison, age 44 ; detailed to Fourth Massachusetts Battery, February 27, 1863.

John Morrison, age 19 ; detailed to Fourth Massachusetts Battery, February 27, 1863.

John Wells, age 21.

From Enfield — 5 :

Matthew Dutton, fourth sergeant, age 28.

Cyrus Burnham, age 23.

Joseph Cross, age 35.*

Almon S. Church, age 19.

Charles B. Skinner, age 22.*

From Dorchester — 4 :

Greenough D. Sanborn, third sergeant, age 32.*

John E. Blaisdell, age 18 ; discharged at Marine hospital for disability, New Orleans, March 18, 1863 ; was left sick at New York four weeks.

William P. Ferrin, age 38.

Elias H. Hadley, age 22 ; wounded in shoulder fatally June 13, 1863.

From Hampstead — 3 :

Hazen L. Hoyt, eighth corporal, age 37.

D. Lowell N. Hoyt, age 35.

Warren A. Kimball, age 33.

From Alton — 2 :

Alfred Garland, age 43.

George W. Young, age 33 ; wounded May 27.

From Hanover — 2 :

Calis Tourrigney, age 21.

John Marcott, age 22.

James O. Bagley, age 24, Thornton.*

Alonzo Place, age 25, Bath.*

Richard E. Wyman, age 22, Newmarket.*

Thomas Wilson, age 27, North Hampton.

George W. Place, age 23, Littleton.*

Trueworthy L. Moulton, age 41, Rochester ; wounded in wrist June 13, 1863.*

William B. Cook, age 29, Concord.*

George W. Blaisdell, fifth corporal, age 26, Groton.

Arial B. Martin, age 23, Orange.

Officers and men in all, 84. Of these William B. Cook and Thomas Wilson deserted, the first named at Concord, N. H., November 12, 1862 — this man had previously served in the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, and been discharged therefrom for disability — and the last named, at Camp N. P. Banks, near Brooklyn, N. Y. — Jamaica Union Race Course — on November 25, 1862, taking with him \$26.10 worth of Uncle Sam's clothing.

Six remained behind sick, George McDaniel, George W. Blaisdell, Alfred Garland, William M. Fowler, Cyrus Burnham, and James O. Bagley, the latter of whom recovered and subsequently served in the Eighteenth New Hampshire. Cyrus Burnham's name will be found among those of the dead, he having succumbed to the debilitating effects of camp life, and which resulted in his death on September 5, 1863. Except these eight, it appears that the full company embarked on the "Cambria," and arrived at Carrollton in safety.

The men met at Whitney's hotel, in Canaan, two or three times prior to going into camp at Concord, and on one of these occasions chose their captain by vote. They assembled in camp early in October, and there elected their lieutenants. While at the Concord camp the men were incessantly drilled — the officers hiring a West Point drill master at their own expense, for a part of the time. The company, while here, entered heartily into the sports and participated in the stirring scenes and usual incidents of camp life. It is still related how they, on October 23, rode a gambler out of "Camp Colby" on a rail to the Concord railroad station, a distance of two miles, and left him there unconscious; he at one of the games had struck a fellow in the face. They were followed by hundreds.

It appears that Garland, Bagley, and Fowler did not leave the state, and Fowler was discharged there April 14, 1863. McDaniel, Blaisdell, and Burnham, returned to duty at Carrollton, La.

In common with the other companies, they were furloughed home for a brief time just before leaving for the front.

The company lost fifteen by disease. It could not have mustered at Port Hudson over thirty-five officers and men for duty, and of these, five received mortal wounds in action or on the picket line, and at least eight others were seriously injured. It is highly interesting to note that of the very few survivors of the company who were not totally incapacitated physically, at least twelve served in other organizations, as indicated by a star on the roll.

JOSEPH GERRISH AYERS.

Born in Canterbury, N. H. Second and first lieutenant in the Fifteenth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers from November 3, 1862, to August 13, 1863. Acting assistant surgeon, United States Army, from June to October, 1864; acting assistant surgeon, United States Navy, from December 17, 1864, to September 24, 1866. Commissioned in the United States Navy as assistant surgeon October 8, 1866; as surgeon January 7, 1878, and as medical inspector February 25, 1895; fleet surgeon of Asiatic station 1895 to 1897; now in charge of United States Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF
COMPANY G.

Twenty-three men from Barnstead :

Thomas M. Huse, first lieutenant, age 50 ; honorably discharged for disability February 23, 1863, by General Banks.*

Christopher C. Pickering, first sergeant, age 24 ; appointed second lieutenant.*

David S. Huse, corporal, age 18 ; son of Lieutenant Huse.

Timothy Blake, Jr., fifer, age 29.

George W. Blake, drummer, age 32 ; left sick at Buffalo August 7, 1863.*

Charles W. Adams, age 38 ; wounded in hand and breast June 14, 1863.

Henry H. Buzzell, age 26.

John F. Chesley, age 25.

John Cate, age 44 ; May 27, 1863, shot through shoulder and lungs, fatal.

Jeremiah E. Emerson, age 24.

George H. Emerson, age 22.

William A. Foye, age 27.

John Hill, age 44.

James M. Jones, age 29.*

Jacob Lord, age 43.

John C. Mason, age 18.

Hazen D. Nutter, age 18.

Trueworthy Norris, age 43.

Charles J. Roberts, age 35.

Albert G. Wingate, age 18.

Hanson H. Young, corporal, age 19 ; appointed March 1, 1863 ; wounded.

William A. Chesley, age 19.

George D. Clark, age 39.

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Sixteen from Pittsfield :

Lewis W. Osgood, captain, age 27 ; slightly wounded May 27 ; wounded in leg June 12, 1863.

James W. Shaw, fifth sergeant, age 27.

Albert F. Berry, first corporal, age 21 ; appointed sergeant.

Ezra C. Willard, eighth corporal, age 35.

Henry L. Robinson, wagoner, age 21.*

John E. Brown, cook, age 26.

John L. Drew, age 22.*

Philester S. Elliott, age 23.

Charles F. French, age 22.

John Johnson, age 44.

Isaiah Swain, age 21.

George W. Snell, age 43.

John Young, age 18.

Enoch M. Young, age 20.

Frank W. Young, age 21.*

Edgar L. Carr, hospital steward, age 21.*

Thirteen from Loudon :

Henry R. Brown, second sergeant, age 21 ; appointed first sergeant March 1, 1863.

Henry H. Berry, age 27.

Jonathan Brown, age 25.

Alfred E. Chase, age 19.

Andrew J. Cross, age 34.

King J. Cross, age 32.*

Dixi C. Dennett, age 35.

Samuel G. Lovering, age 35.*

James F. Moses, age 23.

Dick Rogers, age 18.

William B. Turner, age 44.

Roby True, age 44.

William E. P. Willey, age 18.*



EDGAR L. CARR—Co. G.



CORP. EZRA C. WILLARD—Co. G.

Thirteen from Canterbury :

Augustine R. Ayers, fourth sergeant, age 23 ; wounded.

John S. Whidden, fourth corporal, age 19.

Monroe Brown, sixth corporal, age 26 ; wounded in hand
June 14, 1863.

Harper S. Allen, age 19 ; severely wounded in calf of leg
May 27, and sent to Camp Parapet.

Moody J. Boyce, age 19.*

Charles H. Glines, age 20.

Charles Huntoon, age 23.

Oliver Lock, age 39 ; wounded June 14, slight, hand.

Henry W. McDaniel, age 19 ; wounded slightly May 27.

Erastus O. Nudd, age 37.

David K. Nudd, age 33.

Frank O. Picard, age 18.

William R. Lake, age 18.

Seven from Chichester :

John A. West, third sergeant, age 24.

Hiram Hook, fifth corporal, color, age 20 ; swiftest runner
in the regiment at Long Island ; severe wound in arm May
27, 1863.*

Hugh Burns, age 40.

Levi Hook, age 18 ; wounded in leg May 27, 1863.*

Alfred A. Langmaid, age 36.*

Charles J. Roby, age 21.

Charles H. Staniels, age 25.

Seven from Strafford :

John S. Foss, third corporal, age 25 ; wounded in hand
May 27, 1863, slight.

Paul H. Winkley, seventh corporal, age 26.

John W. Avery, age 18.

Samuel Perry, age 25.

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Thomas C. Pitman, age 45.

Mark H. Winkley, age 37.

Luther C. Critchett, age 27.

Three from Windham :

John E. Brown, age 26.

James Baker, age 25.

George W. Durant, age 28 ; shot through wrist, high up,
June 14, 1863.

Two from Fisherville :

George W. Brown, age 29.

John H. Heath, age 23.

One from Northfield :

Joseph G. Ayers, second lieutenant, age 22 ; appointed
first lieutenant March 1, 1863, vice Lieutenant Huse re-
signed.*

One from Alexandria :

Sylvester D. Hunt, age 18.

One from Nottingham :

John H. Moulton, age 18.*

One from Concord :

Joseph E. Sargent, age 21.*

One from Epsom :

Joseph Saturlay, age 37.

Making ninety officers and men.

On the twenty-ninth of October the Company G boys were very merry. Several play violins in the barracks. There is a ventriloquist in the company, and also one in Company D, who help along the sport. A Company G diary shows that on the thirtieth of October the regiment is called in line for

Roll and Sketch of Company G.

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the first time for dress parade. Line formed at 4.30, and was dismissed at dark, Major Blair in command. Boys engage in ball games at the Concord camp and in foot ball and cards.

November 1 the company marched to the quartermaster's, and procured their knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens.

Five of the company deserted before the regiment left the state for the seat of war, namely, James Brown, James Baker, Trueworthy Norris, and Charles J. Roberts, the latter of whom was apprehended and assigned to the Eighth New Hampshire to serve out his term. None of these rejoined the company. Also George W. Durant deserted at Concord on the same date with Norris, November 12, 1862, but returned to duty voluntarily April 1, 1863, at Camp Parapet, La., and served with conspicuous credit. He was severely wounded at Port Hudson in the battle of May 27, 1863. It is said that Norris influenced Durant to desert; but there were extenuating circumstances in the case of Norris, which will be briefly mentioned. It thus seems that eighty-six of this company actually reached the seat of war.

Captain Osgood was very popular with his men, and was by them presented with a sword of such elegance that permission to carry the same had to be secured from higher authority, it being richer in design, and more ornate than allowed by army regulations to officers of his rank. Lieutenant Pickering officiated at the presentation, the captain responding in a happy vein. This took place at the Concord camp, at the close of the meeting held for the choice of officers. Norris, who confidently expected to be chosen to a lieutenantancy, was bitterly disappointed in his ambition, and whether justly or unjustly aggrieved, did, it is claimed, on this account desert.

It appears that fifty-one of this company reported for duty at Port Hudson, of whom two were killed and at least eight others placed *hors de combat* by severe wounds in the battle

of May 27. Several others were wounded as the siege progressed. At least fifteen of the shattered remnant that returned served in other organizations.

It is recalled that the commissioned officers of the regiment were generally a very fine body of men, several of them being conspicuous for physical beauty and soldierly bearing, and which was highly emphasized by their rich uniforms and military trappings; they were decked in blue and gold, and except when on severe duty, were spotless and brilliant as an otter, and in these respects Captain Osgood, it is claimed by many, held the first position. He was a splendid specimen of the race. As will be seen, he was severely wounded at Port Hudson, and barely missed losing his life thereby.

The G. A. R. Post at Barnstead is named for Lieutenant Huse of this company.

Thirty men of the company reached the Concord camp in the forenoon of October 6, and marched immediately to Concord under Captain Osgood, where they were supplied with blankets, tin plates, dippers, and knives, forks, and spoons, and then returned to camp for a dinner of dry bread and coffee. At 6 p. m. had supper of bread and meat. October 7, beef, pork and beans, brown and white bread, and coffee for breakfast; ham and potatoes for dinner. October 8, some Pittsfield boys, who went home on the seventh, returned with a brace of turkeys, which were prepared for breakfast of the ninth, and no questions asked as to their cost or nativity. On this day—the ninth—the Canterbury contingent arrived in camp; they marched to Concord for their outfit, and at night there was great hilarity initiating these new comers. On the tenth the Barnstead squad arrived, and there was some trouble with the Fourteenth New Hampshire boys, who camped near by and attempted to pass our guard.

Roll and Sketch of Company G.

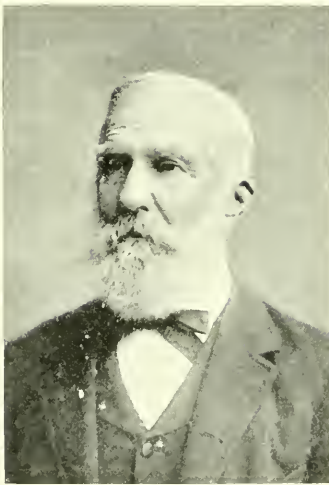
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On the eleventh the company was inspected at the state house, and five colored brothers were thrown out. On Monday, October 20, the company was furloughed home till Tuesday. On the seventeenth a double guard was placed at night, as the Fourteenth was going in the morning and trouble was anticipated. On the eighteenth the Fourteenth left in great spirits, and were given three rousing cheers at the Concord camp. Reveille at 5.30 ; breakfast, 7 ; squad drill, 9, for two hours ; dinner, 12 ; company drill, 3 ; supper, 6 ; tattoo, 9 ; taps, 9.30. On the twenty-second there was a snow storm in the forenoon. On the twenty-fifth Osgood was unanimously elected captain ; also J. G. Ayers was unanimously chosen second lieutenant. For first lieutenant the vote stood : Huse, 67 ; M. S. Merrill, 5 ; T. Norris, 1. Pickering's vote for orderly was also unanimous.

Those marked with an asterisk are known to have served in other organizations.



CAPTAIN SANBORN — Co. II.



CAPTAIN SANBORN — Co. II.



SECOND LIEUT. PERKINS — Co. H.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF
COMPANY H.

The books of this company have been destroyed by fire, but it appears that it was composed of eighty-five officers and men, as the annexed roll will show. It was reduced to eighty by desertion before leaving the Concord camp. Four lost their lives in battle; eleven died of disease incident to the service; several were more or less severely wounded; nineteen were under military age at the breaking out of hostilities. It is known that at least thirteen served in other organizations, several of whom had been injured in the service prior to joining the Fifteenth Regiment.

The citizens of Sanbornton presented Captain Sanborn with a sword; and also while at Concord, a committee of townsmen of old Londonderry visited the camp, and presented Lieutenant Perkins an elegant sword, Mr. John Dickey, of blessed memory, making the presentation remarks.

It can be truthfully said, and without disparagement to any, that no military organization possessed braver or more faithful officers than the Fifteenth Regiment, and among them none more so than those of Company H. It is always fitting and proper to speak freely of the merits of those who have gone to their reward, and in these pages it will be seen that Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins were of the bravest of the brave; they were conspicuous among thousands. For them the last roll-call is answered, the taps have sounded, the lights are out; and at this late day, in the quiet evening as it were, the attempt to do justice to the memory of such, and to make record of their deeds, is a pleasure and a high and sacred duty.

A memorandum of Major Aldrich, on the evening of the battle of May 27, shows of Company H two killed, nine wounded, and thirty-eight for duty. A muster roll

of Lieutenant Seavey before Port Hudson, June 30, 1863, shows only thirty-nine officers and men present for duty, although this includes some convalescents sent up from the Carrollton hospital since the date of that battle; thus, so early in the siege, the company is reduced to less than one half its original effective strength. This indicates the havoc that disease and death have already made in the ranks.

In this company there were thirty-one from Sanbornton, thirteen from Londonderry, seven from Walpole, six from Gilford, four from Laconia, three from Lebanon, two each from Seabrook, Warren, Northfield, Hanover, Bristol, and Alexandria, one each from the towns of Langdon and Northwood, one from Concord, and one from Jamaica, N. Y.

The following is the register of the company, exclusive of the five deserters, copied from muster roll of December 31, 1862:

Jacob B. Sanborn, captain, age 41, Sanbornton.

Alfred B. Seavey, first lieutenant, age 33, Gilford.

Washington Perkins, second lieutenant, age 40, Londonderry; wounded June 14, slight.*

Thomas G. Ames, first sergeant, age 21, Northfield.

Hiram B. Philbrook, second sergeant, age 23, Sanbornton.*

Jason J. Burley, third sergeant, age 28, Sanbornton.

Albert B. Nye, fourth sergeant, age 27, Lebanon; was taken from the "James S. Green" to hospital in New York.

William H. Philbrook, fifth sergeant, age 21, Sanbornton.

John C. Coombs, first corporal, age 23, Sanbornton.

John L. Hubbard, second corporal, age 23, Walpole.

Moses N. Holmes, third corporal, age 28, Londonderry.*

Charles C. Clark, fourth corporal, age 36, Sanbornton.*

Wesley S. Maloon, fifth corporal, age 28, Gilford; was wounded severely in thigh May 27.

John D. Blake, sixth corporal, age 18, Sanbornton.

Roll and Sketch of Company H.

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John E. Preston, seventh corporal, age 35, Gilford; discharged for disability May 16, 1863.

Charles McGregor, eighth corporal, age 19, Londonderry.

Adoniram J. Sanborn, fifer, age 22, Sanbornton.

Brackett J. Baker, drummer, age 18, Sanbornton.*

Major A. Northrup, wagoner, age 24, Hanover.*

Arley P. Alexander, age 19, Londonderry.*

John M. Bixby, age 23, Walpole.

Horace A. Burleigh, age 18, Sanbornton.

Thomas Brown, age 21, Lebanon.

James H. D. Blaisdell, age 39, Bristol; wounded fatally in thigh May 27, 1863.

Lucratus F. Brainerd, age 25, Alexandria.

George F. Bowers, age 18, Sanbornton.

Charles W. Buzzell, age 25, Sanbornton.

Edward Carpenter, age 18, Walpole.

Noah Chattel, age 22, Laconia; killed May 27, 1863.

Dennis W. Cross, age 19, Lebanon.

Charles R. Clark, age 44, Londonderry.

Washington I. Coburn, age 19, Londonderry.*

Irving W. Coombs, age 19, Sanbornton.

George Dawson, age 27, Sanbornton; wounded in foot May 27, 1863.

Thomas W. Donald, age 28, Sanbornton.*

Moses E. Eastman, age 21, Sanbornton.

William Fife, age 18, Northwood.

Robert Finel, age 21, Seabrook, Can.*

Aaron Goodwin, age 18, Warren.*

Alphonso M. Gordon, age 42, Gilford.

Horace D. Gregg, age 20, Londonderry.

Daniel S. Gilman, age 27, Sanbornton.

Dennis Griffin, age 25, Walpole.

Patrick Hyde, age 31, Walpole.

John Hicks, age 36, Sanbornton.

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William F. Holmes, age 21, Londonderry.

John A. Hines, age 21, Gilford.

Samuel H. Jacobs, age 22, Sanbornton; shot through leg
May 27, 1863.

Newell A. Kendall, age 31, Langdon.

Sylvester Kenniston, age 27, Laconia.

Charles Lawrence, age 32, Walpole; severe wound in
thigh May 27, 1863.

Martin L. Moore, age 30, Londonderry; wounded June 14
in foot.

James G. Morrison, age 29, Londonderry; killed May
27, 1863.

Hugh McGuire, age 21, Seabrook.*

Albert McDaniels, age 19, Northfield.*

Daniel M. Philbrook, age 18, Sanbornton.

John Perkins, age 35, Sanbornton.

William J. Pond, age 40, Londonderry.

Thomas Philbrook, age 21, Sanbornton.

Moses H. Rollins, age 18, Gilford.

John Runnells, age "45," Sanbornton; was 65.

Winthrop H. Smith, age 28, Laconia.*

Horace P. Swain, age 23, Sanbornton.*

John B. Shute, age 20, Sanbornton.

Charles H. Sanborn, age 19, Sanbornton.

Harlan P. Sanborn, age 29, Sanbornton.

John Y. Sanborn, age 19, Sanbornton.

John H. Sanborn, age 19, Londonderry; fatally wounded
May 27, 1863.

Joseph J. Shaw, age 21, Walpole.

Benjamin Sweat, age 43, Bristol.

John S. Sanborn, age 44, Sanbornton.

Samuel T. Swain, age 20, Sanbornton; wounded in head
May 27, 1863.

Joseph A. Templeton, age 25, Hanover.

Henry H. Thornton, age 22, Concord; wounded in forehead May 27, 1863.

John Wiggin, cook, age 35, Warren.

George W. Webster, age 19, Laconia.

David W. Welton, age 25, Alexandria; severe wound in hand June 14, 1863.

Hiram Webster, age 40, Londonderry; severe wound in shoulder May 27, 1863.

James S. Walker, age 26, Sanbornton.

Elijah Sanborn, age 43, Jamaica, N. Y.; band.

Deserters: Eucher Boisvert, Seabrook; Theophil Paradis, Seabrook; Paul Mignot, Seabrook; Charles Grosette, Seabrook; Frank Jones, Concord.

All except the deserters reached the enemy's country—nineteen men and Lieutenant Perkins by the "James S. Green," and the others, except Sergeant Nye, by the steamer "Prometheus." Sergeant Nye was conveyed to hospital on account of jaundice, in New York, on December 2, 1862, and the date of his arrival in Louisiana is unknown. His constitution was not a robust one; his spirit, however, carried him through the trying ordeal of the siege of Port Hudson without a break. It is well remembered of him how, while lying in the dark wood in the night, and under the enemy's guns, he could repeat with the skill of an actor, long sections from Shakespeare and other of the dramatic poets.

Those marked with a star are known to have served in other organizations.



CAPTAIN PINKHAM—Co. I.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF COMPANY I.

George E. Pinkham, captain, age 34, Concord.

Alvah M. Kimball, first lieutenant, age 32, Concord ; honorably discharged January 15, 1863.*

James D. Moore, second lieutenant, age 37, Concord ; promoted first lieutenant, vice Kimball resigned.

John O. Wallingford, age 20, Somersworth ; non commissioned staff, appointed second lieutenant January 18, 1863.*

Charles Courtland, first sergeant, age 20, Rochester.

Sylvester B. Wallace, second sergeant, age 20, Middleton ; fatally wounded June 13, 1863.*

Frederick A. Orme, third sergeant, age 25, Rochester.

Jeremiah H. W. Tebbetts, fourth sergeant, age 22, Rochester.

David F. Nudd, fifth sergeant, age 25, Hampton ; received a shot on his cartridge box June 13, 1863.

George W. Trickey, first corporal, age 25, Rochester; wounded severely in arm and hand June 14, 1863.*

Daniel C. Hussey, second corporal, age 30, Rochester; carried the state banner.

James B. Stevens, third corporal, age 19, Rochester.

Enos Rewitzer, fourth corporal, age 33, Rochester; wounded severely in leg May 27, 1863.*

Noah Tebbetts, fifth corporal, age 18, Rochester.*

John Beecher, sixth corporal, age 32, Rochester; was in First New Hampshire and in Navy.*

John H. Roberts, seventh corporal, age 22, Barnstead.

William Dunn, eighth corporal, age 34, Newton; flesh wound in leg May 27, 1863.

Addison, Jonathan W., age 25, Newton.*

Blaisdell, John W., age 18, Rochester; severe flesh wound in left thigh June 14, 1863.

Brown, Joseph E., age 28, Rochester; lost several fingers of left hand June 14, 1863.

Babb, John W., age 16, drummer boy, Rochester.

Brown, Josiah, age 21, Rochester.

Bickford, David, age 27, Rochester.

Bamford, Joseph, age 27, Rochester; wounded in hand June 14, 1863.*

Brigham, William H. B., age 21, Exeter.*

Batchelder, George W., age 23, Exeter.

Blake, Arthur B., age 18, Hampton.*

Carter, Gideon, age 44, Exeter.

Carter, William E., age 18, Exeter.

Carter, Frederick W., age 18, Exeter.*

Carter, George H., age 18, Newton.

Carter, Orrin D., age 23, Newton.

Colony, Jacob, age 39, Rochester.*

Currier, George M., age 27, Newton.

Dunbrack, Thomas, Jr., age 19, Hampton.

Elkins, Jonathan, age 43, Hampton; badly wounded in leg May 29, 1863.

Fowler, Abel K., age 39, Newton.*

Farrington, Joseph H., age 26, Rochester.*

Foss, Alonzo H., age 37, Rochester.

Gowen, Otis F., age 37, Rochester.

Garland, John E., age 27, Rochester.

Gadd, George W., age 20, Exeter.*

Greenleaf, Charles W., age 18, Exeter.

Godfrey, Jeremiah L., age 19, Hampton; detailed to Fourth Massachusetts Battery, February 27, 1863.

Godfrey, Charles, age 18, Hampton; slightly wounded in hand June 13, 1863.*

Goodwin, Benjamin F., age 23, Hampton.*

Goodwin, Daniel C., age 28, Newton.

Hall, John F., age 28, Exeter.

Hurd, John, age 44, Rochester; all fingers of right hand shot off June 13, 1863.*

Hayward, William, age 18, Rochester; detailed to Fourth Massachusetts Battery, February 27, 1863. After his discharge he regained his health, re-enlisted in the Nineteenth Massachusetts regiment; was captured in June, 1864; was in Libbey, Belisle, and Andersonville, then taken to Charleston, then to Florence and paroled, December, 1864; captured with whole brigade at Welden railroad.*

Hoyt, Rufus A., age 22, Rochester; was through all the siege of Port Hudson, and afterwards served on the "Colorado" and "Winona"; was at Fort Fisher and the Santee River expedition.*

Horney, Charles G., age 35, Rochester; band.

Hammett, Charles E., age 19, Rochester.

Horne, Lewis F., age 44, Rochester; was the father of J. D. Horne, who was the first volunteer from Rochester and who served in the Sixth Massachusetts, and was in the Baltimore riot April 19, 1861.*

- Jenniss, Charles, Jr., age 34, Rochester ; wounded.*
Leavitt, George W., age 18, Hampton.
Laird, Robert B., age 32, Hampton.
Lamprey, John D., age 19, Hampton ; killed May 27, 1863.
McCrillis, John G., age 32, Rochester.
Mahoney, John, age 27, Rochester ; severe wound in breast and shoulder May 27, 1863.
Moulton, Joseph E., age 24, Newton.
Morse, John W., age 27, Exeter.
Morse, Abner, age 21, Exeter ; killed May 27, 1863.
Newlands, Solomon N., age 20, Rochester ; mortally wounded in breast May 27, 1863.
Nicholson, George H., age 18, Rochester.*
Nudd, William, age 44, Exeter.
Peasley, Albert M., age 20, Newton.
Peasley, Richard W., age 19, Newton.
Parker, Benjamin F., age 44, Exeter.*
Pike, John C., age 30, Rochester.
Prescott, George A., age 26, Exeter.
Place, Warrington D., age 19, Dover.
Quimby, Philip D., age 36, Newton.
Richardson, Gilman, age 29, Newton.
Shaw, Jackson, age 28, Rochester ; wounded severely in left hand June 13, 1863.*
Sinclair, John A., age 18, Exeter ; wounded slightly in head May 27, 1863.*
Sinclair, John T., age 44, Exeter ; discharged for disability May 15, 1863.
Swain, George M., age 23, Exeter ; severe wound in leg May 27, 1863.
Smith, John I., age 18, Exeter.
Smith, Jeremiah W., age 30, Exeter.
Tucker, Albert M., age 44, Newton ; wounded in head May 27, 1863.

Tucker, Lewis G., age 18, Newton.

Thurston, George K., age 20, Exeter.

Tuttle, James S., age 19, Exeter.*

Welch, Hiram, age 40, Newton; wounded in arm and shoulder May 27, 1863.*

Wiley, Wentworth, age 25, Rochester.

Wardwell, John H., age 18, Rochester.

Whitehouse, Amos W., age 44, Rochester.*

Young, George F., age 20, Rochester.

Gilman, Frank G., age 20, Rochester.

Hatch, Mansfield P., age 28, Newton.

Ninety all told—thirty-eight from Rochester, twenty from Exeter, sixteen from Newton, ten from Hampton, three from Concord, and one each from Somersworth, Dover, and Middleton. Thirty-eight were twenty-two years of age and under; they averaged twenty-nine years of age. Six deserted, of whom two only returned to duty. One man was left behind sick—John T. Sinclair—in New York, and was discharged for disability at Convalescent Camp, Virginia, May 5, 1863. This shows eighty-five to have reached the seat of war. They sailed by the "Prometheus." Of these, five were killed in action or mortally wounded, seven died of disease, and thirteen were severely wounded. At least twenty-nine served in other organizations, either previously or subsequent to their service in the Fifteenth Regiment.

Company I expended in the siege of Port Hudson, from the morning of May 27 to July 8, 1863, 8,580 ball cartridges.

In accounting the dead only those are recorded who died during the term or immediately after their discharge. Many must have died of injuries incident to the service, in after years, of which we can give no account. But one such notable case was that of the intrepid Enos Rewitzer of this company. Prior to his American citizenship, he had served

ten full years in the Bavarian army. His first enlistment in the United States service was in the Third New Hampshire, wherein he served for upwards of a year, and was therefrom discharged for injuries received to one of his legs. He never fully recovered from this. At Port Hudson, on May 27, as will appear, he was again severely wounded in the leg by a shell, which necessitated a dual amputation. The wound never healed, and after years of extreme suffering he succumbed to his multiplied injuries, answering to the last summons of a soldier, at Rochester, N. H., on the ninth day of September, 1889. How many instances of fortitude and heroic suffering, of a kindred nature to this, there may exist, we can never know.

Upon the organization of the company a sword was presented to Captain Pinkham, the money for the purchase of the same having been raised by circulating a subscription paper among the boys of his company on October 21. This sword was presented on the evening of the twenty-fifth, in Rochester, during a furlough, with public ceremonies. At the same meeting a sword was presented to Lieutenant Kimball, and also to Leonard F. Place, of Company I, Third New Hampshire Volunteers, who had been promoted to a lieutenantcy.

The deserters were Mansfield P. Hatch, musician, deserted December 2, 1862, at Long Island; George M. Currier, deserted October 20, 1862, at Concord; Josiah Brown, deserted October 20, 1862, at Concord; James Tuttle, deserted October 30, 1862, at Concord. He served in the navy afterward, probably returning voluntarily from desertion. George A. Prescott deserted October 20, 1862, at Concord, but returned voluntarily to duty March 14, 1863, under the President's proclamation, and George M. Swain deserted October 25, at Concord, and also returned voluntarily under the President's proclamation, March 14, 1863. His name will

be found with the company's honored dead, he having been mortally wounded at Port Hudson, May 27, 1863.

One in every seventeen was killed in battle ; a little less than one in ten died of disease ; more than one in eight were wounded, and the deaths and casualties all told are twenty-four in eighty-five ; thirteen deaths out of eighty-five, and at least thirty served in other organizations.

The killed or mortally wounded were Sergt. Sylvester B. Wallace, Solomon N. Newlands, Abner Morse, John D. Lamprey, and George M. Swain. The severely wounded were Lieut. John O. Wallingford, Sergt. Enos Rewitzer, George W. Trickey, Daniel F. Nudd, Hiram Welch, John A. Sinclair, Jackson Shaw, John Mahoney, Joseph Bamford, Joseph E. Brown, John W. Blaisdell, John McCrillis, and William Dunn.

The Rochester boys left Rochester on last train October 3 ; arrived at Concord 8 p. m. ; got blankets, etc. ; got to barracks at 9 ; cold and damp ; no straw—slept on bare boards ; October 13, chose Pinkham captain ; October 14, drew uniforms ; October 15, furloughed for six days ; October 21, money raised from company to buy sword for captain.

ROLL AND PRELIMINARY SKETCH OF
COMPANY K.

- Benjamin F. Hall, captain, age 28, Salem.
Elbridge G. Wood, first lieutenant, age 24, Hampstead.
Wallace T. Larkin, second lieutenant, age 32, Chester.*
Austin, Milton F., age 21, Salem.
Banks, Edward P., age 20, Alstead.
Barrett, William, age 37, Hampstead.
Bodwell, John P., age 38, Salem.
Brown, Henry N., age 18, Chester.
Brown, Marston L., age 18, Chester; returned from New
York general hospital March 6, 1863.
Brown, Milton S., age 18, Chester.
Buzzell, Albey C., age 21, Danville.
Buzzell, Lendon C., age 18, Danville.*
Calef, Joseph J., second corporal, age 33, Hampstead.
Carew, William E., fifth corporal, age 21, Salem; appointed
sergeant March 1, 1863.
Childs, Emerson H., age 25, Chester.
Clay, David F., age 20, Chester.
Cluff, Franklin W., age 20, Salem.
Cluff, Isaac N., age 23, Salem. ♦
Cluff, Leverett C., age 27, Salem.
Currier, Benjamin G., age 41, Hampstead.
Currier, John S., age 19, Chester.
Davis, Aaron H., sixth corporal, colors, age 26, Hamp-
stead.
Davis, William H., first sergeant, age 25, Hampstead.
Dolloff, Cyrus F., age 29, Salem.*
Edwards, Albert F. B., eighth corporal, age 18, Chester.*
Forsaith, Matthew, age 44, Chester.
Foster, James H., age 25, Salem.

- French, David C., age 39, Chester.
 French, Hiram, age 21, Danville.
 Frost, Lorenzo, band, age 29, Atkinson.*
 Frost, Nathaniel, band, age 32, Hampstead.
 George, Andrew J., age 21, Sandown.
 Gordon, George C., second sergeant, age 27, Salem.
 Gould, Charles W., age 23, Salem.
 Griffin, Charles W., first corporal, age 27, Danville.
 Griffin, Moses, age 37, Danville.
 Hall, Charles H., age 21, Salem.
 Hanson, Collis M., age 23, Salem; appointed corporal
 March 1, 1863.*
 Haseltine, John A., fourth corporal, age 42, Chester.
 Hutchins, Leonard, age 42, Hampstead.
 Ireson, Franklin P., age 27, Atkinson.
 Johnson, Obadiah Q., age 20, Danville.
 Johnson, William H., age 19, Hampstead.
 Kelley, Simon C., age 24, Salem.
 Kelley, Edward H., age 18, Salem; killed June 11, 1863.
 Kelley, George L., seventh corporal, age 26, Salem.*
 Kimball, Charles G., age 20, Salem.
 Ladd, James M., age 21, Danville.
 Ladd, Josiah T., age 18, Danville; discharged for disability
 May 3, 1863.
 Lee, Oliver, age 33, Salem.*
 Lowell, Melvin, age 23, Salem.*
 Mansfield, William F., age 18, Salem.
 Marston, Daniel, fourth sergeant, age 32, Sandown.
 Matthew, John, age 21, Danville.
 Mayo, Henry A., age 30, Sandown.
 McArthur, John C., age 37, Salem.*
 Mead, George M. D., age 18, Chester.
 Merrick, Arthur L., color sergeant, age 32, Atkinson;
 weighed two hundred and fifty pounds; fifth sergeant;
 severely wounded in thigh May 27, 1863.

- Morrison, Iddo K., wagoner, age 35, Salem.
Mosher, Edward B., age 44, Salem; killed June 14, 1863.
Nichols, Lucien M., age 22, Hampstead.
Nichols, Osa D., age 18, Hampstead.*
Noyes, Alba, age 22, Atkinson.
Osgood, Samuel V., age 29, Chester; arrived from New York March 13.*
Pattee, George H., age 20, Salem.*
Perkins, Charles G., age 21, Atkinson.
Pressey, Albert A., age 19, Sandown.
Prince, John L., age 18, Salem.
Richards, Orran S., age 19, Epping.*
Robinson, Curtis B., age 31, Sandown.*
Sanborn, D. La Roy, musician, age 18, Chester.
Sanborn, David, age 34, Fremont.
Sanborn, George G., age 27, Sandown.
Sanborn, Matthew G., age 27, Sandown.*
Sargent, Aaron D., age 32, Sandown.*
Sloan, David, third corporal, age 34, Salem.
Smith, Erastus, age 21, Alstead.*
Smith, James W., age 31, Salem.
Spofford, Benjamin F., age 23, Chester.
Stanton, William L., age 20, Salem.
Stevens, Luther C., third sergeant, age 31, Chester.*
Tabor, William L. S., age 19, Hampstead.*
Tilton, Franklin, age 22, Sandown.
West, John W., age 29, Chester.*
Williams, John, age 24, Hampton.
Woodbury, Henry W., age 44, Salem.

John Matthews deserted October 31, 1862, at Concord;
Josiah Ladd deserted December 2, 1862, at Long Island,
N. Y.; John Williams deserted October 31, 1862, at Concord.

Marston L. Brown and Samuel V. Osgood, who were left
sick at New York, rejoined the company March 10, 1863.

James M. Ladd was left behind sick at New York, and was there discharged for disability, January 20, 1863.

This leaves eighty officers and men to reach the South. This company was detailed as sharpshooters on May 27, 1863, and though occupying a hazardous position, and sharply employed, lost no men that day. Afterwards during the siege, two were killed; during the service fourteen died of disease; nineteen served in other organizations; thirty-six were twenty-two years and under of age.

The first death in the company was that of William F. Mansfield, at Camp Parapet, March 27, 1863. His body was sent North.

From Salem there were twenty-nine; Chester, seventeen; Hampstead, thirteen; Danville, nine; Sandown, nine; Atkinson, five; Alstead, two; Epping and Fremont, one each. Total, eighty-six.

Curtis B. Robinson was discharged for disability February 12, 1863, at New Orleans, by surgeon, and John C. McArthur, Collis M. Hanson, George H. Pattee, Oliver Lee, and Erastus Smith, by General Andrews, at Port Hudson, July 24, 1863, to re-enlist. While at the Concord camp this company was rated as excelling physically and in general deportment and drill. It is doubtful if a finer body of men or more intelligent or with nobler purposes ever left the state.

A sword was presented to Lieutenant Wood, November 4, 1862, in the evening, at the Concord barracks.

The star in all cases marks those who are known to have served in other organizations; but some must have been omitted, and others who re-enlisted outside the state cannot be traced.

COMPANY K NOTES.

Wallace T. Larkin was detached July 25 for special duty at headquarters, Port Hudson, La., and remained there.

Arthur L. Merriek at New Orleans general hospital, July 31, 1863 ; did not come home with the regiment.

Leonard Hutchins detailed as hospital nurse.

Henry W. Woodbury detailed as hospital cook.

Lorenzo Frost detailed for band.

Nathaniel Frost detailed for band.

Benjamin G. Currier detailed for band.

Iddo Morrison detailed as teamster.

John R. Bodwell detailed as cook.

David C. French detailed as cook.

William E. Carew promoted from fifth corporal to fourth sergeant March 1.

Hiram French left at Buffalo sick (muster roll of August 13).

L. Frost left at Worcester sick.

Andrew J. George left at Memphis.

Melvin Lowell at Salem sick (muster roll of August 13).

Henry A. Mayo sick at Sandown (muster roll of August 13).

Osa D. Nichols sick at Hampstead (muster roll of August 13).

November 7. At 2 o'clock P. M., while on battalion drill at the Concord camp it began to snow, and snow fell fast till into the night.

November 11. Battalion drill, with knapsacks slung and full equipments.

L. FROST = THE BAND.

The band was organized early at Concord. Prior to this all regiments could have bands of twenty-four pieces under the law, enlisted as such and as separate organizations; but as the war grew to great proportions, by act of Congress all such were discharged and disallowed as unnecessary and cumbersome adjuncts. The band of the Fifteenth was accordingly formed by detailing men from the different companies; this evasion of the law was permitted by those in authority. Our sturdy old governor took a great interest in its formation, and sent for Lorenzo Frost, who was the prime mover in its organization, several times, and held interviews with him in relation to it and in regard to providing it with instruments belonging to the state that had previously been used in the Fifth Regiment. These, however, could not be found, and instruments were afterwards purchased by the state. The officers of our regiment employed Asa Brigham, a private citizen of Exeter, as a band leader, and raised for him by subscription a lieutenant's pay of \$125 per month. The band did not play much on the ocean—the voyage was so tempestuous. Some disagreement or friction arising, Brigham was discharged soon after the landing at Carrollton, and upon his dismissal Lorenzo Frost, of Company K, was chosen to the leadership by unanimous vote of the members, and remained such to the end. Frost was happily fitted, both by nature and training, for this position. His military career is one of great interest, and should go briefly on record as showing the patriotism of those dark days of war and blood. He had enlisted in the Fifteenth as a private, not expecting or seeking to be detailed as a musician, and well knowing that by law there were to be no more bands. He had previously served in the Twelfth Massachusetts—

the Fletcher Webster* regiment — enlisting as a private the very next day after the Sixth Massachusetts was mobbed in Baltimore. He was soon appointed a corporal. He was afterwards transferred to the Eleventh Massachusetts, and after his discharge from the Fifteenth he again enlisted in the Eleventh Massachusetts, with the understanding that he should serve in the band. The instrument which the state of New Hampshire had furnished him for the service of the Fifteenth he turned over to the state on his return, but it had been sent back to him as a present, and this same instrument he carried in the Eleventh Massachusetts to the close of the war. He was present with this same instrument at Appomattox when Lee surrendered. On this great day he was with his band in advance of the whole army, with several other bands. He saw Grant pass to meet Lee. The general rode in an ambulance with four horses attached and being driven at the height of their speed. A mounted bugler rode in advance, playing “open ranks.” Soon after General Meade came galloping by with his full staff. He was greatly elated, and swinging his hat, “No more guard duty, boys!” he said. All the assembled bands struck up in a general and spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm.

Frost had been a drill master at Fort Warren in Boston harbor while serving in the Eleventh Massachusetts, and drilled his company at the Concord camp and at Carrollton, and also drilled other companies some, besides instructing the officers. He had served in a band for a period of one and a half years previous to enlisting, and had a thorough knowledge of all the intricacies of dress parade and guard mounting.

Under its new leadership the band became very proficient, and was much sought for on many occasions. It later came into great favor with Gen. Neal Dow, and was honored as his

* Col. Fletcher Webster of this regiment was the son of Daniel Webster.

brigade band. They were quartered outside the regimental sentinels, and enjoyed many favors and liberties. At one time, however, they nearly lost these privileges; for having been asked to play at a garden on a Sunday evening, April 26, in Carrollton, they accepted the invitation, as it seems, not suspecting but that all things would pass off in a manner befitting the place and time. But the occasion proved quite festive, and at one time revolvers were drawn between citizens and soldiers and one man was wounded. Knowledge of these festivities reaching the great temperance advocate in command, he, on May 2, extended the guard line so as to include the band within its cordon. But the order was soon revoked at the solicitation of Frost, he representing that their liberty was necessary on many accounts, and especially that they might go freely into the neighboring groves to rehearse and practice. The band often serenaded officers, and played at a ball in Jefferson. It played at brigade drill, at guard mount, and all dress parades and marches, and at soldiers' obsequies. On these sad occasions they played "Greenville" and similar old tunes and dirges of their own preparation, and with muffled drums on the way to the grave and quicksteps on the return. These funerals occurred at times as often as three per day.

At brigade drills the general had the band so trained that at a wave of his hand it would cease playing while he gave his order, and then resume again without losing the step. The Twenty-sixth Connecticut also had a band, but it was always ordered to report to Frost, and both it and all the company musicians of the whole brigade — two to each company — were under his command in times of battle to carry off from the field the dead and wounded, and care for them in the hospitals. This is a sad part of a musician's duty, and is often as hazardous as that of the combatants themselves. These duties were by them nobly and faithfully performed, as will appear in its

proper place. En route home, Frost was left at Worcester very sick, and could not be present at the muster out of the regiment. The last time the band ever played was on May 25, two days before the first battle at Port Hudson, and when its musical career terminated very suddenly and under rather amusing circumstances. After that it was engaged in hard and unremitting work at the front.

THE FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. John W. Kingman, age 40, Durham; enlisted as private October 2, 1862; appointed colonel October 7, 1862.

Lieut.-Col. William Weed, age 48, Sandwich; not mustered.

Lieut.-Col. George W. Frost, age 38, Newmarket; enlisted October 2, 1862; appointed lieutenant-colonel October 7, 1862; honorably discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, by Major-General Banks, February 14, 1863.

Lieut.-Col. Henry W. Blair, age 27, Plymouth; enlisted as private October 2, 1862; appointed major October 7, 1862; appointed lieutenant-colonel April 8, 1863.

Maj. George W. Frost; not mustered.

Maj. Henry W. Blair.

Maj. John Aldrich, age 38, Gilford; promoted from captain Company A, April 8, 1863, vice Blair promoted to lieutenant-colonel.

Adjt. Edward E. Pinkham, age 21, Laconia; enlisted as private October 6, 1862; appointed adjutant October 18, 1862.

Q. M. Ira A. Moody, age 33, Dover; appointed October 3, 1862.

Surg. Jeremiah F. Hall, age 43, Wolfeborough; appointed October 28, 1862; honorably discharged by Major-General Banks, January 19, 1863.

Surg. Carl H. Horsch, age 40, Dover; appointed January 20, 1863; joined regiment March 9, 1863.

Asst. Surg. Benjamin N. Towle, age 33, Newmarket; appointed October 14, 1862.

Asst. Surg. Joseph E. Janvrin, age 23, Exeter; appointed October 28, 1862.

Chap. Edwin M. Wheelock, age 33, Dover; appointed October 10, 1862.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

John O. Wallingford, sergeant-major ; appointed second lieutenant Company I, January 18, 1863, vice James D. Moore, promoted first lieutenant.

Jeremiah H. W. Tebbetts became sergeant-major January 18, 1863 ; promoted from fourth sergeant Company I, vice J. O. Wallingford, promoted second lieutenant Company I.

Willard C. Kempton, hospital steward ; appointed October 7, 1862.

George W. Hobbs, quartermaster-sergeant ; appointed October 3, 1862.

Josiah B. Kimball, commissary-sergeant ; appointed October 2, 1862 ; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability May 16, 1863.



COL. JOHN W. KINGMAN.

Col. JOHN W. KINGMAN was born January 1, 1821, in the town of Barrington, N. H. His family connections, on both the maternal and paternal sides, run back to the earliest colonial settlement of the state. His great-grandmother, on the mother's side, was Lydia Brewster, of Portsmouth, a descendant of Elder William Brewster, of Mayflower memory. She was the wife of Col. Joseph Hicks, of Dover (afterwards

Madbury). Colonel Hicks was a prominent man in his day, and took part in the military and civic affairs of the colony prior to the Revolutionary war. He raised a company of volunteers, in 1745, to join the expedition under General Pepperill for the capture of Louisburg from the French, which was the most notable and important military achievement performed by the New England colonies before the Revolution.

On his father's side he was related to the family of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, of Cambridge, Mass., a professor in Harvard university, who was the first to introduce vaccination for small pox into this country; and also to the Webster family, from which Daniel Webster sprung. His ancestors, on both sides, were earnest participants in the war of the Revolution, and rendered substantial service both civil and military during that terrible struggle.

Colonel Kingman spent his early days on the farm in Madbury, which descended to his mother from its first settlement by the father of Col. Joseph Hicks, some time in the latter part of 1600. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and graduated at Harvard university in the class of 1843. He studied law in the office of Daniel Webster, in Boston, and commenced practice in Cincinnati, O., but returned to New Hampshire in 1847, and opened an office in Dover. In 1849 he married a daughter of Hon. Daniel M. Christie, and shortly after formed a co-partnership with him, and continued in the active practice of law until he was commissioned as colonel of the Fifteenth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers, by Governor Berry, in the fall of 1862. He organized and drilled his regiment at Concord, and in November, 1862, was ordered to New York city to join General Banks' expedition to New Orleans.

In the spring of 1869, soon after the inauguration of General Grant as president of the United States, Colonel Kingman was appointed and commissioned as associate justice of the supreme court of the new territory of Wyoming. He

removed to Wyoming, and served one term of four years on the bench of that court. He then resumed his law practice in that territory, where he remained until 1883, when he moved to Cedar Falls, in the state of Iowa, where he engaged in manufacturing, and where he now resides.

Colonel Kingman has three sons and two daughters. His oldest son graduated at West Point at the head of his class, and is now a captain in the Engineer Corps of the United States army. His second son is engaged with him in manufacturing at Cedar Falls. His youngest son graduated at the State School of Mines in Colorado, and is settled at Helena, Montana, as a mining engineer.



LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE W. FROST.

Was born in Salem, Mass., September 14, 1824. He was the son of Capt. John Frost, and Lucy True Frost. His father was for many years a widely known and successful sea captain. The son, when quite a young man, migrated to Newmarket, N. H., and found there his future wife and



HENRY W. BLAIR.

permanent home. He was at first employed as a clerk of the Newmarket Manufacturing Company, but rose to be its trusted agent, and served in that capacity for nearly thirty years. From motives of patriotism he sacrificed this honorable and lucrative position, in the darkest hour of his country's peril, and sought the tented field. He was appointed major of the Fifteenth regiment, October 7, 1862, but before being so mustered was advanced to its lieutenant-colonelcy, and mustered as such on the eighteenth of the same month. He resigned on account of disability due to climatic fever, on the fourteenth of the following February. He died June 30, 1879, at Coney Island, N. Y., and was buried at Newmarket on July 5, with military and civic honors. He was highly esteemed and greatly mourned by all. Business was suspended on the day of the funeral. Company G, of the National Guard, performed escort duty at his funeral obsequies, and was commanded on the occasion by their captain, J. J. Hanson, who served under Colonel Frost as sergeant of Company D in the Fifteenth New Hampshire, and afterwards for many years in the mills of which he was the agent.

LIEUT.-COL. HENRY W. BLAIR.

A weighty responsibility falls to all historians, in that the fame and repute of those in whose story he deals rests with him. His pen can raise a reputation above the true character of the individual in hand, or sink it far below its rightful place and level. However high his purpose, or conscientious, or however honest and impartial his intent, or untiring his industry and research, he may yet well mistrust his ability to do exact justice to all. The utmost to be hoped for is that, with great care, he may avoid express injustice to any, even

though he fail to accord them, in all instances, their full and proper dues ; and, besides, it is a delicate task to write of those who still dwell with us in perishable temples of clay. But what is written of them is an immortal part that shall endure in time while the soul lives on in eternity. It were irremediable if that immortal part were falsely set down. In this view one should tremble to reflect what an idle or inadvertant word may do. And what, now, would seem adulation and flattery to the living, might be highly appropriate and fitting only a few days hence, when death ensues and they live only in these annals and the memory of the good and brave deeds they have done. One is freer to speak of the departed, especially those who gave their young lives to a great cause. Their memories are, indeed, precious legacies ; but not more so than that of their living comrades will presently become. It was by the mere chance of war that those who survive did not make as great a sacrifice as those who fell. But very many of our comrades have already gone from earth, and may be thus freely spoken of ; and all who still live in these latter days are in the evening of life, and verge upon the brink of eternity. We should, then, write of our dead and of our living also, in a measure as though we wrote in the future, and only for those who come after us to enjoy the goodly heritage established and maintained by the heroism of their fathers.

It is not our purpose to set forth the civil career of our lieutenant-colonel ; this work, properly, has to do with his military services only. And yet a brief personal sketch is thought to be admissible here for such of our comrades as have risen to positions of honor and trust in public life, or become otherwise conspicuous because of their high character and abilities. He, though physically slight in the brave old days, rose afterwards, not only in stature, but in other respects, to be a giant among men and stand like the

princely Saul of Tarsus, head and shoulders above his fellows. His life has been a busy one, and his public work so various, so multitudinous, and so important and far reaching, that it could scarce be mentioned in the brief space allotted to it in these pages. It will never be known to the busy present, nor fully appreciated by the bustling future. Like us, they will accept their blessings, nor pause to ask from whence they spring, or who bled or died that they might be.

In private life he sinks himself from sight and thinks only of the good of others; in public life he was the statesman always, and because of his honesty and incorruptibility remained poor. The very fact of his poverty is indisputable evidence of his official rectitude, and should be the highest mark and token of his honor. As to his soldiership, the only criticisms ever heard were that he was ambitious and exacting in matters of obedience, and drill, and discipline, and brave and dashing to a fault in time of battle; all of which, in a soldier, are virtues of the highest character. With him, in those young days, it seemed to some there never came a time when discretion was the better part of valor. The orders were "forward" always, and the skulker had better have fallen on the field than meet him afterwards. But this portion of his career, and that of his comrades in arms, it is the purpose of this work to set forth. *

His high character in public life is indicated in his reasons for declining an United States district judgeship. A contemporary says of this:

"When urged by President Harrison to accept the place, he, realizing his pecuniary embarrassments, made this characteristic reply: 'Our hopes of justice depend upon the independence and incorruptibility of the judiciary. The constitution requires that the judges be chosen from men as able and impartial as the lot of humanity will admit. While a judge may not be wealthy, he should be independent, for

otherwise his own creditor may be a party before him against some poor and humble citizen whose right even the best judge might guard less sacredly because of the secret power of the wealthy suitor over the court.' To the self-urged objection, perhaps never heard before from a person proposed to be so greatly benefitted by an appointment, the president could make no reply except to say that Mr. Blair was right."

It has been well said that he is not to be turned from the pursuit of an end when it has been concluded upon and adjudged right and necessary, and for the general weal. No fear could awe nor favor swerve him from an high purpose, or his conception of duty, when once so deliberately fixed, and one whose equanimity nothing could disturb or ruffle, and whom none could wrong or abuse to an extent that he would even dream of resentment or revenge; one who would not think the guilt of wronging another would be less because that other had wronged him; who would step aside rather than crush the busy ant in his pathway, and submit without plaint or murmur to all pain, iniquity, or wrong, rather than himself do injury to the humblest of God's creatures, or in the least degree increase their tribulations and sorrows; one slow to wrath, but once his blood was stirred would bear himself like the Alcides of ancient story. All, friend and foe alike, are regarded as brothers, each with his grievous burden pressing blindly on in a great and mysterious race through an hard world, where an helping hand should always be held out, and where pity should extend to that narrow and inconsiderate one who essays to do us wrong, in that every evil word or deed must miss its lofty mark, and in nature's wide economy return to plague its inventor; and one such because of his own guilelessness, as would never suspect evil in another till shocked at its disclosure, and then could scarce believe it true; dwelling in a world where naught

should ever be set down in malice, where all vengeance should be left to heaven, and where great and generous souls may soar like eagles in the bright realms of air, above the sight and comprehension of those who merely grovel on the earth as on a dunghill, seeking selfish and material ends, and from such lofty regions behold the universal cosmos, and view the world as one vast plain whereon poor humanity toils beneath the hot sun as in an harvest field. No malicious shaft can reach to injure such who are the true philosophers of life and benefactors of their kind; seeming favors prove abortive and injurious in the end, demanding reparation and pay; and seeming injuries are a discipline from heaven, and prove benefactions to those who patiently wait the final great accompt. It is a world wherein one should be the victim rather than the author of malice and wrong; for a deed of blood even, while it must be a thing of lasting terror to the doer thereof, as an usurpation of the work of God, yet even such an atrocious act may be an occult blessing, and would be speedily forgiven, for it only anticipates by a little the designs of nature, and sends the freed soul prematurely home to the skies and the mighty possibilities of futurity. And time's verdict shall be, if ever one lived who was a lion on the field of battle, a lamb in times of peace; one who sought position solely that he might benefit his fellows, who flung away personal ambition, who loved himself last, who could cherish the hearts that hated him; one broad enough to see that corruption wins not more than honesty, who was ever just and feared not, and whose ends were all his country's, his God's, and truth's, that man was Henry W. Blair.

After much solicitation the colonel writes of himself as follows:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,

MADISON SQUARE,

NEW YORK, June 19, 1899.

Friend McGregor :

I never can touch a personal sketch. I was born December 6, 1834, at Campton, N. H. My father's name was William Henry Blair, and my mother's name was Lois Baker, both natives of that town: my father descended from the Blairs of Londonderry, N. H., and my mother from Moses Baker, of Candia—Revolutionary stock on both sides. My father died from the effects of an accident, December 8, 1836, leaving my mother with three children, and another was born the twenty-seventh day of May, 1837. The children were scattered after a while, and mother died of overwork, grief, and poverty, in the summer of 1846, when I was eleven years old.

I lived on a farm in Campton with Richard Bartlett, a good man and a good farmer, the only boy on the farm, until I was twenty-one, getting what I could from the common schools of the town, and two terms at the Holmes Plymouth Academy in the autumn of 1851 and 1852: the spring term at New Hampshire Conference Seminary: spring term, 1853, the fall term, 1854, and one more term at a select school in Plymouth, fall of 1855. I had taught school in Campton the winter of 1852-53: at Plymouth village winter of 1854-55, and at Randolph, Mass., winter of 1855-56.

My health had failed, and I had to give up the idea of a liberal education, and began reading law with William Leverett, Esq., in Plymouth, Monday, May 1, 1856. Was admitted to Grafton bar, May term, 1859: appointed solicitor Grafton county, summer of 1860: became partner with William Leverett, firm name of Leverett & Blair. Member of New Hampshire House of Representatives, 1866: of New Hampshire Senate, 1867 and 1868: United States House of Representatives, 1875-77, Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses: of Senate from 1879 until 1891: of United States House of Representatives, Fifty-third Congress, 1893-95. Since then practicing law, at home in Manchester, N. H., where I am still residing.

Married to Eliza Nelson, daughter of Rev. William Nelson, of Plymouth, December 20, 1859. One child, Henry P. Blair, a practicing lawyer at Washington, D. C.

Over seventy-five millions of dollars—more than half of all the annual expenditure for pensions—are paid out under laws which I originated. I take some comfort in that.

I am the author of "The Temperance Movement, or The Conflict of Man with Alcohol," and "Essays and Addresses upon Many Subjects"

In addition to the above enumeration of his public services, it should be mentioned that he was appointed to the Chinese mission, but was rejected as *persona non grata* to that great kingdom because of some just strictures of his while in Congress, on the subject of oriental immigration.

In a letter to Colonel Kent, afterwards of the Seventeenth Regiment, Colonel Blair says :

My own connection with the service came about as follows :

I rode with Colonel Cross from Concord to Plymouth in 1861, he being on his way to Lancaster, where he was beginning to raise the Fifth, and decided to enlist and go with him. I was not then very strong, and when I told my friends they objected, and my family physician with the rest. I went to Concord, and was examined by one of the surgeons there, who said that they should reject me. I lost my mother, and a brother by consumption, had broken down in pursuit of an education, and was still enfeebled by a relapse of measles some years before ; so I gave it up. But in the summer of the next year I volunteered for the Twelfth, again with the same result, however, when I went to the surgeon at Concord. The call for 300,000 nine-months' men was then or immediately out, and I again saw the surgeon, who said he would accept me for nine months, as I appeared to be determined to go anyway. I had no military knowledge, and strange as it may seem, didn't think of being trusted with a commission at first.

I saw Governor Berry at Concord as soon as I got this from the surgeon. He told me to go to raising men, which I did at once : in fact, had already raised a squad for the Twelfth, which I turned over to a friend who was commissioned in that regiment.

We got into camp the first or certainly about the first of the nine-months' men ; but by that time I had grown some and been chosen captain, Ela first, and Page second, lieutenants of our proposed company — this by an understanding which was put in form by the company at Concord. I had practical charge of the camp work until the Fifteenth left Concord. Of the arrangements as to field officers I was ignorant, or rather had no part in them, until I was told that an arrangement was being made so that I would be made major, and so it came about that I was commissioned of that rank, and I took the position with plenty of fear and trembling ; but contact with the other men who were to be my superiors, none of them having had military experience, had then given me some relative confidence in myself. I infer that there is a secret history, of which I have no knowledge, behind this.

MAJ. JOHN ALDRICH.

Birthplace, Franconia, N. H. ; date of birth, June 1, 1824. Since 1844 his home has been at Lakeport, formerly a part of the town of Gilford, and now a part of the city of Laconia. Has been identified with the order of Masonry over forty years, and was elected worshipful master of Mt. Lebanon Lodge in 1861 and 1862, and is connected with the Union Chapter, R. A. Masons, and also of Chocorua Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.

Was a representative from the town of Gilford to the state legislature in 1855 and 1856, has held the office of selectman in same town four years, and town treasurer three years. Was enumerator for what is now Ward 6, Laconia, for the tenth and eleventh census. Has been treasurer of the Lake Village Savings Bank since 1890, until elected president in 1898.

For many years has been connected with some of the leading manufacturing establishments of Laconia.

SURG. CARL HERMANN HORSCH.

BY JAMES W. BARTLETT, OF DOVER.

“ Doctor Horsch was born July 23, 1822, in Eythra, near Leipzig, Saxony. His parents were poor, and his early life was one of toil and hardship. Fortunately the village schoolmaster saw the boy's worth, and awakened in him a thirst for knowledge. When fourteen years old he left home for Altenburg, to earn his living. Here the court surgeon was attracted toward him, and strongly advised him to become a physician. Working his own way and studying when opportunity offered, Doctor Horsch, in six years, fitted himself for the University of Prague. Here he studied six years, sup-

porting himself by his own exertions, and graduated from the medical department September, 1848, receiving especial commendation from his professors.

“Returning home, Doctor Horsch, October 1, 1848, entered the Saxon army as assistant surgeon in the field hospital. March, 1849, he was transferred to the ambulance corps, and served therein during the Schleswig-Holstein war, and at its close was left in charge of the military hospital at Flensburg. June 5, 1851, he was commissioned company surgeon in the king of Saxony’s body-guard. He held this position nearly three years, when, at the solicitation of American friends, he resigned to emigrate to the United States. He resided a year in Boston, Mass., in the family of, and assistant to, Doctor Wesselhoeft. Preferring a country life, he declined a generous offer from Doctor Wesselhoeft, and, in August, 1855, settled in Dover, N. H., where he remained during his life, in a large and very successful practice. In March, 1858, he married Miss Fanny A. Littlefield, of Dover, who, with two daughters, survives him.

“When the Fifteenth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers was raised, the officers, wishing to have Doctor Horsch for their surgeon, applied to the state authorities to have him commissioned. Expecting opposition from the examining board, by reason of his being classed as an homœopathist, Doctor Horsch took an examination before the medical board of Massachusetts, receiving a strong recommendation to the governor of that state for an appointment. A week later the medical commission of New Hampshire refused to pass him. This singular decision, against a surgeon who had served five years with honor in the German army, was due to the aversion of the board to homœopathy. Three months afterward, the regimental surgeon having resigned on account of illness, the field and staff officers petitioned for Doctor Horsch’s appointment. Governor Berry immediately commissioned him, and he joined the regiment near New Orleans.

“Here his experience in the German army was of great benefit to him, and his merit was soon recognized. A report having been sent to the medical headquarters of the Gulf department that Doctor Horsch was an homeopathist, Doctor Sanger, who was bitterly opposed to that system, hastened to make a searching examination during a temporary absence of Doctor Horsch. Meeting him on his return, Doctor Sanger informed Doctor Horsch of the report and the author thereof, and congratulated him on the excellence of his field hospital, saying ‘there was none better in that department.’ The friendship then begun between the two men lasted till Doctor Horsch’s death.

“At the siege of Port Hudson, Doctor Horsch was appointed an assistant operator. During the engagement of May 27, 1863, to use his own words, ‘We all had to do our full duty day and night.’ The work was continued until late at night, and when his last case was disposed of, he sank exhausted on the ground under his operating table. June 7 he was promoted to first operator, his brigade surgeon and another being assigned as his assistants. In vain he tried to decline the position, insisting that it belonged to another, and declaring ‘that he cared nothing for precedence or rank, desiring only to do his duty.’ He was not allowed to refuse it, but his work was done. Fatigue consequent on over-exertion and exposure brought on a malarial fever which nearly cost him his life, and from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Returning home with his regiment, he resumed his extensive practice to the great satisfaction of his fellow citizens.

“In 1882, at the recommendation of many of the prominent physicians of New Hampshire, Doctor Horsch was appointed a member of the first state board of health. He helped organize it, and served thereon until failing health compelled him to resign in 1886. He was a member of the American

Public Health Association, the American Medical Association, the Medico-Legal Society, New York, and the Strafford District Medical Society, New Hampshire, and president of the last in 1887-'88. For the last six years of his life he suffered from an organic disease of the heart, which obliged him to give up his active practice in 1888. He died in Dover, N. H., September 22, 1891.

“Doctor Horsch had a lofty, noble character. He was strictly conscientious in every act of life, always openly and fearlessly acting according to his convictions, whether others approved or he stood alone. Incapable of the least professional jealousy, he cared nothing for rank or precedence, his only desire being to benefit his fellow men. He disliked to have his skill praised, and never was willing to allow, excepting in one instance, that life was due wholly to his efforts; that was the case of a drummer boy, from whom he extracted a bullet, which, he said, ‘had it remained must necessarily have proved fatal.’ For many years he devoted much time and labor to sanitary work, and was ever foremost to engage in every cause to benefit humanity. He always wished to impart his knowledge to others, and at all times assisted younger physicians. Everyone who came in contact with him was strongly attracted toward him; his decease caused universal mourning throughout his adopted city. His life motive is fittingly expressed in the inscription on his memorial stone, ‘His worship of the All-Good was faithful and loving service of his brother man.’”

Such strong and honest souls as his rise above the narrow restraints and superstitions of all religions, which are based on pecuniary support and whose sole aim is to beguile and tithe the toiling millions of earth. Of this his biographer says: “Doctor Horsch was brought up in the Lutheran church. As he grew older he began to question and doubt, and could no longer accept its narrow and irrational theology.

As his reason developed, he grew into broader, higher, nobler conceptions of God and religion than those of his boyhood. Doctor Horsch's religion was not confined to sentiment or belief only, but carried into every act of his daily life. His nobility of soul was recognized by all with whom he came in contact, but those on whom he bestowed the inestimable privilege of his innermost friendship, best knew the full strength and beauty of his spiritual nature."

His life was spent in good for his fellow men, alleviating their sufferings, freeing them from mental thralldom, religious superstitions and frauds, thus vastly differing from that of those who falsely teach the race that death is a fearful thing and that a dreadful hell of misery lies beyond it, which can only be shunned by bringing tithes to them of all their sheaves and flocks, whereon such false teachers may live in idleness and luxury.

Of the above, whatever is not included in quotation marks is by the historian.

Extract from a letter :

Doctor Horsch very seldom talked about his army life, excepting in a general way. Once in a great while he would relate some incident, such as his meeting with Doctor Sanger, and the drummer boy. In speaking of the latter he said: "I can truly say I saved his life," and added, "it was a trying moment when I was taking the ball out: I did not breathe even until I had it in my hand." The incident shows the interest he took in every case under his care.



ASST. SURG. JOSEPH EDWARD JANVRIN.

[FROM THE "UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE," FEBRUARY, 1894.]

"Dr. JOSEPH EDWARD JANVRIN was born at Exeter, N. H., January 13, 1839. He is descended from John Janvrin, who came from the Isle of Jersey in 1705, and located at Portsmouth, N. H., marrying a Miss Knight of that place. Doctor Janvrin's father, Joseph Adams Janvrin, and his mother, Lydia A. Colcord, were both of Exeter. He is a lineal descendant of the historical Adams family, of Quincy, Mass. His grandmother, Abigail Adams Janvrin, was the daughter of Dr. Joseph Adams, of Portsmouth, N. H., a cousin of President John Adams.

“ Doctor Janvrin was graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1857. In 1894 he was president of the alumni association of that famous institution. Like many of our professional men, he spent some time in teaching, but teaching did not satisfy him, and he soon decided upon medicine as his life work. He began the study in 1859 at Exeter under Dr. William G. Perry. He was thus engaged until the spring of 1861, when, upon the breaking out of the civil war, he joined the Second New Hampshire Regiment, the first three-year regiment from that state, and was shortly afterwards appointed assistant surgeon of the Fifteenth Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers. He remained in the service until August, 1863, and during the last few months of his service was the acting surgeon of the Fifteenth Regiment. He returned home, and attended a course of lectures in the medical department of Dartmouth, at the same time becoming a pupil of Prof. E. R. Peaslee, at that time one of the faculty of the college. In the autumn of 1863 Doctor Janvrin came to New York, and graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1864. In January, 1865, he entered private practice with his former preceptor, Doctor Peaslee. This association continued until the death of Doctor Peaslee in January, 1878.

“ From 1868 to 1872 Doctor Janvrin held the position of visiting physician to the department of heart and lung diseases in the Demilt Dispensary. In 1872 he was appointed assistant surgeon to the Woman’s Hospital in the state of New York, which position he held until 1882, when he was appointed to fill the position of gynecologist at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. Doctor Janvrin’s practice has been principally in the surgical field of gynecology.

“ Although a constant and zealous worker and practitioner, he has found time to contribute many valuable papers to the medical press upon subjects connected with this branch of surgery. Among them: “ A Case of Interstitial Pregnancy,”

Amer. Jour. of Obstetrics (New York, Nov., 1874); "The Simultaneous Closure of the Ruptured Cervix and Perineum, Report of Fifteen Cases," *Amer. Jour. of Obstetrics* (May, 1884); "A Case of Tubal Pregnancy of Unusual Interest, with Some Remarks as to the Treatment of Such Cases," *Trans. of the Amer. Gyneco. Ass'n for 1886*; "On the Indications for Primary Laparotomy in Cases of Tubal Pregnancy," (same for 1888); "A Clinical Study of Primary Carcinomatous and Sarcomatous Neoplasms between the Folds of the Broad Ligaments, with a Report of Cases," (same for 1891); "On the Limitations for Vaginal Hysterectomy in Malignant Disease of the Uterus," *N. Y. Med. Record* (July 9, 1892); "Vaginal Hysterectomy for Malignant Disease of the Uterus," *N. Y. Journal of Gynecology and Obstetrics* (Sept., 1892); "The Palliative Treatment of Such Cases of Malignant Disease of the Uterus and Adnexa as are not Amenable to Radical Operations," *Gaillard's Med. Jour.* (New York, Jan., 1893), and several others on kindred subjects. Many of these papers were in advance of contemporary medical thought, and established the reputation of Doctor Janvrin as a leading specialist of his time. The doctor is a member of the following New York societies: Academy of Medicine, County Medical Society, County Medical Association, of which he was president for the years 1896 and 1897, State Medical Association, and the Obstetrical Society, of which he has also been president for two years. He is also a member of the American Gynecological Association, American Medical Association, and corresponding member of the Gynecological Society of Boston, and the International Congress of Gynecology and Obstetrics.

"Doctor Janvrin married Laura L. Lawall, of Easton, Pa., September 1, 1881.

"It is a pleasure to meet Doctor Janvrin in his delightful city home, and to come under the influence of his quiet courtesy and kindly consideration."

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

FROM NOVEMBER 12, 1862, TO JANUARY 1, 1863.

The deeds, the daring, the prowess, the valor of the troops in the Department of the Gulf and on the lower Mississippi during the war for the preservation of the union, have never been proclaimed to the world, nor the story of their endurance and hardships. Isolated by their position, they could only be reached by a long and tempestuous ocean voyage, while the tumultuous events of the great conflict nearer home, and, as it were, interposed between them and the world, engrossed the attention of all. Like Xenophon's army, they were lost to sight in the depths of the enemy's country ; and if they were seen or heard from, it was through the dense war clouds and smoke and thunder of incessant battles that raged along the Potomac and the great rivers of the West, so terrific and bewildering as to obscure all that lay beyond. Here fact is stranger than fiction, and the story of their achievements, and at what a price they were won, is more thrilling than romance, and with the crowning success that waits on patient and heroic endeavor, and which in some great hour of victory perched on their soiled and tattered banners, should be told now, and from sire to son, wherever and so long as true valor and love of one's home and fatherland are esteemed the chiefest of human virtues. Our country should be valued at what it cost the fathers, in blood and treasure, and in this just view its worth cannot be known till the story of the fathers is told in all its fullness and detail. Our comrades have suffered long neglect ; they should now be rescued from their oblivion and justice done to all, but especially to those who gave their lives to the cause. The honored dead lie scattered over a vast expanse ; if they could be summoned, as by a trumpet call, back to life and memory, they would rise from graves all over our land and some from the ocean's depths.

The call was by President Lincoln for 300,000, and dated August 4, 1862. They sprang to arms with alacrity — all made great sacrifices for the cause. War seeks the bravest and best, and loves a shining mark. Many left a prosperous business to relapse to disaster and irretrievable ruin; many left young wives and babes; and not the least of all sacrifices was that of young boys from school, who broke off their early training for a successful career in life, and thereby lost their places in the race, to be, in their absence, seized by others and held against them, now broken in health, with all the heartless greed of a selfish world.

It were but fair to note that the short term regiments were called for by our martyr president for a specific purpose — as an auxiliary in the dire extremity of our country's woe, to re-enforce our armies already in the field, and who were there foiled and held at bay, and so enable them to rally once more, and strike the now victorious and exultant enemy an effective and fatal blow. It was the darkest hour of our country's peril. The "seven days'" battles had just been fought — Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Savage's Station, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill; our grand armies, shattered and bleeding, were forced back from Richmond, down the peninsula, and the pursuing and triumphant hosts, crossing the Potomac to reclaim fair Maryland as their own, and transfer the seat of war, with all its havoc and blood, to Northern fields. Our armies, after repeated attempts and appalling sacrifices, had as yet made no inroads on the foe. Each advance ended in repulse and disaster; doubt and gloom pervaded every loyal heart, and hung like a funeral pall in all the sky and air. However bright the summer day, an unwonted sadness brooded there, for brothers dwell no more together in unity, and the beauties of peace and all her beneficent arts give place to ceaseless alarms and mighty preparations. All the South glistens in steel, marshalled by rebellious chiefs, for the destruction of the great republic

which, as a mother, had nurtured and trained them from their youth for her own especial safeguard and defence, and who were sworn thereto by the most solemn oaths ; and now must she put forth all her strength, along all her wide borders, both by land and sea, or perish from the earth at the murderous hand of her own most favored sons. The Shenandoah and the once fruitful valleys of Virginia and Kentucky, renowned and fertile as the plains of Lombardy, are laid waste by fire and sword and the tramping of mighty hosts ; the broad fields of wheat and corn are trenched with war, and batteries frown from every height ; the Rappahannock and its tributary and sister streams run crimson to the sea.

It was at such a midnight hour of darkness and unwonted danger that they of whom I write sprang to arms. It were as though an Hannibal were on our borders ; and thus viewed, it was a nobler and braver deed than that for which Leonidas and his brave followers are renowned through all historic ages. They were trained soldiers — their trade was war — stationed at the gateway of Thermopylae expressly for its defence ; but these men, used only to the arts of peace, from the highest motives of patriotism and duty, take arms, and go forth into the dunnest clouds and storms of war to meet a triumphant foe and face mortal peril. Nor were inroads made upon the foe, or successes attained in the East or the West, till the Northern armies felt the impulse of these opportune auxiliaries, and the Confederacy, under their conjoined forces, began to yield along the lower Mississippi and in the far-away Department of the Gulf. In fact, other defeats yet awaited the Union arms in the North, bitter, appalling, disastrous — Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville — and another advance of the foe, with every prospect now of victory and of levying tribute on the great cities and opulent harvest fields of Pennsylvania and New York — nay, of even seizing the federal capital itself, and

thus securing recognition from the world, and dictating terms of peace on our own soil and at our very gates. Antietam, the most sanguinary battle of modern times, was at best but a drawn battle, and our victory at Gettysburg, where the contending armies were evenly matched, hung by a thread, and was but barely won, after the most heroic efforts of the Union forces, as it were, by a mere chance — by one single false movement of the foe; and both these terrific encounters resulted only in checking the enemy and confining him to his original, menacing, and impregnable lines around Richmond. And Gettysburg would not have been won except for the presence of the short term troops.

The seizure of New Orleans and the subsequent operations in the Gulf, with the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and the opening of the great river — naval and military feats of so vast import and magnitude as to stand alone and unrivalled in history — severed the huge dragon of the rebellion in twain, and led directly to its disintegration and downfall. It is not claimed that these gigantic results were the exclusive work of the short term men, but that, as efficient and indispensable auxiliaries, they contributed to these decisive victories, and that without their aid our gallant armies already in the field could not have accomplished their achievement. And now, with disparagement to none, we seek no undue credit or glory, but simply that meed which is just and right. Than those of whom I write, none ever gave their lives more freely. They were on the picket line and in the trenches and wherever hardship or danger was, and were always in the van on the day of battle. And it should be set down to their eternal honor that many of these men were below the military age at the outbreak of hostilities, and were till now held in restraint like hounds in the leash; others, too, who were physically debarred from service in older and long term organizations, and who were now given this opportunity to show, by their deeds, the spirit and

faith that dwelt within them; and there were still others who had been disabled in previous service at the front and discharged therefrom, and who had so far recovered as to be accepted here; and records show that all, apparently, who returned with our broken and shattered regiment, and who were not utterly debilitated, re-enlisted and returned to the front, where they endured renewed hardships and dangers, and many suffered wounds and deaths not herein recorded. They were not in any true sense short term men, but were there till the end. All the weak had succumbed to the perils and hardships of a soldier's life, and slept in soldiers' graves or were dropped from the rolls, never more to feel the exuberance of youth or enjoy the blessings of health. But such as did return to the front were trained and hardened veterans now, each an host in himself; could meet a Spartan in equal conflict; was proof against the unseen pestilence that lurked in tented fields; capable of all endurance and hardship; blackened by sun and storm like the Numidian archer; silent and grim in demeanor, never murmuring nor complaining, never surprised nor stampeded; true and unflinching as the polished steel he bore and constant as the polar star. They were there till the last foe laid down his arms; they would not survive their country's fall; they were in the far South and the East; they marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and were present on the proud, sad day of Appomattox.

The history of the regiment, as an organization, dates from November 12, 1862 — its term beginning on that day — when it marched to Concord, and was mustered into the service of the United States by Capt. Charles Holmes, of the Seventeenth United States Infantry. The ceremonies were very imposing, and took place in the state house yard. Our sturdy old war governor, Nathaniel S. Berry, there and then presented the regiment with its colors, the "flag of our fathers," with its full constellation of stars, and the banner of

the state, the shield of New Hampshire thereon, all in blue and gold and heavily fringed and tasselled; they were of silk and of the richest dyes, and their staffs were surmounted with golden eagles, like the standards of old Rome. Napoleon's historic guard nor great Cæsar's tenth legion never marched in Gaul nor paraded the streets of the eternal city with banners of like artistic worth and beauty.



GOV. NATHANIEL S. BERRY.

Governor Berry's words at the presentation were characteristic and fiery—all felt the inspiration of the moment. He enjoined that these flags should be carried to the very forefront in the day of battle, and be there maintained and defended to the last. He doubted not that they were entrusted to brave and faithful hands, and that they would be returned with new lustre added to the glory of the old Granite State. He appealed to the men to be true to the standard of the fathers, and dilated upon the hardships and suffering that they, in all probability, would have to endure in their defence; and he cautioned the colonel to look well after the health and comfort of the men placed in his charge so far as it lay in his power.



COLONEL KINGMAN.

Colonel Kingman, on receiving the flags from the governor's hands, briefly responded. He was eloquent and patriotic, but as was customary in those times, approached dangerously near the borders of grandiloquence, pledging himself and the men of his command to stand by these colors forever, remembering always that they were from the land of "old John Stark." "Tomorrow," he said, "we go forth to battle for the union of the states, and we swear by the old granite hills that these colors

shall never know disgrace;" then turning to the regiment, he placed the stars and stripes in the hands of Sergeant Merrick, of Company K, the largest man in the regiment, who had been previously selected to receive it, and the state banner in the hands of Corporal Hussey, of Company I,

who stood by his side. These men thus became the color bearers of the regiment, and to them was afterwards added a color guard of seven additional corporals, making nine in all. These exercises were quite protracted, during which all stood immovably at attention, and became excessively wearied. The regiment then returned to camp.

The weather was very pleasant and the ground dry, although on the eighth there were four inches of snow and sleighing. The coming, eventful Thursday, the thirteenth, proved one of the most beautiful and tranquil of autumn days that God ever vouchsafed to shine on the warring children of men.

Orders are received the night before to break camp, and prepare for the march, with a canteen of coffee and rations for the trip, and at daylight all is for a time bustle and seeming confusion. At 7 o'clock the line is formed, and marched off the field by the right flank in column of fours, with the new banners spread to the still air and bright autumnal sun. The regiment was now in its fullest numbers, and the men in their new uniforms of army blue made a very fine appearance; the field and staff were mounted on prancing steeds. The band, which had been organized of enlisted men, played along the route; the music ceased and the step was broken while crossing the long, wooden bridge across the Merrimack. At 8 o'clock boarded a train of twenty passenger and four baggage cars, to which were attached two powerful locomotives, which immediately pulled out from the station amid tumultuous cheering, the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and sped away down through the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut, by way of Manchester, Nashua, Worcester, and Norwich — the birth-place of Benedict Arnold — to Allen's Point, which place was reached at 5 in the evening, and where was found in waiting the magnificent Sound steamer "City of New York."



LORENZO FROST, OF THE BAND.

Farewells were brief at the parting train, and many of them very touching, between mothers and sons and others. But all sadness was soon forgotten by the boys, for this novel experience readily assumed an aspect of the rarest animation and gayety. The news of our coming strangely flew on ahead, and people everywhere greeted us with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs and flags, tossing of hats in air, and the discharge of firearms, and exhibited the wildest enthusiasm as the train rushed by. All were there, girls and boys and old and young. Children lined the fences, factory windows were crowded with faces, and all vieing with each other in demonstration which were understood to signify, hail and farewell and God speed. At all stops people thronged the train, and the boys, not to be outdone, cheered and shouted till they waked the echoes along the route. Many rode on the roofs of the cars, and some lost their caps in the breeze. Mothers wrung their hands, and wept at the parting and in the fearful foreboding of the dark future, and here strangers greet us everywhere with moistened eyes, for tears were shed in rivers then as well as blood in those heroic days. There were short stops at Nashua and Worcester and an hour at Putnam, Conn., where there was a generous ovation, which seemed especially appropriate, as the town was named for the old Revolutionary hero, who killed his wolf in Pomfret, only seven miles away.

Several regiments were noticed at Worcester as we passed. It was growing dark when the regiment left the train and boarded the steamer, and when there, broke ranks and swarmed about the decks. The boys ate their suppers from their haversacks. There was music by the band; there was card playing in the brilliant cabins, and festivities general and universal till a late hour as the good ship, with all her burthen, plowed her way through the dark waters. Many, wearied now with their long ride on the train and its unbroken scenes of

merriment and boyish pranks, and hoarse from shouting, rolled themselves in their blankets, and fell asleep everywhere on the hard decks, a most welcome place of rest ; for as by hunger a dinner of herbs becomes a royal feast, so fatigue makes the flinty rock a soldier's thrice-driven bed of down.

The night was still and clear, with the stars shining brightly in the sky, and before there were visible signs of dawn, many were stirring and gazing at the passing panorama, for as the boat was now steaming around the southern extremity of Manhattan and close in shore, the long lines of lamps of the lighted streets of New York apparently swung around to view and away again as she swept by. The officers occupied the staterooms, and were but little seen. In the early morning we passed the "Great Eastern," which lay here at her dock, a very unfortunate ship, but by far the largest and most wonderful example of naval architecture the world had ever seen, and which was now being fitted for laying the first successful Atlantic cable ; for notwithstanding the war, this great work of peace went on, which makes brothers of all mankind, and at this time, too, the dome of the capitol at Washington was finished, and the first railroad that spanned the American continent from ocean to ocean was prosecuted to final completion.

It was now Friday, the fourteenth, on the bright autumn morning of which day the boat came to its wharf about 5 o'clock, and at 8 the regiment commenced its march through Canal street and Broadway for the Park Barracks, where it arrived somewhat before noon, and where it partook of a dinner of muddy coffee and contractor's soup, more mysterious and doubtless fuller of mischief than the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, but which was eaten with that proverbial merry heart that doeth good like a medicine. Here the City Hall Park was roughly inclosed and roofed, the trees protruding through apertures. Between 4 and 5

o'clock in the afternoon, the regiment was again called in line, and the march commenced for Union Race Course at Jamaica, L. I., in the rear of Brooklyn city. The band played along the march, and everywhere, as in Massachusetts and Connecticut, the boys were received with the wildest enthusiasm. There was cheering and waving of flags and a flutter of handkerchiefs, and, after a time, when the route step was taken and all went at will, many partook of social glasses proffered by strangers, and became quite lawless in their good natured freaks, and indulged some depredations that would hardly be overlooked in any but soldiers. The Company G boys, in passing a market, spitted hogs' heads and hams on their bayonets, and decorated themselves with strings of sausage and bouquets of cabbage and other garden truck, greatly to the delight of the fat Dutchman who kept the stalls. It was nine or ten miles to camp, and laden as the boys were, when night settled down the march became very irksome. There was some snow on the ground and drifts along the fences, and a breath of coming winter now pervaded the air. The roads were excessively muddy, but froze and were very rough at dark. The wind piped up, and at 8, when the camp ground was reached, all foot-sore and weary and hungry to the last degree, it was long after dark. It grew extremely cold and gusty, and dark clouds swept like horses across the sky; we could see nothing of our surroundings. The tents had not arrived, and there was no shelter, and no recourse but to loiter about or roll oneself in his blanket, and lie down on the seats of the grand stand or on the ground or under fences, without supper, and shiver in the increasing blast. Later snow flew on the howling wind that cut the cheeks like hail. And thus the long night was passed—the hardships of a soldier's life begin. The thirteenth was passed on the cars, the coming night on the steamer's decks; there was little rest.

The fourteenth was spent largely on the march from the boat to the Park Barracks and from the barracks to the race course, and this wintry night, as we have already shown, in the open air. The officers fared no better than the men; their new uniforms were frozen thick with mud. But those busy ones, who never slumber nor sleep, maintained through the night a rousing bonfire, which must have been very expensive to some citizens hereabouts, for lumber



CORP. GEO. W. TRICKEY.



CORP. GEO. W. TRICKEY.

and fences were consumed in prodigious quantities. But it is said that Uncle Sam paid the bill. The regimental baggage arrived about 10 o'clock at night of the fifteenth, by teams, in charge of Corporal Trickey, of Company I, who had been detailed with a squad of men to transport and care for the same. It appears that the regiment crossed to Brooklyn by the Fulton ferry, but the baggage came by way of Williamsburg.

ARMY LIFE AT LONG ISLAND.

It is now Saturday, the fifteenth of November, and cold, with northeast winds heavily laden with moisture from the neighboring ocean. This, our first day here, was a memorable one on account of the battle of Long Island, jocularly so called. Our rations are prepared by contract on a wholesale scale under the steps of the grand stand, and the various organizations march there and file by a hole in the wall, when each receives his portion on his plate and a dipper of coffee or tea. But our lodging place had been these very steps, and our guns were stacked in front. Our boys were just getting their rations when a Massachusetts regiment—the Forty-first, Colonel Chickering—marched up and began to crowd in, and became very boisterous, and mobbed our Colonel Kingman, who stood in their midst like a giant. He tried to preserve the peace, but the Massachusetts blood was up, and many were eager for sport. One threw a tin dipper at the colonel, which struck him on the nose, wrecking his gold bowed glasses, and somewhat disturbing his equanimity. But now Lieutenant Seavey, being near, handed his sword to the colonel, with the flat side of which he laid about right and left till the intruders fell back and quiet was restored. But there was a very narrow escape from bloodshed. Some of the Massachusetts boys shouted, “put up that sword!” Our men began to take their arms, and were on the point of charging, when the colonel ordered them back, telling them that it was unnecessary. Our brave old Kingman bore himself with great firmness and ability on this occasion, and averted serious trouble. We gave him three rousing cheers and a tiger, and so the affair ended, and no permanent hard feelings were engendered between the two regiments. This wrecking of the glasses was the only casualty. Thus began and ended the so called



CAPTAIN STEARNS — CO. E.



FIRST LIEUT. PARKER — CO. E.



SECOND LIEUT. WOOD — CO. E.



LIEUT. T. M. HUSE — CO. G.

battle of Long Island, almost on the very spot where, August 22, 1876, Sir Henry Clinton defeated General Putnam, whose home we passed in Connecticut, and compelled General Washington to evacuate the island.

The tents now furnished the regiment were of the variety called shelter tents ; they are pitched on the broad level and the camp set in order. There is system in all this, the little white village dotting the ground with mathematical precision, each company, according to its place in line, half on each side of a street by itself, and each of the company streets running back transversely to the general regimental front. Such is the plan of all regimental camps. When the regiment is called in line for drill or dress parade or other purpose, the orderly falls in each his own company in his own street, and then the ten companies march out from these streets, and swing into the general line on the parade ground in front. After long drilling this movement could be made in an incredibly short time and with almost absolute exactitude. It is interesting to note that at this time the regiment was organized by company as follows :

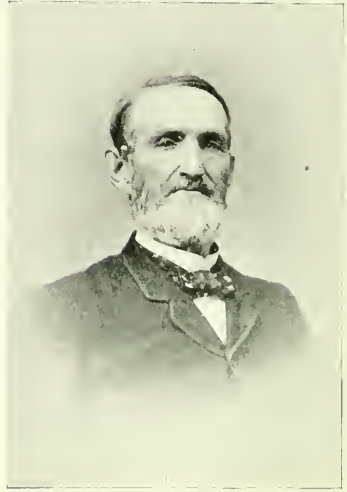
Left.	B	C	F	K	E	G	I	D	H	A	Right.
	Ella.	Lang.	Gordon.	Hall.	Stearns.	Osgood.	Pinkham.	Johnson.	Sanborn.	Aldrich.	Captains.
	2	7	10	5	8	3	9	4	6	1	Captain's rank.

G was the color company, with Captain Stearns of E right in the folds of our starry banner.

These shelter tents were intended for four occupants each, and were composed of four square pieces of light canvas that



CAPTAIN GORDON—Co. F.



CAPTAIN GORDON—Co. F.



LIEUT. S. P. COLBY—Co. F.



LIEUT. S. P. COLBY—Co. F.

buttoned together in one large sheet, which could be thrown over any improvised ridgepole or be held by two guns at the centre, and the edges be brought down and pinned to the ground. On the march each occupant was supposed to carry one of these pieces, and so with his mates be always ready to pitch his tent in any place and at a moment's notice. They were scarcely three and a half feet high under the ridge, and sloped to the ground on either side like the roof of a tiny house without walls. They were a source of merriment to some and of grumbling and discontent to others; they resembled hay caps, and the boys dove under them like woodchucks, and slept in unutterable mud and misery on the cold ground. The most buoyant of our boys could scarce find comfort or maintain a jocund spirit in such low and close quarters at such an inclement season. The line officers were provided with wall tents and flies—two to each company—and the field and staff were still more commodiously pavilioned in this field of war.

Sunday, the sixteenth, was bitter cold, with wind and sleet. Snow had fallen heavily in the night to the depth of a foot, and drifting in the icy blast, had almost buried the little white city from sight. It grew warmer toward sunset, and changed to rain, which poured down in ceaseless torrents all through the night and all the next day till near night, but without as yet permitting us a glimpse of the Jamaica sun. On this day our regiment was reviewed by General Banks, who pronounced it, as he probably did all the others, "the finest looking body of men he had ever seen."

NOTE. November 16. Extract from letter of Lieutenant Perkins: "It is bitter cold, and we can have no fire, and we are almost frozen. I was so cold I could not hold my pencil to write, and went out to a house, where I am writing this."

"Many are sick with colds and headaches."

But now restraint and hard work begin. The following order of calls will indicate the general routine :

UNION COURSE.

MONDAY, November 17, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 4.

The following daily details and duties will be observed till further orders :

Reveille and roll-call at daybreak.

Breakfast at 7 o'clock A. M.

Guard mounting at 9 o'clock A. M.

Company drill at 9.30 o'clock A. M.

Dinner at 12 o'clock M.

Battalion drill at 2 o'clock P. M.

Evening dress parade at 4 o'clock P. M.

Tattoo at 8.30 o'clock P. M.

Taps at 9 o'clock P. M.

At taps all lights will be extinguished except at headquarters, and all enlisted men except the guard will be in their quarters.

By command of Col. JOHN W. KINGMAN.

EDWARD E. PINKHAM, *Adjutant.*

This was a very rainy day ; poured down in torrents in the afternoon ; cleared at night. No drill.

Union Course, Tuesday, November 18, 1862. A very cheerless, windy autumn day. All drill omitted because of the heavy rains. All the land is flooded and well nigh impassable for mud. One's feet sink into the ooze and mire from four to six inches. It proves that it was by some mistake that shelter tents were sent us, and to-day A tents were received, white and new, and the little shelters were hastily exchanged for these comparatively luxurious quarters. With them came also loads of clean, bright straw, and the boys evinced their joy by cheering the colonel, and in the evening giving him a rousing serenade, in which the band joined, and the spirits of all rose again to a high pitch in spite of their gloomy environments. Dress parade in the mud at 4 P. M.

Union course, Wednesday, November 19, 1862. Though rainy and with the wind still east, battalion drill was held and dress parade in the mud at the prescribed hours. At battalion drill the whole regiment is manouvered by the colonel and his staff in full military array. It is observed that an immense army is assembling here.

On Thursday, the twentieth, it was still raining, with the wind from the ocean. There is no dry place nor warmth. One's frame trembles and the teeth chatter. Our beds at night on the saturated ground are extremely cold and uncomfortable. A New York battery arrives, and goes into camp near by. It was a peculiar and apparently deadly affair, consisting of four pairs of heavy trucks, on the ponderous axles of each of which were mounted twenty-five barrels of about one inch calibre, that could be elevated, depressed, or spread fan-like by some complicated mechanism, and fired with great rapidity. The camp was tidied up in spite of the rain, in expectation of the arrival of General Banks, for it now appears that we are a part of a secret expedition committed to his charge.

On Friday, the twenty-first, the wind was still east. It rained hard through the night, and came down in torrents all day. The broad land is all afloat. No drill nor dress parade. The fare and all the circumstances are excessively oppressive and disheartening, and now that the novelty of military life has somewhat worn away, in some bosoms the fires of patriotism are nearly quenched. Many of our members were prosperous farmers and business men, and nearly all enlisted from high motives of duty and for the public weal; and the very few who did not, deserted at the first opportunity, and were in general seen no more. But in the case of some who now forsook their colors, it must be admitted that there was well nigh intolerable provocation thereto in the impenetrable gloom of the situation. It is a source of pride that not one of our men deserted in the face

of the enemy or after reaching the southern land ; but it is painful to record that here on this day Sergt. John Q. A. Hanson, of Company D, disappeared, and was seen no more.

On the twenty-second it was still raining in the forenoon, but the sun burst out in the afternoon, and the boys gave three rousing cheers for the glorious old haymaker. Regiments and batteries continually arrive, and go into camp here, till they cover a wide extent of level country. They are thought to number 20,000 men, and at night, when lit up, the vast camp presents a most beautiful sight. The Forty-second, Fiftieth, and Fifty-second Massachusetts come to-day and another New York battery. The chief work is drilling, but there is some guard and police and fatigue duty. Corp. A. E. Ambrose is appointed fifth sergeant of Company D, vice the deserter of yesterday. Death of Orrin F. Wheeler, of Company A.

Sunday, the twenty-third, was very cold, and the wind rose almost to a hurricane, and on Monday the weather continued cold, but was otherwise comparatively pleasant. The hands are extremely cold at drill.

Monday, the twenty-fourth, was cool and pleasant. Many strangers in the field. Boys raided the cook house, and many of them brought off beef and sugar.

The morning of the twenty-fifth was frosty, but the day proved very pleasant. The full order of daily exercises was carried out ; a very fine drill. Many visiting strangers in camp. On this day the Northwood boys of Company D had a very pleasant and unexpected greeting from old friends and former neighbors. Mrs. Annie (Knowlton) Morrison, then of New York city, sister of Mr. Henry Knowlton, of Northwood, who made the presentation remarks in Northwood when Lieutenant Durgin received his sword, hearing of the arrival of the Northwood boys, drove to camp with apples and cider from the old home in Northwood, from the farm

of her father, Mr. Miles Knowlton. She brought also chickens, pies, and various other articles of food. Mrs. Morrison, with other ladies, was away from home, engaged in preparing lint for the wounded, when she received word of the presence of her old neighbors on Long Island, and then immediately returned, where, with her husband, late in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, she commenced her preparations, and after working all night, at 3 o'clock in the morning of this day she started for camp.

NOTE. Extract from letter of Sergt. Luther Stevens, of Company K, dated November 25: "There is the call to battalion drill, and I must stop now.

"After supper, Union Course, by candle light, sitting on my pillow, writing on my camp stool. We have got our tent fixed up with a floor and shelves put up for our dishes and to eat on. Those that call in to see us think it very handy to what theirs is. You know what a curious fellow I am to fix up things, and we have quite a snug little home. I should like to have you peep in, and see us and how snug and comfortable we are. Perhaps you would like to know something about what a large family they have to cook for here. One man takes the contract to feed all the men here, and they have a large cook house fitted up, and have two sets of hands, and work night and day, and the teams run night and day to haul the provisions. To-night we had bread and cheese and coffee, and you can judge something about it when I tell you that we eat a half ton of cheese and a cord and a half of bread, and we drink thirty-two barrels of coffee each time for breakfast and supper. They have eight large kettles that hold four barrels each, and they make them all full, and the quantities of meat I cannot describe."

NOTE. Extracts from a soldier's letter, dated at Union Course, November 25, 1862:

.. CAMP N. P. BANKS,

NEAR BROOKLYN, L. I., November 25, 1862.

Dear Father:

I improve this opportunity for writing you a few lines, and it will probably be the last chance until I am landed somewhere, it is rumored, on the southern coast. But this is all guess work. Our stay here has already been much longer than anyone expected. Perhaps this was owing partly to so much stormy weather. I have hardly seen the sun

since I left New Hampshire. For nearly a week after we landed here it rained continually, and now 'tis raining again. But it takes a good while to get so many troops together. Here people take no more notice of a whole regiment than they would of a single squad in Londonderry. I presume there are 30,000 soldiers in this vicinity.

It is pretty evident that we shall start soon. The quartermaster is packing his stores this night. And I guess no one will be sorry to get out of this place. * * * Last night they had a little row here at the cook house, though the row was not so little after all, for where a riot is started among so many, it is apt to be on a large scale. Hundreds would start, run the guard, smash through windows or doors, and help themselves to anything they could get hold of. A great many came out with their caps filled with sugar. One stout fellow carried off a whole barrel. Others brought meat and cider, etc.

They drill us pretty hard now, but when we are off duty we enjoy ourselves well, especially in the evening. I am well, so are all the Londonderry boys, though forty or fifty of the regiment are in the hospital. You will please answer this. If we move, it will follow us. Address.

CHAS. MAC.,

Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

15th Regt. N. H. V."

The twenty-sixth again was very rainy, but the usual order of exercises was carried out. There are daily rumors that we shall leave Long Island, and all are ready now to welcome the glad day, and hope that a kind providence will vouchsafe that they may never see it more. The mud is now interminable; it is black as ink. A rammer can be run down its whole length. The wind and rain is never weary, and even an amphibious animal would starve and drown where we have to drill and march and parade and splash about day in and day out, and then lie down in it all to pass the nights. Our prospect is cut off on one side by a wood and on the other by a high fence, but were these removed, none could see through the thick and drizzling air, even for a ship's length. Still there are occasional outbreaks of jollity, and on one of these nights a numerous party raided the surrounding neighborhood, and brought in spoil as though

they had sacked a city, among which were more than a hundred ducks and geese. One of the marauders, however, was shot through the ear and another in the neck with what was thought to be peas. It seems that on this evening great and quite general preparations were made for the morrow, which was Thanksgiving Day. Hoyt, Ora Heath, D. B. Smith, and another of Company F set out at 10 o'clock in the evening, and went two miles to raid a hen house. They waited in ambush an half hour for the Dutchman to go to bed. When his light went out, they pulled open the hen house door, rushed in, grabbed two turkeys each, and then broke for camp with the birds squalling sufficient to wake the dead. The Dutchman gave



ISAAC B. HOYT.

chase with a gun, but without avail ; and so Company F had turkey for the festive occasion, and at which feast the jovial Captain Gordon pronounced the following blessing :

“God, be merciful to our unrighteousness ; our iniquities remember no more. Pardon our sins. Bless our souls. Bless this food ; may we expend the strength we receive from it to Thy honor and glory. Amen.”

The company K boys also made great preparations for celebrating the coming day ; they proposed a thanksgiving breakfast. In the evening sixteen of them, of whom Bill Tabor seems to have been the leader, removed some boards from the high fence at the back of the park near the railroad, through which they made their exit, and visited a Dutch farm house, where there was a large flock of fowl. There was, however, a watch dog tied up there to give the alarm.

But one returned, and brought to this wary sentinel a female companion from camp, which engaged his attention while they cut the rope, and both went frolicking off together, leaving the coast clear. Then work began, and was quickly despatched; they estimate that they carried to camp about one hundred and twenty-five hens, ducks, and geese. On returning to camp they dug a hole in one of their tents, and sat round it and dressed the lot; then the hole was filled and the straw replaced. At half past four in the morning of Thanksgiving Day their breakfast was ready. Late in the afternoon the Dutchman appeared in camp with an officer and a search warrant, but could find no trace of the missing birds. It is said that, in their disappointment, they complained to Colonel Kingman, but the colonel could not believe there was a man in his regiment who would molest the Dutchman's property, although it was thought that he himself, but perhaps unknowingly, shared in the feast at his breakfast table.

On Thanksgiving Day, the twenty-seventh, the orders were, no drill but dress parade, and the day for a wonder being pleasant, was passed in various sports, such as young men indulge. There was foot ball and base ball, running, jumping, and wrestling, singing, and such dancing and feasting as is related to have occurred on "Cannobie Lee." And thanksgiving boxes were received from home. Old Londonderry dispatched one of her citizens to Company H—Mr. Thomas Holmes, who had two brothers in the company—through to our camp with such a feast as few enjoyed at home. During the festivities one of Company G's tents took fire from a candle, when it burned low, dropping through the shank of a bayonet in which it was placed, into

NOTE. Extract from a letter: "They had a great time the other night stealing the Dutchmen's poultry. I guess there were 200 chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys brought into camp in one night. Since then none can go out without a corporal."

the straw beneath, the bayonet being stuck upright in the ground. This frightful instrument of war makes a famous candlestick, and serves an endless variety of domestic purposes, as time will show. It being supper time, the boys rushed forward and emptied on their tin dippers of coffee, and so quenched the flames, but not till two knapsacks and a haversack had been destroyed. And truth to tell, some on this joyful occasion partook very freely of something more ardent than coffee.

Company A also had chickens and turkeys for dinner, but there is no intimation as to whence they came. Zeke Gilman and Aaron C. Badger, who were the cooks, may know. The Grafton squad had a dinner sent from home in the old Granite State. Lieutenant-colonel Frost and Doctor Towle were accompanied to New York by their wives, who prepared a feast in the lieutenant-colonel's tent, which was eaten on the straw. Captain Stearns took his company in the afternoon to the beautiful Cypress Hill Cemetery. On the whole the day was highly celebrated; several landed in the guard house.

The twenty-eighth was another very fine day, and the Fifty-second Massachusetts and one New York battery broke camp, and went aboard a transport.

The twenty-ninth was very pleasant in the morning, but before noon showers fell, and in the afternoon the windows of heaven were again opened, and all the land was deluged. Three Connecticut regiments passed on their way to go aboard transports, with banners and bands of music. Four companies—A, H, D, and I—were told off from the right of our regiment, and ordered to pack knapsacks and prepare to march. The regiment was at this time armed with Belgian muskets. We do not know the particular purpose nor destination of the vast armament here mobilized. We only understand this: that it is a secret expedition under command of Gen. N. P. Banks.

I mention many seemingly trivial incidents but to show the nature of military life at this stage of our career. Passes were to be had, and the wonders of the great American metropolis were freely visited. Two great cemeteries were near, vast and opulent cities of the dead, in one of which a tower on an eminence overlooked the congregated wealth of these great cities of the American world and a wide stretch of the ocean, everywhere studded with sails. So there are endless wonders here to boys who never saw the world nor realized the magnitude of its activities and trade, and equally wondrous to thousands here would be the broad, green fields and pleasant woodlands which they lately left, many of them never to see them more.

It may now be interesting to know something of the quantity and quality of a soldier's fare. I append the following to show the regular daily government allowance for 12,000 men: 4 barrels corn meal, 2 barrels peas, 8 barrels coffee, 3 barrels vinegar, 2 barrels salt, 20 barrels salt beef, 35 barrels potatoes, 3 boxes vegetables, 600 pounds soap, 4 barrels wheat flour, 2 barrels hominy, 8 barrels sugar, 2 barrels syrup, 34 barrels salt pork, 6 barrels white beans, 12,000 pounds bread, 600 pounds candles, 50 pounds tea, 200 pounds fresh beef in ice, and large quantities of rice and sugar.

Such was life on Long Island, which we are now about to leave forever. O, the mud, the cold, the rain! but the blessed sun did sometimes show his goodly face, and was all the more appreciated than if he shone always in his meridian glory. There were some few to whom a life like this was burdensome, and others who found it replete with joy and gladness. There are many novel happenings, incident to camps, which vary with every remove, and we learn to meet and welcome its difficulties as a necessary and beneficial part of life; and in this view there are no hardships. What

seem so are blessings in disguise that fulfill some high purpose of Nature to discipline her pupils, and the worst of them all are but the subjects of the morrow's laughter. So each day here has evils sufficient unto itself and entertainment also, if only man will be temperate in his desires and patiently seek it out. There is less joy at Jamaica than in any other spot of earth, but philosophically all the world is a paradise, and every poor mortal shall find contentment and home wherever on the globe's great face he makes his nightly couch.

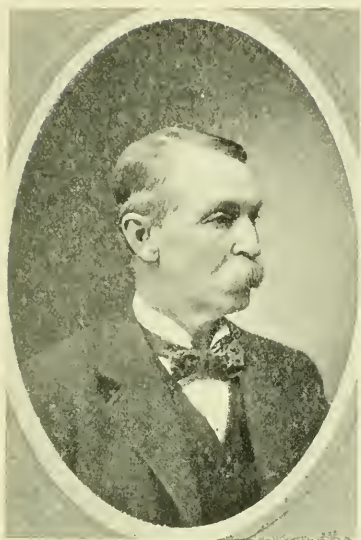
The citizens of Brooklyn were very patriotic, and the boys were sometimes led to blush for their own predatory raids. At the race course passing gentlemen have been seen to purchase a vendor's stock of apples, and toss them across the line to the boys. But we are about to leave.

It is Sunday, the last day of November, a quite pleasant and warm day, when Companies A, D, H, and I, having been previously warned to hold themselves in readiness, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Frost and escorted by the band, marched to the Brooklyn wharf, and were there ordered aboard the steamer "Quincy." The distance traversed was seven or eight miles, in full, heavy marching order. The march through the city was a perfect ovation. Brooklyn was all ablaze with patriotism, and many of her good citizens threw wide open their doors to all who wore the army blue. They broke camp at the race course at 3 P. M., the rest of the regiment falling in to salute, and sending them off with three rousing cheers; they reached the wharf at dark. These four companies now numbered about 340 officers and men. The boat was fitted up and provisioned for their reception. But Lieutenant-colonel Frost, deeming the boat inadequate for the accommodation of his men, refused to embark. He was threatened with court-martial for disobedience of orders, but persisted in his refusal, and the men,

when partly aboard, were ordered ashore, in consequence of which much confusion arose. Colonel Frost was immediately placed in temporary arrest. The men found lodging for the night in the city and elsewhere, and were variously entertained. The writer of this well remembers that, with comrade Gregg, having secured the necessary passes, he visited an uncle of Gregg's, who was a resident of Brooklyn, and was by him entertained for the night; and in the evening was taken to the great Plymouth Church to hear the world renowned Beecher, then in the height of his fame and the most eloquent man of the globe. We sat in a lofty gallery, and looked down upon him from an eminence and a great sea of humanity. Mr. Beecher, however, in a few remarks simply introduced a colored man, who addressed the people in behalf of his down-trodden race. Mr. Beecher was one of the attractions of the world, and there were many of our boys who took advantage of this occasion to see him. Captain Aldrich formed his company, and marched them back into the city, where they were quartered in the Armory, and were royally entertained by the loyal citizens of Brooklyn to a supper and breakfast.

On the next day, Monday, December the first, Companies A and D and their officers and nineteen men of Company H and Lieutenant Perkins—in all about 200, the whole under Frost—were assigned to the little 300-ton propeller, “James S. Green.”

On the twenty-fifth Lieutenant Durgin, of Company D, was detailed as commissary of subsistence during the voyage, and reported to Col. E. G. Beckwith, by whom he was assigned to the “Quincy.” His duty was to receipt for the stores aboard, deliver them on requisition to the troops en route, and at the end of the voyage turn the balance over to the post commissary, taking his receipt for the same. After Lieutenant Durgin's company had been transferred to the



IRA A. HILL—Co. A.



CORP. CLARK BRYANT—Co. D.



JAMES A. BRYANT—Co. D.



A. C. HAINES—Co. D.

“James S. Green,” instead of proceeding by the “Quincy,” as at first intended by the embarking officers, he applied to Colonel Beckwith to be released from the “Quincy” and assigned to the “James S. Green,” so as to make the voyage with his own command. But the change could not be readily effected, and so it chanced that he entered upon this unknown voyage with strangers, there having afterwards been assigned to his boat three companies of the Forty-second Massachusetts and sixteen men of a New York regiment. The voyage of the “Quincy” was without special incident, except that one of the men died during the passage, and received a sailor’s burial. A plank was rested in a level position, with one end on the rail, and the body prepared thereon by being sewn in a canvas with a weight at the feet. The engines were stopped for a brief season while a burial service was read, men inclined the plank, the body shot off into the sea, feet downward, and immediately sank from view. The good ship then proceeded on her way.



JOSIAH B. PHILBRICK — Co. D. (See page 15.)

THE VOYAGE OF THE "JAMES S. GREEN."

The officers aboard the "James S. Green" were Lieutenant-colonel Frost; Captain Aldrich and Lieutenants Cogswell and Hendley, of Company A; Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Chadwick, of Company D; Lieutenant Perkins, of Company H, and Assistant Surgeon Towle. Sergeant-major Wallingford was also aboard. They occupied a little cabin away aft, about 13 x 10 x 7 feet, which, in a height of seven feet, was fitted with three tiers of bunks, twelve in all. The officers, with their servants and an hospital nurse—Eben Joy—numbered thirteen, so that one of the number slept on the deck. The "Green" was a frail craft, built for the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal Company, and never designed for the tempestuous voyage on which she now entered. At this time there were natural inland waters connected by canals, from the upper Mississippi to the great lakes and there by the Erie to the Hudson, and thence again to the Delaware river and bay and the Chesapeake and Albemarle; and again by narrow sounds and otherwise along the coast, with a few little gaps to fill, across Florida to Appalachee, Pensacola, the Rigolets, and Ponchartrain and New Orleans and the river again—and for these waters she was constructed. But she could not now navigate these inner and safe waters without falling into the hands of the enemy.

The officers and crew of the "James S. Green" won the love and admiration of all by their unwavering courtesy, skill, and seamanship. The captain of the boat was a dapper little man, of small talk, whose name was John D. Marsham. But our chief mate was, especially, a good natured, fat man, whose countenance beamed with benevolence and whose great, kindly face was luminous as the full, round moon. He was one Capt. Wash Willis, a very loyal and patriotic man, who shortly before had been captured by a Confederate craft—the "Jeff Davis"—carried in to St. Augustine, and



CORP. JOHN C. BLAKE—Co. A.

thence escaped to the open ocean in a row boat, whence he was rescued by a passing vessel. Instead of our own commissary, Lieutenant Durgin, we had one Edward W. Phillips. Our boat was fully provisioned, and at the last moment took on fresh beef and five tons of ice.

The "Green" was fitted up between decks, for nearly her whole length on both sides, with berths like shelves in a pantry. Two could lie in each of these side by side, but could by no means sit upright. This left amidships a long, narrow stretch of deck, which was only occupied by a cooking range and its various accompanying utensils and kettles and tubs. This and the upper deck were free to all.

It was on the afternoon of Monday, December the first, which was cold and rainy, that this little band embarked at the South ferry, and at 3 o'clock the tiny but gallant craft pushed out into the stream and anchored. All day of the second, which was very pleasant, she lay there with many other steamers around, and some passing out to sea with banners flying and bands playing, all laden with troops to their utmost capacity. The third was cloudy and cold with some rain. At 6.30 A. M. the bells in the engine room were heard to strike, and as he pulled a polished lever, the engineer said, "good bye, New York." There was an instant tremor as mighty forces were applied, and the good ship forged ahead. After steaming down the harbor twenty-two miles, the boat sought shelter within Sandy Hook, under the lofty, red banks of the Jersey shore, not venturing outside the lower bay on account of the threatening aspect of the sky. There were three lighthouses at hand and a fort in process of construction. Some visited the shore in the ship's dory. Sandy Hook is the northern terminus of one of the most remarkable formations of nature — an almost continuous reach of narrow islands and peninsulas, that stretch along the coast from this point to Mexico, broken only by narrow

inlets, and which find their most perfect development at Pamlico and Albemarle sounds on the coast of the old north state. They are of pure white sand, washed up from the ocean's bed, and are forever changing under the ceaseless influence of wind and tide. Mighty ramparts they are, guarding the fruitful land from the fury of the sea, and in thought of which man's greatest work is utterly insignificant and contemptible.

Soon after midnight the boat resumed her course. The boys grew very merry as night fell, and their mirth rose to such a pitch of hilarity as to disturb the peace and dignity of the whole ship. Artists of every craft of earth were represented in our army, and our ventriloquists aboard were very clever performers. They sawed wood; stroke by stroke the harsh instrument made its way through the stick, and then something would fall with a crash to the deck. Presently many voices were trying their skill at various imitations. Roosters crowed, bulls bellowed, and lions roared till they made night hideous. Lieutenant Perkins, of the Company H boys, was officer of the day, and came frequently forward to command quiet. He ascended some steps from the officers' little cabin at the stern, and walked along the upper deck, which sprung beneath his heavy tread, but when he appeared down the hatch to give off^d his stern orders, all were asleep and snoring in the most stentorian terms. Though it was his place to command silence and discipline, the lieutenant himself could scarce conceal his risibilities at the irrepressible mirth within.

It seems there are some who never sleep, and like ocean's tide, never tire nor rest. Equilibrium, once disturbed, is never restored. With endless variety of innocent pranks the night wore away. The coming day was beautiful in the extreme, and wonderfully enchanting Atlantic City appeared on the low distant shore as we swept by in the far offing.

Many flocks of wild geese are flying over us toward the south. We passed Cape May at noon, and the opposite coast of Delaware bay slowly rises to view over the vast rotundity of the revolving globe. Verily, now the old world has passed away and there is a new heaven and earth, and one feels a strange thrill as the reality is forced upon him that he now hath no abiding place, and is but an insignificant mite, held for a brief season by an invisible power to a flying orb, whose track is the Zodiac and whose speed outruns the imagination.

Bright is the autumn day as we pass Capes Charles and Henry and steam into the broad mouth of Chesapeake bay. Eastward is seen the dark rim of the ocean, whose boundless realms sparkle with a million scintillations. Gulls flash their white wings above us, and countless denizens of the deep disport themselves by leaping in air and displaying a wondrous dexterity. Even the creatures of the sea are naturally playful, and we are attracted toward their bright faces as to fellow mortals and brothers in the mysterious race of life. The soul here can now loose itself from earthly clods, and wander freely about the universe, with the stars in regions of eternal space; especially so at night. We are plunging south; the aspect of the heavens changes; polaris sinks toward the horizon, and far below the tropics, in dreamy distances from out the vanishing point of sight, strange constellations rise into view.

At sunrise of the fifth, off the Virginia coast; raining; wind southeast. The weather being threatening, the skipper put into Hampton Roads, and dropped anchor off Fortress Monroe at 2 p. m.; wind northeast. Some three hundred craft sought shelter here to ride out the night; the grim, old fort, lying low on the margin of the water, frowns like the face of nature as the gloomy night settles down. Many warships are in sight, and everything bears an excessively

warlike appearance. Here, March 8, the Confederate iron-clad, "Virginia," destroyed the "Congress" and "Cumberland," and next day was defeated by the "Monitor."

Got under way with the wind west northwest. Passed Cape Henry at 10 o'clock, with Cape Charles just in view across a wide expanse. About fifty sailing craft are passing out with us on to the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The scene is most beautiful and animated. As we sped on, numerous wrecks could be seen along the Virginia and North Carolina coasts. The shores are in sight, and their margin shows to the eye a series of shifting sand dunes at regular intervals of about a half a mile. Back of these, dense forests of what appear to be pine approach within a mile or two of the water, and present a solid front to the ocean like a vast and sullen army. It apparently watches the sea as an invincible enemy whose barriers are distinctly marked. It crowds eagerly up to the last inch of the bound which the ocean has set, and there its foot is stayed as though the angry waves were saying, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

Passing Nag's Head at sunset and nearing the stormy Hatteras, where the sea is always wild, rounded the cape in the night, and for many an hour the frail craft was tossed about like a mere leaf. While so laboring, a mighty steamer, that loomed above her like a giant, rushed by, almost grazing her sides. Many were sick to that degree that they little cared whether the boat weathered the point or not. It was really a very trying time to many a boy now, for the first time, away from home and mother. Bitter, homesick tears were shed in silence. There was no audible complaint or murmur and no one to comfort. The scene during this night was indescribable. A small knot of men were at prayers away down front where the lantern swung so dismally. I do not remember of seeing those gentlemen so engaged in fair weather, and presumed it was another case where

“When the devil was sick,
The devil a saint would be;
But when the devil was well,
The devil a saint was he.”

The sincerity of one of these praying men, whose hand rested on the ladder, was severely tested when a comrade descending crushed his fingers. He immediately broke off his prayer, and gave utterance to a string of ejaculations that were supposed to be offensive to the Lord, but highly pleasing to the devil; and the jolly George Dawson grabbed the kneeling Brainerd by the heels, and dragged him across the deck.

So, through it all, a fortunate few gay spirits were engaged in the most extravagant merriment. A picture of “Eliza Jane,” which had been purloined from a saloon in Brooklyn, was on exhibition. Barrels of beef and pork, tubs of food, and all loose things slid back and forth and up and down the deck as the little steamer rolled from side to side, and pitched her nose toward heaven and now toward the ocean’s floor. Boys mounted them astride like horses, and rode back and forth at a furious gait. How the rudder chains raced through and through their iron hawse-holes! The howling blast and the seething ocean without and the confusion within were deafening. The timbers creaked and the berths sprung inward as mountainous billows put their huge shoulders against the vessel’s sides. When there was an instant calm, as the ship righted herself from a staggering blow, the boys would trim their affairs for another flight. Time and again one would mount a barrel, holding aloft the picture like an auctioneer, and commence, “one more exhibition of ‘Eliza

NOTE. It is interesting to note the age of these boys. Probably Company D aboard would show a fair average of the whole. Of these, who numbered 86 enlisted men, 48 were under 22 years of age, 39 under 21, 29 under 20, 25 under 19, and 19 were 18 or under.

Jane," when with a lurch all would go down the deck, and bring up at the end with a thundering crash.

Sunday, the seventh, at 8 A. M. off Cape Lookout ; wind high and northwest ; sea very rough ; breeze continues through the night. It is cold, and nearly all are sick again ; but however the ship is buffeted, her engines work ceaselessly on, and rapid progress is made down the coast. We feel the tremor of the engines night and day. We are constantly in sight of the land, and many a seasick boy would give the world to be put ashore, and renounce the ocean forever, though so grand, so enchanting, so mighty, mysterious, and beautiful. It is the enemy's country we behold, but seemingly peaceful and fruitful as Eden.

On the eighth the sea was quite smooth, with a light northwest wind. At 7 A. M. off Georgetown ; a lighthouse in sight ; weather warm ; sky clear. At 9 A. M. passed Cape Romain and the mouth of the Santee river. At 11 in sight of the blockade at Bull's island. At 1 P. M. passed the blockaders off Charleston ; there were twelve or fifteen of them within a distance of five to ten miles. Schools of dolphin are jumping in the air and gamboling about the ship. Heard cannonading, and saw flashes of guns and smoke rising in the direction of Charleston. At 9 in the evening ran alongside the lightship, off Beaufort, and lay till morning, when signals were made for a pilot ; but none appearing, the captain fell into a pet, and after scraping the flues, at 10 in the morning of the ninth the ship again pursued her course. And now some of the boys who had been trailing a line and hook for two or three days pulled in the first fish, a Spanish mackerel.

While at Beaufort we were within hailing distance, almost, of the Third and Fourth New Hampshire regiments, and which contained very many old neighbors and schoolmates and mutual friends. The Londonderry squad alone had four brothers there.

Day beautiful and tranquil as the perfect day in June ; running down the Georgia coast out of sight of land. The boys are well again, and swarm the deck, renewed in spirit and happy as the face of heaven and sunny ocean. What has been endured is forgotten now, for all are schooled in the world sufficient to expect the bitter with the sweet, and to know that mortals, for every joy, must suffer a thousand pangs. In boyhood days all had longed for such a voyage as this, but now the reality proves as different from youthful anticipations as are the stern realities of life from love's young dream. There are musical ones who lift up their voices, and sing many songs appropriate to the sea ; and as the gladsome day ended, the great, red globe of the sun — it never seemed so huge — sank down into the ocean in a blaze of prismatic glory so grand and vast and indescribable. The full, round moon rises from the ocean, and sails aloft in wondrous majesty. Many muse in silence who are true poets of nature, but denied the gift to express themselves. If man is but half himself and expression is the other half, then multitudinous mortals are but fractions longing for the missing part that shall make them whole. Their bosoms are ever on the point of bursting, and such unfortunate ones must finally die with all their music in them.

The morning of the tenth was very delightful, but a smart breeze sprang up from the northward, and it soon grew wild and angry. At 7 in the morning, off St. Augustine, where the Seventh New Hampshire now lay. Land in sight covered with forests ; these trees are said to be live oak and wild orange. At 9 in the afternoon, off Cape Canaveral.

The eleventh, a most beautiful summer day ; wind east ; sea rough. Still running down the Florida coast, with the shore in plain view and cattle and horses sometimes in sight. At 12.30, off Jupiter Inlet. Flying fish skip from crest to crest of waves.

At sunrise of the twelfth, off the lighthouse on Carey's Reef; the magnificent steamer, "Stamford," lies aground about one mile from the light. She sailed from New York with troops. Men can be seen aboard. Off Carreyford light at 10 o'clock; passed the wreck of an English bark, lying on her beam's ends with her masts gone by the board; weather calm, mercury standing at 80 degrees; Sombrero's light at 5 P. M., destined for Key West, seventy-two miles distant. We tested the vision of the gulls flying above us in the air, by tossing bits of food into the ship's boiling wake, which stretches back over the smooth sea for a vast distance, marking the course she came. These birds would swoop down into the seething water, and seize the tiniest morsel. Their evolutions are wonderful to behold; tireless they are on the wing. Night and day they are always there; to sustain such powers they are voracious consumers of such fish as swim near the surface, and sometimes seize upon clams and oysters, with which they soar to a great altitude and let them fall upon the rocks below to break the shell. And their vision is so acute that it would seem from the upper regions of the air they might behold the people in the harvest fields of the moon, or see the ruins of old cities there. There is no more delightful spot on earth than this semi-tropical sea, or that is more interesting on account of historic association. We are in the Gulf Stream, the mightiest of all earth's rivers; we sailed for a time in this wonderful river off Hatteras, and its margin was said to be distinctly defined by its color being so different from that of the general ocean. Here it is a tropical river whose waters are warmer than those of the equatorial regions. Its current has a velocity of five miles per hour, is eighty miles broad at this point, and much deeper than the ocean through which it flows, it having scooped for itself in ceaseless ages a channel in the ocean's floor. The Amazon, the Orinoco, the Rio Grande and the Mississippi all run far

out to sea, with margins as sharply defined as those of the shore, and all empty into the gulf to swell this onward pouring flood. Like to the pontic tide, it knows no retiring ebb, but flows due on to the pole, and laps otherwise frozen continents in its warm embrace, causing them to bloom with verdure and wave with fields of grain.

A ship on our northern coast in winter, when laden with ice to the point of foundering, turns to the Gulf Stream, and her ice chains melt from her hull and masts and spars like summer rain. At such a time a bank of fog like a wall marks the edge of the stream, and when crossing the margin a difference of thirty degrees has been marked between the prow and stern. The waters now lie perfectly still and placid, and reflect the inverted face of heaven like a mirror.

Looking down into these fathomless depths of limpid water, we behold a beauty of color and liquid tints of green and blue that are truly astonishing. At night, oftentimes, the whole ocean is alive with phosphorescent life, and now by day in those pure depths countless creatures flash in the sunshine and reflect all the colors of the rainbow. What enchanting kingdoms are below us and peopled with beauteous and happy intelligencies. But so endless and manifold is it all that what we see is little, what we do not see is infinite. A fish is a bird that flies in these waters, and a bird is a fish that swims in the air; but man is a plantigrade animal, bound by ponderous weight to the deck, unless his thoughts fly forth of him and live in sea and sky and everywhere. But man must soar also, deem the flying world a steed, and he its rider, shooting with the stars.

The Bahamas are just to our left, and we are near the one which was the first land discovered by Columbus, and which at the time was peopled with Indians and was very fresh and beautiful, and "covered with trees like a continual orchard." The early Spaniards navigated these seas, and explored

the adjacent land in search of "El Dorado" and the spring of perpetual youth. The neighboring shore presents a long line of snowy-white beach, and crowding up to it stand the primeval forests, reaching out their giant arms and casting a deep and refreshing shade. The scene is one of peace and inexpressible beauty beneath the rays of the setting sun. As the ship plows along, schools of flying fish start into the air and occasionally light on the deck. One of these is caught and placed in a bucket of sea water and examined with great interest. It is eight inches long, back dark blue, sides light blue, white beneath, body round, head and mouth small; the eye is very intelligent. It has a pair of large wings just back of the head and a pair of smaller ones further down the spine. The learning of all our schools is as nothing compared with what this little thing may know about the kingdoms of the deep. Our captain had a purpose in holding a course in still water, outside the Gulf Stream, as he thereby avoided stemming its adverse current of five miles per hour, and made that much more actual advance, and he would take advantage of this current on the return voyage.

But farewell now, these delightful regions of sea and sky and shore. We shall see the Florida coast no more—the land of the Suwanee river—a land of tropical fruits and flowers and birds of bright plumage, and grand old forests that everywhere ring with the mocking bird's song.

Incidents, amusing and otherwise, occur at sea. While passing Hatteras in the storm, Simeon Stevens, of Company A, who was not sick, and busied himself assisting those who were, went on deck on some errand, when the captain of the boat shouted to him to keep below. Simeon replied, "I can do a few chores for the boys," and the captain said, "I tell you what it is; if you go overboard, I can't stop to pick you up." One morning the engineer let steam into a closed

barrel of potatoes to cook them, when someone, deeming the supply insufficient, gave it another half turn, and off went the barrel with a tremendous bang, scattering staves and hoops and mashed potatoes everywhere about the deck.

On the night of the tenth the boat came near striking a reef, when she was run into the Gulf Stream for safety. It was very rough, and during the night a hatch went by the board, opening up a great square hole in the ship's side, and the sleepers in the contiguous berths barely escaped sliding into the sea. Some of their belongings were so lost. These men who so narrowly escaped were George H. Page, James Sanborn, A. H. Roberts, Edwin E. Wetherell, and Ed. P. Lane, all of Company D. We pass magnificent steamers and stately ships and Baltimore clippers, with their broad, white wings aslant, scudding along like sea birds.

We are now steaming south of the Florida Keys, that innumerable archipelago of little islands. At 7 A. M. of the thirteenth we are in sight of Dry Tortugas; weather fine; good breeze; sea rough. It is Saturday. Here the captain runs up the pilot flag. The pilot comes aboard at 10 o'clock. He is a tall, raw-boned, coarse fellow, with a red shirt and broad-brimmed hat, and barefooted. We have now run down the latitudes till we are below the twenty-fifth parallel, and are almost touching the Tropic of Cancer, which is the boundary line of the torrid zone and lies twenty-three and a half degrees above the equator, directly under the sun when he has reached his most northern altitude in our summer time. The sun is now in the far south, vertically over the Tropic of Capricorn. At such time his slanting rays just fringe the Arctic circle, leaving that circular domain about the pole in the earth's shadow, bound up in night and ice and all the rigors of a polar winter. We, however, are now in a region of perpetual summer, and where the mirage often hangs inverted ships and cities in the sky.

The coral insect here, with the skeletons of its dead of countless generations and during unnumbered ages, has raised the ocean's floor till in many places it comes above the surface in numerous little snow-white islands. Some of them however are said to have acquired a soil and to flourish in tropical verdure. There is but little tide in these land-locked waters of the gulf and Carribean Sea, else they would be submerged at every flow. Tortugas is one of these islands and situated far in the middle of a group. Fort Jefferson was being constructed on the largest, of eleven acres, and mounts 298 guns, and covered the whole surface. To reach it the boat pursues a devious passage, winding in and out among a maze of these coral islets on whose submerged edges she often grates harshly. The channel is said to be known only to our government pilots, and so the fort is safe from the approach of an enemy. We came to the wharf at 11 A. M. While a gang of men are wheeling coal aboard from a little mountain which the government has stored here, we explore the island and the fort. The coral of which the whole group is composed, is snowy in its whiteness and branchy in form. Beautiful specimens can be obtained. Conch shells lie around the margin of the water. Clumps of cocoanut trees grow within the fort on imported soil. As the swell of the ocean never penetrates here, all is hushed, and the scene is calm, restful, and languid. The waters are wonderfully transparent, and all their living creatures and the clean white ocean's floor are clearly seen. The walls of this fort are forty feet thick, and not yet completed, many masons still working on them. They are constructed with massive outside and inside faces of brick work, the interior filled in with the universal coral. A moat forty feet wide, filled with water, surrounds the whole. There are four or five small islands close by Tortugas, on one of which was a lighthouse; on another, thirty or forty of the Seventh New Hampshire

were buried. A narrow reef runs out a mile, on which are some trees and scores of black hogs. Left at sunset for Ship Island, 450 miles distant.

At sunrise of Sunday, the fourteenth, we were in the gulf, 120 miles from Tortugas. Fresh breeze all the night, sea very rough, weather clear, wind northeast.

The fifteenth was a very pleasant day, somewhat cloudy, good breeze, sea not so rough as yesterday.

At noon we were 350 miles north northwest from Tortugas; but as night comes down, what a change creeps over the face of nature! The clouds are wild, the wind wails and shrieks through the rigging; the ship's officers and crew look busily about. Our good natured mate says, "It's going to be a rough night!" This that is coming down on us is what they call a "Norther." Old Neptune shakes his trident, and the ocean begins to roar, and even now our good ship feels the coming storm, and spans her stern madly down in the rising sea. But the dolphins are at their sport. They swim with their backs partly out of water, and in their play are continually leaping into the air. A school of these happy creatures so leaping, catch a glimpse of the ship, and in an incredibly short space are all around it and diving beneath the keel to inspect it on all sides. They cut through the water like an arrow, leaving a white streak behind them beneath the surface. The stormy petrels, Mother Carey's chickens — harbingers of the coming storm — are flitting about in vast numbers or sitting on the water, rising and falling with the waves or running rapidly around on the surface, as do our robins on the land. They look like swallows.

At midnight the wind was blowing a hurricane. Going now on deck, what a raging sea we behold and what a deafening clamor of the elements! The boat labors and groans in every timber; she mounts the wave with prow high in air, poises for an instant, then plunges downward into the trough

as though she would dash her nose on the ocean's floor. And in the midst of all this, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the steering gear broke down. The rudder post, of 3-inch round iron, projected through the upper deck, and there, by a yoke, was connected with chains running to the wheel house. An iron spline had dropped out, permitting the yoke to revolve loose, thus detaching the rudder; but a tiller lay here for such emergencies, and this being put in position, for want of an efficient fastening, also gave out, and the boat was then at the mercy of the storm. In the bewildering din the crew worked like the heroes they were. They could be heard scurrying about the upper deck, and soon had rigged a spanker, which, as the engines worked on, held the ship's head to the wind, and on a course transverse to the ridge of the sea, till the rudder could be repaired. The gale abated in the morning, and the ocean, by some peculiar refraction or optical illusion, appeared to ascend in all directions from our central position, as though the little craft was at the bottom of a vast watery basin, whose margin everywhere was the distant horizon. Nature now calmed her ruffled mien, and the dissipated senses of puny man returned again to their wonted sphere. We had been driven far to the southward, but at 4 in the afternoon we passed through the blockading fleet off Mobile.

This was Tuesday, the sixteenth, a very quiet day. There were seven great, grim warships in sight. One approaches us, whose officers scan us closely with glasses, and soon a trumpet voice came across the water demanding, "What ship is that?" Our dapper little captain shouts through his hands, "The James S. Green." "Where from?" "New York." "Where bound?" "Ship Island." "What have you aboard?" "United States troops." After scanning us still further they apparently concluded that we were all right; our engines did not stop. But they opened their portholes, guns protruded, and men stood by with the lanyard. Fort

Morgan was in plain view, flying the Confederate flag. Near midnight we anchored at Ship Island, and a barren scene it was — low, flat, sandy, with a few trees on the western end, from which the gloomy southern mosses depended in the wind. Three or four thousand soldiers were encamped here. From this point the Eighth New Hampshire made its way into the enemy's country by the Rigolets and lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain. We shall meet with this regiment later, when to know of its presence was a source of inspiration and comfort.

At sunrise of the seventeenth the "James S. Green" was boarded by an officer who gave orders for it to proceed to New Orleans, and in two hours more the good ship was again under way. At Ship Island, three or four other islands were in sight, one of which was a rounded up heap of sand that looked one hundred feet high, and white as the winter snow. The day is a most delightful one, the mercury standing at 60°. Reached Pass l'Outre at 8 in the evening, and anchored for the night just outside the bar which the mighty currents from the delta here maintain ; for when its onward floods are checked by meeting the still waters of the gulf, the sediment with which they are freighted drops to the bottom. Thus, debris from the mountains of the far north is poured into the ocean in quantities sufficient almost to build new continents in the South. These turbid currents proclaim the river long before land appears in sight ; and dropping buckets now into the seeming unbroken ocean, the water is found to be fresh and a very pleasant draught after a long voyage with only the nauseating water from the ship's casks, or that condensed from the boilers. The water over the bar is very shoal, and only vessels of light draft can enter. The pilot comes aboard in the morning, takes the helm, and at sunrise the ship steers for the channel. Here and there isolated tufts of coarse grasses appear in a boundless waste of water, but which as we proceed more and more predominate, till

far up we find ourselves in a well defined stream. Myriads of great birds are in the air, flapping their broad, glossy black wings, and in such vast numbers as to almost darken the day. It is one hundred miles up stream to New Orleans. The scene is dismal and oppressive in the extreme. At the head of the pass the shores are lined with cypress trees of stunted growth.

NOTE. Extract from a letter: "The negroes on the shore seem pleased to see us, and look as though they understood what we were here for; and from what I have seen of them at Fort Jefferson, Ship Island, and along here, I find they appear much more intelligent than I supposed. The plantations, many of them, appear to be deserted by whites, but what are here appear to be Union. One woman with a dirty dress on, which hung like a shirt on a pole, came out and hurraed for Jeff Davis. The boys asked her where she got her hoops, and told her to dry up. Sometimes whole families of whites, darkies and all, come out and stand on the bank and cheer us. The orange groves are laid out in rows about twenty feet apart, the trees touching each other in the rows, and some of them contain a number of acres. I think I never saw so fine a sight as one of these loaded with fruit. I should think there were two or three bushels on some of them: they sell for fifty cents per one hundred. We have just passed a plantation of sugar cane more than a mile in length and one half mile wide. The negroes who were at work cutting the cane came down to the bank, and took off their hats and bonnets. Someone asked them where their master was. "O, he done gone Norf," was the answer. I think when the war is over, we had bétter come out here and get one of these places and go to raising sugar. I have got one picked out already. Nine o'clock P. M. We have just arrived at the great city, and dropped our anchor. Once more we are in hopes to get ashore to-morrow, which will make twenty days since I came on board, during which time our feet have touched the shore but once, and that but a few hours at Tortugas. I am hoping to find letters here from home, as I know you must have written before this. I can hardly realize that I am 2,000 miles away from my dearest earthly treasures. The whole voyage seems like a dream, but a pleasant one. We certainly have not seen much of the stern realities of war yet, but perhaps we shall before long: if so, I trust we shall be ready to meet them, and shall endeavor to do our part toward sustaining the union of the states, the importance of which I am more than ever convinced of."

At 11 A. M., passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Further up we reach a land teeming with foison and plenty ; orange groves and rich plantations, with their mansion houses and villages of negro quarters, white as snow, the whole embowered in grand old trees. It is the season of ripe oranges, and soldiers along the banks make repeated efforts to throw them aboard ; none however succeed, but occasionally one strikes the ship's side. The broad plantations of cane look like fields of waving corn, and it being the time of harvest, gangs of negroes are cutting it down and hauling it with mule teams to the sugar mills. Back of the plantations the prospect terminates in unbroken forests of cypress, heavily draped in the perennial moss, and stand there apparently in eternal silence.

We approach the Crescent city after dark, at 8.30 in the evening, and the lights glowing in the wide arc on the levee along the city front are wonderfully beautiful, and reflect in the tremulous surface of the river. This was Thursday, December 18, and a most beautiful day. Surgeons came aboard at quarantine.

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth, ran up to Carrollton, just above New Orleans, and disembarked, having been on the boat nineteen days nearly. Went into camp just outside the village, one-half mile back from the river, on the north side of the famous Shell Road, which leads to New Orleans, perfectly straight and level and surfaced with oyster shells, which ground down by wear, making a surface as white as chalk. The relief felt on landing can be better imagined than described, and spirits rose at once to their normal condition. All landsmen now experienced for the first time a peculiar sensation while their sea legs were still on, for none could walk without swaying, and the good old solid frame of the earth itself for several hours seemed to swim with the motion of the boat. Great clumps of fan palms dotted the

broad fields back of the camp ground. We were encamped right on the edge of Carrollton, and when retired to our white tents at night could hear incessant crowing of cocks and barking of innumerable dogs. As the boat drew up to Carrollton, Orderly Pickering saw on the shore an old neighbor and friend, Matthew Culver, of the Eighth New Hampshire, who was laid off because of wounds received at Labadieville in October previous.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "PROMETHEUS."

Now when, because of the protest of Lieutenant-colonel Frost, a change was made by the embarking officers whereby only two companies, A and D, and nineteen men and a lieutenant of Company H, as has been shown, were assigned to the "Green," then Company I and the residue of Company H returned to the old camp at Jamaica. The way on the march back was very muddy. They reached the camp ground at 7 o'clock in the evening, so completely exhausted that they could not pitch their tents, and so passed the night in the open air.

On the afternoon of December 3 snow fell, which changed to a fine, drizzling rain, continuing till late into the evening. Just after dinner orders were received to break camp, and in the rain the balance of the regiment dropped the tents, and at 3.30 marched to Brooklyn, where, upon their arrival, the boys were received by the ladies of that opulent borough with the wildest enthusiasm and every demonstration of patriotism that loyal hearts could devise. Here they were quartered in the Brooklyn City Armory, and slept nights on the floor. The loyal people fed all most bounteously. Few of the names of these good people can now be ascertained; but it is remembered that a Doctor Hurd, amid great jollity, presented the boys with a fine dressed hog weighing 208½ pounds. Among many such a Mrs. Hitchcock and young daughter, on Henry street, kept open house, and invited all soldiers to their tables. Lieutenant Moore, Sergeants Courtland, Wallace, Orme, Corporal Trickey, and Musician Horney partook of their hospitality at supper, where, with many others, they feasted on oysters, steaks, bread and butter, coffee, and apples.

After breakfast of the fourth, Companies G, E, and I, and the residue of Company H marched a mile to the wharf at South ferry, whence by the tug "May Be" they were trans-

ferred to the new but small propeller, "Prometheus," which lay some distance out in the stream. This detachment was commanded by Colonel Kingman. It was nearly noon when the embarkation was completed. The march to the wharf was exhilarating, the band, which took passage on this boat, playing a quickstep, and the streets being crowded with cheering and enthusiastic citizens.

As her suggestive name would indicate, the "Prometheus" was a splendid craft. All her lines were the perfection of utility and the shipwright's art, and she spread a cloud of snowy canvas that was a marvel of grace and beauty. It seems that small boats were selected for this service, as those of heavy draft could not pass the bar at the Mississippi delta. The boys were stowed aboard as were their comrades of the "James S. Green." On this day they had hard bread for dinner, a dish of coffee for supper, and nothing for the next breakfast — a sudden change from plenty to the soldier's fare.

At 2 P. M. of the fifth the boat gave three blasts of her whistle, and started on her voyage in a storm, the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; and as the spires of the great city sank gradually below the horizon, all took a last but silent farewell of the mighty and loyal North — many of them never to see it more. On passing the forts, a shot was fired from one of their guns, throwing up a great jet when it struck the water. The night was a rough one, but toward morning the sea grew calmer, and the full, round moon shone down most gloriously on the wide expanse.

The sixth was very cold, and all the deck and rigging was sheeted with ice. At dark it clouded up, and the wind rose to a gale. There was merriment aboard as the boat skipped over the stormy ocean, rolling from beam's end to beam's end and spilling occasional sleepers from their berths. Mighty billows swept the deck and poured down the hatches

in torrents, sometimes threatening to engulf the ship. She rolled so that the boats on deck dipped water and her signal lights were lost. About 12 o'clock a kettle containing a little grease, which stood on the furnace, took fire and blazed up furiously, upon which someone caught up a pail of oil, supposing it water, and dashed it upon the seething mass, and instantly the whole ship's galley was in flames. The cry of fire was raised, and there was momentary panic aboard; but in a moment more the sailors flooded it with a stream of sea water from a great pump near-by, and the fire was subdued.

The seventh was extremely cold and rough, and the decks were strewn with all loose things in inextricable confusion. One man was stabbed by being thrown upon his own dagger. In the officers' quarters broken furniture, swords, belts, watches and coats, and hats and boots are scattered everywhere, and the officers themselves are the embodiment of despair. About midnight anchored in Hampton Roads under the very guns of Fortress Monroe, the decks, shrouds, and every part exposed to the air coated thick with ice, but which soon melted in the morning sun. At 2 o'clock in the morning it cleared off, and the moon shone out. On the other hand are the "Rip Raps," and not far off Hampton Court House is a beautiful spectacle in the land. The Sixteenth New Hampshire came in this morning. There is a rumor that a boat went down with a Massachusetts regiment aboard, and all were lost. The "Prometheus" here had a ventilating pipe put in, so that the hatches could be closed down and battened, and the preparations indicated a mighty struggle ahead with storm and raging billows. All are now reduced to hard bread and raw pork, as cooking is forbidden since the fire in the galley.

The ninth was a very beautiful day. Sea birds fly about in countless numbers, which delight the soldiers much. The

Chesapeake waters are broad and beautiful and animated with shipping. A British man-of-war came in to these waters, and received a salute from the fort.

Eleventh still warm and water smooth as a mirror, except when disturbed by the ever-present dolphins in their wild sports. The antics of these monsters are really laughable as they chase each other and sometimes leaping twenty feet out of the water, and the air about the vicinity of the ship is full of sea birds at their play.

Late in the night of the twelfth sighted the lights of Hilton Head, and on the approach of day steamed into the harbor, where we were visited by the provost marshal and other officers, and after some delay ran alongside of a schooner and commenced to coal.

About noon of the fourteenth a boat drew up and took off the Company H and I boys for a two hours' visit to the shore, upon whose return the rest were to enjoy a similar treat.

NOTE. Extract from a soldier's diary, Corp. H. C. Paige, of Company E: "Wednesday, the tenth. This is one of the most beautiful mornings that ever dawned upon the earth. The sun shone with all its beauty and splendor upon the Chesapeake. The captain came on board at 9 o'clock from Baltimore, where he had been to get a new pilot and some signal lights to replace those lost in the gale. At 10 o'clock the whistle sounded, and we bid farewell to these waters; at half-past ten we passed Cape Henry lighthouse, and stood directly out to sea, bearing a southeasterly direction."

NOTE. Extract from diary of Corporal Paige, of Company E: "Passed Cape Hatteras at 6 o'clock and struck into the Gulf Stream, with water at blood heat. It was delicious to wash your face and hands in its waters. We saw plenty of dolphins to-day playing about the ship. All day on the ocean without seeing a single sail or any-land; the scene is magnificent: sounded at 10, and found no bottom: at 12, no bottom: at 2, forty fathoms: at 4.30, twenty-two fathoms: and leaving the Gulf Stream make for land."

"Friday, the twelfth. The weather fair and beautiful; sea calm and everything lovely; passed one sail to-day; a pleasant sun all day."

Meantime the rest were coaling the ship. But the H and I boys overstayed their time till dark, thus shirking their share of the work and apparently overreaching the rest in the matter of their visit to this historic point. But as the coaling was not completed, on the next day, which was Sunday, Companies E and G took their turn at the shore, and were very cordially received and entertained by the Third New Hampshire. When they landed the Third was attending service and being addressed by their chaplain, Henry C. Hill, from Proverbs 13:15: "The way of the transgressor is hard." He discoursed on the apocryphal Adam as the great primal transgressor, and alluded to Albert W. Lunt, a soldier who had been shot on the first day of the month for crime.

Many found old acquaintances and neighbors in the Third and Fourth, and dined with them on beef, potatoes, soft bread and butter, cabbage, beet pickles, and coffee, which proved a great treat after the stewed peas, and minute and hasty puddings and molasses of the ship.

This island appears to have sunk several feet at no very remote period of its history, as there are the remains of tree trunks standing in the water far out from the shore even at low tide. During the absence of the E and G boys, the H and I boys rebelled against the menial service of shoveling

NOTE. Extract from Corporal Paige's diary: "Saturday, December 13. The weather fair and delightful; at 8 o'clock in sight of Port Royal; the stars and stripes floating there look beautiful in the sun. Cast anchor at 9.15 within a half mile of Fort Walker; two companies went ashore."

"Sunday, the fourteenth. Warm, pleasant, and cloudy. We are here taking in coal. Went ashore at 9 o'clock and stayed till 5. Saw a number from Manchester I knew, and was glad to see them. Saw H. L. Davis, my nephew; he made me a present of a splendid pipe. Saw the battle-ground of Commodore Dupont and Sherman, and the effects of the battle there. Attended service of the Third regiment, and had a good time with the boys."

coal, and the captain was compelled to employ negroes in their stead. So on the whole it appears that the H and I boys, even so early in their career, were acquiring the tact and address of veterans.

A heavy swell was rolling on the morning of the fifteenth as the "Prometheus" glided out once more upon the ocean's bosom, which now was animated with shipping, and a magnificent rainbow, glowing in all its prismatic hues, reared there its mighty arch.

On the sixteenth, off the Florida coast, below Cape Canaveral, under both steam and sail, no land in sight.

At 4 o'clock of the seventeenth the wind was blowing a terrific gale, and the waves ran mountain high, and the night was far the roughest yet experienced. It will be remembered that the "James S. Green" encountered a "Norther" on the night of the sixteenth, and at 4 o'clock of the seventeenth it appears this same gale struck the "Prometheus," she being at the time some three or four hundred miles further south. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth the "Prometheus" passed the One Hundred and Fourteenth New York on another boat.

On the eighteenth were close in shore, and Indian settlements could be seen on Florida Islands. The eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth still continued rough, but the twenty-first was a pleasant day. Sunday services aboard. Commenced with singing and then music by the band, tune "Boylston"; second and one hundred and seventh Psalms read by Chaplain; music by band and singing, "Old Hundred"; prayer by Chaplain. In the morning hove in sight of Herne Island, and at noon Ship Island, and at 3 o'clock steamed into the harbor, the good ship being piloted in by John Beecher, of Company I, who was familiar with these waters. Here Colonel Kingman and Quartermaster Moody left the boat, and took passage by a mail steamer through lake Pontchartrain for New Orleans.

Here it was learned that the destination was up the Mississippi, and in two hours more the ship was again under way, and at noon of the twenty-second was in its muddy waters. At 7 o'clock hove in sight of land, and at 10 was fairly in Pass l'Outre, with her low and grassy banks. There were wrecks at Pilottown, and a lighthouse. Some fishermen live here; the little houses are all on stilts. The comical appearance of the Louisiana pelicans caused much merriment. The depth of the stream is said to be two hundred feet, but one is surprised at its narrowness unless he reflects that this is but one of many outlets to the sea, some of which are mighty rivers in themselves. One of these great streams which compose the delta drains the Mississippi from a point hundreds of miles to the north from the Red river, just before its junction with the great father of waters. Men at Forts Jackson and St. Philip cheered and fired a salute. On the trip up the river the band played its liveliest airs. Above the forts were seen the "Verona," destroyed by the rebel ram when Farragut ran the forts, and near her the ram also lay a wreck. The stream is full of driftwood and floating logs above the forts, and on reaching the delectable regions of the rice and sugar fields and orange groves, loaded with their ripe fruit, a delightful fragrance filled the air. Women threw oranges at us and waved their handkerchiefs as the ship rushed by.

Came to anchor on the morning of the twenty-third, at New Orleans. Dories swarm around our boat laden with oranges and other fruits and delicacies for sale. In the afternoon steamed up to Carrollton, eight miles, bade the good ship farewell and all were drawn up in line on the levee. Marched through the city on the shell road, the band playing, and were received at camp with the wildest cheers by the A, D, and H boys, who preceded on the "James S. Green." When the "Prometheus" arrived the "Green" contingent was at

drill under Lieutenant-colonel Frost. He immediately gave the order to "break ranks," when all rushed to the river to meet their long lost brothers. Like her little sister, the "Prometheus" was also nineteen days on the voyage. Sergeant Trickey, of Company I, was sergeant of the guard on the day of the arrival.

The following is a concise summary of events at Carrollton, from the arrival of the devoted band of the "James S. Green," till the arrival of their comrades on the "Prometheus" and "Cambria":

December 20. A clear, warm day. Put things generally to rights, and explored the strange land.

December 21. Sunday. Clear and warm. Moved camp across the road. The "Eastern Queen" arrived with seven companies of the Sixteenth New Hampshire Volunteers.

December 22. Clear and warm.

December 23. Clear and warm. Companies E, G, I, and the rest of Company H arrive on the "Prometheus"; great rejoicing. Captain Johnson officer of the day.

December 24. Warm and cloudy, with slight rain. Inspected by Colonel Dudley, who was very severe on the officers on account of the ill condition of the guns; no excuse would pass.

December 25. A warm and very beautiful day. Skirmish drill.

December 26. Cloudy, but warm and pleasant. "Cambria" arrives with the rest of the regiment; eleven guns fired on the river. Rumor Burnside defeated at Fredericksburg.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CAMBRIA."

December 3. Major Blair's detachment was ordered aboard the "Jersey Blue."

December 5. Major Blair's detachment ordered to remain at Brooklyn City Armory till future orders.

Thursday, the eleventh of December, 1862, in Brooklyn was a very pleasant day. The residue of the regiment, Companies B, K, C, and F, packed their knapsacks at the armory, and proceeded to the steamship "Cambria," which they boarded at 12 M., under command of Major Blair. The citizens of Brooklyn had become very friendly, many following to the wharf, and there taking leave with hearty handshakes and wishes of good luck and God speed. The boys were presented with a sheep and a shoate in passing, by the same Doctor Hurd, and there was long and deafening cheering for the grand old "hog man." These gifts were reared aloft on bayonets, and carried aboard in triumph, the most irrepressible antic of the globe, Cal. Pennock, of Company B, familiarly known as "Pizarinktum," officiating in the height of his glory. The following card was published in the Brooklyn papers:

A CARD.

The Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment ask leave to return, in this simple manner, their sincere thanks to the mayor and many of the citizens of Brooklyn, for their kind attention and liberality to our regiment while stopping in their city. Postmaster Lincoln, the pastor and congregation of the Pierrepont Street Baptist Church, Mrs. A. M. Hitchcock, 204 Henry street; Doctor Voorhees, 89 Henry street; Doctor Hurd, 78 Henry street (who goes the "whole hog"), and many others whose names we are unable to ascertain, more than made up for the negligence of those whose duty it was to provide for us.

We cannot now repay you, but we can promise that Brooklyn will never be forgotten by the boys of the New Hampshire Fifteenth.

National Grey's Armory, December 5, 1862.

The "Cambria" was a new iron ship, a beautiful craft of English build, and was captured in an attempt to run the blockade with a load of guns for the enemy.

Lay at anchor in the harbor all of the twelfth, which was another very beautiful day.

The morning of the thirteenth was foggy. At sunrise the ship started on her unknown voyage for the sunny land of Dixie, on the same day, as has been shown, that the preceding steamers were coaling—the "James S. Green" at Tortugas and the "Prometheus" at Hilton Head. Like all craft passing out through the narrows, she was approached by a warship, and accosted as to her purpose and destination. The "Cambria" stood boldly out to sea. Passed Barnagat light at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Sunday, the fourteenth, at 4 P. M., off Cape Henry. This day and the fifteenth were both very pleasant. At 8 o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth, off Cape Hatteras; splendid rainbow in the morning and afternoon also. On the night of the fifteenth, at the same time that the "Green" encountered the hurricane off Mobile, the same tempest here lashed the ocean into terrific fury, and there was untold suffering aboard. Such was his anxiety for the safety of his command that Major Blair passed this whole night in the wheelhouse with the officers of the boat. It was on the seventeenth that the same gale struck the "Prometheus." The boat was often engulfed by mountainous seas that broke over her decks; during the gale she was driven many miles from her course, but her engines worked on, and at 3 P. M. of the sixteenth she passed Charleston, S. C.

Wednesday, the seventeenth, was a very fair day, but all this while out of sight of land and outside of the Gulf Stream.

Left the Gulf Stream on the Bahama side to avoid its adverse current, and with all sails set, steamed along under the trade winds, which here blow in the direction of the ship's course.

At 2 o'clock, off St. Augustine, on the eighteenth. Magnificent swells were rolling on the ocean.

The nineteenth was also very warm and pleasant. On the great Bahama banks; the ocean is shoal here, its snow-white floor having been raised by the coral insect, and on this shoal, extending for more than five hundred miles, rest the three thousand little islands which constitute the Bahama archipelago.

Sombrero light at 9 o'clock A. M. of the twentieth; off Key West at 1 P. M. On the margin turtles were seen that would weigh eight or nine hundred pounds each.

On the twenty-first, coaled at Key West, then stood out into the gulf at dark with a northwest wind, under a full cloud of canvas, on a course one point north of west. At one time the island of Cuba could be seen in the far misty offing. While coaling, the shore was visited. It is a tropical island, abounding in gardens of lemon and cocoanut, ferns, corn and squash, and the wildest profusion of flowers, and myriads of butterflies flitting in the sun.

The twenty-second was a rough day, and there was much suffering on account of the terrible "mal de mer." Under both sail and steam now, but on the twenty-third there was scarce wind enough to fill the sails, and the gulf was smooth as a lake.

NOTE. Extract from diary of Aaron Davis: "After passing Hatteras: cooks were making mush. Boys found fault. Boys complained to Major Blair, so Blair said to cook, 'Give me a ration just the same as you give the boys: don't make any distinction.' He ate, then said, 'Cook, that is very good, but I want you to hereafter give the boys more mush and a good deal more molasses out.' When off Hatteras tremendous gale: lost ground. Gave sails to the breeze: tremendous creaking when they filled: some one asked the cook what he was going to have for breakfast. 'A watery grave, —— ——!' Water was so rough couldn't cook anything in galley."

The twenty-fourth was a very beautiful summer day, with showers and sharp lightning in the morning. At 1 o'clock p. m. ran alongside a brig, the "General Berry," at Ship Island, and took on forty tons of coal; then left for the Mississippi delta at dark.

At 3.30 a. m. of the twenty-fifth laid to off the bar at Pass l'Outre for a pilot till 7.30, when we crossed the bar and steamed up the river. Passed "St. Philip" and "Jackson" at noon. Are greeted with songs by the colored people on the shores and the waving of bandannas. The boys also indulge in songs, and many youthful pranks. As the quiet summer night comes down, the good ship moves majestically on mid the hum of myriad nocturnal creatures, and while the crescent moon and certain particular bright stars burned in the western sky with wondrous brilliancy. Dropped anchor at the Crescent city at 9 in the evening.

On the twenty-sixth steamed to Carrollton, disembarked, and at 3 p. m. were received with tremendous cheering by the comrades of the "Green" and "Prometheus"; joined the rest of the regiment at the camp on the shell road.

And thus, after tempestuous voyaging and the terrible distress of the sea, relieved by that bright modicum of pleasure which heaven so grudgingly vouchsafes to mortal man, all were safely reunited in this teeming land of the cotton and the cane, and rice, the magnolia, and the prolific orange, whose spicy groves, bending with their golden fruit, are like our young dreams of paradise and Araby the blest.

The "Cambria" was fifteen days on the voyage, which was without remarkable incident, except as has been already related. The food, for which few had little use, was fresh beef, salt beef and pork, Indian meal and rice, hard bread, beans, stewed peas, Indian and flour pudding, and molasses, etc., with tea and coffee. The water was mainly condensed from sea water in the boilers, although there was

water in casks on deck, but which soon became ropy, and acquired a bad taste and odor. The cooking was largely done by steam from the boilers.

Were it not for the "mal de mer," which I have not attempted to describe, these voyages would have been most delightful, but that terrible scourge prostrated all alike, both officers and men, except a fortunate few — 'tis no respecter of persons ; like the Jamaica rain, it fell on the place beneath. So during rough weather the suffering was intense ; but at times of calm all sought the upper decks, and were there deeply interested spectators of the boundless and ever-changing panorama of earth and sea and sky, and the ceaseless wonders and unspeakable beauties of nature.

There were rumors that the "Alabama" was cruising off the Mississippi delta, and some fear of capture was felt aboard the "Cambria."

The boys still remember and laugh over the incident of the apples on the "Cambria." The steward had several barrels aboard, which he was taking along to New Orleans, probably as a private speculation. The boys became hungry for some, and proposed to buy, but the steward named what was thought to be an extravagant price. Nothing more was said after this, but the head of a barrel dropped out occasionally, by accident, till all were empty. On this discovery the old steward was a great mourner, but the hat was passed in New Orleans, and a sum raised sufficient for his remuneration.

In the card of thanks, as published at the departure from Brooklyn, there is a reference to a neglect of duty ; but this neglect was probably wholly due to inexperience. The hardships at the race course were extreme until the A tents and straw arrived. But all these things the government provided in great abundance ; the only matter was to obtain them. Our quartermaster, like all others, had his trade to learn. He became a very efficient officer, and later won high promotion ; woe then to any man or circumstance that stood in

the way of his duty. He could whip out his sword, and cut the Gordian knot of red tape without the slightest hesitation or remorse and in such haste that he would scarce stop to swear or drink till the deed was done.

The regimental horses went by some boat now forgotten, probably, in company with many others, on a transport fitted up for their accommodation. I had almost forgotten to say that our colonel's horse and rich trappings, as well as his elegant sword, were presented to him by his fellow citizens at the time of his going into camp at Concord; as was also Major Blair's. The horses must have suffered from the terrible "mal de mer" as much as the men. Major Blair's horse was a Morgan, named "Billie," and very intelligent, and so much akin to humanity that it was afflicted with fever and ague on its return, and shook in its stall like an old soldier.

NOTE. Upon the embarkation of the regiment many sick were sent to hospitals in New York city, and afterwards as convalescents to Bedloe's Island, where now stands the great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which was presented to the United States by the French republic. Here Sergeant Nye, of Company H, who was one of those so left, prepared a list of about one hundred convalescents who belonged to the Banks expedition, and having procured the necessary authority, sailed with them to New Orleans on a transport loaded with horses for the Army of the Gulf.

ARMY LIFE AT CARROLLTON. CAMP WILLIAMS. CAMP
MANSFIELD.

[Name of Camp Williams, on shell road, changed to Camp Mansfield by general orders, December 27, 1862.]

The camp at Carrollton, to which the first contingent was assigned, was designated Camp Williams, in honor of Gen. Thomas Williams, who fell in battle at Baton Rouge, in August of this year; in the thick of the fight his head was carried away by a cannon ball.

At the inspection of the twenty-fourth, by Colonel Dudley, ball-cartridges were ordered, and forty rounds, distributed to each man. In the forenoon there was battalion drill, and in the afternoon skirmish drill; the line taking spaces, advancing and firing, and then falling to reload.

The twenty-fifth was a very fine day and a very busy one, for, although a day of general scouring and polishing, there was no cessation of the regular duties and drill and another inspection.

The twenty-sixth, the date of the "Cambria's" arrival, was another most beautiful day, of which there was a long, unbroken series now, resembling those matchless days of our New England autumn, and which are known there as the "Indian summer." Birds sing around us the same old tunes of home, and crows and black birds fly about, and flowers are in bloom. Usual drill, and dress parade at sunset.

There was a slight shower in the forenoon of the twenty-seventh, but the day was otherwise another peerless one. And now the whole regiment is mobilized in this beautiful land and clime, and the indefatigable Blair appears on the scene. Our colonel, at drill and parade, on his fine horse, is tall and stately, and solemn as a Washington. The men are proud of him, and would follow him to the cannon's mouth. Lieutenant-colonel Frost, an officer of the highest character,

of approved abilities, a brave man, a true patriot, is but little seen, and appears to be a man of inordinate diffidence and modesty. Major Blair is tall and slight in form, precise in dress and bearing; his horse prances about like a centaur. He is red-haired, nervous, fiery, tireless — nothing escapes him. The blundering and awkwardness along the line, to him, are seemingly inexcusable. He would drill the boys interminably, but they should do better; but the colonel is very lenient. None but those who have thus served can realize the extent of the military art and the marvellous intricacy of its movements, and the prodigious labor in acquiring the trade of a soldier. Independent and individual effort is utterly futile and amounts to nothing; the whole must act as a unit and drill till they anticipate the order and move as though by instinct. On this day quantities of lumber are received, and all the tents are raised from the ground and floored.

Sunday, the twenty-eighth, was warm and still, and like one of those summer days in the old home, when the clock ticks so loudly and we hear music of birds and insects and the hum of unseen myriads. Inspection in the morning; dress parade at sundown. At 11 o'clock, after inspection, the regiment marched quite a distance to a garden in rear of a mansion house, where it formed a hollow square, facing inward, under a magnificent oak whose broad-spreading arms and pendant mosses easily sheltered all, and there were addressed by the chaplain. Text, Isaiah 63:16: "Thou, O Lord, art our father."

Monday, the twenty-ninth, continued summer. Many barefooted and bareheaded children are gambolling around; usual drill and dress parade at the end of the day.

Thirtieth very heavy shower in the forenoon; usual drill and dress parade.

Thirty-first, Wednesday. Beautiful day ; the last of 1862. Drill ; inspection ; dress parade at sundown ; tattoo ; taps ; lights out. The dreadful year is done ; but the morning reveille ushers in another still more dark and bloody, in many respects the most terrible of all America's history.

On Sunday, December twenty-first, as before stated, the camp was moved just across the shell road, and the new encampment was designated Camp Mansfield, in honor of a distinguished general in this department. This General Mansfield was a giant, six feet six inches in height and of large frame, weighing well nigh four hundred pounds. He wore a giant's sword, expressly made for him. He rode a horse which, with its rich trappings and his own person in full armor, weighed an even ton of two thousand pounds. Here stood some empty houses which could be used for officers' quarters.

On the twenty-fourth, two days before the "Cambria's" arrival with the last detachment of the regiment — Companies B, C, F, and K — that portion already on the ground, as has been noted, was inspected by a regular army officer, who was terribly severe on the officers. The guns and accoutrements, just from seaboard, were rusty and dirty and ill-conditioned to the last degree ; and the men were no better than their belongings, and could hardly stand erect and steady on solid land. What with making camp and moving same, and other imperative demands of the situation, no moment of time had been given for putting them into that high state of perfection required by such exacting service. The men were mostly green boys from the woods of New Hampshire, and knew nothing of that immaculate, material condition, nor that absolute obedience and demeanor and untiring industry and vigilance required of soldiers in actual military life. More than half of these men had just arrived the day before ; but there could be no excuse nor palliation.

PERSONAL MENTION, PRIVATE LETTERS, AND INCIDENTS.

It seems fitting here to give place to a few lines of personal mention and incidents. As illustrating something of the amenities and fraternities of a soldier's life, it is pleasant to note the meeting of old neighbors and friends and brothers, who are serving in other organizations. While the "Prometheus" awaited orders at New Orleans, Joseph Horn, a Rochester boy, but then a member of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, came aboard, and finding Sergeant Trickey, of Company I, told him his brother, John P. Trickey, a sergeant of Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers, was somewhere about; and upon landing at Carrollton he proved to be almost the first man in sight. He piloted the way to Camp Mansfield. Sergeant Trickey in his diary says in relation to this: "We took supper together at the band tent with Charles Horney." It seems to have been here decided to visit the camp of the Eighth New Hampshire at Thibodeaux, some fifty miles away, on the other side of the river. The party consisted of Sergeant Trickey and his brother, who may be considered the host, Captain Pinkham, and Lieutenants Kimball and Huse; they secured passes for three days. They crossed the river by boat to Algiers, and thence proceeded by rail. This meeting of brothers and old acquaintances was a pleasant one, and very much was to be said about affairs and people at home, as well as matters of war, which was in those times the all-absorbing topic everywhere. The battle of Georgia Landing, or Labadieville, in which the Eighth took part and received its first baptism of fire, had been lately fought, and was here discussed at length. Lieutenant Main, of John P.'s company, privately told Sergeant Trickey that John P., his brother, in the said battle exhibited great gallantry, and was promoted on that account. In walking back to the cars from the camp of the Eighth, dandelions

were seen in bloom, and frogs were croaking. It is the twenty-sixth of December. The railroad was guarded by negro troops for its entire distance. On reaching New Orleans, Sergeant Trickey had several hours to spare before his pass expired, which he employed in a visit to the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts at the custom house, and dined with Sergt. Joseph D. Horn, before mentioned; they fared sumptuously. Sergeant Horn never returned, dying at New Orleans September 25, 1863. Sergeant Trickey returned to the Carrollton camp at 9 o'clock P. M. with Captain Pinkham and Lieutenant Kimball, and finding two letters awaiting him from home, he violated the rules of the camp by burning a candle to read same after taps.

The scenery at the mouth of the Mississippi is serious and gloomy in the extreme; but as we ascend all changes to life and beauty. Nature is wonderfully prolific, and the land, though low and on one dead level, is varied by forests and cultivated field, and the sod pranked everywhere in Nature's lavish hand. The forests are gloomy, and mighty trees are draped in long pendant mosses that hang listlessly in the calm sunshine or gently sway in soft breezes. There are no waters, however, but the all-engulfing Mississippi. No brook there even the size of the Hudson river would venture to show its head or receive a name. The river in its characteristics stands alone among rivers, and is peculiar in many respects. For hundreds of miles of its lower course it is computed to run up hill. The earth in early ages was apparently a liquid mass which gradually cooled on the surface and formed a crust which still encloses the central fires. Had the earth been still it had gravitated to a perfectly globular form; but on account of its rapid revolution on its axis, the centrifugal forces bulged it at the equator to such an extent that the equatorial diameter exceeds the

polar diameter by about twenty-six miles. Up this increment, then, impelled by the same force, the river makes its way. At its best it is a sluggish stream, and the gulf is always full to the very brim, and threatening with every south wind to inundate all the land. Could we increase the speed of the earth's revolution, the waters of the gulf would recede, and thereby broad tracts would be reclaimed from the ocean; and if we could stay the earth's revolution then the river would run the other way and drain waters from the gulf into the mighty and teeming basin above. All earth's oceans then would rush to the poles, engulfing everything in its course, and finally settle them to a depth of thirteen miles. The river has made the broad land through which it flows by robbing the upper continent, and is still busily engaged in the work, its waters being freighted with the dark soil which it is still pouring down. On this light alluvial for many a hundred miles, like a serpent it lies writhing, and frequently in a single night it changes its mighty folds to right or left. Here it cuts across a bend and deserts a long stretch of old channel, leaving what were river towns, now far inland; and those deserted bends, their heads filling by some mysterious law of nature, thus form a series of beautiful lakes whose waters settle to be as clear as crystal. Here plantations of cane or cotton or square miles of primeval forests are swallowed up, while at the same time broad new acres are added to the opposite shore.

BRIEF MENTION.

Priv. Daniel Marston, Company K, detailed extra duty, quartermaster's department, October 30, 1862.

Priv. Levi Blake, Company A, detailed clerk, commissary department, October 30, 1862.

Priv. William Stearns, Company E, detailed orderly at general headquarters November 15, 1862.

Sergt. Jeremiah H. W. Tebbetts, Company I, detailed for ordnance duty during voyage November 22, 1862.

Lieut. W. T. Larkin, Company K; Privs. William I. Blake, Company A, George W. Tilton, Company D, and James Henry Wardwell, Company I, detailed for the signal service November 22, 1862.

Lieut. Alvah M. Kimball, Company I, detailed commissary of subsistence during voyage November 25, 1862.

Sergt. Ira A. Hill, Company A, Lieut. W. M. Durgin, Company D, detailed on transport "New Brunswick" November 25, 1862.

Sergt. George S. Whitney, Company B, detailed on transport "Quincy" November 25, 1862.

Privs. Eben Joy, Company D, Joseph W. Plummer, Company B, and Mark H. Winkley, Company G, detailed as hospital nurses December 4, 1862.

Sergt. Arthur L. Merrick, Company K, designated color bearer December 4, 1862.

Corps. Henry W. Howland, Company C, John Graham, Company E, William B. Chadwick, Company D, Thomas Dunlap, Company F, Hiram Hook, Company G, Charles McGregor, Company H, and Daniel C. Hussey, Company I, designated color guard December 4, 1862.

Sergt. James T. Gordon, Company A, designated right general guide December 4, 1862.

Sergt. Frederick A. Mitchell, Company B, detailed left general guide December 4, 1862.

B. A. Ricker, Company A, William N. Stevens, Company C, Edwin Batchelder, Company D, John C. Smith, Company E, John Caswell, Company F, Henry L. Robinson, Company G, Major A. Northrup, Company H, Otis F. Gowen, Company I, David C. French, Company K, detailed teamsters, to report to general headquarters December 27, 1862.

Cyrus Burbick, Company B, detailed for special duty at headquarters Brigadier-General Sherman as head wagoner December 27, 1862.

JANUARY, 1863.

Our camp at Carrollton — “Mansfield” — is a little white city on a broad, level green, fronting on the celebrated shell road or Carrollton avenue. It is a hive of industry, where universal order reigns and discipline, as with the proverbial bee. It is very beautiful by day and especially charming by night, when all its lights are trimmed and burning. Its aspect is one of peace, and the land and climate semi-tropical and delightful. Our camp is only one of many in the vicinity of New Orleans; it is just on the margin of Carrollton. The principal street of Carrollton is Levee street. The river front is a busy scene; mighty fleets are there passing to and fro, lying quietly at anchor in the stream or moored to the shore, and discharging troops, freights, and munitions of war in prodigious quantities. The river when full rises to the very top of the levee, which here is an immense and continuous bank of earth some twelve or fifteen feet above the land. It is a much frequented promenade on its broad top, and at its foot a small stream of leach water runs in a ditch. Looking toward the lake over a broad expanse, in the distance all terminate in swamps, where the cypress trees rear their lofty heads and everywhere draped in the funereal moss. Nearer, the land is studded with clumps of fan palms, with their great, broad, spiny hands. Among them fat, sleek cattle feed, which occasionally reach up and take a bite out of the succulent palm leaves. Between them and Carrollton are broad levels, where we drill. On excavating here we shall find that water will rise nearly to the surface. It is exceedingly brackish, and by stagnation becomes dangerously filthy and malarious. The surgeons make daily rounds to see that the ground is nowhere broken.

Passes were not difficult to obtain, and all who desired, by turns had days off to visit the city and other points of interest;

and all now having become inured to military life, were quite contented and happy. Sickness, however, broke in on the scene, and on the twelfth, death began his work and pursued it remorselessly to the end.

The following order of calls and sanitary orders in relation to cleanliness was soon promulgated :

Drummers' call at daybreak.

Reveille, 15 minutes later.

Police call immediately after reveille.

Surgeon's call, 7.30 A. M.

Breakfast, 8 A. M.

First call for parade and company inspection, 9.15 A. M.

Regimental parade, 9.30 A. M.

Drill call, 10 A. M.

Recall from drill, 12 M.

Dinner call, 12.30 P. M.

Fatigue call, 1 P. M.

First call for guard mount, 3 P. M.

Second call for guard mount, 3.15 P. M.

Recall from fatigue one half hour before retreat.

Drummers' call, 15 minutes before retreat.

Retreat parade, sundown.

Drummers' call, 8.15 P. M.

Tattoo, 8.30 P. M.

Taps, 15 minutes after tattoo.

Sunday inspection, first call, 9 A. M.

Sunday inspection, second call, 9.15 A. M.

Sunday church call, 11 A. M.

All other necessary calls will be sounded under brigade or regimental commanders.

This order was issued by Brig. Gen. T. W. Sherman, Wickham Hoffman, A. A. G. It shows what was the general routine of duty during the month. It does not show,

however, the menial drudgery of camp life—the cooking, the hewing of wood and drawing of water, the endless scouring of guns and buttons and brasses with emery paper and other polishes, and the blacking of boots, etc., which occupied nearly every spare moment of time.

EXTRACT FROM SANITARY ORDER.

“Officers are directed to see (1st) that soldiers wash the whole person at least once a week ; (2d) keep their clothes as clean as possible, and air their blankets every day in fair weather ; (3d) that the grounds about the tents are not broken, and company streets and grounds are kept scrupulously clean and neat. (4th) Officers are forbidden to drink any but cistern or river water, and are advised to drink as little as they can do with. (5th) All are advised to eat but one orange daily and at most not over two. (6th) All night air is to be avoided as much as possible. (7th) Abstain from eating except at meals. (8th) None will be allowed to wear his hair or beard long, and must wash the head thoroughly every day. (9th) Abstain from cider and whiskey, especially the latter. (10th) Not to be out of the tent after nightfall without the overcoat on.”

December 27, 1862, Surg. B. N. Towle was appointed sanitary inspector of camp and grounds of Fifteenth Regiment, to report in writing the condition at 4 o'clock P. M. each day at regimental headquarters. He will carefully inspect the tents, grounds, streets, kitchens, clothes, and persons of the several companies at 4 o'clock P. M. each day, and make a report in writing at these headquarters in the following form :

SANITARY INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

15th Reg. N. H. Vols.,

186 .

Companies.	Officers' tents.	Grounds.	Soldiers' tents.	Grounds.	Personal cleanliness.
A					
B					
C					
D					
E					
F					
G					
H					
I					
K					

Remarks.

Perfect cleanliness and neatness will be marked 1

A slight defect in any respect will be marked 1½

And so on up to 5, which will call for a public reprimand and punishment.

By command of

COL. JOHN W. KINGMAN.

EDWARD E. PINKHAM,

Adjutant.

EVENTS FOR JANUARY, 1863, BY DAY AND DATE.

January 1, Thursday. A bright and beautiful day; in the morning a white frost covers all the ground. This is the first frost of the season. The "Mississippi" arrives with the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts aboard. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin visited New Orleans—there it is a great holiday. Lieutenant Durgin returned to company. Twelve in regimental hospital. Roses in full bloom.

January 2, Friday. A very pleasant day; terrific shower in the night; incessant flashing and a continuous roll of thunder. Splendid skirmish drill in the afternoon; Captain Aldrich officer of the day; Lieutenant Wyatt officer of the guard.

January 3, Saturday. Warm and very pleasant. Splendid regimental drill to-day. Regiment has improved much, and the colonel at parade gave it some words of praise. Terrific shower in the night—rained all night; incessant flashes made it light as day; the ground shook with the thunder for an hour. Seven companies of the Forty-second Massachusetts left this morning for Galveston, Tex. Roses in bloom and honey clover; the grass is very fresh and green.

NOTE. Extract from Lieutenant Chadwick's diary: "The location of the camp at Camp Mansfield was not pleasant, being low and near the swamp; the ground very moist, and converted into mud of the most abominable kind as soon as the sod was broken or worn out; very slippery, and when dried by the wind, rough and hard; and from the river, earth, and swamps a poisonous malaria was constantly arising. The nights were cool, with heavy dews; days hot if clear, and much rain fell in frequent and heavy thunder showers, so that the camp ground and tents were often soaked, the water remaining on the surface for hours after the showers, and in low places and ditches always. These, and other causes, affected the health of the regiment unfavorably, many being attacked by fevers incident to the climate, and soon filling the hospital."

January 4, Sunday. Full moon. A very fine day ; company inspection. Forty-second Massachusetts returned upon learning that three of the companies were captured by the enemy at Galveston, the place having fallen into Confederate hands with great disaster to the Union arms. Sunday services ; text, Matt. 7:29—“He taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.” Beautiful groves of live oak in Carrollton. Rations very good except the fresh beef ; a post-mortem examination was held over some of this beef, but it could not be determined whether it died of old age or starvation. The common house fly is very troublesome, the tops of the tents are black with them where they collect at night ; the crickets sing the same familiar tune we knew at home ; and the frogs peep as though it were spring.

January 5, Monday. Very warm day. Company drills omitted on account of heat. Lieutenant Durgin returned to duty with Company D.

January 6, Tuesday. Beautiful warm day. Had dress parade, but no drill. Forenoon spent in polishing up in expectation of passing in review, with the rest of the brigade, before General Banks. Formed on the shell road at half-past one and waited till 4 o'clock ; he did not appear, however, and all marched to quarters and broke ranks. Thirteen guns fired up river—the general may be at the parapet above. Rumored that eight thousand Confederates are within five miles ; expect the long roll to be beat to-night. Lieutenant Perkins officer of the guard. Corporal Bullock, of Company F, out all night with others unloading a vessel.

January 7, Wednesday. Clear and cool. The Belgian muskets, which were brought from Concord, are exchanged for Enfield rifles. Forty rounds of ammunition distributed.

NOTE. Extract from diary: “Received of Tyler Longa many acts of kindness during my sickness in the hospital. January 4, 1863.

HORACE C. PAIGE.”

Companies B and C detached for provost guard duty in Carrollton. The "Belgians" were old, and converted from flintlocks; the Enfields were second hand, but good. At parade were jocularly enjoined by Colonel Kingman to think as much of our rifles as of the "girl we left behind us." The One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York regiments left for parts unknown. A. C. Haines, Company D, and others unload commissary stores from the steamer "Illinois."

January 8, Thursday. Clear and warm; very pleasant; cool nights. Citizens making their gardens in Carrollton; peas in bloom. Roses bloom all winter. Companies B and C left camp to do patrol duty in Carrollton.

January 9, Friday. Very beautiful day, but somewhat cloudy. Lieutenant Durgin officer of the guard. Visited by Elder Daniel Cilley, chaplain of the Eighth New Hampshire.

January 10, Saturday. Slight rain from 3 A. M. till noon. Captain Aldrich officer of the day; Lieutenant Chadwick officer of the guard. Steamer "Bio Bio" arrives from New York to New Orleans. The boys for pastime make rings and other trinkets from coal and lignum vitæ.

January 11, Sunday. Beautiful day. Company inspection. Orange trees in bloom and putting out their leaves. Sermon; text, Matt. 13:30—"Let the tares and the wheat grow together." Eighth New Hampshire Regiment encamped at Baton Rouge.

January 12, Monday. Very fine day. Charles G. Perkins, of Company B, died to-day of fever in the hospital; this is the first death in the regiment since leaving Concord. The body of Lieut. Prescott Jones, of the Sixteenth New Hampshire, was carried by, to be sent home for burial. Lieutenant Perkins sick and excused from duty. Brown, of Company G, sergeant of the guard, Lieutenant Huse officer of the guard.

Last night the guard was broken by the grand rounds; they succeeded in disarming five of them. Lieutenant Parker, officer of the guard, placed under arrest for being thus overreached; great stir. Parker was confined to his company street for two days, when he was fully exonerated; Kelley, of Company E, was sergeant of the guard. General Weitzel, with a force of infantry and artillery, aided by the gunboats under Lieutenant-commander Buchanan, crossed Berwick bay and attacked the rebel gunboat "Cotton" in the Bayou Teche; disabling which, it was burned by the enemy. Weitzel lost six killed and twenty-seven wounded. A number were killed and wounded on our gunboats, among whom was Lieutenant-commander Buchanan.

January 13, Tuesday. Warm and pleasant. The funeral of Charles G. Perkins took place to-day, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; the first military burial in the regiment. It cast a gloom over the whole camp. The entire regiment was formed with reversed arms while the procession passed.

January 14, Wednesday. Warm and cloudy day; rained in the morning. Companies K and E marched to Carrollton.

NOTE. Extract from letter of Lieutenant Perkins in relation to the grand rounds breaking through the line: "This is the hardest part of my duty, being lieutenant of the guard; we are obliged to be on twenty-four hours, and are not allowed to sleep, and have to keep on our feet most of the time. They are very strict with the guard, and if anything goes wrong, the blame is all on the lieutenant's shoulders. I have got along first rate so far, and so have all except Lieutenant Parker, of Company E, who has had some trouble. The officers of the post, who go round nights to look after the guard, found some of them rather slack, and succeeded in getting some of their guns from them. That night Parker was on duty; the grand rounds went to Colonel Kingman about it, and he came out in a great rage, and took Parker's sword away from him, and ordered him to his tent to await a court martial. The affair was settled without a court, the colonel acknowledging that he had been too hasty, and it appeared that Parker had done his duty faithfully."

Captains Hall and Stearns in command. Two men of Company E, two men of Company H, and one of Company I detailed to government bakery.

January 15, Thursday. Heavy rain and high wind; mercury at 72°. Paid off to January 1 in bright, new greenbacks, worth about forty cents on the dollar, which would make a soldier's pay in good money about five dollars per month or sixty dollars per annum, with clothing and blankets deducted from that. Lieutenant Larkin, who was detailed in signal corps, returned to Company K to duty. Captain Aldrich went to New Orleans, and carried \$1,000 of the Lake Village boys' money to send home.

January 16, Friday. Cold, westerly winds; slight flurry of snow in New Orleans; ice formed half an inch thick. Much of yesterday's pay was sent home by Adams' express; Company D sent \$1,090, Company G sent \$2,000. Lieutenant Alvah Kimball, Company I, left for home; talk of making Sergeant Wallace, Company I, second lieutenant, to fill vacancy caused by Kimball's resignation. Colonel Kingman and Major Blair both sick; Captain Aldrich in command of regiment, and officiated at dress parade.

January 17, Saturday. Cold and windy; ground froze, and ice formed half an inch thick. Captain Aldrich officer of the day.

January 18, Sunday. Cold, east wind blowing a gale. Charles B. Ela, Company C, accidentally shot in thigh, and died soon after amputation. Usual Sunday morning inspections; Company G inspected by Lieutenant Ayers. Captain Johnson sick; for treatment he went to the private house of a Mrs. Jordan, who was a bitter secessionist, but very kind to him. Ela was the tallest man of Company C, and received his wound at the hand of the shortest man of the company, Leonard M. Eudy. They were just relieved from guard, and in a playful mood Ela took on the point of his bayonet a

hollow soup bone that lay there, which Eudy undertook to knock off in a jocular way, when his gun discharged its contents into Ela's thigh, completely shattering the bones. Eudy was called the "bantam"; he afterwards became a physician, and died of small pox, November 29, 1876, at Bartlett, N. H., which disease he contracted in New Hampshire from a patient whom he was treating. He was a mere schoolboy at the time of this sad accident, and his sensitive nature was so deeply shocked that he never recovered from its effects.

January 19, Monday. Very heavy rain and mud knee deep; wind blows at night. All drill and parade omitted. Charles B. Ela, Company C, died. The sick in the hospital are, many of them, delirious; the disease is called camp fever, swamp fever, or climatic fever. Learn by the papers of the loss of the "Monitor" off Cape Hatteras. The hospital at Carrollton was a mansion house, which had been deserted by a Confederate; it contained six or eight large beds, with canopy tops and mosquito screens; besides these there were thirty or forty cots. There were screens on the doors and windows, and everything was clean and white as snow. It was soon, however, found inadequate, and the overflow was, in some instances, very poorly quartered. A man would be stricken suddenly with these fevers, and in an half hour his eyes would turn yellow, and vomiting spells would ensue; the skin would become hot so as to burn the hand like a hot gun barrel. In one hour the temperature would increase to 108° under the tongue, and soon the skin would also turn yellow, and in many instances, unless relief was afforded, the victim would die within a day's time. These diseases lurked unseen in the summer air and the bright sunshine like a pestilence, and as we shall soon learn, carried very many boys to untimely graves.

January 20, Tuesday. Pleasant, but very muddy. All parade and drill omitted. Captain Johnson sick; eleven

men went to hospital; Captain Hall sick. Preparing for to-morrow's monthly inspection. Charles B. Ela, Company C, buried at 4 P. M. Fiftieth Massachusetts Regiment arrived.

January 21, Wednesday. Clear and warm; mud nearly dried up. General inspection by United States army officer—a Captain Allen, of the Thirtieth Massachusetts. Captain Aldrich field officer of the day. Corporal Edwards, Company K, went to hospital.

January 22, Thursday. Very warm and pleasant indeed. Corporal Trickey, Company I, appointed fifth sergeant. Dress parade, but no drill to-day. Moved camp across the shell road to new and firmer ground; the old very muddy by constant tramping. Captain Gordon sick; E. C. Willard watched with him last night. The mud in the company streets had become three to six inches deep.

January 23, Friday. Very warm, bright day. After the 9 o'clock parade and battalion drill, with the Forty-second Massachusetts, One Hundred and Tenth New York, and Sixteenth New Hampshire, marched several miles on the shell road toward Lake Pontchartrain and back, under full arms and accoutrements and with knapsacks slung; General Dow in command. Captain Sanborn and Lieutenant Seavey, of Company H, both sick; Lieutenant Perkins in command of Company H. While the regiment was on the march, William H. Hodgman, Company E, died at Camp Mansfield, and was buried without the usual military honors, probably because his disease was malignant; he was delirious. Captain Osgood sick; Sergeant Brown sat up with him at night. While stopping for rest on the march, a carriage passed with several women in it smoking cigars. They created much merriment. It was thought that all women should be ladies; and all ladies and true gentlemen, also, are merely angels that still dwell in earthly temples—such as have not yet taken

their flight to fields elysian and paradises ; and it seemed the height of incongruity that women or ladies or prospective angels should smoke or chew tobacco, drink, or indulge in other animal excesses. It were as ridiculous as though the spirits of the unseen world should go unwashed or unkempt of their hair, and dress in overalls and cowhide boots ; however, such incidents enliven the occasion. Saw cows yoked to carts by pieces of joist lashed to their horns.

January 24, Saturday. Warm and very fine. Lieutenant Durgin officer of the guard ; Captain Aldrich field officer of the day. Usual Saturday scouring for Sunday inspection ; cleaning of guns and polishing of buttons and brasses.

January 25, Sunday. Warm and pleasant. Usual Sunday inspection. Lieutenant Chadwick in command of Company D ; regiment under command of Major Aldrich. Lieutenant Parker, Company E, officer of the day. Battalion drill and passed in review. Big mail received. Fire in Carrollton to-night — house and other buildings burned close to our camp ; the guard fired to give the alarm. P. M. boys excused from duty. All the peddlers hanging round the camp sent to the guard house. Captain Johnson attacked by fever and removed from camp.

January 26, Monday. Very warm and pleasant. At battalion drill and dress parade Captain Hall acted as colonel.

January 27, Tuesday. Cold, heavy rain ; cleared off just before night. All parade and drill omitted. Orders received to move up river to the parapet about two miles.

January 28, Wednesday. Cold morning ; very pleasant. Struck tents at 8 A. M., and marched in mud four inches deep, to the parapet, and encamped on same ground that had been occupied by the Sixteenth New Hampshire ; very hard day's work. Forty-second Massachusetts broke camp, and marched to New Orleans for provost duty. Captain Johnson went to a Mrs. Folia's, a private house in Carrollton, for treatment.

The Sixteenth had just vacated the ground on which we encamped, and left cook houses standing, which were utilized by us; our cooking had previously been done in the open air.

January 29, Thursday. Very pleasant. In the morning the ground was white as snow with frost. Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of brigade guard.

January 30, Friday. Very warm and pleasant; fine, cool breeze. Lieutenant Durgin in command of Company D. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Chadwick both sick. Colonel Kingman rode to camp on horseback — is quite feeble. Large force of negroes working on fortifications near by. Lieutenant Cogswell, Company A, sick to-day. Pickets brought in some rebel "skedadalers." Prepare for inspection to-morrow. The river has risen up to the levee. The "Iberville" came down river with seven hundred contrabands. Heavy fogs rise from the river at night.

January 31, Saturday. Very fine day; clouded up and rained a little just at night. General inspection by Major Blair. Wesley Fife, of Company D, died of fever in general hospital at Carrollton; the first death in Company D. Captain Johnson, Company D, was sick the last twelve days of the month, and was conveyed to a private house in Carrollton on the twenty-fourth. Lieutenant Chadwick, Company D, was sick the first five and last two days of the month. Captain Aldrich officer of the day. Very busy at depot; government teams loading with commissary stores. Steamer "Continental" arrives with more than one thousand men aboard, including the Fifty-third Massachusetts; they marched to our camp and pitched their tents. A. C. Haines, Company D, detailed to take care of a man sick with fever. Warren Comerford baking custard pies at regimental hospital.

Company A, morning report	January 31,	57	privates for duty.
“ D,	“ “	57	“
“ E,	“ “	57	“
“ F,	“ “	49	“
“ G,	“ “	49	“
“ H,	“ “	60	“
“ I,	“ “	57	“
“ K,	“ “	58	“

Companies B and C detached.

DETAILS AND BRIEF MENTION FOR JANUARY.

Priv. Augustus Merrill, Company A, detailed chief wagoner of the regiment January 1, 1863.

Priv. Everett B. Huse, Company C, detailed extra duty as clerk in division quartermaster's department January 1, 1863.

Companies B and C detailed to do provost guard duty in the city of Carrollton January 7, 1863.

Priv. William P. Gilman, Company C, detailed as nurse in hospital January 8, 1863.

Boards of inquiry were appointed to inquire into and report upon the loss of garrison and camp equipage in transit from Camp N. P. Banks to Camp Mansfield, for each company, January 8, 1863.

Sergt. J. H. W. Tebbetts, Company I, detailed on extra duty as mail carrier January 14, 1863.

Priv. David G. Lee, Company A, detailed as messenger January 15, 1863.

Priv. Augustus Merrill, Company A, detailed as chief wagoner, is returned to his company January 17, 1863.

Sergt. J. H. W. Tebbetts having been returned to his company, Charles C. Clark, Company H, is detailed as mail carrier.

Priv. Robert Richards, Company E, detailed on extra duty as teamster January 20, 1863.

Priv. John Gowen, Company D, detailed on extra duty as teamster January 20, 1863.

Priv. E. J. Morgan, Company B, detailed as nurse in hospital January 23, 1863.

Sergt. J. O. Wallingford assigned to duty as second lieutenant Company I, temporarily, January 24, 1863.

Sergt. J. H. W. Tebbetts assigned to duty as sergeant-major.

Order issued directing "schools of instruction" for officers January 27, 1863.

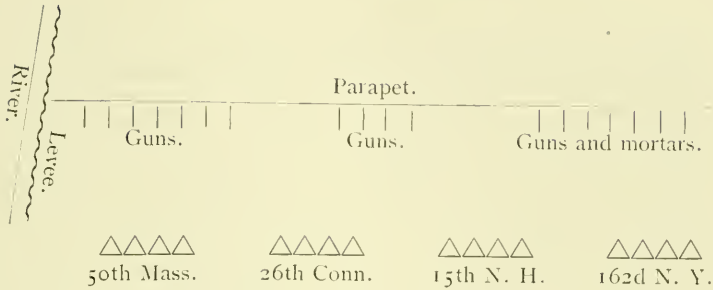
Sergt. Daniel Marston, Company K, detailed on extra duty in quartermaster's department, having been guilty of using disrespectful and insulting language to his superior officers, is returned to company and reduced to the ranks.

January 31, 12 officers, 12 non-commissioned officers, and 72 privates were reported sick; total, 96.

EVENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1863, BY DAY AND DATE.

February 1 finds us located in our new camp, called "Camp Parapet." An army is pavilioned here. The camp takes its name from an earthwork, which joins with the levee at the river front, and thence zigzags away northward for two or three miles, and terminates in an impassable cypress swamp toward Lake Pontchartrain. A broad swarth has been cut through the giant cypresses, so as to give cannon range to the lake. These trees grow up out of the water to a great height, without branches, except a tuft of foliage at the top; they stand there in eternal silence. The parapet faces up river, and is said to have been constructed by the enemy, under the charge of General Beauregard, for the protection of New Orleans from above, they apparently little deeming that it could be reached from below, with their mighty defences at the forts down the river; for there they had, besides the forts, a powerful fleet and a chain stretched from shore to shore. The parapet is a very accurate and scientific affair and a work of great strength, as shown in the accompanying map.

All its slopes were turfed and the ditch in front filled with water. It mounted at intervals many heavy guns. Ascending the inside slope to the four-foot level, here infantry could stand to man the works. In front of them rose a nearly perpendicular portion, over which they were to fire, and which was lined for the full length of the parapet with handsomely braided basket-work. This braided work was constructed by inserting stakes in the ground at regular intervals of about sixteen inches, and interweaving withes; the whole was clean and finished in the nicest manner. Contrabands swarm here, building new fortifications and repairing the old. Our camp is pitched back of the parapet about a quarter of a mile and a half mile from the river. Three other regiments, with which we are brigaded, under General Dow, are encamped with us, as by the following diagram:



There are 36 guns on parapet.

Here we settled into a daily routine of camp life, with seldom anything to break the monotony. Daily company, regimental, and brigade drills, Neal Dow, brigadier-general, commanding. How many and many times has our regiment marched in line and column, formed hollow squares, formed from column into line of battle, and from line back to column ; by fours, by platoons, by companies ; and charged quick and double-quick ; fixed bayonets and unfixed bayonets, and fired with blank cartridges under that burning sun and over a field left all in ridges by former cultivation to cotton or cane, until the whole could move as if by instinct like one vast machine.

NOTE. Extract from a letter: "I have thought that the scene here at Carrollton, standing on the levee and looking down the river at the time when the river is full to the top of the levee, some fifteen feet above the surrounding country, was the most charming of anything I have ever seen in nature. In December the orange trees are loaded with their luscious fruit, and I never saw more beautiful weather, even in our own New England Indian summers ; but later came on a rainy season, when all was mud and gloom, and innumerable crawfish crawled over the ground. But there is always fun in camp and some gay spirits that never flag nor die. The camp was always enclosed by a picket line, patrolled by guards walking prescribed beats, beyond which no one could pass without an order signed by proper authority. Sitting around this line in fine weather, many of them bringing their work, were ladies, young and old, with baskets of

fruit or cakes to sell, and conversation and trade went on across the line. A malarial fever carried many boys to their graves, and one could almost anytime hear the band playing a funeral dirge as the body was borne to its last resting place, preceded by a squad of comrades with reversed arms, who discharged their pieces at the grave. The boys were freely indulged with passes, and Carrollton and New Orleans frequently visited, and the shell roads from these cities to the lake were always crowded with pedestrians and mounted men, and every day had the appearance of a gala day. Once our whole company was marched to Carrollton to spend the day in pleasure, and some of the boys returned at night in a most happy state of mind. We marched home on the top of the levee: there was much hilarity. ‘Leap to the rear, leap!’ says one, and in executing the movement, rolled gracefully down the bank, and splashed into a ditch below.”

NOTE. Extract from a letter of Lieutenant Perkins:

“CAMP PARAPET, CARROLLTON, January 31.

Dear Jenny:

I don't feel much like writing to-night, but as there is a mail going next Monday I thought I would scratch a few lines in season to go at that time. We moved up to this place last Wednesday, and have just got comfortably settled down. I have had a very hard time for a week past, having to take charge of all the business of the company in addition to all the extra work of moving; and yesterday, to top off with, was obliged to go on guard for twenty-six hours without any rest or sleep, but I stood it first rate, and my health was never better than it is to-day. The captain and lieutenant have not done any duty for a week, but are improving, and I think will soon be able to resume their places in the company, and relieve me. About one half the officers are sick, but none of them seriously; it seems to me a sort of acclimating ceremony which all have to go through, and after that they soon become tough and hearty. I like here much better than where we were before: we are close by the river, which is lined with beautiful plantations and gardens. The houses are most of them fitted up in splendid style, and the gardens and groves are all that wealth and taste can make them—it seems like getting into paradise. This place takes its name from the fortifications which were built here by the rebels for the protection of New Orleans. It consists of a chain of earthworks extending from the river about three miles toward the lake, which comes within four or five miles at this place. It is a beautiful work, and must have cost an immense amount of

labor. The work was planned by General Beauregard, and was supposed to be ample protection against the Yankees from coming down the river, as it extends toward the lake to the woods and swamp, which is impassable to an army. The embankment is about thirty feet wide at the bottom, ten or fifteen at the top, and about eight feet high. The upper side has a steep slope, with a ditch thirty feet wide nearly full of water. On the lower or inside there is a sag or level place about five feet from the top, where the men can stand and fire over. It is built in a zig-zag form like a Virginia fence; the angles of different length from one to three hundred feet at the river, which it commands for a long distance as it crooks here towards the west. There are thirty heavy guns mounted, some of which will throw a ball four miles. There are also guns the whole length at intervals of half a mile or so, three or four in a place. Our camp is right under the wall within a few feet of the bank, on the very spot where General Lovell was with his twenty thousand when the city was taken: they destroyed most of the guns and burned the carriages when they left, and the ruins of these are lying here now. Some of the guns are in good order and are still mounted. The darkies here say the women worked like witches tearing up the platforms and carrying shavings to burn the gun carriages after the men had left. The houses here are all deserted, and are occupied as officers' quarters, hospitals, etc. Some of the fences and gardens have been destroyed, but most of them are kept in pretty good preservation. The furniture was taken possession of by the government and moved. Some of it got confiscated, however, as some of the tents are furnished with a pretty comfortable article in the shape of stuffed mahogany rocking chairs, and some of the windows of the cook house look as though they had seen better days. I went into a secessionist's house down to Carrollton the other day, which had been deserted by its owner, who I believe lives in New Orleans, and occupied it as a summer residence. It is now occupied as brigade headquarters. They left everything in the house just as it was, and it remains there now untouched, nice mahogany furniture, piano, sofas, beds, pictures, mirrors, parlor ornaments, etc., etc. I tell you my hands itched to get hold of some of those things; and then to see a nice bed with bedding all clean and unoccupied, and we poor devils lying on the ground or in the mud taking care of it for them while they are off fighting us at the North, I couldn't help wishing I had had the management of things for one week; if I had I guess somebody would hear something smash pretty sudden. The government is going to extend the works here and make an enclosed fort of some one or two hundred acres: the work was commenced yester-

But let us follow a day through. At half past nine the lights went out at taps. The Carrollton cocks crow and dogs bark. Five are in a tent; their guns stand up at the back, with the belt and cartridge box and cap pouch suspended from the bayonets; the knapsacks lie along for pillows. Two thicknesses of blankets are spread over the floor, on which we lie with blankets over us—and thus we sleep. But now what is that lone drum beating so early? It is the drummer's call—the morn is up. In fifteen minutes more all the drummers—one from each company—meet near the

day. They will employ twenty-five hundred to three thousand contrabands. A large steamboat landed here to-day. I wish you could have seen them, but I won't try to describe them as I can't do them justice. Our boys are all well, but we have two in the company who are pretty sick; one has a fever, the other has a swelling on his knee: he has done no duty since we landed, and probably never will. Think he will get discharged: he is from Walpole. I believe I have never written anything about James Morrison: he is head cook in our company, and is worth his weight in gold: he works day and night like a beaver, and seems to take as much interest as though it was his own. The men all like him very much. Pond is the same Pond that he was at home, only a good deal more so, and the others are all true blue. We have plenty of apples here: the fellows bring them here every day: they sell them two to four for five cents as to size. We can't buy less than five cents' worth here of anything. I have just bought twenty cents' worth of russets; they looked as though they might have grown on my own farm, and if we were sure of staying here I would have you send me a barrel by express: but there is no certainty about it—we may be ordered away in a week or we may stay here till our time is out. I don't give myself any anxiety about it, as I have learned to take things as they come along. I believe I wrote that our chaplain had gone home. We have Sunday, after inspection, instead of divine service, a battalion drill of about four hours: at any rate, we have had for two Sundays, and expect to have one to-morrow. If I write the same thing over three or four times you must excuse it, as I can't always remember what I have written.

Yours as ever and forever,

WASHINGTON."

colonel's quarters, and suddenly strike up a stirring and animated drumming that would alarm the sleeping world; it is the reveille. The flag now rises on its staff in the midst of the camp, and the sunrise gun is fired by the warship "Portsmouth," which lies here at anchor in the middle of the stream; it breaks wonderfully loud and inspiring on the still air. All the camp now bursts to life in an instant. Orderlies are falling in their companies, each in its own street, dresses it, and the roll-call immediately proceeds. Every man must be in line and answer to his name, fully dressed and buttoned — no slouching is permitted. The orderly calls his roll from memory alphabetically. It is but a few moments when police call is beaten. Blankets are taken up by their four corners and shaken in the open air; tents are swept out, and everything tidied up. At 7.30, at the surgeon's call, any who choose may present themselves, and under the orderly proceed to the surgeon for examination; those who feign sickness to escape duty or to secure a day off are there severely dealt with, but all the honest indisposed are kindly cared for by skillful hands. At 8 the orderly falls in the company for rations; they march each company by a hole in the wall of its own cook house, just back of the company street, and receive their rations, each on his tin plate, and a pint tin cup of coffee or tea, which they return to quarters to eat; the plates are washed and knives and forks scoured by jabbing them in the ground. At 9.15 each company is formed and inspected in its own street, and thus stands in readiness for the 9.30 call for regimental parade. The long roll is now beaten; the colors, borne by their nine picked men, are taken from the colonel's tent, and advance upon the field at a lively step. The band plays, the various companies emerge from the streets, and form line with the colors at centre on the broad level. Instantly the orderlies step a pace or two in front, reverse arms, butt up, and facing left, form a perfectly straight line; the officers then dress the companies up to this new line — "right dress! front!"

This is the 9.30 regimental parade. The morning reports are now made, and immediately the regimental or battalion drill is proceeded with, which lasts till 12 m.; then the dinner, and at 1 the fatigue call, which means the tidying up of the streets and camp. Guard mount at 3; this is a most beautiful and imposing ceremony, such as can never be witnessed except where large armies are encamped. Thousands of citizens from New Orleans and the surrounding country, mostly women and children, flock to see it. At sunset, retreat parade. The camp flag is lowered, and the "Portsmouth" discharges the sunset gun. Now dress parade closes the day; the line forms as at the morning parade, the band plays, and the captains march their companies to the broad esplanade, where they take their positions in the line of battle. The ceremony is very beautiful and imposing.

This was a month of incessant drill and unremitting, hard work. Major Blair is in command, the colonel being indisposed, and is conspicuously active and untiring. Every day the work goes on, except on occasions of intollerable rain and mud. It lets up a little Saturday, however, to allow for cleaning up and polishing for the Sunday inspection. And there is guard and fatigue and police duty.

The daily summary for February:

February 1, Sunday. A very pleasant day. Captain Aldrich officer of the day; Lieutenant Durgin in command of Company D. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Chadwick both absent sick at Carrollton; Lieutenant Moore inspected Company I. In the afternoon, as the old guard were discharging their pieces toward the river, the "Portsmouth" fired a heavy gun to signify that they must cease, as their bullets whistled round the ship. Gustavus Lovering, Company F, died at Carrollton, and was buried; his company, with the band, attended his funeral. (See page 20.) Henry W. Benton, Company B, accidentally wounded. (See

page 7.) A. C. Haines, Company D, returned to camp from hospital, and also Corporal Edwards, of Company K. At inspection everything reported in good order and condition. Corporal Paige, convalescent, of Company E, took care of Gustavus Lovering yesterday in hospital, the last day of his life.

February 2, Monday. Foggy morning, followed by a very fine day. It rained some during the first part of the coming night, but cleared off cold and windy. Usual routine till 4 P. M., when the whole brigade was reviewed by General Dow. The brigade as now organized consisted of the Sixth Michigan, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, Fifteenth New Hampshire, and the Twenty-sixth Connecticut. George F. Colby, Company F, died to-day at Carrollton. (See page 18.) Twelve attended the surgeon's call. Brigade review at 4 P. M. by General Dow. Guard mount to-day at 1 o'clock; old guard went on review.

February 3, Tuesday. Full moon; cold and windy; night extremely cold; ice formed and the ground froze. The One Hundred and Sixty-second New York broke camp to-day and marched off, and the Sixth Michigan came in and took their place. Captain Aldrich went to New Orleans and bought a stove for Company A. At company drill practiced firing with blank cartridges. Twenty-first Maine arrived to-day. Captain Johnson paid Mrs. Folia \$12 for one week's board for self and Charlie White. Water within four or five feet of top of levee and still rising. The river varies fifty feet between high and low water.

February 4, Wednesday. Cold and high northeast wind; cloudy; began to rain at 3 P. M.; heavy thunder storm in the evening; cold, rainy night. Aldrich captain of the guard; all of Company A on guard. Godfrey Johonnett joined Company E. Fiftieth Massachusetts left for up river. Birds fell dead from the trees on account of the cold; nurse at

hospital picked up a handful. Lieutenant Chadwick was obliged to leave camp on account of sickness, and was unable to return till March 11; he went to Mrs. Folia's to be cared for.

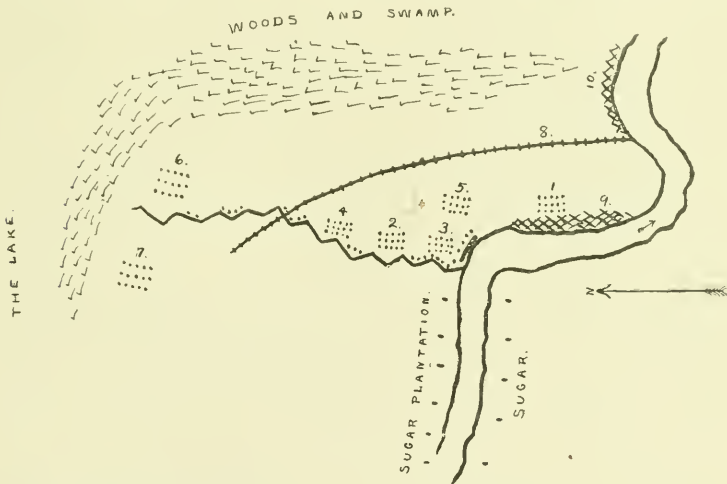
February 5, Thursday. Cold and blustering; mud very deep, on account of which there was no drill nor parade. Luther Stevens, Company K, sergeant of guard.

February 6, Friday. Cold; the ground froze last night. Lieutenant Durgin officer of the day. Colonel Kingman came to camp for the first time in two weeks, having been ill nearly all the time since leaving New Hampshire. Lieutenant-colonel Frost was also in camp; he has been unwell several weeks. First Lieutenant Ira A. Moody, quartermaster, appointed acting brigade quartermaster, to report to General Dow. Skirmish with rebel guerillas within six miles; could hear the firing. Five hundred contrabands arrive.

February 7, Saturday. A very pleasant day. Lieutenant Durgin, Company D, visited Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Chadwick, who are still sick at Carrollton. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York came to-day from New Orleans on steamer "Laurel Hill." Aldrich visited the Carrollton hospital and minutes in his diary that the "Carrollton hospital is conducted exceedingly well; men could not possibly be better taken care of away from home." Sergt. Luther Stevens bought fifteen boxes of blacking and fifteen brushes for Company K. Lieutenant Perkins visits a sugar plantation about two miles up the river. Its rich owner is absent in the Confederate army, but his family still remain and are protected by our guard. The plantation is now let by the government to a Mr. Curtis of Manchester, N. H., who is making a great profit by the transaction. There is considerable cane to grind yet, but the usual season for sugar-making is over. The cane is cut up and carted to the mill, where it is passed between two immense rollers that

express the juice in a stream, which is conducted to boilers holding four or five barrels each, in which it is boiled till it becomes thick. It is then carried to large shallow vats where it cools into sugar, and then put into hogsheads with perforated heads, which stand on end over a large vat into which the molasses drips. This vat is twenty by thirty feet, and five feet deep.

February 8, Sunday. Warm and very pleasant; usual company inspection. Lieutenant Durgin in command of Company D. Five men of Company K sent to Major Blair "for not keeping themselves clean," under Sergeant Stevens. Masons held occult meeting outside the parapet. Sidney C. Hill, Company A, went to hospital. We are now permanently brigaded under General Dow, with the Sixth Michigan, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, and the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, and are encamped as by the following diagram:



- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 — Our camp at Carrollton. | 6 — Zouaves. |
| 2 — Present camp. | 7 — Negro regiment. |
| 3 — 26th Connecticut. | 8 — New Orleans & Jackson R. R. |
| 4 — 6th Michigan. | 9 — Carrollton. |
| 5 — 128th New York. | 10 — New Orleans. |

Dots on parapet show where guns are mounted.

February 9, Monday. Warm and pleasant. Lieutenant Durgin officer of the day. Heavy fogs nights. P. S. Elliott and G. W. Snell, of Company G, appointed cooks. Grounds cleaned and tents raised. Leonard Weeks returned from desertion. Dress parade; no drill. Sergeant Stevens, Company K, acting lieutenant of the brigade guard; Perkins, Company H, officer of the day.

February 10, Tuesday. Warm and pleasant. Edward P. Lane, Company D, died at general hospital, Carrollton. Captain Aldrich field officer of the day; Lieutenant Woods, Company E, officer of the guard.

February 11, Wednesday. Warm, with fine showers. Orderly Ames and Private Hicks, of Company H, reprimanded by Blair for surreptitiously obtaining a pass and going to New Orleans. Edward P. Lane buried with military honors. Dress parade with white gloves. Lieutenant Cogswell detailed on General Dow's staff as acting aide-de-camp. Alfred A. Hanscomb, Company E, and Moses N. Holmes, Company H, detailed on extra duty as clerks at General Dow's headquarters; W. A. Hoyt as orderly at same. Corporal Bullock, Company F, out on picket twenty-four hours with one lieutenant, one sergeant, three corporals, and thirty men. Steamer "Laurel Hill" ran aground in the fog on the levee. The steamer "Morning Star" pulled her off. Several steamers loading with army stores to go up river. Boys suffer on account of fogs; many have inflamed eyes.

February 12, Thursday. Warm, with showers; very foggy morning. Lieutenant Durgin and John Lancaster went to Carrollton and purchased thirty pounds of butter for Company D. Dense fog. Gang of negroes weaving basket-work along the face of parapet. Lieutenant Perkins, Company H, officer of the guard; posted from north end of parapet to railroad into the woods and swamp; thirty-four men under him.

February 13, Friday. Warm and pleasant. John B. Shute, Company H, died. Blackberry vines in bloom. Captain Johnson, Company D, visited his company; he is convalescent. A. C. Haines on duty for first time since January 7, having been away sick in hospital most of the time. Great "scouring" for to-morrow's review. Many go down to the river and wash.

February 14, Saturday: Very warm, partly cloudy; foggy morning. Participated in grand review of the whole division, five regiments in all—Sixth Michigan, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York (Zouaves), Fifteenth New Hampshire, Twenty-sixth Connecticut—by General Sherman and General Dow and their staffs, in the forenoon. Splendid military pageant; full marching order, knapsacks packed and slung; marching and counter-marching, sometimes at double-quick, for three hours and a half. General Sherman was very severe on the officers. Charles S. Marston died to-day of fever, at the Carrollton regimental hospital. Captain Aldrich visits a

NOTE. An incident in regard to Sergt. Fernando Parker: "While at Camp Parapet, we were inspected and reviewed, February 14, by General Sherman and others. I had command of Company E that day, the captain being absent. The company was at open ranks, and a very rigid examination and inspection made of the arms and accoutrements, personal appearance, etc., etc., by these officers. When they had finished the general said to me, 'Who is the man third file front rank?' I answered that his name was Parker. Said he, 'What is he there for? why is he not a sergeant?' I told him there were no vacancies in that grade in the company. He said, 'Well, one should be made.' This ended the interview. That evening Colonel Blair sent for me, and handed me a sergeant's warrant for my brother, and a more delighted man never was seen than when I gave it to him shortly after, out on the parade ground, away from everybody; he seemed so pleased to think he had been noticed by the reviewing officers, but alas! he did not long enjoy the honor, as he was killed May 27, at Port Hudson."—Minutes of Lieut. James F. Parker, Company E, a brother of Fernando.

sugar plantation. Lieutenant Perkins walked out in gardens in the afternoon; examined bananas. "They grow twelve feet high, stem four to five inches in diameter; the leaf has a long, slender stem, with branches that look like the tail of a kite as we used to make them. The main stock grows in layers like an onion, and is full of water. The winters are rather cold for them here; if they are not protected from the frost they die down to the root and sprout up again next year." (These minutes written in the summer house in a beautiful garden deserted by its rebel owner.) Edwards, Company K, corporal of guard. At Sherman's review our regiment performed rather badly, and the general "blowed it up" in the choicest "West Point."

February 15, Sunday. Very hot day, with terrific thunder showers at night. All of Company D's officers sick, and Orderly Sergeant Towle officiated at inspection of that company. Charles S. Marston, Company D, received a soldier's burial; Company D marched to Carrollton to attend his obsequies. Charles F. Smith, Company D, died of pneumonia at the general hospital and was buried with the usual military honors—a double funeral of Company D. At Company A inspection there were reported fifty-nine men present; six detailed; nine on guard; thirteen sick in hospital; two absent.

February 16, Monday. Very warm and muddy. All drill and parade omitted in consequence. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin, Company D, visited New Orleans by the steam cars from Carrollton. Jesse Woods, Company E, died in hospital at Carrollton. Ansel F. Young's father died. George W. Plummer, Company B, died. Three mortar boats were towed up river by a tug. Charles Smith buried today at 4 o'clock, P. M.

February 17, Tuesday. Hot and cloudy. Lieutenant Durgin officer of the guard. Rained hard from 3 P. M., till

after midnight ; all the land completely flooded. Lieutenant Durgin was stationed at lower end of the parapet next the swamp, with thirty of the guard. In undertaking to leap a ditch he fell in, and was completely submerged, creating much merriment among his men. Fleet of gun and mortar boats and transports steamed up river to-night ; one of them, loaded with cavalry and artillery, grounded, and had to unload to get off. Short battalion drill in the afternoon. Stevens, Company K, sergeant of guard ; posted on levee at Mississippi river.

February 18, Wednesday. Very pleasant forenoon ; heavy showers in the afternoon, with high winds. Usual battalion drill in the forenoon, but no other drills on account of mud. E. C. Willard, from picket, brings in a rebel prisoner. Funeral of Ansel F. Young's father attended by Dickey, A. D. Smith, C. A. Smith, Clark, and Kidder.

February 19, Thursday. Very pleasant, but very muddy. Captain Johnson drills Company D for first time since his sickness ; is still unwell. Captain Sanborn, Company H, returns to duty from Carrollton. Some going on guard waded knee deep. John Perkins taking care of Lieutenant Seavey, Company H, who is very sick in his own tent. At battalion drill regiment fired blanks.*

February 20, Friday. Very pleasant ; most beautiful morning. Attack expected and guard doubled. Colonel

NOTE (17th). Extract from diary of E. C. Willard, Company G: "This is a day to be remembered. I go on picket guard at 3 P. M. About noon it commenced to rain, and increased till it poured in torrents ; the ground is flooded, and all the ditches and drains full ; roads overflowed, and the rain still continues in torrents. At 3 o'clock we start for our post, one and a half miles distant ; we had gone but a short distance when one stepped into a hole, and went down into the mud and water. Upon arriving were thoroughly drenched ; no shelter, but the dark night at length wore away."

Kingman appeared, and took command at battalion drill for first time since his long illness of about a month. He was received with six rousing cheers and a tiger as he rode to the front of the line. Drill very interesting. James A. Mulligan, Company C, detailed on extra duty as wagoner. Five hundred rebel prisoners went down river to Fort Jackson.

February 21, Saturday. Very warm, with strong south wind and frequent showers; wind blew down the guns as they were stacked in line. Pay-rolls made out. In the afternoon, the wind blowing over a stack of guns in the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth (Zouave) New York regiment away to our right, discharged a piece, fatally piercing the body of one of their men and the hand of another. Aldrich field officer of the day. Clover in bloom. Perkins in command of Company H.

February 22, Sunday. Cool and pleasant. Captain Johnson inspects Company D. Washington's birthday fittingly celebrated; flags float from every mast. The "Portsmouth" fires twenty-one guns at noon; the band saluted. Harrison Messer, Company B, detailed on extra duty at quartermaster's department. Band played several national airs. Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of the guard.

The following model soldier's letter throws much light on the present situation and surroundings:

** FIFTEENTH REGIMENT NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS,
CAMP PARAPET,

CARROLLTON, LA., February 21, 1863.

Dear Mrs. Batchelder:

We were notified to-night that a mail would go North to-morrow, and as Mr. Batchelder was on guard, he wished me to write you. We have moved our camp some two miles since we landed here, and we are now encamped in a very important position, as there is a chain of heavy fortifications extending five miles from the river to the lake, all mounted with heavy guns for the defense of New Orleans. We are encamped

here with the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth and One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York, the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, and a part of each of the Twenty-first Indiana, the Fourth Wisconsin, and Fourteenth Maine regiments. We are brigaded under the command of Brig. Gen. Neal Dow of Maine. The One Hundred and Sixty-second, One Hundred and Tenth, and One Hundred and Thirtieth New York are on the river below us: the Sixteenth New Hampshire and Forty-ninth Massachusetts, with several batteries of artillery, are about one mile from us on the river bank. There are in all about 15,000 men here and in New Orleans, and some 4,000 are up the river at Baton Rouge, who will in all probability, and perhaps before this reaches you, make an attempt to reduce the rebel stronghold at Port Hudson. Many gunboats have gone up the river within a few days, and heavy fighting may be expected there. But you are as well posted as we are on that part of the operations, by the newspapers. I believe the Mississippi river is soon to be opened, and if it is, it will be the greatest blow which can befall the rebellion — much more damaging than the fall of Richmond would be.

The ground on which we are encamped here, close by the river bank, is much lower than the water in the river, and from which it is protected by a bank of earth called a levee. This is true of the whole state of Louisiana, except some small tracts of country. The levees extend from the Gulf of Mexico several hundred miles above this place, and we are 110 miles from the gulf. We are six miles from New Orleans, 136 from Baton Rouge, 164 from Port Hudson, and 390 miles from Vicksburg by the course of the river. The water which falls upon the earth here runs off to the eastward to Lake Pontchartrain. The country is very low and level, without a hill or stone to be seen, and undoubtedly the whole land is a deposit from the river. When we came here two months ago, the orange trees were loaded with fruit: the cane was being harvested, but the leaves were falling from the trees. Winter was just setting in, and now in a few short weeks the winter is passed. The trees are again putting forth their leaves, the grass is growing green, the honeysuckle is in blossom, and the bees are buzzing about. We have had no weather which would be called cold in New England. Two nights water froze a little. We have some very heavy showers; it rains here often from four to six hours, so fast that the streams all seem as one, and the claps of thunder are so near each other that the ear cannot separate them. The weather is now as warm as in New Hampshire in June.

It has been quite sickly, and we have several men now in the hospital, but only one from Deerfield — Albion Bean; he is not yet out, but

February 23, Monday. Very pleasant and cool. Moved camp, except Lieutenant Seavey's tent, forty rods to the southeast across the road and nearer to the river. No drill. Isaac Foss, Company A, appointed express messenger to ride from this post to the city (New Orleans). Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of guard. John Hodgman, Company E, detailed on extra duty as clerk in commissary department. Stevens, Company K, sergeant of guard. The One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York (Zouave) Regiment, which is encamped two miles to our right, near the swamp, had made extensive preparations for celebrating Washington's birthday, but owing to the accidental shooting of one of their men, it was postponed till this evening, when many attended. Their grounds had been laid out in raised flower beds, with turfed edges, in various patterns of shields, and stars and forts and monitors and flags, and were all abloom with verdure

thinks he is getting better. We have lost four by death out of our company. Wesley Fife, of Deerfield, was the first to go; since which time Edward P. Lane of Candia, Charles S. Marston of Chichester, and Charles F. Smith of Deerfield, have died. Mr. Batchelder was sick a fortnight or so. He did not go to the hospital; however, he is now well, and has been on duty several days. He wished me to tell you that he had enough to eat and that which is good, and that he sleeps warm nights. Our rations consist of beef, pork, potatoes, meal, flour, rice, peas, and beans, all of the best quality. * * * We bake beans twice a week, as well as they can be done at home; hasty and minute puddings, with warm bread every day, and coffee for breakfast and dinner and tea for supper, with plenty of sugar and molasses. There are thousands of negroes here, who have run away from their masters and who are now at work on the fortifications, cutting wood and driving teams, and other similar work. They are much more intelligent and capable than I ever supposed them to be. There is a battery here of negro soldiers who are well drilled and disciplined, and handle their heavy guns like veterans. * * *

Yours truly,

J. BRAD. PHILBRICK.

Mrs. B. B. Batchelder."

and foliage plants and the brilliant flowers of the tropics, and numerous arches spanned their streets, displaying patriotic mottoes. A platform was erected and the whole lighted with five hundred dollars' worth of Chinese lanterns and pyrotecnics from New York. It made a most beautiful appearance. There was a large delegation from New Orleans. There was music and dancing and speaking, interspersed with songs, and an exhibition by the regiment on the field of the bayonet exercise, and a skirmish drill, in which they are very proficient. It was a magnificent spectacle, with the world for a stage and an army to behold the scene, and such as can never be given except in time of war.

February 24, Tuesday. Very pleasant. The day was spent fixing up the new camp and grounds; all drill omitted. Captain Johnson officer of the day. Captain Sanborn returned to company. Lieutenant Seavey sent to private house in Carrollton in care of J. Perkins, Company H; Perkins remained twenty-four hours, when a nurse was sent to take his place. Late in February tents were elevated two feet and floored.

February 25, Wednesday. Very pleasant, with warm south wind; dust flew badly. Lieutenant Durgin in command of Company D at battalion drill. Charles E. Clay, Company A, died in hospital, of diphtheria. Company K built an oven.

February 26, Thursday. Very warm, with high south wind; the dust flies; heavy shower in evening. Captain

NOTE. Extract from letter of Lieutenant Perkins: "I received your letter yesterday, just as I was going on guard, where I have been at the north end of the parapet until 4 o'clock to-day. We have a pretty hard time up there; have no shelter and nothing to sit or lie on except the bare ground. We kept a roaring fire, however, and there are some bad gaps in the fences in the vicinity, in consequence. I will now stow myself away on my barrel-stave bunk for a night's rest."

Aldrich attended the theatre in New Orleans. Brigade drill, after parade, under General Dow and Colonel Clark, of the Sixth Michigan; the first brigade drill.

February 27, Friday. Very warm; cloudy and showery. Dress parade, but no drill. William A. Hoyt, detailed as orderly to General Dow, returned to Company D. Private Richards, Company E, volunteered to Fourth Massachusetts Battery for the rest of his term. Six men detailed for duty in Fourth Massachusetts Battery, to report to same at Shipper's Press, New Orleans, viz.: Jeremiah Godfrey, Company I; William Haywood, Company I; H. C. Richards, Company E; Ira Morrison, Company F; John Morrison, Company F; Otis W. Gilman, Company A.

February 28, Saturday. Very warm and showery; cleared at night; cool wind in the evening. No drill or parade. Mustered for pay in forenoon. Lieutenant Chadwick absent.

Company A, morning report February 28, 60 privates for duty.

"	D,	"	"	51	"
"	E,	"	"	55	"
"	F,	"	"	49	"
"	G,	"	"	53	"
"	H,	"	"	53	"
"	I,	"	"	50	"
"	K,	"	"	55	"

Companies B and C detached.

The sick for February average about twelve to the company.

THE SICK FOR FEBRUARY.

Date.	Officers.	Non-commissioned officers.	Privates.	Totals.
February 1	12	12	77	101
2	12	12	79	103
3	13	10	77	100
4	10	14	94	118
5	11	14	88	113
6	11	15	86	112
7	10	14	100	124
8	11	15	101	127
9	11	11	104	126
10	10	9	113	132
11	9	12	110	131
12	9	17	118	144
13	10	14	120	144
14	10	10	119	139
15	9	10	102	121
16	11	15	97	123
17	11	14	101	126
18	10	12	95	117
19	10	18	97	125
20	10	18	102	130
21	10	15	100	125
22	10	13	90	113
23	9	9	95	113
24	7	12	84	103
25	7	12	83	112
26	11	12	79	102
27	11	12	80	103
28	11	14	81	106

DAILY MINUTES FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

March 1, Sunday. March comes in with Captain Johnson again on duty after a long illness. Day very pleasant. Usual Sunday morning inspection. After inspection Lieutenant Durgin and some others attended a negro meeting and in the evening; text, Luke 18: 18. These negro meetings were very interesting, not only on account of their quaint oratory, but also for the songs they sang. They are natural and spontaneous singers; they sing from the depths of their emotional hearts as no other people sing, and with a rich melody that is all their own. Music gushes from them like fountains from the smitten rock. Many of our numbers also are very devout, and meetings for prayer and praise are frequent and regular. The camp, laid out with mathematical precision, makes a very beautiful appearance when lit up in the evening; the lights shine through the white tents, and from them we often hear many voices joining in "Land Ahead its Fruits Are Waving" and other similar songs. With the negroes the singing is congregational; all join in, and on such evenings as this, one could hear a whole negro regiment in grand concert for a mile away. Two men detached to go into battery. Air very still and quiet. Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of special guard — interior guard. One hundred and sixty thousand cartridges left on the wharf to-day for us. Company streets built and rounded up.

First Lieutenant Huse, of Company G, having been discharged for disability, Second Lieut. Joseph G. Ayers is appointed acting first lieutenant, and assumes that rank and title.

First Sergt. C. C. Pickering appointed acting second lieutenant of Company G.

The non-commissioned officers of Company G are promoted in succession, and Priv. William A. Foye appointed eighth corporal.

First Lieutenant Cogswell, at his own request, is relieved from duty as acting aide-de-camp on General Dow's staff, and returned to duty in Company A.

March 2, Monday. Very beautiful. Lieutenant Durgin detailed regimental commissary by order of Col. John W. Kingman. It may well be thought that the men are now becoming very proficient and expert in all the prescribed military evolutions and the manual of arms ; each has become a mere piece of mechanism in a mighty machine. All movements are made with wonderful precision and celerity, and the men become so inured to their guns at shoulder that they cannot tell whether they are there or not by the mere sense of feeling. One could hunt for his gun when it was in his hand, like our grandmothers searching for their glasses when they are already on their noses. John Perkins sat up with Lieutenant Seavey, Company H. Corporal Bullock, Company F, joins color guard. Boys anxious to move.

NOTE. Extract from a soldier's letter : " It is the spring season here now. Plums and peaches are in full bloom : trees are putting out their fresh leaves and shoots. The air is filled with a delightful fragrance, and the weather is the same as our June. The night dews are very heavy. Last night I lay down under the lee of a gum tree a little while, and when I got up I could wring water out of my blanket where I was on guard. This guard business is the worst part of the service ; it uses up the men more than anything else. The guard in our regiment are furnished a whiskey ration ; I have two quarts to deal out."

NOTE. Another extract : " I was out on battalion drill this forenoon two hours. Our regiment has got so it can drill pretty well. Major Blair has command most of the time, and he puts us through, I can tell you. The boys all like the colonel first rate, and would follow him anywhere he would lead them, if it was right into Vicksburg ; some feel hard toward the major, because he is so strict with them, but I like him and think he does just right."

There is an interior line of sentinels around each regiment, and another along the parapet and around a wide area inclosing the whole brigade, and guards at headquarters and in numerous places, beside picket posts two or three miles out in all directions. These outposts are the eyes of the army, and fall back, giving the alarm on the approach of the enemy in season for the camp to arouse and get on line.

March 3, Tuesday. Beautiful day. Ball playing after supper. Isaac Hoyt, Company F, corporal of guard.

March 4, Wednesday. Very pleasant indeed; beautiful moonlight nights. Plum trees in bloom.

March 5, Thursday. Very pleasant; slight frost in the morning; full moon. Brigade drill and review by General Dow; five regiments out. Orders read to provide ourselves with one hundred rounds ammunition, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. Sergeant Hill, Company A, returned from hospital. Drill very good. Aldrich highly entertained and amused by attending negro meeting; something unearthly and fascinating about their manner of worship, and peculiar language, and contortions, singing and songs. There are wondrous well-meaning, good old souls in some of their black bodies. The brigade to-day on review made a very fine appearance.

March 6, Friday. Warm; rained very heavily, but cleared at night; splendid moon. Parade and drill omitted. Lieutenant Durgin assumes his duties as commissary of the regiment. Under marching orders. Sixteenth and Eighth New Hampshire went up river. Gunboats and transports loaded with troops constantly passing up. Aldrich officer of the day. Four men and a corporal detailed from Company K to guard parolled prisoners on shell road.

NOTE. Extract from diary: "Boys say the major is getting a little more human. Whatever else they may say, he is a good soldier, and understands the drill."

March 7, Saturday. Very beautiful, but muddy. No parade or drill. The mud is clayey, and sticks like tar; it has to be scraped off our boots with a sort of wooden knife before entering our tents. The crawfish, precisely like little lobsters, crawl over the wet ground in countless numbers; millions of their little holes perforate the earth everywhere. Two men of the Sixth Michigan got to throwing mud at each other. Never saw such looking fellows in my life. Carew, Company K, promoted sergeant, and Hanson to corporal. Gunboats and transports loaded with troops go up river all day and all night. The mud throwing affair was the great amusement of the day; the two boys had drawn new suits, and returning to quarters one of them playfully put a dab of mud on the other's coat. It was retaliated, and soon both were plastering each other with double handfuls till it would be impossible to tell whether they were men or beasts. It was piled on a foot thick. The

NOTE. Extract from diary of Sergt. H. R. Brown, Company G: "Had brigade drill, but not feeling well was excused. Camp life is dull enough, but still we manage to have some fun now and then with the darkies, garbage gatherers, peddlers, and beggars, of which there are any quantity, of all ages, sizes and sexes. During grub hours we hear the never-ceasing cry, 'Got any old bread what you don't want any more?' 'Want any lettuce?' 'Era,' 'True Delta,' 'Picayune.' 'Arrival of mail steamer; latest news from Vicksburg,' etc., etc. All this is screamed into our ears day after day. I find from observation that news with these fellows is about as follows: the arrival of a mail steamer does for a week; a skirmish on Lake Pontchartrain is magnified into the 'capture of Vicksburg.' One day an old white-headed darkey, with a broom on his shoulder, stuck his head into the cook house, but before he could say anything, the cook, who happened to be a jolly fellow, caught up the big butcher knife and rushed at him with all imaginary fury, when the darkey skedaddled double-quick and frightened till he turned pale: 'Oh! oh!' he said, 'I aint doing nuffin; only wanted to sell a broom.' And visits to gardens and plantations, and negro meetings, and weddings, were a never failing source of amusement."

affair lasted for upwards of half an hour, and hundreds gathered round to witness the sport. The new suits were completely ruined. Thomas Dunlap, Company F, died at Carrollton.

March 8, Sunday. Very pleasant. Inspection. Company D inspected by Sergeant Towle. Thomas Dunlap buried. All troops between us and New Orleans now gone. Lieutenant Parker, Company H, walked up to sugar plantation, and went to negro meeting in the afternoon. New surgeon — Horsch — arrives to-day; German, educated, fine looking. Ironclad "Essex" and several other steamers went up river. Corporal Edwards carried breakfast to guard. Went down to the river and saw the gunboat "Essex" going up.

March 9, Monday. Very warm, with appearances of rain. Three large warships went up river in the afternoon. Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of guard. Reported Vicksburg is taken — another "capture of Vicksburg." Mail steamer arrived. Lieutenants Cogswell returned to company to-day, and all the men were highly pleased to see him. George Bowers, Company H, died.

March 10, Tuesday. Very warm and showery, with heavy shower in the coming night. H. M. Bryant, Company D, rejoined company. Brigade drill, Dow in command. Cold nights; glad to get out early and warm us by the camp fire; playing checkers. Corporal Piper returned to company from hospital. George Bowers, Company H, buried; he was only seventeen years of age. The bodies are placed in an ambulance, and escorted by eight privates, with arms reversed, and the band or muffled drums, and three volleys fired over the grave. This is all the ceremony of burying a soldier.

March 11, Wednesday. Fair; cool; windy. Dress parade omitted; mud, but usual company and battalion drill. Practiced street firing. Captain Aldrich, Company A, officer of day. Sergeant Haines, Company D, on guard at lower end

of parapet — had two brass pieces to watch ; his beat was four hundred paces long. Trees of the swamp have been cut breast high ; full of underbrush. A man would sink in the mire all over. Sergeant Leavitt, Company A, sent to hospital. Sergeant Stevens has peach and orange blossoms on his table, and they are very fragrant. Officers have orange blossoms in their tents.

March 12, Thursday. Warm ; very pleasant. Lieutenant Chadwick, Company D, visited camp. Sixth Michigan struck camp, and went up river in high spirits. Irving Whittemore, Company E, worked in cook house. R. Potwine arrived,

DESCRIPTION OF A SERGEANT'S QUARTERS.

NOTE. Extract from letter: “ The peach and orange trees are in full bloom now. I will send some orange blossoms in my letter, so you can get the fragrance if the flower is dry and faded. The captain has just come in my tent, and is playing checkers on my portfolio with my bed-fellow, Orderly Davis. By the way, I have not given you a description of my habitation in the land of lemons and oranges lately. We moved up stairs when we moved our tents to this place, and have our tent set up on stilts like a corn barn, only not so high. I put some standards into the ground and laid the floor on top of them ; then put the tent up, and the air has a chance to draw under and keep the ground dry and the tent much cooler and healthier. The other boys wish they had done the same. Our bunk is a foot and more from the floor, and plenty wide for two ; then we have a centre table or bookstand with a newspaper spread, which I brought from New York, with writing materials and stationery, two books of tactics, two diaries, one roll book, one blank book, one ration book, one portfolio, one hair brush, several pens, pencils, pictorials, newspapers, looking glass, comb, etc., etc. : then we have a cupboard up over the bed with blacking, clothes and blacking brushes, oil for guns, materials for cleaning and brightening brasses, etc., etc. ; then at the foot of the bed in front there is a half barrel of sugar under the bed, several boxes containing tea, candles, soap, etc. Now you have a description of our house and its contents. Then our dining room is just across the street in a tent used only to eat in, our mess having a cook, who washes our dishes and takes care of them ; so you see we live like gent. Who would not sell his farm and be a soldier ? ”

SERGEANT STEVENS, of Company K.

who was left sick in New York. Brigade drill, Dow in command. S. V. Osgood, Company K, arrived from New York. Captain Pinkham came up from New Orleans with two deserters — Swain and Prescott, Company I.

March 13, Friday. Very pleasant indeed. Major Aldrich, Captain Johnson, and Lieutenant Chadwick went out hunting, but saw no game but snakes and alligators. Priv. G. W. Batchelder, Company A, detailed as orderly at the telegraph office. Priv. Charles E. Hanscomb, Company E, detailed as orderly at General Dow's headquarters. The "secesh" women are sometimes quite demonstrative; last night they raised a rebel flag right in front of our two companies at Carrollton doing provost duty. No notice taken of it but to lower it. Brigade drill. Peddler girls about camp. Sixth Michigan marched up river about ten miles to do picket duty.

March 14, Saturday. Most beautiful day. Usual drill and so forth in the forenoon, but the afternoon was spent in cleaning up and preparing for the Sunday morning inspection. This night, from 9 to 12, was distinctly heard, at Camp Parapet, the terrific cannonading at Port Hudson, as Admiral Farragut ran the rebel batteries at that place, one hundred miles away as the crow flies. Captain Johnson, Commissary Durgin, and "Billy," went to New Orleans, and returned by

NOTE. Extract from letter: "All the troops near by gone up river and transports pass up and down all the time. Farragut has just gone up with the 'Hartford' and 'Brooklyn' and one other great man-of-war, with their topmasts all down; they look like giants stripped for action. The provost guard is to police the city of Carrollton. Captain Ela holds a sort of police court; they are to preserve order and suppress all demonstrations of disloyalty. One man has been fined \$25,000 and sent to Tortugas for two years for attempting to smuggle goods to the enemy. School mams have been fined from \$1 to \$300 for allowing their scholars to hurrah for Jeff Davis and sing secesh songs and flourishing rebel flags. All registered enemies of the government are to take the oath of allegiance, or leave the country for rebeldom before the fifteenth of May."

the 8 o'clock cars. Joseph W. Chase went to the regimental hospital. Rumors of attack on our camp. Captain Aldrich shooting snakes down by the railroad; killed twenty-five or thirty moccasins four to five feet long. Company E had fish hash for dinner. Farragut succeeded in passing with the "Hartford" and "Albatross"; the "Monongahela" and "Richmond" fell back, and the "Mississippi" grounded and was blown up by her commander. The flash of the "Mississippi's" explosion was seen by our guard.

March 15, Sunday. Beautiful day; shower at night. Usual inspection. Expect to go up river to meet the enemy; had orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice aboard transport for Baton Rouge; great enthusiasm. Services in the yard of a fine southern residence, the regiment forming "hollow square" under a large live oak. Men stood at "parade rest"; birds sang in the branches; crowds of colored people of all ages stood around outside. Text, Eph. 4:15. After service marched up river outside the parapet a mile or more, and returned to camp at noon. Lieutenant Stevens, Company K, sergeant of the guard, stationed at the Zouave camp.

March 16, Monday. Beautiful day. No drill or parade on account of last night's rain and mud. Orders read that any officer or man caught in New Orleans would be brought before court martial. Rumor that Port Hudson is taken. Joseph W. Chase sent to hospital. William P. Avery, Company B, died.

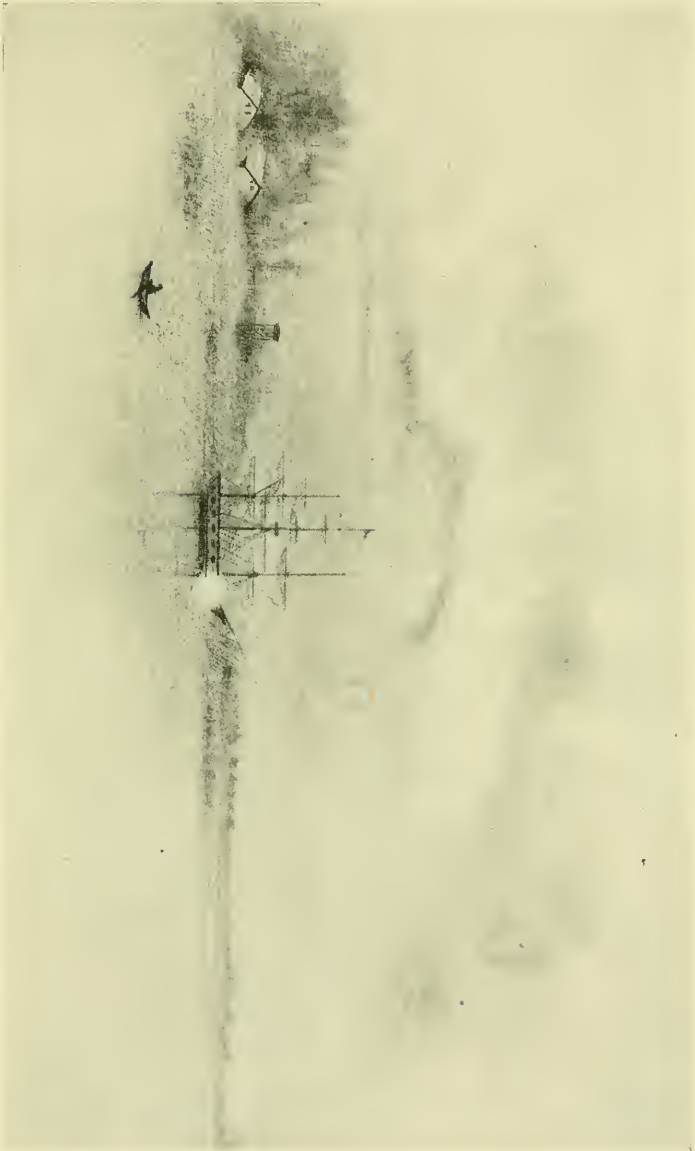
March 17, Tuesday. Foggy morning. Very warm and somewhat showery. Drill omitted. Participated in grand parade of the whole brigade, in which the parapet was manned and its big guns fired. Grand sham fight, in which the batteries fired shot and shell at targets, and the ship "Portsmouth" shelled the cypress woods toward Lake Pontchartrain. The Maine boys, in charge of the parapet guns,

made some good shots. At the sham fight, ten rounds of blanks were fired. A mule in the distance, out front of the parapet, was killed by one of the parapet guns. Assistant Surgeon Towle ordered to report to Surgeon General Baxter, at the United States barracks, New Orleans.

March 18, Wednesday. Very warm, bright day. Brigade drill, by General Dow; these drills are very hard, especially for the old guard, who are not excused from it, although from all others. Lieutenant Chadwick, Company D, returned to duty after his long illness. Corp. George H. Rand returned from hospital. Abner W. Morse, Company A, died at the marine hospital in New Orleans. Major Blair appointed acting lieutenant-colonel; Captain Aldrich, Company A, appointed acting major; First Lieutenant Cogswell, Company A, appointed acting captain; Second Lieutenant Hendley, Company A, appointed acting first lieutenant; acting Major Aldrich appointed "regimental court martial."

March 19, Thursday. Fair. Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of the guard. The Zouave regiment was present at the manouvers of the brigade, and gave an exhibition of fancy drill and the bayonet exercise, at which they are very proficient. It was witnessed by thousands of critical eyes, and pronounced the finest exhibition of the kind ever seen in these fields. Company G had nineteen off duty sick and six others unfit for duty. Officers' drill—Company "Q"—from 4 to 5.30; their awkwardness is highly amusing to the boys.

March 20, Friday. Very warm and pleasant; brisk wind and dust in the afternoon for a time. After battalion drill the lieutenant-colonel, Blair, dismissed the regiment with "break ranks" in the field, and all returned to camp at will. Perkins, Company H, lieutenant of special guard up the parapet to the swamp. G. W. Taylor and D. P. Watson sent to hospital. A. Edmunds returned from hospital, having been there seven weeks. Joseph W. Chase died. The boys, with the band, serenaded the new major, Aldrich.



Looking across the great river from Camp Parapet. The "Portsmouth" firing the sunset gun.

March 21, Saturday. Very hot, with fine showers and thunder. Joseph W. Chase buried out back of the parapet. J. O. Langley, Aaron Edmunds, and A. L. Sanborn returned to duty from hospital. Colonel Kingman, who has been sick, resumes command. About six out of each company go on guard duty every day; most always some of them are stationed down the railroad in the swamp, and when "off" amuse themselves shooting snakes and alligators. Preparing for to-morrow's inspection. Sergeant Stevens, Company K, acted as lieutenant at drill.

March 22, Sunday. Warm, with showers at night. Usual Sunday inspection. Lieutenant Chadwick in command of Company D. Very heavy shower in the afternoon. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin went on horseback to Lake Pontchartrain. Company D boys shot and brought into camp from the picket line an alligator seven feet long. Some of the flesh was cooked; it was very white and nice looking, but was coarse-grained and had a fishy taste. The lower jaw bone was boiled clean of the flesh and showed a wonderful set of teeth. Company D now became known as the alligator company. Mail steamer "Bio Bio" burned at New Orleans just as she reached her wharf. Charles P. Davis, Company A, sent to hospital. Mosquitoes begin their ravages. The boys dragged the big alligator to camp. It was a monster for these regions, and was thought to have devoured a negro child that disappeared recently.

March 23, Monday. Rained heavily all day and into the night; tremendous shower at 8 A. M.; terrific lightning and thunder. Roby True went to hospital. Stevens, Company K, sergeant of the interior guard. A. C. Haines carried breakfast to the guard down to the railroad.

March 24, Tuesday. Showery forenoon, with hail; cleared off cold, with high wind, in the afternoon; high north wind all night; very muddy. No drill or parade. Nathaniel Robinson, Jr., returned to duty from the hospital. Captain

Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin in New Orleans ; returned on the six o'clock cars. Ordered to be prepared for general inspection at 10 o'clock ; worked hard scouring brasses and polishing guns, and while waiting for the drum the order was countermanded. Baked beans for breakfast. A. C. Haines on guard at the railroad. Wind subsided with the setting of the moon. Wallace, Company I, sergeant of the guard. Charles Goodhue detailed on extra duty as clerk in the ordnance department.

March 25, Wednesday. Very pleasant. "Prepare for inspection" ; inspection did not come off. No parade or drill. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin gunning ; Captain Johnson shot an alligator three feet long. Charles C. Tuttle was sent to regimental hospital. Big guns on parapet, fired at target. Mud nearly all dried up. Meat hash for dinner, hasty pudding for supper.

March 26, Thursday. Very pleasant indeed. George W. Taylor returned from regimental hospital. And now they cut cane brake in great quantities and bring it to camp, where it is laid across poles which are elevated on uprights, and so build a complete awning over all the company streets. This makes a cool and delightful shade in the hot days ; seats are arranged beneath. Blackberries ripe. Brigade drill. Company K went two miles to the railroad to get cane to build sun house. W. F. Mansfield, Company K, died in the hospital at 10.30 in the evening. William A. Foye, Company G, died at 1 P. M., the first of Company G's boys to die ; Company G in sadness. Corp. Joseph Calef, Company K, for using insulting language to a superior officer, is reduced to the ranks, and Priv. Charles W. Gould, appointed to fill the vacancy.

March 27, Friday. Warm and pleasant, with some appearance of showers. Set apart by the enemy as a day of fasting and praying for Jeff Davis. Charles C. Fuller returned to quarters from regimental hospital. Company G voted to

send home the body of Foye, and any other, cost what it would. Company G escorted Foye's body to main entrance with reversed arms, band playing the "dead march." Company K escorted the body of Mansfield to the main entrance, with reversed arms, the band playing a funeral dirge. Company D turned out the old cooks and put in new ones. Brigade drill. Man accidentally shot in Zouave regiment. New order for "calls" issued.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, CARROLLTON, LA.,
CAMP PARAPET, March 27, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS }
NO. 22. }

The following "list of calls" will take effect from March 28, 1863, and will be strictly enforced until further orders:

Drummers' call, 5 A. M.
Reveille, 5.15 A. M.
Breakfast call, 6.30 A. M.
Surgeon's call, 7 A. M.
First call for parade and company inspection, 8 A. M.
Regimental parade, 8.30 A. M.
First call for battalion drill, 9 A. M.
Battalion drill, 9.15 A. M.
Recall from drill, 10.45 A. M.
Dinner call, 12 M.
Fatigue call, 1 P. M.
Recall from fatigue, 3.30 P. M.
First call for guard mounting, 3.45 P. M.
Guard mounting and first call for company drill, 4 P. M.
Company drill, 4.15 P. M.
Recall from company drill, 5.30 P. M.
Drummers' call, 15 minutes before retreat.
Retreat parade at sundown.
Drummers' call, 8.30 P. M.
Tattoo, 8.45 P. M.
Taps, 9 P. M.
First call for Sunday inspection, 7.15 A. M.
Sunday inspection, 7.30 A. M.
Church call, 11 A. M.

More particular attention must hereafter be given to these duties. In a great many cases there has not been a "drummers' call" preliminary to roll call. The revised Army Regulations clearly define the course to be pursued by both officers and men in relation to these important duties, and commanding officers of regiments and detachments will be held to a strict accountability for any violation of them. All irregularities that heretofore existed must at once cease.

Brigade drills will be substituted for regimental on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

By order of

BRIG. GEN. DOW.

[Signed]

OLIVER MATTHEWS,

Lt. and A. A. A. Genl.

OFFICIAL:

EDW. E. PINKHAM,

Adjt.

March 28, Saturday. Very hot. Dress parade, but no drill. Tremendous shower at midnight. Cleaning up for the morning inspection. Roby True, Company G, died at Carrollton at 10 o'clock in the evening. So still can hear flies buzz. Roby True's body escorted to main entrance by Company G, with reversed arms, and band; his body, with Foye's and Mansfield's, started for home. (See pages 22, 23, and 30.) Blackberries ripe. Andrew C. Giles, Company E, handed in his name to go in charge of negro regiment. Perkins, lieutenant of guard, and Trickey, of Company I, sergeant of guard.

March 29, Sunday. Cool and cloudy, with slight sprinkling of rain. Franklin Clay detailed on daily duty as hospital nurse. Inspection omitted—mud. Gunboat "Monongahela" went down river. Poor True had been looking long for a letter; it came to-day, two days too late. "Free" Dockham on guard to-night.

March 30, Monday. Very cold night; cloudy; northeast wind. William C. Donovan and Stephen Hilton returned to Company D from desertion. Extract from remarks on muster roll of August 13, 1863, relating to Stephen Hilton: "Since his return he has been one of our best soldiers." Cavalry landed and camped on shell road. Rounding up streets.

March 31, Tuesday. Clear and cool and pleasant; wind northeast. Brigade drill in the forenoon, by General Dow, and inspection at night by Lieutenant-colonel Blair, who found fault with some of the men. The "Portsmouth" to-day, while practising with shells, sent one wide of the mark, which, exploding over the Zouave camp, killed one of their corporals; a piece of shell entered his tent and cut the top of his head completely off. Our guard up to the railroad brought in a piece that fell among them, weighing four pounds. Lieutenant Seavey, Company H, returned to duty from sickness. Stevens, Company K, sergeant of the guard.

Company A, morning report March 31, 54 privates for duty.

"	D,	"	"	49	"
"	E,	"	"	51	"
"	F,	"	"	46	"
"	G,	"	"	50	"
"	H,	"	"	44	"
"	I,	"	"	52	"
"	K,	"	"	56	"

Companies B and C absent on provost duty at Carrollton.

The sickness in Company D for^s this month was quite as serious as last month. Lieutenant Chadwick remained on the sick list till the eighteenth, when he returned to duty, and remained on duty only till the twenty-fourth, when he again was reported sick, and remained so reported through the rest of the month. Of non-commissioned officers and men of Company D on the sick list, there were reported on the first, 14; on the second and third, 16; on the fourth, fifth, and sixth, 18; on the seventh, 17; on the eighth, ninth, and tenth, 18; on the eleventh, 20; on the twelfth and thirteenth, 21; on the fourteenth, 23; on the fifteenth, 19; on the sixteenth, 20; on the seventeenth and eighteenth,

24 ; on the nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first, 21 ; on the twenty-second, 20 ; on the twenty-third, 18 ; on the twenty-fourth, 16 ; on the twenty-fifth, 14 ; on the twenty-sixth, 15 ; on the twenty-seventh, 17 ; on the twenty-eighth, 18 ; on the twenty-ninth, 14 ; on the thirtieth, 16 ; on the thirty-first, 15. This would probably show a fair average for all the companies.

THE SICK FOR MARCH.

Date.	Officers.	Non-commissioned officers.	Privates.	Totals.
March 1	8	16	87	111
2	8	15	73	96
3	9	15	84	108
4	11	16	91	118
5	11	19	93	122
6	10	16	104	130
7	10	14	94	118
8	8	17	99	124
9	9	22	104	135
10	8	22	116	146
11	9	21	119	149
12	9	22	119	150
13	8	26	131	165
14	8	28	129	165
15	7	33	130	170
16	7	27	111	145
17	7	28	125	160
18	7	24	125	156
19	7	24	125	156
20	8	26	118	152
21	8	26	118	152
22	8	24	101	133
23	8	23	91	122
24	9	23	92	124
25	9	22	89	120
26	9	23	93	125
27	9	23	91	123
28	9	22	90	121
29	9	23	90	122
30	7	22	79	118
31	9	23	82	114

EVENTS FOR APRIL, 1863, BY DAY AND DATE.

April 1, Wednesday. Very pleasant indeed, with cool northeast wind. General inspection of the regiment by Captain Wheeler, of the Sixth Michigan. The regiment never looked better, and the inspecting officer was very complimentary. "If anything," he said, "the guns are too bright." Got through inspection at 2 P. M. Colonel Kingman sick. After inspection, Company G practised the skirmish drill under Captain Osgood, who had now returned to duty, having been sick nearly two months in New Orleans. Boat load of troops went up the river. Trees are in bloom; grass, particularly clover, is rank and tall and ready for the scythe. A detail of Company B went fishing and procured a catfish, of which the company had a chowder for supper.

April 2, Thursday. Beautiful day, clear and cool. Brigade drill, General Dow. Lieutenant Wallingford sick, threatened with a fever. Joseph Farrington, in evening, taken with cramp and colic. Major Aldrich mounted at parade for first time. Major Aldrich in command to-day. Sergeant West, Company G, returned from hospital. All the officers and non-commissioned officers met at major's to organize for officers' drill twice a week. Osgood chosen president of meeting, Captain Hall chosen captain, and Russell, Company E, orderly; drilled an hour. This is the second time Company Q, as it is called, has been organized.

NOTE. Extract from a soldier's letter: "The officers that inspected us yesterday told General Dow, and the major told us, that the Fifteenth New Hampshire regiment was the best drilled, and their equipments were kept the neatest, of any nine months' regiment in the department that he had inspected, and he had been most through it all. The major told us that if we could not have the honor of going into battle, there was one thing we could have the praise of, and that was of being the best nine months' regiment in the South. We are in the first brigade, second division of the Nineteenth Army Corps. Gen. T. W. Sherman has command of the division. He is a stern looking old fellow; his hair is turning gray; he is very much unlike General Dow. Dow is a small

April 3, Friday. Beautiful; clear and cool. Lieutenants Cogswell and Durgin went together to New Orleans, where they had green peas for dinner. Trickey, sergeant of interior guard. Kingman and Blair both sick. Aldrich took command of battalion drill for the first time. Officers drill under Hall. Dews so heavy as to wet the tents through like rain.

April 4, Saturday. Beautiful, clear and cool; very heavy dews. No rain for a long time; ground getting very dry and hard, almost like stone. Lieutenant Durgin visited New Orleans and collected \$603.78, company savings; this was for the whole regiment. Levi Barker sent to hospital. Lieutenant Wallingford taken to Carrollton for better care. Lieutenant Larkin, Sergeants Davis and Stevens, Company K, visited New Orleans; crossed to Algiers and visited the Sixteenth. Battalion drill; Aldrich in command. Colonels Kingman and Blair both sick. Captain Stearns and Lieutenant Parker both sick in hospital. Officers drill; the boys stand around and laugh at them. Perkins on extra guard three hours at night.

man, and very pleasant: he will come round the camp and talk with the boys: he wears his hair long and combs it back behind his ears; it is turning gray. I shall have to stop now and go for my dinner. We had boiled beef and potatoes for breakfast, and we have fried pork and potatoes for dinner. We draw a loaf of bread each every day, and have tea or coffee with each meal."

NOTE. Extract from letter: "The inspector-general the other day said we were the best nine months' regiment he had seen in the service, and which pleased the 'old col.' so that he drew us up in hollow square and told us of it."

NOTE. A model soldier's letter from Lieutenant Perkins, of Company H:

"CAMP PARAPET, CARROLLTON, LA., April 4, 1863.

Dear Jenny:

I have not heard a word from you since yours of March 10, which was received two weeks ago to-morrow. We have received no mail here since that time, except a few scattering letters by transports which left New York before the twelfth ultimo. I don't know what the trouble is, per-

haps some vessels have been lost or captured; but it is very provoking to be obliged to wait so long when we are all so anxious to hear the particulars of the election. The weather is beautiful now, but very cool for this region; there was some frost this morning on the grass. We have not been paid yet, but are expecting it every day. There is some talk at headquarters of sending a regiment from this brigade over to the lake, and there is a slight chance that we may go there; at any rate I hope so, for I have got so tired of staying here that I would be willing to go almost anywhere for the sake of a change and a little excitement. The One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York (Zouave), and Sixth Michigan, were sent over there a week or two since, and have had quite a little brush with the rebels; they drove them away from a fort which they were building there, probably with the intention of collecting a force there to make a dash on us some time. They captured three vessels laden with cotton, and took a good deal of plunder besides. One man was killed, a captain, and three or four wounded, who have been sent back here. The Zouaves, one company of which was left here to guard their camp, have been very unfortunate, having lost three men within a few days. The first was shot dead by the accidental discharge of a rifle, caused by a stack being blown over before the guard tent; the second was a sentinel who was shot on his post by the corporal, who says that he found him asleep and while trying to get his gun from him it went off and killed him, but the general opinion is that there was a scuffle and the corporal shot him purposely, as the ball went straight through his head from ear to ear; the third was by a shell which was fired by the "Portsmouth"; they were practising to ascertain the length of fuse required to shell the railroad; one of the shells burst in the air directly over the parapet where the railroad crosses, and a piece of it went into their camp, half a mile distant, passed through the tent where the man was lying and struck him on the forehead; he lived but a few hours. It was very careless firing, many of the pieces came very near hitting the guard at the parapet. I have not been to the city yet, but think of going next week. Our chaplain has left us, having received some appointment as superintendent of negro laborers on plantations. We have no religious services whatever, and nobody seems to think or care anything about it. They have given up such matters to the darkies, and they seem to manage them a good deal better than we can. We have a new surgeon, Dr. Horsch, from Dover, I believe; he is liked very much, and I think is an excellent surgeon. Holmes (William F.) is still in the hospital and is gaining, but is pretty sick yet. Alexander is getting quite smart. Lieutenant Seavey returned to the company yesterday; he has recovered from his sickness.

April 5, Sunday. Very warm, but beautiful, bright day. Usual company inspections. Bushels of blackberries are brought into camp. Members of Company I went three miles over the parapet for blackberries. Major Aldrich in command; Lieutenant Perkins on extra guard at night. Many visit Lake Pontchartrain by the beautiful shell road; it is a most pleasant trip, and is six miles from camp. The road is lined with men and officers, many of them mounted and brilliant in gold and army blue. At the lake is a watering place where the gay people of New Orleans most did congregate before the war drove all their young and able-bodied men into the rebel army. The mighty waters stretch away into the dreary distance beyond the reach of human ken. It is still a place of great animation and where tropical trees and plants and flowers thrive and bloom in wondrous profusion. Colonel Kimball, Fifty-third Massachusetts, is met on the way, mounted and with his hands full of strange blossoms. It is well remembered that he reined up to a company of boys who were sauntering along, of whom the writer of this was one, and showed them a flowering spike or plume of a vermilion hue which was dazzling to the eye. He was apparently a great lover of all of nature's handiwork, and

but is not strong enough to do duty yet. We have received mosquito bars for every man in the regiment: they came to-day. We have not tried them yet, but think they will keep off the *varmints* completely. They are furnished without expense to the men, but are to be returned by them, and if lost or destroyed are to be paid for, \$3.20 apiece. What do you think of my bringing home a darkey boy? I have serious thoughts of it if you think best.

"I haven't time to write any more this time, so I must leave the rest of this sheet blank, but you may imagine that it is all filled with praise of your goodness, wisdom, virtue, wit and beauty, for it was my intention to devote the rest to that purpose. I want to write to uncle and aunt, but don't know as they are there yet.

Yours,

WASHINGTON."

and this was a masterly stroke of it which he had never seen before. There are infinite varieties at the lake, with bees and humming birds flitting among them, and such minds as his are lost there and find no words to express their emotions. It is observed that the hues of all flowers here are far more lively and brilliant than at the North, except the white, which are slightly tanned and tawny. Plants of these white roses grow here and at Carrollton that cover a whole large house, embracing roof and all its parts, and pendent everywhere like a giant grapevine, and all its branches loaded with fragrant roses now in full bloom. The oleanders grow like alders; and the "pride of China" and the matchless "cape flower." In a corner of a garden, laid out with shaded bowers and shell walks, Lieutenant Perkins and this writer found where some rich owner had brought together every known variety of roses from over the whole world's surface. So this day was spent in God's own matchless temples, and in the only way whereby ignorant and puny man can pay his creator any true or fitting worship and homage.

April 6, Monday. Very pleasant indeed. Sergt. J. J. Swain, Company D, and Priv. C. D. Johnson are sent to hospital; D. P. Mason, Company D, returns from hospital. Orderly Russell, Company E, acts as lieutenant of the guard. Heretofore there have been two brigade drills per week, now three are ordered. Captains Hall and Gordon returned from New Orleans. Steamer arrived with black soldiers. Colonels Kingman and Blair both very sick; Major Aldrich in command at brigade drill. A. C. Haines goes on guard at 4 p. m. Orderly Russell as lieutenant of patrol guard; Lieutenant Perkins on extra guard at night. Got mosquito bars. Seized some rebel property to-day two miles from camp—thirty mules and harnesses and one thousand bushels of corn.

April 7, Tuesday. Very pleasant indeed. Colonels Kingman and Blair both still sick. Captain Johnson being sick

and excused from duty, Lieutenant Durgin took command at battalion drill. In the evening Lieutenant Durgin took twelve men, and went outside the lines to a negro meeting. Officers in Company "Q" drill after supper. Boys with the band serenade Captain Hall. Lieutenant Perkins on extra guard. All have blackberry sauce and fruit cakes for supper. Sergeant Brown, of Company G, being sick and excused, made sketches of scenes about camp, some of which are reproduced in this work. On one of these days Colonel Blair was pronounced dead by his attendants, he lying in a comatose condition for a considerable time, but was resuscitated by the surgeons.

NOTE. Although mentioning religious services and faithfully recording every appearance of the chaplain, it must not be thought that the historian does in any measure approve or countenance the monstrous doctrines and frauds of any religion based on pecuniary support. The poor, lowly, and susceptible negro, in his new freedom, like all other ignorant and gullible peoples, has been approached by crafty and designing men who, while making a great pretense of virtue and morality, preach to them a personal devil, which every intelligent man must know is a myth, and that they are born sinners and subject to the wrath of a cruel God, who has prepared for them a hell of fire and brimstone, into which they must be plunged at the end of life, and there live and wail and gnash their gums and writhe forever, for they are instructed that even a worm cannot die therein; and they prove all this from a book which they tell them was written by God himself. They thus thoroughly frighten these timid souls, causing them untold misery. They then explain to them that there is a means of escape, but all of which ends in passing of an old hat, with a rehash of the story of the widow and her two mites and the tireless admonition that it is better for others to give than to receive. And by such despicable means these creatures of an all-wise God are practiced upon and deceived and cheated and subjected to a state of mental thralldom worse, if possible, than their old condition of personal bondage. In this age it seems to many that they who thus deceive and defraud the lowly are the most wicked and heartless of all those who scheme to live by the sweat of other brows, and that of all fraudulent means whereby a class filch their living from the toilers of earth, the scheme of salvation, as thus laid down, is the most ridiculous and contemptible; but the scheme must go on, and the pro-

April 8, Wednesday. Very pleasant indeed. Colonels Kingman and Blair still both very sick. Major Aldrich in command of the regiment. Sergeant Ambrose and R. S. Williams return from hospital to duty. Lieutenant Perkins, of Company H, on extra guard. On the promotion of Captain Aldrich, Company B becomes the first company and Company A the second. This forenoon's brigade drill, under General Dow, passed off remarkably well. Much taste is displayed in fixing up the grounds and company streets. All is roofed in now and the whole regimental front, with awnings of cane poles, which make a refreshing shade, with seats arranged beneath. Much architectural genius is displayed. There are flowers in the tents, and some officers have them growing in beds around their quarters. Lieutenant Perkins has some fresh green stuff planted in the letters of his boy's name — "David" — in front of his tent.

April 9, Thursday. Very pleasant indeed. Colonels Kingman and Blair both still sick. Major Aldrich in command at battalion drill. Charles E. White returned from hospital. Lieutenant Perkins on extra guard. Men seen mowing. Lieutenant Pickering, of Company A, moved into a wall tent with Ira A. Hill, and built a bunk and put up mosquito bars.

ceeds of toil go to proud and idle hands till the producers of earth become intelligent and spirited enough to eschew open and palpable fraud, and rebel against the wiles of such adversaries. And now the blind zeal of these ignorant creatures to escape this imaginary devil and hell are ludicrous in the extreme, and furnish unlimited amusement to all. None stop to consider that if this scheme of salvation could succeed with him it would only amount to his individual elevation to a state of bliss, while the multitude howls on forever in Tophet, and which singular condition would be another hell, for no true man could seek good for himself that should not come to all others also. But nature's law of the survival of the fittest is not so much that the heartless and designing shall not impose on ignorance and superstition as that the ignorant and superstitious shall assert themselves, and resist imposition and fraud. Just so long as the producers of earth remain hinds there will be wolves to devour them. The only true religion is humanity and brotherly love, and the only crime and sin of earth is human cupidity and greed.

NOTE. Extract from a soldier's letter :

“ CAMP PARAPET, April 9, 1863.

Dear Wife :

Your letter of March 25 was received yesterday, being the first since yours of the tenth, which I received eighteen days ago. To-day I got one dated March 18, and if you have written two a week, as you say you will in spite of me, there must be at least three since the tenth which have not got here yet. I am in hopes to get them, however, yet, as I have received all your letters but one (February 4) up to March 10. The ‘Marion,’ which left New York the twenty-sixth with three or four days mail, has not arrived, and there are some fears that she is lost. My health continues good, but I have had a very severe cold in my head. I have been out on a sort of patrol guard for six nights, and shall probably have to go for some time, but don't know how long. Our generals got information that some thirty or forty ship carpenters had been hired in the city by the rebels to go out to the lake to work on gunboats, and that they intended to get through the lines, and this guard was put on to prevent them. There are six of us — two go together — so that we are on one third of the night. My turn comes from 11 till 2 or 3. The nights are very pleasant, but cold; we wear overcoats, and sometimes have a fire in our tents. Last Saturday I started alone, and walked over to the lake; it was a beautiful day, and I enjoyed my walk very much, but got pretty tired, having walked nearly fifteen miles. It is about six miles from here to the lake as we have to go, but is probably not more than three in a straight line. I went around by the Zouave camp to the race course, where the Forty-seventh Massachusetts and Second Battery are encamped. Spent an hour or two in looking through the cemeteries there, which are very beautiful and tasty; most of those who die in the city are deposited here. Then on the shell road to the lake the road runs alongside the canal, and the bed of it is made of the earth which is dug out of the canal. It is the most splendid road I ever saw, hard and smooth as a cement floor and shaded by a row of willows the whole length, but runs through one of the most dismal swamps you can imagine, covered with a heavy growth of cypress. The trees here are covered with a sort of moss, which hangs from them like ropes, some of them ten feet in length, giving the forest a very solemn, gloomy appearance. This moss is collected by negroes, cured, and put up in bales like cotton, and is quite an article of commerce. A great deal is sent North, and is used to stuff furniture; when cured it resembles curled hair. Blackberries are getting ripe enough to stew for sauce, and we have them every day; they

are a great treat for us, and help down our dry bread. We have plenty of sugar and molasses, and sometimes we indulge ourselves with a little butter, but it is rather steep to pay forty-five cents a pound for such poor stuff as we get here. We can get milk by paying five cents for a pint dipper two thirds full and half water at that — quite a difference between that and selling it at two cents a quart.

· · A great many of the troops have come back from Baton Rouge, the Eighth and Sixteenth New Hampshire among them, and are going to Berwick Bay on some expedition, but it is kept pretty secret. They go by land, and last night I could hear the cars on the other side of the river going continually. I haven't much faith in anything, however, being accomplished. The Zouaves have returned, and Colonel Clark, of the Sixth Michigan, sent a dispatch to General Sherman that the rebels had destroyed our gunboats at Manchac pass by a masked battery, and that his situation was rather critical. Commodore Farragut is between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, but we don't get much information from him. I have no doubt but he will do all he can, for he is one of the few that have taken a part in the war that I have any faith in. I see no prospect of our regiment having anything to do while we stay here; in fact, we are not in a condition to go into the field, on account of so many of our officers being sick and unfit for duty. Colonel Kingman and Major Blair, who is acting lieutenant-colonel, are both quite sick, and will not probably be able to do anything for a month or two: Captain Aldrich, who is acting major, but has not had much experience, being the only field officer. There are but four captains and nine lieutenants out of the eight companies here who are on duty. I don't know as I have ever written you that two companies have not been with the regiment since we landed, but have been doing guard duty at Carrollton. I'll tell you what I think causes half of the sickness, and that is whiskey. There are but three officers who do not use it, my humble self being one of them, and we are the only ones in the regiment who have done duty every day since we went into camp, and yet the doctors and almost everybody else are all the time recommending it. Holmes is improving, but very slowly. Brainerd, who carries the mail, is sick in the hospital, and Luther (M. L. Moore) has taken his place. That picture looks some like a woman I used to know up in New Hampshire, but I think she is a good deal better looking than the picture is. I sent you a sketch of the vicinity here some time ago, but as you may not have received it, I have drawn another, which I think is very nearly correct. I see by the papers that there are no less than five Perkinses in the legislature this year: it is fortunate that I did not get a chance to go, for I think there are full enough without me. You spoke

April 10, Friday. Very pleasant; some cloudy in the forenoon; wind southeast. Major Aldrich in command. Brigade drill; very hard battalion drill for two hours. Beans for breakfast, fresh beef for dinner, peach sauce and bread for supper. Of Company I, Captain Pinkham is sick and gone to Carrollton, Lieutenant Moore is on guard, and Sergeant Courtland in command at brigade drill. Dress parade, Sergeant Trickey acting as orderly. Sergeant Trickey sat up with Garland last night. The Company K boys and band serenaded Lieutenant Wood in the evening. Lieutenant Perkins on extra guard.

April 11, Saturday. Warm and very pleasant; wind southeast; signs of rain. Major Aldrich in command. Battalion drill. Captain Hall and Company K boys went for canes; got great quantities of blackberries. Lieutenant Durgin went to New Orleans and below; saw men haying. Doughnuts and blackberry sauce for supper. Company K boys and band serenaded Lieutenant Larkin in the evening. Irving Whittemore, of Company E, visited Captain Stearns and Lieutenant Parker at Carrollton, where both are sick. Lieutenant Perkins went to New Orleans.

of uncle's poetry in your last letter, but I can't give my opinion of it, for I have not received it yet; but I hear this evening that the mail from the twelfth to the twenty-second has arrived at New Orleans, and if so, we shall get it to-morrow. I hear, too, that the mail leaves New Orleans to-morrow; if so, this will not go until the next one, as we have to get letters in one day before the mail goes. Tell David I can't swallow that story about the wood — it is rather steep; I guess he will have to take off five or six bushels.

Yours,

WASHINGTON." (Lieutenant Perkins.)

NOTE. The following verbatim extract is from the diary of Lieutenant Pickering, of Company A. It is a more graphic description of a day at the parapet than could be written by any except the immortal Shakespeare himself. It is presumed that it will be as interesting to others as to your historian. It is, in a sense, extremely pathetic, as its orthography and

rhetoric and grammatical construction show how boys of the brave old days, who were amply endowed by nature for the highest walks of life, from motives of patriotic duty gave up all the early training of the schools and its advantages at their country's call, and even life itself. Now that he has answered the last roll-call, and earlier than he should, by many years, because of hardships endured in the service, especial honor should be done his memory. His diary will be freely copied from in this work, with some of its literary inaccuracies corrected, so far as they may be by one who, like himself, can boast of no skill in letters except that obtained in the country school. This appears to be a new book and his first entry. Such as he, after the return of peace, with shattered health, sought honorable employments in life, and became useful and industrious citizens. Like the old soldiers of Cromwell, they became the best bricklayers and masons and carpenters in all the realm; but competition was sharp, and they returned from the war to find their vacated places now occupied by those who remained behind; and the heartless world moved on, in a great measure unmindful and unthinking of their just dues. By younger men of better training and lawyers they were, in many instances, overreached and defrauded. The pay of the great masses was thirteen dollars per month, in paper worth about forty cents to the dollar—between sixty and seventy dollars per year—and from which was deducted their clothing and blankets; and when the government sought to relieve them by pensions, the cry was raised that they had already had their pay in full. Meantime the millionaire lenders who remained at home received their pay in gold and seven and three tenths per cent. interest; and this our army of returned industrious soldiers set to work uncomplainingly to pay, and in large measure earned the very money also which was paid back to them in their meagre pensions.

•• April 11. Received two letters from Home, one was wrote March 13, 1863, and the other was wrote March 15. There was a good large male come in to day, and the boys were prity well pleased with it, and it is fun to see them flock around when the male comes in. Every one of them is on hand at a moment's warning, and as soon as they get them they are as still as deth until they get them red, and then they will come around a looking so good you would think that they were good enuf to eat. It is Saturday to day, and we don't have any company drill to day, on account of scouring and preparing for the Sunday morning inspection, and there is a lot of the boys off picking blackberryes, and we have them at almost every meal; thay are thick hear now, but not so thick as they will be. Major Aldrich has been sick for two or three days, but not very

April 12, Sunday. Foggy morning; slight sprinkle of rain in the afternoon, when it came up very dark for an hour or so; otherwise very pleasant and warm. Colonels Kingman and Blair both still sick, but reported gaining slowly. Usual Sunday inspections. Lot of Company E boys go blackberrying. Luther Stevens and George G. Sanborn, of Company K, visit the sick in the Carrollton hospital. A. C. Haines on guard at General Dow's headquarters. Company E had baked beans for breakfast, ham for dinner, and apple sauce and bread for supper; in Company A hoe cake, brown bread, and baked beans in the morning. At inspection everything is found in fine shape, and the boys feel tip-top. Lieutenant Perkins and others gone up the railroad through the parapet for cane brake. Half of Company A gone plummig — strawberries and blackberries very large and

sick; he is better now. He is in command of the Reggiment now, for the Colonol and the Lieut. Colonol ar boath sick, and have been for a week or more. J. C. Blake and Levi Blake are boath down to New Orleans to work. Levi is clerk for Lieut. Hanks, and Jack is bossing negers, and likes it first rate; he ses he gut this book for me. It was a Rebel Book wonce, but it is not now, and i think it never will be again. Burt Bussell has gut something in his eye, and it is as hot as the deveil hear to day, but there is a good breeze, and it is good weather, bright and pleasant.

..I have just herd that thare has been a fight over the river with the rebels and a negero regiment, and thay say the negers licked the Rebels, a camp story, I serpose. Augustous Merrill return to the company the 8th of April. The boys ar a running around bair footed hear.

..There are thirty six cannon on the Parapet, big and little, at the present time, and a negro company takes charge of a part of them, and thay handle them first rate. One of them shot at a target the other day a mile, and the fift shot he hit the bull eye in the sentre, and the gun boat that lays in the river shot a shell at a mark, and the shell burst in the air, and one of the pieces went a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile and hit a man in a New York Regiment that was in his tent, and the man died in a few hours, and the Commander of the gun boat paid for sending him home, which cost him one hundred and twenty five dollars."

plentiful; rest are writing letters. Lieutenant Cogswell and several officers have gone over the river. Lieutenant Page, of Company B, breakfasted with the Company A officers.

April 13, Monday. Foggy and hot morning; no air stirring. Company A's morning report shows four in hospital and thirteen sick in quarters. Sergt. Fernando Parker sick; Lieutenant Perkins on extra guard; Major Aldrich in command. Splendid brigade drill, which put General Dow in such good humor that he made a speech on discipline at its close, which was very witty; he was highly gratified with their good appearance and behavior and the improvement they had made. If the weather continued fine, in a little while it would be the best brigade in the department. He related in his humorous way how this morning he caught a sentinel sitting down on his beat, with his gun on the ground two or three rods away. The general came close up to him unawares, when he sprang for his gun; the general gave him a talking to, and warned him not to be caught that way again. The old general is firm, but at the same time one of the most genial of men, and is greatly liked by all. Company A drilled as skirmishers in the afternoon and Company K in squads under Sergeants Davis, Gordon, Stevens, and Carew. All were out as usual in the afternoon on company drill. When drill was over, supper was ready of flapjacks and blackberry sauce. Major Aldrich went to New Orleans in the afternoon, and returned at 10 o'clock at night. Of course every day begins with reveille and roll-call, and ends with retreat or dress parade at sunset and tattoo and taps. The full order of exercises is always carried out, except on some extraordinary occasion.

April 14, Tuesday. Very showery in the morning; pleasant and cool; wind west; great blow at night. Usual order carried out. Major Aldrich in command. Battalion drill in the forenoon; company and squad drills in the

afternoon. Major Aldrich attended a social meeting of Masons of the Fifteenth New Hampshire, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, and Twenty-sixth Connecticut out front of the parapet. A. C. Haines carries the supper to the guards. Companies A and G go for cane poles, both in the forenoon and afternoon; saw slaves plowing and planting. Company E had a great feast at supper time—hot biscuit, butter, and apple sauce. Mail steamer “Marion” twelve days overdue, and great fear she is lost. Colonel Kingman reported gaining, but Lieutenant-colonel Blair is very sick, and was taken worse this afternoon. Lieutenant Pickering and others visit a plantation where sugar cane is growing. Corn is a foot high, and potatoes most ready to dig. In the evening Ira A. Hill was afraid his tent would blow down.

April 15, Wednesday. Very pleasant and comfortable. Splendid brigade drill under General Dow, at which fired blank cartridges; company drill omitted this afternoon. Rumored that the Sixteenth New Hampshire met the enemy at Berwick Bay, and lost two hundred. Lieutenant Pickering receives a letter from home with a cud of gum in it. Many off all the afternoon getting canes to cover in the whole camp. Augustus Merrill is out playing with the “niggers,” seeing which can throw a cannon ball the farthest. A man attempting to run the guard was shot through the body, and died in ten minutes. He proved to be a citizen, and had apparently been fishing. On being challenged by the guard, he paid no heed. The method of challenge by the guard at the picket line was this: “Who goes there? Halt — halt — halt!” If at the third call the challenged party does not come to a stand and account for himself, then the guard is to fire. None can cross the line in the daytime without a written pass or in the night without the countersign. If the challenged party is all right, he will present his pass or reply to the guard, “Friend with the countersign,” to which the guard replies, “Advance,”

friend, and give the countersign"; whereupon the challenged party will approach the guard within a certain prescribed distance, and give the countersign in a whisper over the guard's gun, held in such a manner as to be ready for instant use in case of treachery. The victim in this instance may have been one who was tired of life, and took this method of suicide. The countersign is a word fixed upon at headquarters and given to the guard, and is changed each day. It is generally the name of some distinguished military or naval hero or of some historic battle, as for instance, Hannibal, Trafalgar, or Balaklava. Anyone going outside of the lines must be provided with the word, and give it, on being challenged, in the prescribed manner, or he cannot enter without being arrested and held by the guard. The guard line is thrown out round the army, inclosing a large tract. It is divided into beats of six or eight rods each, which are marked by small stakes. A guard is placed on each of these beats, and he sees to it that no one passes either in or out over his particular beat without properly accounting for himself. The guards constantly pace these beats from end to end, and should all make the turn at the same instant; the beats are numbered. In case of an arrest or any other matter requiring it, the guard will call for the officer in this manner: "Officer of the guard, No. 10," or whatever the number of his beat may be; this call will be passed down the line from guard to guard until it reaches the ear of the officer, who will immediately present himself. The guard is divided into three reliefs, so that each stands on guard two hours and is off four. He must not fall asleep on his beat — the penalty is death. In case of hard service and after fatiguing marches or battles, the hours are sometimes greatly increased, so that it is well nigh impossible for the guard to remain awake.

Further particulars show that the citizen who was shot undertook to pass, and when halted, said he was accustomed to go outside at any time. He was requested to wait till the

officer of the guard arrived, but he, while seeming to acquiesce, sprang for the guard's gun, and after a furious attack, in which he used a knife, made a dash to escape, when a cavalryman, halting him five times, drew his revolver, and fired just as he was crossing a ditch. The first shot missed, but at the second he cried out, "Oh, oh!" twice, and fell in the ditch. He then crawled up on the bank, and exclaimed, "Oh friends," and expired. He was a stout-built man, and proved to have a wife in New Orleans, who came up and identified the body; she said that he was subject to spells of insanity.

April 16, Thursday. A very bright day; cold last night and this morning till 10 o'clock, when it became hot, and grew cold again toward night. One of a negro regiment was shot last night for running the guard. Sergeant Trickey, of Company 1, sat up last night with John E. Garland and Gideon Carter. Carter died this morning at 5.14 o'clock and Garland died at noon, both of Company I. Both were excellent soldiers. Company voted to send their bodies home; Carter's was sent to-day. Colonel Kingman is still sick and unable to do duty; Lieutenant-colonel Blair is still very sick, and the surgeon thinks it doubtful if he can recover. Very many of the line officers are also sick, and of the thirty only eight were out to-day on parade or drill, and not a captain amongst them. Great rejoicing over the false news that Charleston is fallen.

April 17, Friday. Very warm and pleasant. Brigade and company drills. Major Aldrich went to New Orleans in the afternoon. Fernando Parker recovers and returns to duty. Eight citizens arrested by the picket and held in the guard house for cutting a hole in the levee, as was supposed, to flood our camp; but they showed that the provost marshal permitted them to do it, and that it was customary in the dry

season to irrigate their plantations in that way, and were released by General Dow. Great news from Berwick Bay and general rejoicing in camp; enemy's forces there completely destroyed or captured. The drill to-day, especially the brigade drill, was very severe, and with the intense heat of the sun completely exhausted the men; after breaking ranks the shaded streets of their camp were a grateful and pleasant retreat. Dress parade was omitted, probably because of the hard day's work.

April 18, Saturday. Very warm and pleasant. Usual order of exercises for the day. Major Aldrich in command. Colonels Kingman and Blair still sick. Boys were over a week covering the camp with cane poles. A. C. Haines on guard at General Dow's headquarters. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin visit New Orleans. John P. Hussey sick. Morrill Weeks (Noah M.) came near being shot by the guard; he was going for blackberries and was halted, but thinking was someone else who was being halted, he kept on, and was fired at, the ball whistling close by his ears. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York left for an excursion across the lakes. Our regiment was designated for this excursion, but the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was sent instead because so many of our officers were sick. This drew from General Sherman the remark that that Fifteenth New Hampshire was the damnedest regiment for sick officers he ever saw.

April 19, Sunday. Very showery till noon and quite warm. Inspection omitted. Four months since the "James S. Green" reached Carrollton. There are measles in the hospital. Hear of the great success of General Banks at Opelonsas and Vermillion Bayou.

April 20, Monday. Very warm and pleasant, with good breeze. Special guard captured two rebel prisoners and put them in the guard house. "Oriole" arrived with paymaster

and two millions of greenbacks. The Zouaves have gone to New Orleans. Company K received orders to move to Carrollton for provost duty. No drill on account of mud. Mail steamer "Continental" arrived. We relieved the Zouave guard. All the saddles of the country are being seized by the army. An old planter and wife came to camp to secure a runaway slave of theirs, who was acting as a servant for Company H; but the "colored gentleman" saw them in season and escaped, when they went away in high dudgeon.

April 21, Tuesday. Warm and pleasant. Numerous berry parties are passed out, both soldiers and citizens; many poor people from the city go for blackberries. The brigade was all in line ready for drill when General Dow dismissed them on account of the mud. The Twenty-sixth Connecticut moved down to the Zouaves' old camp ground; this leaves us now alone. Company K left Camp Parapet at 7.30 o'clock for provost duty at Carrollton, exchanging places with Company C. Companies B and C both return to the regiment from Carrollton. Company K camped on Market square, near Levee street, which is the principal street of Carrollton. Company drills in afternoon.

April 22, Wednesday. Very warm and pleasant; very heavy thunder shower at night. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York returns from its excursion across the lakes. It was a raid on the enemy, which was very successful, capturing and destroying large amounts of Confederate property. General Banks is freeing all the southern and western parts of the state of enemies, preparatory to a great movement, in conjunction with General Grant, for opening the Mississippi. Dexter E. Butman, of Company C, died; body sent to Enfield for burial. Lieutenant-colonel Blair's commission arrived and also that of Major Aldrich. The band striking up "Hail Columbia" in the New Orleans

theatre, the hostile element rose in riot, and declared it should not be played. There being some Union officers there, one of them rose and calmly announced that it would be played or nothing should be; and the rioters, who had become very turbulent, presently discovered that discretion was the better part of valor, and subsided.

April 23, Thursday. Very hot, hazy morning and wet. No drill on account of mud. Major Aldrich appeared on parade in major's uniform. The cane shades left by the Twenty-sixth Connecticut are being appropriated by our boys. Much talk about the riot in the theatre last night; the general sent orders in for the band to play "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and the "Star Spangled Banner" before they left the hall, but it appears that the audience was all broken up and dispersed before the order arrived. Grand Union ball announced to take place in New Orleans to-morrow night.

NOTE. A soldier's letter:

.. CAMP PARAPET, LA., April 23, 1863.

Dear Mother:

I received your letter dated March 1 last night. About three weeks ago I went down to New Orleans; while I was gone a mail was brought in, among which was this letter for me, and it has been lying on the orderly's shelf ever since, where it was accidentally discovered.

.. There has nothing worthy of notice taken place in this regiment since my last letter. We are still in the same place, with no sign of moving till we leave for home. Our mode of living is the same, except that we are constantly improving our houses and bettering our conditions generally, as we learn to economize matters and accommodate ourselves to the circumstances. The last improvement in my tent was made day before yesterday, by raising it up about two feet and sewing shelter tents round the bottom, thus making it nearly twice as roomy and capable of containing, besides its occupants, some rude furniture to sit on and a table, which I am writing at and which I made from lumber brought nearly a mile on my back. Things are beginning to look very much like house-keeping. If you were here you would see, as you entered, on the

April 24, Friday. Very hot, clear day. These are the bright days that bring forth the adder ; spotted king snakes and moccasins are plenty. Ordered to prepare to move at a moment's notice, with two days' rations ; all hope the order will not be countermanded. Brigade drill and usual daily programme. Company F marches to Carrollton to do provost duty. The brigade drill was very hard and the day

right the table bestrewed with writing materials, on the left two hard-tack boxes placed one top of the other: this serves as a cupboard, and is filled with tinware, bottles, papers, and books, among which I would mention Hugh Miller's 'Testimony of the Rocks' and four volumes of Macauley's 'History of England.' Over this cupboard a little looking-glass is suspended by means of a bent pin. Overhead a pole extends across, on which are hung our coats. At the back side of the tent on the floor the knapsacks lay across in a row, and serve for pillows at night. Over these five rifles are stood upon a shelf, on each of which is hung the owner's accoutrements. Above this, on another shelf, two large bottles of blackberry wine are working 'right smart' in view of coming seasickness.

"In regard to going home, if they do keep us a few days after the time is out, I shan't grumble.

"As for fighting our way up the river, the thing is nearly completed already. After the fleet run the batteries at Port Hudson, Banks returned with his army to New Orleans, and from there, when the enemy were all in the dark, precipitated it upon them at Berwick Bay, and obtained a complete victory. It was there the 'Queen of the West' was destroyed, with nine other vessels. From here there is communication with Red River near its mouth by means of bayous and streams, which you can find laid down on most any map. And thus, if the river itself is not open, there is communication clear through, and the rebellion divided into two parts. Banks will probably now operate between Port Hudson and Vicksburg.

"News is very scarce, and I have filled this sheet with most anything, but it will have to do. Those two stamps arrived safe, and also Delia's note, which I will answer soon. M. N. Holmes is well; William F. Holmes is getting along finely. The rest are all well also. Give my respects to all the folks.

Your son,

CHAS. MCGREGOR."

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very hot ; all sweat like mowers in the hay-field. After dismissal they enjoy the refreshing shade of the camp. Major Aldrich, Captain Cogswell, Lieutenant Durgin, and others of our officers attend the grand Union military ball at the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans. It is held on the anniversary of Commodore Farragut's passage of the forts down the river.

April 25, Saturday. Very hot and bright. Stephen Hilton returned to Company D. No drill on account of marching orders. Order to move did not come. Lieutenant Parker returned to duty. The "Portsmouth" left her moorings to-day, and passed down the river ; she had laid here a year, and her anchor had sunk into the river bottom so that her cables parted without raising it. The sun is blazing hot ; Lieutenant Pickering says in his diary that he thinks she has got a new fireman.

April 26, Sunday. Not very hot ; still and cloudy. Captain Osgood came up from New Orleans, where he has been sick for some time. Trickey sergeant of the picket guard ; Corporal Rewitzer with him. Mosquitoes bit terribly ; night was very warm. Sergeant Stevens, of Company K, with eight men, went down river two miles and a half to load a steamer with contrabands.

NOTE. A soldier's letter :

.. CARROLLTON, LA., April 26, 1863.

Dear Laura :

I received your letter of the twelfth to-day, and now sit down to answer it. We have moved since I last wrote, down to Carrollton, two companies of us, K and F: the rest are up to the parapet. We are encamped in the centre of the city and but a few steps from the depot. Arth. (Color-sergeant Merrick) stopped with the rest of the regiment, but he is down here to-day. We are all well. We guard the bakery, foundry, and quartermaster's stores and the river, picket, and patrol guard. We do not drill any since we came down here. I have been on corporal of the patrol guard ever since we came here. I do not have anything to do only from 9 till 12 at night ; then I have to take a squad of men, and go all over the city to

April 27, Monday. Cooler and somewhat cloudy, with south wind; showers at night. Brigade drill; usual programme. Guard terribly tormented by mosquitoes.

April 28, Tuesday. Very pleasant, with good breeze and thunder showers in the afternoon. Lieutenant Durgin and others went gunning, fishing, and blackberrying; shot three alligators. Caught garfish in the river. The river is turbid and opaque on account of the soil which it is sweeping on to the ocean, and flows about three miles per hour. All its fish have a pale white color on account of living in the shade;

see if everything is all right. We have to stay round camp all day to be ready to go out if there is any disturbance. I took a squad of men last night and went down to Greenville, and arrested some niggers, took them up to the parapet, and put them on board a steamer. Part of the company went down to an old brickyard this morning, and surrounded a lot of niggers, and put them on a boat. They send them up river to work on plantations; they are so lazy that they won't do anything here, and will steal everything that they get hold of. They have to drive them to the boat at the point of the bayonet: when they see you coming they run like a flock of sheep, but draw your gun up to your shoulder and tell them to halt, and they will stop as quick as if they were shot. They are as afraid of a soldier as they are of the devil; one will drive a hundred of them. But I guess I have written enough about niggers this time, and I will take a little lighter subject. George Durant got here a day or two ago, but I have not seen him yet. Arth. says that he is as fat as a hog. I guess that they will not do anything with him. You wrote that you wanted to know what we had to eat. We live well, better than I expected; we have soft bread, baked beans, fresh beef and salt beef, pork, potatoes, brown bread, ham, doughnuts, hasty pudding, tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, hominy, rice, and other things that I do not remember now. We have enough to eat, and it is good enough. The cars run from here to New Orleans and back every half hour, Sundays not excepted: they do as much business here on that day as any. I don't know as I can write any more to-day. I shall be at home before a great while to tell all about it. Give my love to mother. Write soon as you get this.

From your husband,

A. H. DAVIS." (Corporal Company K.)

the garfish is very smart and sharky, and two to three feet in length. Major Aldrich went to New Orleans to be mustered as major. Splendid battalion drill to-day. Lieutenant Pickering says that Company A now has not a man in hospital. "Our company," he says, "is in good health now, and I wish we could have a chance to do something, for the men are all in good condition." A. P. Wadleigh, of Company A, left the cook house, and A. C. Badger was voted into his place.

April 29, Wednesday. Very pleasant and cool, with good breeze. Brigade drill and usual routine. Major Aldrich mounted at parade. Captain Cogswell and Ira A. Hill making out the pay-rolls. A. F. Young sent to hospital. Ira A. Hill appointed acting sergeant-major.

April 30, Thursday. Cool and cloudy, with a good breeze; came off glorious in the evening; splendid moonlight. National fast day and all drill omitted. All citizens now must take the oath of allegiance or leave the Union lines. Lieutenant Hendley appointed acting regimental quartermaster and Quartermaster Moody brigade quartermaster. William N. Stevens died at Hanover, N. H. Luther Stevens, sergeant of guard in Carrollton, took eleven prisoners at night, among them four secessionists for cheering for Southern Confederacy.

Thus ends the month. It has been a very fine one. It is early summer here. The river is brimfull to the top of the levee, and the scenery across is like a perfect paradise — glimpses of houses in the midst of groves of magnolia and orange and embowered in oleander and other flowering shrubs. The broad bosom of the river is busy with shipping, and is ample to float all the navies of the world. All the land fairly teems with luxuriance. But though the weather and surroundings are all so beautiful, climatic influences and the new mode of life have a deleterious effect on the health of many.

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The following shows the Company D sick for April :

Lieutenant Chadwick was on the sick list, from and including the third, up to and including the twelfth. Of privates and non-commissioned officers there were on the sick list on the first, 22 ; on the second, 17 ; on the third, 8 ; on the fourth, 19 ; on the fifth, 18 ; on the sixth and seventh, 19 ; on the eighth, 18 ; on the ninth and tenth, 22 ; on the eleventh and twelfth, 20 ; on the thirteenth, 18 ; on the fourteenth, 20 ; on the fifteenth, 19 ; on the sixteenth, 23 ; on the seventeenth, 19 ; on the eighteenth, 18 ; on the nineteenth, 19 ; on the twentieth, 17 ; on the twenty-first, 19 ; on the twenty-second and twenty-third, 20 ; on the twenty-fourth, 18 ; on the twenty-fifth, 17 ; on the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, 15 ; on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, 14 ; and on the thirtieth, 12.

Company A, morning report April 30, 58 privates for duty.

"	B,	"	"	43	"
"	C,	"	"	47	"
"	D,	"	"	51	"
"	E,	"	"	52	"
"	G,	"	"	50	"
"	H,	"	"	45	"
"	I,	"	"	51	"

Companies F and K on provost duty at Carrollton.

THE SICK FOR APRIL.

Date.	Officers.	Non-commissioned officers.	Privates.	Totals.
April 1	11	26	82	119
2	11	25	97	133
3	10	25	97	132
4	10	24	89	123
5	11	28	82	121
6	11	28	82	121
7	11	29	89	129
8	13	30	84	127
9	13	27	95	135
10	13	28	99	140
11	12	27	97	136
12	12	27	102	141
13	13	26	97	136
14	13	29	107	149
15	13	27	99	139
16	13	28	105	146
17	12	22	99	133
18	13	21	102	136
19	14	25	101	140
20	13	25	97	135
21	13	26	99	138
22	15	27	128	170
23	16	29	115	160
24	16	29	121	166
25	14	24	116	154
26	13	20	110	143
27	11	21	101	133
28	11	21	105	137
29	11	19	102	132
30	12	20	95	127

DAILY INCIDENTS AND EVENTS FOR MAY, UP TO THE
TWENTIETH INSTANT.

May 1, Friday. Warm and very pleasant; good breeze blowing. General regimental monthly muster and inspection, which took up nearly the whole day; inspected by Major Aldrich, who is in command. Line formed at 7.30 A. M.; reviewed by Colonel Kingman at 4 P. M. Captain Johnson brigade officer of the day. The boys are feeling well, and are full of rollicking good humor. Company A has the least sick and the fullest numbers on parade of any company in the regiment. General Dow stops all peddling in camp because liquors were thus stealthily introduced to the soldiers, whereby some became intoxicated; this cuts off the milk supply and newspapers. George R. Wildes and Sidney C. Hill appointed markers for the regiment. Corp. J. C. Blake visited camp from New Orleans, riding up in a covered carriage and mule hitch, with a negro driver; after an hour's stay Captain Cogswell, Lieutenant Pickering, and John P. Hussey rode with him to Carrollton. On the way back, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the mosquitoes nearly devoured Cogswell and Pickering, but Hussey went with Blake to New Orleans. While at Carrollton they called on Captain Hall, who related that last night his patrol seized four men in a carriage, who were hurrahing for Jeff Davis and singing "sesech songs," and jailed them, and put their horse up at the tavern; they will appear before Captain Ela, who sits in judgment here. There is a good deal of fiddling and singing going on in camp in the evening, and a battery down to the race course, a mile and a half from our camp, is firing its guns.

May 2, Saturday. Very pleasant in the morning; partially cloudy in the afternoon. Hard battalion drill; it was hot work. To-day the guard was extended around the band,

they having played at a garden party last Sunday evening in Carrollton where festivities became excessive.

May 3, Sunday. Very warm morning; cloudy before noon; extremely hot all day. Roast beef and baked beans and coffee and doughnuts. Many go swimming in the Mississippi. Lieutenant Perkins indisposed. Some Company I boys go bee hunting, and bring back fifty pounds of honey. Sergt. Luther Stevens, of Company K, with a party, visits the public gardens. Sergeant Wallace, of Company I, who has been sick, returns to duty. Captain Osgood, Sergeant Brown, and others walked up the river on the levee to the outpost. Singing in Company I in the evening. Lieutenant Hendley very sick again with pleurisy in the side. Mail steamer arrives. Ansel F. Young very sick. The boys find endless amusement these days watching the negroes drill and attending their dances and religious meetings and weddings.

NOTE. A soldier's letter (Corporal McGregor):

“CAMP PARAPET, LA., May 5, 1863.

Dear Mother:

I have just received your letter of April 19, and have seated myself to reply. I am sorry to see by your letter that you worry so much about me, though this is nothing more than I expected when I left; but I did not expect then to be in so safe a place as I am in now. I am in the best of health, a hundred miles from the enemy, and have never seen a rebel soldier nor heard a rebel gun. The regiment is doing garrison duty, and there is no prospect of ever moving till it moves for home. I have got tired of lying here, and often wish that we might cross the lake as the New York regiment has once done, and have a little excitement; but then we never shall, so we must pass the time as best we can. I and another fellow have just got back from a pleasure expedition across the river. It is now near sunset. The day has been very pleasant, and we had a fine trip.

“The camp is in high spirits this day. Banks has been entirely successful in his operations on the other side of the river, and the news is just coming in. He gave the rebels a thorough cleaning out, and it is now supposed that his army is on Red River. On the day your letter

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May 4, Monday. Extremely hot day. Brigade drill at 7 o'clock this morning. Receive the news of the great Grierson cavalry raid, down from the North, through Mississippi to our lines. Greatest cavalry feat ever performed; great rejoicing. Lieutenant Pickering received his commission by mail from the North. Lieutenant Perkins very weak. Singing in camp in the evening.

May 5, Tuesday. Cloudy and more comfortable, with light rain in the forenoon. Battalion drill; General Dow dismissed us early from drill on account of the rain. Parker, Company E, lieutenant of the guard. Lieutenants Hendley and Perkins both very sick. Captain Cogswell goes to New Orleans to be mustered out as lieutenant and in as captain.

was written he issued an address to his army, stating that they had marched 300 miles in twenty days, fought four battles, captured 2,000 prisoners, destroyed a strong naval force collected by the enemy at Berwick Bay, and among them the "Queen of the West," and scattered the rebels so that they cannot again reorganize. By this movement they are cut off from the resources of Texas and from their salt works in the southern part of this state. Besides this a body of cavalry have come clear through from General Grant's army on the Mississippi side, and broken up the rebel communications with the east, and destroyed what military stores they could come at. Three thousand shells were blown up at one place. They brought in 300 negroes, each riding one horse and leading another. Such is the news, and it is galling to lie here when the rest are off having such glorious times. I think the situation now looks very encouraging. But I must come to a close. My eyes are about the same. When I get paid off I intend to send you a photograph, then Emma can see how I look; and then, too, I will get some better paper, but I thought I would use this rather than run in debt, for I am all out of money and have been for a long time. I received a letter from Uncle William and two papers from father. Again I assure you there is no cause for alarm, not quite so much as I wish there was. I should like to see a little of war before I come home.

From your son,

CHARLES."

May 6, Wednesday. Most beautiful day : clear, bright, and deliciously cool in camp, with brisk north wind ; dust and sand blow outside on the roads. Brigade drill at 7 o'clock. Paid off for January and February. Lieutenant Durgin went to New Orleans, and drew the money for the company savings. Band went to Jefferson serenading. Trickey, Orme, Horney, and Colony, of Company I, visited New Orleans, and saw the great raider, Colonel Grierson. At brigade drill to-day and for the future the regiment forms as follows : right, Companies G, B, A, I, E, H, C, D. At dress parade the old order will be observed as the companies are encamped. Lieutenant Hendley very sick ; goes to Carrollton to a private house to be cared for. Captain Cogswell goes to bed early with sick headache.

May 7, Thursday. Weather delightful as yesterday ; wind north and stronger ; cool morning. Soldiers appeared in overcoats. Parade, battalion drill, and usual routine. Captain Cogswell brigade officer of the day. Captain Johnson and his company take position on the left of the companies at battalion drill. Lieutenant Perkins recovered. Corporal Bullock goes with the band to Jefferson City to serenade, and met there Joseph Whitcomb, who was on the "Mississippi" when she was abandoned and fired. Trickey sergeant of the guard. Boys all in high spirits. Our camp is delightful. The company streets are all roofed with canes and also the long regimental front, with seats beneath ; the grounds are scrupulously clean. There are many unique features, especially about the officers' tents ; some have raised beds of flowers. Lieutenant Perkins has a pair of young mocking birds in his tent. Some have tame crows, and one has a young mink. Surgeon Horsch has an alligator tied to a stake in a little pool of water.

May 8, Friday. Weather same as yesterday. Brigade drill for two and three quarters hours. Orders received

for the whole division to march to New Orleans, and pass in review before General Sherman. Acting Second Lieutenant Pickering, of Company A, goes to New Orleans, and is discharged as first sergeant in order to accept promotion. Albert Chamberlain, of Company C, dies.

May 9, Saturday. Clear, bright, and very warm. The grand feature of this day was the march of Sherman's army to New Orleans. One object of this may have been to show the Union strength and overawe the rebellious element of the great city, now soon to be left unprotected by the withdrawal of the troops to active service up the river. The secessionist had at times been somewhat demonstrative, and sedition and insurrection attempted. Our brigade formed at 7 o'clock near the old camp ground at Carrollton, two miles away on the shell road. Our regiment moved at daylight, marching on the levee to Carrollton, Companies K and F joining us there. General Dow, surrounded by his staff, took command at that point; all in full, heavy marching order. It was the most magnificent pageant in which the Fifteenth Regiment had ever participated. Colors were flying and bands playing. The boys were permitted to sing along the route, and "Marching Along" and "Old John Brown" and many others were rendered with great effect. The march was along the famous shell road. On entering the city, the strictest discipline is enforced, and the marching was perfect and the scene inspiring. The streets were thronged with gaily dressed people, mostly ladies. The march was continued through the principal streets; were received with cheers in many places. The great city was clean as a lady's parlor. Our bands played "Yankee Doodle" and all the national airs. General Sherman reviewed the army from his headquarters; all officers salute in passing, and the flags are dipped. The old general seemed greatly pleased, and praised the troops highly. It

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was a march of twenty miles. The main body of our regiment reached camp on its return at about 1 o'clock, but many gave out toward the last, and straggled in till dark. In the middle of the day the heat was intense. John Gross, of Company F, and George F. Bowers, of Company H, died.

May 10, Sunday. Very warm and pleasant. Usual Sunday company inspections. Major Aldrich crossed the river, and spent six hours visiting plantations and points of interest. General cropping of hair and shaving in camp. Fatigue duty has become very hard; much work filling and digging ditches and levelling the parade ground. The guard duty also is much increased, there being regimental and brigade lines to maintain, besides much special guard duty and strong picket outposts. Captain Cogswell sick and carried to Carrollton, where Lieutenant Hendley is. Ezekiel Gilman is there taking care of them.

May 11, Monday. Very warm and pleasant. Usual routine. Major Aldrich visits New Orleans. Lieutenant Pickering visited Captain Cogswell and Lieutenant Hendley at Carrollton; they were better. Lieutenant Hendley engaged a team and went with Lieutenant Pickering to the great city. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York left to-day; our regiment doing all the guard duty. Henry W. Benton, of Company B, died.

May 12, Tuesday. Sun very hot, but good breeze; alternate cloud and sunshine. Major Aldrich ill and excused from duty. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York took cars for Manhae Pass by way of the Jackson Railroad. Pickering, of Company A, mustered at New Orleans as second lieutenant. Grand excursion of orphan children from the city to Camp Parapet and the river. Hear that Hooker won a great "victory" at Fredericksburg; rebel loss reported at 18,000. Lieutenant Wood receives orders to do provost duty at Gretna.

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May 13, Wednesday. Very warm ; looks like rain. General Dow dismissed the brigade at drill because of the excessive heat ; said there was something in the atmosphere that prevented all business. Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Durgin visit New Orleans. Major Aldrich and Lieutenant Pickering procure a team and go for a drive up river several

NOTE.

“ PROVOST MARSHAL’S OFFICE,
PARISH OF JEFFERSON, LA.,
CARROLLTON, May 12, 1863.

Lieutenant :

Enclosed you will find your appointment as deputy provost marshal Parish Jefferson, to make your headquarters at Gretna. I also forward you a pass book and some instructions in regard to your duties.

In granting passes you are specially referred to General Orders No. 87, in regard to persons coming within our lines who have not taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

In issuing passes you will use the printed form and no others, and one dollar must be collected and returned for each person named on each pass. You will make monthly statements to this office of passes issued and the money received therefor. You will pay the necessary current expenses of your office from the same, and forward vouchers to this office.

You will give no passes to parties not having certificates of allegiance or of registered aliens, and to those not higher than Bonnett Carre.

You will have a guard patrol the streets both night and day, and will arrest all stray negroes and all negroes who are not working for their masters or under their authority, or the authority of the government, and give them their choice to go to work for their masters or for government. If they choose their master, send them to their master ; if they choose to work for government, send them to me.

You will see that order and quiet is preserved in your district, and arrest all parties engaged in disturbing the peace or committing any misdemeanor, and in all cases where a trial is necessary, you will send the accused, with all the witnesses in the case, to this office for trial.

JOHN W. ELA,
Captain and Provost Marshal.

E. G. WOOD,
Lt. Co. K, 15th N. H. Vols.”

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miles ; conversed with planters, and saw southern life ; a very enjoyable time. Lieutenant Larkin returns to camp. Stevens, of Company K, sergeant of the guard. Orderly Davis, of Company K, sick.

May 14, Thursday. Warm and cloudy ; slight sprinklings of rain ; good shower at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Usual routine. Lieutenant Wood, of Company K, with three corporals and ten men, crossed the river to Gretna for patrol duty ; they were very pleasantly situated there, being quartered in a deserted mansion house. They left Carrollton at 11 A. M., marched to the stock landing, and then crossed by ferry. Captain Johnson officer of the day. Banks' forces, that have been operating west of the Mississippi, commence the grand movement from Alexandria and vicinity toward Bayou Sara for the siege of Port Hudson. (They concentrate at Bayou Sara on the twenty-third, and moving thence immediately invest the place from the north, meeting, as will be seen, General Sherman's army, which advanced from the south at the same time.) Ansel F. Young, of Company A, died.

May 15, Friday. Warm ; alternate showers and sunshine. Brigade drill and usual routine. Major Aldrich went to New Orleans ; muddy walking. Lieutenant Larkin went to New Orleans and got "shelters" to piece down tents.

May 16, Saturday. Cloudy and warm ; good breeze. Drill omitted on account of mud. Sergeant Leavitt, of Company A, went to hospital. Perkins, of Company H, lieutenant of the guard.

May 17, Sunday. Very warm ; cloudy and overcast all day, with slight showers in the afternoon. Major Aldrich and Lieutenant Hendley rode up to Kennerville and dined with a Swiss woman ; honey, milk, ham, eggs, etc. Lieutenant Wood here from Gretna. Sergeant Brown sits on a box containing a thousand rounds of ammunition, and writes in his diary.

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May 18, Monday. Cool and clear ; very pleasant. Brigade drill, etc. Ordered to clean guns and equipments for inspection to-morrow. Boiled dish for dinner. Cross and Berry, of Company G, in hospital very sick ; Berry has typhoid fever, and is emaciated and delirious. Harry Chamberlain and Edward P. Little, of Company C, died.

The last order at the parapet :

HEADQUARTERS 15TH REGT. N. H. VOLS.,

CAMP PARAPET, May 18, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 36.

There will be hereafter, till further orders, a school for the study and recitation of "Casey's Tactics" twice each week, at the tent of Major Aldrich. The time for holding said school will be decided on and notice given by Major Aldrich, commencing on Tuesday, May 19. All officers not required to be absent on duty will punctually attend.

By order of

COL. JOHN W. KINGMAN.

EDWARD E. PINKHAM,

Adjutant.

May 19, Tuesday. A most beautiful day. Brigade drill two hours and three-quarters ; general and very rigid and thorough inspection by A. A. Gen. Matthews. At 6 in the evening orders received to go up river to Baton Rouge with three days' rations ; Adjutant Pinkham with orders walked by the officers' tents and communicated with each ; boys in high spirits. One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York returned from Ponchatoula. Captain Johnson brigade officer of the day ; Luther Stevens sergeant of the guard. S. D. Lougee, Company A, returned from hospital. Corp. J. S. Piper, Company A, and C. F. Swain, Company A, detailed. Flies and mosquitoes have become very annoying. All had been well drilled in company, battalion and brigade drills, and also in skirmishing and somewhat in the bayonet exercise. Men were reported as orderly, temperate, keeping tents and clothing and arms in fine condition, and as being interested in their work and duties.

THE SICK FOR MAY.

Date.	Officers.	Non-commissioned officers.	Privates.	Totals.
May 1	11	20	100	131
2	9	20	105	134
3	9	22	104	135
4	10	24	108	142
5	10	24	105	139
6	11	20	103	134
7	12	25	101	138
8	11	27	109	147
9	9	25	113	149
10	9	25	111	145
11	11	23	91	125
12	11	23	85	119
13	8	24	94	126
14	8	24	107	139
15	8	30	105	143
16	9	27	105	141
17	8	28	98	134
18	10	27	98	135
19	8	24	105	137
20	7	30	104	141

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Morning reports show present for duty the following effectives :

Date.	Captains.	First lieutenants.	Second lieutenants.	Enlisted men.
May 20	4	5	7	451
“ 31	6	5	6	460
June 10	5	5	5	387
“ 20		4	4	380
“ 30	1	4	4	361
July 10	2	7	4	346
“ 15	2	7	4	327
“ 18	3	7	4	371
“ 19	3	7	4	381
“ 20	2	7	4	381
“ 30	1	1		475
August 2	6	7	5	458

August 2 is the last report. May 20, 451 ; 13 musicians reckoned out, leaves 438 combatants who marched from the parapet ; but several of these were sent back sick before the battle of May 27.

Now let us take a hasty glance at the situation. Mighty preparations have been made ; an army in the far North has been called into existence, transported to the South, and drilled and disciplined into the highest state of efficiency. The supreme moment of action has come ; Grant is at Vicksburg ; Port Hudson must fall, and the river be free. This severs the Confederacy in twain in a vital part and means victory, a restored Union, and an enduring peace. Preliminary to moving this army from New Orleans and its defenses, all the enemies of the Union have been registered and required to take an iron-clad oath of allegiance or be

transported within the Confederate lines, to the end that no enemies may be lurking in the rear, and especially when the great Southern metropolis is left in a defenseless state. And besides, all the armed and organized enemies of the vicinity have been met and dispersed or captured by our armies as they swept the country west of the river and to a point above Port Hudson as far as Alexandria. And it should be remembered that Admiral Farragut is between the two remaining rebel strongholds on the river with a part of his fleet; and now the enemy to be met by General Banks are under Gen. Frank Gardner at Port Hudson and its vicinity, and although ordered to withdraw and unite with Johnston, is, before he can effect his escape, entrapped and compelled to stand siege at that historic point. During these operations Johnston remains inactive, evidently unable to raise the siege or assist the entrapped Gardner. But Dick Taylor, towards its close, gathers some head and threatens our communication, especially at Donaldsonville, and menaces New Orleans, which at one time was held by only four hundred of our men. Port Hudson was invested by a portion of General Banks' army descending from the north by the Bayou Sara road and effecting a junction with General Sherman's division, now advancing from the south. The junction was effected on the twenty-third, at which date the place was completely invested and the siege begun.

May 20 was a very beautiful day, with a delightful breeze. General Sherman's division embarks at Carrollton for the siege of Port Hudson. When the order to move was received, eight companies, A, B, C, D, E, G, H, and I, were in the camp at the "Parapet," F and K were detached and on provost duty at Carrollton, except Lieutenant Wood, Company K, who, with three corporals and ten men, was doing patrol duty at Gretna across the river opposite New Orleans. The regiment assembled at Carrollton. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon Companies A, C, D, E, H and I broke camp, and with

the band and colors marched to Carrollton under command of the colonel, his staff being present with him; B and G, under Osgood, followed an hour later. On arriving at the landing Companies A, B, D, E, F, G, H, and I marched aboard the ocean steamer "Crescent," on which was already the Twenty-sixth Connecticut. Company C boarded the "United States," which was an ocean steamer also — an iron one — a propeller. Company K was relieved from guard at 1 o'clock, struck tents, and moved their baggage and eleven days' rations to the "United States," upon which ship their embarkation was effected at about midnight. On the "United States" was already the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York. Soon after dark Company D was ordered off the "Crescent" and were put on patrol guard till 11 o'clock, when they assisted in loading stores upon the "United States," and then took passage themselves on the same. Lieutenant Wood, Company K, with his squad, returned from Gretna via Algiers and New Orleans, and thence by rail to Carrollton. They left Gretna at 10 in the forenoon; they spent the day in breaking camp and packing, and the night

NOTE.—Captain Gordon was lame and debilitated, and was alone with his company, Lieutenants Martin and Celby and Orderly Sergeant Wells remaining behind with the numerous sick.

Of Company C there remained behind sick the following: Orderly Sergeant Cox, Corp. John B. Nelson, Daniel Bedel, John Clark,* John Carraway,* E. A. Eudy, L. L. Terrell,* C. J. Carpenter,† N. G. Bailey,* and T. E. Furnald;* and at Springfield Landing were left of Company C, Wilder P. Cross, James N. Garland, and Stephen Church.

Of the field and staff and line, twenty-eight commissioned officers sailed with the expedition.

Lieutenant Wyatt was in command of Company B.

Company D embarked with Captain Johnson, First Lieutenant Chadwick and fifty-two guns, leaving sixteen sick behind. Company D left two sick at Springfield Landing. Lieutenant Durgin had with him seven detailed men from Company D at the time of embarkation.

* Returned to duty June 21. † Returned to duty June 8.

in the depot, sleeping on bags of oats, and in the morning went aboard the "Creole." Captain Osgood and his detachment went aboard just at dark. When orders to march were received, Captain Cogswell and his first lieutenant, Hendley, were both sick in bed at Carrollton, in a private house which they had hired, and where they were being cared for by Ezekiel Gilman of their company. Hendley was suffering from pleurisy, and had a severe fly blister on his side and breast, but at the word both feigned health, rose from their beds, and despite the remonstrances of Surgeon Horsch, rejoined the regiment and resumed duty.

The morning report of this date shows present for duty the following effectives: Four captains, five first lieutenants, seven second lieutenants, and 451 enlisted men. But Companies F and K, being detached, are not included; they would raise the number to 564, fifteen of whom were musicians, thus leaving 549 men carrying guns, who actually embarked on the expedition. This report would show that five of the captains were sick and excused by the surgeon. Captain Ela is left behind as provost marshal of the district. But all the field and staff and all the captains, except Ela, sailed with their men, and all but six of the lieutenants.

We begin now to see more of General Sherman, and to feel his personality and force. He is active about the embarkation; the very fact of the presence of this trained and fiery son of Mars means war and bloody fields. He is superbly uniformed and mounted; he might be another Alexander were it not for his advancing years; he is untiring; he never sleeps; his power is despotic; he is attended by a brilliant cavalcade of horsemen — they are other eyes and hands of his, and dart hither and thither, and reach and see all things and everywhere. Nothing can move fast enough to suit him. The flotilla is to sail in the morning; the prodigious work of loading his army and all its stores of arms,

ammunition, food, medical supplies, and baggage and paraphernalia, goes on through the night. Our quartermaster, Moody, who has been advanced to brigade quartermaster, is a man of tremendous energy, and is about his work with hundreds of men, all strained to their utmost tension. Sherman, at his headquarters in New Orleans, becoming anxious, calls for his horse at midnight and spurs to the Carrollton landing, his aids scarcely keeping in sight. He dashes upon this scene of tumult; torches burn everywhere and lanterns move about. Mule teams are going and coming, urged on by lash and shout. He demands who is in charge here, and on being referred to Moody, asks with a terrible imprecation why these stores are not loaded, and became so wrought up that at last Moody's temper is lost and he talks back to the general in a language that even astonished a West Pointer. There was great sport for those in hearing. Moody expected a court martial. But it appears that the old general, upon this more intimate acquaintance, liked the force of the man Moody and overlooked his rash and hasty words. During all this our regimental commissary, Lieutenant Durgin, Company D, with a gang of men, was engaged through the night loading stores aboard the "United States."

But at length all is ready to sail. It is a vast armada. General Sherman and staff are on the "St. Mary," General Dow and staff are on the "United States," our field and staff and band are on the "Crescent"; and now on the morning of Thursday, the twenty-first, which was a fine day with several delightful little showers in the afternoon, the "United States" and others leave their moorings at daylight, and steam up the great river. The "Crescent," which was a side-wheeler, made a later start, but at 8 o'clock she overhauled and passed the "United States," the band playing "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," and other national airs. It seems that the "Crescent" left Carrollton at 3 A. M., but

stopped at a point opposite the parapet, and there lay too till 6 o'clock, when she again proceeded on her way. There the splendid "Crescent" took on also a portion of the famous Grierson's cavalry. These cavalymen were very gay on the trip and greatly delighted with the band, and passed the hat repeatedly to raise money to encourage the music. At 9 o'clock the "Creole" made her start, but stopped at Kennerville, above the parapet, and took on three companies of the Sixth Michigan. As we proceed we pass successive sugar plantations, fronting on the river and extending back in one broad, unbroken level to dense cypress forests; the rows are straight as an arrow's flight, and reach from the levee to the dreamy cypress, in some places as far as two miles. At 2.30 P. M. the "United States" passed Sparks's plantation, one of the finest on the river. All along here the rich owners have fled, and joined their fortunes with the Confederacy. This celebrated place, with others for many a mile, has been seized and is being worked by the Federal government. It is the garden of the world. The scenery is not much varied, but increases in interest and beauty as we ascend. It is quiet and sunny; it is semi-tropical. The trees are draped in funereal mosses. Multitudes of men and teams are busy with the harvest. Cattle graze peacefully in broad meadows; the buzzard with his broad, black wings flaps slowly across the fields. All the land revels in luxuriance and verdure, and one can hear the rich flora shooting from the teeming soil.

The "United States" reached Baton Rouge at 8.30 o'clock in the evening, and dropped her anchor in the stream. The "Crescent," which was said to have had 1,500 souls aboard, reached Baton Rouge ahead of the "United States" by more than two hours. The "Creole" arrived just at daybreak of the twenty-second, and thereupon Lieutenant Wood and squad left her and boarded the "United States."

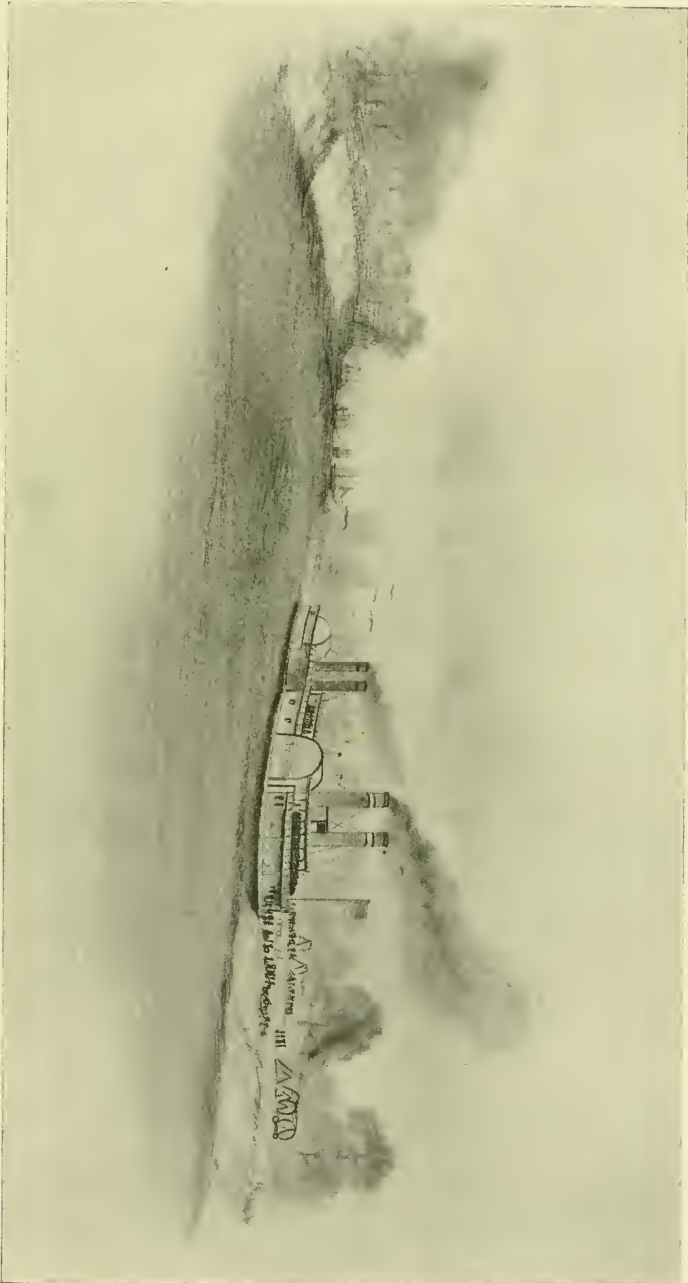
Three hours previous the river steamer, "Morning Light," ran into the "Creole" astern, smashing her own nose so as to leave the "Morning Light" in a sinking condition. A large, defunct river boat, the "Natchez," moored to the Baton Rouge shore, serves as a wharf. Captain Osgood received permission to bivouac his company in her cabin for the night; the rest of the regiment remained aboard the boats in which they embarked.

Nature, by some mighty upheaval, has raised wide tracts above the general level. This beautiful Southern capitol is situated on such a plateau, and makes a fine appearance on the lofty river front. The interior of the state house is burned out, but its massy snow-white walls and towers remain intact, and are a very conspicuous and pleasing object for many miles. On inspection it is found to be damaged by battle, and the tombstones in the near-by cemetery are shattered and marred by shot and shell. All anchors were dropped here. During the night flashes of guns and bursting shells were visible at Port Hudson, seventeen miles away as the buzzard flies, but by the winding river five and twenty. Many visited the shore during the stay at Baton Rouge, and breakfasted on the beach; soft bread, ham, beef, and hot coffee were served. It was Friday, and the day very beautiful and breezy in the forenoon, but in the afternoon there was a succession of showers, some of which were very heavy and continuing till night.

NOTE. The breakfast on the shore was rudely disturbed, for General Sherman, riding up in great fury with his staff, ordered one who acted as his trumpeter to ask General Dow "what in hell he was waiting for!" at which the staff officer shouted across the water, "The General desires to know why you do not proceed?" Dow replied that his men were at breakfast, whereupon Sherman said, "Tell him, by God, to go on!" The staff officer then shouted to General Dow these words, "The General desires that you proceed at once to Springfield Landing." The order was immediately given.

The fleet left Baton Rouge between 8 and 9 A. M., the "Crescent" apparently taking the lead, followed by the "St. Mary," the "United States," and the "Creole"; but the "Sally Robinson," which was a slower boat, had started ahead with the Sixth Michigan, and which we soon passed. On leaving Baton Rouge the band played "Marching Along." As we ascend, now, the banks on the right are high and uneven, heavily wooded and extremely beautiful. On the left there is the same continued levels of the lower Mississippi. Here we are convoyed and guarded by gunboats. After a run of twenty miles and at about 11 o'clock, dropped anchor behind Prophet's Island, and commenced the debarkation at Springfield Landing in a pleasant grove of cottonwood. Our great ocean steamers, with their enormous burthen, could here lie close up and throw a plank to the shore. The landing was covered by the gunboats. This is five miles below the enemy's stronghold. We were the first troops to land, and immediately formed a line and awaited the debarkation of the rest. Now we were deprived of everything except our blankets, and two days' rations of hard bread ordered to be dealt out to each man and 100 rounds of ammunition. At the "Landing" here were some standing chimneys of burned buildings. The writer of this well remembers placing his rifle into the open fireplace of one of these to protect it from one of the showers that fell at that time. The regiment now, at 2 o'clock, advanced a little way along a road, but was almost instantly confronted by a body of cavalry that sprang into sight as if by magic. They were a part of Grierson's famous riders, and perceiving the colors we bore, there was an instant and mutual recognition; whereupon they dashed right and left into the woods on either side, and vanished as quickly as they came. At this instant gunboat No. 3 displayed her broadside and levelled her guns for action.

SPRINGFIELD LANDING.



At 1 o'clock the bugle sounded the advance, and the orders were repeated down the lines. The first light showers had passed, and the southern meridian sun now shone down like a blazing furnace. Afterwards copious showers again fell, although it was excessively warm; the ground steamed, and the rain itself seemed like tepid water. But the sun's fierce rays were screened; the march was through a densely wooded and verdant land, and the breeze thereby stayed. During the march the band played. Firing was heard ahead, and at one time an orderly rode up and stated that a battle was in progress, and our division was hurried forward. Soon after this incident a regiment of colored troops was met, but which filed off into a field at the left and disappeared in the woods, and directly afterward heavy musketry firing was heard. Our regiment toiled on and on, with all its burdens, through the drenching rain, in excessive heat and clayey mud, for about ten miles, when at night it bivouacked in a very pleasant and diversified country called Beulah Plains and on the Clinton road. We are now in the rear of Port Hudson and four or five miles from, and directly verging upon, their outer works. A strong picket is thrown out. The booming of Farragut's guns is distinctly heard through the night. The showers ceased, but dew dropped from the trees like rain.

The bivouac of the twenty-second was one of much interest on many accounts. We were within the sound of hostile guns. There had recently been severe battles fought at Baton Rouge, and at the "Plains store" yesterday, and for two or three days battling had been going on in the vicinity of this very point. General Nickerson's brigade arrived in the evening and bivouacked near at hand. All but the pickets lie on the wet ground, under the open sky. The orderlies called the roll. After roll-call, and before retiring, the irrepressible spirits of the camp are at their pranks. Wild hogs

are raced about the fields and woods ; they are extremely agile, and followed by a crowd run this and that way, and tack with great dexterity. One such, on dodging a corner, was brought low by a comrade landing an axe in his back. It was instantly skinned and cut into messes and toasted on rammers in the fire. But it appears that few of the men had food enough to last them during the march, and nearly all made their bed in the mud and went supperless thereto, foot-sore and weary, as none but soldiers can ever know. But some partook of the toasted wild hog, without salt or condiment of any kind, except that of hunger, which was said by the old Romans to be the best sauce. The bottoms of haversacks are searched for the last crumb of bread, and all was eaten with that sunny kind of a heart that is a continual feast, not only to its own bosom but to all the world besides. Most slept very soundly and awoke in the bright morning refreshed.

But it must not be thought that at such a time all can rest. Some must watch while others sleep ; and within an hour Company K, exhausted as they are and with scant food, is marched more than a mile away to the front and stationed on picket duty for the night, and not being recalled remained here all the next day and night, and till 5 P. M. of the twenty-fourth, when they received orders to rejoin the regiment. Company K sprang to this duty with alacrity, and had while so stationed a varied experience. During the night all heard the bombardment of Port Hudson. They were stationed in a grove of live oaks. We will follow them and then return to the main column, which at noon of the twenty-third, moved forward passing them and leaving them alone behind. They found excellent water here and high blackberries in great profusion, which two things constituted their food until the twenty-fourth, when fresh meat was procured in abundance. Sergeant Stevens, with Charlie Harrington, on the twenty-

fourth, scoured the country and found a building hidden in the woods filled with cotton, and from this trip brought in a sheep. Meantime, Bill Tabor and others had procured two hogs, a sheep, and a lamb. And on this day Tabor stole from Lieutenant Durgin's passing wagons a box of hardtack, which was a great treat to the famished men.

When orders were received for Company K to go on this duty, some had already thrown themselves on the ground rolled in their blankets, while others were gathering materials for a fire; their officers were all present with them. They were advanced on the Port Hudson road and there deployed as skirmishers right and left into the woods and fields on either side. David Sloan was corporal of the guard that night. All was quiet with them. At 5 in the evening of the twenty-fourth, they received orders to rejoin the regiment, which they accomplished by a three-mile march to the front. Bill Tabor entered a plantation yard and shot the sheep right on its owner's piazza. It was "Mary's" own pet lamb, and there was never seen a madder crowd than the old man, and two women and a boy, who instantly appeared on the scene. But Bill appeased the lady of the house by his affability, and afterward procured of her some salt for the seasoning. It was toasted on rammers, and was a great feast.

May 23, Saturday. On the night of the twenty-second the regiment slept on their arms. The morning of the twenty-third broke bright and beautiful, but soon clouded, and from 6 to 8 o'clock in the evening there was a very heavy shower, after which the night was wonderfully clear and tranquil. At 3 in the morning heavy firing is heard at the fort, which continued for upwards of an hour. Usual roll-call at daybreak. Ordered to prepare for inspection; the guns are in bad condition on account of the rains. The provisions have not arrived, and there is no breakfast; but there was lively pig racing, and one splendid Jersey cow was

killed. A woman came out with a little boy mourning its loss most pitifully. "O," she said, "gentlemen, you have killed my best cow!" It was toasted on rammers. After inspection orders were awaited; meantime canteens were filled at a neighboring spring. About 10 the whole division was called on line and reviewed by General Sherman, the band playing, after which arms were stacked, and all rested till noon. Then the bugles sounded attention, when all sprang to their places, took their arms, and marched off toward the neighboring stronghold. After an advance of fifty rods or so, were counter-marched to last night's camping ground, and formed line of battle facing outward, it being reported that the enemy were in our rear. Stood here in line till 1 in the afternoon, momentarily expecting attack; cavalry scour the country meanwhile. We then move again toward Port Hudson.

Commissary Durgin, after prodigious labor, got his stores on wagons, and left Springfield Landing at 9 o'clock. He overtook the regiment soon after 1 p. m., while on the march, and as he drove down the line, boxes of hard bread were pitched from a wagon into the road, which broke open as they fell. Many of the boys were famished now. There was a

NOTE. Extract from a newspaper article: "Here — at Beula — we halted for the night. Our company, being without rations, fell to scouring the country for forage, and soon started a razor-back pig, which the boys chased with great spirit and hilarity. It evaded the pursuit for a long time, but finally, in one of its tacks, Tom Brown landed an axe in its back, splitting it almost from end to end. In another minute it was cut into pieces, which were toasted on the ends of rammers and eaten with great relish, although without seasoning or other accompaniments of any kind. Years afterwards, a comrade who partook of this feast said to me that that was the sweetest bite he ever ate. Early next morning I waded into the margin of a shallow pond, skimmed away with my hands the thick scum that mantled its surface, and then performed my morning ablutions and filled my canteen. This was the morning of May twenty-third."

brief halt along the cool and shady roadside while they ate. Many sat on the green sward or rested on the fences. The road was a beautiful one, winding through grand old woods of live and white oak, white and sweet gum, beech and ash, whose branches formed a complete arch above. At 3, emerging from the woods, we were in a position to see the shells from Farragut's fleet pouring in on Port Hudson, now only three miles away. We file into a broad opening, which slightly descends, with thick woods on three sides, and taking up a strong position, form line of battle with the Sixth Michigan on the right, next the Fifteenth New Hampshire, the First Vermont Battery, the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, and the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York. This line was formed at 4 o'clock. The gunboats in the river over the woods are booming away; the cavalry are scouring the country on the flanks and front. High blackberries abound; wild pigs were slaughtered. While resting in place in the lines, some dug peanuts from the ground with their bayonets. After a halt of about three minutes we again advanced to the edge of the woods on our front, nearly a half mile, and prepared to camp for the night. This day's march was of about four miles duration, during which the enemy fell back before us, and the line of battle was formed three several times expecting an immediate attack. Fires were now kindled to prepare supper, when a terrific thunder shower fell, completely quenching and drenching everything. At length, however, coffee was made and supper was had of hard bread and salt pork, either raw or toasted on the rammer. Cannonading went on incessantly at the fort in front, but there are heavy screens of woods between. It was with great difficulty that the guns were gotten into condition for service and the morning inspection. Slept in an old corn or cane field, lying lengthwise between the rows.

Now some of our merry wags named this bivouac "Camp Mutton," as there had been great slaughter of the innocent lamb and goose. Company E feasted on fresh beef, veal, and pork, which they had butchered. The cavalry scout everywhere. But as soon as arms had been stacked for the night and all were resting on the ground, orders were received for Companies D, E, and G to report to General Dow at his headquarters, and from here, a small part being held in reserve, they were advanced as skirmishers through the dense, dark woods in front, under Major Aldrich, and were so employed all night. A sergeant and three men were sent forward to reconnoitre. This night the countersign was "Banks." The Sixth Michigan also advanced through the woods and engaged the enemy's pickets. At 5 in the evening Company K, left at Beulah on picket, received orders to rejoin the regiment, when they immediately marched forward and found the regiment in bivouac for the night; they were excessively weary and hungry. The whole division stack arms and sleep on this line.

May 24, Sunday. Cool and very delightful till night. Breakfasted on hard bread, broiled ham and water. Heavy artillery firing all day; at 2 p. m. it rises to a brisk cannonade. The right wing of the army, under Weitzel, Grover, and Dwight, encountered the enemy outside the works, and after a sharp fight, of which we hear the continual roar of musketry, drove him within his main entrenchments. Ordered to rest in place, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. At 3.30 ordered to advance at 5; moved then forward two miles to the enemy's outer works; line formed twenty rods in front of them. These works are rifle pits extending to right and left for a long ways. Colonel Kingman spurred ahead of his regiment and over these works. Generals Banks and Sherman dash up, attended by a calvalcade of their staff and aids, and minutely scan the situation. Companies B and C are

detailed back to the bivouac of last night to escort the baggage train. General Auger is now shelling the enemy's main line of works. We can see the mortar shells from the fleet burst in the air. At the approach of the dewy night ate our hard bread and salt pork, advanced into the woods, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and lay down on our arms. Pickets are firing through the night in our immediate front, and some heavy guns are heard. There were heavy tropical showers, with terrific lightning and thunder in the night, and those who lay in low places woke in the morning in the midst of ponds of water, the writer of this being thus almost completely immersed, except his nostrils. But this is not an uncommon experience, and excites no comment. Just in the edge of the woods was a heavy Virginia rail fence; it was leveled in an instant. During the showers in the dense woods, Egyptian darkness prevailed, except for the blinding flashes of heaven; but there were sporting spirits even here who enlivened the occasion with bursts of merriment. Such remarks were heard as "Shut the door, Bill," "Put down the window," "Come in out of the rain," and occasional peals of laughter. Companies D and E were advanced to support the picket line, and Company G was designated as a reconnoitering party, and the story of their duty and experiences for this night is best told in the reminiscences of Sergt. "Gus" Ayers, which I append.

Reminiscences of Sergeant Ayers, of Company G, for Sunday, May 24 :

"Toward night Captain Osgood called his men on line, and said a company had been called for to reconnoiter and the colonel had designated Company G. He then explained what was required of us, and said, 'In military a sergeant has charge of a reconnoitering party, but in this case I shall go myself.' He then dismissed the company with instructions to hold themselves in readiness at a

moment's notice when the call came. He said, 'I will go over and talk with the picket officer (who was of the Sixth Michigan) and learn what is expected of us.' While he was gone we received orders from headquarters, and our Lieutenant Pickering drew up the company, expecting the captain back momentarily. It was now near sunset. Lieutenant Pickering sent Sergeant Brown to notify the captain, but he returned after a time without finding him. Pickering became impatient and said, 'Damn it, Gus, you go.' He was found near by with the Michigan officer sitting on a log. Ayers said, 'Captain, they are looking for you.' He came back with Ayers, when they received orders to march. He then detailed Ayers to take ten men and reconnoiter ahead; of the ten he was, first to take four and post one eight paces in front of the picket line, eight paces more to station another, and so on till the four were placed. Sam Perry was the front one; Drew was one of the ten. If, when they were stationed, all was found quiet, the whole were to be advanced eight paces, and then a fifth man was to be selected to take the rear man's place, Ayers picking a man each time and advancing eight paces at a time till the whole ten were used. When Ayers came back after placing his ten men, he found a Sixth Michigan picket asleep on his post, and took from him his gun, which waked him; he then gave it back to him. Ayers had been given all night to penetrate the woods, but at 9 o'clock he had his men established. He passed from the front back and forth three or four times; the last time back, Captain Osgood said that probably the bugle would sound an advance. When he heard the bugle sound the advance, Ayers assembled his detail on his front man, and the whole picket line then swept forward to that position. Ayers advanced his men through the woods, and giving them orders to remain there he returned for the company, the captain having said he would relieve him in two hours.

Captain Osgood then marched the company forward to Ayers' detail; after reaching that point, voices were heard some eight rods off to the left, but it could not be known whether they were of the enemy or friends. The captain said, 'Gus, you take two men and go out and see if they are Union or rebel pickets, but don't let them know you are there, whether they are rebs or not.' Ayers took H. D. Nutter and Jeremiah Emerson, and they worked their way along; when they got near the voices, they were making too much noise breaking sticks and brush. Ayers said, 'Wait here, and I will go alone.' They both took hold of his hand, and said he should not go; but Ayers crawled on up behind the trees in front of which the men were, and listened till he was convinced that they were Union pickets, and then made his way back, when Nutter and Emerson caught him and hugged him and kissed him. They had not yet met the enemy's pickets. There was a path that led up toward the 'Slaughter' house, a plantation house owned by one Slaughter or Schalter; the house could be seen, but it appeared to be all dense woods about. Upon reaching this point, the moon, which was now in its first quarter and set at seven minutes past midnight, broke through the clouds hanging low in the west, and dimly lighted up the scene. The captain sent Ayers up this path with instructions to fire at his order. Upon getting well out, at the captain's order he fired and dropped, after which, eliciting no response, he was called back, and remained with the company till daylight; then the company rejoined the regiment. This was the first service of Company G in the immediate front." (Some had thought that the captain was dilatory in entering upon this duty, but it appears that he and the Michigan officer were only awaiting the approach of night, as the movement was to be made under cover of darkness.)

Port Hudson is now invested, and the story of the siege will begin.

GEN. N. P. BANKS' ARMY AT THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

Maj.-Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks in command of the Nineteenth Army Corps.

FIRST DIVISION.

Maj.-Gen. Christopher C. Auger.

First Brigade.

Col. Edward P. Chapin ; killed May 27.

Col. Charles J. Paine.

Second Louisiana, Twenty-first Maine, Forty-eighth Massachusetts, Forty-ninth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Sixteenth New York.

Second Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. Godfrey Weitzel.

Twelfth Connecticut, Seventy-fifth New York, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, Eighth Vermont.

Third Brigade.

Col. Nathan A. M. Dudley.

Thirtieth Massachusetts, Fiftieth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Sixty-first New York, One Hundred and Seventy-fourth New York.

Artillery.

First Indiana Heavy, First Maine Battery, Sixth Massachusetts Battery, Eighteenth New York Battery, First United States Battery A, Fifth United States Battery G.

Unattached.

First Louisiana Engineers, Corps d'Afrique, First Louisiana Native Guards, Third Louisiana Native Guards, First Louisiana Cavalry, Second Rhode Island Cavalry.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Thomas W. Sherman.

First Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. Neal Dow ; wounded May 27.

Col. David S. Cowles ; killed May 27.

Col. Thomas W. Clark.

Twenty-sixth Connecticut, Sixth Michigan, Fifteenth New Hampshire, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, One Hundred and Sixty-second New York.

Third Brigade.

Brig.-Gen. Frank S. Nickerson.

Fourteenth Maine, Twenty-fourth Maine, Twenty-eighth Maine, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York.

Artillery.

First Vermont Battery.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Halbert E. Paine ; wounded June 14.

First Brigade.

Col. Timothy Ingraham.

Col. Samuel P. Ferris.

Twenty-eighth Connecticut, Fourth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Tenth New York.

Second Brigade.

Col. Hawkes Fearing, Jr.

Eighth New Hampshire, One Hundred and Thirty-third New York, One Hundred and Seventy-third New York, Fourth Wisconsin.

Third Brigade.

Col. Oliver P. Gooding.

Thirty-first Massachusetts, Thirty-eighth Massachusetts,
Fifty-third Massachusetts, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth
New York.

Artillery.

Fourth Massachusetts Battery, First United States Battery
F, Second Vermont Battery.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. Cuvier Grover.

First Brigade.

Col. Joseph G. Morgan.

First Louisiana, Twenty-second Maine, Ninetieth New York,
Ninety-first New York, One Hundred and Thirty-first
New York.

Second Brigade.

Col. William K. Kimball.

Twenty-fourth Connecticut, Twelfth Maine, Fifty-second
Massachusetts.

Third Brigade.

Col. Henry W. Birge.

Thirteenth Connecticut, Twenty-fifth Connecticut, Twenty-
sixth Maine, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York.

Artillery.

Second Massachusetts Battery, First United States Battery
I, Second United States Battery C.

Cavalry.

Col. Benjamin H. Grierson.

Sixth Illinois, Seventh Illinois, First Louisiana, Third Massachusetts, Fourteenth New York.

Corps d' Afrique.

Sixth Infantry, Seventh Infantry, Eighth Infantry, Ninth Infantry, Tenth Infantry.

CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS WITHIN PORT HUDSON.

Major-Gen. Frank Gardner, C. S. A.

First and Forty-ninth Alabama.

Maury Artillery.

Tenth Arkansas.

Detachment Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas.

Twelfth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-third Arkansas.

Detachment Fourth Louisiana.

Ninth Louisiana Battalion, Infantry.

Ninth Louisiana Battalion, Partisan Rangers.

Twelfth Louisiana Heavy Artillery.

Thirtieth Louisiana Detachment.

Miles' Louisiana Legion.

Brown's Louisiana Battery.

Watson's Louisiana Battery.

First Mississippi.

Claiborne Mississippi Light Infantry.

First Mississippi Light Artillery (three batteries).

English's Mississippi Battery.

Seven Stars Mississippi Battery.

First Tennessee Heavy Artillery, Company G.

First Tennessee Light Artillery, Company B.

Improvised Tennessee Battalion.

I shall give, from time to time, something of what the signal corps in their crow's nests, in tree tops and other lofty positions, are wigwaging, though at the time, of course, we did not know their import.

NOTE. Official dispatch. The following official dispatches are of interest:

* NEAR PORT HUDSON, May 23, 1863.

To Signal Officer near Placien Church:

Sir—The following good news has just been received from Colonel Grierson:

“We are half mile north of railroad. Have met General Grover with his division. General Banks is three miles back. News from General Grant is glorious. He cut Johnson's forces to pieces, capturing sixty-one pieces of artillery. He has Vicksburg hemmed in so they cannot use their seige guns.

GEN. C. C. AUGER.”

Send the above despatch to the fleet.

G. B. HALSTEAD,

A. A. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, PLAINS STORE,

May 24, 1863—6 P. M.

To Captain Alden, commanding the Richmond:

General Banks is up with his forces, and we close in around the fort this morning, and will probably open upon them in the course of the day. The General wishes me to say that he will keep the admiral informed of the progress of affairs.

GEN. C. C. AUGER.

The following signal dispatches of May 24, are of interest:

To Admiral Farragut:

I have nothing from Banks since yesterday morning.

PALMER, *Commodore.*

To Commodore Palmer:

Hold on and watch events, and be ready to take advantage of them.

D. G. FARRAGUT, *Admiral.*

To Commodore Palmer :

To fire on the batteries from above would injure our troops more than the enemy perhaps.

JAMES ALDEN, *Captain.*

Alden to Palmer :

Banks has forces on the point. Auger is within one mile of the fort. The rest are near.

General Grant has been every way successful. I hope Vicksburg is by this time ours. Any news from the army?

PALMER.

Palmer to Farragut :

General Banks requests me to shell the west side of Thompson's creek at midnight, to prevent any attempt of the enemy to escape on that side. You will understand the firing.

May 25, Monday. Very warm and pleasant. Charles H. Sanborn, Company H, died at Carrollton. The boys are very cheerful and frolicsome. Companies B and C are stationed at the rear on picket duty and to guard the baggage train; the Sixth Michigan is skirmishing in our front. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon one of them is wounded in the knee and soon after another, and soon again four or five more come back wounded. It seems to have been the purpose of General Dow to observe guard mount in the usual manner and at the usual time—3 p. m.—and then it was that a ludicrous incident occurred. Frost, the band leader, modestly suggested that the music would give the enemy our range, whereupon the old general exclaimed in a mock-petulant vein, "If you're afraid to play, you'd better go home." But immediately as they struck up "Yankee Doodle Dandy" there was a prolonged unearthly screech as a shell from the concealed enemy swept over our heads, but not exploding, touched the ground just behind our lines, and throwing up a great cloud of earth, ricocheted for a mile or more, boring a hole through the dense forest in our rear. We instinctively

watch it and see the twigs and branches drop from the trees in its course. Another immediately followed, bursting near the old general's tent, when he despatched an aid to Frost with orders to cease playing. This was the last time the band ever played. It was said that they stopped suddenly right in the midst of a tune and have not finished it yet. Our regiment is now fairly under fire, and Company B having returned to the front, one of its boys — Walter B. Farnum — is wounded in the knee by a buckshot while on the picket line; twenty-one days after, he died at Baton Rouge, as is reported, of "disease," but his decease may have been largely, if not wholly, due to this injury. He was the first of our boys to receive injury from missiles of the enemy, although quite a number of the brigade had prior to this been more or less severely wounded.

Company C guarded the train and military stores all of last night, but in the afternoon moved down near the rifle pits in rear of General Dow's headquarters, as an escort to the train and guarded its rear; ten men under Lieutenant Bean remained on guard there, and the company now rejoined the line.

Toward evening there was very heavy cannonading and artillery firing, both right and left, making one continuous roll of thunder. At 6 o'clock there was infantry fighting in our front. At dark the musketry firing ceased, but the artillery roared on all through the night. Farragut's fleet and the flotilla of mortar boats below Port Hudson poured in their bursting shells, and at 9 o'clock our own Vermont battery moved forward into the woods between us and Auger's position, and opened their brazen throats in the universal din. Thus great guns belch their fires, and shells flash and howl and crash through the forests, bringing down branches and sometimes felling giant magnolias in their course.

Company H, under Captain Sanborn, was advanced to a position in the edge of the woods fronting the enemy and only forty rods therefrom, but just after dark moved a quarter of a mile to the left into a ravine to intercept the enemy if he should sally forth.

During the day some ventured through the intervening narrow woods to view the enemy's works. Sergeant Trickey, Company I, thus saw a picket fight, which was very interesting but somewhat dangerous. He saw some of the Sixth Michigan pickets fall, and had a clear view of the main line of the Confederate works, and saw their flags and sentries. At this juncture, General Sherman's division stands as follows, beginning from the right: The Sixth Michigan, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, Twenty-sixth Connecticut, Fifteenth New Hampshire, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth (Duryea's Zouaves) New York; and for artillery the First Vermont Battery of six rifled 12-pounders, another battery of six guns, and an Indiana battery of two brass 6-pounders, eight 20-pounders, and four 30-pounder Parrots. General Nickerson, commanding the third brigade of Sherman's division, is on our left with the Fourteenth Maine, the Twenty-fourth Maine, the Twenty-eighth Maine, the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York, the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York, and the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York.

Major-General Auger, having marched from Baton Rouge with about 3,500 men, effects a junction with Sherman's right and our advancing forces from Bayou Sara, he having encountered the enemy at Plains store on the twenty-first and defeated him, suffering a loss of fifteen killed and eighty-five wounded. Before daylight of the twenty-sixth the pickets along the entire front unite, extending about ten miles, and the mighty ramparts of Port Hudson are completely invested. The Eighth New Hampshire, as the leading

regiment of General Paine's division, from Bayou Sara, made its way through the woods in the rear of Port Hudson in Indian file, and met Gen. Auger's pickets on the right centre.

The enemy's works consisted of a parapet, about six miles in extent, reaching in a generally semi-circular form, from a lofty bluff below the village around the rear, and striking the river again above the town. It was built around the outside of a great bend, and inclosed a wide tract somewhat shaped like the crescent moon. This parapet defended from capture the enemy's water batteries, which blockaded the river and which bristled on the brink of the lofty, beetling face of the river bank, as shown on the map. A boat in passing must stem the current subject to their fire for the whole length of their line not only, but for the full extent of their range both up and down the stream—a distance of at least ten miles. As has been already stated, a portion of Farragut's fleet successfully ran the gauntlet of their fire on the night of March 14, and the cannonading was distinctly heard at Camp Parapet, nearly an hundred miles away.

The plateau about Port Hudson is cut by rivulets into a network of tortuous ravines with steep banks and densely wooded bottoms, which grow broader and deeper as they approach the river, where they enter the mighty stream with lofty and frowning headlands on either side. Taking advantage of the ravines, the enemy had constructed their defenses on the brink of their inner edges so far as might be, and thus they were, for the most part, as strong as Gibraltar itself. Where this natural defense failed them, the works were doubled and strengthened by bastions and outworks with all the skill known to military science. The enemy numbered eight thousand men, and were thus in a position well nigh impregnable. They were concealed behind their works, and by those peering out of our sheltering woods the white face of their parapet could be seen zigzagging away to the right and left until it disappeared from view.

May 26, Tuesday. Enoch C. Dearth, Company C, died at Carrollton. A most beautiful summer day, with a cool breeze. A very busy day and one replete with incident. Breakfast on hard bread, salt pork, and coffee. Battle is expected momentarily; the line was formed several times, but we did not move. Skirmishing all day; pickets gradually advancing; cannonading goes on incessantly. One of the batteries in our brigade had five men wounded; and another, which drew back at daylight for a brief respite, had three wounded, one of whom lost a leg and another an arm. Several shells struck and exploded in our front, but none of our men were hurt. The One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York, while advancing on picket duty in the night, ran into a battery and had four men killed and four wounded. A major of General Sherman's staff received a shot through the body and died to-day. Company C, under Captain Lang, is again guarding the stores at 5 P. M. The thunder of Auger's heavy guns on our right rolls in continually.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Major Aldrich assumes duty as field officer of the day, and is in charge of the picket line along the front of General Dow's brigade. Several batteries moved forward at this time, and Companies A, E, G, H, and K were advanced one half mile through some woods to their support. Companies E and H remained here through the night; they took position with the Sixth Michigan. When these batteries opened the enemy replied with shell, grape, and solid shot; the fragments rattled about like hail.

One of the Sixth was severely wounded by a piece of shell; it first cut off a large limb, and glancing struck him in the legs. One shell struck one of the wheels of a Vermont battery gun carriage, and exploding shattered it to fragments; the spare wheel was immediately affixed and position changed. Then Companies A, G, and K are moved

to the right in support of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, which advanced to burn a set of buildings in front, and which concealed the enemy's sharpshooters. This was the Schalter house or Slaughter house, so-called from the name of its owner; there was some musketry firing here. Some wounded were brought back in ambulances. These three companies laid here in the woods while the batteries shelled the enemy, till almost dark, when they marched back for supper and then forward into the woods again, and remained all night. The brigade headquarters were now established just in rear of the woods. Company B to-day was on duty at Dow's headquarters, and this night again guarded military stores and the supply train, with Company C.

Our picket line has gradually advanced, followed close up by the besieging forces. The enemy are all now driven within their main works. Our picket line is eight miles long, extending from the river above around past the Slaughter house and toward the river in Nickerson's front, but leaving a wide gap between the river and his left; the pickets are stationed at intervals of five paces.

Lieutenant-colonel Blair, who has been lost to sight for a long time on account of illness, appears now on duty again, and is acting as field officer of the day along Nickerson's front, his duties commencing at 4 P. M. The boys have not seen him before since the old drill days at Camp Parapet. He is a mere shadow now. Some of the boys used to think him too severe at those times, but now the value of their discipline begins to appear. Colonel Kingman, in those days being absent sick, the hard work of making soldiers of raw recruits fell to him, and was by him prosecuted with his indefatigable energy; and their splendid condition was very largely due to his efforts. When, however, he succumbed to the fever, Major Aldrich took up the work, as has been shown, and certainly no colonel ever had two more faithful lieutenants than they.

SOME INCIDENTS OF THE DAY, EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES, ETC.,
AND PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

Sergeant Brown, Company G, relates that this day his company, with others, supported the First Vermont Battery, and while standing there in the line in the afternoon, he saw Colonel Kingman seat himself on the limb of a fallen tree, when a shell struck the log and following it up threw a shower of splinters in all directions; the colonel hastily arose. It was a 6-inch conical shell, and went right on out of sight and hearing. He relates, also, that this night Company G picked its way along till they met the enemy, and all could hear them talk and once they beat the long roll; they could hear cuckoo calls of their sentinels during the night.

Major Aldrich's diary says: "Brigade officer of day after 4 P. M. Out and on my feet all night to the grand guard. Firing all night by the advance men; they were mostly cool and calm. Shell from boats all night."

Horatio B. Fowler, Company F, says: "There was a piece of woods between us and the fortifications. Company F, under Captain Gordon, was sent into this wood in the afternoon in support of some batteries on the edge of the wood next the rebel works; this was the first time Company F was under fire. The enemy shelled the wood and cut some branches which fell about rather careless, but the shot all went over our heads. That night I was placed on picket some fifty feet from a battery, and a shell took off a branch from a tree which fell directly on the gun nearest me, and the battery men had to take an axe and chop it up before they could remove it. Firing started up two or three times in the night with small arms, but nothing came of it. Comrade Cross was on the

NOTE. It should be borne in mind that events happening at or near midnight are by some accredited to the day before and by others to the following day, thus in a few instances giving rise to seeming confusion.

post with me, and no one coming to relieve us in the morning, and having no rations or water and no picket in sight, about noon we went back, and learned the guard had been called in before light."

A diary of Captain Sanborn, Company H, says: "Now, on May 26, our company had the worst night on picket duty of any night during the siege, or any other company. The company was ordered out about 5 o'clock on the twenty-fifth on picket guard close in sight of the rebs' works. I saw the guns and men on the breastworks plain; saw three rebs come out the fort to reconnoitre. Just after dark my company was divided up into squads as pickets. Lieutenant Seavey, with ten men and one sergeant, went to the right on picket in front of the rebs' works; Sergeant Burley, with ten men, a little to the left of the road; Sergeant Philbrook (William H.), with three men, thrown out in advance picket; the rest of our company, myself in charge, thrown out still farther to the left in a valley near by the turn of the fence, at the edge of the opening, in sight of the breastworks, two of my men thrown forward on picket. Our folks planted a battery near by on our right and commenced shelling the rebel works about 10 o'clock at night; the rebs replied very soon with two small guns and one heavy gun, supposed to be a 7-inch shell. The firing continued at short intervals all night, our shells going directly into their works, theirs passing over our heads doing but little damage but to cut down trees and bushes."

Lieutenant Wyatt, Company B, says: "I was on duty at the advance picket line in command of my company a day or two before the assault. Our men were fired upon while being posted, and I recollect that John (C.) Shelley called out to me that he was wounded. On examination it appeared that the bullet was so nearly spent—perhaps had struck his gun first—that it only passed through his clothing and

did not break the skin of the thigh where it struck, only lamed him a little, and the bullet was in his stocking. Cannonading went on that night and we watched the shells as they went over our heads."

Sergeant Brown, Company G, in his diary says — this was about 4 o'clock P. M.: "We were ordered around to the right to support the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, skirmishing. Marched to the rear into the woods and then to the right, and were held in reserve. The object of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was to fire an old house that it might not shelter rebel sharpshooters. While we were waiting orders they succeeded; we heard shouting, and soon after volumes of smoke told us the thing was accomplished. Sergeant Ayers and three men were sent forward for orders; meanwhile we amused ourselves picking blackberries. A man was carried by badly wounded. Soon after we were ordered back to camp to get our rations, and then go on picket; marched back and hardly had time to stack our guns and take off our haversacks when we were again ordered into the woods to repel an expected attack. Got into line, but before reaching the woods we were again ordered back to camp. Ate our rations as soon as possible, but through the kindness of the colonel we were let off and another company detailed in our place. We built a little shanty of oak wood, which made us a fine shelter from the heavy dews; turned in with our equipments on; slept well, only being roused up once or twice by the batteries taking position. The colonel came by our shanty and told us that to-morrow we were to make an assault, or in his words, 'The ball will open.'"

Reminiscence of Sergeant Ayers, Company G: "Company G had an easy time Monday, the twenty-fifth, but on the twenty-sixth was called on duty again. A battery had taken position in front of Companies G and A. Captain Osgood was

in command of the two companies; Lieutenant Pickering, Company A, in command of Company A; Lieutenant Pickering, Company G, in command of Company G. Advanced to the battery to support it. Captain Osgood and Sergeant Ayers sat on the ground, just behind one of the guns, leaning back against a tree—a cottonwood sixteen inches in diameter. A shell came in that clipped the tree off six feet above their heads; the tree dropped down behind. Colonel Cowles, of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York had been ordered to burn the Schalter house, and the battery and its supports were instructed to assist in the movement. To reach Colonel Cowles, went back a mile, and then halted; Captain Osgood said, ‘Sergeant Ayers, take four men, skirmish up through the woods, and find Colonel Cowles.’ Ayers took E. O. Nudd, Oliver Lock, Charles Huntoon, and George Emerson; came to a trail and met one of General Dow’s aids, a very light man, with white moustache, waxed Napoleon fashion. Ayers saluted him, and inquired for Colonel Cowles. He said, ‘I guess we can find him.’ We proceeded an half mile when we met Cowles coming back with his command, he having fired the buildings. There was firing from the enemy’s musketry. Colonel Cowles ordered his men to cover, and Ayers also ordered his to cover; they took position behind trees. Cowles was mounted and giving off his orders, but glancing round, saw Ayers, and said, ‘You sergeant of the Fifteenth New Hampshire, get under cover.’ Ayers saluted and said, ‘I have a verbal report from Captain Osgood, commanding a detachment of Companies A and G to re-enforce you.’ The colonel acknowledged my salute and said, ‘What is it, sergeant? We’re exposed to fire here.’ Just before reporting, one of Cowles’ men was killed only ten or twelve feet away; and Cowles said, ‘The work is all done, sergeant; give us your hand; now get under cover damned quick.’”

Reminiscence of Lieutenant Page, Company B, May 26 :
 " Was on duty on the picket line on May 26 ; was moving up and down the line. I stopped and stooped by a tree to drink from a canteen which I had lying there on the ground, and while in the act received a shot from a rebel sharpshooter which cut through the collar of my blouse and shirt, but did

NOTES. Something from the enemy's side: At the approach of our army the enemy removed several guns from the river front and mounted them on the breastworks. On the twenty-first of May, two smooth bore 24-pounders were so removed, and on the twenty-second two 24-pounders, rifled; on the twenty-sixth three of these were dismounted by our fire, but their carriages were repaired and the guns mounted again that night. On the twenty-seventh, one 24-pounder was entirely disabled and two others dismounted; on same day another 24-pounder was removed from the river front to the breastworks and work begun on a carriage for a 32-pounder navy gun, which in two days was in position. The Confederate chief of ordnance reports that these guns during the siege were dismounted and remounted twenty-one times. At the same time a 10-inch Columbiad was dismounted and its carriage demolished to such extent that it required a week to repair it. Some of the river guns also were changed to pivot carriages, so as to be turned either on the land or river.

In the affair of the twenty-fifth, in our front, at 6 o'clock in the evening, the Confederate commander, I. G. W. Steadman, reports the following losses :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First Mississippi.....	..	4	4	8
First Alabama.....	2	8	1	11
Fifteenth Arkansas.....	2	5	1	8
Wingfield's Cavalry.....	1	1	..	2
Capt. A. J. Lewis' Company..	1	1
Capt. R. T. English's Company.	..	1	..	1
Watson's Battery.....	..	2	..	2
Thirty-ninth Mississippi.....	..	4	1	5
Totals ..	5	25	8	38

not draw blood. At this time Aiken Ladderbush shot one of the enemy who came out over the parapet with a lot of canteens; he dropped him at long range. Lieutenant Page witnessed it. Several of the enemy came out and carried their comrade in."

On the twenty-fifth, Colonel Miles, C. S. A., commanding in our (Fifteenth New Hampshire) front, reports to General Gardner that at an interval of about two hours two advances have been made on our lines, the first by infantry and cavalry, and the second by cavalry alone, both times in considerable force, and both times were driven hurriedly back.

NOTE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,

RILEY'S, BEFORE PORT HUDSON,

May 26, 1863 — Noon.

REAR ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, *U. S. Navy, Flagship Hartford*:

Admiral: The general commanding is at the front. I will forward your dispatch to him immediately. Meanwhile I take the liberty of stating our position early this morning. Sherman, on the left, in advance of the enemy's first line of rifle pits, having his picket at the front edge of a skirt of woods, separated from the enemy's main line of works by an open plain. His position is in front of the schoolhouse. Auger next, on the road from the Plains to Port Hudson, and well advanced. Grover on the Jackson railroad, holding the front edge of a wood, which is within two hundred or four hundred yards of the apparent centre of the works, and in plain sight and easy range of them. Weitzel, with his own brigade, Dwight's and Paine's (Emory's division) reduced to about a brigade, on the right, near where the telegraph road from Port Hudson to Bayou Sara crosses big Sandy Creek.

This morning, everybody except Grover has closed up, and Grover cannot close up without taking the works in front of him.

Thus the place is completely invested. I understand that the commanding general's intention is to make the decisive attack to-morrow morning, but upon this point I do not speak officially or decidedly, as everything, of course, depends upon circumstances, which an hour might totally change.

I have the honor to be, sir, with great respect, your most obedient servant,

RICH'D B. IRWIN,

Assistant Adjt.-Gen.

Extract from report of signal officer, aboard the "Hartford," May 25:
"At 9 P. M. of Saturday, March 14, the fleet in line of battle, by pairs and lashed together, advanced to run the gauntlet of the Port Hudson batteries.

"After a gallant and stubborn fight, the 'Hartford' (Farragut's flagship), and her consort, the 'Albatross,' succeeded and came to anchor at midnight above the fortifications and well out of range.

"My efforts the next morning to communicate with the unsuccessful vessels below from the masthead were to no purpose—the intervening woods were too high.

"At 10 A. M. we sailed for Red River and Vicksburg. Had a sharp engagement at Grand Gulf, on the nineteenth, and five separate engagements with the Warrenton batteries, from March 20 to March 30.

"On the fifteenth of April, the 'Hartford' steamed down within view of Port Hudson and anchored. I immediately opened communication with the 'Richmond,' distant by river ten miles, in air line six miles. Here signal station had been raised to a height of 160 feet: my station was 135 feet high.

"U. S. S. Hartford signal station in communication with Bayou Sara station, May 25, 7.30 A. M. 'Where is General Weitzel?' 'He has just passed here.' 'How long since?' 'About two hours ago. Weitzel's brigade is here. He passed to the front himself with an aid this morning at 6.' 'Who are you?' 'Dana; 'tis very smoky: use large flag. I leave soon with Weitzel's brigade. Hall remains here.' 'Would I were with thee! the guns of the army seem to be shelling Port Hudson.'"

"3.05 P. M., May 26.

"Commodore Palmer to Admiral Farragut:

'Grierson's cavalry has captured the two steamers in Thompson's creek.'

'Can't you read well?'

'It is very windy and shakes us.'"

"Commodore Palmer to General Banks:

'A lieutenant of Grierson's cavalry is here, and says the enemy cannot escape across Thompson's creek and between Fancy point and the river. They must take the Bayou Sara road if they escape at all. Should you wish me to fire again at night in the direction indicated in your note, throw up a rocket half an hour before I am to begin. Send me the news.'"

"Early morning, May 27.

"Banks to Palmer:

'The light artillery opens at daylight, the heavy at 6 A. M. Port Hudson will be ours to-day. The ships will cease firing when the artillery ceases.'"

May 27 was a very beautiful day. The face of nature never shown more kindly down. It is high summer now, and there is an indescribable freshness and beauty in the tropical green wood where lie thousands all armed and panoplied in glittering steel and the habiliments of war. Nature's secret and actinic forces are wondrous busy; birds twitter and flash their wings in the branches; myriads of the little chamelions dart everywhere, and the busy bee, all unmindful of human strife, plies his trade from flower to flower; there is an incessant humming of winged creatures. It is a day of blood. From the earliest dawn, till night fell on the scene, the work of death went on. It was the commanding general's purpose to make a concerted movement on the enemy's works, but in this unity of action he signally failed, and it may be, thereby suffered disaster and defeat. The Third division, under General Paine, in which were eleven regiments and three batteries, advanced to the attack just at daybreak. On them the enemy were free to concentrate their fire, and they suffered immediate check but yet advanced to the very face of the parapet. The loss in this division is officially reported as 184 killed, 880 wounded, and 116 captured and missing; total, 1,180. The Eighth New Hampshire was in this division, and lost in killed, four officers and twenty-six men; in wounded, seven officers and 191 men; captured and missing, two officers and twenty-eight

NOTE. Report of W. R. Miles, C. S. A., May 27. Extract: "About half an hour by sun this morning the enemy opened an infernal fire on our lines. With occasional lulls the fire continued till about 2 p. m., when I learned the enemy had formed in line of battle and was advancing on General Beall's centre and left. Without waiting for official notification, I at once pushed forward to his support every man I could spare. My men had hardly got their position when the enemy opened fire, advancing with infantry and artillery. He was repulsed three several times, and has now retired. I am holding the field, General Beall's forces having gone to the left (to meet Auger's charge?)." "

men; total, 258. Several, and among them some from the Eighth, either surged over the parapet or reached a point so close as to be ordered in, and were held prisoners to the close of the siege. This, of the Eighth New Hampshire, was far the heaviest loss suffered by any single regiment during the day, in proportion to the numbers engaged. The division of the besieging army on the extreme right advanced to the assault at about 10 A. M., and were likewise met by a concentrated and murderous fire and mercilessly shot down; this division lost 150 in killed, and 660 wounded and missing, by official report.

The enemy, now exultant and flushed with victory, cease firing, and lying quietly concealed behind the works, confidently await events. With their advantages one of their men is equal to several of ours, and I think it is held to be a maxim of war, that such works as these are never carried by direct assault when manned with proper spirit.

They watch the preparations going on in Sherman's division, in the first brigade of which is the Fifteenth New Hampshire, and which division, with Nickerson's brigade on its left, forms the extreme left of the Union army. Sherman, aware now of the lack of unity of action, yet having laid his plans with great skill, soon after noon personally leads his column to the assault.

Six companies only of the Fifteenth Regiment were in the charging column—B, C, F, G, H, and I; A, D, E, and K were detached, and we will now follow them and show their position and the part they enacted during the day.

Companies D and E, on the evening of the twenty-sixth, were sent forward as skirmishers, and were in the woods all night without sleep till just at daybreak—4.30 o'clock—when they were advanced double quick, under Captain Johnson, across an open space into a piece of woods in front. (See map.) In passing this open space, through a corn field, they

received a shower of bullets, and shot, and shell. Upon their advance this piece of woods was cleared of the enemy's pickets. When there General Dow ordered Johnson to advance both companies through the woods into a slashing in front, which extended for a distance of three hundred yards. They made their way through for one half this space by crawling on hands and knees, and firing whenever one of the enemy showed his head, and especially on the enemy's gunners; they could see the dust fly when their bullets grazed the top of the parapet. At this point, midway of the slashing, they remained till noon; they then received orders to skirmish still further ahead, which they did under a heavy fire, but were well concealed by the fallen timber. Here at 2 o'clock General Nickerson's brigade charged the enemy's works, and with them Captain Johnson, with Companies D and E deployed on Nickerson's left, reached a point within fifty yards of the enemy's parapet, but were then met with such a shower of shot and shell, grape and cannister, and shrapnel, that it was impossible to go further. The Zouave regiment — the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York — was in this charge under Nickerson, and was very badly cut up. These companies, under Johnson, skirmished through the slashing to a more advanced position than was attained by any portion of Nickerson's column. Captain Johnson, being the ranking captain, was in command of the two companies as a battalion; Lieutenant Chadwick commanded Company D, Captain Stearns and Lieutenant Parker were in command of Company E; they drew off at night. In this affair Company D suffered no loss except that one — Charles A. Brown — received a severe bayonet wound in the leg; of Company E, Captain Stearns received injuries in the breast, from which he never recovered, Jacob I. Whittemore was severely wounded in the right foot, Isaac Vandyke was severely wounded in the face, and at 3.30 o'clock the lamented Sergt. Fernando Parker was killed by a shell.

It will be observed that these movements were on the left of the battle-field, and were for the purpose of keeping the enemy down by sharpshooting, and to pick off their gunners while the main assault was made just to their right.

Major Aldrich was brigade officer of the day from 4 o'clock of the afternoon of the twenty-sixth. His duty was to post and advance the pickets along the front of Dow's brigade as far as could be, and meet and connect with those of the besiegers advancing from the Bayou Sara route, and also with the pickets of General Nickerson to the left. The last picket was stationed to the right of the Schalter house, and the unbroken line of seven or eight miles completed just at daybreak. The work was very exacting and laborious; the pickets were advanced in the darkness through the dense woods and stationed in the edge of the slashing fronting the enemy's parapet, which was in plain view as daylight broke. There was a constant exchange of shot with the enemy's pickets. Now, just at daylight, as the major stationed his last picket, he spoke with one on the next station, who immediately shouted to him to "look out," when both dropped, and the blue streak of a shell passed exactly through the spot where the major was standing. The picket said, "I thought sure it had killed you."

And now Company K, under Hall and Larkin, and Company A, under Lieutenant Pickering, Captain Cogswell, himself a sick man, having been sent with the sick down river, reported to Aldrich, and by him were advanced through the woods above the Schalter house and into the slashing beyond the picket line as sharpshooters. (See map.) They went as far as they could find cover, and were ordered to fire on all signs of life in Port Hudson, and to silence all rebel guns, and to hold their ground at all hazards. With them were stationed also Companies A and C of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York.

It thus appears that preliminary to the charge all available points, both to the right and left of the battle-field, were filled with sharpshooters and riflemen whose orders were to keep the enemy down and silence all their batteries while the charge took place. This picket line on the right was established within four hundred yards of the rebel works. The position of the riflemen, though their loss was very light, was one of great activity and peril; there were many narrow escapes and incidents of great interest. From the concealed position behind logs and stumps and in the brush they were vigilant, and nothing moved except it received their shots. It was very effective, and many of the enemy fell at their hands; the guns were silenced. Toward the close the brush in front of Companies A and K took fire and smoked them out; they drew off at night. Lieutenant-colonel Blair, having lost by fire all his war papers, we find no mention of him whatever in any data at hand from late in March till this day of battle; but a stray letter shows that he succumbed to the usual climatic fever on March 21, and was unable for further duty till the sailing of the army for Port Hudson on May 20, and then he was very much enfeebled. From nearly the time of the landing at Carrollton till thus stricken, during the prolonged illness of Colonel Kingman, the lieutenant-colonel was in full command of the regiment, and it was through his indefatigable labors that it was brought to its high state of discipline, receiving, as has already been shown, the highest encomiums from the inspecting officers. This work was very arduous, and there were those who deemed it unnecessarily so; but later all became interested in their duties, and there grew up a laudable pride in their achievement, and an ambition to excel; and honor to the man who held them up to their work so unflinchingly has increased as the years have passed. This discipline told on parade and everywhere — in the trenches and on the picket line — and may well be said to

have been the only training for life received by many of the school-boys under his charge. But his zeal is such that nothing can keep him behind except total disability or death. He sails with the regiment, and during the night of the twenty-sixth and morning and forenoon of the twenty-seventh, he acts as field officer of the day on the extreme left, and is busy along the picket line in General Nickerson's front, seeing much of General Dow somewhere about the vicinity of Companies D and E, and does not take his position as lieutenant-colonel with the regiment till the last moments before the final charge.

Companies A and K having been thus stationed, Major Aldrich, making a wide detour around the Schalter house, worked his way to the left to communicate with the pickets at that point, keeping out of sight of the enemy in the edge of woods, but all the time within rifle shot. On reaching a point where the main column stood in waiting, just in the shelter of the woods fronting the Schalter house, he passed the First Vermont Battery—the gray horse battery. It consisted of six steel Parrot guns of two and nine-tenths caliber—12-pounders—under Capt. George T. Hebard; they carried a pointed conical shot or shell. Major Aldrich was accosted by the captain, who showed him one of his disabled guns; it was dismantled with its wheels smashed. Several of the wounded battery boys lay around it, having received their wounds when the gun was struck. He said, "I have been trying long to locate the gun that did that." It was a masked gun under a tree an half mile away; he could see the smoke of it. His battery was firing briskly with alternate solid shot and shell; the captain now sent in a solid shot for

NOTE. During Blair's protracted illness, Major Aldrich was in the saddle at drill and parade, as the diary of events shows, and was a very efficient officer and well fitted by nature to complete the work which Blair had so well advanced.

the masked gun, and instantly as the lanyard was pulled, he jumped on the gun-carriage and watched through his glass; he threw up his hands and shouted, "We've got it." His men gave a great cheer. He said, "I saw it go end over end." It never fired again.*

At noon the major reported back to headquarters, but they had now disappeared. He then sought the regiment, and saw in passing, in the woods near the Schalter house, the musicians assembled under Frost, of Company K, and with quantities of stretchers, awaiting the bloody work in hand. While here a rebel shell struck a limb off a prostrate giant oak at his side. He was here informed that the brigade had gone to the left, and now on looking that way he saw it coming back; he met them, and took his position as major on the left of the line, and shared the fortunes of the regiment for the rest of the day.

Now we will return to the main column, and follow its movements. Cannonading became very brisk at daylight, without eliciting much response till two or three hours later. In the early morning Companies B, G, I, and H had been ordered to fall in with the Twenty-sixth Connecticut to support a battery, which was firing twenty shots per minute; their shells sound like a distant train of cars. At 7.30 o'clock they await orders to move, and now the enemy open, and shot and shell fall thick all around. At 9, having been joined by Companies C and F, were drawn up in line of battle. At 10.30 advanced half way through the intervening woods toward the Schalter house. At 12.15 the column was formed as follows:

* NOTE. Major Aldrich, after the surrender, sought out this gun. It was a 6-inch gun, affixed to a log and mounted on a carriage. There was a big dent in the muzzle, a portion of which was split off. The gun had been completely summersaulted, and its bore was knocked out of round.

Sixth Michigan, afterwards re-enforced with volunteers from the Fifteenth New Hampshire, advance guard.

Fifteenth New Hampshire, Colonel Kingman.

Twenty-sixth Connecticut, Colonel Kingsley.

One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, Colonel Cowles.

This puts the Fifteenth at the real head of the charging column, with the Sixth Michigan, who were few in numbers, and their auxiliaries from our regiment advanced as skirmishers.

The regiments formed in column four rods apart.

These dispositions having been made, the entire brigade moved by the left flank in the screen of the woods, and emerging, crossed the open which Companies D and E had crossed in the early morning, and halted behind the wood in front of which Companies D and E were placed as sharpshooters. Here it was that volunteers were called from our regiment to join the Sixth Michigan to lead the advance. Captain Sanborn, Company H, and his lieutenants, and nearly the full company, stepped forward in a body; they could not, however, be accepted, as the design was not to further deplete the regiment by full companies, but to take two or three from each. The following were accepted:

From Company B, Justus B. Penniman, mortally wounded, and Aiken Ladderbush.

NOTE. Some have questioned the position of the Fifteenth Regiment in the charging column of May 27, but your historian clearly remembers it as stated above; and its accuracy is confirmed by the report of Colonel Kingsley of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut.

Official Records, series 1, vol. 26, part 1, page 123. No. 19. Extract: "The first line was formed by the Sixth Michigan, the second by the Fifteenth New Hampshire, the third by the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, the fourth by the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York.

COL. THOMAS G. KINGSLEY,

Twenty-sixth Connecticut."

From Company C, Isaac Smith, mortally wounded ; George W. Bailey, Dan. B. Gage, and John C. Fuller, killed ; Ben. Bailey, wounded ; and Moody Howland, received shot in left cheek and on arm.

From Company G, David K. Nudd and David S. Huse.

From Company H, W. I. Coburn, wounded ; John Thornton, wounded ; and Tom Brown.

From Company I, John Mahoney, wounded severely ; wound never healed, and was the cause of his death March 10, 1879 ; and Abner Morse, killed.*

These were immediately attached to the Sixth Michigan ; thus many more responded for this perilous service than were required. When these volunteers were assembled, a Sixth Michigan officer, who was in command, explained to them that they were to carry material and bridge the ditch in front of the enemy's parapet so as to permit the passage of infantry and artillery ; the method of its work and its dangers were fully explained. It looked as though our general contemplated a dash from this point upon the battle-field ; by moving the column as it now stood by the right flank a little more than the length of its front and then advancing, it would have been on the field almost in an instant. But instead, now it marched back by a direct route across the open field to the position in the woods, where it stood at 6 o'clock. (See map). Upon emerging from behind the shelter of the clump of woods (at 7 on map), the enemy opened with their artillery, and ours now replying with all its force, the world shook with their thunders, and the enemy's fire wrought terrific havoc in the woods to our right. Shells cracked incessantly in the air over our heads ; the elevation was high, however, and few of the charging column were injured. This appears to have been a movement for the

* NOTE. Great efforts have been made to ascertain the names of all these volunteers, but without complete success.

purpose of drawing the enemy's fire, and thus lead them to expose themselves to our many sharpshooters posted in the slashing to right and left, as has been already explained. As such, the ruse was entirely successful. Companies A and K, under Hall and Pickering and Lieutenants Wood and Larkin and Sergeant Gordon, of Company A, who acted as second lieutenant during the siege, and the New York boys on the right, and Companies D and E on the left, under Johnson and Chadwick, and Stearns and Parker, poured in their well-directed shots with terrible effect on the enemy's gunners.

And now, having again reached the position where first the charging column was formed and just within the leafy screen, the enemy's artillery fire ceased and that death-like silence ensued, which precedes the battle. The Vermont battery moves forward down the front of the Fifteenth and so close as to necessitate a backward dress of the regiment, which movement, in being executed, led to the accidental discharge of Hiram Welch's (Company I) gun, stripping his arm from elbow to shoulder. Some teams now drive up loaded with heavy poles; negroes shoulder them, two to each, and are placed in front of the skirmish line. Those who volunteered from our regiment, are each provided with a 2-inch plank a foot wide and about four feet long, the design being to force the negroes up to the face of the enemy's parapet, and compel them to lay the poles across the ditch in front, the plank carriers then to lay on their planks, and so bridge over. It is doubtful if over 250 men of our regiment stood now in line and actually advanced upon the field; and at the very last moment the color sergeant whispers to the color guard that the colors will take position on the line of the line officers in rear of the guard, and that the guard will remain in the ranks. It thus happened that the color guard went into the action several paces in front of the colors, which it was their special purpose to protect and defend.

There is a brief wait here. The enemy in our front are ominously silent. But suddenly the bugle call is sounded. Generals Sherman and Dow and staffs, splendidly mounted, ride to the head, in front of the Fifteenth New Hampshire and between it and the advance guard. General Dow wheeled his horse and gave his order in the same old manner as on the parade at Carrollton: "Attention, brigade! forward, Sixth Michigan; forward, Fifteenth New Hampshire; forward, Twenty-sixth Connecticut; forward, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York—March!" The column moves, and instantly emerges from the wood, when the enemy's artillery reopens with tremendous power; the "gray horse" battery, lashed to its utmost fury, dashes upon the field to the left and pours its thunder in with a deafening roar. As soon as free from the woods double quick is ordered, and in a moment we are in rifle range, and the enemy's parapet for more than a mile to right and left bursts forth in one unbroken sheet of flame, all concentrated on our front. Our centre comes directly upon the burned Schalter house; the smouldering ruins here lie thick upon the ground; they constitute an impassable obstacle. The regiment breaks in the centre to pass the obstacle, the right wing striking into the woods beyond the Schalter house, and the left wing breaking in much confusion and under a terrific fire to the left, over the high fences of the flower garden in front and across it, meeting and surmounting the opposite fence, then instantly into a tortuous and tangled ravine, and on to the field, now directly under the murderous musketry fire that mows down all in winrows and thickly covers the ground with the dead and dying. The extreme left did not strike the ravine, but kept on even ground. The alignment is now lost, and confusion reigns supreme. Col. Kingman led his regiment in, and is with the right wing, which struck the large ravine after passing the Schalter house, and reached an

advanced position, but from which all efforts to scale the enemy's works proved futile. All order is gone, and the men act individually, each loading and firing and watching opportunity. But that portion of the regiment that passed the Schalter house on the left, with other broken organizations, is a surging and utterly disorganized mass, in the very vortex of hell. Here Blair rages up and down, calling and swinging his sword for a rally; his scabbard is torn away; and soon he receives a shot through the right arm near the shoulder, that fells him to the ground, but for a moment only. He grasps his sword in his left hand; three different times he rallies a brave few, but who melt and wither away, and all is hopelessly lost. All now seek shelter, some few behind logs or stumps on the field, but most sliding off to the right into the big ravine which runs straight up and into the enemy's works. The enemy send up a great shout of victory, and thus closes the fight. The men make their way off from the field at dark, and assemble and pass the night at the edge of the beech woods back of the Schalter house.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE AND PERSONAL MENTION.

The Sixth Michigan, with its re-enforcements of volunteers from the Fifteenth, marched by the right flank in column of fours to the right of the Schalter house, and thence deployed upon the field just in advance of the column headed by the Fifteenth New Hampshire. They lost 20 killed and 129 wounded, which was probably about a third of their number.



SERGT. FERNANDO PARKER.



ISAAC VANDVKE—CO. E.

The fate of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut was very similar to that of the Fifteenth. They lost, by official report, 15 killed, 160 wounded, and 1 missing or captured.

The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York moved on in fine style, but all was lost before them, and Colonel Cowles fell instantly dead on the field. The regiment lost, by official report, 23 killed, 100 wounded, and 6 missing or captured — 129.

Of the 250 men of the Fifteenth New Hampshire in the charging column, 21 were killed or fatally injured, and 148 wounded, so far as can be ascertained. Of the four companies detailed, 1 was killed—Fernando Parker—and 5 wounded.

Extract from report of Capt. Francis F. Keese of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York: "Under command of Col. D. S. Cowles, we moved to the charge about 2.10 P. M., the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth being the rear regiment of the brigade. The whole regiment, except Companies A and C, was in the fight; these two companies were deployed on the right as sharpshooters. * * * Colonel Cowles boldly led forward his regiment in the face of a galling fire, and after General Sherman, yourself (Dow), and Clark of the Sixth Michigan, were wounded, the command of the brigade fell upon him. He was mortally wounded while rallying his men and died upon the field."

General Dow fell very early in the fight, and Colonel Clark of the Sixth Michigan was borne from the field; Colonel Cowles was instantly killed almost the moment he reached the field; Colonel Kingsley, of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, after the repulse, rushed forward, and taking a position behind a log, with others fired on the works like a private soldier until he received a shot through his jaw, from which blood gushed in torrents.* And thus every ranking general and field officer fell within a very few moments, either killed or wounded, down to our own Colonel Kingman, whose course in the fight will now be followed.

I think I have already stated that Colonel Kingman led his regiment into the fight. After the repulse he was close to the front, in the ravine, and watching events; noticing a large fallen log on the opposite side he directed some of his men to take position in its shelter and open on the enemy's artillery. Their battery—No. 32—which enfiladed the ravine, and which had been pouring in grape and canister, was thus silenced. Among the twenty or thirty who took

* NOTE. W. I. Coburn, of Company H, was firing beside Colonel Kingsley when Kingsley received his wound.

part in this ruse were Lieutenants Seavey, Perkins and Larkin, Sergt. Fred A. Orme and John Beecher, Company I, Irving Coombs, Company H, Corporal Davis, Al. Pressey, A. George, and Hen. Brown, Company K, and Sergeants Trickey and Nudd, Company I. Colonel Kingman joined Blair in one of his attempts to rally the men, coming from a position near the edge of the ravine. He swung his sword and shouted, "Up! men, and at them!" Observing a movement of the enemy inside, he shouted, "Rally! the devils are running!" They were moving to their left to meet Auger. The attempt, however, failed. But the colonel was kept busy, for soon after, the enemy essayed three different times to sally over the parapet and capture the five or six hundred men who were close up to them in the ravine; they came out in four ranks and in gallant style. Colonel Kingman ordered his men to hold their fire till he gave the word, and at his command they fired by volley, and the enemy fell back with heavy loss. At one time a rebel flag appeared inside at a distance that looked like the stars and stripes. Colonel Kingman said, "They have got in on the right!" It was now just at night, and fearing this very sally, our batteries in the rear had opened, after the repulse and all was seen to be lost, a terrific cannonade, firing low and directly over the heads of those on the field and in the ravine. This firing was terribly annoying and somewhat destructive to our own men, but it is very doubtful if the enemy could have been held within except for its powerful assistance. Just at dark the colonel said, "You wait right here, keep a sharp watch, and if they show themselves again, do just as you have done; take good aim and shoot to kill. I will go back and have our batteries cease firing, so you can come out." He went back, and after an hour the firing ceased. It was now dark, and the men made their way back. Corporal McGregor well remembers this artillery firing. The mighty bolts swept over

us point-blank as we hugged the ground; it seemed as though putting up one's hand would reach them. Occasionally one of them burst prematurely among our own men. It was a curious fact that just at the distance where he lay the sound and the shot arrived precisely together with a snap and a crash, and then with a prolonged unearthly shriek sped on its bloody errand. His right ear was deafened at the time, and has never recovered its hearing.

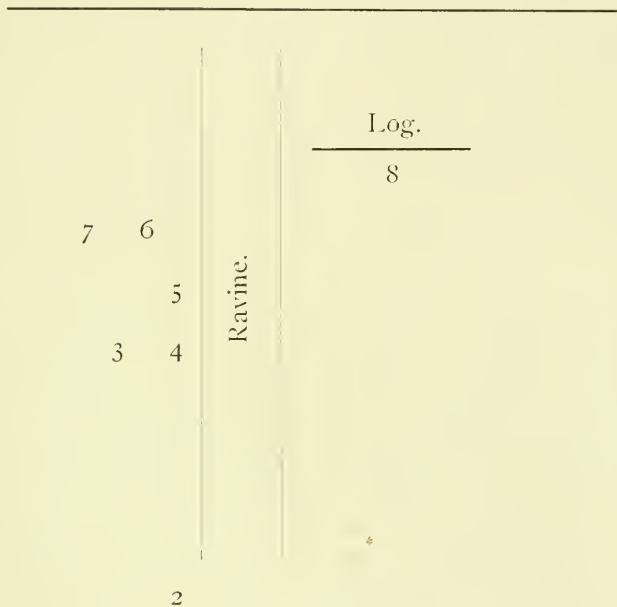
Of this I. W. Coombs says: "I had gone forward with the rest of the troops away up past the Schalter (commonly called 'slaughter') house, and while pressing on suddenly found myself pretty nearly alone. The only ones I saw in advance of me were Sam. Swain, and another soldier whom I did not know, who was lying down behind a log, and I saw him fire toward the rebel line from that position. Immediately after he clapped his hand to his arm, looked back toward the rear, and swore. I think he must have been wounded by some of our own men, for it seems to me he could not have been hit by the rebs. Sam. Swain was looking toward the rebel line, and very soon took aim and fired. In a few seconds he dropped his gun and placed his hand to his forehead. He did not fall, though he seemed dazed a little. I heard afterward that he was struck by a buckshot.

"Just after that I heard Colonel Blair's voice trying to rally the men. I turned to him (he was standing some eight or ten paces to my left and rear) and saw him with his right arm in a sling, his left holding his sword at the shoulder. He was looking directly toward the ravine on our right. I turned in that direction and saw Colonel Kingman coming from behind a clump of bushes on the edge of the ravine. He drew his sword and cried, 'Up! boys, and at them!' But none of the soldiers responded. There was nothing to be gained, of course, by standing there, and they were shooting to kill. I got a bullet through my blouse just above the

cartridge belt on the left side, and another (or else a buckshot) struck the right edge of the top of my cap. Colonel Blair, as I recollect it, turned to go toward the rear, and I passed over the edge of the ravine, which I had not noticed before. I found quite a number of fellows wounded there. Pretty soon along came an officer (I didn't know him); he was quite a large and rather fleshy man. He was mad and swearing, and I think somewhat under the influence of liquor. He ordered the men up out of the ravine, and threatened to shoot one of the men, but the man replied, 'I am wounded.' He had been shot in the leg. The officer passed on down the ravine toward the rebel line. Soon after, I followed him a piece, then looked across the ravine and saw some soldiers (some twenty or thirty, I should judge). I crossed the ravine to get to them, and just as I was getting to the top of the ravine Lieutenant Seavey or Perkins said to me, 'Rush quick! They've got the range.' Seavey and Perkins were the only commissioned officers there. We were all sheltered by a large log lying parallel with the rebel line. After a while Seavey left the men under Perkins' command saying, 'I am going back to see the colonel.' He was gone quite a while, and then came back saying that he had seen Kingman, who told him to hold the position, if possible, till night, but that if he was not reinforced by 8 o'clock he might withdraw the men under cover of the darkness. We were not reinforced, and left when it was dark. I was off duty some ten or twelve days, then tried to go on duty again (work on fortifications), but broke down and was ordered back to quarters by Surgeon Janvrin. On June 14, I was with the men detailed as pioneers on the thirteenth. In regard to the matter of rallies, about which you inquire, I know nothing about any, except what I have spoken of. I have heard it said that three attempts or rallies were made. I think that Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins, and the men with them, reached

as advanced a position as was reached that day. You can judge, perhaps, from the accompanying diagram. It of course is only a rough sketch, and points and distances can be only approximately correct. Figures represent as follows:

Enemy's Parapet.



1st Vt. Battery. 1

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Where regiment formed for the assembly. | 5. Where I stood. |
| 2. Schalter house. | 6. Where Sam. Swain stood. |
| 3 and 4. Positions of Kingman and Blair when attempting to rally the men. | 7. Soldier behind log. |
| | 8. Position of Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins and men. |

Reminiscences of Lieutenant-colonel Blair :

“I remember that the last rally at Port Hudson was led by me after I was wounded and my arm slung up so that I could travel with it. When we finally failed, I remember being assisted, under the protection of the ravine, from the field. I was moved to the field hospital and the wound dressed. In a day or two I was carried to New Orleans, but getting so as to move about, and there being great need of my service at the front, I thought that I could go there and help by advice and encouraging the men, until I could leave my tent and resume active duty. With that idea I started up, somewhat to the surprise of the New Orleans surgeons and authorities. When we got to Donaldsonville, or about there, the steamer touched the wharf, and then I first heard of the arrest of Colonel Kingman. Hastening to the regiment, and being the ranking officer, I at once took command.

“The two last, or the three last rallies, on the twenty-seventh, were under my command, and the final one after I was wounded. The wound knocked me down at the critical moment of the next to the last rally, which was when we got so near, and I was dazed and could not get up for a little time. When I got upon my feet the column had disappeared in the ravine. I always thought that if I had not then fallen we would have got into the works.

“I was at the front of the column all the time after we went over the ‘slaughter’ house and fences, when, as you know, our order was so broken that nobody went forward only those who wanted to. The regiments were all mixed up, and many of the Fifteenth, which had been second in the formation of the brigade, were at the front all the time. Each time we got a little nearer the rebel works. If we had got into them it is probable that we should have been cut up there. If we had assaulted in the morning, possibly we

might have done better; that is, simultaneously with the rest of the army. I never knew the reason why there was not concerted attack all along the line.

“My wound was in very bad condition on the fourteenth of June, and as I could not properly care for it on duty, it turned black and hard, being swollen like a piece of iron almost. It was almost impossible to save it. Colonel Clark insisted that the surgeons should make a report ordering me off duty, but I refused to quit. You know how we were, and with the boys dying off as they were, it seemed a crime to leave them. It was six years before I got my health so as to be fit for work again. Dr. D. B. Nelson treated me for a time after I got home. If I could have got well enough I should have at once re-entered the service, but it was impossible.

“General Sherman fell as we started on the first rally after the first repulse. I had been brigade field officer for the day, and busy on the front of the brigade picket line next the enemy's works from early morning until the charging column was formed; here I joined the regiment and advanced with them over the wreck of the ‘slaughter’ house and the several fences, which obstacles were still sufficient to throw the brigade into inextricable confusion. Pushing along, some of the men of the Fifteenth accompanying, I found myself near the extreme front, and the column swept into the ravine on the right and to the rear, with some standing and many lying upon the plain. I went back and saw General Sherman, and the men were rallied, although formation was impossible or any distinction of regiments or other distinctive organizations. I was at the head of the column, had been and was brigade field officer, and it seemed to be where I belonged, for there was no regiment in any particular place. When we had got in as good shape as we could for another advance, I stepped back to General Sherman and said,

‘General, have you any special orders?’ I was a new man wholly on such work, and thought he would give me a few particulars. He replied, ‘Lead them ahead — straight ahead — dead upon the enemy’s works.’

“I rushed back to the head of the column and repeated the order, ‘Forward, straight ahead — dead on the enemy’s works!’ and on we pushed, but the middle and rear fell out, and looking back hardly anybody but the dead and wounded were in sight. General Sherman was dismounted when I had left him, but pushing forward bareheaded encouraging the men around him and on both sides of him. I ran back along the plain near the edge of the ravine, and found General Sherman in the ravine a little down from the bank with his leg shattered. I got a stretcher, carried by Fifteenth New Hampshire boys, and they bore him to the rear; the last I ever saw him, he was thus disappearing. I ran up and down the line. Dow was already wounded, I suppose. I remember nothing of him after the fight first began, only of knowing that he was wounded. Colonel Cowles was the next in command, and as soon as we could we roused up the men from the rear and sides of the ravine, and rushed ahead until cut to pieces again; and although it had advanced, the column seemed again to have been lost — most had gone into the ravine. Of course many had run off to the rear, like sensible, prudent men. Cowles was killed, and Colonel Clark was next in command.

“I was then at the front on the edge of the bank, and it was still as death all the way back to the ‘slaughter’ house, hardly a man in sight; firing ceased except occasional bullets both ways, and I didn’t know what to do about trying it again, nor who to go to, and it was foolish to move any way. While watching and thinking, suddenly away back I heard the boys shouting and rallying around a soldier leading a horse. It was General Sherman’s orderly. I sprang up in

the front and shouted to the men, and they climbed up out of the ravine all the way back, and the column filled up in an enthusiastic, disorganized, but rushing, advancing body, towards the enemy's works; the soldier and the horse still advancing, he on the right side leading the horse by the bit steady as a clock, and the men all about and following, and thinner and scattered, up toward those in front.

“ I remember we were getting close up within two or three rods of the works, moving quite steadily, and dropping all the time — dropping all the way back as well as at the rear. I was waving my sword and shouting. I saw the soldier and the horse coming steadily on, and then without being conscious of anything having occurred to cause it, I was flat on the ground [this was a second time Blair was felled to the ground] — not conscious of any hurt or pain. The soldier came on about even, and fell, shot badly. I can't remember about the horse; a white horse it seems to me, but perhaps not, and I think the general's — his orderly anyway. After the siege I found him dying in the hospital below New Orleans. Dr. Towle and I went through the hospitals together, and I heard a whisper and an effort to make me hear. A very feeble man, unable to move on his bed, called me, ‘Colonel! colonel! I am the general's orderly!’ He knew that I knew him and his deed. I stooped over him and kissed him, and could almost have died with him. Dr. Towle may remember this, and I think he said that the orderly had told him about our being together in the fight. I never saw him only on the twenty-seventh, and on that day in the hospital. If he had been a general he would have been immortalized.

“ My right arm was badly shot through the flesh, grinding, but not breaking the bone. My scabbard was shot away, and my clothing riddled in several places. Colonel Kingman had come. He had on a red skull cap, and was well up to the front on that last rally. I got back part way and learned

that Clark was knocked senseless by, as it turned out, the windage of a cannon ball. Colonel Kingsley I don't remember about. At some time he was badly wounded, and it must have been in that fight. Any way, Kingman was the ranking officer, but General Andrews, who was back there somewhere, sent up orders to keep still and get off under cover of the coming dark. My arm was getting pretty bad. I stayed there at the front, protected by an irregularity of the bank of the ravine, and as it grew dusk, I got off with some help, but I never found my scabbard, and carried my sword naked all the rest of the siege, brought it home so, and it was burned with my house in Plymouth in September, 1870.

“We made four separate advances* and three rallies and charges after the first repulse, that I remember about, for I was in the front of them, and General Sherman gave to me his last order before the second rally and forward movement, as above stated. He fell sometime before that one was given up, and everything that mortals could do to get there was done. He knew nothing about it after he fell.

“I cannot tell how many men there were in the charging column at first, but I do not believe there were over twelve hundred men — parts of four regiments; and after the first advance — the first rally — not over eight hundred; in the third, five hundred; in the fourth and last, three hundred. Nobody could have any hope, and there was every chance for the bottom to fall out and run away, and nobody stayed or got to the front but those who wanted to, and they were the fools, save for the pride and the shame of the thing, and the honor of the country and the flag.

“In after years Sherman made a criticism that when he fell the worst seemed to be over, and he thought they ought to have gone into the works. He was brave himself, but he

* See note, page 328, for enemy's notice of Blair's rallies.

was criticising many men who were his equals in that respect, and who made a gallant struggle after he fell before they faltered, and who rallied twice more in the face of absolute despair after he was disabled and out of sight.

“The account of this battle in the history of the regiment in the Adjutant-General’s report, is from an address delivered by me at Plymouth, on request of the people, soon after my return, while I remembered everything distinctly — the soldier and the horse I speak of there, Corporal Tebbetts, Sergeant Merrick, Adams, killed, etc.

“The colonel was brave in that fight. He was at the last rally where I first saw him after we got over the fences, but if he had not been brave he might have stayed away then. That night, after Dr. Janvrin dressed my wound, I was carried to the Cotton Press Hospital, and saw the wounded and dying — Mr. Penniman, of Plymouth, and a multitude of others; was badly off that night; taken to New Orleans for treatment, but got sick of it and returned.”

As has been already shown, Lieutenant-colonel Blair, after rallying from the first shock of his wound, which felled him to the ground, his clothing saturated with blood, with sword in left hand, his scabbard shot away, attempted a third rally; but the enemy reopened fire and swept it away. At this Sergt. W. H. Philbrook, Company H, rushed to his side, swinging his hat and shouting to the boys to come on. Blair called for fifty men to go with him over the parapet, and though the men were there in hundreds, they could not be assembled and aligned.

Reminiscences of Major Aldrich :

Major Aldrich’s position brought him into the road that led by the Schalter house into the enemy’s sally port; he moved on over the fallen. Shot spattered in the dirt of the road like rain drops. Here he saw Captain Gordon brought

to his knees and dazed by the concussion of a shell, which permanently deafened one ear. The major made superhuman efforts to align the men; he stopped one man, who was shooting low into our own front. Soon men had largely disappeared into the ravine to the right. General Sherman was mounted and riding ahead of the Fifteenth. His horse received a shot and lurched backward for ten yards, and fell in a plantation ditch, with the general at the bottom. Aldrich returned his sword to its scabbard and assisted the general to rise. One leg was pinned beneath the horse; the major passed him his hat, which had fallen to the ground; the horse



MAJ.-GEN. THOS. W. SHERMAN.

Lost right leg by wound at Port Hudson, La., May 27, 1863.

expired there. The general was dazed by his fall, but instantly gathering his senses, rushed ahead, and immediately fell with a shot through the leg, and apparently realizing that without his leadership all was lost, exclaimed, "O, my God, my Country!" Comrade J. G. McCrillis, Company I, helped carry him from the field. Just as Major Aldrich had helped the general to his feet, and as he was in the act of turning again to the front, he received a blow on

the side of his hip that felled him into the same ditch where lay the general's horse. He got up and sat on the side of the ditch to examine his hurt. It seemed to him that he was shot through the thigh, but found that his sword, belt and scabbard

were all stripped off and carried away ; he found them in the ditch among blackberry bushes. A missile had struck the scabbard eight inches below the hilt, and cutting its way clean through the strong leather to the bright steel, had bent the sword nearly to a right angle, and at the same time the brass tip was stripped from the scabbard and the leather torn to shreds for six or eight inches at the lower end. He bent the sword back nearly to a straight line again, and wore it through the service, and now possesses it as a priceless memento of the deadly strife. When the major had recovered himself from this shock, on looking ahead the regiment had practically disappeared into hiding, though some few scattering men were still on the field. He then crossed the ravine to Companies A and K, and remained with them till night, when he came off with the rest.

As has been already said, the color sergeant, Merrick, and Corporal Hussey, carried the flags into the fight, on the line with the line officers, and were thus at the start some six paces in rear of the color guard. Corporal McGregor, of this guard, distinctly remembers the circumstance, as all the experiences of this day are indelibly impressed on his mind. At the bugle-call General Dow's brigade of four regiments, and at four-rod spaces, followed each other slowly from the woods upon the field ; they were splendidly drilled and equipped, and with all their banners flying, as seen by the men of Company E from their position, formed a pageant of great beauty. But as soon as freed from the woods, the step was changed to double-quick, the long lines of glittering steel changed from "shoulder" to "right shoulder, shift," and almost in a moment they were upon the Schalter house, and each regiment, as it reached this serious obstacle directly in its front, was instantly broken and shattered. None could cross the smouldering ruins ; they crowded to right

and left. The right wings struck into the woods and ravine at the right, and the extreme left wings were on even and unobstructed ground, and thus surged ahead of those who were delayed by obstructions in their way, among which were the massive fences to the left of the Schalter house. These fences inclosed a spacious flower garden; the men now climbed these fences by hundreds, rushed across, scaled the others, then through a slight ravine upon the field, arriving there not as a well drilled and appointed army, but a mere disorganized mass of humanity, each acting independently for himself. And now the Confederate army, in butternut and slouched hats, having reserved its fire, rose in mass along their parapet for a mile or more, and delivered their fire with terrible effect. Then our sharpshooters to right and left redoubled their work, but the enemy, never flinching, still poured in their volleys. The color guard came directly upon the smouldering Schalter house at its centre. McGregor, with the crowd, surged to the left, passed into the flower garden, where the house had burned away, and crossing it made his exit through a turn-stile and immediately dropped into the little ravine, clambered out at the other side upon the field, and advanced with the promiscuous multitude, but soon met with a check. The firing now from the enemy was terrific; the air seemed as full of hissing and screaming missiles as of hail in a hail storm. Men fell fast now. The firing was high, or, as it seemed, none could have lived for a moment, a great length of the enemy's parapet being concentrated on this struggling mass. Here Blair was rushing up and down making frantic efforts to rally the men and bring some semblance of order out of the prevailing confusion. On passing McGregor and waving his sword, he was exclaiming, "Boys, this is disgrace!" Right here the advance was stayed, although Blair, three separate times, rallied a portion and attempted to enter the



THE FIFTEENTH FLAGS AFTER THE SERVICE.

enemy's works. Just after passing the little ravine and advancing upon the battle-field, McGregor, hearing shouts behind of "Put up that flag," turned and saw Sergeant Merrick, having just regained his feet from the ravine, and having the flag gathered up around the staff and trailing it, which was probably the position in which he had to carry it through the brambles and general impediments which he had so far encountered; he was now in the act of unfurling it in that terrible storm, and it was instantly riddled with shot and torn to shreds. The sergeant fell here; then Corporal McCluer, who just before the assault had been designated by Lieutenant Wyatt to represent Company B on the color guard, taking the flag from the fallen Merrick, fell off, with the rest, into the ravine, carrying the flag with him. He then took a position behind a near-by stump, and commenced firing upon the enemy; after two or three shots a comrade of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut called to him, and asked if there was room for another there. He replied that there was, and then the Connecticut boy joined him, and they alternated firing over the stump; but after a very few rounds, while McCluer was down loading, the Connecticut boy, in the act of firing, received a shot directly in the centre of the forehead, and fell back dead across McCluer's legs, his blood and brains oozing out. McCluer laid him carefully aside, and went on with his work. Here Colonel Kingman approached, and asked where the color sergeant was. McCluer replied, "Upon the field." The colonel then asked if he was dead. McCluer said, "No, but badly wounded." He then called for volunteers to go with him—the colonel—to bring the sergeant in. McCluer went with the colonel, and taking each an arm, dragged the unfortunate sergeant from the field. The colonel then procured four with a stretcher to convey him to the surgeons.

Meanwhile Corp. Enos K. Hall, of Company C, seized the flag, and bore it forward toward where Blair was rallying the men for another advance, when he, also, fell, very severely wounded. It is doubtful if a braver or more gallant deed than this was enacted that bloody day.



CORP. ENOS K. HALL—CO. C.

Now Corporal Dearborn, of Company B, advanced with the regiment, and after the break made his way to the very front, where he fired till his gun was hot. He here received a shot in the right shoulder, but still kept on firing till he received a second wound from a buckshot, which passed through his right ear, slid under his scalp, and lodged in his head, and from

which wounds the blood was flowing freely. He then retired from the field, and quite a distance back came across Hall just as he had fallen, and with the flag beside him on the ground. Hall called for water, and Dearborn gave him a drink from his own canteen; then Dearborn carried the flag to the ravine. This must have been well toward night, for while here Dearborn remembers of Lieutenant Seavey reporting to Colonel Kingman and requesting more men to take position behind a log to act as sharpshooters. (See page 343.) Merrick fell very early in the fight, and long ere this had been borne to the rear.

LAKEPORT, November 27, 1899.

Dear Comrade McGregor:

I have just received yours of the twenty-fourth instant, with my letter written to you last August, which you have rewritten for the printer, and enquire if I can subscribe to it.

In answer I will say that it is in much better form than the original, and I most willingly subscribe to the same. I expected you to use it as the foundation of remarks of your own, or to express the incidents in your own language, or I should have tried to better some of its phraseology.

Yours truly,

JOHN ALDRICH.

LAKEPORT, August 26, 1899.

CHARLES MCGREGOR, ESQ.

Dear Comrade: In looking over the reports of the Adjutant-General, and also the brief histories of the Fifteenth Regiment, and my own memoranda and letters written from the front, I think it quite strange that no mention is made of our Adjutant, E. E. Pinkham, being wounded. He was injured on the twenty-seventh of May by a fragment of shell, or other missile, which, striking on his sword, carried it against his right hip with great force, causing a severe contusion which lamed him for several days, and was sufficient to excuse him from duty, but I think he did not report the injury at headquarters, choosing rather to remain at the front and perform the multifarious services of his position under great pain and difficulty. His sword hilt was badly damaged by the impact. In reflecting on the circumstances, I am quite sure he requested me not to mention the fact of his injury, and that he himself made no mention of it because of his modesty, and his fear that tidings of its reaching home might cause his friends there anxiety on his behalf.

Adjutant Pinkham was one of the most efficient officers in the regiment, and its organization, discipline, and drill, and whatever of success and honor it attained, was due more to him than to any other single line or staff officer on its rolls. This is a pretty broad statement, but I think it can easily be demonstrated, and it does not detract from the laurels of any other officer. In all the brief sketches of the regiment he has furnished the material from the records, and his innate modesty has prevented him from furnishing matter that would seem to place him in the foreground.

I trust that in the forthcoming work he will take his proper place among the most efficient officers, either of the staff or line.

Hoping to soon hear that you have completed your share in the work, I remain,

Your "old time comrade,"

JOHN ALDRICH.

Corrections approved. — JOHN ALDRICH.



ADJT. EDWARD E. PINKHAM.

After General Sherman fell, his orderly carried his flag and led a horse forward, but soon himself fell. Of this, Comrade E. B. Huse, Company C, relates :

“The soldier who is reported to have been leading a white horse and waving a flag and rallying the troops, was Sergt. Herman J. Stork, of Read's Company, Third Massachusetts Cavalry, and was Gen. T. W. Sherman's orderly, and had been with him ever since he — General Sherman — came to the Department of the Gulf. I became acquainted with him in New Orleans, in February, 1863, while General Sherman had his headquarters in Park Hotel, New Orleans, and commanded the defenses of New Orleans. He was a bright and educated young German, about twenty-two years old, and on May 27 was keeping as close as possible to General Sherman. After General Sherman was wounded, by being shot through the leg below the knee, breaking the bone, Orderly Stork dismounted, and leading his horse — a large white one — and seizing a flag,* waved it aloft, and called on the troops to push on. Suddenly he was seen to fall, the blood spurting from his mouth. Some of the Fifteenth Regiment men are said to have picked him up and carried him to the rear, and toward night he was taken to a field hospital and treated as well as possible. He was struck by a charge of canister shot, one passing through his cheek, smashing his jaw; another made a bad contusion on his arm, and another passed through a secrete region of the groin and through the thick part of his thigh. He remained in the hospital till Friday, May 29, when, by General Sherman's orders, I was detailed to accompany Stork to New Orleans, and see that he had the best of care. I left the field hospital late in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth, in an ambulance, riding beside him and attending to his wants. At Springfield Landing he was carried aboard the

* NOTE. It appears that this flag was General Sherman's headquarters' flag, and which it was Sergeant Stork's special duty to carry.



E. B. HUSE. (See page 60.)

steamer "Sally Robinson," with a large number of other wounded. Arrived in New Orleans on the afternoon of May 30, and had him placed in the barracks hospital below the city. Here he was treated and got able, after some weeks, to be sent to a hospital in New York, but he died, as I have recently found, in New York, October 20, 1863, from his wounds.

"I saw him several times after he was wounded, and he was full of courage, and bore his sufferings like the true hero he was. I thought he would surely recover, but the wound in the groin caused a trouble internally that could not be reached."

After Sergeant Stork fell, Priv. M. L. Moore, Company H, under a terrific fire, crawled from the ravine upon the field, and back with the flag Stork was carrying.

Of the color guard, the sergeant, who was a very large and powerful man, and said to have been the handsomest color bearer in our army, received a shot in the thigh, shattering the bone, and from which the surgeons removed the shattered portion, thus shortening his leg by about three inches. He lived till April 2, 1888. He was brought off the field by M. L. Moore, Company H, and three others. Hall fell severely wounded by a three-ounce canister shot, which, entering the lower part of the abdomen, passed through the upper part of the groin and lodged in the outer part of the thigh. It was afterwards removed by the surgeon, and brought home to New Hampshire, where it is still preserved by his surviving friends. It is a curious incident that the ball first struck an ambrotype and a tintype of his wife, which were in his pocket, and carried portions of their wreckage with it, making a very vicious wound, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He lived till November 20, 1887, and had been heard to say that he never was free from pain, extending from the wound to the shoulder. He



HIRAM HOOK.

Color guard of Fifteenth Regiment and later color bearer of First N. H. H. Artillery.

recovered sufficiently to sail from New Orleans for home on August 1, by the "Pioneer." Reached New York on the fourteenth, Concord on the fifteenth, and home on the seventeenth.

Corp. Hiram Hook, Company G, received a wound in the left arm near the shoulder, from a piece of shell that laid the bone bare but did not injure it.



ENOS K. HALL.



E. B. HUSE.

Corporal Dearborn, Company B, received a buckshot through one of his ears, and which slid under his scalp. His comrades afterwards chaffed him for the rebel's piercing his ears for jewels.

Thus of the color guard that day, four are known to have been wounded, and others may have been of whom we cannot learn.

Now, Corp. Daniel Hussey, Company I, who carried the state banner, bore it forward to the front and eventually into the ravine, well up to the enemy's works, and at night

brought it off with him; he received no injury, and from that time forward filled the fallen Merrick's place, Corporal Bullock, Company F, then taking the state flag.

Remarks of Corporal McCluer, Company B :

“When we all took refuge there in the ravine I met Colonel Kingman; he came to me and wanted to know what had become of the color bearer. I told him he laid up on the plain. The colonel asked if he was dead; told him he wasn't. Then the colonel called for volunteers to go and bring in the color bearer. I told the colonel I would go with him. I laid my gun and the colors down by the side of a stump, and we went and dragged the color bearer into the ravine; he was sent to the rear on a stretcher. That was the last I ever saw of him, although I heard he lived several years after the war. The next day I was promoted to sergeant, and acted in that capacity till mustered out. I was in the fight on the fourteenth of June.”

Remarks of Captain Sanborn, Company H :

“You will remember that I was with the company in both charges, twenty-seventh of May and the fourteenth of June, and you will remember the twenty-seventh of May charge, that we had nothing to eat or drink from early morning till about 9 o'clock at night. That night I never shall forget. I well remember what I said: ‘All I want is a cup of coffee and a chance to lay down and rest; I don't want a mouthful of hardtack.’ So I laid down, too tired to eat anything, and fell into a sound sleep, and slept about twenty or thirty minutes, when the general sent his orderly in and ordered me to take Company I out as pickets on the front, and I took them right to the front, and stayed out with them till 4 o'clock the next day without any sleep at all.* That next night, after we had got

* Captain Pinkham and Lieutenant Moore had been sent down the river sick, and Lieutenant Wallingford was badly wounded. Lieutenant Moore afterwards assumed command, and was also severely wounded in the head later in the siege.

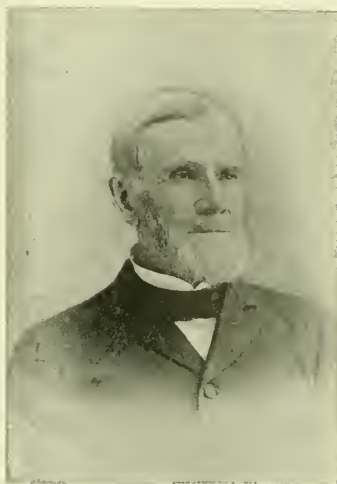
sound asleep, the long roll sounded, and our regiment was out and in line of battle in about twenty or thirty minutes. Finding that we might have to stay in line all night, perhaps, I gave the command up to Lieutenant Seavey, with the strict instructions that if there was the least alarm to call me immediately, and went back about a rod and laid down between the cotton hill rows and took one for a pillow; if I ever put in solid sleep I did that night.

“There is a matter of fact which I wish to state. We were formed in line of battle for the charge, with the Sixth Michigan in front. Now my position, and part of my company, was right behind that fence and within a few feet of it, near the centre. When the order was given to double-quick, I, with a few of my men, leaped for the fence, but I found it impossible to keep up with those that were out each side of the garden and did not have any fence in front of them. This was the whole cause of our regiment breaking line; the company on my right was broken up by the same means. I mention these facts in behalf of my men, and not for myself. The fighting continued about an hour and a half. At about 9 o'clock we fell back a short distance and encamped on our arms for the night. About 10 o'clock I was ordered out with Company I on picket to the front and right, towards Auger's division, stationing three in a squad until all were placed on guard, and remained in charge of them until 4 o'clock the next day without sleep or rest. I was ordered out with Company I that night and all day of the twenty-eighth until 4 o'clock, after being in the charge all day of the twenty-seventh. It was certainly an extra duty and a hard and dangerous one.”

Captain Lang, while stooping to pass under the Schalter house fence, was stunned by an exploding shell and knew nothing more of his surroundings till he recovered his consciousness way to the front, and where he was almost alone,

as then nearly all had fallen back. He saw Captain Hall near by, and also saw Sergeant Stork leading a white horse on the battle-field. The captain left the field just before dark.

Captain Lang, Company C, was born in 1816, in Bath, N. H., of humble birth. As soon as old enough commenced to work at the carpenter trade, and later on learned the cabinet trade, which business he has always followed. As soon as old enough was private in the New Hampshire militia, soon rose by grade to command the company, and was honorably discharged. In 1862, upon the call for the nine-months' men, the Bath boys wanted him for their captain, and after due consideration he consented to go as such, at a great personal sacrifice, as he had three small children to care for.



CAPTAIN LANG—Co. C.

Reminiscences of Lieutenant Wyatt:

“In the assault of the twenty-seventh of May, I was wounded in the arm. Probably a piece of shell cut away my blouse and shirt and left a bruise, from the effects of which I had a running sore for several weeks. In fact, it did not heal completely until after I arrived home in August. The flesh sloughed off from one side of the arm, also the wound broke through upon the other side. I remained on the field the night after the battle; was sent the next day to a hospital in New Orleans. After remaining there a time I was allowed to go to a private house in Carrollton, where I remained till after the surrender.

“I remember when we were in the battle, bullets and shells flying from the concealed foe, one of my company said, ‘*Show me the enemy!*’ I think it was George Keyes.”

Noah Tebbetts enlisted at Rochester in Company I, Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment, and was made a corporal. He served with his regiment until it was mustered out of service, and was with the regiment during the siege and assaults upon Port Hudson. On May 27 he was placed on guard over some regimental property nearly two miles to the rear, but learning there was to be a charge, he left his post in care of another, and reached the front just in season to take part in the assault, saying, "If there's going to be a battle, I'm going to have a hand in it." Lieutenant-colonel Blair, in a letter to Tebbetts years after the war, wrote as follows: "We made several charges, as you know, on that bloody day, May 27, 1863, and the column was so cut up that all regimental organization was lost, and everybody went ahead who wanted to. You must remember the ravine and the logs on the bank of it, on our right, extending from near the Schalter house clear up to the rebel works. Well, after one of our rushes I looked back for the column, and the whole thing was down, dead or wounded, or slid off into the ravine for protection. This happened several times, and, after breathing, we would rally and push ahead a piece further. In this way we got, some of us, close up, but fell outside the breast-works for all that. At this particular time, when I looked back for the boys, there was only just one standing in sight, and that was you, great, tall seventeen-year-old boy, as you were, six feet two or three inches high, standing on top of a log, firing away at Port Hudson all alone. The log was on top of the bank and you were on top of the log, just as straight up as a 'rake-tail,' putting down the rebellion just as fast as you could. I shall never forget that sight as long as I live." He also did yeoman service in the trenches, and on the picket line, and in later assaults. He re-enlisted in January, 1865, in the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, and served until the close of the war.



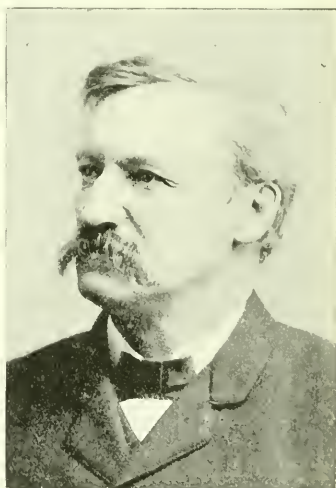
NOAH TEBBETTS.

Mr. Tebbetts practiced law at Rochester, and in 1872 removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he now resides, and is engaged in his profession, in which he has had a fair degree of success. He is a member of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Department of New York, G. A. R., and has been its commander, and was a member of the "Guard of Honor" at the funeral of General Grant at Mt. McGregor and New York.

In 1898 he was a candidate for department commander for New York, and was defeated by a few votes after a very exciting canvass. He has always taken an active interest in Grand Army affairs, and is well known throughout the Order.



SERGT. A. R. AYERS.



AUGUSTINE R. AYERS.

Reminiscence of Sergt. Augustine Ayers :

"After reaching the field I was near Sergeant Wallace and Sergt. A. F. Berry, and Priv. Noah Tebbetts, Company I. We all fired on a gun at the right that was firing shells at the time (rebel battery 22), and one at the left that was firing grape and canister (rebel battery 24). We silenced them,

and were so intent on our work as to be oblivious to our surroundings. Our Company G Moses lay just over the brink of the ravine behind a log. He called to us to come down there. 'A damned good place,' he said, 'you can sight right over the log.'

"I heard a noise as of a wind. On looking around I saw the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York coming on the field. The enemy rose in ranks and fired on them by volley. Colonel Cowles ordered them to cover, when they fell off into the ravine and disappeared, leaving Cowles and me alone. I heard a groan. I had just charged cartridge and was returning rammer. I turned to see who groaned. It was Cowles, and he was falling. A tall sergeant rushed up out of the ravine as though to save him, and carried him in. At that instant I received the shot through my left wrist."

Reminiscences of Corporal McGregor :

"My remembrance always was that this charge took place at noon ; but there is a wide discrepancy in regard to the time, some placing it so late as 2 o'clock. But now, in

NOTE. It should be stated that Colonel Cowles did not just at the moment of his fall order his regiment to retreat or seek shelter, as some have said. His regiment, as also the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, was smashed by the obstacles encountered in the same manner as was the Fifteenth New Hampshire, and just as it was so smashed the enemy poured upon it their concentrated fire. It was during his efforts to steady and reorganize his men that he fell, and they were without their leader. After this, as Colonel Blair says, none went forward but such as chose to, but the writer of this personally knows that the Twenty-sixth Connecticut men and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York men were as plenty at the very front as were those of the leading regiments. Colonel Kingsley, when his command was shattered beyond hope, himself went forward and fired on the enemy like a private soldier, as has already been shown. It was a One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New Yorker that was with Morrison when he fell, and brought me his watch and pocketbook. (See page 25.)

MCGREGOR.

accord with my own memory, at 3 o'clock the repulse was complete and all hope lost. It was comparatively quiet at this time, although our men by thousands lay concealed everywhere about the field and ravine, vigilantly watching and acting as sharpshooters; and then it was that Sergeant Burley, Company H, stepped to my side in the ravine and said, 'Let's go up there again,' meaning on to the battle-field.



SERGT. J. J. BURLEY.

We both instantly climbed up and stood on the brink, and were the only two standing men in sight. The enemy could be seen jumping by their sally-port one by one. Burley said, 'McGregor, if any man goes into Port Hudson to-day, I'm going.' At that very instant Auger made his assault. 'There they go! there they go!' he says, and rushed off in their direction. I stood and watched that charge. It was a mile away. I distinctly heard them shout; they were met with a withering fire, but

rushed on, and the shattered and struggling front reached the parapet, mounted it, and some few surged over into the rebel works. There was a brief hand to hand encounter between our few men on the parapet, they stabbing down upon the enemy with their bayonets. Those men whom we saw dodging by their sally-port were General Beall's forces massing to meet Auger,* just as they had to meet us at noon, and as they had already met Grover and Weitzel at daybreak and 10 o'clock respectively."

* See note, report of General Miles, C. S. A., page 328.

Reminiscences of Corporal Davis (recently deceased), Company K. It will be remembered that this company was deployed to the right as sharpshooters during the battle :

“ After the assault had failed the enemy’s artillery in our front — enemy’s No. 22 — opened on the field now strewn with our dead and wounded. Al. Pressey, Andrew George, Hen. Brown, and I, agreed among ourselves that we would silence the gun, and we crawled up ahead to within twenty rods of the parapet, way in advance of everything else. We agreed not to fire singly, but wait till the gunners stepped into the embrasure to load, then we gave them our volley and drove them out. We silenced the gun and kept it silenced all the afternoon. Lieutenant Larkin came up to us, and afterwards several others, some from other regiments. We lay behind a big felled tree. Pressey was well up in its limbs. I was right at the crotch. We left Larkin behind sick, but he got up and came to the front with us and took a musket from the field. Lead came into the tree on the opposite side. There was an old white-headed fellow on the rebel side who was a fine marksman ; he fired steady, and would take a chip right out of the top of the log every time. Larkin said to me, ‘ Let’s see if we can’t pick that fellow off.’ He said, ‘ Soon as you see his head come up above the parapet you fire at it before he has a chance to fire.’ I waited till I saw his head begin to come up and fired in a great hurry, not taking time to aim. I struck about six inches under his head and saw the dirt fly. The white-headed fellow in return took a chip out of the log just where my head was. I had taken my head out of the way just in season. Larkin said, ‘ Now you have tried him, next time I’ll try him.’ The white-headed man’s rifle was bright and glistened in the sun. So Larkin fired the next time, and the white head went right over backwards and fired no more. All laid here till dark, when our ammunition

being exhausted, and we could not return the enemy's fire, we wanted to get back. So Pressey and I agreed to draw the enemy's fire by rising and jumping to the right, which we did, and the grass was completely combed as though with a rake, by rebel bullets. We ran upon this, and all got back without a scratch. The rebel gun only fired twice after we opened on it."

Third Sergeant Gordon, Company A, also says :

"The gun that raked the ravine was silenced by Company A, after being discharged twice."

Gordon was acting as lieutenant on that day.

NOTE. Extract from a letter of George W. Trickey: "Owing to the terrible fire we encountered, our brigade broke but did not run nor fall back, but took shelter in a ravine on our right, and advanced firing whenever we could see anything to fire at. Sergeant Nudd, George Batchelder, of our company, and several men from the Twenty-sixth Connecticut and the Sixth Michigan, with a captain of that regiment, were with me on one side of the ravine, and over on the other side and nearly opposite, were Sergeant Orme and John Beecher, Company 1, and several others from our regiment. We were joined by Corp. Daniel Hussey, with the state colors, and we were within forty yards of the rebel parapet. The color-bearer of the Sixth Michigan, with his flag, the stars and stripes, was with us, and the position was maintained until dark. We kept up a pretty steady fire all the time. We were pretty well sheltered, although a rebel bullet would come uncomfortably near us at times. A large rebel gun, some say a 24-pounder (Confederate battery No. 24), was silenced and kept from firing a shot by the party under Sergeant Orme until dark, when we fell back under cover of darkness, our positions being untenable. Notwithstanding our repulse we are very much nearer the rebel works than we were in the morning, and we are intrenching and shall hold on to every inch of ground we now occupy and advance our lines steadily, and I think there will be another assault very soon, and I hope it will result in the capture of the place. We have had re-enforcements since the fight of the twenty-seventh, and the boys are in good spirits.

"I wrote you yesterday that our regiment lost sixty-five, nineteen of the number being killed, but I was wrong. The list I send you to-day is correct. John D. Lamprey, and Abner Morse, of our company, were

Reminiscences of Sergt. J. J. Hanson, Company D :

“The night of the twenty-sixth of May our company was sent out in front to a brush fence to stay until they opened fire on us ; they did not fire on us until morning. We stood all night with our guns resting on the ground, and many a man slept with his head resting on the muzzle of his gun. They opened fire on us in the morning ; we went over the fence and advanced in front until we came to a piece of small woods. Here we stayed doing sharpshooting or picket duty until the charge was made in the afternoon. We were not in the charging column, but we went as far to the front as any of them in the skirmish line, and were with Duryea’s Second Zouaves, of New York, and it was evening when I called the roll that night, as I was acting orderly, as First Sergeant Towle was left at Camp Parapet. I saw General Dow just before he fell saying, ‘Forward, men ! forward, men ! ’ ”

killed. Lamprey was from Hampton, and Morse from Exeter. The wounded in Company I were Corps. William Dunn, of Newton, Enos Rewitzer (Miller), of Rochester, Privs. John Mahoney and Solomon M. Newland, of Rochester, George M. Swain, J. A. Sinclair, Exeter, Albert G. Tucker and Hiram Welch, of Exeter. ♣

♣ Captain Pinkham and Lieutenant Moore were sick at Baton Rouge, and Second Lieut. John O. Wallingford led our company and never flinched.

“In one of my rambles I found a box of rebel clothing ; I appropriated a shirt, so to-day I come out in a white shirt. It is coarse, but clean. I received from you this morning a letter dated May 9. The boys all complain of not receiving letters very often. I am afraid I shall not get another opportunity to write so long a letter as this, but I will improve every chance I have. I have filled my sheet and must close. I expect to go on special duty to-night, and I must try and get a short nap. Direct your letters the same as you have, New Orleans, and as I have said I will write whenever I have a chance. Remember me to all of my friends.”

NOTE. Company D went in at daylight, May 27. Sergeant Hanson carried in one hundred rounds, and came out with ten ; guns got hot, had to cease firing and cool them, and swab them out with pieces of blouse torn off.

COMPANY C SKETCHES.

Dan B. Gage and John C. Fuller, Company C, on the morning of May 27, 1863, volunteered to join the "forlorn hope," to go in advance of the storming party and carry materials for making bridges or passage ways across the deep ditch in front of the rebel parapet, over which it was expected the assaulting forces and artillery could cross the ditch and scale the enemy's works. A part of these men bore bags of cotton, and a part boards. In his own words, Gage told his experience to E. B. Huse, of his company, after the battle. He said :

"We started on the run, our guns strapped to our backs and the boards and bags in our hands, but had gone but a few rods when a terrible fire was opened on us from the fortifications ; shot and shell came whistling and shrieking through our ranks ; first one man went down at my side, then another on the other side, and before we reached the ditch I found myself almost alone. By good luck I did not get a scratch, but I wonder how it was possible to escape in such a rain of bullets. It was useless for me to try to go further, so I dropped my board, protected myself as well as I could behind the stumps and fallen trees, and used my gun. Poor John Fuller started with me but suddenly disappeared, and must have been killed or mortally wounded close up to the works, and afterwards buried by the enemy, as no trace of his body could be found. (See page 12.) As soon as it began to grow dark, I, with many others, some wounded and some unhurt, crawled off the field and joined the remnant of the regiment in the deep ravine on the right."

In the midst of the battle a piece of shell struck the gun out of Hanson H. Young's hands, completely shattering it, and spinning Young round and round like a top. He was badly shaken up, but did not go to the hospital, and soon after resumed duty and was in the fourteenth of June battle.

James W. Shaw, Company G, fifth sergeant, was on one side of the ravine during the fight, and First Sergt. Henry R. Brown was on the other. Shaw was smoking his pipe right in the battle. He looked up to Brown with a peculiar grin and said, "I stood it pretty well till they began to throw old iron at me." He kept on steadily loading and firing. The smoke was now so dense that the enemy could not be seen. He is reported to have been shot through the wrist, but the date is not given.



HANSON H. YOUNG.



SERGT. H. R. BROWN.

Irving Whittemore and John Graham were with Sergt. Fernando Parker when he fell. They were behind the up-turned roots of a large fallen tree. The sergeant was struck, just as he was ramming home a cartridge, by a piece of shell, which went entirely through his right breast.

Sergt. J. A. West, of Pittsfield, says Company G had the right of the line in the charge, and passed to the right of the Schalter house. As soon as he had crossed the ravine his gun was smashed by a Minie ball, the shock of which felled

him to the ground, and he secured another from the field. He remembers of seeing Frank O. Pickard there, who was only fourteen years of age, and weighed but one hundred and five pounds. West's bayonet was struck and broken, and his gun received a bullet down its muzzle five or six inches.

After the battle of May 27, sharpshooters were called for to advance and cover the retreat. Colonel Kingman took out a book and read off the names of twenty or thirty, among whom were those of John Hackett and George F.



ARTHUR M. CHASE.

Keyes. At the parapet the boys were drilled in marksmanship, and the two best shots were excused from duty, and sometimes passed to New Orleans, or otherwise favored. They became so expert that they could hit the mark every time, and their names were handed in to the colonel for use on such occasions as this. When going in Hackett remarked to Keyes that "if they had known what it meant, perhaps they wouldn't have hit the bullseye so often."

Arthur M. Chase, Company D, fired sixty-seven rounds, May 27.

Reminiscences of Moody Howland, Company C :

"Was one of the volunteers for the advance guard, and carried one of the planks. It was of hard wood, one and a half inches thick, a foot wide, and six feet long. Negroes carried poles. When the rebel gunners showed themselves we fired on them, and so kept the guns silent. This was



A. C. HAINES.

After returning from his second enlistment his pursuits were various. For seventeen years he has been connected with the Newmarket National Bank, for the last eight years as cashier. At the present time (1900) he is Senior Vice Department Commander, Department of New Hampshire, G. A. R.

after we had got up front and laid down. Several of the negroes were killed and wounded. I stood on my knees and loaded and fired. I came off at sunset. I received a shot in the left cheek that glanced down on to the jaw bone, and a shot in the arm. A day or two after, the bullet was removed from my cheek. I carried my plank across my breast. When the rebels opened with grape, one of them went through my plank near my arm. I did not miss any duty on account of my wounds."

Reminiscences of G. D. Sanborn, Company F :

"At sunrise of May 27, the Vermont battery opened fire from the edge of the woods, and the enemy replied immediately; their second shot destroyed a wheel of one of the Vermont guns, another took off a tree twelve inches through. The second shot of the Vermonters dropped the rebel flag on the parapet. At the time, some of Company F were on picket here under Sergt. Greenough D. Sanborn; Sanborn, during the battle, fired on the enemy when they were jumping by their sally-port

to mass against Auger. Sanborn did not return his rammer, and carried his caps in his vest pocket, so as to work fast, and he fired till his shoulder was sore."



GREENOUGH D. SANBORN.

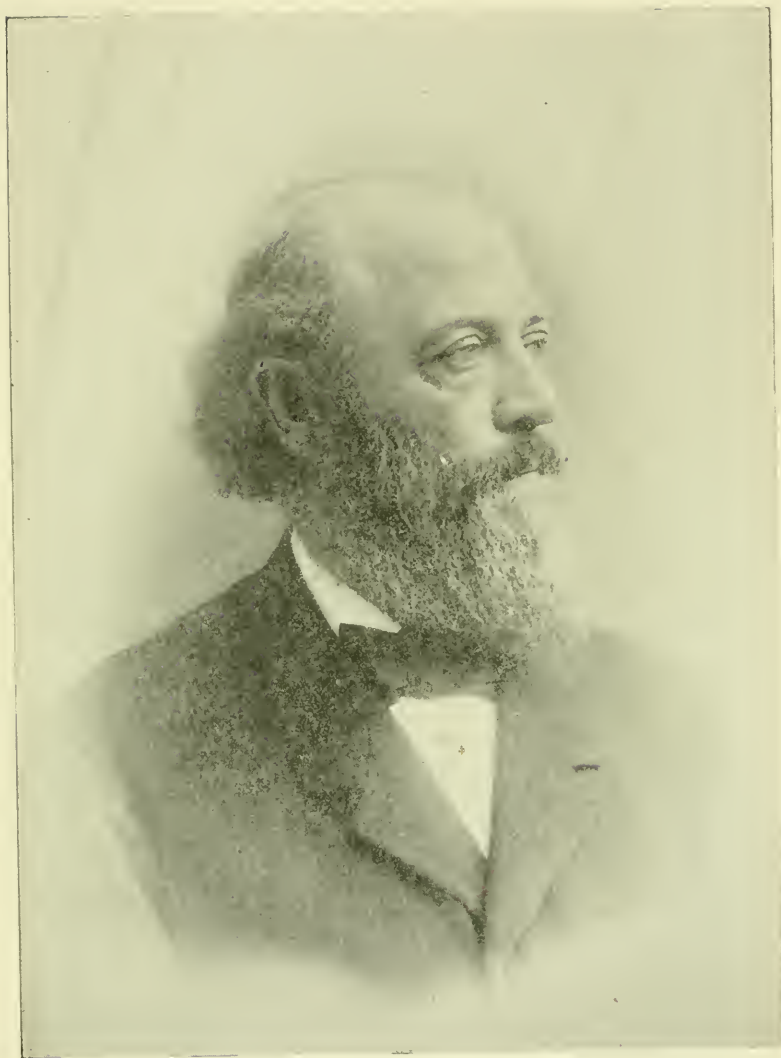
Extract from letter of A. C. Haines, Company D, of date May 30. The charge referred to as on the left was that of Nickerson's brigade (see page 163):

“Companies D and E were ordered out on the evening of the twenty-sixth as skirmishers, and went to the further edge of the woods, in sight of the enemy’s works. The next morning, just at daylight, we were ordered across a piece of cleared ground into another piece of woods and clear it of the enemy’s sharpshooters. This was on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh day of May, a day that I shall remember as



WILLIAM S. STANLEY — Co. D.

long as I live. We had to skirmish through the woods, and then through a piece of fallen trees up to within about fifty yards of the rebel breastworks. The Zouaves came up in the afternoon and intended to go on a charge. As soon as they got into the cleared ground the rebels threw grape and canister, and it mowed them down like grass before the scythe. They were cut up in an awful manner; their loss was more than one hundred in killed and wounded, out of about four hundred men. To the left of us three regiments went on a charge, but they could not stand the grape and canister. Six companies of the Fifteenth went on the charge. The loss in the Fifteenth was eleven killed, and between forty and fifty wounded. We had only one man hurt in our company, and that was by accident, it being a flesh wound with a bayonet. There were but five Newmarket men in the fight. They were John Hanson, N. Robinson, Free Dockum, George Taylor, and myself. We all came out of the fight without a scratch, and are well and ready for another scrape, but I hope we shall meet with better success



SURGEON HORSCH. (See page 126.)

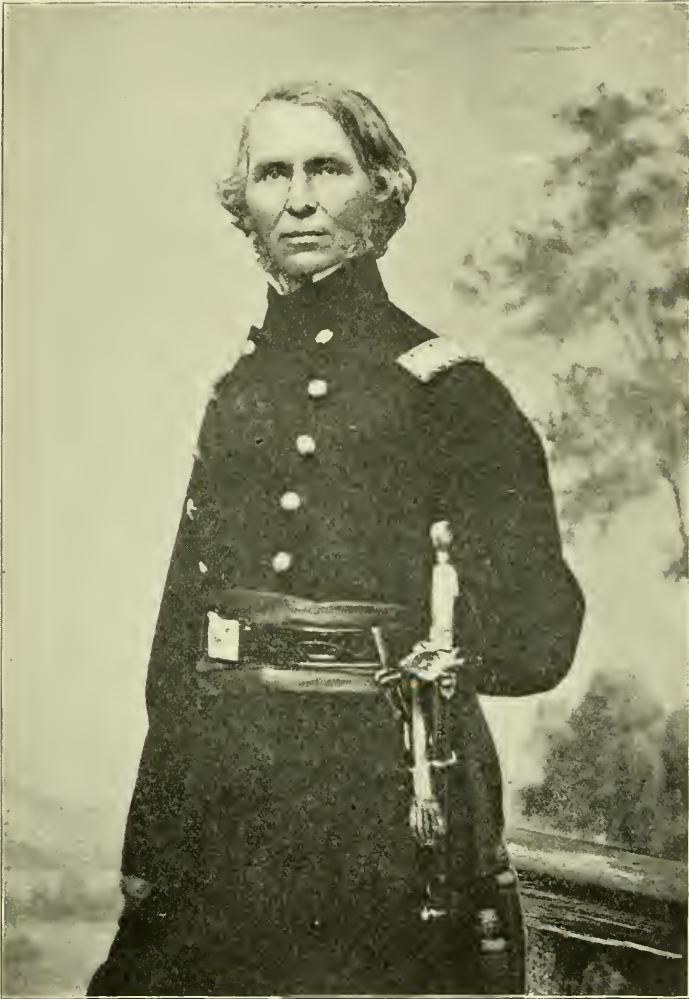
next time. I can't tell when we shall fight again; but I hope we sha'n't leave this place till Port Hudson is taken. Our colors were riddled with bullets."

Comrade A. C. Haines fired at a rebel gunner just as he was about to pull the lanyard. He was seen to throw up his hands and fall.

Reminiscences of W. I. Coburn, one of the volunteers for the advance guard of May 27 :

"At the point of starting there were teams loaded with poles and planks ; there were two or three hundred negroes there. Instructions were given by our officer for the negroes to carry the poles forward and lay them across the ditch ; then the men having followed up were to lay on their planks and fall to firing. As soon as the enemy's fire got hot the negroes dropped their poles and lay down. Officers made frantic efforts to force them on. The shelling was terrific ; a piece struck Thornton in the forehead and spun him round and round. Pieces of shell struck my plank, and bullets pierced it as I moved along. We marched in column of fours to the right of the Schalter house, following an old road, and then deployed on the field near the house ; passed through a ravine on to the field near the works, near enough to talk with the enemy. After the repulse someone of them asked, 'What brigade was that?' Upon being told, he replied, 'They didn't do very well, did they?' At this some of our men answered that 'We did as well as some Arkansas regiments at Baton Rouge.'"

Colonel Kingsley came up and took position behind the same log as Coburn, and fired over it like a common soldier, till he was shot through the mouth.



GEN. NEAL DOW.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BLAIR. (See page 119.)



SENATOR HENRY W. BLAIR.

Reminiscences of George W. Bailey, Company C :

“ Was one of the May 27 advance guard. Lieutenant Bean, Company C, came up. I said to him, ‘ You’d better look out, you’ll get hit.’ Bean said, ‘ Where in thunder are you?’ My brother, Ben Bailey, was one of these volunteers. On going out at dark I came across Ben crawling back on his hands and knees, having been wounded in his left leg, near the foot, by a piece of shell. He went to the hospital awhile, but came back before he got well and resumed duty, and was in the fourteenth of June fight. In the middle of the afternoon, by the accidental discharge of my gun, a bite was taken out of Carlton H. Clough’s ear, which always showed.”

Reminiscences of Private Thompson, Company D. The charge referred to as on the left was that of Nickerson’s brigade :

“ Three of our batteries had taken position in our rear, and were throwing shell over us. A rebel battery opened in front, and their shells were bursting over our heads. Thinking they could not be firing at us, I looked around and saw the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York coming up in column, and for a few moments we devoted all our attention to the rebel gunners as they exposed themselves in loading the guns. We fired with an intense desire that every shot might take effect. The One Hundred and Sixty-fifth was a great deal broken when they reached the open ground, but had not lost heart. The color-bearer advanced a few rods into the open field, and they tried to form a line of battle, but the fire was too hot. Their colonel fell, with many of his men, and the line was broken. From my position, to which I had advanced into the open field, partly screened by a friendly stump, I surveyed the field. A little squad of the Fourteenth Maine was still standing up in the open about three rods in front of

me. Our first sergeant, J. J. Hanson, was the only man I saw of our company ; he was about a rod in front, shielding himself, as I was, which I considered the 'better part of valor.' After the attack at the left of us failed, I heard a cheer at the right, where the main assault was to be made. There was almost a continual roar from our batteries. The shells were shrieking overhead and clipping the top of the rebel works. The enemy's batteries were active, and the air seemed literally filled with the missiles of death. But behind the long line of rifle pits there was no sign of life. I looked again to the right and saw the long line of blue advance, with flags waving in the gentle breeze. I turned my eyes to the silent rebel rifle pits. Suddenly above them appeared a dark cloud of slouched hats and bronzed faces ; the next moment a sheet of flame. I glanced again to the right ; the line of blue had melted away, and down across the open field came madly plunging the war horses of Generals Dow and Sherman, wounded unto death. There was nothing more to do but wait patiently until the bugle sounded the recall, then make our way back under fire. We rejoined our regiment, and when night threw its 'sable curtain o'er the earth,' we lay down in line of battle and slept the peaceful sleep that 'tired nature brings,' while many of our comrades up under the enemy's guns were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking."



GEORGE W. BAILEY.

Lieutenant Durgin writes of John S. Lancaster as follows :

“J. S. Lancaster was one of the best of soldiers. He, with several others of my company, were detailed as sharpshooters, and Comrade Bryant says he was near him at one time when he was returning his ramrod in the gun when a bullet struck it and carried it away. At another time, Comrade D. P. Mason says he stood near him when a bullet struck the breech of his gun and stove that to pieces; and he says not long after that he came across a soldier who had been killed, when Lancaster said he was not going to be without a gun, and so took one from the dead man. These are both reliable witnesses.”

Reminiscences of Sergeant Brown, Company G :

“Early this morning we were in line. Shot and shell were thrown over the woods; several struck before the lines, burying themselves in the sand. One went directly over my head, howling most *beautifully*; it struck near headquarters; its course could be traced very distinctly as it passed through the air. The whole line was moved to the left out of range, but soon after we were again obliged to move still further to the left. For fear the rebels might attempt to break through the woods, a line of battle was formed, four companies of the Fifteenth on the left, and the Twenty-sixth Connecticut on the right. We stood in the scalding sun till 10 o'clock; no rebels appearing, we were ordered forward to the woods; a few minutes after the line was moved twenty or thirty rods further. A severe cannonading commenced at daylight, and was kept up all day. After resting awhile in the woods, the colonel came up, saying that ‘a charge was about to be made,’ and that ‘we should move forward in a few minutes.’ The rebel guns ceased firing some time ago, it being understood by us that our batteries had dismounted all they had used up to this time. The colonel encouraged the men with a little speech, in which he said that we would go over the works ‘without losing half a dozen men.’ We were now



AUSTIN WASHBURN—Co. C.



AUSTIN WASHBURN.



CORP. JOHN D. WASHBURN—Co. F.



JOHN D. WASHBURN.

ordered forward into the woods, and marched further to the right ; just then another battery of the rebels opened fire, and a halt was ordered. A brisk cannonading was kept up for some time, when, finding it impossible to silence the rebel guns, we were ordered forward into a second piece of woods, where Company E was skirmishing. Before starting, one of Company I accidentally shot himself in the shoulder with his own gun. The 'clearing' between the rebel works and the woods was semi-circular, and this second piece of woods was about quarter way between the two and on the left of our line (brigade). A line of battle was formed. While waiting orders, some of the boys were lucky enough to find water, and we refilled our canteens. Numerous blankets and haversacks were here thrown away. We were now ordered back into the opening, and three lines of battle formed — Sixth Michigan in front, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York and Twenty-sixth Connecticut in rear, and Fifteenth New Hampshire in centre. Volunteers were called for, for the advance guard, ten or twelve from each regiment ; two volunteered from Company G, Huse and D. K. Nudd. Rebels commenced shelling the woods ; no damage was done to any in line, but Sergeant Parker, Company E, was killed. The order for an immediate charge was countermanded, and we were ordered across the field in the face of the rebel batteries ; the advance guard went first, the regiments following in three lines. It happened that the fence was torn down in two places, and the Fifteenth, being a little behind, had either to wait until the others filed through or tear down the fence. The rebel batteries opened fire just at this moment ; a huge shell struck a tree just over my head and exploded, throwing the fragments in every direction ; no one was seriously injured by it ; a horseman was struck on the arm by a splinter. I heard the shell coming, and knew it would strike somewhere near us, but was not



CORP. CLARK S. WILLEY—Co. D.



ARTHUR A. AUSTIN—Co. C.

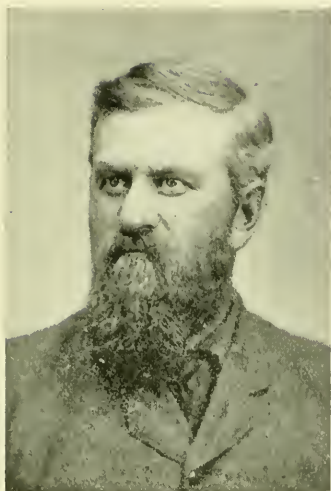


DAN. PHILBROOK—Co. H.
Of the Band.



RANSOM S. DAY—Co. C.

anticipating quite so close a shave. Two others passed directly over our heads before we got out of range; for a long time we were exposed to their fire, but fortunately no one was killed. The effects of the shot were terrific; huge trees were blown to pieces, pierced through and through, torn up, and in many cases cut completely off. A line of battle was now formed in rear of Slaughter-house Point. Was this an omen of evil? Here was where the house was burned last night. Three guns in front kept up a terrific firing, and to avoid the answering shots of the rebels we were obliged to lie flat on our faces. Soon the order came for the forward movement, and forward we went, double-quick, in line of battle, but to get into the field in front of the works the regiment had to 'right flank, file left,' through a narrow lane of thirty or forty rods in length. The rebels had complete range of this road, and opened a heavy fire of grape and canister. That a man could go through this storm of iron hail and live, seemed impossible; the shot struck so thick in the sand before us that we were reminded of the first drops of a heavy shower. As soon as we passed the lane the order was by 'division into line,' but this was found impracticable on account of the roughness of the ground; ravines ran across it in every direction, and into and across these were fallen trees, making an almost impassable hedge. It is impossible to describe one's feelings as he first goes into battle. I was certainly badly frightened while we were lying in rear of the batteries waiting the order 'to charge'; the suspense was almost equal to death itself. While we were marching on to the field I felt no worse, and soon began to feel an anxiety to have the affair commence, that it might the sooner be over. After the order for firing was given, and I had discharged my piece a few times, I did not realize the danger or feel in the least frightened, although, as a shell or ball would pass over my head, found it impossible to resist



J. C. BLAIR—BAND.



ISAAC B. HOYT, Co. F, AND SISTER.



SERG'T. MATTHEW DUTTON—Co. F.
(At enlistment.)



SERG'T. MATTHEW DUTTON—Co. F.
(At discharge.)

the inclination to *dodge*, but of the bullets, though they continually hissed by my head like serpents, I took no notice. After the firing commenced the officers lost all control over the men; each one loaded and fired as fast as possible, fighting on his own hook, occasionally advancing to get a better chance for a shot. Once, while loading my gun, one of the men rushed by me; instantly a stream of blood covered my gunstock and hand. At first I supposed I was wounded, but feeling no hurt kept on loading and firing. Again, while returning the rammer, a huge shell exploded immediately over my head, but the pieces all struck beyond me. One poor fellow within three feet of me fell badly, if not mortally hurt, but I had no time to look after him. Some men displayed great coolness, while others were so excited as almost to take away their senses. One of the men (Moses) I saw sitting behind a log loading and taking deliberate aim as coolly as he would have done at a shooting match. Sergeant Berry, in attempting to load his gun, found the ball too large, took out his knife and whittled it down to the proper size; after loading, took out a 'hard-tack,' ate it, then fired. A greater mistake than this assault was never made; many lives were lost and nothing accomplished. Opposed to our brigade were two brigades of rebels behind formidable earth-works, on which were mounted heavy guns, from which they hurled every conceivable missile of destruction, and shot and shell not proving effectual enough for their purposes, railroad iron, stones, nails, and even glass bottles were used. Each of the advance guard carried a plank or rail to bridge the moat, but some of them never reached it, and but few returned alive. Sherman's division was separated from Grover's by heavy woods and ravines, and also from Nickerson's on the left. The fight, or rather slaughter, commenced at 3 o'clock and lasted till dark; a retreat was then ordered. Our loss was severe. Out of the division of less than two thousand, the loss in killed and wounded could not have been



ALVIN H. ROBERTS—Co. D.



SERG'T. JOHN A. DRAKE—Co. B.



EPHRAIM ELLIOTT—Co. B.



A. E. BARNEY—Co. F.

much less than four hundred. Only six companies of the Fifteenth were on the field; eleven or twelve men were killed, and from sixty to eighty wounded. The casualties of Company G were as follows: S. G. Lovering, killed; John Cate, mortally wounded; Corp. J. S. Foss, lost fingers; H. S. Allen, wounded slightly in leg; Corp. H. Hook, in arm; Levi Hook, bayonet wound in leg; Sergeant Ayers, in wrist. Several were also badly bruised; Huse and Nudd missing. General Sherman was badly wounded in leg; amputation will probably be necessary. General Dow slightly wounded in three places; Colonel Cowles, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, killed; also several captains and lieutenants; Colonel Kingsley, Twenty-sixth Connecticut, was badly wounded in face; Lieutenant-colonel Blair was wounded in arm. The color sergeant (Merrick) was badly wounded and the colors fell; it is said that Colonel Kingman carried them for awhile. There were many narrow escapes during the day. Major Aldrich had his sword scabbard shot away; Sergeant West had the muzzle of his gun shot off; Pickard had his gun shot out of his hands by a grape shot; yet none of these were in the least injured. The day was fine but exceedingly hot, and I suffered much from thirst; was quite unwell all day, and so completely exhausted that when the retreat was ordered could not get off of the field alone. In the evening got into an ambulance and rode to our old camp-ground. Considering the way the affair was managed, the loss of life has been much less than could have been expected. Colonel Kingman is now in command of the division."



EZRA C. BROAD—Co. B.
(See page 55.)



HENRY S. PERRY—Co. E.
(See page 75.)



CHARLES E. WHITE—Co. D.



CHARLES E. WHITE.

With the descent of the dank night a wondrous quiet steals over the face of nature. How still is that field now where lie the dead, who late were engaged in the deadly conflict. The moon, verging to the full, rides high in the zenith, shedding down a mild glow. Here and there white wraiths



LIEUT. PICKERING—Co. A.

of mist rise up, and myriad nocturnal creatures and fire flies hum and sing, and a delightful fragrance fills the air, as though aromatic herbs were crushed. The field is searched, and the wounded brought off and such of the dead as can be safely reached. Just as it was growing dark our general officers were greatly alarmed lest the enemy should sally forth, when they would find our forces completely demoralized; and so all soldiers, without regard to their organization, were gathered up and a promiscuous line formed near the Schalter house to receive them. They made no offensive demonstration, however, and soon, under some trees, here in the gathering darkness, an attempt was made to assemble the regiment. Less than fifty men

NOTE. W. I. Coburn first found John H. Sanborn. He heard a groan, and looking, saw it was John; he had crawled into the ravine. Irving got him up on to level ground; he then saw some men with stretchers and called them, and it proved to be Bill Philbrook, John Blake, and Tom Brown. The stretcher was too heavy for Tom, so Coburn relieved him, and Tom set off for the regiment, taking Coburn's gun along with him. Coburn overtook Tom before he reached the regiment and demanded his gun, but Tom didn't know what he had done with it. Coburn reported to Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins, and they called Tom and sent him for it. He came back soon with a better one than the other.



N. B. DAVIS—Co. E.



JOHN P. FOGG—Co. D.



H. B. FOWLER.



H. B. FOWLER—Co. F.

could be gotten together at this time. Anxious inquiries were made for missing ones, and none could know whether this little remnant might not be all of our splendid regiment that would ever meet again. Our colonel, one of whose faults as a military man was his excessive leniency and care for the personal welfare and comfort of his boys, was well nigh overcome at the appalling situation. The repulse had been extremely bloody and disastrous, and the defeat seemed overwhelming and complete. The enemy had given a great shout of triumph when the end came, and now in gloom and despondency the regiment sought a bivouac for the night on the edge of a heavy wood at the right of the Schalter house, that bordered that side of a large grassy field. By ones and twos the men straggle in, the companies are gotten together, and the regiment is once more, though somewhat weakened, fully reorganized, and like a mighty fallen giant, instantly springs to its feet with renewed life and vigor. Many watch as sentinels now while others lie down to sleep or ruminate on the day's misfortunes and the hopes of the morrow. In a soldier's life there is no thought of failure — with him it is conquer or die; and courage must rise as fortunes sink, and efforts be put forth in accordance with their gravity.

NOTE. Corp. John D. Blake, Company H, says: "In going into the battle I met Thornton coming back wounded, with the blood running down his face. I said, 'Thornton, you've got it, haven't you?' He said, 'Yes; a little touch of it, I guess.' Just before this I saw Chattel fall. He was the second man to my left in the rear rank. I was on the right of the company in the charge. Chattel dropped instantly dead. I helped Bill Philbrook (Sergt. William H., Company H) carry off Sam Jacobs; he was shot in the leg. We went for Jacobs just after sunset; he was way up front; we got him on to the stretcher and brought him half way to the field hospital, when he made us leave him and go for John Sanborn. 'He is wounded worse than me,' he said; so we rolled him off and left him, and went back for John. We got John on as carefully as we could, but it made him groan; we carried him to an ambulance, then went back for Jacobs. I laid my gun down to carry off Jacobs and couldn't find it again, so I took another from one of the dead of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut."

Memoranda of Major Aldrich, May 27 :

“ They kept me on field officer of the day all night of the twenty-seventh, making forty-eight hours consecutive duty, being told that nearly all the field officers of the brigade had been either killed or disabled. I did not get in from the battle till dark. The pickets were held up to the same advanced line as established the night of the twenty-sixth ; the pickets were now set three in a place, so as to relieve each other.”

Extract from Major Aldrich's diary :

“ Rebels very busy all night, which kept us on the alert with very little sleep. Expected an attack and prepared for it.”

Copied from Major Aldrich's diary after the battle. Company rolls and roll of the dead may be consulted for more accurate returns of the killed and wounded. No full return of the wounded was made by any company during the siege.

Company A — 1 slightly wounded in hand, 4 missing ; 61 for duty.

Company B — 1 killed, 10 wounded (Lieutenant Wyatt, flesh wound in arm), 1 missing ; 34 for duty.

Company C — 3 badly wounded, 2 missing ; 37 for duty.

Company D — 1 wounded slightly, Charles Brown ; 44 for duty.

Company E — 1, Sergeant Parker, killed, 2 wounded, 1 missing ; 45 for duty.

Company F — 1 killed, 8 wounded ; 35 for duty.

Company G — 2 killed, 8 wounded ; 41 for duty.

Company H — 2 killed, 9 wounded ; 38 for duty.

Company I — 2 killed, 1 mortally wounded, 6 wounded.

Company K — Color sergeant wounded very badly in hip ; 65 for duty.

Total — 3 officers wounded, 9 men killed, 50 dangerously wounded, 4 missing.

Company G — Killed: S. G. Lovering. Wounded: Captain Osgood, leg slightly; Lieutenant Pickering; Sergeant Ayers, hand and wrist; Corporal Foss, hand; Color Corp. Hiram Hook, flesh wound in arm; Harper Allen, flesh wound in leg; Hugh Brown, foot; John Cate, mortally; S. Perry, serious wound in body; Levi Hook, flesh wound in leg; John H. Heath, shoulder; 41 for duty.

Company I — Killed: J. Lamprey and Abner Morse. Mortally wounded: Sol. Newlands. Wounded: George Swain, slight; Enos Rewitzer; William Dunn, thigh; A. M. Tucker, head, slight; J. T. Sinclair, hand; J. Mahoney, badly in shoulder and leg.

Reminiscences of George W. Bailey :

“ Was one of Lieutenant Chadwick’s burying party, under the flag of truce of the twenty-eighth. Fifteen of the Zouaves were buried in one pit. At night was sent out with others by moonlight to bury six officers’ horses; the enemy opened on us and drove us off, but before morning we had them buried. When we turned the horses over into the graves, thousands of lightning bugs were disturbed.”

Captain Cogswell, who had been sent down river by order of the surgeon in chief, in charge of about thirty other sick, returned to the front with a negro regiment, arriving on the field during the battle of May 27, and resumed command of his company.

NOTE. Memorandum: “Coffee was served in the afternoon, and tea for supper. Colonel Kingman notified to expect attack, and prepare for it. The colonel was in negligee, in shirt sleeves and smoking cap. After his dispositions were made, he expressed himself as very well content that the enemy should sally and try our lines.”

Colonel Kingman says :

“When I got back off the field at night I found General Andrews, of General Banks’ staff, there. He made close inquiry of me as to the condition of our brigade, and the character of the intrenchments, and apparent numbers of the enemy. He then told me to assume command of the brigade, collect all the men as they returned from the attack, and keep them in line with their arms, ready to repel any assault from the enemy, as he anticipated an attempt on their part to cut their way out and escape toward Jackson, Miss. We lay on our arms all night, and collected the dead and wounded.”

The losses for May 27 are officially reported as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Officers.....	15	90	2	107
Men.....	278	1,455	155	1,888
Total.....	293	1,545	157	1,995

This must be far below the actual loss. Very many of the wounded were not reported. Of the missing very many, probably nearly all, were killed; and it appears that among the wounded are reckoned the mortally wounded. There was no official report of the Fifteenth New Hampshire wounded.

NOTE. The body of the poor boy, Aldrich, fell and lay in an exposed place where it received several shots after his death. Greenough D. Sanborn, and William and George Baldwin buried him during the truce in a grave dug by his side, into which they rolled the body. Sanborn procured some cotton and spread over his face.

NOTE. One of the enemy showing himself, a Company A man fired on him, and he was seen to throw up his hands. Two came toward him with a stretcher, but one of Auger’s shells came in and dropped one of them, when the other fled.

COMPANY B ITEMS—MAY 27.

Benjamin F. Adams was just aiming to fire when he received a shot through the heart and fell forward, his piece discharging as he fell.

Sergt. Thomas A. Barstow received a Minie ball in the thigh, shattering the bones; received a second wound in the other leg below the knee by a grape shot. The bones and tendons were so completely severed and lacerated by this latter wound that on turning the limb above the wound the lower portion would not move with it. He was borne from the field at dark, and expired soon after reaching the hospital.

John D. Brooks was wounded by a fragment of shell which carried away the hair on top of his head clean to the scalp. Two men fell in front of him just as he got fairly into the fight, and at that instant a missile shattered his gun. He was just reaching for the gun of a fallen comrade when he received his wound, which rendered him unconscious for an hour or two. Upon recovering consciousness he saw Lieutenant Wyatt coming back with his wounded arm dressed. He was sent to hospital at Carrollton. Henry Cook, then acting as a cook in the hospital, and wishing to rejoin his company, Brooks took his place in the hospital and Cook went up river to the front.

Hiram E. Clark was struck over the eye; severe wound; bled profusely. Did not recover so as to do further service.

Charles H. Willey, after the battle, said to some of the band boys, "I know just where Sergeant Barstow lies, and will go with you to get him." On going up they were fired on, and Willey's ankle was crushed, in consequence of which his leg was amputated, and death ensued.

Memorandum of Lieutenant Parker, Company E :

“ Moved back into the woods and supported battery ; took a detail and brought in Fernando's body and buried him about 5 P. M. Slept on our arms, expecting an attack.”

Company H sent three to hospital — Corporal Hubbard, and Privates Rollins and Fife.

Reminiscences of Lieutenant Page :

“ After Wyatt was wounded, on May 27, Lieutenant Page had command of Company B for three or four days. About June 1 was sent to hospital at Carrollton, and Lieutenant Perkins, Company H, was assigned to command of Company B temporarily.”

Reminiscences of Sergt. William H. Philbrook, Company H (an unauthorized flag of truce) :

“ In regard to the flag of truce that was raised at Port Hudson, it was the next day after the first general charge on the enemy's works. You remember there was a road along by the side of the ravine, which I got quite well acquainted with the day of the charge. As you remember, Sam. Swain got wounded. I was up in the road, and Sam. came up out of the ravine where I was with the blood streaming down over his face, and I went and led him back off of the field and turned him over to some one else, and then returned right up the road again, as far as the big log, which was as far as any one got that day. Well, the next day, I should say about 8 or 9 o'clock in the forenoon, J. J. Burley and I thought we would crawl up the ravine and see if we could find any one that we knew that was killed or wounded. We thought perhaps we might find some one wounded that we could help, and we took our canteens full of water and started. We did not find any wounded, but we found some

dead that belonged to our company. We worked our way along up so near the enemy's works that they began to get up in sight, and we got up so near that we could be heard by each other by speaking loud; then we ventured up into the road. We had some canes, or I had one, which I had picked up, and just before I got up into the road I saw a piece of white cloth which had evidently been prepared for a bandage but never had been used. After we got into the road we saw the rebs getting up in sight all along the parapet, and I put the white rag up on my cane. I should say that we were then about thirty or forty rods from the rebs' works; as soon as I did this the rebs began to come out. I should say there were about one hundred and fifty of them came out, and our boys began to come up, and we had a good social time. The rebs were all out of tobacco, and our boys were very liberal with them; they were willing to give most anything they possessed for a little tobacco. I presume you remember what a social time we had, and when we were all ordered back, how we shook hands all around with the rebs and told them that after they got back we should shoot them if we could."

NOTE. Extracts from diary of E. B. Huse, Company C, Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, on detached service with Capt. Adam Badeau, of Gen. Thomas W. Sherman's staff:

"Captain Badeau was acting commissary of musters, and I was detailed as clerk in his office, in New Orleans, and made out the muster-rolls whenever any men were enlisted, or officers arrived, or were promoted.

"Thursday, May 21. This morning orders were given to pack up and be ready to go aboard boat for Baton Rouge. General Sherman and staff, and all the headquarters' clerks and orderlies packed up this forenoon and went aboard the steamer "St. Mary," at New Orleans. Started at 1 o'clock P. M.; called at Carrollton and took on board a lot of officers and men who did not get on the boats which left Carrollton this morning.

"Friday, May 22. Arrived at Baton Rouge at 3 o'clock this morning, just as the day was breaking, and commenced to unload from the boat on to transportation wagons. The Fifteenth regiment had gone along to

Springfield Landing with the rest of the division. Our wagon train started for Port Hudson, eighteen miles, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, General Sherman and staff mounted, and going ahead. The day was hot and the roads terrible dusty, but we made a distance of some twelve miles at 6 o'clock P. M., and camped for the night about six miles from the rebel lines. Met fifty or sixty rebel prisoners, which our advance had captured and were taking to Baton Rouge. They were really the first rebels we had seen since coming to Louisiana. Got a little bread and coffee for our supper, and camped on the ground. A shower to-night has laid the dust and cooled the air.

“Saturday, May 23. Arose this morning well rested, and soon were on our way again towards Port Hudson; now almost directly in the rear of the place, pretty well on the left of the fortifications. Marched about two and a half miles and came to the main body of Sherman's division. Hard shower about dark. Went over to the Fifteenth regiment, and found the boys feeling well and in good spirits. General Banks is reported to be on the right above Port Hudson, and General Grover and General Auger in the centre, while our division (Sherman's) will hold the left.

“Sunday, May 24. The troops moved up two miles this forenoon, and drove the rebels out of their first line of entrenchments back through the belt of woods. Our picket line to-night is beyond the woods, and in plain sight of the rebels' main line of fortifications. A good deal of picket firing. Sherman's headquarters are on the road that runs into Port Hudson, and near an old cotton gin.

“This afternoon General Banks and General Grover, with one or two members of their staffs, held a consultation in General Sherman's tent. They went over the plan of operations that had been laid out, had maps of the country and of the rebel works, and seemed to feel confident that when the attack was made it would be successful. As I understood from their conversation, General Banks' plan was to make a simultaneous movement along the whole line at daybreak, just as soon as everything could be got ready—probably within two or three days. General Banks appeared to be very confident of the result as he and General Grover left General Sherman's quarters. At this time I was lying on the ground just outside the tent, and in charge of Captain Badeau's camp desk, containing the muster rolls, and could not help seeing and hearing the conversation of these officers.

“Monday, May 25. A beautiful day; quite warm, but nice breeze blowing. To-day Sherman's headquarters were moved up nearer the main body. Company C, of the Fifteenth, is detailed to-day to guard the baggage. Considerable picket firing, and several soldiers wounded.

The rebels opened fire with their batteries this afternoon, and one man in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York was killed, and two or three wounded. Heavy firing by mortar boats on the river and batteries this evening. Six men in the First Vermont battery wounded by shells from the rebel works. Prospect the battle will not open before Wednesday. Ammunition wagons are constantly moving to the front. I sleep in a baggage wagon to-night. Our boys all feeling well and not injured so far.

“Tuesday, May 26. The sun came up clear and hot this morning. All night the rebel batteries and our mortar boats kept up a cannonading; several shells passed over our heads, having cleared the woods, but did no damage except to stampede some of the cavalry horses that were picketed in our rear. This afternoon the batteries kept up a heavy firing. About sunset to-night I went over through the woods to our front line of pickets; got a good view of the rebel earthworks and flags. The First Vermont battery, stationed in the edge of the woods, has been shelling the rebel works. The rebel sharpshooters, located in a house about half way from woods to fortifications, have been giving our pickets much trouble, and also the Vermont battery. This afternoon the battery concentrated their fire on the house—said to be a planter’s by name of Schalter—and succeeded in burning it and driving the rebels out of it. The talk to-night is that early to-morrow morning the assault will be made.

“Wednesday, May 27. The day opened warm and pleasant. Everything being made ready for the attack. Heavy firing going on, on the right and centre, since early this morning; reports that our troops have got through the works on the right. Sherman’s division for some reason did not move till past noon. Two brigades, led by General Sherman, charged on the works. Gen. Neal Dow was severely wounded in the commencement of the engagement. The fire from the rebels was so hot that hundreds were cut down, and after fighting three hours with great loss, our troops slowly fell back. General Sherman received a gunshot wound in the right leg below the knee, shattering the bone, and his aide-de-camp, Capt. Adam Badeau, had a bullet through his foot. He was bravely leading his men, on horseback. Stork, his orderly, was terribly shot in the face and mouth, and through his private parts, by a charge of grape. To-night he has been brought back to headquarters and his wounds dressed. Hundreds of wounded have been brought back to the hospital, many of them fatal. Our losses are very heavy. The Fifteenth is badly cut up. Can’t get many particulars to-night, as in the darkness it would be impossible to find them. General Sherman is in his own tent at his headquarters, and Captain Badeau in his tent. General Sher-

Thursday, May 28, was a most beautiful semi-tropical day. At 3 o'clock, in the quiet, dewy morning, Companies A and I are advanced as pickets and sharpshooters, and, as will appear, were relieved at 3.30 P. M. While going into position, Sergeant Courtland discovered the body of Lieut.-Col. James O'Brien, of the Forty-eighth Massachusetts, who had fallen in yesterday's assault. Sergeant Trickey, and three others, tenderly bore the body to a place of burial. All superior officers now being killed or wounded, Col. Kingman is in command of General Dow's brigade; Lieutenant-colonel Blair is sent to hospital with his wounded arm; Major Aldrich, who has been very busy, as has been shown, for thirty-six hours already, is reappointed field officer of the day, nearly all other officers being disabled. Before light the batteries open up with redoubled vigor, and the picket firing increases to a brisk fusilade. Just at dawn our line is formed, except A and I, for roll-call, and to account for the dead, wounded, and missing. After a breakfast of hard

man has been put under influence of chloroform or ether, and is shouting crazy; has refused to have his leg amputated. He and Captain Badeau will both be sent to New Orleans as soon as possible. About sunset I went over to the field hospital to see if I could find or hear from any of the Fifteenth boys.

“Thursday, May 28. Sergeant Barstow, Company B, and Isaac W. Smith, Company C, were both severely wounded through their bodies and brought into the field hospital last evening, but the surgeons said there was no hope for them, and they died early in the morning. It was a sad sight to see those two great, stalwart men laying there side by side, cold in death. Our troops still hold their positions well up towards the enemy's fortification; the Johnnies don't seem to understand how badly we were used up, and show no desire to come outside in force. George W. Young, Company F, who was shot through the body — apparently through the abdomen — was taken to hospital Wednesday night. Surgeons said nothing could be done for him, but he *swore he would not die*, and hasn't yet, but was able to be sent to the hospital at New Orleans.” [He recovered and came home with the regiment, and died in New Hampshire somewhere a few years ago — about 1890.]

bread, salt meat, and coffee, a flag of truce was raised by Colonel Kingman, but which the enemy would not recognize till noon. After this our regiment moved from the open field where they lay last night, into the overshadowing woods, and rested quietly there till after the truce, which was granted from 12 to 2 o'clock for the purpose of removing and burying our dead; the wounded and some of the dead had been already brought in on the previous night. During this truce Lieutenant Perkins brought off the body of James G. Morrison, and saw it buried in a beautiful and quiet spot beneath overhanging branches. A 10-inch unexploded shell was placed at his head, measures taken from surrounding objects to mark his resting place, and Comrade Moore, of the Londonderry boys, an old neighbor, spent the day in carving on a piece of board his name, company, regiment, and place of residence. Morrison was a true, a quiet, and honest man, a deep thinker, a philosopher, a brave soldier, and mourned by all according to his high worth. He had been our cook for many weeks, but on going to the front resumed the ranks. The general burying party was in charge of Lieutenant Chadwick. A soldier's grave was dug, four feet in depth, and six feet wide, and of great length, into which were tenderly placed the gory and blackened bodies, with their heads to the west, their blankets spread over all, the earth replaced and mounded up, and thus they were left on the bloody field where they fell.

NOTE. May 28, 8.40 A. M. Flagged from the "Hartford,"—Farragut—above Port Hudson, to the "Richmond," below Port Hudson:

"The Commodore is hungering and thirsting for news; keep him posted."

"An assault was made yesterday. Generals Sherman and Dow wounded."

"Was the army loss heavy?"

"I know no more."

During the truce our men and the enemy met and conversed, and were very polite and affable. In one place on the field the ground was piled thick with the fallen; they lay dead in their harness, many still grasping their rifles, and some with their dismantled haversacks shedding their contents on the ground. Horses lay around, the steed and his rider being both overthrown, and other scattered dead lay hidden in bushes and behind logs and stumps. Broken muskets and general debris littered the ground. But at the close of the truce hostilities reopened on the instant. A moment's notice was given. Good-byes were said, and hearty handshakes exchanged, and we were warned by our beleaguered friends to look out for ourselves, as they should kill us if they could.

Lieutenant Perkins, with two companies, one of which was Company C, Captain Lang having been sent to hospital, went on picket at 3.30 o'clock, and relieved Companies A and I. Coffee was served during the afternoon, and tea for supper, and now notice is received that a sortie may be expected, and to prepare for it. Accordingly, at 5 o'clock, the regiment was advanced across a slight opening to other woods, and just as it was growing dark—at 7.30—and some were throwing themselves in their blankets on the ground, General Auger, on our immediate right, became hotly engaged, and our line was formed and two sections of the Indiana battery brought up to our support. We finally lay down on our arms, and were not molested through the night. This engagement lasted nearly two hours. It was said to have been an attack on Grover and an attempt of the enemy to break through our lines; but they were reported to have been repulsed and an outwork of theirs and some of their men captured. Those on line slept soundly till morning, although the gunboats, and the sharpshooters and pickets continued firing through the night.

At 9 o'clock our pickets, under Lieutenant Perkins, were advanced through slashing into close proximity to the enemy's works; while thus near, Perkins reported that there was great seeming commotion within the Confederate lines — camp wagons rumbling continuously, possibly gathering up their dead and removing them to a place of burial. It appears at this time that two of our companies, as a rule, are kept on picket and sharpshooting, while the others, apparently resting, were in reality constantly on duty in support of the Indiana and Vermont batteries. And thus the day and the night wore away. During this night, too, hundreds of cattle were driven from the works through the sally-ports, and the next day they were all around us browsing in the woods.

On May 28, John Kimball, Company B, and Isaac Smith, Company C, died.

Reminiscences of Major Aldrich, May 28 :

“Still on duty as field officer of the day. Early in the morning was on the picket line; when coming back ran upon the dead body of a Massachusetts lieutenant-colonel* to the right. Had heard that the lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York — Colonel Cowles' regiment — was missing since the burning of the Schalter house. I thought it must be Cowles' lieutenant-colonel, and so reported, but it proved to be a Massachusetts officer. He must have been shot by the enemy's sharpshooters on the morning of the twenty-seventh, and was probably a field officer of the day on that part of the line. The One Hundred and Twenty-eighth lieutenant-colonel had been captured by the enemy, and taken in by them, as afterwards proved, and was surrendered with the place.”

* NOTE. Probably Colonel Chapin, of the One Hundred and Sixteenth New York.



JOHN ALDRICH. Late Major of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers.

May 29. A singular misadventure happened at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when an orderly from General Banks—a Louisiana cavalryman, an Irishman—spurred up to Colonel Kingman's headquarters, leaving some papers and taking a receipt. He then inquired of Major Aldrich for General Nickerson's headquarters. The major directed him down a certain path, where he should take another to the left for a half mile. He took the wrong trail to the Schalter house, where the pickets essayed to halt him, but he waved his papers and dashed on, and in a moment was right under the enemy's guns, on our battle-field of the twenty-seventh. He was ordered by them to dismount and come in, which he did, leading his horse, very much astonished and crestfallen at his sudden change of fortune. The pickets who witnessed this thought him a deserter, and our colonel, who was an on-looker, and who, like George Washington, could use strong language at times, is said to have exclaimed, "He is a ——— rebel spy!" It proved to be simply an Irish bull.

During the day, McGregor, Company H, visited the hospital to see his youthful companion and tent mate, J. H. Sanborn, who was badly wounded in the battle of the twenty-seventh. The hospital was established under an immense roof which stood on posts, and was all open at the sides, and was an old cotton shed. The floor was the ground, and was completely covered with those awaiting the surgeon's knife. Tables were set up in the midst, where attendants lifted the sufferers on and off as the dreadful work of amputation went on. The limbs were thrown on a pile, whence they were removed by a team and buried. Many of the mortally

NOTE. Extract from diary, May 29: "Last night Banks opened on the right with shot and shell at dark, and followed it up with the whole brigade of infantry. The fighting was terrific for two hours, and shelling from fleet. This was in Auger's division. It was understood that the enemy attempted to break out, but were repulsed."

wounded who knew they had but an hour to live were giving off messages to comrades to be sent as last words to loved ones at home. In his search he passed one such who sat upright on some rude box, whose voice trembled with his failing strength. The shot had passed through his bowels, leaving gaping wounds at its entrance and exit, which were laid bare, and to them a friend was applying water. Sanborn was at last found, lying on his back on the ground, directly under the eaves' drippings of the roof, his case not yet having been reached. His wound was by a Minie ball in the thigh, too high to admit of amputation, and he was removed to New Orleans, where he died six days after the battle. Immediately after leaving the hospital for the front again, the path led close along the heads of a long row of the dead, lying side by side on the smooth grass, who had been brought from the hospital for burial. Death oftentimes resembles sleep and always should, and be as welcome when there is no violation of nature's laws and kindly rule; but here he bears an hideous aspect, with matted and dishevelled locks, faces black and covered thick with their own clotted blood, clothing saturated, straws and twigs and sand adhering; swarms of buzzing flies start from them as one passes in the hot sun.

NOTE. General Gardner having been ordered to evacuate Port Hudson, by order dated May 19, Col. Jno. L. Logan, C. S. A., in report to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. A., dated Clinton, La., May 29, says: "I have no communication from General Gardner since the twenty-fourth. On that night he intended to come out, and ordered me to place my forces so as to assist him, which I did. I think he found it impossible to cut his way through, and has perhaps concluded to remain to defend the place as long as he can, hoping to be relieved by re-enforcements. I am at this place with a small command of cavalry and mounted infantry, twelve hundred men, doing all I can to aid General Gardner by dashing upon the enemy's lines, destroying his wagon train, etc., drawing the enemy's troops away from Port Hudson."

May 30 proved a day of comparative rest and quiet. The sun rose bright, but soon after was obscured in haze and smoke. A detachment of "contrabands" is set to work in our front throwing up a breastwork for guns. There is considerable cannonading through the day, and incessant firing between the pickets and sharpshooters. Company K goes on picket at 3 o'clock P. M., near General Auger, for the night. Mortar boats fire all night. The enemy are building new additional works to protect their guns. Our people have built Battery 13. The sick and wounded go to Carrollton by the "Sally Robinson," including Lieutenant-colonel Blair, Sergeant Brown, Company G, Sergeant Hussey, and Private Comfort Merrill, Company A. They arrived at Carrollton at 4 o'clock P. M.

May 31, Sunday, was a very pleasant day. There is heavy cannonading on both sides all day, and picket firing and sharpshooting, but no casualties on our part of the line. The boats on the river front keep up a constant fire. Companies D and K are advanced as sharpshooters at 11 A. M., and remain till 5 P. M., when they returned to camp in the "big woods." While reaching their position and being posted, they crawled on the ground under stumps and logs and in the brush to avoid the enemy's shots. The enemy are observed to be very busy all day, and an attempt on our lines is expected to-night, and all our forces are so disposed as to be immediately available. The One Hundred and Sixty-second New York comes to our assistance. Two spies are captured. Toward night Companies A, D, H and I were ordered out to support a battery and act as sharpshooters. But Company D, Captain Johnson in command, returned at sunset. Companies A, H and I were out all night. Lieutenant Perkins was in command of Company H. Our whole division

NOTE. General Sherman was succeeded by Brig.-Gen. George L. Andrews, General Banks' chief of staff. Brig.-Gen. Frank S. Nickerson assumed command May 28 and Brig.-Gen. William Dwight May 30.

works nights, under cover of our artillery, trenching and throwing up earthworks for siege batteries. These batteries were masked with brush. When Company D left Camp Parapet several were in hospital, some were detailed, and others, for various reasons, remained behind. Who these all were it may be hard to tell with absolute accuracy at this late date, and from the data at hand. On the date of embarkation, one non-commissioned officer, Sergt. J. J. Swain, and fourteen privates are reported sick. Henry M. Bryant and Stephen Hilton have rejoined the company, so now the full roll of those who reached Louisiana stands at eighty-eight. Of these five have died, reducing the number to eighty-three; four are detailed, which reduces the number present to seventy-nine. Of these fifteen or more are left behind at the Parapet, thus leaving perhaps sixty-four who went up the river on the "United States." Of these two are musicians, two are cooks, and one is absent without leave during the siege, so that the actual combatants, including the captain and first lieutenant, were about fifty-nine who actually reached the front. And now, at the end of May, Company D reports present for duty Capt. Johnson, Lieutenant Chadwick, and 43 men.

Reminiscences of Lieut. Elbridge G. Wood, Company K :

"On the night of May 31, Larkin was assigned, with twenty men, to spike some rebel guns. As we went down into the ravine beyond the Schalter house, the full moon came out; we reached a log five feet through and about thirty feet long. He posted his men behind this log and said, 'Wait here and I will reconnoiter.' It seemed the enemy had a post right by this log, but fell back as we approached. Larkin came back soon and reported that the gun was a dummy."

It was Gen. Beall's (C. S. A.) brigade which confronted General Sherman on May 27. General Beall reports his losses up to June 1 as follows :

Command	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
First Alabama, Company K	2	2	..	4
Forty-ninth Alabama	3	18	11	32
Tenth Arkansas	14	20	49	83
Twelfth Arkansas	3	11	..	14
Fifteenth Arkansas	12	39	30	81
Sixteenth Arkansas	2	3	..	5
Twenty-third Arkansas	7	28	5	40
First Arkansas Battalion	1	1	..	2
Twelfth Louisiana Artillery, Company D	6	..	6
Watson's Battery	2	10	..	12
First Mississippi	5	13	1	19
Thirty-ninth Mississippi	2	4	..	6
First Mississippi Artillery	11	33	.	44
First Tennessee Artillery, Company B . .	2	2	..	4
First Tennessee Artillery, Company G . .	2	4	..	6
Total	68	194	96	358

May 31, there were present for duty, of Company A, Captain Cogswell and Lieutenant Pickering, and 60 enlisted men; Company B, 36 enlisted men; Company C, Lieutenants Haseltine and Bean, and 39 enlisted men; Company D, Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Chadwick, and 39 enlisted men; Company E, Captain Stearns, Lieutenant Parker, and 53 enlisted men; Company F, Captain Gordon, and 41 enlisted men; Company G, Lieutenant Pickering, and 40 enlisted men; Company H, Captain Sanborn, Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins, and 36 enlisted men; Company I, Lieutenant Wallingford, and 52 enlisted men; Company K, Captain Hall, Lieutenants Wood and Larkin, and 64 enlisted men. Totals, 6 captains, 11 lieutenants, and 460 enlisted men. Lieutenant Larkin, of Company K, takes command of Company B, Lieutenant Wyatt having been wounded and Lieutenant Page sent to hospital.

June 1, Monday. Day mostly clear and pleasant; at times it threatened rain, but none fell. The regiment still bivouacs in the pleasant woods back of the Schalter house. Company inspections were held at 9 o'clock. Regular siege operations are now on foot; heavy guns are brought up; the woods are full of shovels, picks, axes, wheelbarrows, and other tools, and intrenching and building earthworks and platforms, and cutting and hewing timber for same, and lugging it in and placing it in position and mounting guns, goes on night and day. Our artillery and the fleet fire constantly on the enemy. There is no picket firing in our immediate front, the enemy for some reason remaining silent. Colonel Grierson is seen around our camp; he looks rough and soiled.

NOTE. Captain Gordon, after the battle, hearing that George W. Young was severely wounded, sought him at the hospital, where he was told by the surgeon that Young's injuries were fatal. Stooping over Young the captain said, "Well, you got hit." "Yes," Young replied, "and they say I'm going to die, but I shall not; I'm going home with you." Young recovered and rejoined the company just before embarking for home.

Fifty men of our regiment are on picket duty to-day. Dress parade at 5 P. M., when orders were read. George W. Webster, Company H, died.

June 2, Tuesday. A most beautiful day. Our camp in the woods was shelled last night, and in the early morning, just before roll-call, five or six 10-inch shells were pitched over which fell right into our midst. One of the New York boys was killed by a shell at midnight, and Elkins, Company I, was wounded by a fragment. At 9.30 o'clock Captain Johnson is detailed field officer of the day, and has charge of a large party of pickets and sharpshooters. He advanced them fifty rods into the slashing and fallen timber. At 10 o'clock General Banks, with attendants, comes up to our front and views the situation through a glass. Captain Gordon, with his company, are on picket, and were for a time under a sharp fire. In the afternoon an opossum came in amongst us and ran up a tree; one of the boys climbed for it and found a nest of its young, one of which he brought down. It created quite a little diversion. It is a comical sight to see the mother opossum transporting her young on her back, each with his tiny prehensile tail twined around the mother's, which she carries in position above her back for their accommodation. Lieutenant Perkins goes on picket at 3 P. M. Major Aldrich is field officer of the day from 4. At 7 in the evening, Companies D, E, H, I, and K are advanced on picket and in support of batteries, their officers accompanying them.

Enoch M. Young, Company G, dies at New Orleans.

John H. Sanborn, Company H, dies at New Orleans of wounds received May 27.

But let us now follow a day and a night hastily through. There is roll-call at daybreak, noon, and sunset. Our rations are brought to the front by the cooks in great camp kettles suspended on poles; there is coffee or tea, strong and black,

without milk or sugar ; sometimes a kind of soup is brought up, and there is boiled salt beef and raw pork, either of which is eaten with our hard bread. The details are heavy for the picket line, and for fatigue duty on the batteries and in the trenches. Thousands of negroes are picking and shoveling, as well as the soldiers, on the disputed open ground between us and the enemy, and gradually advancing the trenches and rifle pits toward their parapet. Now the orderlies can, in making their details, favor those who prefer sharpshooting, and those who would rather shovel. After the details are made, those who are not on duty may view the situation and crawl into ravines and pick berries. Let us step now, say at noon, to the edge of the woods and peer out. Across a narrow opening there the enemy's parapet confronts us and zigzags away to the right and left beyond the reach of our vision. We are nearly opposite their centre ; their works may be entirely silent now, and none of their men are to be seen ; but their works are manned ; the Confederate soldiers lie thick behind them all armed and ready to fire on the instant. Their guns are leveled across their parapet through loop holes formed by three sand bags—two laid side by side a little apart, and *one across on top—and thousands of unseen eyes are watching them night and day. Should now our men make a show of advancing in any force, that parapet would burst into flames as if by magic. But within their lines are trees and woods ; concealed in them, and perched in the trees, are many of their riflemen. Expose yourself now, or make some stir, and that instant a bullet will whistle by you ; another will follow right along apparently within an inch of your ear. One of their sharpshooters has got your range, and his next shot will drop you unless you seek protection. You do not see this marksman in his butternut and slouched hat, nor hear the crack of his rifle, but our hundreds of sharpshooters and advance pickets,

who are right in sight before us, lining our trenches and ensconced in gopher holes and behind stumps and logs, watch close to make out the smoke from his gun. Even this is almost imperceptible in the glare of the hot, bright day. The following incidents will illustrate this: There was one red-shirted rebel sharpshooter posted in their trees who was particularly bold and skillful with his rifle. Jim Moses (Company G) asked to be stationed opposite this man, and Sergeant West so posted him. In the forenoon the sun was at Moses' back and cast a shadow that favored the rebel taking his sight. But at noon the shadows fell right to be favorable to Moses, when they opened and duelled at each other till 3 o'clock, at which time the red shirt disappeared and was never seen afterwards. Captain Gordon was one day on an eminence with some of the Sixth Michigan boys, who were using "Henry" rifles; they were provided with telescopes. One of them said, "Look through this glass." The captain looked, and in the distance a rebel mounted the parapet, and as one of our men fired he saw the bullet strike in front of the rebel, and it seemed to go right through him.

All around our six miles of lines our men are thus engaged in sharpshooting, and thousands are picking and shovelling in the trenches. Our artillery firing is unremitting; at 10 o'clock it becomes terrific, and continues through the day. Sixteen cannon, in our immediate front, fire twenty-five shots per minute. Our riflemen's bullets graze the top of the enemy's parapet and throw up little clouds of dust, and the mighty bolts from our batteries, which are in the edge of the woods fronting the enemy, rush across the intervening space with a roar and a shriek that reverberates among the clouds and causes the whole environment to shake and tremble like the aspen; they plunge into the parapet or explode immediately beyond. Over on the river front, two or three miles away as the birds fly, bombs rise in air from

Farragut's mortar boats, which lie close in shore just below, their masts topped out with branches of trees to mask them from the enemy's gunners. Their ponderous iron globes rise to a prodigious height, and suddenly vanish in puffs of smoke that look precisely like the neighboring flecks of summer clouds, except for their regular and rounded shapes. Their broken fragments hurtle and hum downward, and rain upon the earth as from the sky, so that none would be safe from them, even in the bottom of a well. But look, too, in "crows' nests" built in the tops of lofty trees here and there all around the lines, the signal corps are waving and dipping their square white flags. They are communicating in a code which none others understand, directing the fire of the big guns, and sending messages from Banks to Farragut, and back again from the fleet to the army. The work is the same, night and day; but to-night the moon rises just as the sun sets, and is wondrously large and round and full, and just as it is fairly up Companies D, E, H, I, and K march out of the woods into the trenches for their night's work.

The night, so far as nature goes, is very hot and tranquil, and almost as light as day. Fireflies are innumerable, and all sharded and nocturnal creatures lift up their shrill voices in the fields and woods in a grand and ringing concert that is almost deafening to the ears. At 12 o'clock the enemy send in their shells again, crashing among the grand old beech trees which grow to magnificent proportions, their roots

NOTE. Our men at Carrollton observe at these times that steamers are continually passing up and down laden with troops and munitions, and sick and wounded. Men arrive at Carrollton wounded in every conceivable way. A lieutenant of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York bled to death from a wound in his throat that had apparently healed. One man, with the entire top of his skull removed by a piece of shell, lived three days. Another, with a canister shot in his brain, lived four days.

commencing to swell out some distance up the huge trunk, and running off into the ground like great braces. Of this, McGregor says :

“ For some nights now the enemy seemed to give special attention to our position. We lay in the edge of the woods. Each night after a few shells had come over, we would get up and take shelter in the woods. I used to seek one of these beech trees and curl up in the mossy nook between a pair of its great roots. They shelled us with two guns, one, of which we could hear the distant boom some seconds before its shot arrived, threw a 7-inch conical shell about two feet

NOTE.

PITTSFIELD, N. H., April 13, 1899.

Dear Comrade: On the night of December 13, 1861, while in company with a brother and a cousin, and another fellow, we planned an adventure to run away and enlist. We walked seventeen miles and enlisted at Manchester in Company G, Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers. While there, two weeks, it was the coldest weather ever known. We stayed in tents, with only a blanket over us. As I was under age my father refused his consent and came after me, and I returned home. I again enlisted September 15, 1862, in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, under Lewis W. Osgood, then of Pittsfield. Two of my brothers also enlisted in same company at that time, J. Newton, who lives at Newark, N. J., and Enoch M., better known as “ Mack,” who died at Barracks hospital, June 2, 1863. When sick with typhoid fever his regiment was ordered to Port Hudson, and Mack was urged to remain by the surgeon, but the boy said, “ No, I will go to Port Hudson if it is the last thing I do.” Between Springfield Landing and Port Hudson he fell out, and a heavy shower soaked his clothing before the ambulance picked him up. He was carried to Port Hudson and placed in an old building until the first battle (May 27): he was then placed out in the hot sun to make room for the wounded. Our cook, George Snell, found him thus and built a green arch over his head; a few days later he was carried (unconscious) to New Orleans, to the hospital, where he died two days later. I was in the first battle at Port Hudson, and was under fire fifty days. As my company was greatly reduced I was on picket duty and worked in rifle pits most of the time. At one time there were only nine of us on duty; I was one of them.

FRANK W. YOUNG.

long. At a certain short range shot and sound would reach us together, but at long range the sound gets ahead as the shot slows up in the latter part of its course. Stepping into the open field you could watch the approach of this shell in the night by the fuse burning like a bright star in its point. The other gun threw a 10-inch round shell, and was so situated, and so distant, that its report could not be heard. The first admonition we had of its discharge was the sound of its shell hissing slowly along downward from a great height in our front. I have watched this shell from the open field by its fuse, which was sometimes presented to the eye, and then eclipsed as the shell revolved on itself. The noise made by this shell in approaching us through the air was very deceptive. It did not sound to be moving faster than a man would walk, but in a moment it would come crashing in, and for an instant light up the dark woods with a blinding glare. The report of its explosion was terrific, and seemed to jar the solid earth. The gunners would gradually lengthen their fuse and so sweep the whole woods. I used to move from tree to tree as they lengthened their fuse, so as to keep ahead of the bursting point. The tree was proof against the fragments, but was no protection against the shell before it exploded. Many times the fragments of these exploded shells struck the tree behind which I was ensconced, and the pieces rattling down its branches, went stripping through the leaves, and plunged into the ground around me."

This night the shelling was very severe and quite destructive. One of Company A's men was wounded and two of Company I's, one of whom was Jonathan Elkins. A New York man was killed, and at 1 o'clock Noah M. Weeks received his mortal stroke. From this same shot Captain Cogswell, Lieutenant Pickering, and Sergeant Gordon very narrowly escaped. Major Aldrich was field officer of the

day, and was on that part of the picket line near the Schalter house, when this shell came in. It was now the noon of night, and the resplendent moon had reached the zenith. The shell described a mighty arch, and exploded right in the tops of the trees. A fragment of this shell struck Weeks as he lay upon the ground, and severed his legs from the body. Captain Cogswell rose in haste to attend to the unfortunate man, but his blood gushed out in torrents, and he died before reaching the hospital. The captain had removed his boots and was in his stocking feet. Upon making search for them they were buried from sight by this same shell, whose fragments had plunged deep into the ground. The captain and Gordon used Gordon's knapsack for a pillow, but in their sleep their heads had rolled from it to the ground, and in the morning they were surprised to see that a fragment of this same shell had stripped the bark from the tree at their heads, and passing downward through the knapsack had completely wrecked it and all its contents, and buried itself deep in the earth beneath. It had also struck the captain's sword, which reclined against the tree, and cut through the tough leather of the scabbard, laying bare the bright steel, which sword is still preserved, and with its injury is treasured by the captain and exhibited as a memento of that deadly occasion. This was one of the 10-inch globular shells that came from the gun whose report could not be heard. (See map enemy's battery 6.)

June 3. As has been already shown, our colonel had reached a dangerous height for a civilian soldier, and he was now notified to consider himself under arrest—no charges made, nor cause assigned—and given limits at Baton Rouge, and though he repeatedly sought a hearing, General Banks was too busy to consider the case till after the term of the regiment expired, and it thus happened that our brave old colonel's brilliant military career was, as it seemed to him

and his men, unjustly closed forever. But civilians of his imperial cast of mind do not become soldiers with a moment's thought and training. He was proud of his men, and loved them as much as they loved and honored him, and was as deeply moved as such souls can be moved, by their late crushing and seemingly useless and unnecessary slaughter, and is said, under the great stress of the moment, to have given utterance to some words of grief or criticism, which were used as an excuse for supplanting him with an older and equally ambitious soldier. His fault was an undue and conspicuous leniency toward his men, and a kindliness of nature that revolted at a rash and ill-concerted movement, wherein so much brave blood was shed for so little gain: a fault, certainly, that not merely leans to virtue's side, but seems to be a veritable virtue in itself.

And now Major Aldrich is placed in command in the afternoon. At 4 o'clock the regiment was removed one hundred rods for safety, to a new position. (See map 18.)

Some extracts from diaries, June 3 :

The day was very hot.

A man wounded in the afternoon.

Company G worked on battery 15 last night.

Company K came in from supporting a battery at daylight, and had stewed beans for breakfast. Camp moved a

NOTE. Extract from letter of Col. John W. Kingman: "I can only say, in relation to the arrest, that I never had any trouble with General Dow or General Sherman, as long as they were in command, but soon after General Dwight assumed command, and before he ever sent me any order or communication of any kind, or ever spoke to me, or ever visited our regiment, he ordered my arrest; that he never filed any charges against me, or gave any reason for the arrest, which the army regulations required him to do *within five days*. It was a petty, spiteful, and cruel exercise of temporary authority, which I had no means of resisting or clearing up, as our term of enlistment had nearly expired, and General Banks was too full of business to listen to complaints."

little way north and into woods across the road. Soon thirty-six of this company were called out to work on rifle-pits and breastworks.

Company I was on fatigue last night (battery 15), and came in at daylight. Boys feel very badly about the colonel's arrest.

Company D laid out in the road till midnight, having been ordered on fatigue—two corporals and twenty-two men—but were not called for. Gunboats fired brisk all night.

Major Aldrich saw General Banks for the first time in his life.

Stewed beans to-day, and coffee, hard bread, pork, and salt beef bones.

Alvah Gilman, Company F, died at Baton Rouge.

Minutes for the fourth of June :

A very hot day.

Company I on fatigue in intrenchments at night.

Company K intrenching through night.

Company A intrenching through night.

Less cannonading and picket firing. Regiment nearly all on fatigue night and day, which is thinning out the ranks considerably. Only three hundred and seventy-five men for duty.

Rebel deserters come in freely.

Preparing to plant siege guns.

Company K in the woods all day.

Enemy only fire at night.

Company D on fatigue all night.

Captain Johnson says: "Still most of the day; there has been plenty of cannon firing, but no damage done. In the evening went on fatigue with two hundred and thirty men, to entrench."

Private Fife, Company H, died at Carrollton.

Minutes from diaries :

June 5, Friday. Very hot again to-day ; working on breastworks. Our artillery fire all day. Companies I, K, and D intrenching all last night and all day to-day. Company A all last night throwing up breastworks. Rebels shell the fatigue party, but no one was hurt. Sergeant Stevens, Company K, who had been sick a day or two, was sent out as sergeant of an intrenching party to relieve Sergeant Gordon, Company A, till sunset ; came in for supper, and then was sent out with his own company.

Bombarding by the gunboats and artillery at night. Enemy reply with grape and canister and shells.

Regiment nearly all out last night, and are out again to-day. Regiment has not had a good night's sleep for more than a week, and are getting pretty well tired out preparing for siege guns. Worked to-day under fire ; one man wounded by a musket ball.

Byron Elliott, Company B, died of wounds at Port Hudson. Henry W. Berry, Company G, died at Carrollton.

Captain Johnson says :

“We threw up an earthwork for the protection of the battery ; had to work in the night on account of the enemy's sharpshooters, as they throw their shot thick and fast when they can see any of us. We worked until 6 o'clock ; threw up the work so high that it protected us from the enemy's fire somewhat. They threw one shell into the work ; it burst in the earthwork, but did no damage.”

This must relate to last night and to battery 16, which is right on the battle-field of May 27. This great work was done under Captain Johnson and Sergt. J. J. Hanson. On the afternoon of the fourth they, under Hanson, rolled bales of cotton before them on to the spot, and went to

shovelling. They first cut poles in the woods on which to carry the cotton, but found the bales too heavy to be conveyed in that manner. During the night the enemy burned a barn to light up the country, and then fired on the working party with grape and canister. The sick at Carrollton heard the firing last night. About twenty of those who were left behind sick at the Parapet came up to Port Hudson this day; they report it very dull and sickly at Carrollton, and that boys there are dying off fast.

Battery 15 is being also built by the Fifteenth men at this same time; the commencement was made in the night. A long subterranean passage leads from the rear of this battery to an underground magazine, over which an artificial hill is raised of no mean proportions when compared with nature's own works. A battery such as was built here is a very formidable affair, and planted at South Merrimack, or even in Hollis, could easily destroy the city of Nashua. The grape shot fired upon us while building this battery were put up in the following manner: A disc of cast iron whose diameter is the same as the calibre of the gun, say eight inches, and a half inch thick, is placed at the bottom. Through the centre of this is a small bolt hole. Around this centre are geometrically arranged slight depressions, in each of which rests one of the grape shots, say one and a half inches in diameter. The distances are such that the shots are all in contact, and just cover the disc. Now over this layer, a ring of half-inch wire is dropped, of the same size as the diameter of the plate. Now on the first layer of shot, and falling into its interstices, a second layer is placed, the outer circle of this second layer resting against the ring. Then another ring is laid on, and then another layer of shot, and so on, up, the whole being capped with an inverted plate similar to the bottom one; a bolt, with a nut, passing through the bolt holes in the plates longitudinally through the centre of the mass, secures

the whole. This bolt is a slight affair, and on the discharge of the gun the whole thing bursts, and rings and balls and plates go hurtling through the air.

But after reaching a certain stage, so that some protection is afforded the men, the work is pushed along night and day. The whole work is done under the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, and frequent discharges of grape and canister. The enemy soon discovered our purpose, as the sound of the shovels can be heard, and opened fire on us. But the men gradually settle into the ground as the excavation proceeds. On seeing the flash of a gun they drop to the bottom of the work and let the charge pass over. One can work on safely in this way. Even if his back is turned, he catches the flash in the dark night in season to drop. In one second after the flash, at this short distance, you hear the report, and at the same time the shot shrieks by. The country is full of lightning bugs, which sometimes flash just behind one's ears in perfect imitation of the flash of a gun. Men would frequently be deceived by them, and so drop at a mere insect. It was previous to this, one night, that the impulsive Sergeant Nye, being out with a squad, uttered a cry of warning and dropped flat on the ground when one of the boys had simply struck a match to light his pipe. This created a good deal of merriment, in which the gallant sergeant joined as heartily as the rest, but Nye never heard the last of it, as there is always merriment amongst the boys. But occasionally one is struck down, and in such cases is tenderly and reverently cared for, and if killed is buried with a sorrow that only soldiers know.

Minutes for June 6 :

Extremely hot and bright.

Company A on fatigue. Men all work on breastworks for siege guns ; but little picket firing on either side. Gunboats throw a shell occasionally, and once in a while our guns send a few shot and shell.

Company K ordered out at 1 P. M. on fatigue.

Companies K and G worked on parapet last night and to-day.

Company E man wounded in leg.

Lieutenant Perkins out all night. One man wounded by musket shot.

Captain Johnson says: "Morning very fine. There has been artillery firing on our side to-day, but very little reply. We have the place for the battery (No. 16) nearly completed. In hopes to have the guns in position to-morrow."

Company D was on fatigue all last night and all the forenoon to-day.

June 7, Sunday. Very hot.

Lieutenant Perkins says: "One man killed by our own shells; digging rifle pits at night. Our sharpshooters were advanced to within two hundred yards of the parapet. Rebels throw some grape and shells in the night, but were soon silenced by our guns."

Companies A, C, and H worked all night and went out again this noon. Rebels fired on our sharpshooters last night, and all that were left in camp were called out about 1 o'clock and laid on arms down by the side of the road, so as to be ready if needed. This evening the right of the regiment is ordered out to dig rifle pits. One of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York was killed by a piece of shell. This evening were shelled again. Whole force of regiment out last night to meet expected assault.

Corporal Edwards says: "Part of Company K was out last night to work, and about 11 P. M. the rest of us were routed out to work on fortification. We worked till daylight, and the company worked all day. One of our shells burst soon after leaving the gun and killed a man of the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York. Went to a spring two miles away and got six canteens of water. General Banks was here to-day."



CORP. R. M. McCLUER. (See pages 356 and 365.)

Sergeant Stevens, Company K, says: "Came in at sunrise for breakfast; the other relief went out, and we were ordered out again at night to dig rifle pits. I worked till 1 o'clock; came back to camp at 2. Rebels threw grape and canister at us, and fired off a lot of cartridges to get us out and get up an excitement; our side shelled them and soon silenced them. Boys laid on their arms till daylight."

Rifle pits were commenced both on the right and left of battery 16. Siege guns come up from Springfield Landing.

Major Aldrich's diary, June 7, says: "Work, work, work in the trenches night and day, no rest nor sleep; men nearly exhausted."

The big guns were put into battery 15 to-day — two rifled 20-pounder Parrotts, Captain Hamrick, and two 24-pounder Parrotts, Captain Harper.

Company D, under Captain Johnson and Sergeant Hanson, are still working on battery 16. Its parapet was constructed by piling a great quantity of cotton bales and then digging a ditch in front sufficient to furnish earth to bury the cotton to a great depth.

Daniel Marston, Company K, died at Carrollton.

June 8, Monday. Very hot.

Memorandum from diaries and other sources:

Sergeant Trickey's diary says: "Came in from fatigue," and that four big guns were placed in battery 15.

Captain Johnson advanced the picket line to within one hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's parapet, and also he advanced the sharpshooters in front of our brigade the same distance.

Company D, under Sergeant Hanson, is still working on battery 16.

Sergeant Stevens, Company K, says: "All out on fatigue. Farragut bombarding after midnight."

Corporal Edwards, Company K, says: "Company out all night, and about 2 o'clock this morning the enemy began to fire pretty brisk, and the rest of the regiment fell in and laid on their arms till daylight."

All men working night and day. One man wounded of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York.

Lieutenant Perkins' diary says: "Shovelled in pits. The rifle balls are whistling over our heads from the enemy's sharpshooters. Frank Holmes, Gregg and Gordon, Company H, convalescents, came up from Camp Parapet."

Companies A, C, and H worked in the forenoon. Stephen Weeks accidentally hurt in the jaw.

The firing of small arms in the night, when the line was formed, became quite brisk and sounded precisely like hundreds of men chopping in the woods. Dug one hundred and twenty-five yards of rifle pits in front of the Schalter house.

John Taylor, Company F, died at Baton Rouge; John Cate, Company G, died at Port Hudson.

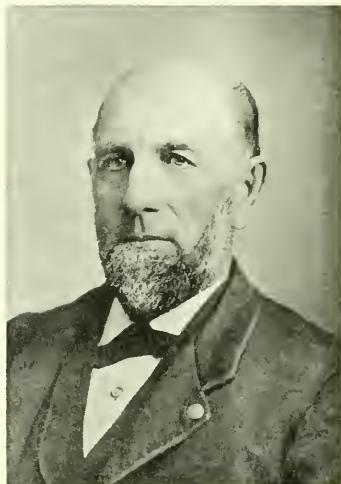
Lieutenant-colonel Blair arrived from down river and will assume command to-morrow.

Sergt. T. E. Furnald, Company C, was sick with fever in the hospital at Carrollton on May 12, but he and A. A. Austin had left there on June 3. The sergeant was placed in charge of forty-three convalescents and ordered aboard the "Sally Robinson," which was to stop at Carrollton on her way up from New Orleans and take them aboard. But being late she steamed right by, leaving them standing on the wharf. It is said that this was the last trip of the "Sally," as on her way up some enemies in flat boats, making signals of distress, and she offering assistance, was decoyed into the hands of rebels, who burned her to the water's edge. On the seventh he was ordered with his charge aboard the "Twin Sisters," and convoyed by gunboats to Springfield Landing. Here rations were drawn, when the

little band broke ranks, shook hands, and parted, each squad going at pleasure to find its own company. The trip through the summer woods to the front was most beautiful, and many turtle doves were singing and cooing in the branches.



SERGT. T. E. FURNALD—Co. C.



TIMOTHY E. FURNALD.

June 9, Tuesday. Very hot, dry, and dusty; good breeze that shakes the leaves.

A. C. Haines, Company D: "Worked digging rifle pits all night."

Lieutenant Perkins: "At work in rifle pits and breast-works. The enemy threw some shells and grape among us, when our batteries opened and kept up a brisk fire all night."

Corporal Edwards: "Company out all night on fatigue—rifle pits; returned to camp this morning at daybreak, and laid round all day getting ready for inspection. First whiskey ration."

Sergeant Stevens: "Only coffee and hard bread for breakfast after shoveling and picking all night; pounded hard bread and made some fritters. Cut eight heads of hair. Considerable bombarding, but no one injured near our camp."

Major Aldrich: "Preparations continue, and the lines are drawn tighter every day. But little cannonading till afternoon, but in the evening and through the night it was kept up on both sides with but little cessation."

Colonel Blair in command; arm in sling.

Sergeant Trickey: "Right of our regiment went out to support batteries; we finished some rifle pits. Enemy opened on us with grape and canister; none hurt. In the afternoon one of our guns set fire to a large building inside the rebel works; it is burning this evening; it made a great smoke."

Company D on fatigue at same place. Effective force to-day reported 400.

After lying in hospital till the seventh, Blair became uneasy, and thinking that, in the scarcity of officers on duty there, he might be useful at the front in some way, by his advice or moral support, sought permission to return, not expecting to go on active duty, for he was wholly unfit, his wound having now become very painful and swollen. He took passage on the seventh for the seat of hostilities. Upon reaching Donaldsonville, he first learned of the arrest of Colonel Kingman. He reached the regiment on the evening of the eighth, and resumed duty on the ninth, so that the major was in command here for a period of only five days. And thus it fell that the man to whom, more than all others, was due the splendid discipline of the regiment, became its leader through the greater part of its active career. But during this time it should be stated that the lieutenant-colonel made repeated, though unsuccessful, efforts for the colonel's release and return to his command.

Blair was greatly weakened and emaciated. He wore his right arm in a sling. He carried his sword in his left hand and was the only severely wounded officer on duty, so far as can be ascertained.

It is an historical fact that his boys highly esteemed their old colonel, and they deeply mourned his loss. Physically, he was a marvellous example of God's handiwork, and towered above ordinary mortals like a giant. He was a striking character, and unique, both mentally and physically. It were futile to say that he, like all others, was not endowed with the usual share of what some have called human failings. No greater wrong could be done an historic character than to represent it as a deity, and incapable of error or mistake. All thinking men would revolt at such manifest adulation, nor give due credit to the virtues, that by the fiat of omnipotence always dwell in their neighborhood and are never found elsewhere. Whatever of mentality is great and god-like in man, is built up around them and upon them, and is sustained by them ; and they are thereby like the osseous framework of the human anatomy. The beauty of the oak is its rugged strength, and gnarled and knotted arms that sustain a wealth of leaf and verdure that might be likened to the human soul. Without them all would fall to the ground in mere effeminacy. And it so appears that those phases, miscalled faults, are in reality absolute virtues and necessities, and if they are faults or defects, God made both them and the man, and omniscience can do no wrong. But no just censure could pertain to Colonel Kingman, either as a man or as a soldier, that could not be devised by an enemy against any man in his position at a moment's notice. But all that could be claimed in justification of those who sought his place and downfall as a soldier shall be freely stated, lest in their absence surmises might do him gross injustice, more than absolute malice and untruth. It is thought that, under great stress, in those years, he would both speak and act with little forethought or premeditation, and for the moment was inclined to resent supposed injuries, rather than silently endure them as a natural and necessary part of human existence, and which,



MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

with a little patient waiting, would pass harmlessly away. But when the impulse forsook him, and he realized his haste, he could not sleep till all amends were made that lay in human power. If he were to be criticised as a soldier, two particulars only could be considered — his excessive care for his men, and anxiety for their health and comfort, inclined him to a laxity in drill and discipline; and again, not being a trained soldier, he could not acquire at once the great trade of war which demands, not only a natural birthright, but lifelong experience as well. Like the great mass of all our army, he was there as a citizen and a patriot, undertaking the part of a soldier for a time, and not because he was a son of Mars; and as such he was used to command and not to serve.

His rugged nature could not readily yield to that absolute and unquestioning obedience of superiors wherein all discipline lies; and when he saw his boys ruthlessly cut down in a futile and, as it seemed to him, rash and ill-considered assault, he was wrought up beyond control, and is alleged to have uttered some words of censure of those whom a soldier's duty required him to loyally support and serve. With more experience as a soldier, he would have entertained his thoughts, but given them no words. They must be useless and idle now; the deed complained of is done, and no expression of grief or complaint could recall the disastrous day, correct its mistakes, could repair its injuries, or resurrect the dead for whom he mourned. But such arrests are of everyday occurrence in army life, and are of so little moment as to pass unnoticed by the general world, although they seem so particular and important to those immediately concerned. Nowhere on earth is honor and command so hotly pursued as here, nor jealousy so rife, and the alleged remarks may have been a mere pretext rather than a just cause for Colonel Kingman's release from command. And it was undisputably a matter of words merely — simply of uttering certain just

strictures — and had no reference whatever to his character as a man, or his conduct as a soldier, in the face of the enemy, both of which were above all blemish or reproach. If he had fallen when so many fell on the great day of carnage, his memory would have been cherished as none other, and the busy world would have paused to proclaim that no braver man, none more correct of heart, or of nobler purposes, ever gave his life for a cause.

Major Aldrich was the beau ideal of a gentleman and soldier. He was quiet and apparently faultless. During the long enforced absence by sickness of his two superiors at the Parapet, he commanded with great firmness and ability. No officer sat more gracefully in the saddle than he, nor more fully enjoyed the confidence of his men, or was more highly respected or more cheerfully obeyed.

Blair was fiery, ambitious, and possessed of a fortitude that nothing could thwart or dethrone but death itself. He was the true soldier, and would obey an order oblivious to all consequences, whether they led to future recognition and honor or to instant death and a soldier's grave.

June 10, Wednesday. Very hot; breezy.

Minutes from diaries, etc. :

A sergeant and seven privates from Company D detailed on special duty as skirmishers.

Corporal Trickey says : "Were relieved at 7 o'clock and returned to camp. Baked beans for breakfast, which, after a night's work, were good. After breakfast, inspected. Our new big guns open to-day."

Companies A, C, and H digging in pits.

Sergeant Stevens says : "Called out at 7 A. M. to support batteries, and for fatigue; inspected and ordered back to camp. Twenty-five men to go on picket at 3 o'clock, and fifteen sharpshooters at sundown. Cannonading and skirmishing all night and all day."

Company G "inspection."

Corporal Edwards says of Company K: "We marched out to support batteries in the morning, and were inspected by Captain Wheeler and returned to camp, and twenty-five men were sent out on picket at 3 o'clock, and fifteen sharpshooters at sunset; the rest of us stayed in camp all day. Still throwing up breastworks."

Lieutenant Perkins says: "Our guns are playing pretty constantly. We are about ready for the general bombardment. One deserter came in this morning. Regiment called out in night on line of battle; heavy shower. Our sharpshooters attempted to advance in the night."

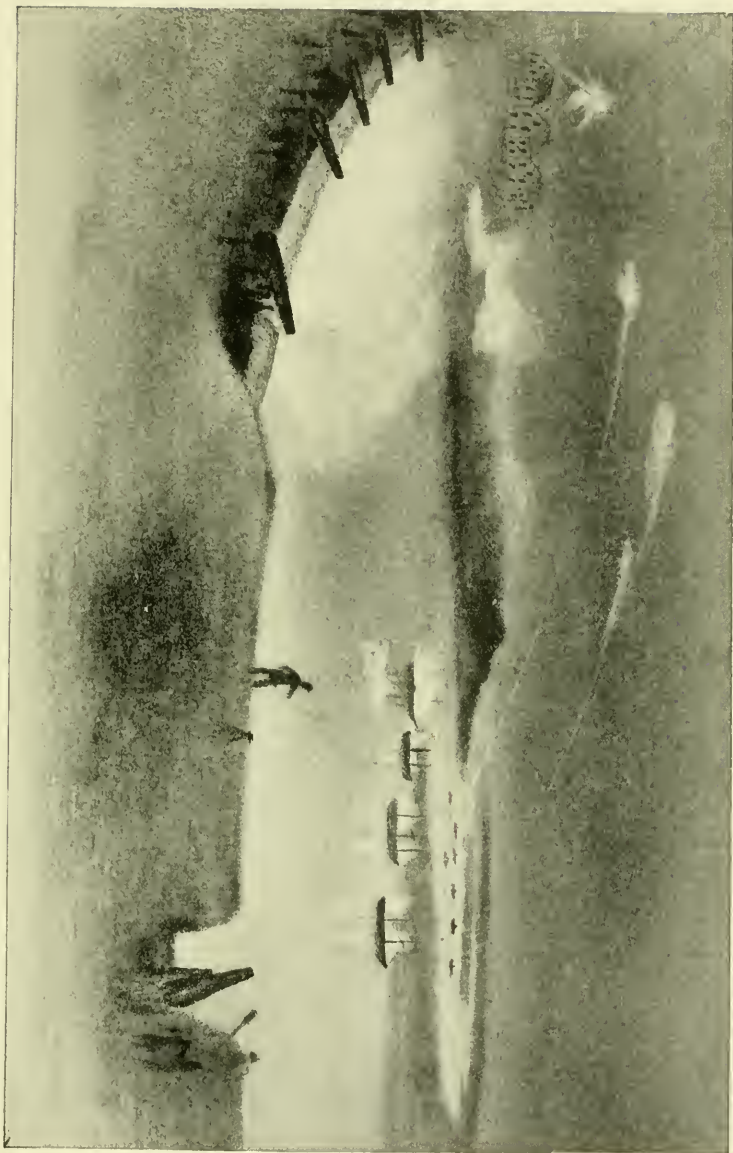
NOTE. Soldier's letter:

" IN THE FIELD, NEAR PORT HUDSON,
WEDNESDAY, June 10, 1863.

My Dear Mary:

"We are still here before the rebel stronghold, with our lines much advanced since I wrote you last. We have laid siege to the place, and are pressing it to the utmost. Work is being pushed night and day, and new batteries are put in position every day, and there is a pretty steady fire on the place and has been since the battle two weeks ago to-day. There is hardly a minute but we hear the roar of artillery, or the report of musketry, the hissing shell, the rush of solid shot, or the whiz of the bullet. There have been many narrow and wonderful escapes, and yet the boys do not mind them so much now. Our regiment has thrown up advanced intrenchments in the face of the enemy, sometimes advancing three hundred yards in a night. I have been out quite often. We work in details night and day, and at times under heavy fire. We suffer more from the rebel sharpshooters than we do from the artillery. I don't know of any in our regiment who have been hit while working nights, but it has been a miracle that there were no casualties in that line. Our regiment has dug five hundred yards of rifle pits to protect our infantry. The rebs shell us frequently, and then every one has to look out for himself, but our batteries soon put a stop to their fun for the time being.

"We are now within a mile of the rebel works, and intrenched with our pickets well out, and we are within easy shelling distance. I was on duty last night on the picket line, and have been off duty to-day, although I shall have to go somewhere to-night with a detail. I guess an advance



FARRAGUT PASSING PORT HUDSON, MARCH 14, 1863. As seen from the enemy's upper batteries. (See pages 248 and 318.)

of our lines is intended, for I have seen several loads of cotton bales going to the front, and although the future movements are kept a secret by the commanding officers, one with half an eye cannot fail to see that we are on the eve of important events. General Banks has some one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery along our line of investment, which is nearly six miles (so they say). Commodore Porter is in position down the river, while Admiral Farragut's fleet is above, all within easy shelling distance. It is thought a general bombardment will take place within a day or two, and it is calculated to drop three hundred shells per minute inside the works. If that doesn't bring them the place will be carried by assault, and I think it will succeed.

"The boys are all pretty well, and those from Rochester who were wounded are comfortable. Corporal Miller (Rewitzer) had one of his legs amputated. I saw my brother John, from the Eighth; he is well and hearty. You would hardly know him, he is so browned by southern tan. He has two horses taken from the rebels. The Eighth is mounted. I received three stamps in one of the letters from you the other day; many thanks.

"If you hear any one there say anything against Colonel Kingman, you tell them it won't be safe for them to say it when the boys get home. He is the idol of the Fifteenth regiment, and the boys love him as they would a kind father. He did nobly in the fight: went in in his shirt sleeves and a knit woolen smoking cap on. He wasn't full of whiskey, and knew what he was about. Since leaving the Parapet he has time and again told the commanders of companies to get everything that was needed from the quartermaster's department. 'Give your boys all the hot coffee they want, there is plenty of it: sugar, rice, beef, pork, hard bread, beans, everything. See they have all they want, and have a kettle of coffee on the fire all the time when it is safe to have a fire; it will do the men good. If you haven't cooks enough, detail another one; this is no time to save company funds.'

"I find my sheet is getting full, and I must close. I had to borrow this paper. I have had hard work to keep this journal, but I have managed to keep it. I have used cartridge paper sometimes to scribble on, under rebel fire at that. I don't know as you can find this out, as I have to write on the margin to tell you some good news. A rebel came in last night and gave himself up; thirty came in night before last with a lieutenant, and about every night one or more comes in. Well, I have hardly space to write.

Yours with much love,

GEORGE (W. TRICKEY)."

NOTE. A letter from Lieutenant Perkins, Company H :

“CAMP BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 10, 1863.

Dear Wife :

“I wrote you about ten days since, but had some doubts about your ever getting the letter, or this either, as the report here is that letters are not allowed to go North at present. There has nothing of importance transpired since I wrote. We have got the rebels shut up as tight as a rat in a trap, and are bound to bag them before we leave them. I don't see any possible chance for them to escape. We are building batteries and digging rifle pits all around them, and in a day or two I expect there will be one of the most terrific bombardments that has ever been known. Our rifle pits are within rifle shot of their parapet; we have been at work on them night and day. Their sharpshooters are firing at us all the time, and the balls are whizzing over our heads, but they don't hit many. They also give us a shower of shells and grape, but we give them back ten fold. There is scarcely five minutes, day or night, but that we hear the roar of artillery, or the bursting of shells. A good many deserters come in from the fort, and according to their reports the rebels have about six thousand men, with a pretty good supply of provisions, and plenty of ammunition for small arms, but are short of large. They say also that a great many would leave if they could get away, and that many of the officers are in favor of surrendering. The day that we buried our dead a good many of them came and talked with us and appeared very friendly; shook hands with us when they left, telling us that if they took any of us prisoners they should use us well, and requested us to do the same by them. The night after the battle some of the wounded were left on the field, and the rebel surgeons went out and dressed their wounds, and told our pickets to bring water and they would not be fired on. One of our rifle pits runs across the battle-field. I expect our regiment will go into one of them to-morrow.

“There are so many items which I might write that I don't know where to begin or leave off, so I will wait till I see you, when I shall have some big stories to tell. I am sorry to hear of father's condition, but am not at all surprised; I have been expecting such a result. I hope you won't break down under your load; if it is possible to obtain any help, I hope you will do so. My health is good. I have slept on the ground without any covering now for three weeks, and have never taken a grain of cold. The ground here is some elevated and dry, the ravine serving as a drain. The weather is clear and fine, about as hot as our hottest July weather. All the rain since we have been here has been but two

June 11, Thursday. Very heavy shower, commencing at 2 o'clock in the morning; showery in the afternoon; cleared in the evening.

Extracts from diaries:

Major Aldrich: "Much picket firing and sharpshooting all night, also cannonading. Men were all called out, and got but little rest. Toward night, indications of erecting more batteries with cotton bales."

Lieutenant Perkins, Company H: "Went out with Company H at night to support batteries. Built a breastwork of cotton within three hundred yards of the enemy's works. Not a gun was fired on us during the night."

Sergeant Stevens, Company K: "Hard bread fritters for breakfast. Kelley shot through the neck and spine. Twelve hundred men ordered out to finish breastworks and batteries. Thirty or forty loads of cotton were hauled up and used for breastworks. Was sergeant of picket with Company I at 3 o'clock. Company K out all night supporting battery."

Sergeant Trickey, Company I: "Part of company ordered on picket and part on fatigue. Orme, sergeant of picket. Pretty heavy firing all day."

showers; I don't see why it is not as healthy here as anywhere in the North. This is a cotton raising region. Our folks have found large quantities of it secreted, and are sending it to the city; we also use it for breastworks. It looks too bad to see so much of it wasted, when it is so valuable. If we succeed in taking this place, and I get home safe, you needn't be concerned about my wanting to go again, although I am willing to make more sacrifice for the sake of conquering the rebels; yet I have seen enough of the horrid realities of war to satisfy me for a lifetime. Sanborn and Webster were doing well when we heard from them last, but Sanborn's wound is dangerous. Our time is out July 16, and we expect to get home by that time. The Eighth and Sixteenth are here. Charles Currier was here a day or two since; he is well.

" June 11. All well; nothing new.

WASHINGTON."

Unknown: "Heavy shower this morning at 3 o'clock. Heavy cannonading; had two men wounded this morning; one in Company K killed, shot through head. Boys out all last night digging in pits."

Sergeant Spencer, Company C: "Last night smart skirmishing; this morning a heavy shower. Heaven's mighty artillery intermingled with man's, and the whole earth was shaken. No shelter; slept on the wet ground. A soldier's



SERGT. J. G. SPENCER — Co. C.



J. G. SPENCER.

life is a hard life. God grant that we may live to see the end of it, and peace once more prevail over our distracted country, and we be permitted to return to our friends and homes."

Extract from report of Major-General Banks, page 14, official records, series I, vol. 26, part 1:

"On June 10 a heavy artillery fire was kept up, and at 3 o'clock on the morning of the eleventh we endeavored to get within attacking distance of the works in order to avoid the terrible losses incurred in moving over the ground in front of

the works; but the enemy discovered the movement before daybreak. A portion of the troops worked their way through the abattis to the lines, but were repulsed with the loss of several prisoners."

It appears now that batteries have been planted around the entire line of seven or eight miles in extent, and preparations, after prodigious labor, are fully completed for the long expected general bombardment. It seems by the extract from the general's report that an assault was intended, but first having, under cover of darkness, secretly gained a point in close proximity from which to make the dash. Accordingly, men were advanced into a ditch which the terrific shower of the early morning completely flooded. Priv. E. A. Badger, Company A, was one of these men, and his memory of this event is very interesting. In an interview he says: "Captain Osgood was in command. There were about twenty men of Company A, besides Osgood's men. We were advanced ahead of the picket line, and, at a signal rocket, were to fire on the enemy, just to make a noise and alarm them, when all the new batteries, which had not yet been fired, were to open. There came up a shower which filled the ditch, and we laid our guns across and roosted on them till the water drained away." There was a recall before light, at which Captain Osgood took his men out. "The next day, at 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon, I crawled along the muddy bottom of the ditch, till I came to a coduroy bridge across it, and which was too low to crawl under. I rose and ran around it and then crawled to the end; then I ran across the field a short distance to the rifle pits. In the midst of my run I fell and picked up and brought in a bayonet, which proved to belong to a boy who had come up from the front to look for one he had lost. Captain Cogswell and Lieutenant Pickering were very anxious about their



E. A. BADGER.

men, and asked me if I could get the rest out. I told them that I could, and went back to pilot them out; but just as I got to the nearest point of the rifle pit I saw a man make the run round the bridge. I called to them to come one at a time, and I would halloo when I saw a flash, at which they should drop, and so all got out safe."

NOTE. A soldier's letter:

"CAMP IN THE REAR OF PORT HUDSON, June 12, 1863.

Dear Parents:

"I am well and feel in tip-top condition for another fight. I received two letters from you to-day. (Several lines here are illegible, but which seem to mention letters and papers received, and their dates.) We have had to work pretty hard since the fight of May 27. We have been digging in rifle pits and building breastworks so as to mount siege guns. We were out forty-eight hours, came in this morning at daylight; we didn't get any sleep during that time. We work right under the rebels' noses. Last night we built a breastwork of cotton bales and dirt within less than four hundred yards of the rebel works, and they did not fire a gun on us, but our artillery kept up a fire on them, so did the mortar boats. I can't think what the reason is that they don't fire on us: it must be because they have not got ammunition. I received three or four letters from you two or three days ago with some money and paper in them. I answer in a hurry now, for we are to go out in about an hour, and if I don't finish this and put it in to-night it won't go. John Hanson (sergeant) is well; so is Free Dockham, Nat Robinson and John Palmer. The rest of the New-market boys are all well. The artillery keeps firing all the time. I do not know when we shall fight again; we intend to be inside of Port Hudson in two or three days. Our time is out the sixteenth of July: our time commenced the day the last company was mustered into service. We probably shall start (for home) just as soon as Port Hudson is taken, and we shall take it within a week, if it is taken this summer. I had a letter from Aunt Mary the other day, but can't answer it now. I am twenty years old to-day. Give my regards to all the folks at home. Good bye.

Your son,

A. C. HAINES."

Corporal George, Company B, was also a participant in this affair. It would appear that he crawled to the left to make his exit. He says: "At the siege of Port Hudson I was detailed one night to make one of one hundred men to advance near the enemy's works, and to commence firing upon them at a certain signal, in order to draw them out; then the artillery would shell them. Before we started we were drawn up in line, and the officer in command said that if



CORP. F. H. GEORGE—Co. B.



F. H. GEORGE.

there was any among us who was afraid to die he could step out; that he did not want one to go who was afraid to die. We were deployed three paces apart, and marched near the works and stationed in a plantation ditch, with orders to commence firing when we saw a rocket go up. We watched and waited but saw no rocket. Some time before morning we had orders to commence firing. After ten or fifteen rounds we were ordered to cease firing. Soon after we could hear the rebels near us, and hand grenades were thrown among us, but no damage done to my knowledge. At this

time one of the hardest showers I ever knew came up, and soon the ditch we were in was nearly full of water, but we had to stay in it, as we did not dare to get out. About 9 o'clock the next morning we found there were only seven of us left, the others having gone in, we not hearing the orders. After consulting together we decided to crawl along the ditch until we came to the end, and out on level ground, which was in plain sight of the rebs. Between us and our lines a good many trees had been cut down so the artillery could get range on the enemy, and we would run till we came to one, throw over our guns, jump over and crawl along till we were in sight, and then run again. In this way we reached our regiment without the loss of one among the seven."

Lorenzo Frost, with another band boy, brought off Kelley's body. It lay on the field near the enemy. They made a dash for it, and received as many as twenty shots from the enemy's parapet. Frost says, "I laid Kelley in his grave myself."

ORDERS AT PORT HUDSON.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH N. H. VOLS.,

IN THE FIELD NEAR PORT HUDSON.

General Orders No. 1.

(No date.)

Commanders of companies will see that every man belonging to their respective companies, not under the surgeon's care, or detailed by proper authority, is present with his company in camp and not allowed to leave. The roll must be called morning, noon and night, and any man not present must be reported to the commander of the regiment immediately.

All cooking utensils must be brought into camp forthwith.

No one will be allowed to stay out of camp over night.

By order of

MAJOR ALDRICH.

EDWARD E. PINKHAM,

Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH N. H. VOLS.,

NEAR PORT HUDSON, June 11, 1863.

Circular.

Commanders of companies will at once appoint from among their corporals, acting sergeants, to fill all vacancies of the latter rank, and forward the entire list to these headquarters before 3 o'clock P. M. this day.

At least four sergeants must be on duty at the same time, and vacancies will be filled, till further orders, by the company commanders, as soon as they occur, from any cause.

At least six corporals must be on duty in each company always, and their appointment will be made by company commanders, as above, from the best soldiers.

If in any case there are not corporals enough on duty to supply the vacancies in the rank of sergeants, the selection will be made from among the privates of the company.

By order of

H. W. BLAIR,

Lieutenant-colonel commanding Fifteenth N. H. Vols.

E. E. PINKHAM,

Adjutant.

W. I. Coburn, Company H, was promoted under this order.

NOTE. Captain Gordon was in command of the new relief, and set out to relieve the sharpshooters in the trenches and rifle pits. They halted for a moment in a clump of live oaks, when a rebel sharpshooter in one of their trees fired, his shot passing through Dustin's pants leg and through the calf of the other leg. Some one said, "Captain, Dustin is wounded." The captain went to him and asked him if he was hurt. Dustin said, "No; I guess not much." He was immediately carried off to the surgeons. He died of gangrene. (See page 19.) This bullet continued on and struck the cartridge box belt of some one else, cutting it through and through his clothing, and plowing a furrow in his body.

NOTE.

"MONROE, MICH., February 10, 1898.

My Dear Comrade and Friend:

"Your very welcome letter of the twenty-eighth ultimo came to hand in due season, and would have been answered ere this, but old rheumatics in my right arm prevented me from doing so. To say that I was rejoiced to hear from you is putting it very mildly. To think that one whom I

knew so slightly, only about three months, should remember me after thirty-five years, overwhelmed me. My campaigning, from March, '63, to the close of the siege of Port Hudson, can never be erased from my memory, especially the twenty-seventh of May and June 14. I well remember the incidents mentioned in your letter, and of the gallant charge of both these days. I have had three or four calls from members of your regiment, and very pleasant ones, when we have spent an hour or two in talking over old times. Every twenty-seventh and fourteenth I call to mind your old brigade on my expedition up New Orleans & Jackson Railroad. Your regiment was left at the Parapet while the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth was sent to me. During this campaign I contracted a disease from which I have never recovered, but am still suffering from catarrhal bronchitis, deafness, dimness of sight, and rheumatism, and I am drawing a pension of \$25 per month. I am now seventy-one years of age, and *this is all that I have to live on*. I could not tell you all that I have passed through. I had the misfortune to lose the savings of a lifetime by trusting too much to others. Some three years ago I got so poorly with rheumatism that I was unable to walk, and being in Ohio at that time, by the advice of a friend I went to the Home at Dayton, where I lay in the hospital for over six months. For the past six years I have been confined to my bed from two to seven weeks at a time with muscular rheumatism. I held a position in the auditor general's department for thirteen years, when on a change of administration I was sent to the rear. I have an application for increase of pension now pending, but have heard nothing from it since June, 1896. Should I live to see the twenty-third of this month I shall *celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of my first battle* (Buena Vista). Now, my dear old friend, I would like to ask this favor (for I suppose that you are on good terms with Commissioner Evans), that is, to call up my case and let me know how it stands. (Number of certificate, 257,503.) I would like to continue this letter, but my arm aches too bad, but next time will give you more particulars of my campaign in the Department of the Gulf. Believe me truly,

Your comrade and friend,

THOS. S. CLARK,

Late Colonel Sixth Michigan Infantry and Heavy Artillery.

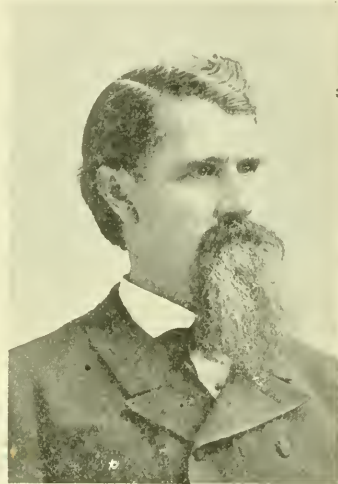
To Colonel HENRY W. BLAIR,

Late Colonel Fifteenth New Hampshire."

.. BENSONVILLE, ARK., April 6, 1899.

Hon. HENRY W. BLAIR, Washington, D. C.

“*Dear Mr. Blair:* You asked me before leaving Washington to give you a written statement as to what I knew with reference to the capture of Gen. Neal Dow, near Port Hudson, in June, 1863. All the knowledge I have in regard to it is simply this: During the siege of Port Hudson, I, having been wounded prior to that time, was stopping at Mr. Trotter’s, Trotter Station, eighteen miles east of Port Hudson, and, I think, about four miles from Clinton, La. Sometime toward the latter part of June, four young men came to Mrs. Trotter’s, having General Dow in charge as a prisoner. They stopped at the gate. General Dow asked Mrs. Trotter if she could give him some milk, which she did, he offering to pay for it, which she declined. The four young men seemed to be mere boys, the oldest not being more than twenty years of age. They were poorly mounted, and very poorly dressed. One of them had Gen. Neal Dow’s sword, a very fine one, with belt and sash, buckled around him. General Dow was mounted on his own horse. The statement made by them, and him, as to his capture, was that he had been wounded at Port Hudson, either on the twenty-seventh of May or fourteenth of June, but I



SENATOR BERRY, OF ARKANSAS.

think it was the twenty-seventh of May, and while recovering from his wound had been stopping at a house just outside of the lines of the United States soldiers; that he had about recovered and had ridden down to camp one day, and just before reaching the house on his return, the young Confederate soldiers, having concealed themselves near the road, leveled their shot guns and pistols on him and demanded his surrender, with which demand he complied. General Dow took the capture lightly, said it was perfectly fair, and that it was the fortune of war, and he had no complaint to make, as the boys had treated him most courteously and kindly. He seemed to me to be a man of good nature and good humor, most pleasing in his conversation. He was taken from there to Clinton, turned over to General Logan, of the Confederate army, and I think was afterwards sent to Libby prison, Richmond. I am sorry to say that I do not know the names of the young Confederate soldiers. This is, I think, all that I know with regard to it.

Very respectfully,

JAMES H. BERRY.”

June 12, Friday. Very pleasant ; not quite so hot.

Minutes for the day gleaned from many sources :

Company C out intrenching ; none hurt.

Company A has six men on picket.

The great cotton battery built under Captain Johnson, Lieutenant Chadwick, and Sergeant Hanson was battery 16.

Many of the men are engaged in building a battery in advance of all our works, and which they nearly completed, and mounted one gun. The working party was fired on this evening, but none were hurt.

Captain Osgood wounded in leg with buckshot.

E. Kelley's body brought in and buried.

Company K out all night working on intrenchments.

Returned at about noon, and rested till about 4 P. M., when it went out to work on the fortifications.

Batteries fired continuously all day.

General Banks was here in the forenoon, and said the place would be taken within five days.

Company D went out last night to finish the battery (No. 16) and were fired on. They received three or four volleys, which they returned. Brad Philbrick is spoken of by some of his comrades as being very cool and efficient, and complimented for enlivening all occasions with his cheerfulness. (See page 15.)

Sergeant Trickey, Company I, sergeant of sharpshooters, to report at 7 o'clock in the evening, with fifteen men, to a lieutenant of the Sixth Michigan.

Sergt. J. J. Hanson, Company D, to-day detailed D. P. Mason and five others of Company D, permanently for sharpshooters. Sergeant Hanson, who acted as orderly for the company through the entire siege, detailed for sharpshooters such as liked the work, and put others on fatigue, as one such on the firing line was worth several of those who were averse to it.



CYRUS BURNHAM—Co. F.



JOHN D. WASHBURN—Co. F.



GEORGE McDANIEL—Co. F.



ALMON S. CHURCH—Co. F.

A large party of our men, who had been out forty-eight hours digging in the pits, with no sleep during the time, came in this noon.

Diary of A. C. Haines, Company D, says: "Remained in camp all day; at night ordered out to support battery. Only out little while when ordered to report to colonel's headquarters. He gave us orders to fill our canteens and take supper and breakfast in our haversacks; then we were marched down to Colonel Clark's, where we waited half an hour, when we were marched back again. We were then set to work lugging cotton bales up to within four hundred yards, and built a breastwork. I am twenty years old to-day."

June 13, Saturday, rose in semi-tropical beauty, and during the day the sun shed down his fierce rays with a blinding glare and intolerable and pitiless heat. But the deep green woods, where winged insects sung so merrily, looked cool and restful. A moisture brooded there, giving a slight hazy tint to the fragrant atmosphere. The day ended in a glorious sunset, which must have been an equally glorious dawn to the occidental world. But among men the strife and work of blood went on a-main. Our bivouac is in the woods; but few are there, as nearly all are constantly on duty, and the unremitting vigilance and toil of the siege is strained to its utmost tension. Colonel Blair is busy everywhere, and sleepless, about his multifarious duties. His arm is in its sling; it is swollen and angry, and very painful. His sleeve is cut round the shoulder and pinned up so that it can be readily dropped to lay the wound bare. He and the other officers live in the bushes with the rest, and fare on hard bread and salt pork. He is often seen with his sleeve down and pouring water on the wound. There is no shelter, and little rest or sleep; the enemy open frequently, especially in the night, with their sporadic shot and shell, and almost nightly those in camp are called on line to repel a threatened



JOHN PERKINS—Co. H.



FIRST SERGT. A. V. COX—Co. C.



A. V. COX.

sortie. It must be thought that similar work to that which is here described is going on in other regiments around our entire lines. I have thought to-day that I would give a more minute and detailed account of affairs, and make copious extracts and quotations, as such data seem now to be unusually plentiful. I shall let the boys largely tell their own stories.

Extracts from diaries and other sources for June 13 :

Priv. John Perkins, at Camp Parapet, minutes to-day in his diary that Lieutenant Wood, Company E, was up and dressed for the first time.

Major Aldrich is field officer of the day.

Extract from history of Company D, by C. McGregor: "Very pleasant. Lieutenant Durgin went out foraging in the neighboring regions with a party of nine men; he secured and slaughtered three cattle. The new battery on which the company had been engaged, and many others having been now completed, a general bombardment was opened all round the line. This bombardment commenced at 11 A. M. and continued till 1 P. M., when it ceased, and under a flag of truce General Banks sent in to the Confederate General Gardner a demand to surrender. To this General Gardner replied that his duty required him to defend the place and he declined, and hostilities again reopened. Four 3-inch rifled guns and six 12-pounder Parrots were driven in to the work on which Company D had been so long engaged. The work was very massive, with a wide, deep ditch in front, from which the earth was excavated to construct the same. Toward the end of the work Chief Engineer Bailey became very nervous, and the men were urged to their utmost exertions; there were many men on the work besides the Company D boys. It seems that Chief Engineer Bailey's orders were to have the work completed in such season that the battery could drive into the works before light of the thirteenth.

This was not quite accomplished, so that the battery, with horses lashed to the keen gallop, went in in broad daylight of the morning of that day, and was subjected to a terrible fire of the enemy's batteries, which killed some of the horses, and killed and wounded some of the men. At one time during the process of its construction the enemy opened on the fatigue party with small arms, and when the mistake had been made of stacking their guns on the outside of the ditch toward the enemy. In this emergency men would jump out and sweep a whole stack of the guns into the ditch at a time. After this experience the guns were stacked inside the ditch."

Some one says: "Hewed timber for battery platforms, shovelled, and rolled cotton bales for two weeks. Gray horse battery went in in the morning; lost one horse."

C. E. White, Company D, says: "I well remember the night we carried and rolled bales of cotton up to within a few hundred yards of the rebel works to make a breastwork upon which to mount our heavy siege guns. And strange to say not a shot was fired, although we worked until it began to grow light. The second night, after working for about two hours, the Minies began to zip, zip, zip, along the line, until there was a perfect storm of bullets. We were then ordered to lie down in the trench we had been digging, each trying to get as near the bottom as possible. Soon the shot and shells were so bad we were ordered to take our muskets and go behind the breastworks so as to be ready to fight."

Lieutenant Pickering says: "Bombardment of all the batteries around Port Hudson began at 11 A. M. At 5 P. M. received orders to be supplied with one hundred rounds, and be ready for any emergency."

Sergeant Stevens, Company K, says: "Called out at night to support battery; recalled at midnight. Got some hot coffee, and formed regiment in column and reported to Colonel Clark's headquarters at 1 o'clock of the fourteenth."

Corporal Edwards, Company K, says: "Company out all last night on fatigue. The rebs fired on us and drove us away from work about an hour, and we returned to camp at daylight and laid there all day. At 6 P. M. went to support battery. Flag of truce in the afternoon."

The diary of Sergeant Trickey, Company I, says: "I reported last night, as usually I do when detailed. The force, consisting of sixty men, one sergeant, and three corporals, with the lieutenant who took command, made sixty-five all told. We were then informed of the nature of our services. Thursday night a force had commenced throwing up an intrenchment to protect a 12-gun battery,* but had not completed it, and our duty was to advance one hundred and fifty yards in front of the work to protect the force who were to finish it. We had to wait till dark in the garden of an old deserted plantation, and while waiting there the enemy opened on us with grape and canister, but they hurt no one. As soon as dark we advanced to the work, and filing around to the right of it crossed over the ditch in front and deployed in a sort of skirmish line, four yards apart, and advanced, as near as we could judge, one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. The lieutenant and I undertook to align the men. They were then instructed to intrench themselves as well as they could. Each was to dig a rifle pit and hold it at all hazards. The men worked for dear life; loosening the earth with their bayonets and throwing it out with their hands, was the way the work was accomplished. The detail was to be relieved at daylight, but no relief came, and through the long June day, the sun pouring down into the little gopher holes the men had dug, was terrible. My canteen of water gave out in the night, and to-day was one of perfect torment. To go back to the breastworks was sure

* NOTE. This must have been the battery 16, on which Captain Johnson and Sergeant Hanson had been engaged several days and nights.



GUNS GOING INTO BATTERY 16. Showing chimney of the burned Schaller House and the battle-field of May 27.

death, for every inch of the ground was covered by the rebel sharpshooters. Several times during the night the enemy opened on the work, but made no attempt to advance. Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning (this Saturday) our men began to plant guns on the work, and the enemy opened a furious fire upon it. We had to lie low then. As fast as one of our guns was put in position it replied to the enemy, and threw shells directly over our heads. One or two men and several horses were killed during the operation of mounting the guns, but they were all put in position and threw back defiance, in fact silenced the guns of the enemy. During the day a sharp fire took place on the right between the pickets. About 11 o'clock this forenoon a furious cannonade along the whole line took place, and was taken up by the gunboats. The fire was kept up till 1 o'clock, when a charge was made by a handful of skirmishers, who were nearly all killed or disabled. During the firing the shells from our batteries burst over our heads, and our position was not very pleasant. During the afternoon there was a truce, and in company with others of our detail, I went up and met the rebels with their flag of truce (we first leaving our guns and equipments in the rifle pits). The truce lasted about an hour, and at the end of that time the firing of the pickets was resumed. We were drawn sometime between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening, having suffered fearfully from the heat and thirst during the last twenty-four hours. Returning to camp I found them making preparations for a change of base. Perfectly exhausted, I threw myself upon the ground and lay until about daybreak."

From diary of Lieutenant Perkins: "Took fifty skirmishers from our regiment and made an advance on the parapet; got within twelve rods. Hadley, Company F, and Sergeant Wallace, Company I, were killed, and six more wounded. We laid on the field till 12 o'clock at night, when we were ordered to retreat. Fell in with the regiment and marched three or four miles to the extreme left to make an attack."

Major Aldrich: "Guns for new advanced battery placed in position, during which two were killed and three wounded of the battery men. At 11 p. m. received orders to prepare to march to the left. Men all aroused."

The fighting had now been incessant, night and day, since May 26, and at the same time the siege operations had been pushed with the greatest vigor. Our long line of batteries are ready, and General Banks, apparently to show the enemy their power, and convince them of the futility of further resistance, at 11 o'clock opens upon them with all their force around the entire line, and at the same time the fleet pour in their ponderous iron globes like hail. During this bombardment, which continued for two hours, a demonstration is made by advancing a skirmish line at double quick over the battle-field of May 27, when a flag of truce is sent in demanding a surrender, which General Gardner very politely declined. At this time the Confederate army within must very nearly have equalled our effectives, and besides, the enemy outside were becoming very bold and demonstrative.

The skirmish line advanced this day was composed of fifty men detailed from our regiment, and a like number from the Twenty-sixth Connecticut. They were commanded by Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins, of Company H. They received their instructions and order to march from Colonel Clark. They advanced over the field to within about sixty yards of the parapet. It would seem that the enemy, expecting an attack in force, at first poured upon them a terrific fire, but soon perceiving that it was merely a thin line of skirmishers, and wholly unsupported, slackened their fire, as they afterwards explained, disliking to shoot down brave men under such unequal circumstances. They claimed that they could easily have killed every man, if they had been so disposed. The men lay on the field till 12 o'clock at night, when they were called off to join in the battle of the fourteenth. Private

Burleigh, Company B, was one of these skirmishers, and not hearing the recall—being busy with his dipper and bayonet throwing up a little mound of earth for protection—lay there till morning. As it grew light he saw that he was the only man left on the field. He escaped by making successive short runs and dropping in the grass at the end of each. The enemy fired at him all the way, but without seriously injuring him. At Burleigh's left was Harvey D. Powers, Company B, and Charles Bagley, Company A, at his right. Bagley was severely, and Powers mortally wounded. The flag of truce was carried on to the field by one of our officers and was met by one from the enemy within twenty feet of, Burleigh's position.

When the enemy rose to fire on the approaching line of skirmishers, our sharpshooters everywhere about the field got in their deadly work. Corp. J. D. Blake, Company H, was posted, with six or eight men under him, who fired on the enemy seen rushing by their sally-port, and saw one occasionally fall, and the dust rise up when he fell. These must have been Miles' men moving to the support of General Beall. (See note, Miles' report.)

NOTE. Report of Confederate Colonel Miles :

ON THE FIELD, June 13, 1863.

Major T. F. WILSON,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Very early this morning we were quite severely cannonaded. Later on in the forenoon the most tremendous affair of the siege came off. From the fleet in the river, and from every gun in position on shore, came the quick flash and angry roar of threatening annihilation; the air grew thick with smoke and hoarse with sound. After some hours spent in this manner, it became apparent the enemy were making preparations for a charge. General Beall's line being most threatened, I sent one battalion to his support, keeping the balance of my force in position to repel an attack should one be made on my own lines, or move to the further support of General Beall. No attack was made on me, and after trying several times

to bring their lines to the assault, the enemy beat a hasty retreat. Nothing but a few of his sharpshooters approached the breastworks, and the neighborhood soon grew too hot for them. How many of them were killed and wounded I do not know. Of the battalion sent by me to General Beall's support, two men were severely wounded. Besides these, I have lost in my lines to-day one man killed and one wounded. Yesterday, on the extreme right (probably General Miles' right), where Lieut.-Col. Fred B. Brand commands, there were of the pickets one man killed, one wounded, and five captured.

I am, Major, very respectfully your obt. servt.,

W. R. MILES,
Colonel, &c.

NOTE. It is greatly to be regretted that the names of all the fifty who participated in this affair cannot now be ascertained. So near as can be learned there were:

From Company A — Andrew P. Wadleigh, Charles Bagley, wounded, D. S. Willey, Benjamin Ellis, and George W. Batchelder, wounded.

From Company B — Alvin Burleigh, Richard C. Drown, Harvey D. Powers, fatally wounded, and Frederick Robinson.

From Company E — Charles H. Adams, wounded, Lewis W. Sinclair, Elexis Marcott, wounded, and Joseph F. Mayot.

From Company F — Lowell S. Hartshorn, Trueworthy L. Moulton Elias H. Hadley, fatally wounded (see page 19), Hiram Jones, and John Robie, wounded.

From Company G — David S. Huse (see pages 22 and 336), John F. Chesley, William A. Chesley, David K. Nudd and James F. Moses. Piece of shell cut Moses' blouse and shirt through to the skin.

From Company H — Lieutenant Seavey, Lieutenant Perkins, Charlie Buzzell, Tom Brown, Hugh Maguire, Robert Finnel, and Pat. Hyde, wounded.

From Company I — Sergeant Wallace, fatally wounded, Charles Jenness, Jackson Shaw, wounded, Charles Godfrey and John Hurd.

From Company K — Melvin Lowell, Edward B. Mosher and Osa D. Nichols.

THE ADVANCE OF THE FIFTY.

The call was for five men from each company. The men were selected the day before, and called on line and excused from duty, it having been explained to them that the service required was extra hazardous, and no man was wanted who feared to die. All such were given permission to honorably retire, but no one left the line. It is said that some of the companies detailed the men, and that others called for five volunteers, which were readily obtained. Their instructions were to deploy at two paces, and advance double quick over the field and right over the enemy's parapet into their works. Their line was thus five hundred and ninety-four feet long. The purpose is said to have been to explore the debatable ground and deceive the enemy as to the point of the morrow's assault. They advanced directly over battery 16 to within two hundred feet of the parapet when they were ordered to cover. There were stumps and bushes and tufts of grass there, and plantation furrows. Lieutenant Perkins dropped in an exposed place and was made the target of a Confederate marksman, who nearly grazed him several times.

Private Jenness, Company I, was near Sergeant Wallace when he received his wounds. The sergeant received a charge of grape shot that penetrated his chin and chest and neck. He lay in a little plot of wild rye. He was a mere school boy, and expressed himself as very loth to die and leave his young wife, whom he had espoused just as he left for the front. He died of his injuries on the fifteenth. (See page 28.)

While lying here Hadley said to Hartshorn, "I'm agoing to get a little nearer." Hartshorn told him if he undertook to change his position they would shoot him. He said, "I can crawl along between these rows." He was crawling up when he received a shot in the shoulder. He could not be



LIEUTENANT SEAVEY — Co. H.

brought off till after dark ; his shoulder was disjointed and the bullet removed. (See page 19.) Captain Gordon brought home the bullet and gave it into the hands of his parents.

When the charge was made Major Aldrich, field officer of the day, was at that part of the picket line near the Schalter house, and when the white flag advanced Colonel Clark requested him to leave off his side arms and ascertain what its purpose was. He advanced upon the field to the flag. Many others also, who were off duty, went forward to see the Confederate officers, who came forward over their works, also with a white flag. These flags met right by a huge stump, behind which Lieutenant Seavey was sheltered, being flanked by two great roots. The bearers of the enemy's truce were a major of Miles' (Louisiana) Legion, accompanied by surgeons who came purely on a mission of mercy. They were provided and offered to dress the wounds of any who needed, and Wadleigh, Company A, lying near by, was by them as carefully treated as though he had been one of their own men. None of these skirmishers under this flag could change their position, but all things must remain absolutely in *statu quo* during its continuance. The sun blazed down upon them with scalding fury. They were famishing for water. The old stump and its roots that flanked Seavey were shot through and through. After a time the Confederate major gave Seavey permission to rise, and inquired of him who was there behind the stump with a rifle. Seavey replied, "No one but me ; I fired one shot." And the major said, "You killed our best sergeant. You shot him right through the head." Then Seavey explained to him how it happened. He said, "Several shots were fired at the man on my left, when he said to me, 'That man means me ; I wish you would

NOTE. After the surrender, Major Aldrich saw on headboards the names of two lieutenants of Miles' Legion, and twelve or fifteen others, who fell on the twenty-seventh, and the name of the sergeant that Lieutenant Seavey killed.

shoot him.'” Seavey said, “Give me your gun.” There was a vacancy in the stump where a portion pulled out as the tree fell. Seavey pricked a hole through a rotten place on his side, and aimed through and watched for the smoke of the enemy’s rifle, when he fired at the smoke immediately after its appearance. It came through sand bags. Seavey had noticed that the man did not fire again.

In conversation with Major Aldrich, the rebel major said, “You have brave men here, and we ordered ours not to fire till we saw that yours were coming right over into our works.” And he remarked, “You lost many men here on the twenty-seventh.” Major Aldrich replied, “I suppose you did not wholly escape.” “O,” he said, “we had a few casualties.” The major said, “I presume you lost some over there,” pointing with his hand, “when we silenced that battery.” “Yes,” he said, “we lost a few.”

And now, as soon as the truce was opened, Lorenzo Frost went on to the field with his men and stretchers to remove the wounded, but met the Confederate officers who forbid their relieving them in any way or carrying them from the field under a flag raised for another purpose. Both they and the uninjured were suffering untold agony in the hot sun, which the enemy offered to relieve, but which kindness was in many instances declined.

NOTE. Of removing the dead, Frost says: “I went with men to remove the wounded, but met some Confederate officers who forbid us caring for the wounded or any to be carried from the field. But the men, both the wounded and unwounded, were suffering terribly in the hot sun; but when the Confederate officers saw their condition they said, ‘We’ll see General Beall, and if you will see your adjutant-general we will arrange to have these men carried off.’ I went at once to Adjutant-General Matthews, and he went down on to the ground and we were soon allowed, under that flag, to carry off the wounded, but no arms and no unwounded. For humanity’s sake the enemy permitted this, to their credit, under a flag raised for another purpose. The flag was raised to demand a surrender.”

Reminiscence of Captain Cogswell :

“ I was sent out with the flag of truce and conversed with the Confederate officers. They were very shabby in their dress. They first called for whiskey, and I sent for a canteen of it. They asked how we should use them if we got them ; if we would let them go to New Orleans to see their best girls. I inquired what they would do if they got us. They said, ‘ Will use you as well as we do ourselves, which is pretty rough.’ ”

THE MIDNIGHT CALL TO ARMS.

“How in the noon of night that rousing pibroch thrills.”

It was 11 o'clock or past when a horseman, spurring to a keen gallop, was heard coming up the road to our bivouac in the still woods, and almost instantly thereafter the orderlies roused their men by whisper. “Fall in, fall in,” they said, stooping and shaking each, and the line was formed and immediately marched off in column to Colonel Clark's headquarters, quite a distance to the rear, where hot coffee was served, and whiskey. The full brigade was here assembled, all our men having been called in, and after a respite of about two hours the whole marched off down through the woods to the left toward the river, till they struck the Mt. Pleasant road. This route, with its windings, made a march of certainly four miles, and possibly five, as it was taken far to the rear so as to be beyond hearing of the enemy's sentinels, the evident purpose being to surprise the garrison before daylight in a new and unexpected quarter. It was Sunday morning now, and upon arriving at the designated point of attack, the blazing southern sun was already on the horizon. There was some further delay in effecting the formation, and after it was effected, with the Twenty-sixth Connecticut in front, Colonel Clark approached Lieutenant-colonel Blair and asked him if he would head the column with the Fifteenth New Hampshire. Blair replied, “Certainly, sir,” and the change was made at once, and the advance commenced, preceded by a line of about forty skirmishers, under Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins, of Company H.* Blair, with his arm in its sling and sword in his left hand, led his regiment about three rods in its front at a quick step forward, steadying the men and preserving as perfect line as was ever witnessed on the parade ground at Carrollton, until reaching the great ravine

* NOTE. Many circumstances go to show that the same officers and men of the affair of yesterday were here advanced as skirmishers.

which fronted the enemy's works, and which was entirely unseen and unsuspected until close in its proximity. Its banks were perpendicular for a depth of twenty to forty feet, and its bottom filled with chaparral, and it constituted an impassable barrier. The growth in its bottom was somewhat taller than its steep banks, and the fine spray of its tips projecting above the general level, from a little distance looked like a mere fringe of bushes. Blair halted his regiment, marched it by the left flank to the Mt. Pleasant road, and forward along the road till there was sufficient room, when he halted, right faced, and moved on again in line of battle, until all fell into the ravine where the road makes its steep descent into its dense bottom, all these movements being made with the utmost coolness and exactitude, greatly to the surprise and admiration of the gallant foe within, although from the very start subjected to the most terrific fire, both of artillery and infantry, ever poured upon an approaching host. The post of honor held now by our regiment, as in the battle of the twenty-seventh, is in general the post of greatest danger, but by a singular chance of fortune the regiment here moving briskly forward, just escaped beneath the enemy's fire, which was so elevated as to work terrible havoc and destruction in the regiments behind, but from which ours did not fully escape. The lieutenant-colonel made strenuous efforts to press on through the ravine and ascend beyond to the enemy's parapet, which here, both by natural fastnesses and artificial skill, was doubly formidable and strong. He, however, was gathering his men in hand for the ascent when ordered to desist, being told by Colonel Clark that he might as well attempt to storm the gates of hell. They then sat down in a shady spot and wiped their brows and waited for the night to come. And thus ended the bloody assault of June 14. The regiment lay concealed in the chaparral till after sunset, it being almost

certain death to escape back across the open field except under cover of darkness. Too much cannot be said in praise of the conduct of the regiment on this occasion. The results of its splendid discipline were observed and remarked by all. During the advance the thunders of the enemy's artillery, and the bursting bombs and hissing and shrieking missiles that filled the air were deafening, but Blair, leading in front, never flinching, with his "steady men, steady," by his example and soldierly bearing kept all to their places, and though several were wounded not one man fell out from the line till all sought nooks of shade and concealment in the great chasm. But Corp. Hanson H. Young, Company G, who was a mere boy, just before the final start, being injured by a piece of shell striking him in the breast, drawing blood and causing him excruciating pain, was approached by Colonel Blair and excused from the line, and Edward B. Mosher, Company K, who was detailed before the charge for some hazardous service, was never seen nor heard of more by any of our own men. But the field behind was strewn with the dead and wounded of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut and the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York. No regiment was ever handled with greater skill, or behaved with greater credit under similar circumstances, than our regiment on this occasion. It had already won the name of "the fighting Fifteenth." It was assembled to the last man for this occasion, even the skirmish line of the day before being called from their position at midnight and sent forward to join the rest at Colonel Clark's headquarters. And one of them, Mosher, who escaped there, met his death here, as has been already stated, and several others were wounded; and it appears that all of the uninjured of that affair, except Alvin Burleigh, who did not hear the recall, responded and shared in this battle. Our regiment on this occasion could not have mustered more than a third of its original numbers, and it

may truthfully be said that this was the last time that it ever paraded in force in view of the enemy. But its work, as we shall see, went on without remission to the end. This may be regarded as the culminating point of our regiment's service, and the acme of its career; and it seems probable that no body of men was ever subjected to such a murderous fire and suffered so little scath. The regiment was assembled at dark at the rear, the dead, wounded and missing accounted, and then advanced one hundred rods, where it rested in the open field on its arms, in full view of the enemy's parapet, without supper or blankets, through the chilly, damp night.

The gallant conduct of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, which was with us at all times of trial and danger, should receive passing mention. Although suffering greatly from the enemy's artillery, one especially effective shot nearly annihilating one of their companies, it moved steadily on until it reached the ravine, and like the Fifteenth, up to a point where further advance was impossible.

Incident and personal mention :

Captain Sanborn's memorandum: "At 4 o'clock that afternoon (the thirteenth) I was ordered out with four companies to support the battery a little to our left. About midnight I was ordered in with the four companies for the purpose of marching around to the south of the rebel works to make a charge, which we did about 7 o'clock next morning, Sunday. During the advance a small cemetery was noticed, into which mortar shells had fallen, and, exploding in the ground, had thrown coffins bodily out upon the surface. Some of the shells made holes large enough to bury a yoke of oxen in. The position of the men in the ravine was enfiladed by guns of the enemy on their parapet to the right."

Diary of Major Aldrich says: "Bright and beautiful. Started at 2 A. M. from brigade headquarters and marched to the left of the division, where the first and second brigades



CHARLES H. PROCTOR — Co. C.



CHARLES H. PROCTOR.



SAMUEL A. CURRIER — Co. C.



SAMUEL A. CURRIER.

charged at 5 A. M. through an enfilading and cross fire toward the rebel works, till compelled to halt by the character of the ground and murderous fire of the enemy. The Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers were in the advance, and kept their line perfect, plying and deploying while advancing. Retired at sunset, and bivouacked on our arms without our blankets or supper."

Corporal Blake, Company H, says: "We went clear across the bottom of the ravine, June 14. Saw Captain Sanborn there at the foot of the enemy's bluff." Blake had a corporal's guard of eight or ten men under him in gopher holes at midnight, when called to join his regiment at Colonel Clark's headquarters.

Lieutenant Parker, Company E, says: "Colonel Blair, who was in command of the regiment, came down the line and said, 'Here, lieutenant, I want you to take command of Company B,' which I did, soon after which our brigade moved on the fortifications, our regiment in front, followed by the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, Sixth Michigan, and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York, Colonel Blair about forty feet in front of our regiment, constantly calling on the boys to keep steady; this when a shell screeched over our heads, which I suppose every man thought just missed him. I know I never felt more like ducking in my life, but the 'steady, men' of Colonel Blair kept us in line, and as I afterwards learned from the rebs on our front, they never saw a regiment on dress parade that kept a better alignment than that front regiment. After striking the ravine near the old gate posts on the road to their works, a part of the regiment went into that, among them the company of which I had command; balance of the regiment were to the left of the road. After regaining my feet I looked about, and owing to the dense underbrush, fallen trees, etc., could see none of the other companies. Colonel Blair was standing on the left

bank of this deep gulf, and I called to him asking where the colors were, and he said, 'They are all right; keep down, we can't afford to lose you,' but he did not appear to have the same concern about himself."

Corporal Bullock, Company F, says: "Sunday. Started at 12 o'clock; had some hot coffee, and then marched six miles to the left; got there at half past 5 in the morning; formed a line and made a charge, but were repulsed with



JOHN C. BROWN—Co. D.



JOSEPH W. RANDALL—Co. D.

heavy loss in some of the regiments. We got into a ravine and stayed till dark, and then fell back to where we formed line of battle. Daniel B. Smith and William Baldwin wounded. We slept on our arms all night with nothing to eat. Hadley died."

Diary of Corporal Edwards, Company K, says: "We were out in the rifle pits supporting the battery till about 12 o'clock, when we returned to camp and the pickets and sharpshooters were ordered in, and the regiment fell in and marched about five or six miles before daylight, and waited

about two hours, when we advanced upon the rebel fortifications. We charged through a ravine about forty feet deep; when we got out we came into a road. The rebel cannon raked the road with grape and canister, which killed and wounded our men fearfully. We had orders to fall down behind logs and stumps, etc. I got behind a log where I lay all day, when we went back to the woods and the regiment formed line and we lay on the ground all night without our blankets. I had my gun hit by a shot which stove the barrel in and spoilt it."

Diary of Sergeant Stevens, Company K, extract: "The regiment was advanced one hundred rods after dark, in line of battle, and slept on its arms in the open field without supper."

Sergeant Trickey's diary says: "I was routed at daybreak and found the regiment had moved to the left. In company with Sergeant Orme and a few others, followed on and overtook it just before sunrise. On our way we called into the division hospital and saw Sergeant Wallace, who was wounded in yesterday's fight; they pronounced his case mortal; he knew me. Hurrying on we joined the regiment a few moments before it made the charge. The enemy opened with their artillery, and their sharpshooters were busy at work. The orders were given to advance. The Fifteenth led, in command of Lieutenant-colonel Blair; the Twenty-sixth Connecticut regiment followed us. In our advance the regiment came to an almost impassable ravine and deployed to the left, and clearing that, faced to the right, and then advanced upon the run. It was then the enemy opened with everything they could bring to bear. A shell passed over our heads and struck in the color company of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, killing and wounding twenty-three, making fearful havoc. Our regiment soon came to a ravine and sought shelter, finding it impossible to

cross so tangled were the trees, vines and bushes. Just before reaching the ravine I was wounded by a grape shot through my left arm. In course of an hour or two succeeded in reaching an ambulance, when I was taken to the field hospital, and after six or eight hours from the time I was wounded the wound was dressed, it having become much swollen and very painful. In the course of the afternoon was sent to Springfield Landing, and from there to Baton Rouge, reaching the general hospital there about 10 o'clock in the evening. I called on Colonel Kingman and several of our boys who were wounded, among whom were Corporal Rewitzer, who lost a leg, Solomon Newland and George Swain, both of whom died. John Mahoney was in the same hospital with me. I saw John Blaisdell; I also saw some of the Twelfth Maine boys, among whom were George Lake and Corporal McClellan, both of Company B; McClellan died while I was there. The general hospital contained seven hundred and twenty patients when I was admitted. The building used to be occupied as the state insane asylum."

Sergeant Trickey says that when the ravine was reached Blair announced to Colonel Clark that he had met an obstacle. Clark said, "Clear the obstacle." Blair then moved the regiment by the left flank and then forward, under a terrific fire. Blair said, "You did that splendidly."

Sergeant Burley, Company H, made his way back at noon and passed a boy on the field with his bowels out, and saw him replace them with his own hands, then draw about him his blouse, and so compose himself to die.

George W. Durant, Company G, who was very severely wounded in the arm, made his way to the rear, and was taken onto the seat beside the driver of an ambulance, which was loaded with the wounded, and through the bottom of which blood was dripping, like water from an ice cart. As they passed along, they were piteously besought to take on others, some of whom, it was claimed, could not live unless they reached the surgeons immediately.

CASUALTIES OF JUNE 14.

WOUNDED.

Field— Lieutenant-colonel Blair.

Company A— Lieutenant Pickering, sent to hospital next day ; Barnet H. Ames, John E. Tarbell, Simeon Stevens, G. W. Batcher.

Company B— Fred A. Mitchell.

Company C— Benjamin Bailey, John T. Dutton, William P. Gilman.

Company D— Captain Johnson, William N. Duesbury, Samuel S. Johnson.

Company E— Sergt. Josiah Norris, Daniel C. Abbott, James Richards, John Hodgman.

Company F— Daniel B. Smith, William H. Baldwin.

Company G— Hanson H. Young, Charles W. Adams, Monroe Brown, Oliver Lock, George W. Durant.

Company H— Lieutenant Seavey, sent to hospital, but returned in four or five days ; Lieutenant Perkins, Martin L. Moore, David W. Welton.

Company I— Lieutenant Wallingford, very severely in shoulder ; George W. Trickey, John W. Blaisdell, Joseph E. Brown, Joseph Bamford.

KILLED.

Company K— Edwin B. Mosher. (See page 31.)

Total— Killed, 1 ; wounded, 33.

There must have been several others wounded, as the list is very incomplete. Companies B, C, F and K make no returns.

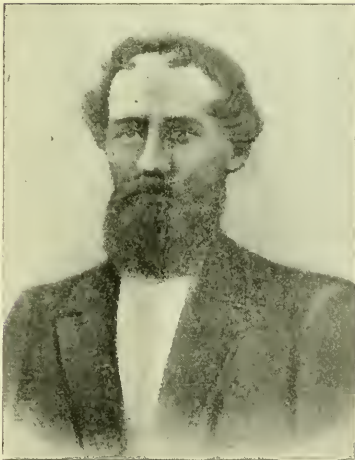
Lieutenant-colonel Blair received the wound of this day in the afternoon, while taking a drink from a spring, the bullet, a Minie ball, coming through the foliage, striking and plowing a deep channel in his arm so near the old wound as to leave but a very narrow line of the skin between. It then struck him a powerful blow in the side. All grew to be one wound now, and became very much swollen, black, and indu-



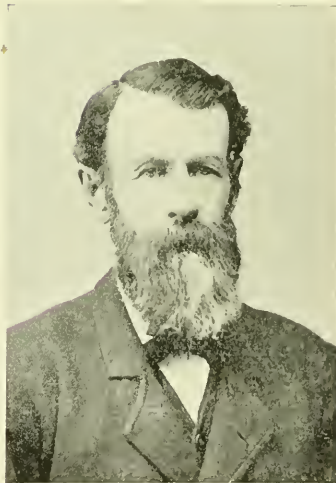
CORP. LEWIS D. BADGER—Co. A.



GEORGE A. PAGE—Co. B.



CORP. SAM'L S. MITCHELL—Co. B.



SAMUEL S. JOHNSON—Co. D.

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rated, and very painful. He passed the time in the ravine with Colonel Clark. After the wound Colonel Clark said to him that he should order him to the hospital on a surgeon's report. This Blair refused, as officers were now so scarce at the front that he felt he could not be spared. Lieutenant Moore was sunstruck, and received a shot through his sleeve.

Samuel S. Johnson, Company D. A 32-pound shot struck a stump and threw off a shower of splinters, one of which struck Johnson in the stomach causing a severe concussion of the bowels, and from which he never recovered.

David W. Welton, Company H. A fragment of shell struck his gun-stock, wrecking it and tearing off three of his fingers.

William Adams had the figure 5 shot off the front of his cap.

Martin L. Moore, Company H. Fragment of shell tore a piece out of his shoe, severely injuring his right foot, and from the effects of which he was permanently lamed.

It was a day of general battle, like May 27, and like that day was one of disaster and defeat.

The losses of June 14, are officially reported as follows, which must be far below the actual loss :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Officers.....	21	72	6	99
Men	182	1,245	180	1,607
Total.....	203	1,317	186	1,706

NOTE. General Banks reports his losses (see page 47, official records, series 1, vol. xxvi, part 1) :

May 27—107 officers, 1,888 men,	1,995
June 14— 99 officers, 1,607 men,	1,805
	3,800

There were 3,833 interments in Port Hudson cemetery alone, and judging by the losses in our own regiment, at least fifty per cent. more died in Baton Rouge, where the interments number 3,044, and many in New Orleans and other places.



MARTIN L. MOORE AND FAMILY. A war-time picture.

It should be borne in mind that among the wounded are included the mortally wounded, and that the missing must have been nearly all killed, as so far as known none on that day could have been made prisoners by the enemy.

June 15, Monday. Beautiful day, with few light dashes of rain. General bombarding went on. The men have had very little food and little rest since the thirteenth till near noon to-day, when rations were once more served of fresh boiled beef, raw bacon, hard bread, hot coffee, and sugar. The blankets came up, and so the regiment is located in a new position. Captain Johnson, and Lieutenants Seavey and Pickering, of Company A, are taken to the field hospital. Sergeant Wallace, Company I, wounded on the thirteenth, dies to-day.

Every inch of ground, gained by assault or otherwise, is strenuously held, and a gradual approach made to the enemy's parapets. Pickets would be advanced at night, each with a shoveller, who fell silently but diligently to work to make a slight excavation, throwing up earth on the side next the enemy. The shoveller then withdrew, and the picket sought the shelter thus provided, resumed the shovelling, enlarged and improved the excavation, and worked toward the next pickets until they met, thus forming a new and advanced line of rifle pits.

The ground is now occupied clear to the river, the ravine into which the regiment fell in yesterday's battle opening into the mighty stream, a beautiful and romantic valley with a small brook meandering through its verdant depths. At its broad mouth on either hand are lofty promontories frowning at each other, and their river faces vertical to a sheer height

NOTE. It is probable that Elias H. Hadley died after midnight of the thirteenth. He was buried on the fifteenth, Captain Gordon standing by the while. Some negroes dug his grave. He was buried in his blanket. The captain carved his name on a piece of board, and set it at his head. (See page 19.)



CORPS. AUSTIN MORSE AND
ANDREW C. ROLLINS—Co. C.



SERGT. J. J. SWAIN—Co. D.



JAMES C. THURSTON—Co. C.



BENJAMIN F. BURNHAM—Co. C.

of apparently an hundred feet. From height to height across the chasm is a distance of three hundred and forty yards. On the enemy's side, on this natural elevation, are their strongest works, redoubled and intricate, a perplexing labyrinth, while nature's hand also has made them not only inaccessible, but well nigh impregnable. This is their citadel, or "Malakoff," as it came to be called.

The fortunes of the siege are now grown most desperate. Our effectives are reduced to a very low ebb, and possibly do not outnumber the besieged. The enemy outside are bold and aggressive. The Confederate General Logan, with his cavalry, watches our lines from the rear like an eagle, and swoops down on every accessible point. Dick Taylor, son of old President Zachary, threatens our army from the interior. They approach the river between us and New Orleans, and open on our transports with artillery and guerrillas, and the great and seditious city itself seems about to fall back again into their hands, being now held by only about four hundred of our own men, and the convalescents at the Parapet are roused and called to man the rampart by frequent alarms. Vicksburg still holds out, and this stronghold shows no signs of yielding. It must be admitted that our men are showing some signs of uneasiness. But it seems the more desperate our state becomes, the higher should our courage be raised, and efforts be put forth commensurate with our fallen fortunes.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the regiment is called on line, and General Banks' famous order, No. 49, was read, calling for a thousand volunteers for a storming column, as a last desperate and forlorn hope. It does not appear that they were to be pushed forward to the assault, except that the outside enemy became dangerously strong and menacing, and at that juncture when the place must be carried regardless of its cost in blood, in order to save New Orleans and the river below, for if they fell then all was lost. This famous order was in these words :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH A. C.,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 15, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS. }
No. 49. }

The commanding general congratulates the troops before Port Hudson upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the conflict. We are, at all points, upon the threshold of his fortifications. One more advance and they are ours.

For the last duty that victory imposes, the commanding general summons the bold men of the corps to the organization of a storming column of one thousand men to vindicate the flag of the Union and the memory of its defenders who have fallen. Let them come forward.

Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault may be assured of the just recognition of their services by promotion, and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory, shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of 1863 for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name will be placed in general orders upon the roll of honor.

Division commanders will at once report the names of the officers and men who may volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the column may be completed without delay.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICH'D B. IRWIN,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Only one hundred and fifty men of our regiment appeared on line; they stood in plain sight of the enemy's parapet, but at long rifle range. They are a sad remnant of that brilliant host that left the old Granite State, but about an equal number are on duty in the trenches and on the firing line. The actual effective combatants could number but a little, if any, over three hundred.

Upon the reading of the order, one alone, W. I. Coburn, Company H, stepped promptly two paces to the front. Colonel Blair apparently expected a generous response, and after some hesitation he inquired, "What shall I tell the general is the reason you do not volunteer?" A voice down

the line replied, "We're all cut to pieces now." Lieutenant Larkin, who was always eager and impetuous for the fray, realizing that he could not go except there were also a sufficient number of enlisted men, instantly replied, "We are not cut to pieces," and made some very vigorous remarks. But the concensus of those present was ascertained to be that after their recent experience, and in their weakened state, they would not choose to be further reduced by taking their



LIEUTENANT LARKIN—Co. K.



W. I. COBURN—Co. H.
See pages 336 and 352.

best men from each company, but that they would go as a body there or anywhere they might be ordered. In this Colonel Blair concurred. In a few words he said if all could go he should be well pleased to have it so, but as our regiment had suffered, as he thought, more than any other in the army, he would not like to see its best men picked from the various companies and so throw the hard service now before them upon the remaining few; that the state of his own wound was such that he could not be accepted to lead them,

and no officer could be spared from that part of the line, nor men either, if it was to be held against even the feeblest sortie. Taking out men who would volunteer for such service would greatly endanger our position, as we held the very front next the enemy and under continual fire, and in constant expectation of a sortie day and night. If one should now be made it would require the sacrifice of every man to hold the line and prevent the escape of the enemy into the open country. But the thousand men were forthcoming, and many more, without our aid.

As it proved it would have been a place of rest and security if Blair could, as he would well have liked, taken the whole regiment into this column, for the assault never took place, and instead now of these volunteers performing an active part in the remaining redoubled work and danger of the siege, they passed the time in inglorious ease, while those who remained had to go on with greatly increased burdens to the end. The volunteering for the advance of May 27 and of June 13, was perhaps a braver act than this of the prospective storming column. They went without inducement, simply from a sense of duty, and they actually went immediately to their work, which was right before them; these merely offered themselves for prospective work, and with inducements held out, but escaped performance. Yet the circumstances under which the latter came forward, and in full expectation of an immediate trial of their prowess, rendered it in many respects an act of unparalleled heroism.

At dark Lieutenant Parker was placed in charge of one hundred men for a burying party, who proceeded upon the field and hastily interred all that could be found, the picket line being advanced beyond where the dead lay. Also fatigue parties were sent out to construct rifle pits; and in the night,

NOTE. Colonel Blair did not report Lieutenant Larkin and Private Coburn to headquarters as volunteers for the storming column, and they accordingly remained on duty at the front.

at the alarm of the pickets, whose firing became a perfect fusilade, the line was formed in expectation of a sally from the enemy's works. Captain Sanborn, with Company H, was sent out to support a battery, right in the face of the enemy's works and shells, and lay there on their arms all night.

NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS FOR THE STORMING PARTY.

Fifteenth New Hampshire.

Lieutenant Larkin, Company K.
Priv. W. I. Coburn, Company H.

Eighth New Hampshire.

Capt. Joseph Ladd, Company D.
Lieut. D. W. King, Company A.
Priv. John Riney, Company B.

Sixteenth New Hampshire.

Capt. John L. Rice, Company H.
Lieut. Edgar E. Adams, Company F.
Lieut. Edward J. O'Donnell, Company C.
Corp. Daniel C. Dacey, Company A.
Corp. Clinton Bohannon, Company C.
Corp. William A. Rand, Company K.
Priv. Edward J. Willey, Company B.
Priv. Asa Burgess, Company C.
Priv. Rufus L. Jones, Company K.

June 16, Tuesday. Very pleasant, cool morning; heavy shower just at night. The regiment now has its bivouac in the wooded ravine just back of the battle-field of June 14. It is a beautiful and shady grove within; a little rill runs through the bottom to the river which is only a few steps away. Here those off duty regale themselves; they go down to the river to bathe and wash their clothing; they shave and have their hair trimmed. If their friends from New Hampshire could call here now they would scarcely suspect that it was a place of war and danger. But let one of them step out of

NOTE.

HEADQUARTERS OF WESTERN LOUISIANA,
BAVOU LA FOURCHE, June 15, 1863.

COL. JOHN L. LOGAN, *Commanding Cavalry Brigade:*

Colonel: Your dispatches to Lieutenant-General Smith, Major-General Gardner, and Brigadier-General Mouton, by Lieutenant Cooper, have just been received and opened by me.

I have a brigade of cavalry, and two brigades of infantry, and four batteries of light artillery now *en route* to the Mississippi river, and shall attack the enemy opposite Port Hudson to-night, and will establish communication with Major-General Gardner and throw beef cattle into the garrison. A large cavalry force of my command will cross the Atchafalaya, in the extreme southern portion of the state, and will penetrate to the lower Mississippi coast by the way of the La Fourche section.

The command with which I shall operate against the enemy opposite Port Hudson will, after clearing out the section between Baton Rouge and Morganza, move down by Donaldsonville to the lower coast, and with light batteries, I hope to be able to prevent the passage of supplies by the river on transports. If any means can be devised to cross the river, I would be glad to throw one or two cavalry brigades to operate on the east bank of the Mississippi. You can communicate with me or the officer who may be in command of the forces operating in this section, by way of Morganza. I will communicate with General Gardner, if practicable, to-night, and will forward your dispatch to him at the same time.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. TAYLOR,
Major-General Commanding.

the woods onto the enemy's side ; the enemy's works are in plain view. The great trees that stand in the ravine stretch their giant arms far out over the level grass of the open field in front. Men are lounging here, and smoking and playing cards. There are ammunition boxes and cracker boxes lying around ; some one is peddling sugar and gingerbread, and such luxuries. Occasionally the rebel riflemen send over a bullet that zips apparently right past the ear ; no one pays



JOHN H. LANCASTER—Co. D.
See page 388.



SERGT. WM. H. PHILBROOK—Co. H.
See page 405.

the slightest attention to it ; but these bronzed old soldiers seeing a stranger there would advise him to withdraw into the ravine. But we can go forward in the rifle pits and see the prodigious work that is going on. Batteries 22, 23 and 24 are being constructed, and the zigzag road at the river is being cut across the mouth of the valley. Thousands of men, both colored and white, are shovelling and picking there under engineers trained at West Point. As the work progresses each inch of it is lined with riflemen, their rifles all



CORP. ANDREW C. ROLLINS—Co. C.



CURTIS BEDELL—Co. C.



MILO C. POLLARD—Co. C.



BURGESS C. KIMBALL—Co. C.

cocked and sighted on the enemy's parapet. There was another alarm last night, and the line was formed. It was caused by the enemy firing on our pickets and fatigue men. Great wagon trains of cotton come in, and 9-inch and 10-inch siege guns and mortars, some of the guns with as many as seventeen mules attached.

Walter B. Farnum, Wilder B. Griffin, and Justus B. Penniman, all of Company B, died to-day. Farnum and Griffin died together, and side by side, at Baton Rouge. Ezra C. Willard appointed fourth sergeant. Several convalescents come up from Camp Parapet. Edwin J. L. Clark wounded; lost one finger by a shot from the enemy. He had his hand dressed, and kept on duty.

There were rattlesnakes and other strange beasts in the woods where we slept, but all were harmless, and we dwelt together in peace and unity, and so long as they did not molest us it seemed wanton cruelty to destroy the innocent creations of the omnipotent God, and yet some, having the human form, would heartlessly strike down examples of His beauteous handiwork, oftentimes whose innocent lives were worth perhaps more than their own. This was a sort of race warfare, wherein there was no *casus belli*, excuse or provocation. The rattlers were exquisitely painted. On waking from a day-time nap on the ground, quite commonly one or more of the little Louisiana chameleons would dart out of our noble bosoms, and scamper up a tree, apparently regarding it as a great joke and laughing as though his sides would split, and in which merriment of the mirthful little creature we could join, all laughter is so contagious. But in nature's great republic there was a class of citizens who were not so innocent and free from guile, and who actually attacked and warred upon the human race in shoals and nations. It was the race *pediculus vestimenti*. Historical truth requires that it should be related of this curse, that they constituted one of

the great annoyances and hardships of a soldier's life. One could go forth against them in self defense, and though slaying them by thousands could never be rid of them for a moment. Though none could be missed, it was argued that if a thousand were killed there were a thousand less. At all times men could be seen with the *vestimenti* removed, sitting in shady nooks and busily occupied in this war of extermination. In those days of slavery, when it was sought by the church and its other promoters, to show that the negro was a different specie from the whites, and designed by the Creator expressly to be a servant of others, to sustain their position it was seriously argued that the negro was infested by a different louse from that which preyed upon the white man. How this argument would hold in the case of mulattoes and the exquisite yellow girl, it is hard to see; or did they have half-breeds and octoroons among lice also? and if so, the specific negro louse must have soon become a *rara avis*, as nearly all the slaves of the South were children of their own masters, or born with white blood in their veins. Nearly every soldier here was about as badly off as a certain king of old, who was so infested that two of his slaves were constantly engaged removing lice from his person and conveying them to the sea in baskets. But these particular creatures were translucent, and each had two parallel dark stripes running down his back. They were generally crushed to an ignominious death and spurned to rot above ground, whether they were of the negro variety, quadroon, octoroon, creole, or full-blooded whites, and many could sit for an hour on the crazy bridge that crossed the little brook in our ravine and drop them through the cracks in the flooring to a watery grave beneath, and all the while enjoy the sweets of revenge like a Modoc Indian. Doubtless nature does nothing in vain, but it has not yet appeared why these creatures exist; the good old dame ought to be ashamed of them. Shakespeare says they are a familiar beast to man, and signify love. And

it was amusing to note in the sunny South that courtship among the contrabands was effected by the colored "gemman" laying his woolly head in his best girl's lap, while she sought the *pediculus capitis* with a pleasure and happy state wealth and culture can never know. And notice the numbers of those impudent and shameless little rascals, and each individual louse, that his race might not become extinct, reared and established in business a family of fifty children every eighteen days.

John M. Powers, Company C, wounded in head while in the trenches.

June 17, Wednesday. Somewhat cloudy and cool. Lay in the rain and mud last night. Fine shower this morning; rice and coffee for breakfast. The pickets talk with each other and have become quite social and agreeable, and arranged among themselves not to fire till notice is given; it is now quiet and safe at this point, and both sides are working on their batteries in plain sight of each other. The enemy, in their butternut and slouched hats, are busy as beavers on the lofty ramparts of the "Malakoff," strengthening them and preparing a stout defense. A call is made for men acquainted with mining and tunnelling, and some California forty-niners respond. Bombarding goes on, on other parts of the line.

Captain Cogswell sent to hospital at Baton Rouge, and Sergeant Gordon takes command of Company A.

Captain Sanborn, having been absent a day or two in hospital, returned to duty.

Captain Osgood is sent to hospital with wound and the shakes, and is quite sick.

Isaac S. Jones, Company B, dies.

Sergeant Spencer says: "Hard night; lay on wet, muddy ground in the rain; no shelter; cloudy this morn. Am pretty lame with rheumatism; if I was at home I should be sick and in bed, but it will not do for a man to be sick in this country."



SERGEANT GORDON—Co. A.

June 18, Thursday, was very wet and foggy in the morning, with appearances of rain; soon cleared off, and was very hot. Heavy details are made for fatigue work, and thousands of negroes and soldiers are busy preparing breastworks and platforms for guns. Some deserters come in. Company B is in command of Sergt. G. B. Pennock.

June 19, Friday, was a beautiful morning, followed by a hot, bright day. Still working on batteries on our bluff, and the enemy can be seen busily working on the face of theirs. No firing at this point. Lieutenant Parker, of Company E, goes out with a detail of seventy men to work on rifle pits.

Lieutenant Perkins visits the iron-clad, "Essex," which lies one half mile below the lower battery in the river, with ten other warships and a large number of mortar boats; they lie opposite a great cotton plantation. He says, "There are rebel works all along here, but they have left them. It is a fine country; the scenery is beautiful."

Lieutenant Seavey returned to duty.

NOTE. A soldier's letter. Lieutenant Perkins. Written on two small scraps of paper:

“CAMP BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 18, 1863.

Dear Wife:

“I write this to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and in good health. I have been in two more attacks on the fort, and got off with only a slight bruise. Last Saturday Lieutenant Seavey and myself took charge of a storming party of fifty men from our regiment and went within eight rods of the parapet, but received so hot a fire that we could not advance, and dropped on the ground. We laid there four hours, with the balls singing and striking all around us. Two men were killed and eight wounded in our fifty. Bagley, Company A, was shot through the hips and is not expected to recover. Hadley, of Dorchester, Company F, was killed. They were both near me. We made the attack at 10 A. M., and did not get off the field till 2 o'clock the next morning. We then fell in with the regiment and marched three miles to the extreme left, and made an attack at 7 o'clock Sunday morning, and were repulsed. Our regiment was lucky, although in the advance. We had ten or twelve wounded, and none killed. Luther (M. L. Moore) was slightly wounded in the foot. The Twenty-sixth Connecticut lost seventy killed and wounded. The One Hundred and Sixty-second, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth, and One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York lost heavily. The L. D. (Londonderry) boys are all comfortable. Our company has but thirty for duty. One who was wounded in the first battle has died. I received yours of the twenty-fifth with the apple blossom. I don't know whether we shall succeed in taking this place or not, but I think if we had been managed right we should have taken it before now. We are in danger of an attack in the rear. Deserters come out every day; two have just come in. I have been talking with them. Our forces are so near that we talk with each other, and the pickets agree not to fire at each other. We are erecting breastworks and mounting guns. I don't know when I shall see you, or whether I ever shall, but whether I do or not, may God bless you all.

WASHINGTON.”



GEORGE W. HACKETT—Co. B.



JOHN S. CURRIER—Co. K.



MOSES B. DAVIS—Co. E.



D. A. CHESLEY—Co. G.

June 20, Saturday. Hot ; cloudy in the afternoon ; breakfast of cold coffee and fried ham, and the never-failinghardtack. There was some bombarding last night ; the enemy threw some shells into our camp, and fired upon our sharpshooters, wounding three men, one of whom was Joseph D. Moulton, Company A. Ditching, building parapets of shiploads of cotton and imbedding them in mountains of earth, and planting batteries, goes on incessantly. Lieutenant Perkins is out with fifty men intrenching. There was some sharp firing in the afternoon, and heavy fighting to our right. The gunboats are shelling the works. The rebels attacked Donaldsonville, sixty miles below us, and destroyed two transports, but failed to capture the fort.

The work is very severe on the officers. The report of June 20 shows that every captain is absent, by order of the surgeon, sick or otherwise debilitated, but mostly for a day or two only. First Lieutenants Hazeltine, Company C, Chadwick, Company D, Parker, Company E, and Wood, Company K, are on duty ; and Second Lieutenants Bean, Company C, Pickering, Company G, Perkins, Company H, and Larkin, Company K. Company A reports 44 enlisted men ; B, 36 ; C, 35 ; D, 33 ; E, 42 ; F, 36 ; G, 31 ; H, 33 ; I, 33 ; and K, 57. But this includes the musicians and cooks and wagoners, and the sick and wounded who are not sufficiently debilitated to go to hospital. Colonel Blair is ordered to hospital, but declines to go because of the scarcity of officers at the front.

Charles H. Willey, Company B, and William J. Pond, Company H, die.

June 21, Sunday. The sun rose clear and hot, but soon went into a cloud and remained obscured all day, with considerable rain in the afternoon. A very heavy shower at night and a wet and muddy bed. The pickets were advanced last night, and there was at the time quite sharp

firing ; several were wounded. The prodigious work of the siege goes on. Lieutenant Perkins goes out again at 7 o'clock in the morning with fifty men on fatigue. Rebel sharpshooters wounded one man—Ora H. Heath, Company F.

Joseph K. Heselton, wounded at Port Hudson, June 21, 1863, in arm by shell. Served in First New Hampshire Volunteers full term, and in the Tenth after discharge from the Fifteenth, from August 12, 1864, to October 27, 1864, when he was captured at Fair Oaks, Va., and died in prison at Salisbury, N. C., January 29, 1865.

Private Giles, of Company E, wounded, and also a man of Company A.

Thomas Sculley lighted his pipe night of June 21, and drew fire that wounded Joseph K. Heselton and others.

NOTE. A letter written in the trenches by Lieutenant Perkins, Company H:

“ BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 21, 1863.

Dear Wife :

“ I received yours of June 1, last night. I have time to write but a few words to-day as I am out on a fatigue party at work on intrenchments. We haven't taken Port Hudson yet, but I think we shall before long. My health is good, but it is rather a dangerous place to live in where we are. We had three men badly wounded last night by shells which were thrown in as we were quietly sleeping. We are preparing for a regular siege, and putting a chain of fortifications all around them, and when we get ready to open on them a storming party of one thousand men are going to charge the works. I haven't volunteered to go in it, for I have been in three such charges and don't feel more desire to try it again, but if we are sent in you may be sure I shall not flinch, for having tried it I know that I can face the danger without faltering. I can't bear the idea of going away and leaving the place in the hands of the enemy. What we do must be done soon, for the rebels are threatening us all around, and there is a prospect that we may be attacked in our rear, which would make bad work for us. Can't stop to write any more.

Yours,

WASHINGTON.”

June 22, Monday. Warm and showery. Company inspections. Fatigue work goes on the same. There is some picket firing; the enemy throw a few shells into our fatigue party. Blair came into the trenches to the shovellers and talked with them about another charge, and said something about going home after Port Hudson falls. Lieutenant Parker officer of the day.

Lewis Blake, Company A, died at Baton Rouge.

June 23, Tuesday. Very hot in the forenoon; little rainy in the afternoon. Digging, getting ready for another charge; no firing here. Occasional firing on the right of the lines. Extending works to river and in front toward the enemy; picking blackberries in the ravine; washing clothes, etc., in river. Fine shower this morning and beautiful rainbow before 8 o'clock, and another in the afternoon. At 7 P. M. raining hard.

NOTE.

“GENERAL HOSPITAL, BATON ROUGE,

TUESDAY, June 23, 1863.

My Dear Mary:

“ Since I last wrote you I have been into another fight, and the result is I am here. I was wounded twice, once by a musket ball, a slight scratch, and soon after by a grape shot from a 6-pounder, so the surgeons said. It went through the muscle of my left arm, inflicting a pretty bad flesh wound, but fortunately hitting no bones. I am doing nicely, although my arm pains me badly at times. I was wounded Sunday morning, June 14, at about sunrise. Our regiment led the charge, Lieutenant-colonel Blair in command. We were followed by the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, Sixth Michigan, and One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York. The orders were to carry the enemy's works at the point of the bayonet, but we met with a disastrous repulse, although our regiment did not suffer so much as it did May 27.

In my last, written June 10, I wrote you that important events were transpiring, and that a battle might be expected at any moment. The evening of June 10 I was on picket, and skirmished some during the day after. The next day, June 12, was off duty; was notified to hold myself in readiness for a dangerous duty that night, and rest and sleep all I



BENJ. B. BATCHELDER — Co. D.



DANIEL P. MASON — Co. D.



CHARLES C. BUNCE — Co. D.



JOHN RICHARDSON — Co. D.



SURG. BENJAMIN N. TOWLE.

SURGEON BENJAMIN N. TOWLE.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon by the rebels in 1861, Dr. Benjamin N. Towle was the first man in the town of Newmarket, N. H., to respond to the call of the President for volunteers, and to offer his services to the governor of the state for the defense of his country. In 1862 he was appointed assistant surgeon, Fifteenth Regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers. His regiment was placed under the command of General Banks, and in the course of time, with others, proceeded to Long Island, to sail from thence under sealed orders. The destination proved to be New Orleans, La., and Dr. Towle's regiment was stationed at Carrollton, in the same state. In April, 1863, he was detailed to serve in the Barracks hospital, not far from New Orleans, and near the battle ground of General Jackson, and there he remained during the rest of his term of service. He was selected to have full charge of the surgery of the hospital, and all the operations during his service there were performed by him. The morning reports of the surgical department in this hospital, showed that the recoveries were fifteen per cent. above those of any other hospital in or about New Orleans. At the expiration of Dr. Towle's term of service he was offered a continuance of his position in the hospital as a contract surgeon, but this appreciative and complimentary offer he felt obliged to decline on account of home duties.

could during the day. I will explain a little so you may understand better. Thursday evening, June 11, ground was broken for an intrenchment for a 12-gun battery several hundred yards in advance of our lines, and a large detail from our regiment worked in the trenches. As usual, cotton bales were rolled out and dirt thrown against them from the outside, making a deep ditch. The work was not completed that night; it takes about two nights to complete a work of this kind. About sunset, June 12, I was ordered with fifteen men from the Fifteenth, to report to a lieutenant from the Sixth Michigan. The brigade was represented by sixty privates, one lieutenant, one sergeant, and two corporals. Just before dark we were assembled in the garden of a deserted plantation. We were discovered by the rebels and fired on, grape and canister being used, but no one was hurt. After dark we were informed of what we were to do. We were ordered some one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards in front of the 12-gun battery in course of construction, and to make ourselves rifle pits, four yards apart, and hold them. We were to resist any attempt of the rebels to make a sortie. We were told that we were to be relieved before daylight (as after daylight it could not be done, we were so near the enemy), but we were not relieved and had to stay there all day. It was terribly hot, the sun blazing down upon us, and with no water, for a drink of which one would almost forego his hope of heaven. To add to the horrors of the situation our 12-gun battery got into position and opened on the rebel works. Every discharge would rattle dirt into our pits, and frequently a piece of shell would make us a visit. The rebels replied vigorously, but our guns would silence them after a while.

.. Shortly after noon a general bombardment was opened with all of the artillery, gunboats and mortar boats taking a hand. It seemed as though pandemonium had broken loose. After the bombardment of perhaps an hour or more, a skirmish line from our brigade, some sixty men, were sent forward, and nearly all annihilated. Sergeant Wallace was mortally wounded. After the repulse of the skirmish line there was a truce, and coming out of my rifle pit I went up with others and had a talk with some of the rebels who came out with a flag of truce. Our flag was a white handkerchief tied to the end of a ramrod. The truce lasted about an hour, and we brought off our dead and wounded.

.. I was relieved that night at 10 o'clock, or rather relieved myself, as no one came, and looking over the rifle pits found I was alone; no one could be seen. The detail from the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York had not dug a pit, and probably had left soon after being posted. On thus relieving myself I hastened back to where our camp was

supposed to be, but could find no one; camping down on the ground, hungry and thirsty, I soon forgot everything. I had been without sleep thirty-four hours. I was awakened at daylight by Sergeant Orme, who informed me that our regiment had moved some four miles to the left, and a charge would be made from that position. We hastened to join our company; there was quite a squad from our company and regiment. We reached the place of rendezvous just before sunrise, and found the brigade drawn up in line, the Twenty-sixth Connecticut in front, but a change was made and our regiment led. It was just about sunrise when the order was given to charge, Lieutenant-colonel Blair in command, Colonel Clark of the Sixth Michigan commanding the brigade. We were met with a terrible fire of grape, canister and shell, and the rebel sharpshooters were putting in hot work. We met obstructions (ravines) but cleared one by a flank movement. The brigade pushed forward, the regiments in our rear suffering the most. Just before reaching the last ravine, which could not be crossed, I was wounded, as I have told you. I remained on the field nearly an hour, and made my way back to a place where there were nearly fifty others, some worse off than myself, and some whose wounds were slight. My wound was bandaged over the blouse, and cold water applied. I was taken to the division hospital, and the wound was dressed eight hours after it was done. Our doctor said I was very lucky, for a half an inch higher I would have lost my arm, if not my life. I was sent to Springfield Landing, and from there to Baton Rouge, by boat, reaching here the same night about 8 o'clock.

“Mary, Sergeant Wallace is dead. He was shot through the left lung. He was wounded in the skirmish Saturday, June 13, and died in the division hospital, Monday. He was alive when I left for Baton Rouge, and knew me. He thought he would get well, although the surgeon told him he could not live. I understand that he died somewhere about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Those who were wounded in Company I were Lieutenant Wallingford, Joseph Brown, Jackson Shaw, John Blaisdell, and Joe Bamford: none, with the exception of Lieutenant Wallingford, were badly wounded. The colonel has been in to see me twice, and the rest of the boys. He was placed under arrest, on false charges; he has demanded a court martial. John Mahoney is here. The rest of the boys are in different hospitals in town. I understand that George Swain and Solomon Newland, of our company, cannot live. Newland is from Rochester.

“June 25. I was not able to finish this the day I begun. My arm has pained me at times terribly; it is some easier this morning. There is a report that the wounded nine months' men are to be sent home at once,

June 24, Wednesday. Cloudy, and very hot. Our big batteries (22, 23, 24), are about completed. Cleaning guns and preparing for regimental inspection, which comes off at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The rebels, who have been working on the citadel, raise their flag there to-day. Our flag is raised on our battery this afternoon. It is expected that our great guns will open momentarily. The flags are within easy rifle shot of each other. The enemy shelled our sappers and miners, but without effect. We are still intrenching, and apparently preparing for another assault.



CAPT. BENJ. F. HALL — Co. K.

and if that is so I suppose I shall be at home before a great while. There is still fighting at Port Hudson, and General Banks feels confident of an early surrender. I have not been able to travel about any: walking jars my arm, and it still discharges a good deal. It is dressed every day and cold water applied; that is the only remedy. My appetite is very good; I can eat enough, and get enough to eat: we get good bread and butter at night with tea and milk, and as much as we want. I do not sleep very well nights, for my arm pains me more at night, but I make up by day what I lose at night. You mustn't worry about me for I am doing nicely, and the doctor says the pain in my arm is a good sign that it is healing well. You needn't answer this, for I don't think we shall be here when an answer from this comes, but I will write you every chance I get. My arm is paining me badly, and I must close. I have just heard that the company that John belonged to was all cut to pieces: that all were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners but two, and he wasn't one of them. His regiment was cut up terribly. You can tell his wife, or not, just as you think best. I hope the news is not true. I must close now surely, with much love to you and Lewis, and hope to be with you before many weeks.

GEORGE."

June 25, Thursday. Very hot ; quite windy ; light shower in the evening. Major Aldrich ill and gone down to Lieutenant Hendley's (quartermaster) headquarters for rest. Inspection at 9 o'clock in the morning. No cannonading ; the sharpshooters fire some through the day, picket firing at night. The boys are pretty well worn out. Captain Hall is officer of the day. Lieutenant Larkin is placed in command of Company B. Hard bread and coffee for supper.



SERGT. MERRICK—COLOR GUARD.



CORP. MCGREGOR—COLOR GUARD.

June 26, Friday. Pleasant morning ; two showers in the forenoon ; very hot. The batteries on our bluff are about to open ; they are immense affairs, and constructed with prodigious labor. There are seventeen guns in No. 24 alone, mounted on platforms of hewn timber. These guns were drawn up the steep sides of the bluff, being slung under the axle of a pair of massy trucks that were twenty feet high, and hundreds of men pulling at the drag ropes. A part of them were from Farragut's fleet, and under the supervision of navy artillerists. There was an inspection in the fore-

noon, and at 2.30 in the afternoon the whole regiment was advanced over the open field into rifle pits in front of battery 23, with two days rations and canteen of water. Picket firing and sharpshooting is resumed, and in the bottom of the trenches it is intensely hot and suffocating; no one can show his head above. At 3 o'clock precisely the big batteries belch forth, all the guns being discharged at once, and the bombardment kept up in full force till 11 o'clock at night. It was said to cost a hundred dollars every time one of these guns were fired. Almost at the very first the rebel flag dropped to the ground; their men mounted their parapet, and under the fire, and in plain sight, raised it again immediately. Three times during the afternoon it was shot down, but after this it was raised no more. The mighty bolts from our guns scream and roar across the great chasm, and plunge into the enemy's works with tremendous force, throwing up great clouds of earth as they explode, and at 4 o'clock a magazine in their citadel blew up with a flash and power as though it would rend the globe. There were two 20-inch mortars at 26. Their charge was well nigh a half bushel bag of powder, coarse as chestnut coal. A derrick stood beside of each to lift the ponderous bombs into their upturned mouths; the great globes exploded high in the sky with a detonation that reverberated among the clouds and rivalled Jove's own thunders. Lay in the trenches all night. Major Aldrich is very sick and at Lieutenant Hendley's headquarters; Sergeant Spencer is sent to hospital; Harvey D. Powers, Company B, dies.

REPORT OF CONFEDERATE COLONEL PROVINCE, SIXTEENTH
ARKANSAS INFANTRY.

June 27, 1863.

General:

Yesterday morning works of the enemy were discovered about two hundred yards to my front, and some three hundred yards in advance of any of the neighboring works of the enemy. I was unable to comprehend the design of these works. I therefore directed Lieut.-Col. [J. M.] Pitman to send out a brave and cautious man to examine them. Accordingly, Private Meires was sent out, who passed beyond the works to the right of them, so that he could get a view of them from the enemy's side. He reported the works connected with the woods by a deep ravine, and that they were occupied by some fifteen or twenty men. A short time before nightfall Colonel Pitman sent out Sergt. J. W. Parker, the result of whose reconnoissance was substantially the same as that of Private Meires. Feeling that I would not be able to post our pickets without the loss of life, or else discontinue pickets altogether, I determined to take the works and destroy them. I directed Colonel Pitman to call for thirty volunteers from the Sixteenth Arkansas for the execution of this order, and place them under a proper officer. Many of the men and large numbers of the officers volunteered. * * * The whole were placed under the command of Lieut. A. G. McKennon. At nightfall they were placed outside of our works, at a point south and west of the enemy's works. At the same time a number of our men, at a point considerably to the left of Lieutenant McKennon, were directed to make a noise and engage the enemy at the battery in conversation, with the view of directing attention from the point of approach. This was done, and a lively and noisy conversation ensued. While this was going on Lieutenant McKennon approached to within about thirty yards of the enemy's works, when he gave the order to charge. In an instant the work was in our possession. The enemy fired but once and then at great elevation. After the works were in our possession, the men, with the assistance of others from the regiment, tore down the works and scattered the sand bags, bringing many of them into camp. Besides destroying the works, seven prisoners were taken and several were killed and wounded. We had only one man hurt, who was knocked down by one of the enemy as he was leaping into the works. Some twelve or fourteen guns were also brought in.

We finally posted our pickets, and were only annoyed during the night by occasional volleys fired from the woods.

Respectfully, etc.,

[Brigadier-General Beall.]

D. PROVINCE,
Colonel Commanding.

An incident of the night of June 26, 1863, as related by Capt. A. G. McKennon, in the spring of 1889, for publication in the History of the Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers. Captain McKennon was first lieutenant Company E, Sixteenth Arkansas :

“The Confederate forces at Port Hudson were commanded by Major-Gen. Frank Gardner, who, I understand, was a classmate of Gen. N. P. Banks, commanding the Union forces. At any rate they served together in the Federal army before the war, and were warm friends. General Beall was in command of the brigade of which the Sixteenth Arkansas infantry was a part. The regiment was commanded by Col. David Province, formerly of South Carolina, with Ben Pixlee as lieutenant-colonel, and L. N. C. Swagerty as major. During the siege Colonel Province commanded on the right as brigadier general, which left Colonel Pixlee in command of the regiment. This regiment was at first stationed on the right of the sally-port and road leading to what was known as the ‘slaughter house,’ and some quarter or half a mile southeast of the road leading to Clinton.

“There had been a light engagement a few miles out from Port Hudson at a place called Cross Plains, the Federal army then advancing in force against the place, which it immediately invested, throwing its lines around us from a point where our breastworks touched the river above or northwest of the town to where they connected with the river below, a distance of some three miles. We had earthworks thrown up from a ditch on the outside about four feet deep, making the works about four feet high.

“The first general engagement was on the twenty-seventh of May, 1863, and lasted nearly all day. The Confederates succeeded in repulsing the Union forces at all points. Having advantage of the works the Confederate loss was nominal,

while that of the Union forces was heavy. After this engagement General Banks got in position all his field pieces around our lines, and soon knocked down every gun we had, so that we had thereafter no artillery except on the river. Almost continual fire was kept up along the lines from this time on, until the surrender on the ninth day of July.

“On the fourteenth of March the Federal fleet below undertook to run by us, and our batteries on the river were used to good effect, so disabling one of the vessels that she was abandoned. After floating down the river, near Baton Rouge, her magazine exploded, doing, as we understood, great damage to property in that city.

“In addition to the artillery on land, there was a fleet above and below us. Their land batteries fired on us both day and night. The guns from the fleets usually played on us in the evening, and those of our soldiers who slept at all went to sleep under fire of the fleets and the land batteries. The lighted fuses of the shells thrown from the mortars on the gunboats could be seen far above us in the air, frequently a number of them at a time, and could be seen descending apparently immediately above us, but we became so much accustomed to this that we paid no attention to them. They seldom did any damage or injured any one. The boys, when lying down on the ground (for they had nothing else upon which to lie), would laugh and joke about them, and threaten to kick them into the river as they came down.

“The fourteenth of June came on Sunday, and we were aware that the Federals were preparing to make a general assault upon us. Through the night we could hear them moving, and occasionally hear the voice of some one speaking as if addressing the troops, and in the morning, at daylight, they made a general charge which lasted for several hours. We succeeded in repulsing them again, with an exceedingly heavy

loss. Gen. Halbert E. Payne, now a resident of Washington, was wounded just to my left, and remained there all day in the hot sun. Several detachments from his command made efforts to take him from the field, but were shot down by the Confederates, they coming without any truce.

“On the evening before the battle, Colonel Pixlee and I had gone back toward the town to get something to eat, and as we returned the artillery commenced firing. We dodged behind trees, and were quite merry. After the firing ceased we started on again, it being now quite dark, he having to go to the right of the regiment and I to the left. After we had separated and gone some distance he called to me to come back. He took me by the hand and told me that we were going to have a hard fight in the morning, and that he felt like I would never see him again, and that he would be killed. About 9 o'clock the next morning, Lieut. George J. Crump came down the line and informed me that Colonel Pixlee had been shot in the head and killed. No officer more gallant than he ever commanded a brave soldiery.

“In order to protect ourselves from the Federal artillery we dug holes in the ground, over which we placed timbers and threw dirt over them. When the fire was hot we went into these holes, and those who slept, slept in them.

“There was a battery (14, Captain Holcomb) just in front to our left, some three hundred yards out. It was composed of some six pieces of very fine rifle guns. He had his orders to fire every half-hour. Frequently our boys would get into conversation with his men, and get on top of the works to talk to them. When it came his time to shoot he would halloo to us: ‘Get down now; I am going to shoot.’ He gave us time to get into our holes before he fired. One evening he proposed to meet an officer of his rank from our command, half-way between his works and ours, on the Clinton road. We told him we would submit the matter on

the next day to our superiors, and see him the next evening. General Gardner ordered that I should go out and meet him and exchange newspapers with him. Some one called and told him that I would meet him, and he said, 'All right, come on.' So we proceeded to meet each other between his sentinels and ours. I asked him about the paper, and he said he had forgotten it, but would go back and get it. He took off his hat and canteen, which contained something stronger than water, threw them down, and said, 'Here, you keep these; I will return directly.' I told him to take his hat and canteen, and that I did not want any pledge or security from an honorable and brave officer like I knew him to be. He went and soon returned with a number of papers and a box of cigars. We spent the evening and until a late hour in the night in pleasant conversation, consulting occasionally the canteen and cigar box. He invited me to take dinner with him after the surrender, which I made promise to do in such manner as to indicate that I thought the dinner would be far in the future. After the surrender he hunted me up and I took dinner with him. I had had but little to eat for some time, and was in a condition to enjoy his dinner. We had already devoured our horses and mules, and had but little else upon which to subsist.

"In the engagement on the twenty-seventh of May, a regiment of Zouaves, I think from New York, was engaged with us immediately in our front, with other troops. We repulsed three lines that were brought against us. The Zouaves coming with the first, remained on the field to do battle with each of these lines, and came within a short distance of our works. At one time our gallant commander ordered us to cease firing on account of their gallant conduct, but when we ceased firing they came again, and we had to resume in order to keep them from entering our works. Our boys were filled with admiration for them, and sought them out on the

field and gave them water. Several were brought inside and cared for at our hospital. After the surrender they asked permission of General Banks to guard our regiment, which he granted. There were left of the six hundred that went into the fight, eighty-two as brave men as ever fought in battle. They threw their lines about us and would not permit the colored troops, who were very insulting, to come near us; and proceeded to cook for and feed our boys, who were very hungry. Colonel Province addressed a note to the commander complimenting them for their courage, and for their kindness to us. This note was published in the Northern papers and there commented upon as an evidence of the feeling of the gallant soldiers who were fighting at the front.

“At several places the Federals had succeeded in advancing to the outer edge of our ditch, just outside of the works, by throwing up sand sacks during the night and advancing them as far as they safely could each night. When near our works they began to undermine, with a view of blowing us up. Besides this peril to which we were subjected, they had hand grenades which they threw among the Confederates, and everyone who exposed himself during the day was fired upon. We had succeeded in keeping them from our regiment, until finally, one morning, we observed just about one hundred yards in front of us breastworks erected, about one hundred yards in length. This was at the head of a ravine making off toward our works from a large ravine running parallel with us (see map in front of battery 18). Colonel Province sent for me, and I suggested that he call for volunteers to destroy those works, which he did.

“Lieut. H. Blackard, now a resident of Clarksville, Ark., went out near the works, crawling among the weeds and briars, and on returning to us reported the number occupying the works to be, I think, about sixty, with a heavy reserve in the main ravine back, supporting them.

“Thirty-one officers and men responded to the call, among whom was Capt. Daniel Boone, who had a few days before been wounded in the arm, and still held it in a sling. When they were assembled Colonel Province ordered Boone to his company. He replied that he had no man in his company who would obey the call, and he proposed to go himself. Colonel Province then addressed him saying, ‘Captain Boone, you have never disobeyed my orders. You will not do so now. I command you to return to your company.’ Boone, after a few moments of thought, sullenly obeyed. My gallant little brother-in-law, Willie Berry, who was afterwards killed in Arkansas, was a volunteer and went with us. Colonel Province ordered me to take command of the detachment. I requested him to confer the command upon some one else, as there were several officers who ranked me, which he refused to do. I then tendered the command to each of the ranking officers, who declined.

“I instructed every alternate man to fire as we charged, and the others to hold their fire for a hand to hand conflict inside the works. Our men on the left got up a noisy conversation with Captain Holcomb’s battery, which engaged the attention of our enemies, and we went down to our right and crossed and quietly moved up until we got within twenty yards and in front of the enemy’s works, when I gave the command to charge. We were almost instantly over their works and firing upon them. A few shots in the air from their guns was all the show of resistance made, except that one soldier clubbed his gun and knocked one of my men from the works. The others, and the reserve, retreated hastily through the blockade back of them, and onto their main line some two hundred yards back.

“In the charge I got my shoulder rather painfully injured. Inside the works we captured several prisoners, and cut the sacks to pieces, emptied the sand, and piled them up. We gathered up the arms, and after searching the brush

heaps and capturing several others, we took up the sacks, guns, and prisoners, and retired within our works.

“About this time the battery learned of our charge upon their works and the retreat of their men, and commenced firing in the direction of where the works had been. The Federal loss, as I now remember it, was seven killed and a number wounded.

“I was ordered by Colonel Province to take the prisoners to General Gardner's headquarters, which I did. He was very angry for a time and threatened to ‘cashier’ me and disgrace me in the presence of my regiment, for going outside and attacking the enemy; but on learning that I had lost no men, and that only one other beside myself was at all injured, and that we had killed several and captured a number of prisoners, he became reconciled, and assured me that I would be rewarded; and the next morning he issued an order complimenting me, which was read to the troops around the works, and I was furnished a copy.”

June 27, Saturday. Very heavy dew last night, and dense fog this morning from the river. Bombarding slackened at 11 o'clock, and continued slowly the rest of the night, but it was renewed at daylight and replied to by the rebel citadel. At 2 o'clock in the morning were routed for breakfast of boiled salt beef and coffee and hard bread. A part of the rebel parapet is demolished, and one of their big guns toppled over. Regiment remains in the rifle pits. Two men were wounded in our battery to-day, and nineteen deserters came into our lines. The sharpshooters and picket firing is brisk all day.

Major Aldrich is still sick at Lieutenant Hendley's headquarters.

June 28, Sunday. Very hot day. Bombarding and sharpshooting goes on without remission. At 5 o'clock in the morning there was a hot engagement between the big

batteries that top the two bluffs. The regiment still lies in the same trench. Companies A, C and H were sent out sharpshooting last night, and came in to-night. Lieutenant Parker, with a heavy detail, dug all night at the extreme left. Sergeant Stevens, Company K, in charge of fifty men, is detailed for fatigue, and worked through the night till 4 o'clock in the morning on the zigzag sunken road close to the water, that is advancing across the bottom of the valley to the foot of the enemy's bluff. The enemy tried to shell them out, but could not as they had no mortars.

Major Aldrich is still sick at Lieutenant Hendley's. A Lieutenant Jackson, of a Maine regiment, was shot through the thigh in the trench just to our left.

June 29, Monday. Bright day; very hot and dry. The following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH REGIMENT N. H. VOLS.,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, June 29, 1863.
(Nine days before the cessation of hostilities.)

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 36. }

In accordance with orders from General Banks, the following men are hereby detailed to report for duty to the assistant adjutant-general at Headquarters Department of the Gulf: *

Corp. Collins M. Hanson, Company K.
Priv. Charles F. Harrington, Company K.
Priv. E. P. Banks, Company K.
Priv. Erastus Smith, Company K.
Priv. John C. McArthur, Company K.
Priv. Henry Butterfield, Company E.
Priv. Ellexis Marcotte, Company E.
Priv. Thomas W. McDonald, Company H.
Priv. J. P. Young, Company A.

By order of

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BLAIR,
Commanding Fifteenth N. H. Vols.
E. E. PINKHAM,
Adjutant.

There was a night alarm at the old camp, and all the sick were turned out to man the parapet. Lieutenant Moore, Company I, was in command, he being the only commissioned officer there. All the sick there are examined by the surgeons, and every one that is able is sent to the front. Elliott, Blake and Cross, Company G, are sent up. The regiment still lies in the trenches. Many are sick and wounded now, and Sergts. J. J. Burley and Philbrook, Company H, and many other sergeants, are on duty constantly. The usual bombarding and sharpshooting goes on through the day. At sunset there was very heavy firing both by our batteries and small arms. Our sappers and miners have approached to within twenty feet of the enemy's parapet in two places. At 8 o'clock in the evening a bold attempt was made by a detachment of the Sixth Michigan to get possession of the citadel, where our sap approached. Hand grenades were first thrown over, and then a small party of about forty made a dash over and into the enemy's works, taking them completely by surprise. They found themselves in a ditch, following which they met a rebel captain with his relief, whom they grabbed, and one private, and rushed them over the works into our lines. Two of this party were killed and eight or ten wounded. Lieutenant Pickering, of Company A, returns to duty.

June 30, Tuesday. A very hot day. The regiment remains in the same trench; it was inspected in the trenches and mustered for pay by Lieutenant-colonel Blair; four

NOTE. In Lieutenant Perkins's letter of June 18, page 500, he says: "The Londonderry boys are all comfortable." It is interesting to notice what is considered "comfortable" in actual service at such a time and place as this. Of the eight Londonderry boys who embarked for Port Hudson, Morrison was killed May 27; Sanborn was mortally wounded May 27, and died June 2; Pond was sent to hospital, and died June 20; Webster was very severely wounded May 27; Moore was wounded June 14; Coburn was wounded May 27; Perkins himself slightly wounded June 14, thus leaving only one, McGregor, who had escaped scathe so far.

months' pay are now due. Major Aldrich is still very ill; he rode up to the regiment to-day and found them in the trenches; he then returned to Lieutenant Hendley's very much exhausted. At sunset a part of the regiment was ordered out and raised the breastworks along the sunken zigzag road in low places, by piling upon them bundles of brush so that passing troops would be concealed from the enemy's view. They were engaged in this work for two hours, when the regiment was called on line and marched to a point near the river and formed for a charge on the citadel, the design being to climb the steep and almost perpendicular ascent directly at the water front. Steps had been cut in the face to facilitate the ascent. It was midnight when the position was reached. The regiment was standing in column of fours, and left in front, which brought Corporal Edwards, and Privates Pressey and Osa D. Nichols, Company K, to be the first men to encounter the enemy as they should mount their works. The head of the column was just at the tunnel's mouth and within twenty-five feet of the enemy, and the line stretched back down the slope into the deep bottom below. Lieutenant-colonel Blair placed himself at their head, Lieutenant Larkin by his side, and with a rebel deserter for a guide, who had volunteered to lead them in. Blair, thinking if the guide was a true man, that it was a great pity he should be wholly defenseless, had given him his sword, but fearing treachery, had drawn his revolver, which he carried in his left hand, — the right arm being still in its sling, — and informed the guide of his doubts, and said to him, "On the least sign of treachery I shall shoot you down in an instant." The guide seemed to have a very serious realization of his position. And now all waited in the darkness and in breathless silence for the order to scale the mighty and frowning ramparts which crested the bluffs. But there seemed to be some unusual delay, and after nearly an hour had elapsed a staff officer dashed up on the keen gallop and inquired

who was in command there. He was referred to Colonel Blair. The order for the assault was countermanded by General Banks. In the morning, at 6 o'clock, the regiment returned to its bivouac in the ravine, — having stood to their arms all night—excepting Company K, which remained there on duty as sharpshooters to protect the sappers, who now having reached the front of the enemy's parapet, were tunneling beneath it to lay a mine of powder.

James H. D. Blaisdell, Company H, dies of his wounds.

REPORT OF SICK AND WOUNDED.

	Officers.	Enlisted men.	Totals.
May 31.....	11	256	267
June 10.....	13	316	329
June 20.....	19	302	321
June 30.....	20	322	342

NOTE. O. P. Lyles commands the citadel. The enemy's official account of the dash of the Sixth Michigan boys into their citadel:

Major:

PORT HUDSON, June 30, 1863.

I said to you that the enemy charged me on the extreme right. So he did, and a few of his men got into my trenches. I killed six in my trenches, and as to the number outside killed and wounded I do not know, but his loss must be considerable. It was rather a small business, as usual (I mean his charge). He took one captain and three of my men out of my trenches, and killed one, making my loss five in the aggregate. I repulsed him very handsomely, and all is now quiet. I can repulse him every time, and will do it. During the skirmish I discovered he was marching a large force toward General Beall's line, and hence the suggestion to watch in that direction. * * *

I am, Major, very respectfully, etc.,

O. P. LYLES,

Colonel Commanding right wing.

MAJOR T. F. WILSON,

A. A. General.

PRESENT FOR DUTY.

	Field.	Captains.	First Lieutenants.	Second Lieutenants.	Enlisted men.
May 31 ...	2	6	5	6	460
June 10	2	5	5	5	387
June 20	2	..	4	4	380
June 30	1	1	4	4	361

Among the enlisted men are reckoned the musicians, wagoners, cooks, etc., so that the actual combatants would average about fifty less than the figures given above.

AMMUNITION ACCOUNT.

June 16 —	Company C,	1,000	rounds.
	Company F,	50	“
	Company I,	500	“
	Company E,	450	“
June 17 —	Company A,	200	“
	Company F,	50	“
	Company D,	350	“
	Company I,	60	“
	Company G,	70	“
	Company E,	510	“
June 18 —	Company F,	100	“
	Company A,	90	“
June 22 —	Company F,	290	“
	Company A,	40	“
June 24 —	Company I,	290	“
	Company I,	30	“
	Company A,	230	“
	Company G,	1,040	“
	Company E,	100	“

MUSTER ROLL OF CAPT. JACOB B. SANBORN, COMPANY H,
FIFTEENTH N. H. VOLS.

June 30, 1863.

Capt. J. B. Sanborn, sick in regimental hospital.

First Lieut. A. B. Seavey.

Second Lieut. W. Perkins.

First Sergt. T. G. Ames.

Sergt. H. B. Philbrook.

J. J. Burley.

A. B. Nye.

W. H. Philbrook.

Corp. J. C. Coombs, absent sick.

J. L. Hubbard, absent sick.

C. C. Clark, detailed as mail carrier.

W. S. Maloon, absent sick.

J. D. Blake.

C. McGregor.

T. Philbrook.

Musician B. J. Baker.

A. J. Sanborn.

Wagoner M. A. Northrop, detailed.

Priv. A. P. Alexander.

J. M. Bixby.

H. A. Burley, absent sick.

Thos. Brown.

L. F. Brainerd, absent sick.

C. W. Buzzell.

E. A. Carpenter, sick in regimental hospital.

D. W. Cross.

W. I. Coburn.

I. W. Coombs.

C. R. Clark, absent sick.

T. W. Donald.

Priv. George Dawson.

M. E. Eastman, sick in regimental hospital.

Robert Finel.

A. Goodwin.

H. D. Gregg.

A. M. Gordon, detailed.

D. S. Gilman, absent sick.

D. Griffin.

P. Hyde.

J. Hicks.

J. A. Hines, detailed.

M. N. Holmes, detailed.

W. F. Holmes.

S. H. Jacobs, absent sick.

S. Keniston, absent sick.

N. A. Kendall.

C. Lawrence, absent sick.

M. L. Moore.

H. McGuire.

A. McDaniels, absent sick.

J. Perkins, absent sick.

W. J. Pond, absent sick. *

D. M. Philbrook.

M. H. Rollins, absent sick.

J. Runnells, absent sick.

W. H. Smith.

H. P. Swain, absent sick.

S. T. Swain, absent sick.

H. P. Sanborn.

J. S. Sanborn, wounded mortally May 27, 1863;
absent sick.

J. Y. Sanborn.

E. Sanborn.

J. J. Shaw, absent sick.

Priv. B. Sweat, absent sick.
 J. A. Templeton.
 H. H. Thornton, absent sick.
 J. S. Walker.
 H. Webster, absent sick.
 D. W. Welton, absent sick.
 J. Wiggin, cook.
 George F. Bowers, died May 9, 1863.
 C. H. Sanborn, died May 25, 1863.
 J. G. Morrison, died May 27, 1863.
 Noah Chattle, died May 27, 1863.
 J. H. D. Blesdell, died May 28, 1863.
 J. H. Sanborn, died June 2, 1863.
 George W. Webster, died June 3, 1863.
 William Fife, died June 5, 1863.

Corp. J. E. Preston, discharged May 11, 1863.

General Dow was captured at 9 o'clock in the evening of June 30.

The Banks' campaign, preliminary to the investment of Port Hudson, through the rich Tesche country to the mouth of the Red river and descent on Bayou Sara, having previously cleared the country of all the disloyal, and dispersed all organized foes, both naval and military, so as to leave him now free to act against the beleaguered stronghold, was brilliant and successful as any of the campaigns of Napoleon. It reflected great credit on both the general and his army, but in that distant place and during those stirring times of alarm and war and blood, received no adequate notice from

NOTE. Enlisted men for duty June 30: Company A, 38; B, 29; C, 40; D, 38; E, 39; F, 33; G, 21; H, 32; I, 34; K, 57. Total, 361. In these reports from the adjutant's books musicians, teamsters, and cooks are not counted, but only those bearing arms. This will account for the discrepancy in the Company D report, pages 417 and 419, the report of page 417 being derived from diaries and including the cooks, etc.

the world at large, nor has the world yet turned to view those great and decisive achievements. But at Port Hudson it must be thought that he should have been more patient of events; that he miscalculated the spirit of the foe, and the impregnability of their position; he was too confident of success; he did not hold his subordinate generals in hand so as to act with concert and harmony; that he rashly and repeatedly rushed his men upon the enemy's works thereby suffering great loss without inflicting commensurate injury on the foe. Grant, however, and many other great generals, in this respect were equally at fault. Gardner was a trained and experienced soldier; he had been educated for his profession at the charge of the very government which now he raised his bloody hand to destroy. He was vigilant; he was tireless; his officers were true to him and loyal as his own right arm. At whatever hour or point he was attacked, there he was strongest. The verdict of history must be that Banks was vastly outgeneralled by Gardner. Who would meet a Hannibal, must pursue a waiting policy. Much has been said as to whether the surrender was enforced or whether it was due to the fall of Vicksburg, but all the negotiations were based on the fact of the fall of that stronghold, rendering it utterly futile to hold this longer. Yet, if Banks had held his cordon drawn tightly round, and refrained from further disastrous assaults, the place must soon have yielded. But even one more bloody assault like that of May 27, or June 14, would have reduced Banks to the extremity of abandoning the siege; and for this very assault Banks was pushing his preparations, led thereto by circumstances which seemed to him warrantable and even imperative, that he should now risk all and either succeed or disastrously fail. His army was reduced by disease and wounds and overwork; the terms of many were about to expire; the enemy in front were seemingly as strong and vigilant as ever, and they were

gathering great force and becoming very active, blockading the river and his base of supply in the rear, and seriously threatening New Orleans and the recovery of all that had been won since the passage of Jackson and Saint Philip by Farragut in April of the year before.

July 1, Wednesday. A day of terrible heat. And now that the regiment, and all others also, is greatly reduced numerically, by detail and disease and wounds and death, so that scarcely a third of the full number are on active duty in the actual presence and face of the ever vigilant and enterprising enemy, the duty that falls on the remaining few is very severe, and becomes more and more so, and rapidly increases in peril as our lines approach the enemy's parapet. Our regiment cheerfully bears the brunt of all and occupies the hazardous post of honor, it being considered nothing more than fair that they should perform all possible duty during the remaining few days of the term, and so save the longer term regiments for future service. But the enemy outside now becoming so formidable and active, all are strained to their utmost tension, for the place must fall soon or the enemy below will re-capture New Orleans and the river, which would mean defeat and irretrievable disaster.

The sunken, zigzag road is carried across the low, wide mouth of the valley between our great battery and the enemy's "Malakoff." It was commenced right at the water's edge and almost the first shovels struck a skeleton, long reposing there, which may have been that of De Soto or some grand sachem of the aboriginal Americans. It continued till it struck the upright bank beyond, then a huge headless hogshead, stuffed with fascines, was rolled ahead, and a ditch carried up the steep incline till it reached the mighty ramparts that crested those heights. At this perilous proximity and post of vital responsibility, our regiment serves now and to the end. It is reduced to a small band of

bronzed, unflinching, and never flinching few. A tunnel is begun which penetrates the foot of the parapet till it reaches the centre, where it branches right and left, and following its dark and subterranean course beneath, eventually extends across the entire front of the enemy's massive works, and turns the angles on either hand. It is of the calibre of a yard, and the nature of the upheaved alluvial such that when done it is smooth and round as though bored with a giant auger. The old and skilled California miner, Lowell S. Hartshorn, had the work in charge, five or six negroes under him removing the earth which at the tunnel's mouth was thrown by shovellers onto a platform that has been constructed on the very face of the enemy's parapet, and thence again pitched by other shovellers on this platform, right up and over into the enemy's works; a stone could be thrown from this platform into the river. Hartshorn enjoyed his work immensely, and applied himself with the skill and diligence of a beaver. "I'll coyote right in there," he was heard to exclaim, and night and day pushed on and on, although it was understood that the enemy within were countermining to meet him and drop at any unexpected

NOTE. Reminiscence of Eighth Corp. C. A. Young, Company A: "Was sent out as lieutenant with a detail of twenty-four men for twenty-four hours, at midnight of the twenty-ninth of June, onto the brink of the bluff where the water was right under us. We crossed the low land by dodging from one cotton bale to another. We deepened the trench in which we lay. At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of July 1, when the sun got round, it became so hot that we could not bear our hands on the ground, and the men began to drop from the heat. I called for volunteers to go for shade and water, but none started. We had stumbled over several dead when coming in, who had been shot in trying to cross. I finally ordered them to fire briskly, and during their fire ran across some ten or fifteen rods to a trench where there were some troops. I got two blankets, five or six canteens of water, and some whiskey, and returned with them. We fixed up the blankets in gun locks for shade, and placed Lorrain Shannon, Alonzo Taylor, and Collins under them. Had to pry open Taylor's mouth to give him whiskey."

moment on his devoted head. One or more riflemen are constantly on this platform, and all the saps and trenches lined with them side by side around the entire lines, with their rifles cocked and sighted on the enemy's works. The enemy, for the most part, behind their parapets lie low and silent, but occasionally get a shot at some of our men, although generally at the cost of their own lives, and to-day John O. Langley, becoming a little too venturesome, was thus shot and instantly killed. But every day men are being killed and wounded. The artillery fire goes on between our great batteries without interruption, and from the "Essex" and "Richmond," some of whose shells explode over our own heads, and mortar boats, as also from powerful batteries which have been planted across the river; our land batteries in the rear send some of their shots entirely

NOTE. It is said to cost the government \$100 every time one of our big guns is fired. Among them, at our battery (24), are two 20-inch mortars. They hang in their massive carriages on their trunnions in a nearly upright position like immense pots. A derrick stands by each to hoist in the ponderous iron globes which weigh several hundred pounds each. A bag of powder, of a peck or more, as coarse as pea coal, is used for a charge. When the lanyard is pulled, with a deafening roar, from the midst of flames and smoke the great shell rises into the air, and can be followed by the eye till its explosion, high over the enemy's works.

NOTE.

PORT HUDSON, LA., July 1, 1863.

Major :

I am unable as yet to check the enemy in his march with his trenches. I am of the opinion that he will reach my trenches to-night. He has shelled my troops at the extreme right very much to-day, with the view, I think, of trying to demoralize them so as to storm my rifle pit to-night. He has almost ruined my rifle pit with his artillery. I am wide awake.

Respectfully, etc.,

O. P. LYLES,

Colonel commanding right wing.

Major T. F. WILSON,

Assistant Adjutant-General.



The enemy's citadel. Mouth of the big ravine. Our big river battery.

VIEW OF PORT HUDSON FROM ACROSS THE RIVER

over the beleagured district into the water, where they skip on the surface like things of play. There was quite active firing of small arms just as the day closed, to which the enemy replied with unusual spirit. Company F is stationed at the mouth of the pit, and Captain Gordon is here on duty except when off for sleep and rest, but the sergeants cannot be spared, and are here almost constantly, in many instances acting as lieutenants, and many corporals are doing sergeants' duty. Edwards, Company K, is near the mine with fifteen men, who suffer terribly from the excessive heat, and three of them are sunstruck. The enemy threw many hand grenades, which were small shells affixed to a stick, over their parapet, by one of which Hanson H. Young received a blow. They also rolled great bombs down the hill, having first lighted the fuse, but without doing serious injury, and it was found that they had planted round their works, just outside, many of our shells which fell among them but failed of explosion, and connected their fuses with wires strung in the grass, which our men tripping upon should set off to their own destruction.

July 2, Thursday. Excessively hot. Some of the bombs rolled down by the enemy lodged against the hog'shead at the head of the trench, and then exploded. The trench on the right side was piled with sand bags, and also the platform was so protected on its flanks. As the enemy could not, at the citadel, depress the ponderous artillery there mounted so as to fire upon our men directly beneath, they devised a means of shelling them by balancing a long gutter of planks over the parapet, into the end of which they could place a lighted bomb, then lifting their end cause it to roll out and down amongst them. This gutter was directly over the platform, and was discovered in the morning when a shell came through and immediately exploded, as though to open the day with unwonted ardor and spirit. None on the plat-

form were injured, but there were many colored shovellers below eating their breakfast of army soup, in what had heretofore been a place of comparative safety. This soup was made of ingredients that came baled like cotton, compressed by hydraulic power, and bound up with ribs of iron. The cabbage, turnips, onions, potatoes, meats, and seasoning, were all within compounded to one solid mass, like the everlasting granite. It was broken up with an axe and boiled in Louisiana water, which alone was often rich enough for a soup without other mixtures. Each had received his ration in his own bright shovel, and ate therefrom with a spoon. Several of them were severely wounded, and were carried off in the same wagon that had brought up their rations. Bill Tabor, Company K, who was at the time stationed on the platform with his rifle, called to those beneath to pass him the end of a rope that lay there, which was handed up by his comrade Pressey, when he climbed on some sand bags and noosed the gutter; at his word the boys below pulled it away and thereupon set up a great shout. A volley was fired by the enemy just as Tabor jumped down. Captain Hall was there as brigade officer of the day. This was a very daring and successful feat, and for an individual affair, was one of the most remarkable little incidents of the siege. Tabor was afterwards awarded a medal for this and other acts of daring.

Our side threw hand grenades quite freely to-day, and some conversation by billets and by shouting was carried on. One of the rebel billets read, "You uns may fool around there as long as you please, but you can't come in here so long as we have plenty of mule meat and black beans to eat." At noon, when B. F. Spofford, Company K, their cook, brought up the company dinner, he took a gun to relieve one of the guard while he ate; seeing a rebel's head come up he fired at it, and when he turned to reload received a shot through the sand bags which cut through his clothing and grazed his neck.

George H. Butler, Company F, was killed here in the trenches. Sergeant Burley, Company H, and Melvin M. Barney, Company F, were on duty close by. Burley asked Barney if he had seen anything lately. This distracted Barney's attention, and just at that instant a rebel head shot up; it was only twenty-five feet away. Burley said, "Wait a moment; he will look up again and we will both fire." He soon showed his head again, and Burley and Barney both fired with one report. Just then a rebel gun at the right that enfiladed the position was discharged; its shell exploding tore up the works, throwing both Burley and Barney into the bottom of the ditch and somewhat injuring them, but not so that they left duty, and this same shell completely severed the top from Butler's head. Butler fell on his back with his clenched fists up, which spasmodically shook for a moment and then were still. The enemy, after the surrender, explained to Burley how the man they fired on was killed. When he showed his face, as they fired on him, it was exceedingly hot and red. The same shell that killed Butler and wounded Burley and Barney, also killed some of the colored men who were shovelling at the mine. Captain Gordon was on duty at the time of Butler's death, and being told that Butler was dangerously hurt went immediately to his side, but all life was extinct.

There was brisk cannonading between the enemy's batteries along their lofty river front and our batteries on the low land across the river. Major Aldrich returns to the regiment. John S. Currier (see pages 30 and 501), Company K, died. To-day the enemy's cavalry dash in upon Springfield Landing, destroying stores and creating general consternation, during which several of our men were made prisoners, and others wounded, among them C. F. Dockham, Company D.

Lieutenant Pickering, Company A, returns to hospital, and Sergeant Gordon is again in command.

NOTE. Letter from Lieutenant Perkins :

“ BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 2, 1863.

Dearest Wife:

“I have just received three letters from you, eighth, twelfth, and fifteenth, with Lucy's and Mary Ann's two Independents, and two child's papers. We have received no mail for some time, and it came like bread to a starving soul. We haven't taken Port Hudson yet, and I don't know as we ever shall, but we are bound to stick to it until it is taken or we are driven away. We are living in ditches or rifle pits; we stay in them all the time, night and day, and have our rations brought to us. Our station is on the extreme left, right on the bank of the river. I am now sitting in a ditch within a few feet of the water. We are running a sap up into the citadel, which is on a high bluff; it is dug wide enough to run up artillery, and we are now within a few feet of their works. The rebs pelt us with clods of dirt, and roll shells down on us, but not one of them dares show his head above the breastwork. Our sharpshooters are on the watch like cats; there is a continued firing most of the time of cannon, mortars, and muskets, and while I am writing it is nothing but bang, crash, pop, whiz. There are but few men killed or wounded; we have lost in the regiment but six or seven since the charge on the fourteenth. Pond died of sickness at Baton Rouge — three of our little squad gone. The accounts of the charge of the twenty-seventh, which we have received in the New York papers are gross misrepresentations, and are false in almost every particular. Our regiment has been abused, for I know that no regiment in our brigade has done better than ours, and I *know*, too, that men of Company H went as near the rebel parapet *as any one did in the brigade*. I will explain to you, if I get home, how these stories are put in circulation. I have no clothes here but what I have on, which are shirt, pants, blouse, cap, and boots. I am as dirty as I ever was digging potatoes. We have got the ground itch, and are all lousy. Our chief recreation is eating hardtack, scratching, and hunting lice. I have slept on the ground without any covering ever since we left Carrollton. This is the anniversary of our wedding day. What a contrast between this and thirteen years ago! The guerrillas are getting troublesome in our rear. General Dow was taken prisoner a day or two since, and to-day, Brainerd, of our company, was taken and paroled; he was on his way here from the Landing with four others of our company who were left behind sick. I think this thing will be decided here very soon. God grant that we may be successful. Tell Lucy I think she wrote a nice letter, and I am very thankful for the papers they sent.

“ July 3, morning. The mail is just going.

Yours as ever,

WASHINGTON.”

NOTE.

** BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 2, 1863.

Dear Mother :

** Having an opportunity to send you a letter I have thought best to improve it, though I concluded after the first battle not to write until after the fall of this rebel stronghold. But that time is liable to be more protracted than I then expected.

** This regiment arrived here the twenty-second of May, and since that time Port Hudson has been closely invested on all sides. Batteries are planted all round, and deadly missiles are poured in upon the enemy from all directions. Sharpshooters are posted at short range behind every stump, tree, or bush, that affords a shelter from the enemy, and from these hiding places a score of bullets fly at any living thing that ventures to show itself above the parapet. This state of affairs must be greatly annoying to the enemy, hemmed in as they are, with no possible way of getting more supplies, and without an inch of ground not exposed to our shells. But still Port Hudson holds out, although repeated and desperate efforts have been made to storm the works. The position is considered, naturally, the strongest on the Mississippi. It is a high bluff, or in other words, the land, instead of being beneath high water, is raised several feet above, and is cut up into large fields by deep and tortuous ravines whose sides are nearly perpendicular, and being unfit for cultivation were formerly very heavily wooded. These ravines defend the approaches to the enemy's parapet on all sides, and those in the immediate vicinity having had their trees felled in all directions are rendered absolutely impassable for a body of troops in line of battle, especially under a galling fire from the enemy's artillery. The more I see of Port Hudson the stronger is my conviction that it will never be carried by storm except at a ruinous cost of life. But yet any general in Banks's situation, with a small army one half of whose time had nearly expired, and threatened in the rear, could be justified in attempting its reduction more speedily than by regular siege. What the next movement will be I am unable to predict, but a large number of men have volunteered for a storming party, and they will probably make an attempt to enter four or five miles to the right. The Fifteenth is on the extreme left, in rifle pits that are worked up the bluff to the very foot of the rebels' outer works. In some places the hostile parties have only the thickness of the parapet between them, and frequently handfuls of earth are exchanged, but it is sure death for one to expose his head. The rebels have at times amused themselves by putting large shells into a trough, then raising the inner end

till they would roll out over the parapet down the steep bluff to us, but this morning our men succeeded in throwing a rope round their trough and pulling it away from them. The heat here is very oppressive. There have been many cases of sunstroke. The remaining ten of our boys are well. Perhaps you have not heard of Mr. Pond's death; he died at Baton Rouge. J. G. Morrison was killed in the battle of the twenty-seventh. J. H. Sanborn was mortally wounded. There are many other things I would like to write but have not time as the mail is going to leave. I am well.

Yours in haste,

CHAS. MACGREGOR."

NOTE. Samples of what the signal-flags are saying:

“OPPOSITE PORT HUDSON, June 29, 8 A. M.

- Wait a moment: am waiting orders.'
- From whom?'
- General Dwight. Move a little to the left.'
- How shall the mortar fire to hit the gun on wheels behind the citadel? How many yards is it?'
- Three hundred and fifty. The gun is not there.'
- Where is it?'
- Fire eight hundred yards on the verge of the bank. No; six hundred yards.'
- Is it a rifled gun — about 62-pounder?'
- Yes.'
- Six hundred yards from here?'
- Yes.'
- Watch a shot fired at it from the mortar. How was that?'
- Try it at five hundred yards. Neither shell exploded. Fire little to the left.'
- Splendid range. Fire one hundred yards short of last shot.'
- That did not explode. Could not see where it fell.'
- Will try it again. Keep watch.'
- That fell one hundred yards short. Range good.'
- Did you see that?'
- No; did not explode. Can only see the shells when they burst.'
- Can you see the rebels at the citadel?'
- Not in the citadel, but scores of them on this side of it.'
- Direct our fire at them.'
- All right.'"

.. OPPOSITE PORT HUDSON, July 1, 11 A. M.

- ‘Can you see that gun that is firing now?’
‘Rebel guns opposite me are firing.’
‘Are they together?’
‘No; one is six hundred, one one thousand, one eleven hundred yards from your battery.’
‘On the river bank?’
‘Yes; within fifty yards of it.’
‘How was that shell from here?’
‘Don’t know. I can direct one of your guns if you are ready.’
‘Ready now. Firing at second gun; watch.’
‘Your last gun made a good shot. Little too far to the right.’
‘Watch our mortar. How was that?’
‘Fire little to left and one hundred yards short.’
‘Have rebel shell done any damage to our guns on right bank of river?’
‘Can’t say.’
‘Send a man to find out, if not too dangerous. Watch fire of these mortars particularly. How was that?’
‘Did not explode; fire again.’
‘How far is that gun next to citadel?’
‘Six hundred yards.’
‘Chart says eighty-five yards from church. Will fire at it.’
‘Good range; fell two hundred yards short.’
‘O. K. Who are the navy chaps with you?’
‘Dr. King and three others. Fifth gun of our battery hit lower rebel gun last shot. Tell them a hair lower; have just hit it again.’
‘See last shot?’
‘T was ten feet to the left.’
‘I mean the mortar shell.’
‘Struck in the citadel two hundred yards short.’
‘How is this?’
‘One hundred and fifty yards short.’
‘One Parrott on this side is disabled.’
‘How?’
‘Hit by rebel shells.’
‘Yes; but how badly disabled, and hit in what part?’
‘The carriage was hit underneath; no great damage. Last shot one thousand yards short.’

‘General Stone wants to know if any damage has been done to rebel guns.’

‘Our fifth gun has hit the breastworks of the big rifle four times. Its fire is splendid. Can dismount it soon. No other damage.’

‘You say our fifth gun?’

‘Yes: from the left.’

‘Our sixth gun just made a glorious shot.’

‘Is the carriage of our Parrott too much disabled to be immediately repaired?’

‘Think not; believe they are at work upon it. Let the sixth gun fire ten feet more to the left.’

‘How now about the fifth and sixth guns?’

‘The sixth gun is the bully boy.’

‘Can you give it any directions to make it more bully?’

‘Last shot was little to the right.’

‘Fearfully hot here; several men sunstruck; bullets whiz like fun. Have ceased firing for a while the guns are so hot. Will profit by your directions afterward.’

‘The rebels are firing that rifle; No. 6 can stop them. They have knocked half the earthworks over before that big rifle.’

‘Can they hit it with same aim?’

‘Yes.’

‘Will fire at rifle now. Report every shot.’

‘I must know what guns are to fire.’

‘Only one in this battery.’

‘Is it fifth or sixth?’

‘Neither. It is a navy Dahlgren I want you to direct the fire of.’

‘Be there to-morrow morning at 6; cannot see.’”

“ July 2, 6 A. M.

‘Are you ready?’

‘Report shells from mortar.’

‘Big rifle is just disabled by our Parrott.’

‘How badly? Is any gun of big battery firing at it now?’

‘The gun has pitched forward. No.’

‘We are firing at the gun in ravine behind the citadel. How was that?’

‘Can’t see any gun mounted within one thousand yards of the citadel. Should like to direct fire of Nos. 9 and 10; is it possible? Last mortar shell fell seventy yards short of disabled rifle.’

‘What do you propose to fire at with Nos. 9 and 10?’

‘Two fine guns. The lowest on river bank, and now firing at our Parrotts.’

‘You can direct the fire of No. 9 or a 24-pounder. Will wait for your report after each shot. What was last shot?’

‘Forty yards to the right; that shell burst a little short. Range first rate.’

‘Last shot but one was fifty yards to the right; last shot was splendid, only three yards to the right. Fire little lower.’

‘Fire little lower.’

‘How was last shot from howitzer?’

‘That shot touched the breastwork eight feet to the right of the gun. Fire little lower.’

‘And the last?’

‘Had good range, but was one hundred yards short.’

‘That burst short.’

‘Last shot was one hundred yards to the right. This shot was capital; a fraction high. Last shot was fifty yards to the right.’

‘It can’t get any further to the left. Where is the second rebel gun?’

‘Lowest gun is seventy-five yards from the river; second gun is little farther up and forty yards from the river.’

‘How was that?’

‘Little too high; last shot little too high.’

‘Are we firing at the lower or second gun?’

‘Howitzer is firing at second gun; the others fire to your right of both.’

‘Howitzer shell goes six feet over gun every time; last shot was little too high. Too high again; can’t they or won’t they depress that gun?’

‘Won’t, I guess.’

‘Was that shot any better? and that?’

‘Both and forever too high.’”

Who reads this book must feel that it would be unfair and unjust to single out a member of the regiment, either of the officers or men, for special mention. This matter should receive brief consideration. The story of Colonel Kingman's conduct, in his first and only battle, is told in earlier pages. It is almost wholly gleaned from eye-witnesses and sources other than his own lips, he, though often importuned, remaining silent as to his own personal merits, apparently never thinking of self, or fearing to assume an air of egotism or self-gratulation. In his letter relating to his release from command he says nothing in relation to his services, and claims nothing on their account. Though in some lines exhibiting a bitterness of feeling, it is on the whole a manly expression of the grief of a great soul under a most trying ordeal. His conduct, then, as a citizen-soldier, is a remarkable one, and challenges the admiration of the world. He was calmer than the fiery Blair, and when all hope was gone set himself to save, and did actually save in the end, all of the day that was saved, and without him on that part of the line at that critical juncture when the enemy essayed to sally forth, the men that had composed Sherman's army, now utterly scattered and disorganized, would have been made prisoners or put to total rout. Sherman, Cowles, Kingsley, and Blair, were seemingly all of that mould who would conquer or die, and unless they could win there should be nothing left to save, thus ignoring the good old adage that

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

But Sherman fell early in the fight, repeatedly and severely wounded. The gallant Cowles, in his brilliant uniform and polished boots, lay dead upon the field, reeking in his own blood, with his snow-white handkerchief spread over his face. Kingsley was shot through the jaw, and the crimson stream gushed out like a fountain. Kingman's major and adjutant

were both severely injured, and Blair was lying helpless and bleeding in a friendly nook at the very front. Thus Kingman was left alone and almost unaided in command of Sherman's rent and distracted forces. And here he checked the enemy's repeated sorties, although led and animated by such spirits as Beall, Miles, Boone, and McKennon, true gentlemen and soldiers all, and holding thoroughly at heart the cause for which they fought.

All the colonel says for himself is that he assisted the color-bearer from the field, saw him properly cared for, and that when he came off at night he brought the flag with him; and then, by order of General Andrews, assembled all soldiers, and without regard to organization, formed a line just at the burned Schalter house, in full expectation of another attempt of the enemy to sally forth in force.

Like Blair and Cogswell, and many others, both of the rank and file, Kingman forgot his fever when the tocsin sounded for the grand assembly to meet the foe. No less an obstacle than death itself shall stay him now. If his leniency was excessive, his other fault as a military man was simply an absolute honesty and frankness of nature, utterly ignoring the hypocrisy of tact, which impelled him to an unthrifty haste in speech and an impetuosity and dash, there, that well accorded with his bearing on the day of battle. These are slight faults and common ones, and such as are particularly looked for in soldiers, which time and experience eliminate from all as men are ground and disciplined in the great mills of God. The men want no mere passive and negative creature for their colonel, but a real and positive character, one for whom they could shout and in whom they could glory, one who would lead them, participate in all their hardships, and share their dangers. Such an one they had in Kingman, and they liked his peculiarities as much as his other and less conspicuous parts and merits. A colonel's

place is in the rear of his regiment when it advances upon the foe, but Kingman, in the fearful heat of the southern noon-tide, doffed his coat and trappings, and sword in hand led his regiment, several paces in advance, and was just in the rear of Generals Sherman and Dow when they fell. Although there is abundant shelter right at hand neither he nor his men falter but press on to the last, and there, at the very front, vigilant and busy in the midst of both life and death, he is found like King Henry of Navarre. It never occurred to such men that such a leader had faults, and if, in the strong light that beat upon him as on a throne, they should see that he had, they would honor him all the more for his humanity, and because he was like other men, for God hath fashioned all his best with some slight defects, which like black drops in the lily's bosom, sit there both in man and woman, a brace of cunning little devils that spice life, and by contrast bring to light its hidden beauties.

Nothing can be added to what has already been said of Lieutenant-colonel Blair, or what will occur in these pages. There is no known case in all the mighty hosts of the Union armies, where so severely wounded and debilitated an officer remains on duty in such proximity to the enemy, and while nursing his wounds and husbanding his strength by reclining on a stretcher in the trenches, despatches the multifarious affairs of his position, and comes forth on all occasions of battle and peril to head and lead assaults, as on June 14 and the midnight attempt on the enemy's "Malakoff."

Major Aldrich and Adjutant Pinkham remain on duty regardless of their injuries.

COMPANY A.

Captain Cogswell and Lieutenant Hendley, as has been shown, each rose from a sick bed in Carrollton to embark with Sherman's expedition. Cogswell, being an invalid, is sent down river from Springfield Landing with a detachment of sick, but returns and reaches the bloody field of May 27 just at the close of the battle. He then remains on duty, exposed night and day to the open elements and the fire of the enemy, and like all others, with no sustenance except the coarse fare of the commissary—the saltiest of pickled beef and pork and hard crackers, and the blackest decoctions of tea and coffee with the muddy water of the great river—until June 17, when he is completely prostrated and sent to hospital for good, and does not rally again till long after reaching home. Hendley is now the efficient and indispensable regimental quartermaster. Pickering, though wounded on the twenty-ninth of May, responds to every duty till the next day after the battle of June 14, when he is sent to hospital where he remains till the twenty-ninth. He then returns to his company, but succumbs finally, four days later, on July 2. During this absence of commissioned officers Sergeant Gordon is in command till toward the very close, when he, also, is completely prostrated by rheumatic pains and lameness, and Lieutenant Parker is then assigned to Company A.

COMPANY B.

Captain Ela is provost marshal at Carrollton. Lieutenant Wyatt is down river, having been severely wounded May 27. Lieutenant Page is slightly wounded, and otherwise debilitated; he is in hospital by order of the surgeons.

COMPANY C.

Captain Lang is in hospital with his injuries. He is a man beyond the military age, and unequal to the extreme hard-

ships of the service. But little can be found relating to Lieutenants Haseltine and Bean; the latter is known to have been at the front, and though wounded, to have served there with great merit to the end.

COMPANY D.

Than Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Chadwick, none could be more faithful, and it is doubtful if anything can be added to what appears in these pages as their daily record. As much should be said of Lieutenant Durgin, who, though a non-combatant, was as indispensable as any line officer in the regiment. His work was prodigious, and some have expressed a fear that he might not receive due prominence in our history. But in the attempt to do some one full and ample justice, there is always the danger of doing injustice to others by disparagement. He was often exposed to fire, and at one time while visiting the trenches to obtain Lieutenant-colonel Blair's signature to a paper, a ball striking near by threw sand upon the ink.

COMPANY E.

Captain Stearns, although wounded May 27, is on duty nearly every day throughout, and Lieutenant Parker, without a break, shares every danger and hardship of the company. Second Lieutenant Wood is sick at Carrollton.

COMPANY F.

The daily record shows Captain Gordon on duty almost constantly at the front, although injured May 27. (See bottom of page 351.)

COMPANY G.

Captain Osgood is absent in hospital with a wound received early in the siege, which, though reported slight, becomes very angry and dangerous, and from which he barely escapes with his life. Lieutenant Ayers is left behind in hospital



WOODBURY M. DURGIN.

After his discharge, on account of his shattered health, he sold his personal estate, and removed to Manchester, engaging in the shoe business there in company with Mr. G. W. Dodge, under the firm name of Durgin & Dodge. After two and a half years he sold his interest to his partner, and returned to Northwood. In March, 1873, was elected county commissioner for his county, and served three years; in July, 1876, was appointed register of probate for Rockingham county, and removed to Exeter, holding that office until July, 1887; then again returned to his native town, which he has since repeatedly served in an official capacity. Has been justice of the peace throughout the state since 1857.



LIEUT. JOSEPH G. AYERS -- Co. G. (See page 84.)

with the fever, and does not rise from his bed till very near the close of the siege. Thus, during nearly the whole term of the siege, Lieutenant Pickering is in command.

COMPANY H.

Of the officers of Company H, it is sufficient to state that their record appears in this work from day to day, and if equalled is not excelled. They escaped serious wounds as if by miracle, and seem physically to have withstood the hardships of the service better than the officers of any other company. Lieutenant Seavey was wounded, as has been learned by diligent inquiry since his death, but was only absent from the front for a day or two. Lieutenant Perkins was also wounded, of which he made no entry in his diary, nor ever made mention in the many conferences held with him in relation to the siege, and the historian was surprised to run across the fact in reading through a great mass of letters written to his wife. He never left the front for a moment.

COMPANY I.

Captain Pinkham is sick and sent down river by order of the surgeons. Lieutenants Moore and Wallingford are in command. Moore was severely wounded at some time during the siege, and was sunstruck on June 14; Wallingford was very severely wounded June 14.

COMPANY K.

Like the officers of Company H, those of Company K are all on duty, if not every day very nearly so. Second Lieutenant Larkin, of this company, and Private Coburn, Company H, were the only two who responded to the call of June 15 for the forlorn hope storming column. Larkin's military record is one of which his comrades and the state and nation should be proud. After the fall of Port Hudson he was

appointed a captain and mustered as such August 17, 1863; was transferred to the Seventy-third Infantry, October 5, 1864; transferred to the One Hundred and Seventeenth Infantry, December 23, 1864; discharged August 10, 1867; brevetted major United States Volunteers, to date March 13, 1865, for faithful and meritorious services during the war.

Of enlisted men, not to mention any by name, let us notice all those who volunteered on May 27 to bridge the enemy's moat, those who were in the affair of the early morning of June 11, and those composing the skirmish line of June 13, to all of whom was explained the character and dangers of the service expected of them, and full opportunity given to each to honorably retire from the line if he feared to die. The names of but few of these men can now be obtained. And thus of the living, when so many enacted an heroic part, only under very exceptional circumstances should any be singled out and receive personal mention. And of those who died, it should be thought that those who wasted away with the fever in hospitals, and those who met death in terrible agony from diphtheria and other acute diseases, in some instances in the open fields, may have borne as brave a part as those who received wounds and death at the hands of the enemy. Though death by disease is not accounted so glorious as that of the battle-field, all who gave their lives for the cause should be held in especial and everlasting remembrance, that those who live after them may know something of the price at which were preserved the liberties established by the founders of the nation. The heritage to which they succeed should be valued at that high cost, and the only true and fitting way in which the future can attest their gratitude to our dead, or adequately honor their memory, is by zealously maintaining the cause for which they fell. Otherwise our dead have died in vain.

July 3, Friday. Slight breeze; very hot. Another man, whose name cannot now be learned, with the same rope which Tabor used, lassoed a great brass gun by its bell muzzle, which protruded from the citadel. "Do not let them pop me," he said to his fellow sharpshooters, as he clambered up to throw his noose. Great efforts were made by manning the rope to pull the gun away, but without success, and this rope remained so attached and drawn taut to the close of the siege, at which time a Confederate officer seeing it was greatly surprised to think that such a feat could be accomplished at such close quarters. He said, "I should like to see the man who did that." The man was brought forward, when quite a company of the vanquished gathered around him and lionized him; they shook hands with him and hugged him. There was a general inspection held. Lieutenant Ayers, Company G, arrived at the front. Major Aldrich, who had returned to the regiment and remained twenty-four hours, was so unwell as to be compelled to return to Lieutenant Hendley's, where he passed the hot day and returned at 5 o'clock to the front again and there spent the night. Many convalescents arrived from below. Andrew J. Cross, Company G, died.

In the evening the enemy threw shells and hand grenades quite plentifully among our sappers and miners, wounding several. Company K was called upon to protect them, when they advanced and fired briskly ten rounds and then fell back; then the batteries opened on the enemy in full force and kept up a scattering fire all night. The regiment then fell back into the sunken road beside the river, and there

NOTE. Sergeant Greenough D. Sanborn, Company F, threw many hand grenades at the citadel. When the gutter was pulled away he threw twelve or fifteen. They were of three different sizes — 3, 6, and 9-pounders, and fixed with ten-second fuses. The fuses were lit with a match by George Place, of his company.

rested till 9 o'clock of the fourth, when, for a much needed rest, they were relieved by the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, and marched to their bivouac in the woods behind the big battery, after lying eight full days and nights in the hot trenches, in the very teeth of the enemy. But there was much firing in the night, and all expected to be called on line. The night, however, passed away without further disturbance, and the boys, worn out and jaded to the last degree, greatly enjoyed their respite in the deep refreshing shade.

July 4, Saturday. Very hot in the forenoon; foggy morning, cloudy and signs of showers toward night. In these woods we had a breakfast of boiled ham, hard bread, and coffee. Major Aldrich returns to duty, though still quite ill, and Lieutenant-colonel Blair is now quite unwell. Arthur S.

NOTE. One of the Twenty-sixth Connecticut killed by sharpshooters. Of several who came to-day (the third) from Camp Parapet under Lieutenant Ayers, Company G, there were of Company H — Sweat, Coombs, Hines, Swain (Horace), and Brainerd. They arrived at Springfield Landing just at the time of the enemy's raid on that place, and Brainerd, among others, was captured and paroled.

PORT HUDSON, July 3, 1863.

Major :

All is well down here in the Devil's Elbow. Last night was unusually quiet; the enemy keeps coming with his trench. I think he is filing a little to the right. I am ready for him; let him come. I can whip him in four minutes if he shows himself. I do not think his trench will do him any good. I can hold the point, and intend to do it.

This report is made simply to inform you that I am still in life and spirits.

I am, Major, very respectfully, etc.,

O. P. LYLES,

Colonel commanding right wing.

MAJOR F. K. WILSON,

A. A. General.

P. S. We throw our hand grenades on him, etc.

Sawyer, of Company A, and Solomon N. Newlands, of Company I, died. They still shell our sappers and miners, and artillery firing goes on, especially from our batteries across the river. Pettee and Lee leave Company K to re-enlist.

July 5, Sunday. The extreme clear hot weather continues, but our regiment remains in the deep, cool, and refreshing shade, and no men ever more fully earned, needed, and enjoyed a respite from arduous and unremitting service than they. But look now across to the mighty ramparts that crown the opposite heights; their bright, clean faces of new white earth are laid out with geometric precision, and all their angles and lines are as true and sharp as though struck in a gigantic die. The enemy lie unseen behind them in force, and spring to their guns on the least alarm. Our men in their trenches in front are busy as beavers, and multitudinous as the proverbial bee and industrious ant; that subterranean mine approaches completion, and is ready for its charge of several tons of gunpowder. Its design is to thus, by a mighty eruption, upheave to the moon the lofty citadel and all its guns and men, and on the instant of their consternation a charging column dash forward to the breach and gain

NOTE.

CAMP PARAPET, CARROLLTON, LA., July 4, 1863.

Some of the proceedings which took place in this camp to-day: Salutes fired from the water batteries morning, noon, and night; dress parade at 8 o'clock; guard mount soon after. Then the baggage of the Sixth Michigan Regiment and forty or fifty men came in here to camp between us and the river. The Forty-seventh Massachusetts boys had a comic dress parade, making their dress look as bad as they could; then some of the boys tried to ride a mule in a ring; some tried to climb a greased pole; some to go around the pole three times, and then start for a dipper to strike it, being blindfolded; some circus performances by a clown; then to catch a greased pig; five dollars reward to any one who would perform any of these feats. In the evening they had a dance; the Twelfth Maine Battery boys raised a nice pole, upon which they unfurled to the breeze a nice new flag, the stars and stripes. Everything passed off pleasantly in honor of the day, but not much like a day in New Hampshire."

a foothold within. Our regiment is undoubtedly resting now to lead that assault, and expects each moment to receive the order to move forward again into the trenches in close proximity, await the tremendous explosion, and make their dash in the very midst of the falling debris.

Lieutenant-colonel Blair is quite enfeebled, and his wounded arm is in a very bad state. Major Aldrich, though not yet recovered, has returned to duty. Captain Sanborn is sick, lying near by with orders to be called in any emergency. Milton S. Brown, Company K, died to-day and was buried in the afternoon.

The picket firing, sharpshooting, and bombarding go on as usual.

July 6, Monday. At 9 o'clock in the morning the regiment marches down into the trenches, takes its position, and remains there quietly through the day and coming night, which is very rainy, and all have to sleep in the deep, sticky mud of the trench's bottom. Sergeant Gordon goes to hospital July 6, and Lieutenant Parker takes command of Company A. It is observed that the river is full of waste and debris and floating carcasses of horses and mules. The enemy are becoming very strong and active outside. They have blocked the river at Donaldsonville, and threaten our immediate rear. The springing of the mine is delayed. Our regiment is marched back and started for Springfield Landing at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the seventh to repel the enemy there. After proceeding part way a halt was ordered and arms stacked for an hour, when the regiment returned to its camp in the woods, but was again routed at 11 o'clock at night and marched into the pits and remained till 5 o'clock on the morning of the eighth, not to make the assault, but to prevent the escape of the enemy, for during our absence toward Springfield Landing news was received from General Grant of the surrender of Vicksburg on the fourth, with 27,000 prisoners and several hundred cannon. Just before

leaving the trenches in the morning to meet the enemy in the rear, a stir was noticed among the artillery men across the river and couriers there; it was surmised that there was important news from above. Vicksburg, the great stronghold, after prodigious and prolonged efforts, had fallen, and immediately thereon all its streets had been cleaned and the accumulated filth and offal cast into the turbid Mississippi; and this accounts for the dead animals seen floating by.

July 7, Tuesday. Daniel Hall, Company D, died at Port Hudson, and Hazen D. Nutter, Co. G, at Baton Rouge.

Official news reached General Banks before noon, and during our regiment's absence, at exactly high noon, by order, rousing cheers were given amid a general discharge of small arms and a grand salute fired by all our fleets and batteries, pouring a terrific iron hail upon the devoted foe within. These were the last guns fired upon Port Hudson. The great news spread in a moment among the men, and was shouted to the enemy across the parapet at the citadel. It is tacitly understood by all that the end has come, and in the afternoon General Gardner—first having inquired, under a flag of truce, to be officially assured of the truth of the report which had reached him as a rumor—now asks for a cessation of hostilities to consider terms of surrender. This General Banks refuses; hostilities are, however, tacitly suspended.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the eighth, the regiment returns to its pleasant bivouac in the wooded ravine. It is a great relief now to stand up and draw a full breath without the bullets flying at one's throat, and the enemy swarm out over their parapets to meet our men, who all fraternize like brothers. They are as glad as we that the end has come.

NOTE. Extract from Major Aldrich: "In a letter written by me from Port Hudson, dated July 8, 1863, I find this item: 'That the total number for duty that day was 320, but many of these were badly used up, and it would require many days of rest to bring them into good condition.'"

The wind rose to a gale in the afternoon, and there were showers at night. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the eighth, terms of surrender were fully determined and agreed on. At 5 o'clock it was raining quite hard, and continued till after dark. Our regiment had orders to march at 5 o'clock, but they were countermanded with instructions to be on line at 6 o'clock in the morning.



CORP. AMOS V. PARKER—Co. C.



JOSEPH B. NELSON.

The ninth, after a cool, damp, foggy morning, was a beautiful day. At 7 o'clock in the morning formal possession of Port Hudson was taken, a grand and veteran army marched in, in full military array, receiving the surrender of the garrison, raising the flag to the breeze on the lofty river front, and firing the national salute. The regiment was on line at 6 o'clock and stood two hours, then marched down the Mt. Pleasant road into the valley and across it up under the parapet, when it was countermarched to its bivouac to await orders. Now a small army of ten regiments, under General Weitzel, immediately embark on seven transports for Donaldsonville to drive out the enemy who have gained a foothold at that place.

Joseph B. Nelson, Company B, brother-in-law of Lieutenant-Colonel Blair, who had been through all the dangers and hardships of the siege, died this day at Port Hudson. Amos V. Parker, Company C, died at Baton Rouge.

PORT HUDSON, LA., July 5, 1863.

MAJOR T. F. WILSON,

Assistant Adjutant-General:

Major: The following named commands have applied to me for the following named amounts of either mule or horse meat, to wit:

Commands.	Officers.	Men.
First Alabama	30	555
Wingfield's battalion. Eighteenth Arkansas...	.	50
Twelfth Arkansas.....	..	100
Sixteenth Arkansas.....	30	180
Total.....	60	885

Total, 945 officers and men.

They would like to have this ration for to-morrow, this evening.

Respectfully submitted.

I am, Major, yours, etc.,

J. P. JONES,
Captain and Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS, PORT HUDSON, LA., July 7, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS,

Commanding U. S. forces near Port Hudson, La.:

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

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK GARDNER,
Major-General commanding C. S. forces.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
BEFORE PORT HUDSON, July 8, 1863, 1.15 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK GARDNER,
Commanding C. S. forces, Port Hudson, La. :

General : In reply to your communication, dated the seventh instant, by flag of truce received a few moments since, I have the honor to inform you that I received yesterday morning, July 7, at 10.45 o'clock, by the gunboat "General Price," an official despatch from Major-Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, U. S. Army, whereof the following is a true extract :

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

MAJOR-GENERAL N. P. BANKS,
Commanding Department of the Gulf :

General : The garrison of Vicksburg surrendered this morning. Number of the prisoners as given by the officers is 27,000, field artillery 128 pieces, and a large number of siege guns — probably not less than 80.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General."

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

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
N. P. BANKS,
Major-General commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, PORT HUDSON, LA., July 8, 1863.
MAJOR-GENERAL N. P. BANKS,
Commanding U. S. forces near Port Hudson, La. :

General : I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, giving an official communication from Major-Gen. U. S. Grant, U. S. Army, announcing the surrender of the garrison of Vicksburg.

Having defended this position as long as I deem my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself; at 9 o'clock this

There were killed or mortally wounded, during the siege, of officers from Connecticut, 7; from Louisiana, 8; from Maine, 4; from Massachusetts, 13; from Michigan, 1; from New Hampshire, 4; from New York, 26; from Vermont, 1; from Wisconsin, 5; from U. S. Volunteers, 2; total, 71. Officers wounded, not mortally, 168; captured or missing, 12.

By official reports there were of enlisted men killed, 663; wounded, mortally and otherwise, 3,145; captured or missing, 307; total, 4,115.

morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender; and for that purpose I ask a suspension of hostilities. Will you please designate a point, outside of my breastworks, where the meeting shall be held for this purpose?

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK GARDNER,

Major-General commanding C. S. forces.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES,

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, LA., July 8, 1863,

4.30 A. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK GARDNER,

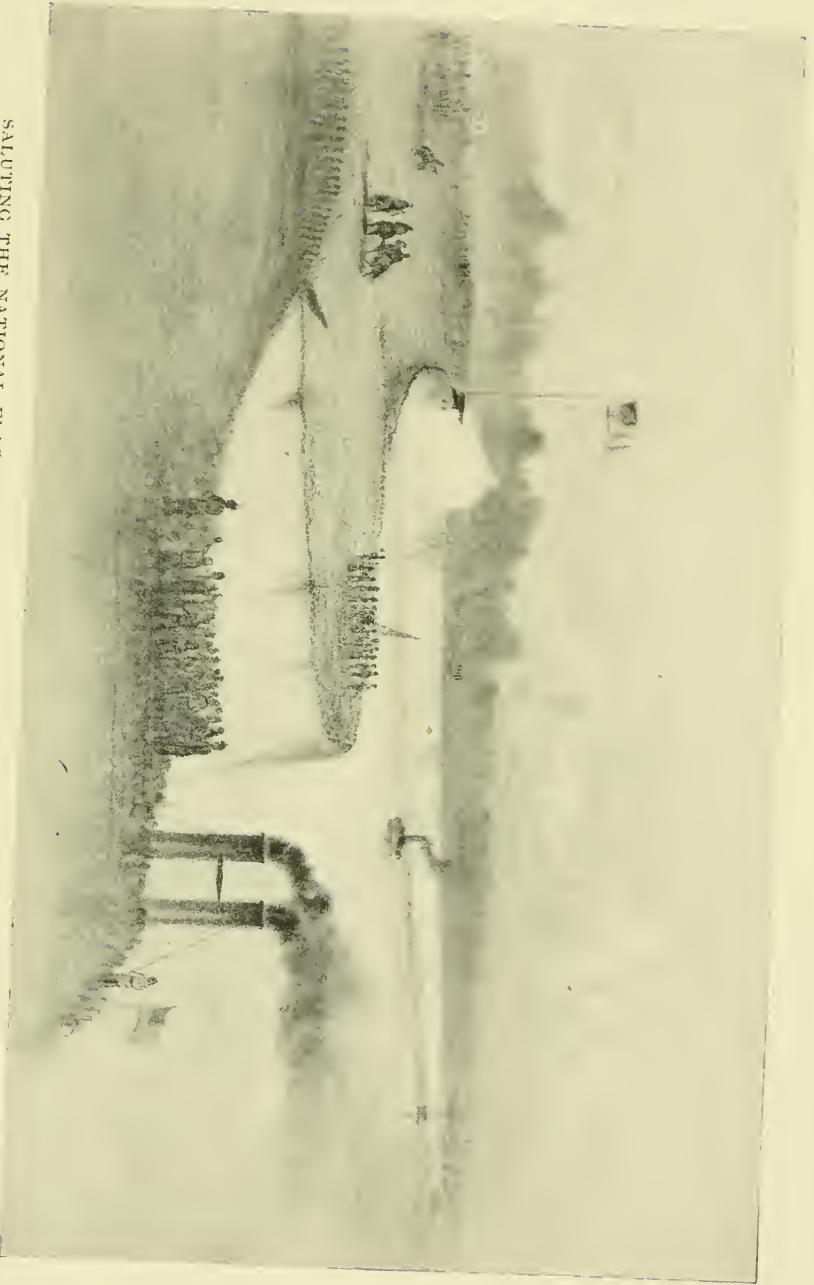
Commanding C. S. forces, Port Hudson, La. :

General: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, stating that you are willing to surrender the garrison under your command to the forces under my command, and that you will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by me, at 9 o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender. In reply I have the honor to state that I have designated Brig.-Gen. Charles P. Stone, Col. Henry W. Birge, and Lieut.-Col. Richard B. Irwin, as the commissioners to meet the commission appointed by you. They will meet your officers at the hour designated, at a point near where the flag of truce was received this morning. I will direct that active hostilities shall entirely cease on my front till further notice, for the purpose stated.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

N. P. BANKS,

Major-General commanding.



SALUTING THE NATIONAL FLAG, JULY 9, 1863. Troops at the Upper Landing embarking for Donaldsonville.

It has already been stated that the Confederate general, Johnston, had ordered General Gardner to evacuate Port Hudson and escape with his forces toward Jackson, but he received the order too late, and was thereby entrapped by General Banks with a superior force. Records show that Gardner intended to evacuate on the twenty-fourth of May, and had ordered Logan, of the Confederate cavalry, outside, to so place his forces as to aid in the movement. Logan, May 29, to General Johnston, says: "A reinforcement of eight thousand or ten thousand men thrown in Banks' rear, will drive him from Port Hudson in five days. I am informed that Lieut.-Gen. E. K. Smith is now at or near the mouth of Red River with ten thousand men. If he could come down and cross at Port Hudson, under cover of our guns, Port Hudson would be relieved at once." Both Gardner and the enemy outside still entertained the idea of escape, and through the siege were vigilant for an opportunity to make the dash eastward, and thus comply with Johnston's orders. It so appears that the suspicions of Banks in this respect were well founded, and he therefore was constantly on his guard against a sally in force from within, or attack from without. Banks says the siege "was conducted constantly with a view to the capture of the garrison as well as the reduction of the post." Now the beleaguered Gardner, debarred from all communication with his confederates in arms, and thus left wholly to his own resources and generalship, and, at the first, evidently deeming his smaller force inadequate to cope with Banks alone in the open field, makes no effort, as yet, to break away, but pursues a waiting policy; he is apparently desirous and seeking to entice Banks to weaken the besieging army by assaults on his impregnable lines, and while, too, disease and the fever should decimate his unacclimated ranks until reduced to a degree that he, Gardner, might, with the co-operation of his confederates without,

essay to escape with some hope of success. Now by General Banks' own showing, toward the close of the siege, such a dire consummation is well nigh reached by the wiley Gardner, when Vicksburg fortuitously fell, in a moment liberating General Grant's mighty forces, both military and naval, to assist Banks if need be, thus rendering Gardner's further defense of his position unnecessary and impracticable.

General Banks says: "When the proposition of General Gardner to suspend hostilities, with a view to consider terms of surrender was received, there were 6,408 officers and men on duty within the lines, 2,500 in the rear of the besieging forces and on the west bank of the river opposite Port Hudson, and 12,000 men, under Generals Green and Taylor, between Port Hudson and Donaldsonville, who had, by establishing their batteries on the west bank of the river, effectually cut off our communication with New Orleans, making 21,000 men actively engaged in raising the siege at the time of the surrender." He further says: "The besieging force was reduced to less than 10,000 men, of whom more than half were enlisted for nine months' service, whose terms were about to expire, and a few regiments of colored troops organized since the campaign opened from material gathered from the country. The position assailed was, from the natural defenses of the country as well as from the character of the works constructed, believed by the enemy to be impregnable. The besieging army, to reach this position, had marched more than five hundred miles" — except Sherman's division — "through a country where no single line of supplies could be maintained, against a force fully equal in numbers, fighting only in intrenchments and gathering material for reinforcing its regiments in the country through which it passed. There are but few sieges in the history of war in which the disparity of forces has been so marked, the difficulties to be encountered so numerous, the victory more decided, or the results more important."

Although it is claimed that Gardner, in commending the gallantry of his troops at the capitulation, emphatically stated that his surrender was not on account of the fall of Vicksburg, or the want of ammunition or provisions, but because of the exhaustion of his men, yet the correspondence shows that he would not consider terms of surrender until officially assured of Vicksburg's fall and the capture of Pemberton's army.* The garrison was reduced to great straits physically as were also the besiegers, but yet seemed to have for their sustenance plenty of Indian meal and molasses, and mule meat. Their grist mill had been destroyed by our shells, but another had been improvised and set in motion by jacking up a locomotive at the depot and passing a belt around its driving wheels.

But up to the date of the surrender the enemy had never relaxed their vigilance for a moment at any single point of their long lines, nor yielded a single iota of the works which they at first set themselves to hold and defend. All things go to show that if Vicksburg had held out for a few more days, Banks, in desperation to succeed now or be himself

* NOTE. This communication probably reached Banks about midnight, as his reply is dated at 1.15 o'clock next morning.

HEADQUARTERS, PORT HUDSON, LA., July 7, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS,

Commanding U. S. forces near Port Hudson, La.

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

I remain, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK GARDNER,

Major-General.

overwhelmed, was fully intent and prepared to immediately precipitate his elite storming column upon the enemy's works with another general assault; had such an assault failed like its predecessors, which, by the axioms of war in all likelihood it would, then the poor remnant of his bleeding and shattered army would have been at the mercy of the foe, Gardner then having attained the opportunity which he had so patiently and heroically awaited. Banks was practically surrounded now by superior numbers, who were constantly gathering head and strength, the suppressed disunion sentiment of the country growing more and more bold and aggressive as their prospects brightened. Under these circumstances Banks would be forced to try desperate conclusions, and stake all on one single, last, and supreme effort. It can now be seen that Banks, like Gardner, should also have pursued a waiting policy rather than throw his splendid army upon the enemy's fortifications with such bloody results, with such irreparable loss to himself and comparatively slight injury to the enemy, and no gain except what might have been, and was later, attained by regular siege approaches. At every point of assault the attacking forces were utterly disorganized and shattered by natural obstructions long before they reached the enemy's parapets, and if they could have gained a point of proximity, as was attempted on the morning of June 11, their lines would have been subjected to a murderous enfilading fire from both the right and left, so skilfully designed were the enemy's intrenchments. At the "Malakoff," the point of the projected attack of June 30, the strength and intricacy of the works are truly amazing. First, they crowned a dizzy and nearly vertical height; having scaled the outer parapet, just within was a massive V shaped work—back of that a traverse, and then the main parapet was to be encountered, the whole occupying a small and narrow space of lofty ground, cut steep down to the river on the one hand

and to the great ravine on the other, with nature's own free hand and wild abandon. All around the works mines were laid to be sprung with wires running in the grass, and at this vital point not only guns along their parapet, but the enemy's pivot guns on the river front, could concentrate their fire in case of an escalade such as was projected for the night of June 30.

Banks further says: "The enemy admitted, after the close of the siege, that they had lost in killed and wounded during the siege, 610 men; but they underrated the number of prisoners and the guns they surrendered, and their loss in killed and wounded was larger than was admitted by them. It could not have been less than 800 or 1,000 men; 500 were found in the hospitals. The wounds were mostly in the head, from the fire of our sharpshooters, and were very severe." He says, too, "In this campaign we captured 10,584 prisoners, as follows: Paroled men at Port Hudson, exclusive of the sick and wounded, 5,953 — officers, 455; captured by Grierson at Jackson, 150; First Arkansas battalion and Fifteenth Arkansas captured, May 27, 101; on board steamers in Thompson's creek, 25; deserters, 250; sick and wounded, 1,000; captured at Donaldsonville, June 28, 150; captured west of the Mississippi, 2,500—in all, a number fully equal to the force to which the garrison surrendered. We captured, also, 73 guns, 4,500 pounds of powder, 150,000 rounds of ammunition, 6,000 small arms, 4 steamers, 20,000 head of horses, cattle, and mules, 10,000 bales of cotton, and destroyed the enemy's salt works at New Iberia, 3 gunboats, and 8 steam transports."

On the very day of the capitulation, July 9, seven transports, carrying all General Banks's available force, were sent down the river against the enemy, and the country was soon freed from his presence.

It was a victory obtained at the very last extremity of human endurance and valor, a victory of great and far-reaching import and consequence, and the crowning triumph of the Union arms. It opened up the grandest artery of commerce known to the revolving globe, and instantly the mighty volume of its traffic revived and poured on to the sea. It severed the great rebellion in twain, and sealed its fate, as also it assured the final success of the Union cause, the re-establishment of national unity and a lasting peace. General Banks further says :

“The two armies that had fought each other with such resolute determination, fraternized on the day of the surrender without manifestations of hostility or hatred” ; they also greeted each other as brothers at all times of truce, and it was a frequent occurrence for opposing pickets to agree to a private conference, whereupon they would lay down their rifles, meet and converse for an hour or more, like the closest friends. At such times it was customary for our men to share their hard bread and tobacco with their famishing friends, the enemy. On one such fraternal occasion, Moody Howland relates that he invited a Confederate picket to his post but received a counter invitation to visit the enemy's side, they saying that they had some wild honey there which they would share with him. He accepted the invitation, and actually crossed over the parapet into the enemy's works, at a point where it was eight feet high. In all the horizon there is not the remotest thought of personal enmity. It seems rather that a universal principle is being fought out — no less a business than one pertaining to the gods themselves, one that has often drenched the world in blood, and to which can be directly traced all the crimes and wars of earth — whether justice or cupidity shall rule the world ; whether from a mere blind passion of human greed the Pharaohs who gather into

their hands the wealth wrung from the mines and harvest-fields of earth, by the unremitting toil of the masses of mankind, shall waste it in luxury and extravagant ostentation, and shall use its vast power to oppress, enslave, degrade, and brutalize those who produce it ; whether mankind shall enjoy free and equal rights, and those who toil, a just portion of their own earnings, in a great world where there is food, shelter, sunlight, air, and room enough for all the children of men and many fold more if only justice might prevail, or shall production be restricted or diverted to useless ends, and the masses be held as mere brutes and chattels, the properties of a heartless few who shall despise and despoil them, and rule them with a rod of iron.

As it appeared to us, the South were battling for the destruction of the Union that human slavery might be extended and perpetuated, while the North entered upon the contest simply for the preservation of the nation established by the fathers. Theirs was thus, to us, apparently, a low cause and an unholy one ; ours, one of true patriotism, the loftiest that can inspire the human breast. But the real cause was far above even this latter, and, though hidden at first, was later revealed to all⁺ parties to the strife ; from motives of greed merely, during nearly our whole colonial and national existence, under our boasted flag of the free, and in despite of the Declaration of Independence, and the banners of St. George, Spain, and Portugal — the aboriginal Indians having first been tried by the early Spaniards and found physically unequal to the task — the regions of tropical Africa were despoiled of their young and robust, who were transported in slave ships to the mines of the New World, and the cotton, cane, and tobacco fields, and rice swamps of the South. Here they were set over by task-masters and driven by the lash.

But in view of its many excesses and abuses, the humanitarian sentiment of the world, which, like the "vox populi," may be regarded as the real voice of God, eventually arose and revolted against the traffic, as also the general principle of human slavery. Accordingly, after a long and bitter struggle, the slave trade was abolished by Great Britain in 1808, was later made a felony, and in 1824 declared piracy and a capital crime. Immediately following Great Britain, the United States also abolished the traffic by law, and both countries, after 1842, maintained a squadron of war-ships on the African coast for its suppression. But these measures had at first the effect of driving it under the protection of the Spanish and Portuguese flags. And — both British and American subjects still pursuing the trade by stealth — they had the still further effect of driving the traders to overcrowd their ships to a degree of suffocation, in which oftentimes as many as two thirds of a cargo died on the middle passage and were cast overboard into the sea. Between the slave coast and the West India islands, the ocean's floor is marked by a trail of their bleaching bones. Further, when the slavers were sighted by the sentinel war-ships, and on trial finding themselves unable to outsail their pursuers, these hardened marauders compelled their hapless victims, each with a weight affixed to his neck, to walk the gangplank by procession and the lock step into the ocean, thus sinking them from sight to hide the evidence of their guilt from human eyes. But because of the invention of a machine that would separate the seed from the fibre of the cotton plant, there arose an enormously increased demand for slave labor just as the partial suppression of the traffic limited the supply, and thereby grew up, with many kindred iniquities, the most revolting crime against humanity ever committed by any people. Because of this scarcity and the increased demand, prices rose to an abnormal point, slave breeding became a lucrative

business, and as every child born of a slave mother was a slave also, a class dressed in broadcloth and sporting jewels in their shirt fronts, and devout at church, reared their own children and sold them into eternal bondage, for which vicious means of gain the North as well as the South, and all the world besides that profited by the scheme, were equally guilty.

The slavery of the old civilizations before Christianity was known in the world, was far more humane than that thus established by Christian nations in the New World. Their slavery was due wholly to captives taken in war, and gradually mellowed down to a mild form of serfdom or vassalage. There were laws for their protection, and courts to which slaves could appeal, and even old Rome enacted that parents should not be separated from their children, nor sisters from brothers, while here families were remorselessly broken up at the auction block, and children torn screaming from their mothers' arms never to meet again, unless there is a life beyond the skies. Though in few instances, but not without punishment, some heartless masters among the Romans turned the old and debilitated out to starve on an island, or threw them into their artificial ponds to feed their fishes, we do not read that they, as a business, reared their own children and sold them like horses and mules. Freedom for the lowly has advanced, however, since returning huntsmen shot workmen from the roofs of London for the mere sport of seeing them tumble to the ground, and by a great stride since the days of the inquisition, when nine millions of absolutely innocent people, mostly women and mothers, were burned at the stake by the Christian church, so called, for witchcraft, and other innocent millions for so-called heresy, whose property, when so executed, was confiscated to their murderers. The world at large has yet attained but a small part of the liberty its rightful due. It must be, yet, that the masses shall have

the intelligence and the spirit to ask why they should support royal families, standing armies and navies, nobilities, established churches, and a thousand rich and grasping nabobs and heartless and insatiable monopolies, which even now leave the toilers of the world but one dollar in ten of all their earnings, and are constantly reaching for that.

The slaver's pastor taught that African slavery was a divine institution, and all its advocates were flattered because in an old Jewish book which priests in a more ignorant and susceptible age, from motives of greed, had duped many to believe divine, from a mass of follies, for a salary, could read to them that a great man of God, called Noah, while beastly drunk and lying thus naked, was accidentally run upon by his son Ham, who was thereby moved to laughter, for which trifling offense, Noah, after recovering from his cups, cursed the absolutely innocent Canaan, Ham's son, and therefore Noah's own little grandson, saying, "A servant of servants shalt thou be." This branch of Noah's descendants settling, as it was alleged, in Africa, they were thus — the drunken Noah being God's vicegerent on earth — by the Almighty's own decree the lawful spoil of all Christian men; and the pastor also taught that if no other reason or excuse existed for such a diabolical traffic as the slave trade, the bare fact of bringing these poor benighted heathen to our shores into the influence and pale of our Christianity and civilization, where they might renounce the false gods of their fathers and learn the gospel of the meek and lowly Nazarine, the way of salvation through a murdered redeemer, and the shocking and bloody doctrine of the cross, was of itself a necessary and laudable missionary and Christian work, for which recording angels would give its promoters the brightest seats in heaven. It was attempted, without success, to show that the negro's anatomy, skull, and facial angles, showed him more nearly allied to baboons and monkeys than white men were, and that

he was, therefore, a beast, and not of the lordly genus homo, and possessed no rights that white men were bound to respect. But in all points he was a man as much as a Spaniard or a Turk, all races differing only as affected by long continued habits and climatic influences. If the blood drawn by the master's lash had been black or green, then they would have had a notable argument. But it, too, was red, and thicker than water, and cried to heaven tenfold more loudly than another color would. Such shallow arguments, and others equally ridiculous and silly (see page 497) were soberly put forth in all the pulpits of the land as an unction to guilty souls. Men were mobbed right here in New Hampshire, and even in classic and cultured Boston, on whose common "witches" were hung only a little before, who, at the risk of their lives, dissented from these views. All this wickedness, sufficient to sink a nation, simply that a few might be rich and idle, and have wine in their homes and drink it from silver cups, and when, if such a consummation was reached by such murderous means, the wine would not be so pleasant a draft nor so grateful or beneficial to the body or the heartless and guilty soul inhabiting it, as a drink of water from a gourd, and the communion wines were derived from these same means.

But it appears that the justice that sits in the tranquil and sunny skies is not to be hoodwinked nor cajoled by such false reasoning, and by some inexorable law of nature, exact and equal vengeance and justice must eventually overtake all wrong and the doers thereof, be they single and puny individuals, or the mightiest potentates and nationalities of earth. And now the guilty world is being swept by an appalling storm of passion and blood which human hands are utterly powerless to stay — which no human power can stay more than the sightless whirlwind — till heaven's ends of vengeance and justice are all attained. The cry of the oppressed has reached

heaven's ear ; war is in the air and gathers there black and portentous, hiding all its kindly azure and all its blessed sunshine. War's creatures here are but puppets, acting blindly under heaven's eye. There is to be a leveling up in the moral world, as though the ocean were put from its equilibrium, which it resumed with wide-spread horror and ruin to thousands of seemingly innocent souls, but from which chastisement of heaven the oppressed escaped unscathed. Thus great national and world-wide crimes are being expiated, and though this distracted land was already thick with the gore of its bravest sons, and all her streams crimsoned with their blood, not yet was heaven satisfied ; not yet had the last dollar of wealth piled by unrequited hands been immolated in war ; nor yet had the last drop of blood drawn by the lash been repaid with one drawn by the sword from the hearts of the oppressors. Had there been no slavery and no oppression and wrong, there had been no war. When there are other oppression and wrong, and insatiable greed again holds sway, there will be other upheavals and storms of blood to atone ; warning will be given long before, and mutterings will be heard, which being unheeded, the consequent wrath will fall. All wars are waged by tyrants for base purposes, or they are the volcanic outburst of the oppressed or in their behalf, while the world is in a formative state ; and each tends to lighten the burdens of the poor and downtrodden, teach them the spirit of resistance, and lift them and all the world to a higher plane and into the free, pure air and sunshine and liberties, which God intended for all. Eliminate from the world that element of human greed which seeks to filch from others the results of their toil without equivalent, then will the millenium have come. That same man who heartlessly seeks a plethora of unpaid-for gain, is the same monster in another guise who gathered gold from the slave trade and oppression of old.

We should learn from history, like navigators, to shun the rocks on which other ships have foundered, and by avoiding injustice and oppression escape all war and its frightful costs, a tithe of which, if expended for the general good instead of to secure dividends on watered stock, would cut a tide-water canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and complete a thousand similar works, put every industrious and deserving man in a home of his own earning, harness Niagara and the broad mouth of the Bay of Fundy, light and heat, free of cost, all the hamlets and cities of the globe, and by modern appliances of communication acquaint and combine all peoples in one united and happy family. Those who shout for their national emblem "right or wrong," should ponder deeply the story of American slavery, and all who would shirk their own true share of earth's burdens, and especially the rich and grasping, should consider that, in the end, corruption wins not more than honesty, and that under a sway of strict and impartial justice more could be attained for themselves, as well as for all others, if they would but lift their hands from the throats of the toiling millions and permit them to rise and prosper also. The powerful should find some pleasure in the fact that their neighbors are prosperous, and be awed by the invariable result that in the end all unholy gains will be swept away by a hurricane of turmoil and blood. This is universal justice and right, and a religion on which only can one base a hope of heaven. We shall be saved by works and not by faith, else the good will be damned, while pirates and marauders occupy the seats of angels. The votaries of this new religion of impartial justice and equal rights will not grow old, but young, when they ripen like wheat in an harvest field, and when one's white hair is far more beautiful than the auburn locks of life's springtime. At life's sunset the soul will have grown till it has far outgrown the body, and the body will remain within it like a nucleus of earth's dross in

the midst of a radiant cloud of glory. Surely, when the Pharaohs of earth shall regard their wealth and its power as a trust for those from whom it is wrung, and wield it for the general good instead of wasting it in war or on useless pyramids and monuments of human folly, then the hours of labor will be reduced to a mere nonentity, and all the world will blossom as God wot. Intelligence and true philosophy shall guide the plow and wield the hoe, instead of dark-visaged and hopeless creatures sunk by the high priests and rulers of earth, in the name of charity and religion itself, to a state of brutishness beneath the reptiles of old Nile; unless, here, the shackles that bind the world have been somewhat loosened and the world lifted somewhat toward the millenium of absolute human liberty, then all our dead have died in vain.

July 10, Thursday. A beautiful summer day. A shower in the afternoon, when it rained for one hour. The regiment still bivouacs at the same place. Long processions of mule teams are hauling commissary stores into Port Hudson. It is a day of general rejoicing over our victory. Many visit the fallen stronghold, fraternize with the vanquished, and witness the havoc made by our batteries. Their siege guns are largely dismantled and broken. One great gun of their river batteries had received a shot from across the river down its iron throat, which was too large for its calibre, and had split its way in for quite a distance still remaining immovable there. Houses are perforated and destroyed, and general destruction is everywhere visible. Here, also, shells falling in cemeteries and exploding deep in the ground beneath had thrown the dead in their coffins to the surface. Port Hudson village was completely riddled, and its church could hardly hold together. Dead horses and mules lay about, and there was a sickening nausea in the woods from their unburied carcasses. Some were noticed lying as they fell in their

harness, still attached to the demolished wagon. Six cords of muskets surrendered by the enemy were piled in one place, and near by were forty or fifty brass field pieces.

A sad duty was enacted on the battle-field of June 14, where those who fell then were hastily buried in shallow graves in the night-time after the battle, by reintering such as were now partially exposed, some of whom presented hands from the ground as though to welcome the living to their gory beds.

Our old brigade was broken up, and the Fifteenth regiment assigned to the second brigade of the third division, under Colonel Fearing, of the Eighth New Hampshire, and from him received orders to remove to the right. At 3

NOTES.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., August 5, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, }
No. 59. }

The commanding general takes great pleasure in communicating to the troops of this department the contents of the following despatch this day received from the General-in-Chief:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, July 23, 1863

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS, New Orleans:

General: Your despatches of July 8, announcing the surrender of Port Hudson, are received. I congratulate you and your army on the *crowning success of the campaign*. It was reserved for your army to strike the last blow for the opening of the Mississippi river. The country, and especially the great West, will ever remember with gratitude their services.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, ,

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

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the nineteenth, which proved to be a very hot day, with frequent showers, the regiment was called on line, ordered to pack up and be ready to move at a moment's notice. We were kept in waiting till near 11 o'clock, and then marched into Port Hudson, where dead horses and mules were scattered over the ground. Here a barrel of molasses was confiscated and made into candy. The regiment passed inside the works at twenty minutes past 11 o'clock, and two companies—K and F—were deployed on guard on the enemy's parapet. They were relieved at 5 o'clock by Companies H and C, but at night the regiment, except Company C, marched back to the old bivouac in the woods. The entrance was by the Mount Pleasant road, through the fresh and romantic valley which lay so fair beneath our eyes during hostilities, but which was forbidden ground, and left to bloom and riot in verdure while everywhere else all the land was laid waste, and worn and loaded with dust from the enormous traffic of the army. Men could now stand erect and breathe the free air once more. The meandering brook was crossed by a rude bridge, and on all hands nature had carved out sheltered nooks and fairy grottoes, where strange shrubs and flowers waved and nodded in the wind.

July 12, Sunday. Pleasant, with light showers. Again, in the early morning, orders were received to report to Colonel Fearing, acting brigadier-general, and await trans-

NOTE. The sick and wounded :

	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total.
July 10.....	17	330	347
July 15.....	15	343	358

portation down river, to act against the enemy at Donaldsonville, at which point they had blockaded the river, and with eighteen guns and five thousand men had held our only line of communication for eight full days. Two divisions of the besiegers, all its available force, had already embarked—July 9, the very day of the surrender—on seven steamers at the landing at Port Hudson, with, it is said, fifty pieces of artillery. Company C was relieved from guard, left Port Hudson at 5 o'clock in the morning, and after a march of three miles rejoined the regiment in the ravine, whence, three hours later, all moved five miles toward the right and bivouacked in a magnificent southern forest just in the rear of the Port Hudson defenses, where they arrived at 11 o'clock. There were almost numberless huts and shanties here among the trees, of multifarious and unique design, such as a view of to-day would delight the hearts of architects and artists of all the world; they would provoke a Roman consul to laughter. One indescribable structure on its front, in the most grotesque characters that ever astonished the human eye, bore the legend, "*Hotel du Starve*. Dorbugs and baked beans a la Port Hudson." They were deserted now by human inhabitants, and the writer of this, remembers taking possession of one by right of discovery, but immediately removing thence for innumerable "good and sufficient reasons." There was near at hand a 200-acre field of corn, which was now being cut up for forage. During a long search not a single stalk could be found that had not been visited and denuded of its roasting ears. Quantities of peaches were brought in and stewed for sauce.

Company E goes out on picket.

Lieutenant Pickering gets fifteen days' leave of absence. Albert E. Wingate, Company G, died at Port Hudson. Albert E. Barney, the drummer boy of Company F, died at Port Hudson, in the hospital tent, just in the edge of the

evening. Captain Gordon had called to cheer him up. The boy said he was better, but immediately, as the captain reached his own quarters, word followed him that Barney was no more. It seemed scarcely five minutes after. The captain had some negroes dig his grave and lay him tenderly therein, and then carved his name on a rude headboard, which he set up to mark the spot.

July 13, Monday. Cool, and very pleasant. The regiment is now doing picket duty only, and the work is very light, requiring only two companies at a time. They are enjoying a very pleasant respite in the great woods; it is two miles in rear of the parapet, and on the Baton Rouge road. The rations are much improved; we have green corn, which is a great luxury; beans are baked in a row of camp-kettles which are buried in an excavation in the ground, their bottoms resting on a bed of hot embers from fires which have been maintained there, and which have heated the adjacent earth to the baking point. By those who listen, they can be heard merrily singing away, mingling their music with the innumerable voices of the night. The surrounding country is very beautiful, and is explored by thousands. Many secure horses and mules and go about mounted, and visit the neighboring plantations. Lieutenant Perkins was officer of the day, and was on duty two miles out, where he spent some hours at a planter's house in conversation with the owner. Lieutenant-colonel Blair goes to hospital. Adjutant Pinkham returns from Carrollton, where he went several days ago for some papers. Lieutenant Pickering, Company G, leaves camp for down river; took the cars for Carrollton, where he arrived at night, was taken sick with chills and fever which held him there till the twentieth, when he started back to Port Hudson, arriving there on the twenty-first.

Lieutenant Parker is detailed to assist in paroling prisoners. He says: "After the surrender Colonel Blair sent for me and ordered me to report to, I think, Colonel Chickering, on

a detail to assist in paroling prisoners. On reporting to him I was told that as soon as some other officer that was expected reported, we would be assigned. When he came he nearly took my breath away; with a boiled shirt, white vest with military buttons, and a brand new uniform. He appeared to me like he had just come up from New Orleans for this special duty. When I sized myself up with him, I was simply seasick; however, we went together and paroled some



1ST SERGT. FRED B. WELLS—Co. F.



FRED B. WELLS.

thousand or more of different regiments, and inmates in two hospitals. When we got through I mingled with the Johnnies, and became quite chummy with a young officer belonging, I think, to an Alabama regiment; spent nearly the whole night talking over the situation, and it was he that asked what regiment it was that led the advance on the citadel on the fourteenth of June. I told him, and he could n't say enough in praise of the splendid appearance we made till we reached the ravine which broke our line of battle.

In the course of our talk he said he should go into the Confederate service again as soon as he was regularly exchanged, 'for,' said he, 'your people have got a couple of good horses that belong to me, and I will stick to this thing till I get them back.' Well, when we separated, about 2 A. M., he remarked, 'I wish we had something that we might exchange with each other as a reminder of our pleasant night.' I happened to think of a dollar greenback that I had in my pocket and handed it to him, for which I got a Confederate dollar. Mine I have yet, and I hope he also has his, but taking a Yankee view of it, think he got the best of the bargain."

July 14, Tuesday. Commenced to rain last night, and was showery through the day; the night was foggy. Major Aldrich is now in command of the regiment, and to-day visited Colonel Fearing, whom he found to be a very agreeable and pleasant man; also had an interview with General Banks, at his headquarters, in relation to the home-coming of the regiment. He seemed greatly interested in the matter. The general in conversation is very quiet and soft-spoken, and is a prince of courtesy and affability.

Elias S. Whittier, Company C, died.

July 15, Wednesday. Very hot in the forenoon and smoky, with slight showers and a good breeze in the afternoon. Major Aldrich went into Port Hudson and arranged with Quartermaster Colonel Chandler for transportation home by way of Cairo. Company K is on picket at a Mrs. Conly's plantation. A thousand cattle have been gathered up and driven into the fort. A 250-acre field of corn is being cut on a neighboring plantation and hauled into the fort. There are thirty or forty 4-mule teams engaged in the work. The rich owner is reduced to absolute want, and begs hard bread from the soldiers to feed his wife and children. Every slave and servant, except the old and feeble, has deserted them and

left them helpless. Upon the reopening of the great river, her vast commerce, which had been so long suspended, revived at once, and the first boat of a strictly peaceful mission, the "Imperial," passed down to-day amid the firing of salutes from our warships and general acclaim from the shore, and from now on they pass and repass as before the war.

Lieutenant Durgin is very sick. James C. Thurston, Company C, died. (See page 487.)

July 16, Thursday. Very fair and warm. Orders received detaching the regiment from Colonel Fearling's brigade and instructing Major Aldrich to report to General Andrews, inside the fort. Marched soon after noon about two miles, and camped near the parapet at the left centre, being attached to Colonel Johnson's brigade, which is wholly composed of short-term men awaiting transportation home. Here they do light sentinel duty on the parapet.



CORP. JOHN C. BLAKE—Co. A.

Lieutenant-colonel Blair goes to New Orleans. The major is sent to Baton Rouge for tents. Lewis S. Bean, Company A, died. Wilder B. Griffin, Company B, died at Baton Rouge.

July 17, Friday. Hot, with showers at night. The major is very busy making preparations to go home. The detached and convalescents arrive freely in camp. We have hoe-cake and fried pork. All is very quiet.

July 18, Saturday. Very hot, with showers in the afternoon. Lieutenant Chadwick was sent to Baton Rouge for the tents and baggage which were left behind on a transport at Springfield Landing. They arrived before noon and were pitched; thus the regiment was once more sheltered, after



FIRST SERGEANT TOWLE—Co. D.

lying in the open air, through storm and sun, since May 20, a period of sixty days, forty-five of which it was constantly under fire. Major Aldrich received leave of absence to visit New Orleans on business. He went by the "Crescent," at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, to Baton Rouge, where he remained over night.

Johnny Lancaster, Company D, died at Port Hudson; Lieutenant Durgin visited Lancaster at 5 o'clock in the evening, and it must have been after that hour that he died, since his death occurred on this date. He was buried in a most romantic spot on a hill near the river under some grand old trees, and with the usual military honors. The coffin containing his remains was borne by four of his comrades, preceded by the band playing a funeral dirge, and followed by other comrades with reversed arms. As the coffin was lowered to its final resting place a volley was fired over the remains, the earth filled in, and he was thus sadly left alone. It is pleasant to reflect that the government for which he died has gathered up his remains and re-interred them, with many other fallen comrades, in a national military cemetery, where they now rest beneath the soft grass, and where they will be tenderly cared for and held in grateful remembrance forever. (See page 494.)

July 19, Sunday. Very hot, with fine showers toward night. Major Aldrich left Baton Rouge for New Orleans at 7 o'clock in the afternoon. Lieutenant Durgin came to camp to-day; still sick. Those left sick at Carrollton came up river to-day. All quiet.

Dexter F. Bradbury, Company F, died.

July 20, Monday. Pleasant in the forenoon, with showers in the afternoon; very hot. All is very quiet. Just two months since camp was broken at the parapet. Major Aldrich arrived in New Orleans at daylight and went thence to Carrollton, where he transacted business relating to tents and other matters, returned to New Orleans at 10 o'clock at night, and stayed at the St. Charles Hotel. Every house in Port Hudson is a hospital, and many are sick without shelter, lying on the ground. One of the saddest cases of this nature was the death to-day of Orderly Sergeant Ames, Company H, who died of diphtheria, lying on the ground,

and who, in his last hours, was in such agony that he begged of his attendants to end his misery with his own revolver. He was one of the most faithful of comrades and soldiers, and had borne all the dangers and hardships of the siege. This was the last death in Company H before leaving for home, and the last act of the company, as a body, and the last time it was ever assembled for any duty, was when it bore his remains to a soldier's grave. He was buried on the



SERGEANT AMES—CO. H.

twenty-first outside the works on the banks of the great river below our old bivouac, and about where the stream from the ravines of Port Hudson enters. There was high ground there overlooking the water, with magnificent oaks and magnolias, isolated and in groups, a most beautiful and romantic spot.

Thomas G. Ames was born in Holderness, November, 1841; his mother died when he was four years old, and his father some years afterward. He worked

on a farm in the summer and went to school in the winter, or taught school, until he was seventeen years old; after that, until he went into the army, he taught in Campton several terms. He went to the high school in Campton, Plymouth, and Northfield, and was fitting himself for college when he enlisted. There is a monument raised to his memory in the Trinity burial ground, Holderness.

Captain Osgood came to camp in bad condition; his leg is not healed, and he may lose it.

July 21, Tuesday. Very hot, with light showers at night. All quiet. There is some light guard duty. Major Aldrich returned to Carrollton from New Orleans and made preparations to rejoin the regiment with the regimental baggage and what convalescents were able to go; labored hard all night loading the freight on shipboard. Lieutenant Pickering returned to camp sick.

Company K was called out at 4 o'clock in the morning to relieve the guard of the Fifty-second Massachusetts, which was about to embark for home.

Private Whittemore, Company E, visited his comrade, John Hodgman, who was severely wounded June 14; he found him very feeble, but in good spirits. Whittemore, with thirteen others, bore Hodgman to camp on his cot, a distance of three miles.

Lysander Wyman was badly burned with powder, and also the drummer boy, Perry, nearly lost his life by an exploding shell which some one threw on the fire in play.

William W. Dustin, Company F, died of wounds received June 11. (See page 19.)

Austin Washburn was severely injured in the battle of May 27, and sent to hospital at Baton Rouge; was paralyzed and barely escaped being buried alive. The nurses reported him dead, and he was about to be removed to the dead house, but he, aware of their intentions, succeeded in moving slightly, and thus indicated to them that he was still alive. He rallied and came home.



JOHN E. PRESTON—Co. H.
See Roll of Dead, page 27.

Dick Rogers was detailed to shoe mules just before going up river; he was kicked by one and severely injured, from which he never recovered.

July 22, Wednesday. Fair, very hot and dusty; at night there was a terrific blow and shower. The regiment was called on line and manœuvered lightly, and held a sort of "dress parade" for the last time. Company G, Lieutenant Ayers in command, goes to the lower landing to do provost duty and to guard boats.

Lieutenant Parker visits Carrollton and New Orleans on business connected with the regimental baggage.

July 23, Thursday. Continued pleasant and hot. The Fifty-second Massachusetts left for home. Major Aldrich arrived at noon from below on the "H. Choteau," with the regimental baggage, and all the afternoon was spent unloading the boat and preparing to leave. All the sick that are able have rejoined the regiment. Lieutenant Durgin better. Lieutenant Perkins and Captain Stearns taken sick. Frank A. Colby, Company E, died.

July 24, Friday. Very warm; showery toward evening. The Twenty-fourth Maine leaves for home. Preparing to turn over our arms and government property. Major Aldrich made a personal visit to officials at headquarters, and was promised that the regiment should leave for home in a very few days. Lieutenant Parker reached Baton Rouge by the "St. Maurice," where he visited Colonel Kingman for an hour. Alba Noyes, Company K, died.

NOTE. All of Company D's sick and disabled rejoined company, except Captain Johnson and C. E. White, who returned later on the hospital boat "St. Mary."

THE HOMEWARD TRIP.

The twenty-fifth of July was a very pleasant but hot day, with a good refreshing breeze stirring. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon orders were received to turn over all our government property, and with ten days' rations, to embark on the river steamer "City of Madison," for Cairo, Ill., and thence proceed by rail by way of Chicago to Concord, N. H. Company G was now doing guard and provost duty at the lower landing, Lieutenant Ayers in command. At camp all guards were relieved on receipt of the order, and at 4 o'clock the regiment marched a mile to a large and one-time substantial brick house, now completely riddled, where all equipments were given up, and all guns but twenty-five, which were reserved for emergencies on the trip up the river; tents were struck and turned over, as were also the cooking utensils. The regiment then marched to the boat, about two miles, and at midnight were safely aboard, with all the sick and wounded except such as were too enfeebled. A few were thus sadly left behind, and among them poor Captain Johnson, in the hospital, with its snow-white sheets and smells of chemicals and drugs, at Baton Rouge, in a very feeble and critical condition, where he had lately been called upon by Adjutant Pinkham. The captain was then observed to be emaciated and feverish, his pale face blotched with heat spots; and as showing something of the nature of such a soldier's heart, it is related that he pulled the adjutant's face down to his own cheek and for a moment held it there, thus by a stroke of nature expressing some deep emotion of the human soul that is either too sacred or too fine to be spoken aloud in this tell-tale world.

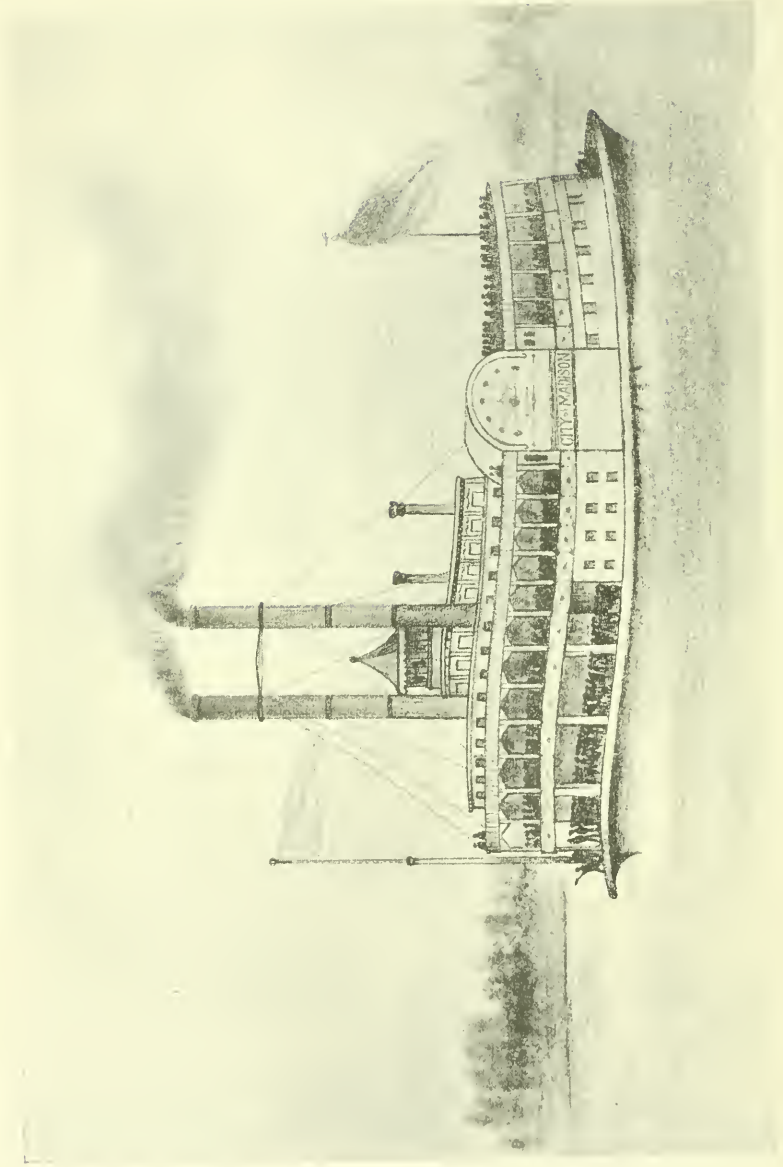
The lieutenant-colonel, in care of the late Edward P. Banks, Company K, a relative of the general, was carried aboard absolutely helpless of body and delirious of mind, and just after the boat got fairly under way gave his last order

as a military commander, to wit, that the band should take position three rods in rear of the boat and play the national airs.

Major Aldrich was in command, and found it an all-night task, with heavy details of men, before the commissary stores were loaded and every preparation made. And now the reaper death, as will be seen, redoubled his energies, and one of the saddest of all our sad deaths, was that of Lewis W. Sinclair, Company E, who was a sentinel on duty at the regimental line, and who, just as orders were received relieving him for the homeward trip, fell to the ground dead, and was buried then and there without ceremonies, just as the regiment moved away ; and almost at the same moment Charlie Cramm, Company C, died at the regimental hospital. Alba Noyes, Company K, was buried.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

Date.	Officers.	Non-commissioned officers.	Privates.	Totals.
July 18	14	26	293	333
19	15	26	293	334
20	16	31	276	323
21	15	28	261	304
22	12	22	212	246
23	11	20	218	249
24	9	22	185	216
25	10	18	170	198
26	12	25	176	213
27	12	25	179	216
28	13	28	176	217
29	13	31	171	215
30	14	29	171	214
31	12	39	163	214
August 1	11	28	199	238
2	10	31	186	227



HOMeward BOUND.

July 26, Sunday. A very hot day, with showers.

Farewell, Port Hudson. Great clouds of black smoke ascend from the funnels, and there is a deafening roar of escaping steam from her safety valves, as she stands waiting for the race and trembling in all her frame, when at 9.45 o'clock in the morning the engineer opens wide the steamer's throttle and she falls off into the middle of the stream and begins the ascent of the mighty river. It is a happy event on many accounts, but tinged with an almost overwhelming sadness because of the dead left behind, the sick and wounded and dying there, as well as those aboard. The cabins are covered with them, and the great steamer fairly groans with her burden. Eighty-six of those aboard will be claimed by the reaper, Death, before they reach their Northern homes, or immediately thereafter. Passed the mouth of the Red river just before sunset, in a violent shower, attended with a most wonderful electrical display, the vivid lightning chains incessantly darting about, and crinkling and lacing the whole heavens. The winding and deeply wooded shores are enchanting as Eden; here the grim monster "Mohawk," and another warship, guard its mouth. The Twenty-sixth Connecticut, which had shared with us all our hardships and battles, and bled so freely in the great cause, started in our company on the "St. Maurice," and kept us company on the voyage. The Twenty-sixth Maine also started with us on the "J. W. Cheeseman," but soon dropped behind. After a most delightful trip the "City

July 27, Monday. Showery and very hot in the afternoon.

of Madison" reached Natchez at 6 o'clock in the morning, where she lay till noon taking in coal. This famous southern city was visited and greatly admired for the beauty of its situation, its quiet homes embowered in tropical verdure, and the flowers that bloom in profusion there—the queenly "Pride of China" and the

“Cape Flower.” Surely, this is Arcadie, a land of peace and plenty, a garden and sanctuary for all the world, if man would but forget his enmities, his greed and ambitions, and love his neighbor as himself. It is principally on a bluff, one hundred and fifty feet in sheer height, with a small fringe below at the water’s edge, and thus divided by the great natural rampart into “Natchez under the Hill” and “Natchez on the Hill.” But it is blighted by war now, and deep sorrow broods in every house, for all its citizens capable of bearing arms joined the Confederates, and have been slain by scores and hundreds, and never will return to gladden those deserted homes. It is under martial law; its stores are closed; an “iron-clad” lies in the river on guard like a mighty sentinel, ready to belch forth her thunders at any moment. Left at 12.30 o’clock, and just as the boat cast off her lines death claimed her first victim, and the lifeless body of Moses E. Eastman, Company H, was hastily borne to the shore and left there rolled in his blanket, to be buried by strangers. He was a mere boy, and died lying on the bare deck where hundreds tramped around him. Just before he breathed his last he gave a smile of recognition to his comrade, McGregor, but could not speak even in a whisper or lift his hand. He had been long in the hospital, and was as white as the winter snow, while those who participated in the siege were swarthy as the Turk. “Death lay on him like an untimely frost on the fairest flower of all the field.” Passed General Pillow’s plantation at 5 o’clock, and Rodney, Miss., at 6, and at midnight, Benjamin F. Swain, Company D, a mere schoolboy, died of the fever. The boat ran on a shoal in the night, but after a little delay was gotten off, and soon thereafter was snorting past Grand Gulf, her furnaces lighting up her great volumes of escaping smoke and steam like clouds of fire. Her hoarse whistles blew at frequent intervals. Vicksburg, the Gibraltar of the great Rebellion, was reached at 5

July 28, Tuesday. | o'clock in the morning, and the steamer lay here till 7 in the afternoon. She crossed the river to coal, and while there a thunder storm and a hurricane of wind arose that swept several boats from their moorings and dashed them about the river, and among them our attendant companion, the "St. Maurice." Branches from trees on the shore were broken off and strewed upon our decks. There were twenty-seven steamers lying here, and several gunboats, and much other shipping continually coming and going. Vicksburg, on its high bluffs, made a beautiful appearance, but was greatly damaged by shot and shell. Benjamin F. Swain was buried here on the shore opposite the city, and death seized another victim, the poor boy, George F. Young, Company I, who had been safely through all the battles of Port Hudson. He was rolled in his blanket and buried just behind the levee.

The voyage was resumed at 7 o'clock, and the full, round moon lit up the river and all its wooded shore with weird beauty till 1 o'clock, when a dense fog rose from the water,

July 29, Wednesday. | during which the boat tied up to the land for an hour or two. Reached Cloudy morning till 10 o'clock, after which it was cool and delightful. | Lake Providence at 10 o'clock, and waited there two hours, when the shore was visited and purchases

made of melons, peaches, apples, and bread. A delightful place, with a beautiful name, but wearing now a visage of war with its cotton breastworks and fortifications. Here, again, death claimed his victim, Harlan P. Gilman, Company A, died of the fever, and Horace A. Burley, Company H, soon after mid-

July 30, Thursday. | night on the morning of the thirtieth. Very pleasant, with | The boat drew up to land in the morning, and Gilman and Burley were both a cool breeze. | buried there at Milliken's Bend, on an island in the dense woods a little below the mouth of the Arkansas river. At 11.30 o'clock entered the mouth

of the mighty Arkansas, and passed through a cut-off at Napoleon, into the Mississippi again, saving a distance of thirteen miles. At 1.30 passed the mouth of the White river; there were seven gunboats and three packets here. At 3 o'clock passed a fleet of seven steamers, loaded with guns and hospital stores. At 4 o'clock passed the sidewheel packet "Emma," bound for New Orleans. At 5 o'clock passed Laconia, Ark. Sergeant Stevens, Company K, watched by Colonel Blair through the day and was relieved at night; the colonel is worse. Reached Helena, Ark., at

July 31, Friday. | 3.30 o'clock in the morning, and made
Cool and cloudy. | a stop there of two hours and a quarter
and procured provisions and ice for

the sick. There is a long range of high bluffs back of the village which bristle with fortifications. Sergeant Stevens visited the village and purchased some ice and wine for Colonel Blair. There is a large force here, and a fleet of steamers and warships. At 5.45 o'clock the "Madison" pursued her way, and passed the steamer "Polar Star" at about 10 o'clock. At 1.30 o'clock passed gunboat No. 25, with a lot of horses on board. A small force of soldiers was seen, who were thought to be guerrillas, and the boat began to put about, but they proved to be dressed in the army blue. At 3 o'clock passed a small river steamer, and at 4 o'clock met the steam tug "Dinah." At 6.30 o'clock passed the steamer "David," with Illinois cavalry aboard. Sergeant Stevens took care of Colonel Blair all day; he was very sick and lay in a doze on the cabin floor with many others. Hiram S. Baker, Company C, lay by his side. The great reaper gathered in four to-day, John E. Tarbell, Company A, and James Sanborn, Company D, for whom coffins were procured at Helena, and they were buried there on the bank of the river. John Stewart, Company C, and William H. Johnson, Company K, died in the afternoon, as

the boat was approaching the beautiful southern metropolis of Memphis, where she arrived at 7 o'clock in the evening, and left thirty of the sick, of whom nineteen died, and with Johnson made twenty, who lie there in the United States Military Cemetery. The nineteen were Jonah Camp, Absalom Ford, Hylas Hackett, Company B; John Bishop, Stephen C. Church, John Stewart, Dan B. Gage, Company C; William T. Stevens, Walter G. Brackett, Company D; Jonathan Burbank, Henry Butterfield, Company E; Almon S. Church, John Marcott, Gilbert J. Robie, Company F; John S. Whidden, Company G; John J. Smith, Wentworth Willey, Company I; Isaac N. Clough, George M. D. Mead, Company K. Although Johnson and Stewart both died on the "City of Madison," Stewart is accounted as having died at Memphis. He dropped dead on the boat's deck at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The boat left Memphis at 3 o'clock in the morn-

August 1, Saturday.
Cool and cloudy morn-
ing, followed by a day
of terrible heat.

ing, and after proceeding six miles the breaking down of her pump necessitated her mooring to the shore, which she did on the Arkansas side, and await there while the engineer made his way back to Memphis and returned with the necessary repairs, a space of some ten hours. The engineer went down by the boat's yawl, but returned on a steam tug. Along the water's edge there was a narrow beach of white, clean, musical quick-sand, which was firm as solid rock if one stepped carefully on it, but with the least disturbance of its particles under the heel it would give way and let one in to his ankles. The immediate shore was covered with a light growth of cottonwood, which seemed to draw down the sun's excessive heat on its sparse and tremulous leaves and increase its intensity, as the trees, while checking the light winds, afforded no perceptible shade to the ground beneath. All who were well enough went ashore, and instantly

it became a populous and busy place. There was washing and cooking on the beach, and explorations far and wide. There was a cotton field just over the levee, and negroes hoeing there; the cotton was just in bloom, and back of this a large field of corn. But we were in a dangerous situation. Guerrillas infested the land. Pickets with our twenty-five guns were thrown far out by Major Aldrich, and it was surmised that the "City's" captain was a disunionist, and that he may have purposely disabled the boat. Soon after the accident a patrol gunboat, steaming rapidly down the river with its current, drew close up, and its captain inquired of the major if he were armed. Aldrich replied, "No; that he had only twenty-five rifles." The captain said, "You'll be gobbled up as sure as h—ll." He laid his boat up to the touch of rails and waited there till the repairs were made, and the "City" resumed her way. This was probably a very narrow escape from capture, as a horseman rode up to the sergeant of our picket and inquired if there were troops on the boat, and if so what troops, and if they were armed. He then rode off with great rapidity, and soon thereafter a considerable body of horsemen appeared in the distance; but the saucy gunboat had arrived meantime. While waiting here death claimed another victim, Hiram S. Baker, Company C, who expired lying beside Colonel Blair on the deck of the steamer's cabin. His remains were taken to the Tennessee shore and buried on a bluff under a large tree, Comrade E. B. Huse carving his name on a rude headboard which was set up, and also on the tree, which extended its branches over his grave. He had been the bass drummer, and afterwards served as hospital steward at division headquarters. Dan B. Gage, of the same company, died at Memphis. The steamer's fires were drawn during the repairs, and drenched with buckets of water, a gang of negro roustabouts working away like beavers thereat. Steam was up again, and the boat throbbing in

every part, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when with several tremendous blasts of her whistles she again turned her prow to the middle of the stream and moved on up the river, but scarcely had she made a mile when the packing blew out of one of her cylinders causing, however, but a few moment's delay. She made a splendid run through the night of about one hundred miles. The sick in the cabin seemed to be

August 2, Sunday. Very pleasant all day. Isaac N. Clough (or Cluff), Company K, John S. Whidden, Company G, and William T. Stevens, Company D, died at Memphis.

much better. Passed Fort Wright at 1 o'clock in the morning, and the "J. B. Hillman" and the United States mail steamer "Magellan," an half hour later, Osceola at 9 o'clock in the morning, New Madrid at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, Island No. 10 at sunset.

The steamer "Louisville" lies here; the "White Cloud" is passed, and many others. Hickman is passed at midnight. At Columbus, as the boat was passing at 1.30 o'clock in the morning, blanks were fired by guns ashore, compelling her to

August 3, Monday. Cool morning, with a very fine shower. George A. Page, Company B, died at Cairo; Wentworth Willey, Company I, at Memphis; Henry N. Brown, Company K, at Mound City; Henry Butterfield, Company E, and Gilbert J. Robie, Company F, at Memphis.

put in and report. Cairo was reached at 4 o'clock in the morning, just at daybreak. Two freight trains stood in waiting here, side by side, with a narrow space between, one for the Fifteenth New Hampshire, and the other for the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, to which the regimental baggage was transferred, and the men took up their quarters within, and then in great numbers mounted the roofs.

There was a passenger car with our train for the officers. Five of the sick were left here. During the stay here there was great frolicking among the



STEPHEN C. CHURCH—Co. C.
(See Roll of Dead.)



JAMES G. MORRISON—Co. H.
(See page 25.)



J. A. MULLIGAN—Co. C.
(See Roll of Dead.)



WILLIAM N. STEVENS—Co. C.
(See Roll of Dead.)

boys. "Pizarinktum" and many others were enthusiastic on reaching what was then very appropriately designated as God's country, and were soon highly qualified to celebrate the happy event. The Connecticut boys were equally happy, and before the trains pulled out there was a most amusing scene at fisticuffs between members of the two regiments in the space between. A member of the Twenty-sixth, on the top of their train, shaking his fist at one of ours, claimed to have led the Fifteenth in the battle of May 27, which our boy very emphatically denied. In their felicitous state that was enough; they immediately jumped to the ground and went to pummelling each other with great spirit. The affair was eagerly watched, and when one was seen to be getting worsted a comrade of his went down to his assistance, but this made two on one, and so, to even up, another of the opposite side went down, till quite a few were there engaged in the affair in the most lively manner. It grew fast, and separated into different rings, and began to assume a serious appearance, when to end it our train was started a distance up the track, necessitating a great scramble on the part of our champions to get aboard. However, as all things have an end, the delay here finally terminated, and the homeward journey was resumed at an hour or so before noon, the roofs of the cars black with the boys, many of them with their legs dangling down the sides, the long train presenting a scene of great festivity. Major Aldrich went in advance to Chicago,

August 4, Tuesday. A beautiful, cool morning; cloudy toward night, with appearance of showers. Refreshing breeze on the train. Absalom Ford, Company B, and John Bishop, Company C, died at Memphis.

by express. Slept on the car floors, heads and heels, just covering them at close touch, in great comfort. The boys are up early on the roofs eating their hard bread and enjoying the scene. It is an observation train, and is passing rapidly through the prairie garden of the world, a seemingly boundless ocean of level lands



SERGT. HENRY R. BROWN—Co. G.

SERGT. HENRY R. BROWN.

Henry R. Brown was born in Loudon, N. H., March 11, 1841. He attended the public schools until the age of fourteen, then entered Loudon Academy, where he studied to become a civil engineer. Disappointed in obtaining a satisfactory situation in that profession, he gave it up, and commenced the study of medicine in 1862 with Dr. W. S. Collins. On the seventh of September of that year, he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire Volunteers. At the expiration of his term of service he resumed the study of medicine, and graduated at the New Hampshire Homœopathic College in March, 1867. The same month he commenced practising in Waterbury, Conn., in partnership with Dr. E. C. Knight; removed to Leominster, Mass., in July, 1867, where, with the exception of two and a half years that he was away on account of ill health, he has been located ever since.

bearing an endless wealth of heaven's bounty, and waving with fields of corn. It is dotted with white homes and villages, set round with trees as far as the horizon, where earth and heaven meet. It is a part of the great globe where an extinct race have lived and died and left as their only memento fragments of pottery and mounds of great extent, whose use and meaning cannot be known, some of which are constructed on the lines of reptiles, or other animals, with open mouths apparently about to seize an egg or other food, which in itself is often quite a little hill. Hence "Mound City" derived its name, of surpassing beauty and suggestiveness. Reached DuQuoine at 6.30 o'clock; Ashley at 7; Richview at 8; Centralia at 9 — changed engines; Odin at 9.30; Kimmundy at 10.30; Farina, Edgewood at 11; Mason, Watson, Effingham at 12; Neoga at 12.30; Matoon at 1.30, where during a brief stop the citizens surrounded the train, bringing coffee and refreshments; Clinton, Stanton at 2; Arcola at 2.30; Tuscola at 3.20; Weston, Pesotim at 4; Champaign at 5.30, where seemingly the whole populace turned out, and hundreds of ladies flocked around laden with coffee and tea, milk and cake, jellies, pies, fruits, and all anxious to see the sick and wounded — who, except those left en route, are all aboard — and minister to their needs; many ladies were moved to tears by the spectacle. We were the first troops to return from actual service, and with the many weak and pale ones from the hospitals, and the bronzed veterans right from the trenches and battle-fields of Port Hudson, must, to them, have presented a sorry sight. The citizens were all ablaze with patriotic fires and a spirit that would never be conquered nor see their country fall. The flags, torn by shot and shell, were flung to the breeze and looked upon with wonder by old and young. Left Champaign about 6, and sped on through the night. Passed Ranton at 6.30, and another beautiful village just at night. Slept "heads and



CAPTAIN PINKHAM—CO. I.

heels" or "heads and hands," as some call it, where the space would admit, but in more crowded conditions heads all one way, or "spoon fashion," which was a favorite method with soldiers, but in which one could not turn except all did, and though used on a hard bed, it was necessary to change quite often, and this originated the mock military commands, "Right spoon," and "Left spoon." One could scarce imagine with what a comical gravity these orders could be given by some of the boys, and with what alacrity and precision they would be obeyed. Chicago was reached at 10 o'clock

August 5, Wednesday. Commencing with a slight shower. Hyles Hackett, Company B, died at Memphis, and W. P. Taylor, an old man of Company D, who "toted" water at the parapet and brought food to the boys in the rifle pits at Fort Hudson, was left in hospital at Chicago and died there this day. Josiah Swan, Company G, died at Mound City. John Marcott, Company F, at Memphis.

to the morning of the fifth, where some sought beds in hotels to pass the rest of the night. Changed to passenger cars, and left Chicago at 8 o'clock in the morning. The major reached the great lake city in advance of the regiment, and remained behind there arranging matters relating to the transportation of the regiment and the commutation of rations. Miller was reached at 9:30 o'clock; Laporte at 11:30, and another grand ovation; South Bend at 1, where the train was stopped and the regiment again regaled with fruit and every kind of refreshments; Elkhart at 2; White Pigeon at 4, where the train was again stopped for a few moments to give the citizens an opportunity to show their enthusiasm and patriotism. Bronson was reached at 4:30; Coldwater at 5; Hillsdale at 6:30, where also all the good people turned out, the ladies largely predominating, as very many of their men folks were in the army and still at the front, and



MR. JOHN DICKEY, one of the patriotic citizens of Londonderry. (See page 25.)

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among them the Sixth Michigan, which was in our own brigade ; Adrian at 8 in the evening—changed engines ; Toledo, O., at 10, where hot coffee was served by throngs of citizens, who welcomed the regiment as conquering heroes. It is very noticeable what fine looking, whole-souled and patriotic people all these are, and one feels that a country made up of such is well worth sustaining at any cost ; changed cars here ; there was a shower in the night. Left Toledo an hour and a half



CHARLES G. HORNEY, of the Band.



HIRAM HOOK—Co. G.

August 6, Thursday. A very beautiful day. Geo. T. Jackson, Company A, died at Mound City, Jonah Camp, Company B, at Memphis, Jacob Willard, Company A, on the train at Dunkirk, and John C. Mason, Company G, at Cleveland.

past midnight, stopped at Kishman's at 5 to wood and water, and arrived at Cleveland at 8 ; left at 9. Reached Painsville at 10, Kingsville at 11.30, where a stop was made for wood and water. The road for many miles skirts the margin of the great lake, and at a considerable elevation above its deep sea-blue waters, which stretch away into the north-



CORP. JAMES W. GOODHUE—Co. D.



SERGT. J. J. SWAIN—Co. D.



GRANVILLE P. PATCH—Co. E.



NOAH M. WEEKS—Co. A.
(See page 425.)

ern distance till they vanish from the sight. Many steamers are seen, and ships with snowy sails are stooping and bending over the broad expanse, and on the other hand are the richest lands of earth with all their scenes of thrift and beauty. Arrived at Erie, Pa., at 12, where a dinner was served to the regiment by the citizens, and wines and all kinds of delicacies to the sick and wounded. Buffalo was reached at 5, and there the regiment was conducted to a large hall where a banquet was in waiting, said to have been provided by the city; a number of sick were left here. Left at 7, with the body of Jacob Willard, Company A — who died at Dunkirk, N. Y., aboard the train — lying on a railroad truck, rolled in its blanket. The train reached Syracuse at 6 o'clock in the

August 7, Friday. A fine day. Cyrus Burbick, Company B, and Benj. F. Burnham, Company C, died at Chicago.

morning of the seventh, where Major Aldrich rejoined it, having come by express from Chicago; Albany at 1 P. M.; changed cars and left at 4.30; passed through Springfield, Mass., at 10 in the evening; Worcester at an hour or two past midnight of the morning of the eighth, Saturday, when cars were changed; left Worcester about 4, passed through Nashua about 6, and arrived at Concord at 8, in a rain storm. Here the disabled were sent to hospitals, and a small portion of the regiment was marched over to the old camp-ground across the river, to the old barracks, but many, feeling that their duty was done, sought the first means of conveyance home without awaiting the ordinary military formalities.

It is doubtful if any New Hampshire regiment, on its arrival from the seat of war, presented so sorry a plight as the Fifteenth. It had withstood all the perils of the malarial regions of the Louisiana low lands, its fevers, and nameless climatic pestilences, and in addition thereto borne the very brunt of the most exacting service, and in many respects the

severest and most prolonged siege of the war. The sick, by the long journey home, were jaded to the last degree. Of the officers, the lieutenant-colonel was conveyed to a hotel and lay for a long time there perfectly helpless from his wounds and other disabilities, and did not recover so as to be able for



CAPTAIN COGSWELL.—Co. A.

any work for two full years. Captain Cogswell, who was, when in health, a very large man, weighed now only one hundred and six pounds, and his only brother, searching for him at the station on his arrival, did not recognize him. Lieutenant Wyatt was one of the badly wounded. Captain Johnson was left behind at Baton Rouge. Captain Gordon

was completely prostrated, and lay two weeks in bed at Concord before going home, and a full year passed before he could walk without assistance. Captain Osgood's wound was in bad condition. Captain Sanborn and Lieutenant Perkins were both very sick men, and Lieutenant Wallingford, and very



GOVERNOR GILMORE.

many of the sick and wounded men, were merely breathing skeletons, unable to walk or even stand upon their feet without assistance. All soon alighted or were removed from the cars. There were none in the station at Concord to receive the regiment, it having arrived unannounced, but the bustling Governor Gilmore soon appeared there, and burst into tears at the sight before him. Cannon were discharged, and soon



A. C. HAINES — Co. D.



LIEUTENANT DURGIN — Co. D.



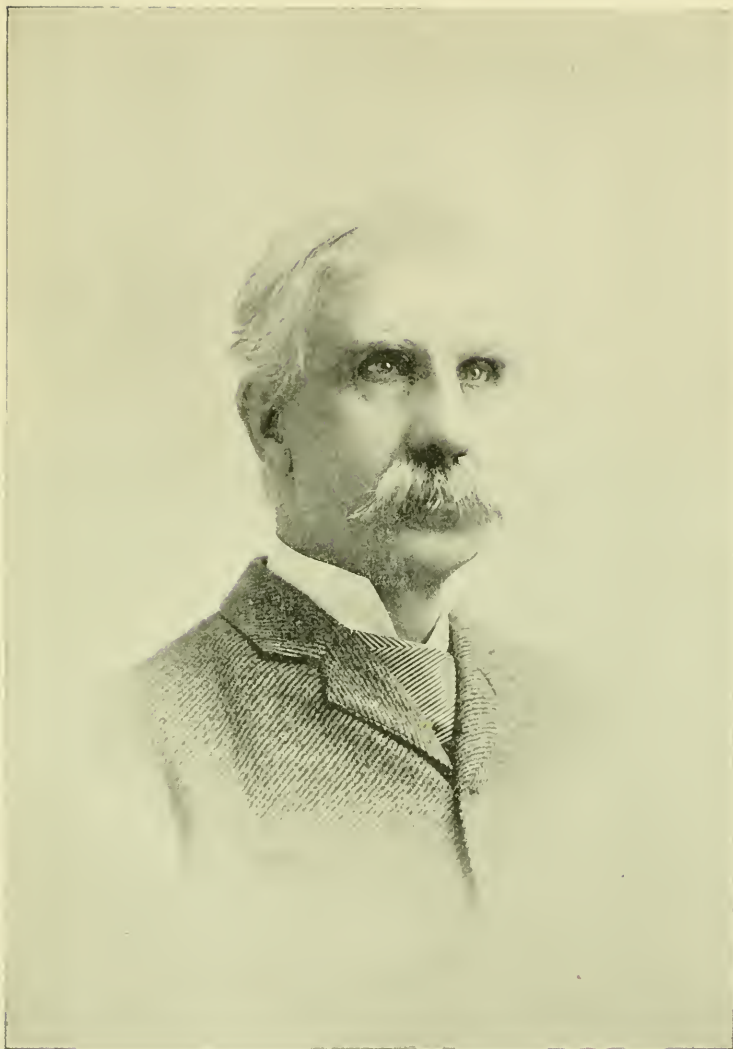
LIEUTENANT DURGIN.

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all the good people of Concord appeared on the scene and did everything possible for all who needed their ministrations. Thirty-five were conveyed to the city hall, which was converted into a military hospital. The following account of the arrival is from one of the Concord papers :

On Saturday morning, August 8, 1863, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a cannon discharged near the railroad station, announced the arrival of the Fifteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, Colonel Kingman. Large numbers of people hastened to the square, and soon the long line of cars were run along side of the platforms in the station, and soon mutual congratulations passed between those inside and outside of the cars. The regiment was in an exhausted condition, and the number of sick large, while several died on the homeward journey. Soon as practicable, the men in marching condition were escorted to camp, and the sick conveyed to the city hall, where a military hospital was soon established, with thirty-five inmates. The people of the city sent supplies, and men and women collected as volunteers to aid in those services of which they had heard so much and seen so little. This is the first ocular demonstration in this city of the effect of a fervid climate and exhausting military services, with all the privations incident to conflict in a distant portion of the country, upon the men of the North, and deepened the already abiding conviction of the extent of the calamity in which the nation was plunged.

On the day of the arrival, John Richardson, Company D, died at Concord, and on the ninth, David S. Huse, Company G, died at Mound City, Ill.; William Nudd, Company I, died at Exeter; Francis A. Oaks, Company C, at Benton; and John W. Millen, Company C, at Bath. On the tenth, all who were able had gone home. There died this day Harlan P. Sanborn, Company H, at Sanbornton; William L. Stanton, Company K, at Buffalo; Walter G. Brackett, Company D, at Memphis; John C. Smith, Company E, at Hollis; Royal Boynton, Company A, at Lake Village; and Levere L. Duplessus, Company E, at New Orleans. On the eleventh a festival was held in the state house yard in honor of the Fifth and Fifteenth regiments, of which the following account was published in the *Statesman* :



CAPTAIN JOHN W. ELA — Co. B.

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The day was clear but quite warm. The decorations were many, beautiful, and appropriate. The "gorgeous ensign of the Republic" was properly the central figure of them, and distributed more plentifully than on any other fete day this year. The State House was decorated, together with the front gate, while the national flag floated from the staff above the dome. The liberty pole was decked with a multitude of flags, and at several points along Main street were suspended appropriate mottoes and decorations, while from the piazza of the American House, depended on their staffs, were the rent and smoke-stained, but eloquent, banners of the Fifteenth regiment. The military companies from abroad were the Amoskeag Veterans, Nashua Guards, and Strafford Guards from Dover. Tables were set on the grounds west of the State House, and after the repast Hon. E. H. Rollins called the assembly to order, and Henry P. Rolfe acted as toastmaster, and two hours were spent in toasts and speeches.



WILLIAM D. EUDY—Co. C.

LEONARD M. EUDY—Co. C. (See page 215.)



LIEUTENANT MARTIN — CO. F.

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During the exercises the following toast was offered in honor of the Fifteenth regiment, to which Major Aldrich responded :

The Fifteenth New Hampshire Regiment. They have illustrated the characteristic valor and gallantry of the New Hampshire volunteer soldiery, and they shall ever occupy a conspicuous position upon the battle-roll of their country's defenders, and while the "Great Waters" roll uninterrupted to the foot of the sea, Port Hudson and its captors shall adorn one of the brightest pages of our nation's history.

Major Aldrich responded by giving a history of the regiment and its work since it left the state, which was very interesting.

Colonel Kingman arrived on the eleventh, and the following is the last order issued to the regiment :

HEADQUARTERS FIFTEENTH N. H. VOLUNTEERS,
CONCORD, N. H., August 12, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 37. }

Major John Aldrich, Lieutenant C. S. Hazeltine, and Lieutenant James F. Parker are hereby appointed a "Board of Survey" to examine into and report in regard to the loss of ordnance and ordnance stores and clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and to condemn such as may be worn out and unfit for service, belonging to the several company officers.

Company officers will immediately report deficiencies to the Board and submit evidences in regard to the same.

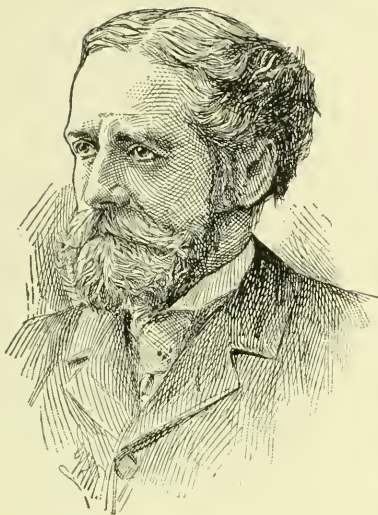
By command of

COL. JOHN W. KINGMAN.

E. E. PINKHAM,

Adjutant.

On the eleventh there died Thomas W. Merrill, Company A, at Concord ; Joseph Brown, Company B, at Campton ; John Clark, Company C, at Bath ; and J. Burbank, Company E, at Memphis ; and on the thirteenth — the day of the muster-out — Dewit Clinton, Company A, at Gilford ; John A. Powers and Andrew J. Roberts, Company C, at Concord ;



DR. EDGAR L. CARR—HOSP. STEWARD.



SERG. J. J. HANSON—Co. D.



ANTHONY L. SANBORN—Co. D.



ALVIN BURLIEIGH—Co. B.
(See page 50.)

John Hill, Company G, at Buffalo ; and John H. Roberts, Company I, at Concord. There were but few present at the muster-out.



ARTHUR A. AUSTIN—Co. C.

NOTE. ARTHUR A. AUSTIN, Company C, who was in regimental hospital at Carrollton, May 20, later became paralyzed and was sent to hospital at New Orleans. Upon the return of the regiment, at Concord, he was reported dead. Preparations were made at his home for observing his funeral ceremonies, and a day appointed therefor, but on the preceding midnight he reached home and reported at his own door in Enfield.

NOTE.

At muster-out the strength of the regiment, as shown by the adjutant's report, was 39 officers and 702 enlisted men. Of these there were absent 2 officers on detached service, and 138 men sick and wounded, leaving 37 officers and 504 men present. Of these, less than 30 officers, and not 400 men, were reported fit for duty.

There were known to be absent in hospitals outside of New Hampshire :

AT NEW ORLEANS, 8. Of Company C, Enos K. Hall, Arthur A. Austin ; of Company E, Levere Duplessus, Albert Fletcher ; of Company F, Sergt. James W. Lull ; of Company G, John N. Young ; of Company H, Corp. Wesley S. Meloon, wounded ; of Company K, Arthur W. Merrick, color sergeant, wounded.

AT BATON ROUGE, 7. Of Company D, Captain Johnson and Charles E. White ; of Company E, Sergt. Josiah Norris, Daniel C. Abbott, wounded, Andrew C. Giles, wounded ; of Company I, Corp. Enos Rewitzer, wounded, Jeremiah W. Smith, wounded.

AT PORT HUDSON, 1. Of Company E, John Hodgman, wounded.



WILLIAM M. FOWLER—Co. F.



CORP. CHAS. F. SWAIN—Co. A.



CHARLES H. ROBY—Co. A.



ORRIN F. WHEELER—Co. A.
(The first to die in the regiment.)

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AT MEMPHIS, 27 (30 were left). Of Company B, Absalom Ford, Jonah Camp, Hylas Hackett, Joseph W. Plummer; of Company C, Sergt. John Bishop, Stephen Church, Ransom S. Day, Dan B. Gage, Benera Sherman, John Stewart; of Company D, John H. Brown, Walter G. Brackett, John Newton, William L. Stevens; of Company E,



ADJT. E. E. PINKHAM. (See pages 358, 359.)

Corp. John C. Graham, Jonathan Burbank, Henry F. Butterfield, Frank W. Gould; of Company F, Almon F. Church, John Marcott, James R. Richardson; of Company G, John S. Whidden; of Company I, John Smith, Wentworth Willey; of Company K, Isaac N. Cluff (or Clough), Andrew J. George, George M. D. Mead.

AT CAIRO, 5. Of Company B, George A. Page; of Company C, Moody Howland; of Company G, Isaiah Swain; of Company H, Sergt. Albert B. Nye; of Company K, Henry N. Brown.

AT MOUND CITY, 2. Of Company A, George T. Jackson; of Company G, David S. Huse.

AT CHICAGO, 4. Of Company B, Cyrus Burbick, Jonah Camp; of Company C, Benjamin F. Burnham; of Company D, William B. Taylor.

AT CLEVELAND, 1. Of Company G, John C. Mason.

AT BUFFALO, 10. Of Company B, Henry Cook, James S. Glynn, Andrew J. Morgan; of Company E, George B. Lane; of Company G, Timothy Blake, John Hill; of Company K, Hiram French, Frank P. Ireson, Matthew G. Sanborn, William L. Stanton.

AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., 1. Of Company B, Royal F. Clark.

AT WORCESTER, MASS., 1. Of Company K, Lorenzo Frost.



J. IRVING WHITTEMORE—Co. E. Wounded May 27. (See page 330.)

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AT NEW YORK, 2. Of Company C, Samuel A. Currier, Harvey L. Smith.

AT LAWRENCE, MASS., 1. Of Company B, Henry S. Annis.

AT TOWNSEND, MASS., 1. Of Company E, George F. Tenney.

ABSENT, PLACE UNKNOWN, 1. Of Company B, Sergt. Fred A. Mitchell.

Officers wounded :

Lieutenant-colonel Blair, Major Aldrich, Adjutant Pinkham.

Company A, Lieutenant Pickering.

Company B, Lieutenants Wyatt and Page.

Company C, Captain Lang, and Lieutenant Bean, bruised seriously.

Company D, Captain Johnson, fatally.

Company E, Captain Stearns.

Company F, Captain Gordon.

Company G, Captain Osgood and Lieutenant Pickering, bruised seriously.

Company H, Lieutenants Seavey and Perkins.

Company I, Lieutenants Moore and Wallingford.

NOTE. Company D, as its last act, voted its company fund, amounting to nearly \$150, half to Captain Johnson and half to John O. Langley, who left a large family of small children.



1ST SERGT. FRED B. WELLS—Co. F.
Age 21 ; by an error in the company roll
on page 79 his age is given as 42.



LIEUT. E. G. WOOD—Co. K.



LIEUT. CHAS. S. HAZELTINE—Co. C.

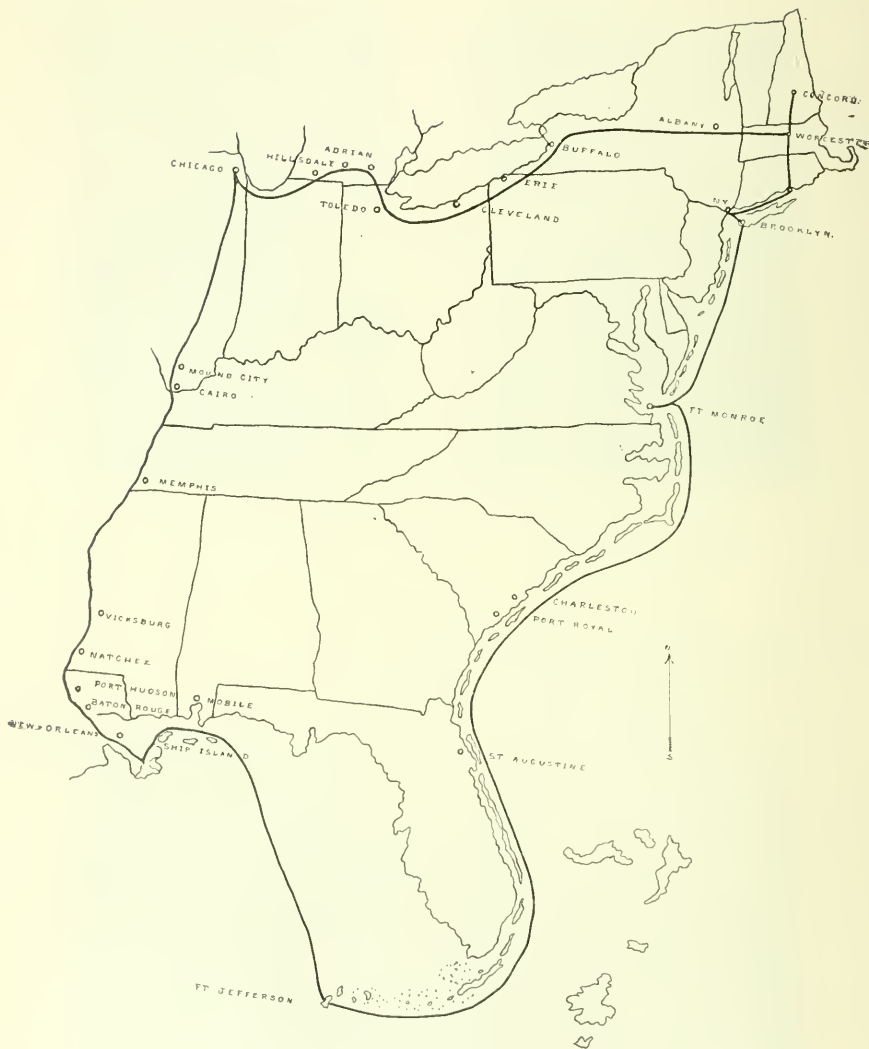


JOHN JOHNSTON—Co. G.



DAN B. GAGE—Co. C.
(See page 376.)

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The heavy line shows the route of the regiment. The line on the ocean follows the course of the "James S. Green."



SECOND LIEUT. JOHN O. WALLINGFORD—Co. I.
Promoted from sergeant-major January 18, 1863; wounded May 27.

FIFTEENTH REGIMENT N. H. VETERANS' ASSO-
CIATION HEADQUARTERS BUILDING
AT THE WEIRS.

BY E. B. HUSE.

Since the formation of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association in 1875 the surviving members of the Fifteenth Regiment have held their annual reunions at The Weirs, in connection with the other military organizations of the state who served in the War of the Rebellion, and claim to have aided in large measure in the success of the state reunions and in the laying out and improvement of their beautiful camp-grounds on the shore of the "Smile of the Great Spirit," the beautiful Winnepesaukee Lake.

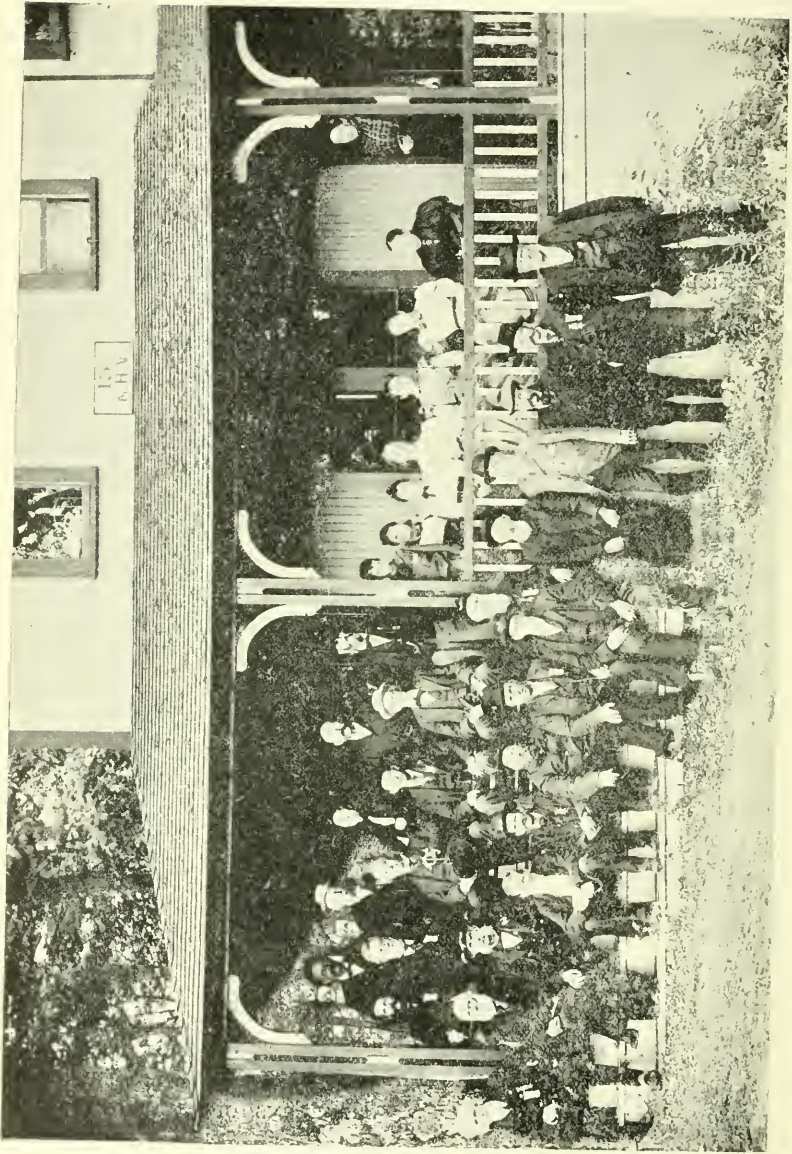
Its members have given much time and their best efforts as officers and on various committees to make the annual reunions of the state association, the last week in August, successful and enjoyable. Two of its comrades — Thomas Cogswell, in 1890, and Everett B. Huse, in 1895 — served as its president, and for several years past Frank H. George has faithfully filled the position of quartermaster. Col. John W. Kingman, Capt. John W. Ela, Adjt. Edward E. Pinkham, Corp. Noah Tebbetts, and others, who have been located and won fame and fortune in distant states for many years, make it a religious duty to grace these reunions by their presence and eloquent speech, and none would be complete without seeing and hearing them and such other comrades as have never seen fit to leave the state, but consider it a grand place to be born in, to live in, and to die in. Among them we mention our brave Lieutenant-Colonel and ex-United States Senator Henry W. Blair; our cool, clear-headed Major John Aldrich; the brave soldier, genial, eloquent, and successful farmer-lawyer, Capt. Thomas Cogswell; the learned and companionable lawyer and citizen, Priv. Alvin Burleigh, and

scores of other survivors of that terrible campaign of the Fifteenth Regiment in the swamps of Louisiana in 1862 and 1863.

In 1884, the first formal action was taken by the Fifteenth Regiment Association to erect a headquarters building at The Weirs, and by contributions of its members and their friends the present building, as shown on the following page, was planned and erected in 1888, at a cost of about \$1,200, in which from 75 to 150 comrades of the regiment have gathered annually to renew the friendships formed in war time, and again "drink from the same canteen."

On the twenty-ninth day of August, 1888, these headquarters were completed and formally dedicated by a grand reunion of 135 survivors of the regiment, and eloquent and appropriate speeches were made by Colonel Kingman, of Iowa; Captain Cogswell, of Gilmanton; Capt. John W. Ela, of Chicago; Dr. Edgar L. Carr, of Pittsfield; Alvin Burleigh, of Plymouth; E. B. Huse, of Enfield; also several comrades from other regiments and citizens, notably Rev. J. K. Ewer, of Concord, who served in a Massachusetts battery with the Fifteenth in Louisiana; Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle, of Pittsfield; Hon. D. H. Goodell, of Antrim, both afterwards elected governor of the state; "Farmer Holt," of Epping. A most touching recitation was given by Mrs. Thomas Cogswell. Lieutenant-Colonel Blair was unable to be present on account of imperative duties in the United States senate, but sent an inspiring letter to his comrades, which was read by the secretary.

Year by year the ranks of our gallant regiment are decimated by the grim reaper, and it will not be long before the last one will receive his final muster-out. So let us close up, and annually gather at The Weirs to renew our blood-cemented friendships of those dark days of rebellion and war, and pledge anew our devotion to the old flag wherever it floats.



HEADQUARTERS AT THE WEIRS. Some of the white-haired survivors in 1899.





