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**History of the 32nd Regiment, New York Volunteers, in the Civil War, 1861-1863, and personal recollection during that period** Add to Print List

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History of the 32nd Regiment, New York Volunteers,  
In the Civil War, 1861 to 1865,  
And personal recollection during that period  
by  
Brevt. Brig. General Francis W. Pinto.

Pinto, Francis K. History of the 32nd Regiment, New  
Volunteers in the Civil War, 1861 to 1863, and Personal  
Recollection during the Period, by Brevt. Brig. General  
Francis K. Pinto. Manuscript of 156pp., approximately  
5000 words, giving a first hand eye-witness account of  
the author's experiences in the Civil War. The work  
has never been published.

Pinto, according to Heitman's United States Army Register,  
p.793, served in the Civil War from May 31, 1861 to June 9,  
1863 when he was mustered out as a Colonel.

The author was for many years the proprietor of a grain and  
feed store in Brooklyn, N.Y. The work was typed in Brooklyn  
in 1895. The present copy was obtained from a grandson of  
the author Mr. Arthur Laimbeer, scion of an old New York  
family.

1.

I arrived in New York the latter part of August, 1856, and joined my little family at Amsterdam, Montgomery Co., New York, at my father-in-law's. The old gentleman had a farm there of about two hundred acres, in a good state of cultivation, with a fine, large brick house, and plenty of horses. It was there we were married. My time was pleasantly occupied, having had some experience in farming in my younger days I was perfectly at home on a farm. When I left California I expected to return there, but the whole family were anxious I should not go back, and finally persuaded me to give up all thought of returning. The old gentleman put up a malt house for the purpose of malting barley. I had no experience in that business, and he had but little. He malted some eight thousand bushels, and had had experience in selling the malt, being swindled by the purchasers, and the enterprise was given up. I ventured in other business with unfortunate results.

In October 16th, 1857, my son Frank was born, and December 29, 1860, my son William was born. Our little family now consisted of two daughters and two sons.

During the year 1860, the country was in a blaze of excitement over the slavery question, and when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President, the Presidential campaign was probably the most exciting the country ever experienced. In every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the northern States, the Republicans organized companies of men, elected captains and lieutenants, and adopted the name of "Wide-Awakes". A kind of uniform was worn, consisting of a black cape, fastened at the neck, and covering the shoulders down to the knees. Each man carried a torch attached to a stick about four feet long - the lamp made of metal, and filled with coal oil. The officers carried green glass lanterns. They paraded nightly, gathering in large numbers in



various towns, visiting their neighbors, often going by rail fifty miles from home to join in their grand parades. I was a Captain of one of these organizations at Amsterdam, N.Y., and took my Company to Albany, Schenectady, Johnstown, Fulton Co., and other places. The Douglas Democrats later on adopted a similar uniform, their capes being white.

I well remember the night of Election Day, when the returns began to come over the wires. A good portion of the people remained up most of the night to hear of the glad tidings of Lincoln's selection. Soon after we began to hear of the hostile feelings of the South, threats of secession, and war, which culminated in the attack upon Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor on the 12th of April, 1861. On the Saturday following the surrender of Fort Sumter, I called on Wm. T. Coleman at his office in Wall Street, New York, -he was the famous President of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856. He very soon asked me if I thought of taking part in the coming struggle with the South. I told him I did not see how I could keep out of it. He at once invited me to dine with him the next evening, Sunday, at the Union Club House, on Fifth Avenue. I accepted the invitation. There was nothing said as to who would be there, or the object of the meeting, but knowing the patriotic spirit of the man I surmised that something was in his mind regarding military matters. I was promptly on time, and met several California gentlemen who were to sail the next day for San Francisco. There was no railroad to California in those days, the only route was across the Isthmus of Panama. Three of those gentlemen had received appointments from the President. One, Mr. Ira P. Rankin, who had been appointed Collector of the Port of San Francisco, had been a partner of mine in San Francisco. Another was made Superintendent of the Mint at San Francisco; and another the Post-Master of San Francisco. Another of the party, Mr. Roderick Matherson, who did not succeed in obtaining an office and was ready for most any-

thing, and several other gentlemen, During the splendid dinner that was set before us, the question was raised by Mr. Coleman of raising a Regiment in New York to represent California in the struggle. Mr. Coleman proposed that Colonel Edward Baker, who had lived in California, and was then in New York, should be the Colonel, and that I should be the Lieutenant Colonel of this Regiment. The proposition was thought to be just the thing, and was approved of by all present.

Colonel Baker had commanded a Regiment from Illinois in the Mexican War, and in the early days of the gold excitement had drifted to California, where he practiced law in San Francisco. He kept in the back-ground during the Vigilance Committee struggle in San Francisco, as did most of the lawyers. He was, in his younger days, a law partner of Mr. Lincoln, so I heard. He was a very brilliant speaker, and a successful criminal lawyer. The next day I met Colonel Baker at his hotel, and we made arrangements to commence the work of recruiting the California Regiment, as it was then called. The President's Proclamation, calling for seventy-five thousand men, had been published, and there was intense excitement throughout the country. Notices were put in the New York papers inviting Californians to join the Regiment. It was not long before many came forward. Offices and booths were soon opened for recruiting men. I went to Amsterdam. A public meeting was called. There was much enthusiasm exhibited. A committee was appointed to raise a Company. The best young men of the town responded to the call; in a very short time a Company was formed. Charles Hubbs, who had been connected with the National Guard, was elected Captain, William E. Stone, 1st Lieutenant, and Benjamin A. Leonard, 2nd Lieutenant. I obtained authority from Adjutant General Hillhouse to muster the Company into the State service under my old Mexican War commission, on April 25, 1861 and obtained transportation for the Company by rail to New York

day, April 26th. This was accomplished within a week. It was the first Company organized for the Regiment. They were quartered in the old Center Street Market building, corner of Center and Grand Streets, New York, and as soon as the barracks was erected in the City Hall Park, on the spot where the Post Office now stands, they were quartered there. I went back to Amsterdam after the first Company was properly taken care of and mustered a second Company, under the command of Captain Elisha Young of Amsterdam, and a third Company, which was recruited in Johnstown, Fulton County, under the command of Captain Barry Hays. In the meantime, there was quite a number of gentlemen raising men in the City of New York: Captain James Butler, Captain Russell Meyers, Captain Wm. A. Robinson, Captain Ross A. Fish, Major Frank Lemon, and Adjutant E. Sparrow Purdy, all Californians.

About this time Colonel Baker obtained from the President the most complete order ever issued by the War Department, for raising and equipping a Regiment independent of the Quartermaster Department, or any other Department. It made him quite independent of anybody, and everybody, and he did not hesitate to show it, much to the disgust of us all. He invited me to his Hotel to see some samples of clothing for uniforming the Regiment, and get my judgment of which suit was most suitable. I picked out a suit which I thought was the best for service. He very quickly said, "We could not afford that." I told him it ought not to cost more than the government allowance for clothing. He picked up a miserable shoddy suit, and said we would have to take that. I told him "that stuff would not hold together thirty days of active campaigning," and asked who the manufacturers were. He informed me they were the Soligman Brothers. These people had been, or were largely engaged in the California clothing trade, and were now Bankers in New York. That ended that incident. There was a large margin

for somebody. I did not tell

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him so, however. The next day, while at our headquarters, Matherson whom I have mentioned as being at the Coleman Dinner at the Union Club House, had been attending to the duties that would fall to the lot of an adjutant, and who, I had thought, would be the Adjutant of the Regiment, when formed. He informed me that Colonel Baker had promised him the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and that he knew that I had also been promised the same rank, and that he thought I ought to know it. I said to him we would not quarrel about it now, but we had better call on Colonel Baker at once, and settle so important a matter. We proceeded to his hotel. When he saw us come in he anticipated our mission, and not waiting for us to speak, said the question of rank which he presumed we called to see him about, we two gentlemen would have to settle between ourselves: one would have to accept the position of Major. Without saying word to him we left, by no means pleased with his peculiar actions. The day had been fixed for the mustering into the United States service of several Companies, and Colonel Baker had given notice to the Captains to have their men on hand - it was no easy matter to keep the men in quarters in a city like New York for any purpose - and when the mustering officer arrived there was no Company that was full, and the mustering officer declined to muster parts of companies. Colonel Baker wanted the men to consolidate companies as far as they would go, but the officers and men declined to be mustered in any but their own Company. Colonel Baker showed his temper, and told them all to clear out, he would have nothing to do with them. The fact of the matter was, that Baker had been promised five hundred men from Philadelphia by a man named Wistar, for the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in Baker's Regiment. This made him independent of us all in New York. He lost his head, and demonstrated that he was not a safe man. Just before the mustering officer came he asked me to go to Albany that night, and settle a matter with the Adjutant General of the State about two Companies raised at Ithaca, Tompkins County

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were either killed, wounded or taken prisoner. I saw  
the State had been to some expense in taking care of these men, and ob-  
jected to their joining this independent command without the general  
government reimbursed the State. I was to take the four o'clock train.  
After Colonel Baker left, Matherson asked me how I liked the looks of  
things. I told him I was disgusted. He promptly told me he would toss  
up with me for the command of the Regiment, and throw Baker overboard.  
I told him as promptly, I would do so; that there was no faith to be kept  
with Colonel Baker. He took a half dollar piece, and tossed it up. I  
lost, and went to Albany in the four o'clock train to tell the Adjutant  
General that we would keep the Ithaca Companies and all the others in  
the State quota. He was very much pleased with the turn of the affairs.  
As soon as I left New York the officers held a meeting and appointed a  
Committee to inform Colonel Baker of what had taken place. He, no doubt,  
was much surprised at the quick and decisive action of the officers in  
withdrawing from him, and not knowing the part I had taken in the matter,  
as I had agreed to go to Albany that afternoon, he told the Committee he  
hoped they would do me justice.

Colonel Baker went to Philadelphia, where he recruited his  
Regiment, calling it the California Regiment - he had but few Californians  
in it. I saw him but once after. He was on the cars between New York  
and Washington. He had been commissioned a Brigadier General, and asked  
if I would not take the command of a Regiment in his Brigade. I did not  
hesitate to say no. His Brigade was stationed on the Potomac, opposite  
a point called Ball's Bluff, under the command of Gen. Charles P. Stone,  
a regular officer of the army. General Baker crossed the river with his  
command, about two thousand strong, and, it appears, neglected to throw  
out skirmishers in passing through a piece of woods, and unfortunately  
was ambushed by the enemy. General Baker was killed, and most of his

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command were either killed, wounded or taken prisoners. General Stonewall Jackson, who permitted the crossing, was charged with treason, and arrested and confined in Fort Lafayette in New York Harbor. After some months of confinement he was released, the Government failing to sustain the charges. He then went to Egypt and entered the service of the Khedive to reorganize his army.

General McClellan stated that General Baker violated all military rules and precautions. Instead of meeting the enemy with double their force, and a good ferry behind him, he was outnumbered <sup>three</sup> to one, and had no means of retreat. This affair took place October 21st, 1861.

As soon as I returned from Albany, having settled the question about the two Ithaca Companies, we went to work with new energy. A Camp ground was laid out at New Dorp, Staten Island, and our regiment was the first troops that occupied it. Captain Chalmers, who recruited a Company at Tarrytown, joined us, making the ten Companies to complete the Regiment. There was quite an amusing incident concerning Captain Chalmers: While at Albany, looking after the interests of the regiment, I received a letter from Matheson, informing me of Chalmers' Company joining us, and that he would be at Albany, and if I could help him in his business there to do so, also stating that he was an old veteran of the Mexican War. I had not seen him until we met at Albany. I said to him I hear you are an old Mexican War Soldier. "Yes", he said. I asked him, what command did you belong to? "The New York Regiment", he replied. What Company? I asked. "Captain Farnsworth's," he replied. "You ought to know me," I told him. He looked at me with some curiosity for a moment, and his audacity came to his relief, and he said, "I was so young then, and it is so long ago, that I cannot remember faces or names. Captain Farnsworth, of my old Mexican Regiment was in Albany, and I happened to meet him shortly after. I asked him if he knew a man by the

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name of Chalmers from Tarrytown. He said he did. "Was he in your Company in the Mexican War?" I asked. "No", he said. "He told me he was." "He is a --- ---liar". I told this to the officers when I got back to Camp. The officers never got tired joking Chalmers about his Mexican war record. That evening this same Chalmers, at the tea-table, we all boarded at the same house, requested me to give notice to the officers that there would be a Board meeting that night. I had heard something of this self constituted Board of Officers, and asked Captain Chalmers what he meant. In answer he told me, "it was a board of officers chosen for the purpose of making rules for the benefit of the regiment". I told him he had better stop right there, that the army regulations provided all the rules for the guidance of the officers. I heard no more of the Officers Board.

When we went into camp at New Dorp, the good people residing near our Camp were very much disturbed. They expected their chicken coops would be robbed, and all kinds of depredations committed. But they were agreeably disappointed, and soon came among us, often in their carriages, inviting us to take drives about the Island, and frequently to dine with them at their houses, often sending bunches of flowers. Their agreeable intentions were not confined to the officers, for they often sent large cakes to be distributed to the private soldiers. I think they were sorry when we left our Camp for Washington.

In due time our uniforms and arms were received and issued, and a constant drill in the Manual of Arms, both Company and regimental, kept up daily. We were mustered into the service of the United States May 31st, 1861.

There were a number of officers who set themselves up as being old soldiers of the National Guard, and knew all about military affairs. These men gave me much trouble in one way and another. When I tossed up



the half dollar with Colonel Matheson for the command of the Regiment, I exacted from him a promise that I should name the man for the Quarter-master of the regiment, telling him the necessity of having the right kind of man for that position. He at once acceded to the request. One day I saw a young gentleman in Camp that I had not seen before, gorgeously gotten up in uniform. I asked Colonel Matheson who he was. He told me he was Mr. Lasak, Captain Barry Hays' nephew, whom he had appointed Paymaster of the regiment. I quickly told him he had made a blunder, that the U. S. Government appointed all Paymasters. That a regiment in the service of the government was not entitled to a paymaster. He took the hint and soon found out his mistake. That was the last I saw of that young man. But Captain Hays, who, from his own account had belonged to all of the old organizations of the National Guard of the City of New York at one time or another, and took great pains to impress the other officers of his superior abilities as a soldier was not satisfied to let his nephew drop out in that way, so he got quite a number of the officers to make application to Colonel Matheson to appoint his nephew Quarter-master, and I think he was on the point of doing so. I heard of it, and reminded Colonel Matheson of his promise to me. He said he did not think it good policy for him to get into a quarrel with his officers just when they were on the point of going to the front. I told him it was about time that he let those officers understand that he was in command, and stop this business of wire pulling. He finally told me that his judgment was not to appoint either my man or theirs, but take up a new man. I felt very much annoyed, and could not help feeling that Colonel Matheson was more of a politician than a soldier. I found there was a small ring of officers that did not like me very much. Captain Hays, on account of my defeating his nephews' ambition: Captain Chalmers, for exploding his Mexican claim:



Captain Fish and Adjutant Purdy,<sup>10</sup> two old Californians, who, during the celebrated San Francisco Vigilance Committee's existence, were officers of the State or "Law and Order party", as they called themselves. I had command of the Committee's troops that surrounded the old California Exchange Building, at the time of the issue that took place between the Committee and the State authorities, where I made prisoners of about one hundred of the enemy. They were hand-cuffed in pairs, and marched to our quarters. These two men, Fish and Purdy, were among the prisoners, and they never forgot it.

Some few days after my conversation with Colonel Matheson, relating to the appointment of Quartermaster, I met him on the Staten Island boat going to Camp. He introduced me to the man whom he had selected as Quartermaster. A few moments later, taking him aside, I told him he would not keep that man ten days. "Why, do you know him?" I told him I had known him before, and that I knew all that I wanted to know about him. He did not ask for particulars, but it set him thinking.

My brother-in-law, the Honorable William Laimbeer, had given notice that he would present to the Regiment a set of colors, so on the day we received orders to proceed to Washington, June 29th, 1861, we embarked on a Steamer and were landed up-town on the North River, and marched to his house on Lexington Avenue. The presentation was made by the Reverend Henry E. Montgomery, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman. The line officers of the regiment presented swords to the field officers on the same occasion, after which the officers were invited into the house to partake of a splendid lunch. We then marched down Broadway and boarded a Barge, which took us over the River to Jersey, where we entered a train waiting for us, just before dark. We travelled all night and all the next day, passing through Harrisburg, Pa., arriving in Baltimore at

midnight. Here we were instructed to go through the City with as little noise as possible, - this did not suit us at all, - and the men were ordered to load their muskets, placing fifty men in front of the drum-corps who made all the noise the drums could make. There were a few disorderly persons on the streets making insulting remarks, but no attack was made, such as happened to the 6th Massachusetts when they passed through Baltimore. The railroads in those days did not connect as now, the depots were about a mile apart. My impression was that a roundabout course was to mislead the enemy, and prevent any organized attack.

We arrived in Washington early in the morning of July 1st. About noon, temporary quarters were found us on Penn Avenue. Towards evening the Quartermaster came to me to borrow fifty dollars to get something for the men to eat, they not having <sup>had</sup> anything to eat since our arrival in Washington, and were not feeling very pleasant about it. I told this man I had no fifty dollars for him: that if he had any knowledge of his business he would have had rations long before this. He had been running about the City instead of considering for a moment that it was his duty to provide rations to the hungry men. Soon after, three Captains, not of the ring I have spoken of, came to me and said there would be trouble if the men did not get something to eat soon. I told them to find out General Storm's quarters, - he was in Washington, sent by Governor Morgan to look after the interests of New York Troops, - and tell him the situation, but not to say who had sent them. Within a half an hour a wagon backed up to our quarters with a bountiful supply of bread, butter and cheese. That quieted the men for the night. The next morning we marched out to a very pleasant field, pitched our tents, and would have commenced housekeeping, but the same difficulty confronted us, we had nothing to eat. During the day this miserable Quartermaster succeeded in getting some rations. I made up my mind that what I told

Colonel Matheson on the Staten Island Boat, 'that he would not keep that man ten days', would prove <sup>me</sup> a true prophet. He finally told him with- in that time he had better go home, and he did. He had not been muster- ed in and was dropped from the Rolls.

We commenced drilling and instructing the regiment in all that was necessary to make them soldiers. Mr. Lincoln, the President, came out to our Camp to witness a parade of the regiment. Soon after we had been settled in this camp, I went to New York to close up some of our Regimental business, and while at home in Amsterdam, I received a telegram that the regiment had been ordered to cross the Potomac to Alexandria, Va., and to join the regiment, as there was a movement to the front, and a battle in prospect. I left Amsterdam on the evening of July 16th. I got together some twenty recruits during the next day in New York, and took the train for Washington the same evening. Arriving in Washington next morning (the 18th) crossed to Alexandria, paying the boat charges for the men, amounting to Six Dollars, rather than wait to get transpor- tation, which would have kept me half of the day in going through the red tape business that was necessary. I found the Camp of the regiment near Fort Runyon, but deserted excepting a few men left to look after the prop- erty in Camp. The regiment left Alexandria on the 16th of July and was Brigade d with the 16th, 18th, 31st and 32nd New York. Colonel Thomas A. Davies of the 16th N. Y., by virtue of his commission, being the oldest, had command. I soon made a bargain with a colored man to take me to the Regiment as far as he ventured to go. He took us to Fairfax Court House and I could not persuade him to go further, he was terribly frightened at going the distance he had, so we took to the road on foot. We overtook a train of ammunition, and got in the wagon, and had not gone far when we heard artillery firing. Soon after a cavalry man came dashing down the road, swinging an envelope in his hand, to show he was on important busi-



ness with despatches, who reported our army to be in retreat. The teamsters became panicky and were about to turn back. I protested so rigorously that they continued on to camp. We arrived at the Camp at Centreville late in the afternoon. Some men of the regiment recognized me coming up, and I received a round of cheers. Colonel Miles, who commanded the division that our Brigade had been assigned to, came out of his tent, and wanted to know what all the noise was about. Colonel Matheson being near, told him the cause, and he went back to his tent. The artillery firing we heard was at Blackburn Ford, merely a few exchanges of shot with the enemy across the stream.

On the 20th, an order was issued by General McDowell, commanding the Army, to Colonel Dixon S. Miles to have a reconnoissance made on the left of his camp. I was called upon to take command. Engineer Lieutenant Fred. E. Primes, on the Staff of Colonel Miles, was ordered to accompany us. I had about 500 men. Our camp was about one mile from Bull Run Creek, the stream making quite a bend towards our camp at this point. On leaving camp we soon struck a piece of woods, and, not seeing a sign of any picket or out-posts, I thought it prudent to send out some skirmishers in front and on our flanks. Passing through the woods we came to a small clearing, quite near the banks of Bull Run Stream. Placing the main force in the edge of the woods, I sent about 50 men down the banks to the stream, which was hidden from our view by woods. Lieut. Prime went with the advance force. Here they discovered the rebels picketing the opposite side of the stream, which was fordable at almost any part. Lieutenant Prime and the small force returned, having gained the knowledge of the fact that the rebels could cross here at their pleasure, and that there were no troops of ours in that direction to interfere with them.

I thought it very strange that an officer intrusted with a com-



mand should have had so little thought or care for the safety of his camp when in the presence of any enemy, but I had seen and heard enough about Colonel Miles, in the short time that I had been in camp, to condemn him as an unfit man to be trusted with the lives of men in warfare. Colonel Miles was a regular officer, trained at West Point, and should have been alive to the necessity of protecting his camp from a midnight or day attack, which could have been done, and been a complete surprise, if the enemy had so desired. They probably had no suspicion of the unprotected condition of our camp. The next morning, July 21st all was bustle and activity, preparing to meet the enemy on the opposite side of the Bull Run stream. Our division, under Colonel Miles, was what was called the reserve, but more properly, the left wing of the Army, composed of three Brigades, commanded by Colonel Israel B. Richardson, Colonel Lewis Blenker and Colonel Thomas A. Davies. The whole force numbered twelve Regiments and several Batteries. We took up our position on and near Centreville Hill and Blackburn's Ford - no doubt we were judiciously located - as it prevented the enemy from crossing the Bull Run stream and attacking our army in the rear, and the Confederate forces at Blackburn's Ford, in like manner protected their right wing. In a small clearing to the left of the main road leading to the Ford, about half way between Centreville and the Ford, a Battery was placed in position. The 31st New York Regiment, Colonel Calvin E. Pratt was placed there to support the Battery. In the early part of the day some trees were felled near this Battery, forming a barricade. I did not think it amounted to much of a protection. There was a narrow wood road leading from the main road to this clearing. Our regiment was posted on the main road near Centreville Ridge. During the day I visited all the points of interest and was well acquainted with the positions of our troops. The main army crossed at the Ford at Sudley

Springs, several miles to the right of us. From the higher elevation where we were we could see some portion of the battle field. We saw the train that brought the reinforcements to the enemy. We could see the men jumping from the cars. Reports received from time to time were encouraging, reporting the enemy giving way. Late in the afternoon we were startled by musketry firing in our front, and then an artillery firing seemed to be where our artillery was, in the clearing mentioned above. We at once started a double quick for the clearing. As we went down the road we met a regiment retiring from the front at a double quick. We passed each other without a word passing between us. It certainly was a peculiar incident - one regiment hastening to the rear, and another passing rapidly to the front on the same road, without the exchange of a word between them. We turned to the left when we reached the wood road leading to the clearing where our Battery was, and soon met Lieutenant John Edwards, commanding a section of Hunt's Battery, coming towards us, the horses on a full gallop, going to the rear. We quickly got out of the road into the woods to let them pass, and then went on to the clearing. The 31st New York was there, and all was excitement and confusion, notwithstanding the various official reports to the contrary. It appears, some few of the enemy had quietly crept up to the clearing, and opened fire at the gunners, killing one officer Lieutenant Presley O. Craig, and wounding one man. The firing did not last to exceed ten minutes, the enemy getting back to their lines through the woods as quickly as they could, and it was thought advisable for all of us to fall back to Centreville Ridge, which we did. There did not appear to be anyone to command or direct us: we acted upon our own judgment. Apparently there were no skirmishers in the woods in front of this clearing, or anywhere else, as far as I could make out. If there had been, this surprise, as it evidently was, could not have



happened. Lieutenant Edwards in his report on this affair gives a graphic account of his own and his Battery's escape from the danger he <sup>thought</sup> was exposed to when he passed through the wood road from the fire of a regiment that was lined up by the road side. He states in this report which is as follows: "A Regiment was drawn up in the woods by the road side in such a manner that my Battery was forced to pass closely in its front. It was the most dangerous position occupied during the day. One gun was fired over the Batteries, and there was a simultaneous movement of muskets along the line, as if to continue the fire." Fortunately it was not followed up." I dispute the question of one musket having been fired. <sup>was</sup> <sup>much?</sup> His mind must have been under a peculiar strain just then. It is much like a good many other official reports I have read in the Congressional Reports of the war. My judgment about the Regiment we passed retiring from Blackburn's Ford is that they heard the firing which from their position at or near Blackburn's Ford was clearly in their rear, and like ourselves, having no orders, or nobody to give them, thought it prudent to get back and not be taken in the rear. It is evident that about this time our troops were giving way, and the enemy were seeking an opportunity to cut them off by a movement on us, which, if we had not been where we were, the result of Bull Run would have been more serious than it was.

We took up a position at Centreville Ridge. We had not been there long when a body of cavalry came out of the woods, at a point about half way between the position that had been occupied by our battery in the clearing, and where we then were. (Our batteries were about to open fire upon them when a cry was raised that they were our cavalry.) We at once, or as soon as we could, formed square to resist a cavalry attack—it seemed an age to me before we could do it, as every man was anxiously

looking at the enemy, and not well drilled in a square formation. It was something new to them to see a body of the enemy. They were within range of our muskets: Cadet John R. Meigs, whom nobody seemed to know, waving a white handkerchief, rode down to their front, asking the commanding officer if they were Federal or Confederate troops. The answer being the latter, he then asked permission to retire. Before he had got out of range of our fire the enemy had disappeared in the woods, as our force on the ridge presented quite a formidable appearance. Cadet Meigs was the son of Quartermaster General Meigs. He had volunteered his services, and was acting on the Staff for Colonel Richardson. He went forward to the front of the enemy without orders apparently, and when he returned he was asked who he was. It was a gallant act, and showed the material that was in him.

It was now getting to be dark, and nobody seemed to know what to do. No person with authority to give orders, that I could see. I did not see Colonel Miles during the day, and the Colonels commanding Brigades were disputing with each other the question of rank, which seemed to concern them more than fighting the enemy. There was no determined attempt to cross the Bull Run by the enemy further than I have mentioned. The cavalry force that appeared in our front was only one Company as reported by the officer who commanded, I find reported in Congressional reports. The road that our army returned on from Bull Run was just over the hill out of our sight, not more than an eighth of a mile distant. We saw nothing of the panic, and knew nothing about it at that time. When we realized what had taken place, we barricaded the road to Blackburn's Ford with such material as we could collect, which was not much. Soon after dark a young officer rode up to me and announced himself as Adjutant of the DeKalb Regiment, just from Fairfax Court House, and asked for a position for his regiment. I directed him to take a position on our



right. The regiment did as I directed. During the evening they left us, and all the other troops that were on the hill disappeared. We soon found out we were left quite alone, and without orders. Finally, about ten o'clock, or later, we came to the conclusion that we had better leave and find out what was up. We went over the hill in the direction of the camp we had left in the morning, expecting to find the rest of the army there, but what a melancholy disappointment. There was not a human being in sight. A few smoking embers showing that there had been some there and that they had cooked their coffee before leaving. It also impressed us with the fact that we had been neglected; but how could it be otherwise, as it was well known that our Division Commander was drunk, and the other would-be soldiers, excepting Colonel I. B. Richardson, commanding one of the Brigades, had no knowledge of the duties of a soldier. Colonel Richardson preferred charges of drunkenness against Colonel Miles and he was found guilty by a Court Martial. //

General Wm. B. Franklin, General John Sedgwick and Captain Thomas Seymour, 1st U. S. Artillery, composed the Court. Colonel Miles was killed at Harper's Ferry, Sept. 15th, 1862, while in command of that post.

I take exception to a part of Colonel Richardson's report of the encounter with the enemy on the 21st of July. He states that he ordered Lieutenant Benjamin of the Artillery to open fire upon the Cavalry when they made their appearance just below us, and that after a few shots they disappeared. I say, there was not a shot fired either by the Artillery or Infantry. I also beg to differ with him in other important points in his report relating to the retreat. Finding the Camp at Centreville abandoned, we then struck the main road leading back to Alexandria, and we soon comprehended what had taken place. The stampede was made plain to us at this point. It is not in my power to properly describe the sight we saw here. Wagons upset on both sides of the road,

tongues broken, traces cut, all kinds of army materials scattered along the sides of the road, and muskets without number. There was a four horse ambulance, the tongue broken. Procuring some ropes from the abandoned wagons, we hitched on to the ambulance and commenced gathering up the muskets and placed them in the ambulance. There were so many of them we gave up the task. We put some of our disabled men in, and hauled the ambulance on to Fairfax Court House. We halted there for the rest of the night. There was not a man of our army there, excepting our Regiment, the 32nd New York. The next morning, at broad daylight, we continued our march to Alexandria, hauling the ambulance into our Camp near Fort Runyon, arriving there about noon on the 22nd of July, with every man of the Regiment accounted for.

It is unpleasant to me to hear of troops claiming to have brought up the rear of our retreating army from Bull Run, some claiming through their reports to headquarters, which I find published in the Congressional Records, of their bringing up the rear of the retreat of our demoralized army. Colonel I. B. Richardson, who commanded one of Miles' Brigades, composed, as he states in his report, of the 12th New York, 1st Massachusetts, 2nd and 3rd Michigan Regiments, claiming that he covered the retreat from Centreville, arriving at his camp at Arlington at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 22nd. He evidently did not know that the 32nd New York was still in the rear of him, and not having received orders to retire from their position at Centreville Ridge, but late that night finding themselves apparently deserted, moved without orders to find the balance of the army, and did not find any portion of the army until they arrived at Alexandria. General Wm. B. Franklin, who was in command there, learning of our coming into Camp at noon of the 22nd, hauling the big ambulance from Centreville, said the ambulance should belong to the regiment. But it was soon required,



and taken from us.

There was terrible excitement and nervousness exhibited in the ranks of most of the troops collected about us, and some of the higher officers contributed to it by their unwise actions. There was considerable talk also by the officers of the 32nd Regiment concerning the conduct of Captain Barry Hays and two or three Lieutenants on the 21st instant. Hays was the man who had caused me so much trouble while in camp at New Dorp, Staten Island. He and three Lieutenants were told to resign, or stand a Court-Martial for cowardice in front of the enemy. They all sent in their resignations, and the regiment was the better for it. The Colonel in command of the Brigade, Thomas A. Davies, of the 16th New York, was constantly doing something extraordinary, calculated to keep up the nervousness of the troops. Tearing up the roadway, taking up small bridges that were of no earthly use in checking an enemy, and at midnight causing a long roll to be beaten, ordering us about here and there in positions that were untenable in case of an attack. I became so disgusted that I was mutinous, and made up my mind to refuse to obey any more of his orders.

One afternoon Adjutant Joseph Howland of Colonel Davies' regiment rode up to my tent, and asked for the Commanding officer. I told him I was in command. He handed me an order. I looked at it and told him I should not obey the order. He turned his horse about and rode off. In about an hour, Colonel Davies came riding up, and handed me the order. I told him I declined to obey the order. He very quietly asked me to look at the endorsement on the back of it. He had been to General Franklin's quarters, and General Franklin had endorsed on it in such a way that it meant nothing. I told him, after looking at the endorsement, that I would not obey the order. He in a very polite manner told me he should place me under arrest. He then asked for the next officer in rank.



I called Major Lemon. Colonel Davies presented the order to the Major. He asked if I had refused to obey the order. Receiving the answer that I had, the Major promptly told him that he should also refuse to do so. The Colonel told him that he should place him under arrest also. The Colonel left us. In about a week we received a note from Colonel Davies releasing us from arrest, stating the matter had been explained. Now, I never took the trouble to find out. But this ended our trouble with him. I never came in contact with him after. He was, however, made a Brigadier in March 1862, for what I never knew. I saw his name mentioned in newspapers as having evacuated Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River, spiking the guns on the approach of the enemy.

Large working parties were vigorously at work during the Summer creating formidable earth-works all along our lines from above Long Bridge to Alexandria, and we soon had a strong line of defence established in our front. The line of pickets ran by Bailey's Crossroad in our front, quite a distance from Alexandria and our Camps. We had about twenty recruits that I brought on from New York that had no uniforms, which they needed very much. Requisitions were made on the Quartermaster's Department for the clothing, but they were returned endorsed, "Nothing in the department". Consequently I bought a piece of blue cloth suitable for pants, and having some tailors in the regiment set them at work making up the clothing for them. The clothing was charged to the men in the regular way, and the government received the benefit. I repeatedly made efforts to obtain the cost of this clothing, but never succeeded in getting it. My bills were repeatedly sent back endorsed, I "should have got the clothing in the regular way through the Quartermaster's Department." No explanation that I could make was acceptable, and the debt still remains unpaid to this day.

Soon after quiet and safety had been restored, Colonel Matheson

proposed that I should go to New York with Lieutenant Dimond and gather in such recruits as we could. He was anxious, he said, to have a large and full regiment, as his reason for our going. I left Camp in the morning, and Lieutenant Dimond was to meet me in Washington that afternoon. When I saw him he told me he had a young black boy - a slave - that he had brought over from Alexandria, and was going to take him to New York. I told him that I did not think he could do it as it was unlawful for the railroads to take blacks without authority. I left in the night train alone. The next day Lieut. Dimond came on, and the black boy with him. He proposed to me to take the boy home with me, and make use of him. Dimond showed me the pass he obtained from General Mansfield, who was Military Governor of Washington, permitting him to take his servant - a black boy - on the cars to New York. I put the pass in my pocket and took the boy to my home. Soon after returning to Camp I found General John Newton had been assigned to command our Brigade, consisting of the 16th, 18th, 31st and 32nd New York. A few days after I was much surprised by receiving an order to appear before a court martial to answer the charges of having violated the law by taking a black boy to New York named George Dixon - a slave-. I said nothing but thought a good deal. The next morning I appeared at <sup>the</sup> Court, which was in a tent. Adjutant Joseph Howland of the 16th New York, Colonel Davies' regiment, appeared to be the Judge Advocate of the Court. He probably thought he would have his revenge for my refusing to obey Colonel Davies' order, as previously mentioned. There seemed to be some confusion among the officers composing the Court, and there was an adjournment. My impression was that the officers composing the Court, when learning the nature of the charge did not approve of proceeding against me, I, in the meantime told Colonel Matheson that the whole thing was a conspiracy, and I took out of my pocket

and showed him the order from General Mansfield, directing Lieutenant Dimond to take this boy to New York. He evidently was much surprised that I had such a tell-tale piece of evidence against Dimond, who had no doubt deceived General Mansfield on obtaining the pass. It was fortunate for me that I had preserved the pass. General Newton, being a Virginian, and not having the same feelings that Northerners had about slave property, was not slow in entertaining the charge, and ordering the Court. The case against me was dropped, and there was no prosecution against Dimond. I looked upon the affair as an attempt to get me out of the regiment. Matheson had no knowledge of military affairs. He was more of a politician and not over scrupulous in his methods. His not keeping his word to me in the appointment of the Quartermaster of the regiment had rankled in my mind, and there was no love between us from that time. I attended strictly to my duty, and had no very pleasant intercourse with him. I do think he made an effort to regain my confidence, but I could not trust him. There was a small ring that did not love me, and in the end they all came to grief.

The regiment was composed of the best material to make an effective fighting regiment, and my ambition was that it should make a record as good as any in the army. I had no mercy for those who would not do their duty. Colonel Matheson no doubt was a brave man, and that is all that I can say for him. He fell in the charge at Crampton Pass, Md., Sept. 14th, 1862.

Since writing the above, I found among the papers of the Regiment a draft of a letter written by Col. Matheson to Gen. Newton, which confirms my belief that there was conspiracy to get me out of the Regt. formed by Col. Matheson, and Lieut. Dimond was used to get me into the trap. The letter is without date, and interlined, showing that it was a draft or copy. It reads as follows.

"Sir:- Charges having been preferred against Lieut. Col. Pinto, which at the time they were made I had no knowledge of the case. Since



"then however, I have examined into them and find that while there are  
"facts upon which to base the charges, yet I believe the Lieut. Col.  
"to be innocent of any intention of doing wrong."

"Lieut. Col. Pinto is an old soldier and a strict disciplinarian  
"requiring without favor every officer under him to discharge his  
"duty. This to some extent, has created against him a prejudice  
"among those who dislike restraint and wholesome military discipline  
"hence, in my opinion, the charges against him I should not like to  
"see any officer of mine brought before a Court Martial, unless I de-  
"clared him guilty of such acts as would expell him from our midst.  
"I would, therefore, respectfully request that these charges be with-  
"drawn, believing that if they are prosecuted, it would only tend  
"to lower a good officer in the estimation of the Regt.

"Yours ~~with great~~ respect,

"R. M."

I never knew who preferred the charges. The matter was too contemptible to  
notice.

During the summer, there was much excitement at times on our picket  
lines. The enemy's picket line in our front was protected by earth works  
Maury's and Masons Hills. On the left of the road that ran to Masons Hill  
not far from our front at Baileys Cross road was

a house, barns and haystacks, occupied by the enemy's pickets. They were very annoying to our pickets, who had no protection but rifle pits, while the enemy were hid by haystacks, house and barns, and a thick piece of woods back of that, and picket firing was the amusement of the day, at that early period of the war. A regiment of Michigan troops was permanently detailed for this picket duty in our front. Other troops were detailed from day to day to support them in case of an attack in force. The Michigan men became tired of this firing from the haystacks and out-buildings. They were completely hid, and we could not tell what force they had concealed there, so our men hit upon a method of driving them out. They obtained some iron slugs to fit their rifles, and heating them red hot ran them into their rifles and set fire to the haystacks, burning up not only the haystacks, but the barns and the house. After that our men had peace in that direction. The enemy were forced to retire quite a distance from that advanced position.

My duty was, from time to time, that of Officer of the Day, commanding the supports to the picket line. One night while on that duty I heard unusual noises in the enemy's line, and in my report the next morning I mentioned the fact. That afternoon we received orders to issue rations for three days, and be in readiness to march at any moment. Just at dark we were on the road to Bailey's Crossroads. We remained there till daybreak, when we were moved forward and found the enemy's position at Maury's and Mason's Hills evacuated. It appears General McCellan had prepared to scoop them all by a general movement from the long bridge to our front. It was charged that the enemy, through their friends in Washington, had got information of the intended movement, and got away in time to avoid capture. The moving their guns was the noise I heard the night before. Just before this movement of the enemy, one of our Captains, Ross Fish, who was on duty at the cross roads, without

without orders, and, to say the least, in a reckless manner, took three Cavalry men with him, and rode straight out on the main road towards Mason's Hill. He had not gone far when two of the cavalry men were killed, and he, Fish, was captured. There was much talk in the regiment about this affair. Fish was a Baltimorean, and there was a suspicion that he wanted to get among his friends. He was exchanged about one year after, but never did duty in the Regiment again. I was in command when he was exchanged, and he did not regard me as one of his friends. Our picket lines were advanced to those prominent points, Maury and Mason Hills.

During the month of August our Brigade was strengthened by an additional regiment, the 95th Pennsylvania, a very full regiment of young men dressed in Zouave uniforms. One hot day, the Brigade was ordered out to drill in heavy marching order; that meant knapsacks, blankets, canteens, overcoats and haversacks. The 95th was placed on the left of the Brigade, and after some movements were performed, General Newton ordered a change of front on the 1st Regiment at a double quick. That caused the 95th Pennsylvania a wide swing; and when the movement was completed the 95th were scattered all over the field. They were fresh and loaded down. Unused to such violent exercise, especially on such a hot day, they completely broke down. The field they passed over put me in mind of a battle field, men stretched out in every conceivable posture. General Newton, being of an excitable temper, and having poor control of it, was raving. He rode up to some of the men, and used violent language. One of these soldiers, being stung by his imprudent talk, took exceptions to his language. He, unfortunately for General Newton, proved to be the Colonel's brother, and the Colonel was not very well pleased. General Newton, after this affair, seemed to have a grudge against that regiment. I had many encounters with him, but I



think he held me in good esteem, and had confidence in me and the regiment I commanded, notwithstanding he was so quick to entertain a charge against me for abducting a slave. He did not know me then as well as he did later. He, on one occasion, when Governor Morgan of New York was in camp reviewing the New York troops, put the Chaplain, a Methodist clergyman, under arrest. The Chaplain was a patriotic man, and in uniform, and wishing to do his whole duty and see the Governor, took his place in line. He did not stand in the correct attitude of a soldier, his feet were spread apart, and General Newton observed it. After the parade he asked me who that man was, describing the position he occupied in line. On learning he was the Chaplain, he ordered me to place him under arrest. The Chaplain was mortified very much. He was relieved from arrest in about a week. Soon after this the good man resigned. When the war commenced there was a large and dangerous element in New York City, known as "Copper-heads." I met one of this class on the Hudson River R.R. going to New York, just after the firing on Fort Sumter. This man was a Captain in my old Mexican Regiment. He was a good soldier then. He told me he was going to Charleston to join the rebels. He was red hot at this time, but he accepted a Colonel's commission of a New York regiment. There were many others like him who left New York commanding Regiments. The policy of the Government in quieting such elements in that way was no doubt good, keeping a proper watch of them until such time as the government was strong enough to weed them out with safety. The gentleman I have mentioned was dismissed from the service. There were quite a number dismissed, and others resigned, no doubt by request of the government.

One day I was at the Alexandria Ferry to go to Washington when I noticed a Colonel who wanted to go there also, but he had no

pass, and the guard knew their duty, and would not yield to his urgent request. He finally came to me, making his name known as Colonel John Mc Gunn. He was a Justice of the Supreme Court, and impeached in 1871, and died shortly after. He handed me a letter addressed to the Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, and told me it was to obtain permission to go out to the old battle field of Bull Run and obtain the body of his brother, Colonel Cameron, who was killed there. He said he had such information that he could find the body. I took the letter and delivered it at the War office. Colonel Mc Gunn very soon after resigned his commission, and went home. I heard at the time that it had been known that he had been absent from his regiment ten or twelve days at a time. His regiment was encamped well to the front and there was a question as to his whereabouts during that period. It was evident to me that he was unable to get a pass to Washington for good and sufficient reasons.

September 27th, General McCellan assumed command. We very soon felt the effect of his re-organization of the dis-organized army.

The summer was passed by drilling on the Manual of Arms, in Company, Regimental and Brigade manoeuvres, practising firing at a target. And to make it more interesting to the men, we got up a gold badge to be worn by the man who did the best firing, until his record was beaten, and then worn by his successful competitor. Each Company had their day for shooting, and a good portion of the Regiment would assemble to witness the shooting. It caused a good deal of interest among the men, and made better soldiers of them. And then we gave a keg of beer to the Company who made the best showing at the monthly inspection. Then there were frequent reviews by the President, Mr. Lincoln, and General McCellan. From time to time there would be inspections of regiments by Conte de Paris, the French Prince, who was on General

McClellan's staff. There was at this time a general scramble for shoulder straps, which would have been commendable if based upon merit, but political and home influence was sought for more than merit in the field, and oftener successful than was good for the service. We were very much annoyed by Governor Morgan insisting upon filling up vacancies in the regiments, sending young men commissioned and assigned to Regiments in the field: young men in many respects unfit and without any military knowledge. It was the result of political bargains. It had a demoralizing effect upon our troops. Most, or all of the men in the army at that time had enlisted from patriotic feelings, without bounties under the first call of the President for troops. They were generally of the best young men in the country, belonging to the best families where the regiments were organized. They were competent, and entitled to the positions made vacant by the many causes that an army in the field are subjected to. To meet this outrage, for it was nothing else, General McClellan hit upon a method of curing the evil by appointing a Military Commission in each division, to examine the fitness of officers sent before them, and sent notices to Commanders of Regiments to send before this Board, for examination as to their military knowledge, such officers as they deemed unfit for the offices they held. It was generally understood that those men that were sent before this Commission were not wanted in the regiment, and they were invariably sent home. Some of them, knowing the result of an examination, resigned and did not go through the farce. There was a Captain of one of the Ithaca Companies of my regiment, who, I think, was the oldest officer of the regiment, a lawyer by profession, and a good and, no doubt, a brave man, who could not, or would not conform to military discipline. His Company was one of the best in the regiment. The men of his Company all like him, but he could not see the necessity of so much drill-



ing, and when out with his Company was in the habit of calling the men, when giving an order, "Now boys, we will do so and so," causing much amusement among his men, and having a bad effect with other Companies. He had a perfect contempt for Colonel Matheson, and did everything he could to annoy him. One morning, when his Company was ordered out to drill, he appeared at the head of his Company in a morning gown, and a wig on his head, instead of his uniform and sword. He could not maintain any degree of military discipline. The result of all this was that Captain George Sims was sent before the Court, and was discharged from the service. I felt sorry for him, for I liked the good, steady qualities of the man, but not his unmilitary ways.

The picket line in our front was between two and three miles from our Camp. Mathematics was taken up along this line: where it crossed the little Green River, there was quite a strong barrier. The little village of Green River was about a mile from our front on the little Green River and on higher ground. A plain of woods covered most of the village completely obstructed our view from a large stretch of country beyond, and there should have been a Cavalry squad posted here for observation. Colonel Matheson had been made a Brigadier and his Division, mostly Green Berets, was entrusted with this important line of pickets. A strong force moved out from Camp every four days, under the command of a Staff Officer, to support the picket line in case of an alarm. The four days duty was all always pleasant, especially if the weather was warm. We took no tents with us, laying about in the woods in our bivouacs as best we could. On November 20th, 1861, I received orders to go out with the relief command to the front. It not being my turn of duty, I went to headquarters and asked Adjutant General Montgomery if he had not made a mistake in the detail for

picket duty, telling him it was not my tour of duty. He said he knew it was not my regular turn of duty. I then told him if there was any reason for sending me out, I had nothing to say. He told me there was. I said nothing more. The next morning, the 30th, I went out - I had about one thousand men - and a squad of the 1st New York Cavalry under Command of a non-commissioned officer. My command was posted at five or six points along the road from Camp to the front, covering a space of about two miles. On the morning of December 1st, I received a letter addressed to me from Mrs. Fitzhugh, whose residence was outside of our line of pickets, complaining bitterly of having been robbed of her horses, among them her carriage horses, and all kinds of farm stock, by our troops, notwithstanding she had a protection from the Lieutenant General Scott, who was then in command of our army. From what I could learn, my impression was that Blenker's men had committed the outrage. On the morning of December 2nd, a body of the 1st New York Cavalry, known as the Lincoln Cavalry under command of Major A.W. Adams, passed the line of pickets and went out into the enemy's country. They soon passed out of sight. At about one o'clock, while riding about looking after my command, I heard musketry firing. I put my horse to his speed, and soon reached the point of trouble, which was at the barricade of the little River Pike. The enemy's cavalry had made a sudden dash at our pickets. They were in three detachments; one came down the road, the other two on each side of the road over the fields. Our troops, when they first came in sight, supposed them to be Major Adams' command returning, and not till they had gotten within a short distance of our lines, and started their horses on a charge, did they discover their error. Some of them jumped the barricade. The Germans were taken completely by

surprise and scattered in every direction, without firing a shot. The firing I heard was that of the enemy. My men soon came forward at a double quick, and the enemy as quickly retired. I could not understand, until investigation, how it was that none of the enemy apparently were hurt. It came out that the <sup>Germans</sup> had an inspection of arms that morning, and had not re-loaded their muskets. I quickly sent a messenger, one of my cavalry squad, into Camp, reporting the attack, not knowing that this was the fore-runner of a more serious attack. It created quite a stir in Camp. Late in the afternoon Major Adams returned with his squadron of cavalry. I was at the time in the village of Annendale, with a small force of Blenker's Cavalry and some of my infantry. I posted the infantry in a grove of woods. Adams was much surprised when I told him what had taken place. He stated he had not seen any sign of the enemy during his scout. They probably knew just where he was. Soon after, General Newton, General Philip Kearny and Adjutant General Montgomery, came up with artillery, infantry and cavalry. Montgomery rode up to me, and said, "Now you know why you were detailed out of your regular turn, as it was known in Camp that a body of the enemy were near our line and an attack might take place." It was a mistake that I had not been told of the fact, as I would have been better prepared for it. But that is the course pursued in war, and then there are no leaks that can be found out by the enemy. The results of this affair were quite disastrous to Blenker's pickets. General Blenker in his Report states that his men were at first under the impression that the cavalry were our own, and it thus happened that they were overpowered, and had to fall back into the wood, where they made a stand. He also states that the enemy soon fled, and that his men pursued them for two miles. He states that the loss of the enemy "is two prisoners, two killed outside



of the lines, and seven or eight wounded. His loss is one killed and twelve missing." I do not know of any of the enemy being captured, or hurt, but I do know that General Blenker's loss was reported to me as much greater than he reports. The squad of the enemy, who was on the right of the road, made for a small school-house that was on, or very near our picket lines. Blenker's men were in the school-house, their arms stacked outside. The enemy were so quick that they got between the arms and the schoolhouse, and, of course, captured all who were in the building. It was a very gallant and dashing affair on the part of the enemy's cavalry. Two men of my regiment, who were just inside of the barricade, were made prisoners. I received a note the next day from General William B. Franklin, requesting me to make out as strong an account of this affair as I could. He evidently was not favorably impressed with the way that picket duty at this point was performed.

There was no doubt but that the enemy were well informed as to the condition of our line of pickets. It leaked out that an officer and some men of Blenker's command had deserted to the enemy just before this attack. Two of my officers, Captain Hubbs, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel Hubbs, and Lieutenant Wm. E. Stone, afterwards Captain Stone, were taking dinner at a little house within fifty feet of the barricade, when the woman of the house came rushing in, and told them to fly, as the enemy were coming down the road. They barely had time to get inside the barricade when some of the horsemen jumped over. They were good runners and the Cavalry men fired pistols at them. That alarmed some of my men who were in a piece of woods not far off. They coming out of the woods caused the bold troopers to make a hasty retreat. I made out my report of the affair covering every point, as General Franklin requested, also strongly recommending the cutting down the grove of trees

in our front, or advancing our picket line to Annandale. A gang of wood choppe<sup>s</sup> were soon sent out, and the woods leveled to the ground, giving our picket line a better view of the country beyond. I sent in my report, with the letter of Mrs. Fitzhugh. Not seeing my report in the Congressional Records of the War, I came to the conclusion that General Franklin thought it most too strong to send to Washington. But I do find a report recorded, made by Major A. W. Adams, which I am more than astonished to find. A more barefaced publication I never saw or heard of. He states that when about one mile outside of our pickets at Annandale he learned that <sup>a</sup> body of rebel cavalry had been seen yesterday morning in that vicinity. His report is dated December 2nd, the day of the raid. He goes on, "I moved up the turn-pike in the direction of Fairfax Court House, about 3½ or 4 miles, without opposition, and without discovering the enemy's pickets. I returned to Annandale about two P.M., where I met with Lieutenant Colonel Pinto of the 32nd New York Volunteers, Commander of our Guard." He goes on to state that he was informed that we were probably surrounded by the enemy as a battalion of rebel cavalry, had not fifteen minutes before his arrival dashed through that place, killing one of our pickets, and taking several more as prisoners. He says having thrown out skirmishers, and posted videttes I disposed my Command in order of battle, and waited an attack from the enemy. He makes a long report of what he did. It is simply disgusting to read such stuff, when the attack had been made long before he came up, and the enemy <sup>were</sup> making their way to their own lines with their prisoners and a large number of arms which they had captured. Major Adams belonged to General Kearny's Brigade, and when the General heard of his exploits that day, he asked him who gave him permission to go outside of our lines: and as his men were on the

roadway blocking it up, he told them in no uncertain way to get out of the road, General Kearny was mad all over.

(Copy)

"REPORT OF BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, U.S.A.

Headquarters Brigade.

December 6th, 1861.

Sir: I have the honor to submit, for the information of the Division Commander a brief synopsis of the report of Lieutenant Colonel Pinto, field officer of the day, in command of the pickets of this Brigade on the Little River turnpike, between the 30th November and the 4th of December, 1861. The case of Lieu. T. Hamilton Haire, found sleeping on picket guard with his whole guard, has already been reported and acted upon. On Monday, the 2nd inst., at about 1 P.M., the enemy's cavalry, reported by Lieu. Colonel Pinto at nearly two hundred men, burst through the German pickets of Blenker's Division. Forty-fifth N.Y.V. which adjoined and sustained the extreme right flank of my pickets in three detachments, the first detachment taking the Little River turnpike, leaping and otherwise passing through the barricade about one quarter mile beyond Padgett's Tavern at the junction of the Little River and Columbia turnpike. The second taking the line of the unfinished railroad and turning the barricade. The third evading the barricade by taking the field to the north of the Little River turnpike. The pickets of the Forty-fifth N.Y.V. stationed at the barricade and on the unfinished railroad and elsewhere in the neighborhood, are positively alleged not to have fired a shot in consequence of which the rebel cavalry having penetrated beyond the barricade made prisoners of two men of the Thirty-second N.Y.V., belonging to my Brigade, posted on the Little River turnpike,



who were thus taken by surprise and captured, not, however, before they had discharged their pieces at the enemy. The rebel cavalry turned immediately and retreated at full speed, passing the barricade. And I regret to report the pickets of the Forty-fifth again omitted to fire. Lieutenant Colonel Pinto, knowing that a patrol of 79 men of the Lincoln Cavalry had passed that morning towards Fairfax Court House, led a Company from his pickets to their support, finding them at Annandale shortly after his arrival there. The enemy, in their retreat, had passed through Annandale before our cavalry arrived there on their return, and thus a meeting of the hostile cavalry forces did not take place. Lieut. Colonel Pinto, after due inquiry, places our loss as follows: two privates of the 32nd Regt. N.Y.V., belonging to my Brigade, captured 300 yards this side of the barricade: several men of the Forth-fifth N.Y.V. of General Blenker's Division, taken at the barricade, and additional losses along the line of Blenker's pickets. The total being 14 prisoners and one killed. (Blenker puts the enemy's loss) three killed and two prisoners. Colonel Pinto reports a very free use of liquors in the pickets of the Forty-fifth N.Y.V.

I have only to add that Colonel Pinto seems to have behaved with great coolness, decision and prudence in the emergency, and that his conduct merits my approbation.

I am very respectfully,

**JOHN NEWTON,**

Brig. Gen'l Commanding."

(COPY)

"REPORT, GENERAL WM. B. FRANKLIN.

Headquarters,

Camp William, Dec. 6th, 1861.

"General: I transmit with this a report of Brig. Gen'l Newton on the attack made upon our pickets on Monday last. The statements in it show bad behavior on the part of pickets of the division on my right, which I regretfully bring to the notice of the Commanding General. There is a rumor that a Sergeant who was acting as Lieutenant, deserted from these pickets on Sunday the 1st inst. If this be the case, it may account for the accurate manner in which the dash was made by the enemy's Cavalry.

Very resp. your obt. ser.,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Brig. Gen'l Commanding."

Gen'l. McCellan, in his notes of the war, writes about Blenker as a good soldier, but did not, or could not, always restrain his men from plundering: that it was said that he had been a non-commissioned officer in the German contingent serving under King Otho of Greece. The regiments of his command were all foreigners. His division was very peculiar so far as the pride, pomp and circumstances of glorious war were concerned. The most remarkable of all was the Garibaldi Regt. Its Colonel, D. Utassy, was a Hungarian, and was said to have been a rider in Francone's Circus, and terminated his public American career in the Albany penitentiary. His men were from all known and unknown lands: from all possible and impossible armies. Zouaves, from Algiers: men of the Foreign Legion: Zephyrs, Cossacks, Garibaldians of the deepest dye: English deserters: Sepoys: Turcos: Croats, Swiss beer-drinkers from Bavaria: stout men from North Germany, and, no doubt, Chinese, Esquimaux, and detachments from the Army of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Such a mixture was probably never before seen under any flag. Such were the troops

occupying our front at this time.

What our Governor was thinking about in giving commissions to such men I know not. This Col. D. Utassy I met at Albany when our regiments were being organized. He was in full uniform, with his saber hanging loose as if he was mounted, instead of having it hooked to his belt. When he walked, his saber dragged on the pavements, making a clanging noise at every step he took, attracting the attention of everybody, and causing a smile at the pompous little fool. His regiment was called by our men the organ-grinders.

On the 11th December I was field officer of the day again. About 10 o'clock A.M. I was making my rounds, riding just outside of our picket lines, having a cavalry man with me, as was my custom. As we were crossing the Little River turnpike I saw the cavalry relief coming out. I told my man he had better go to where his squad was, and be ready to go into camp, as his relief was coming out. The cavalry men were relieved every day. He left me and I went on alone. The next day I heard of quite an interesting affair that took place the night before, on the road the First Jersey <sup>Brigade</sup> picketed. This road ran parallel to, and to the left of the Little River road. The Jersey men had prepared a trap for the rebel cavalry, in case they should repeat the exploits of Dec. 2nd. The road ran through a piece of woods, and the Jersey men strung some wires across it from the trees, just high enough to take a man off his horse, and lay in ambush in the woods awaiting events. That night a squad of the bold cavalry men came dashing down the road: many of them were unhorsed, some killed and wounded by the fire that was opened upon them, and quite a number made prisoners. Among the prisoners was a man whose uniform, horse and equipments identified him as a member of the 1st N.Y. Cavalry. Upon investigation he proved to be the cavalry man that I had with me the day



before. Instead of joining his squad and going into camp, he watched his chance and rode off to the enemy. His excuse for deserting was that he belonged to Louisiana, and not being able to reach his home on account of the war, he formed the desperate plan of enlisting in our army, and taking the chances of deserting to get home. On leaving our lines he soon fell in with the rebel cavalry, and they imprudently took him along with them in their raid, without changing his identity. He was tried, and convicted of desertion in front of the enemy, on the 12th, the next day, and executed on the 13th in the presence of all the troops in and about Alexandria. This seeming haste was necessary to stop unprincipled men from deserting, there having been several desertions within a short period. His name was W. H. Johnson. I was still on picket duty, and did not know who the man was until I returned to camp. I have often thought that in his determination to desert he might have shot me, if the opportunity had been safe for him to have done so. On this tour of duty I took some carpenters and a team of horses and wagon, and erected quite a strong blockhouse of logs on a rise of ground that commanded the barricade at the Little River turnpike. My men soon gave it the name of Fort Pinto, and I had built a smaller one at an exposed position nearer camp. On the 17th of December, I was out to the front again—it seemed to me that headquarters was bound to keep me out on this duty as often as they could consistently do so, although doing other men's duty. I did not complain. I took it for granted they wished me out there as long as the rebel cavalry were prowling about our picket line. On this day, the 17th, the enemy rushed up two light field pieces, unlimbered just beyond musket range, and firing two rounds, hastily limbered up, and made haste to get away, running their horses as if we were after them.

In the early part of January, Lieutenant Colonel Wm. H. Brown, of the 31st Regt. New York, challenged our regiment to a snow ball match. There had been a recent fall of snow of about ten inches. We accepted the challenge, the contest to take place the next day. The two regiments were in camp adjoining each other, and belonged to the same brigade. The next morning both regiments had prepared for the battle: the men wore their haversacks filled with snow balls. They were lined up, facing each other, and the contest commenced. There was a large number of spectators from other regiments to witness the battle. Soon after, I observed two companies of the 31st Regiment moving up the road on the opposite side of a small creek, which bordered our camp. I quickly saw the object of the movement, which was to cross the creek at the bridge just in our rear, and attack us in the rear. I took two companies and contested their crossing the bridge. Both parties soon used up <sup>the</sup> their prepared ammunition, and had to make snow balls as best they could. My men stood firm, and finally drove them off. They went back, and recrossed the creek, joining their regiment. I told Colonel Matheson that I thought it would be a good move to take two companies down the road, and cross the creek, and attack their flank, he to make a vigorous charge at the same time. The plan was put into execution at once, and so unmercifully did we pelt them that they soon broke, and fled to their tents in great disorder. Our men followed them up so closely that there was not a man to be seen on the ground. Some of our officers succeeded in taking Col. Brown from his horse, making him a prisoner. I am sorry to say, Brown got quite angry. Col Brown was an officer in the same regiment I was in during the Mexican War, and at this writing we are the only original

officers of that regiment living. Colonel Calvin E. Pratt, commanding the 31st Regiment, was in Washington, and knew nothing about the snow ball contest until he returned to Camp. He was very angry to hear how badly his regiment had been beaten. We felt so good over our success that we challenged any regiment in the Brigade to a match, but there was none to accept it.

On January 13th special order No. 17 Headquarters Alexandria Division was received, detailing me President of a General Court Martial. This relieved me from all other duty. The Court was held in one of the rooms of the Episcopal Theological Seminary buildings near Alexandria. Our regiment was encamped on the grounds of this institution. Our Court was in session for two months. We disposed of not less than two hundred cases, both officers and men, for all kinds of offenses. The Adjutant General of the Brigade, Capt. I. E. Montgomery, told me that General Newton wanted the Court dissolved at one time during this period, giving as a reason that he wanted the services of the officers. General Wm. B. Franklin told him, no, he could not dissolve that Court, stating that it was the only real Court Martial in the Army of the Potomac. The Judge Advocate was Samuel W. Waldron, Jr., who was known as the Chaplain of the 31st Regt. N.Y. He was a young lawyer, and apparently a warm friend of Col. Pratt, and no doubt anxious to serve in the Army, but, as there was no opening in Pratt's regiment at that time, excepting that of Chaplain, Col. Pratt appointed him to that office. The duties of that office were not congenial to him, he having little respect for the office. At the first opening, Feb. 25, 1862, he was made a Lieutenant. He made a very good Judge Advocate. The only fault I found with him was his quoting law as administered in our Courts, instead of law as the military regulations required.



The early part of February, I heard that some ladies were expected to visit us in our Camp. The wives of Captain Hubbs, Adt. Stewart and Chaplain R. H. Robinsons. Preparations were made to make them comfortable in the Seminary buildings. When they arrived I went in to see them, and bid them welcome. While talking to Capt. Hubbs' wife, the door opened, and in walked my wife and my son Frank, a little tot of four years. I don't know as I ever was more surprised in my life. I had not had the least hint of their coming. The meeting was enjoyed by all. We arranged to have our mess in the dining room of the former occupants, the Rev. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, who had abandoned the building as soon as our troops crossed into Virginia, leaving an old colored woman to look after the property. This good old aunty we employed as our cook. We found her to be a splendid cook, and we paid her well for her services. I tried to induce her to accompany my wife home, and continue in our service, but found her loyal to her old master.

February 22nd, 1862 - Washington's Birthday.

There was a movement of the troops about Alexandria, Va., to the front. Evidently it was thought that the enemy might make a movement on this day and attack us: so we anticipated any such movement on their part, and were fully prepared to receive them. And then again, it was the first lesson of a large movement of our army. Not seeing any indications of the enemy, late in the afternoon we moved back to our camp.

March 11th, the army marched out to Centreville. The enemy who had been encamped here in considerable force had retired, and we returned to Alexandria. My wife and other ladies left for home on this day, not knowing when we would be back; the indications were that we had broken camp for a campaign in earnest. March 11th, orders issued from the War-Department of the formation of the Army of the Potomac into four corps. About this time Genl. Wm. B. Franklin invited the General and field officers of his division to meet Gen. McClellan at his quarters near our camp. During the evening Gen. McClellan informed us that in the coming movement of the army "you gentlemen", as he expressed himself, "will be landed under fire". Where that was to be he did not explain. We, of course, speculated, and thought much of the remark.

It was plain to us that he had a high opinion of our division, and that we had been selected for an important part in the next movement of the army. March 13th, 1862, the first corp was formed, Gen. McDowell commanding, composed of Franklin's and McCall's divisions: 2nd corp, Gen. S. V. Sumner: 3rd corp, S. P. Heintzelman's: 4th corp, S. D. Keys. At this early day it was plain to many that the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, had conceived a dislike to Gen. McClellan. Corps commanders were named for the four corps in opposition to Gen. McClellan's judgment. His theory, as expressed at the

Time, was that those officers should be tried under fire before commissioned Major Generals in command of Corps: but Mr. Stanton's wishes were carried out to the letter. March 17th the first troops embarked for Fortress Monroe under command of Genl. Hamilton. March 22nd, Gen. Fitz-John Porter's command embarked. April 1st, Gen. McClellan sailed, and arrived at Fortress Monroe 2nd April. April 4th, Gen. McClellan received a telegram from the Secretary of War of his detaching the first corp, Gen. McDowell's, from his command: and much to our surprise, soon after we received orders to proceed by rail towards the Rappahannock River. Our horses to be taken under guard by the pike. This unexpected order created consternation among us. It was understood by our division commander, Gen. Franklin, that we were to embark in the last run of the transports, and bring up the rear of our army on the Peninsular. It was made plain to us why, when we did finally arrive at Shipping Point. When this diversion took place, Gen. Franklin sent a messenger to Gen. McClellan acquainting him of the fact, fearing that he would not be notified by the Secretary in time to change his plans of action. Gen. Newton made the remark that we had better provide ourselves with hooks and lines for fishing, as that would be probably all we would do on the Rappahannock. The cause of this sudden action of the Secretary of War was that he had suddenly taken fright at the thought of Washington being in danger and without consulting Gen. McClellan, took from him a force of thirty-five thousand men. And a part of that force, our division, which Gen. McClellan had planned for a specific and an important duty in his plan of campaign. It was, without doubt, a staggering blow to our Commander-in-chief. He could not know what next would interfere with his plans.

We were taken about half-way to the Rappahannock, which was as far as the railroad was open, and went into camp. That night



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a fearful storm of wind, rain and snow made us most uncomfortable: tents were of little use to shelter us. Most of the men sought shelter in barns, outhouses, haystacks, and any place they could find that would shelter them. Our little army was scattered about the country for miles in search of something to eat, and something to shelter them. The storm continued through the next day and night, our horses under an inefficient guard went into camp the first night out from Alexandria at the old battle-field of Bull Run when a party of Rebel bushwhackers broke through the guard, which probably were all asleep, and ran off most of our fine horses, mine with the rest. The loss to me I felt very much. He was considered the finest horse in the division. When the weather cleared up our men came struggling back, and we marched toward the river. Just as we were going into camp, a despatch reached us, ordering our division back to Alexandria to join little Mac on the Peninsula. A shout went up that shook the earth, and so anxious were our men that we marched back to the point that we left in the morning before halting. It was wonderful how the men struck out in their anxiety to join the army of the Potomac. Having lost my horse, and not being able to get a mount, I had to foot it with the rest. We made the time back to Alexandria in just half the time it took us in going out. Transports were in readiness to receive us on board and we were happy to embark.

Before we sailed I received an order detailing me as one of a military commission to investigate charges against three Majors of General Kearney's brigade, preferred by the General for some neglect of duty. We met and organized on board of one of the Transports, but there was a difficulty in getting the witnesses, they being on other vessels. Some three weeks later on our march up the Peninsula we met again, but Gen. Kearney in the meantime had got over his anger, and as they were performing duty, he withdrew the charges and the matter was dropped. General Kearney was a very distinguished and

worked his brigade to make soldiers of them, he was much disliked for the incessant drill, but he knew better than they did, what was for their good. There was not a brigade of troops in the army that was so well cared for; if there was a biscuit in the commissary department, or a pair of shoes, and any of his men were in need of them, they got them. Before he left his brigade for a larger command, they had learned to fairly worship him. In fact that was the feeling of all the men of the army. No officer was thought more of as a fighter than the one armed soldier, wherever he was the men would cheer him. General Kearney was a Captain of the first Dragoons during the Mexican war. When the Mexicans broke at the battle of Cherrubusco Kearney drew his sword, and commanded his company of about eighty men to charge the fleeing Mexicans. He followed them up cutting right and left, as his troops went over the ground to the gates of the City of Mexico, a distance of about three miles, jumping the earth works at the city gates, actually entering the city. It was here he lost his arm. Not being supported in his gallant charge, and seeing the Mexicans gathering in his front he sounded the retreat, and returned to the late field of battle. He never made any display of his rank in the late war, and when on the march contented himself with a private soldiers tent to rest in at night. When near the enemy, he had a habit of riding along the picket lines accompanied by a single orderly, to see, for himself, that the pickets were properly posted, and doing their duty. I have seen him many evenings when I have been on duty on the picket lines. When we were in front of Richmond in 1862 there was more or less firing from day to day, and it was a common remark of the soldiers, when this firing took place that Fall was after that again. His position on the day he died was in front of our commissary depot, and the men



doubt, an aggravation to the hungry Rebels and caused considerable skirmishing at that point. It was a sad mistake that General Kearney had not been placed in command of a cavalry force in the early part of the war, the Rebel Cavalry men, Stuarts, and others, would not have made so many successful raids as they did, his name would have been as famous as Sheridan's, if not more so. But the wise men at Washington in the early days of the war did not attach much importance to the cavalry arm of the service. Had they done so millions of dollars worth of property would have been saved. The afternoon of the day he was killed, he rode along our lines at Centreville and met with a perfect ovation, cheer after cheer went up, as he passed by: later he discovered a Rebel body of troops moving towards our rear: he promptly gave battle and drove them back. That evening, as was his custom, he rode out to see that the pickets were properly posted, he unfortunately set too near the Rebel lines, who opened a fire upon him, and he fell from his horse dead. His loss was felt by all good soldiers, more so than any officer who fell during those days of despondency and gloom. We finally arrived at Shipping Point April 22nd, 1862, too late to perform the important part that General McClellan had assigned for us, the storming of Gloucester Point.

The correspondence between General McClellan, Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln is interesting, clearly showing the interception of his, McClellan's, plan of campaign, resulting in a failure. He writes to the Secretary of War in the following language. "The reconnaissance of to-day proves that it is necessary to invest and attack Gloucester Point." "Give me Franklin and McCall's division under command of Franklin and I will, at once undertake it." He finally wrote the Secretary, "In circumstances of which I am not aware, make it impossible for you to send me the divisions to carry



out the final plans of campaign, I will run the risk, and hold myself responsible for the result, if you will give me Franklin's division. To General McClellan's repeated requests upon the Secretary of War, urgently asking him as a military necessity that he may not lose Franklin and his division, the Secretary in reply wrote him that Franklin's division was on the road towards the Rappahannock River, and that there was no means of transportation to send it forward in time to be of any service in his present operations. Gen. McClellan finally went back to the President, that since his arrangements were made for this campaign, at least fifty thousand troops had been taken from his command, and in consequence, his plan of landing at Gloucester Point of Franklin's division had been interfered with by taking Franklin's division from him, giving the enemy time to fortify Yorktown. That no current that he had could pass by the river by Yorktown, and the storming of Gloucester Point, which was just above Yorktown, was out of the question. It appeared that after this appeal to the President, he directed the Secretary of War to send Franklin's Division to him. It is now plain what Gen. McClellan said to me at the meeting at Gen. Franklin's Headquarters near Alexandria, "That your gentlemen, in the coming movement of the army, would be landed under fire." He was left to the last so that on arriving at Shipping Point he could be quickly sent by the York River and storm Gloucester Point. That being accomplished the enemy could not occupy Yorktown, as Gloucester Point commanded Yorktown. Had McClellan not been interfered with, Yorktown would not have been fortified making it necessary to besiege it, and causing the long delay in the movement of the army, giving the enemy time to gather all their strength, and causing the battle of Williamsburg and West Point. There is no doubt that McClellan had a high appreciation of Gen. Franklin and his division. His command was

Composed of General Philip Kearney's Brigade of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th New Jersey troops. . General John Newton's Brigade, the 18th, 31st, 32nd, New York, and 95th Pennsylvania. General Henry W. Slocum's Brigade, 16th, 27th, New York, 5th Maine and 96th Pennsylvania.

There was no better division in the Army.

When we arrived at Shipping Point on the 22nd of April, we were retained on board the transports waiting results of the pending movements of the Army.

The following are reports, and letters from General McClellan, and General E. D. Keyes, to the President, Secretary of War, and Hon. Ira Harris, United States Senate.

Adjutant General's Office, April 4th, 1862

General McClellan

By direction of the President, General McDowell's Army Corps, has been detached from the force under your immediate command, and the General is ordered to report to the Secretary of War, letter by mail.

L. THOMAS

Adjutant-General.

The President having promised in an interview, following his order of March 31st, withdrawing Blenker's division of one thousand men from my command, that nothing of the sort should be repeated- that I might rest assured that the campaign should proceed with no further deductions from the force upon which its operations had been planned- I may confess to having been shocked at that order, which with that of the 31st ultimo and that of the 3rd, removed nearly 50,000 men from my command, and reduced my force by more than one third after its task had been assigned, its operations planned, its fighting begun. To me the blow was most discouraging. It frustrated all my plans for impending operations. It fell when I was too deeply committed to withdraw. It left me incapable of continuing operations which had been begun.

It compelled the adoption of another, a different and a less effective plan of campaign. It made rapid and brilliant operations impossible. It was a fatal error.

It was now, of course, out of my power to turn Yorktown by West Point. I had therefore no choice left but to attack it directly in front, as I best could with the force at my command.

Reconnaissances made under fire on that and the following day determined that the sources of the Warwick River were near Yorktown, commanded by its guns, while that stream for some distance from its mouth on the James River, was controlled by the Confederate gunboats: that the fords had been destroyed by dams, the approaches to which were generally through dense forests and deep swamps, and defended by extensive and formidable works; that timbers felled for defensive purposes and the flooding of the roads, caused by the dams, had made these works apparently inaccessible and impossible to turn: that Yorktown was strongly fortified, armed and garrisoned, and connected with the defenses of the War-



wick by forts and intrenchments, the ground in front of which was swept by the guns of Yorktown. It was also ascertained that the garrisons had been and were daily being re-enforced by troops from Norfolk and the army under General I. E. Johnston. Heavy rains made the road to Fort Monroe impassable, and delayed the arrival of troops, ammunition, and supplies, while storms prevented for several days the sailing of transports from Hampton roads and the establishment of depots on the banks of York River near the army.

The ground bordering the Warwick River is covered by very dense and extensive forests, the clearings being small and few. This, with the comparative flatness of the country and the alertness of the enemy, everywhere in force, rendered thorough reconnaissances slow, dangerous, and difficult; yet it was impossible otherwise to determine whether an assault was anywhere practicable or whether the more tedious, but sure operations of a siege must be resorted to. I made on the 6th and 7th close personal reconnaissances of the right and left of the enemies positions, which, with information acquired already, convinced me it was best to prepare for an assault by the preliminary employment of heavy guns and some siege operations. Instant assault would have been simply folly. On the 7th I telegraphed to the President as follows:-

Headquarters Army of the Potomac,

April 7th, 1862.

Your telegram is received. In reply I have the honor to state that my active force for duty amounts to only about 85,000 men. General Wool's command, as you will observe from the accompanying order, has been taken out of my control, although he has most cheerfully co-operated with me. The only use that can be made of his command is to protect my communications in rear of this point. At this time only 53,000 men have joined

me, but they are coming up as rapidly as my means of transportation will permit. Please refer to my despatch to the Secretary of War to-night for the details of our present situation.

George B. McClellan

To the President D.C.

Major General

On the same day General McClellan sent another communication to the Secretary of War as follows:-

"Since my arrangements were made for this campaign at least 50,000 men have been taken from my command.

Washington, April 6th, 1862.

General George B. McClellan,

The President directs me to say that your despatch to him has been received. General Sumner's corps is on the road to join you and will be forward as fast as possible. Franklin's Division is now on the advance towards Manassas. There is no means of transportation here to forward in time to be of service in your present operations. Telegrams frequently, and all in the power of the Government shall be done to sustain you as occasion may require.

Edwin M. Stanton,

Secretary of War.

## Headquarters Fourth Corps.

Warwick Court House, Va., April 7th, 1862.

My dear Senator:-

The plan of campaign on this line was made with the distinct understanding that four corps should be employed, and that the navy should co-operate in the taking of Yorktown, and also (as I understand it) support us on our left by moving gun boats up James River. To-day I have learned that the First corps, which by the President's order was to embrace four divisions and one division (Blenker's) of the Second Corps have been withdrawn altogether from this line of operations, and from the army of the Potomac. At the same time, as I am informed, the navy has not the means to attack Yorktown and is afraid to send gun boats up James River for fear of the Merrimac. The above plan of campaign was adopted unanimously by Major-General McDowell and Brigadier-Generals Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes, and was concurred in by Major-General McClellan, who first proposed Urbana as our base.

This army being reduced by 45,000 troops, some of them among the best in the service and without the support of the navy, the plan to which we are reduced bears scarcely any resemblance to the one I voted for.

I command the James River column, and I left my Camp near Newport News the morning of the 4th inst. I only succeeded in getting my artillery ashore the afternoon of the day before, and one of my divisions had not all arrived in Camp the day I left, and for the want of transportation has not yet joined me. So you will observe that not a day was lost in the advance, and in fact we marched so quickly and so rapidly that many of our animals were 24 and 48 hours without a ration of forage. But, notwithstanding the rapidity of our advance, we were stopped by a line of defense nine or ten miles long, strongly fortified by breast-work



erected nearly the whole distance behind a stream or succession of ponds, nowhere fordable, one terminus being Yorktown and the other ending in the James River, which is commanded by the enemies' gun boats.

Yorktown is fortified all around with bastioned works, and on the water side it and Gloucester are so strong that the navy was afraid to attack either.

The approaches on one side are generally through low, swampy, or thickly wooded ground, over roads which we are obliged to repair or to make before we can get forward our carriages. The enemy is in great force and is constantly receiving re-enforcements from the two rivers. The line in front of us is therefore, one of the strongest ever opposed to an invading force in any country.

You will then ask why I advocated such a line for our operations. My reasons are few, but I think good. With proper assistance from the navy we could take Yorktown, and then, with gun boats on both rivers, we could beat any force opposed to us on Warwick River, because the shot and shell from the gun boats would nearly over lap across the peninsula; so that if the enemy should retreat — and he must — he would have a long road to go without rail or steam transportation, and every soul of his army must fall into our hands or be destroyed.

Another reason for my supporting the new base and plan was that this line, it was expected, would furnish water transportation nearly to Richmond.

Now, supposing we succeed in breaking through the line in front of us, what can we do next? The roads are very bad, and if the enemy retains command of James River, and we do not first reduce Yorktown it would be impossible for us to sustain this army three marches beyond where it is

now. As the roads are at present it is with the utmost difficulty that we can maintain it in the position it now occupies.

You will see, therefore, by what I have said that the force originally intended for the capture of Richmond should be all sent forward.

If I thought the more army corps necessary when I supposed the navy would co-operate, and when I judged of the obstacles to be encountered, by what I learned from reports and the opinions of Officers long stationed at Fort Mifflin, the more all other sources, how much more should I think full complement of troops requisite now that the navy cannot co-operate, and now that the strength of the enemy lines and the number of his guns and men prove to be almost immeasurably greater than I had been led to expect. The line in front of us, in the opinion of all military men here, who are at all competent to judge, is one of the strongest in the world, and the force of the enemy capable of being increased beyond the numbers we now have to oppose to it. Independently of the strength of the lines in front of us and of the force of the enemy behind them, we cannot advance until we get beyond of either York River or James River. The efficient co-operation of the navy is, therefore, absolutely essential, and we I considered it when I voted to change our base from Potomac to Fort Mifflin. An iron clad fleet must attack Yorktown and if several strong gun boats could be sent to James River also our success would be certain and complete, and the rebellion would soon be put down.

On the other hand, we must butt against the enemy's works with heavy artillery, and a great waste of time, life, and material.

If we break through and advance, both our flanks will be exposed from the great water courses in the hands of the enemy; our ammunition would give out; and the enemy, equal, if not superior, in numbers, would,

with the other advantages, but had destroyed this army. The greatest mis-  
 take of the war has been said to be that if you would invade a country success-  
 fully, you must have one line of operations and one army under one General.  
 But what is our condition? The State of Virginia is made to constitute the  
 command, in part or wholly, of some six generals, viz: Trenton, Banks,  
 Johnson, Wool, Burnside and McClellan, besides the scrap over the Chesapeake  
 under the command of Dix.

The great battle of the war is to come off here. If we win it, the re-  
 sult will be crushed; if we lose it, the consequences will be more horri-  
 ble than I care to tell. The plan of campaign I voted for, if carried out  
 with the means proposed will certainly succeed. If any part of the means  
 proposed are withheld or diverted, I deem it due to myself to say that our  
 success will be doubtful. It is no doubt agreeable to the Government of  
 the State to have a separate department and as this latter department  
 has been placed under General McClellan's command, it is proper to state that I am  
 not at all influenced by personal regard or dislike to any of my seniors in  
 rank. If I were to credit all the opinions which have been put into my  
 ears, I must believe that in regard to my present fine command, I owe much  
 to General Johnson and nothing to General McClellan. But I have disre-  
 garded all such considerations, and I have from last July to the present day  
 supported General McClellan and obeyed all his orders with as hearty a good-  
 will as though he were my brother or the friend to whom I owed most. I  
 will continue to do so to the last and so long as he is my commander: and  
 I am not desirous to displease him, but would not if I could. He left  
 Washington with the understanding that he was to execute a definite plan of  
 campaign with certain prescribed means. The plan was good and the means  
 sufficient and without modification the enterprise was certain of success.  
 But with the reduction of force and means, the plan is entirely changed  
 and is now a bad plan, with means insufficient for certain success. Do



not look upon this communication as the offspring of despondency. I never despond, and when you see me working the hardest you may be sure that fortune is frowning upon me. I am working now to my utmost.

Please show this letter to the President, and I should like also that Mr. Stanton should know its contents.

Do me the honor to write to me as soon as you can, and believe me, with perfect respect, your most obedient servant,

H. D. Keyes.

Brigadier-General Fourth Army Corps.

Hon. Ira Harris, United States Senate.

Yorktown was evacuated on the night of May 3rd. We know of it on the morning of the 4th, on the morning of the 5th not having left the transports we sailed up the York River to West Point, landing just before dark. The enemy's line of retreat running parallel with the river, and so near that we could hear their wagons and artillery going over the road, during the evening one of our pickets was killed. The enemy was prepared to fight in case we made any demonstration to cut their line of retreat that was evident. A meeting of General officers was held. The feeling as expressed was that our position was critical. Gen. Slocum advised using the pick and shovel. (I was near enough to hear the discussion) We were not strong enough to resist a large force, and they might drive us into the York River, but the night passed without our being disturbed. They were evidently too anxious to get <sup>away</sup> and not inclined to disturb us as long as we did not attempt to cut their line of retreat. Our position was in a clearing that ran back about a half mile from the landing, and about an eighth of a mile wide. A sluggish inlet from the river was on our right, extending to the end of the clearing and then bending to the left, making a complete angle, so that we had water on three sides of us.

The other or fourth side was thickly wooded, between us and the road

the enemy were on. This road ran parallel with the York River till it reached this point and then turned slightly to the left.

On the morning of May 7th our pickets that had been sent into the woods were soon driven back. General Newton at once ordered our Regiment the 3<sup>rd</sup> and the 31st New York to enter the woods at all hazards (was his command) and find out what was there. We formed in line of battle, the 31st some distance to our left without skirmishers. We very soon found out what was there. The ground in the woods was rolling: a succession of ridges. At the first rise we received a blinding fire and could not see a man in our front, over the ridge we went at a double quick and as we ascended the second ridge we got it again. Our men undaunted, notwithstanding many had fallen, rushed to the top of the third ridge - we got another dose. Our men behaved splendidly: there was no hanging back, although we had met with a heavy loss up to this time. Colonel Matheson was for pushing on further. I told him it was murderous to expose a gallant body of men to such a fire as was in our front. That in my judgment, from the volume of fire, there were at least ten thousand men in our front. They, the enemy, fell back from ridge to ridge as we advanced and we could not see a man. He finally took my advice and we fell back to the clearing in an orderly way. There was no disposition on the part of the enemy to follow us. The 31st Regiment, Col. Pratt, did the same.

Hexamer's New Jersey, Battery was ordered to shell the woods, which, no doubt, made it warm for the enemy. General Franklin was not well pleased that we were so recklessly ordered into the woods. He said that we were lucky that any of us escaped. He condemned the movement in strong terms, he being at the landing at the time, was startled by the heavy firing, and said, from information obtained from two prisoners captured quite early that morning, that the Rebel Gen. Whiting's division and the Hampton Legion, at least twenty thousand men were in our front to protect

their line of retreat. Our loss was Capt. Elisha S. Young, Capt. Sylvester H. Brown, Lieut. Edward Wallace killed, Lieut. James T. Trudell, mortally wounded, and Lieut. William E. Stone, wounded. A large number of men killed and wounded.

The 31st Regiment lost two officers and a few men. General W. F. Smith's division arrived about noon and was quickly landed, which made our force quite respectable, and, no doubt, prevented the enemy from sending us into the York River. General Norton had our regiment form a square. He then made us quite an eulogistic speech on our behavior that day. By the middle of the afternoon we found that the enemy had left us. We made an inspection of the position they had occupied. They undoubtedly had lain close to the ground behind a ridge near the road, firing over it with little exposure to themselves. It appeared that their departure was hurried: they left behind them blankets or what they used for blankets, strips of rag carpets. Haversacks filled with raw flour instead of bread, showing plainly the poverty of their commissary department. On the 8th of May we took up our line of march in pursuit of them. We found evidence of their having been all around us on the 7th of May, on our flanks as well as in front.

Report of Brig. Gen. John Norton, U. S. Army

Commanding Third Brigade.

Headquarters, Third Brigade.

West Point, Va., May 8th, 1862.

Sir:- I have the honor to report the results of the action with the enemy on the 7th inst:

Early on the morning of that day, the division having landed at this place the night previous, I made, as far as time permitted, an examination of the ground upon which we had landed, and aided by information obtained from Captain Jay, of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, whose gallant conduct during the day deserves honorable mention. I became nat-



learned that the map of the locality furnished us was entirely incorrect in military point of view, in consequence of which it became necessary to change the location of my brigade to the right of the position, which, with the approval of the General commanding the division, was done at once.

A little before 9 A.M. the pickets commenced firing on the front of the right of our position, and I immediately directed Captain Hexamer's battery to march up and proceed to that point. Pickets then appeared the enemy approaching in large force, with cavalry and artillery, upon the right, which was occupied by my brigade. I immediately disposed of the infantry and Captain Hexamer's battery so as to prevent the touch of the enemy's cavalry and artillery upon the plain occupied by our forces. In the meantime the firing of musketry in front became very quick and rapid and in heavy volleys, indicating the presence of a large force before us. After a gallant and obstinate resistance our pickets and several reconnoitering parties which had been sent out were driven in by overwhelming forces. The pickets fell back in good order, and, being reformed by the regiments, were again sent forward. By 11 A.M. the force of the enemy engaged had become so great that my men were forced back to the edge of the woods, retiring slowly and in excellent order.

Being not satisfied that attack was made by the enemy with serious intentions and in full force, I threw into the woods in front of the right rear regiments, with directions to feel the enemy and maintain their ground at all hazards, I am happy to say that this was effected, and that for three hours, until 3 P.M. when the action terminated, my position was firmly held, thus the enemy slowly retired.

My object from the commencement was to hold the woods in front of the right, through which the only practicable road to our position passed, and to prevent the enemy deploying his cavalry and artillery upon the

clear space: and in this owing to the steadiness of the infantry of the division and the skill and efficiency of the batteries of artillery, under the command of Captain Hexamer and Lieut. Upton, I was successful. Gen. Slooms who commanded the left and centre of the division, generously furnished me with all the assistance I required, the enemy not having attempted his position. The troops engaged on our side were the 31st and 32nd N. Y. Volunteers, six companies of the 18th N. Y., three companies of the 16th N. Y. Volunteers, three companies of the 27th N. Y. Volunteers, the 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers, six companies of the 1st Jersey and the 5th Maine Volunteers.

All the troops engaged behaved with great steadiness, and I will only particularize the 31st N. Y. Volunteers. Col. Calvin E. Pratt, and the 32nd N. Y. Volunteers, Col. Roderick Matheson, who suffered the severest loss. The 31st charged the enemy in the woods and drove them before them until they gained an advantageous position, which, supported by the 1st New Jersey, under the command of Lieut.-Col. McAllister they heroically maintained until the end of the action against greatly superior numbers of the enemy. The 32nd New York made a brilliant advance, driving superior forces with the bayonet for a considerable distance through the woods until their progress was arrested by the engaged reserves and battery of artillery, when they retired slowly and in good order to their position. I may add that the 18th N. Y., Col. W. H. Young, advanced firmly upon the enemy, received several volleys at close range and singular to state without losing a man or without firing a shot in return. The steady advance of this regiment on my left, supported by the Fifth Maine, Col. Jackson, was of great service. The Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Gosline, commanding behaved very well, bringing on the action with the enemy and keeping him well occupied.

Our loss in the action was 200 killed, wounded and missing:

of that the enemy I have no means of ascertaining, I am under great obligations to Col. A. T. A. Torbert, of the First New Jersey, General Officer of the day, for re-enforcements which he brought up from time to time during the day, and to Capt. Platt, who commanded the ~~battalion~~ of artillery engaged, for his efficient services.

I regret to add a long list of killed and wounded amongst the officers engaged. Capt. Heiss of the Thirty-first New York, with a single company in front of a regiment of the enemy, disdaining to retire, was killed, whilst his two lieutenants, Klein and Schickhardt, were wounded. The former mortally and the latter severely. Of this one company all the non-commissioned officers save one were killed, and 40 privates killed and wounded, evincing a degree of heroism which is worthy of all praise.

Capt. Fuller, of the same regiment, who was entrusted with the duty of protecting the left flank, repulsed with great loss three companies of the enemy who made that attempt, in which service Lieutenant Babcock, of his company, was mortally wounded. Captain Fuller speaks in the highest terms of this lamented officer, and of his Second-Lieutenant A. E. King, Lieutenant Pross, of ~~the~~ same regiment, was killed, and Lieutenant Frossard badly wounded, whilst advancing boldly upon the enemy. Capt. Sloan, of the same regiment, deserves the highest mention for his coolness and judgment during the action.

Of the Thirty-second New York, Capt's. Young and Brown and Lieutenant Wallace were killed, whilst urging their men forward against over-whelming forces. Col. Matheson, commanding this regiment, speaks in the most exalted terms of the gallantry displayed by these lamented officers, and also of Lieutenants Twaddell and Stone, who were severely wounded whilst leading their commands against the enemy.

Capt. Curtis, of the Sixteenth New York, whilst bravely leading two companies in a charge, was shot in the left breast and severely wounded.



Capt. Beates, of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was severely wounded in the shoulder whilst performing his duty. Many instances of heroism amongst the Officers and men have been brought to my notice, but where they are so numerous the report must be necessarily incomplete. I cannot close this report without making honorable mention of the gallantry and efficiency of my staff. Capt. James E. Montgomery, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant Samuel W. Waldron, Jr., and William Russel, Jr., Aides-de camp, and Capt. James K. Scofield, Commissary, were actively employed during the day in transmitting my orders through the heaviest fire.

Capt. Montgomery, in transmitting orders, had his horse shot under him, and was made prisoner of the Hampton Legion, from whom he afterwards escaped. The enemy committed inhuman barbarities upon some of the wounded. One was found with his throat cut, and another bore the marks of 8 bayonet stabs in his body.

I have no means of ascertaining correctly, the force of the enemy. We know, however, that it was at least General Whiting's Division, including the Hampton Legion. Besides this a large body of the enemy, at least 20,000 strong, were supporting the attacking force.

The attack which they made was evidently with a view to prevent the division molesting their line of retreat from Williamsburg to Richmond, and to drive us in to the River if they obtained the advantage. The battle lasted from 9 A.M. until 5 P.M. The gunboats rendered efficient service by throwing shells into the enemy at a distance of 2 miles.

From coincidence of reports received before and after the battle there is no doubt that this was a well planned and desperate attempt on the part of the enemy.

I omitted to mention that Capt. Gilmore who commanded the 3 companies of the Sixteenth New York engaged, has received the commendation of his superior officer for the skill and gallantry displayed during the action.

Besides the mangling of bodies, the enemy is reported on reliable authority to have rifled the persons of the wounded and dead of all articles of value and to have taken portions of their clothing. The enemy was not on-ly repelled in the attempt upon our position, but at the end of the day we co-operated with our troops to the position in advance of that held at the commencement of the action. I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

John Newton.

Brig. Gen. Comdg. First Div. General Franklin's division.

Capt. J. Sparrow Purdy,

Assistant Adjutant General.

On May 16th we arrived at the White House on the Pamunkey River. This was the head of navigation on this small stream and was made the base of our supplies. A small railroad runs from here to Richmond. Here was found a letter on the drawing-room table of this historical house, addressed to the commanding officer of the Federal forces, asking for protection of this property as it was at this house that Washington first met his wife. A military guard was placed around the property and fully protected. I picked a blossom from one of the plants and inclosed it to my wife. We soon reached the Chickahominy River and in front of the rebel army. They had been very busy constructing earth-works to defend their capital, Richmond. The larger part of our enemy was located on the south side of the river. Our division, with General Fitz John Porter's command, were on the north side of the river. This river was about 40 feet wide.



and not deep. Bridges were constructed at once, that we could communicate and pass troops rapidly from one side to the other. On the north side the land was flat for at least a quarter of a mile. Our troops were encamped on the high ground, sheltered by woods. It was necessary that our picket lines should be posted close to the river banks, as it was an easy matter to throw a bridge over, or even ford the stream. Our position on the right of our army was opposite the enemy's left, and required constant watching.

Our daily experience here was lively and exciting. One day when I was on the picket line on the river bank, we were annoyed very much by the enemy's sharpshooters amusing themselves at our expense. They were much better protected by the lay of the land and trees than we were. I sent word to headquarters of our trouble. Very soon after a body of twenty or thirty men of our sharpshooters came walking in a leisurely manner, separated and stretching out to the extent of our front. They were very busy during this time locating the enemy's sharpshooters by the puffs of smoke from their rifles. Within a half hour they had cleared them out. That put a stop to that kind of work of the enemy. I do not remember an instance, after this experience, that the enemy resorted to this mode of warfare on the picket line. These sharpshooters of ours belonged to Gen. Kearney's command. They were picked men, provided with telescopic rifles, and wearing red trimmings on their uniforms, which distinguished them from other troops. May 18th, the 5th and 8th corps were organized: the 5th under command of Major Gen. Fitz John Porter, composed mostly of regulars: the 8th corps commanded by Major General W. B. Franklin, consisting of two divisions commanded by Gen. W. P. Smith and Gen. Henry W. Slocum. These two corps occupied the north side of the Chickaheminy. On May 27th, Gen. Porter cut loose from his position, and marched to Hanover Court



House, cutting railroads and everything between us and Gen. Pope. He took 730 prisoners, killed two hundred of the enemy, and routed them in every direction: returning to camp, after a very successful raid, on May 29th. It proved that it would have been a very easy matter for Gen. Pope to have united his army with us, as Gen. McClellan desired he should do, but he had an independent command, and by uniting with us he would have been under the command of Gen. McClellan. He had been issuing some general orders to his troops that were offensive and insulting to every officer and soldier of our army. Such as his headquarters were "in the saddle", and that he had "no base of supplies," or "no lines of retreat", which were designed to hit McClellan. He eventually found a line of retreat, and was too glad to call upon Gen. Fitz John Porter for help, when it was impossible for that gallant soldier to render that help. He finally, after causing Gen. Porter the trouble of his life, dropped out of sight, to be remembered only as a military failure.

On May 30th, the 32nd Regiment was on picket duty on the river bank; during that day and night there was a violent storm of wind and rain, flooding the banks of the river, and covering the flats. The water on the flats was from three to four feet deep. We found it necessary to fall back to high ground. Some of the men striking a depression in the ground had to swim. The people living near said they never had known such a flood of water before. The enemy on the south side of the river did not suffer as the ground rose gradually from the river to quite a high elevation. The next morning, May 31st, the enemy was quick to see their advantage, they fled cutting our army in two. They made a fierce attack on our advanced position on the south side of the river, commanded by Gen. Silas Casey. Gen. McClellan as quickly saw the necessity of ordering some divisions that were on the north side of the river to cross before the bridges were carried.

away. The troops did not even see any. They had hardly reached the south side before all our bridges were swept away. The attacks of the enemy were fierce and determined. Gen. Casey's division was soon driven back, other troops came into action, and the battle raged all along our lines with great fury. We, on the opposite bank, could do nothing but listen to the roar of artillery and musketry. It was one continuous roar; not that of volleys, but one terrible roar, so continuous that artillery was not distinguished from that of musketry. It was prolonged till long after dark that night. During the day we could see by our glasses, bodies of the enemy moving at a double quick along the open ground on the hills, to strengthen their comrades at critical points. We then felt that our troops were holding their own. It was an anxious time for us. Communication was effectually cut off. Not till the next morning did we know the result of the terrible strife. The enemy were beaten back, and our troops re-occupied their former positions. On the morning of June 1st, the enemy renewed their attack, but were soon beaten back, we capturing one gun that was lost the day before. This battle is known as Fair Oaks. Our loss in this conflict was 8737 in killed, wounded and missing. The enemy's loss was 6783. We very soon re-built our bridges, and built them so that another flood would not destroy them. The rains were incessant; most every day we had a thunderstorm, which made the roads almost impassable, and required strong details of working parties to keep them passable for artillery and wagons. Every detail would come into camp at night drenched with rain. In consequence, whiskey rations were issued to our men. It was very amusing to witness the distribution of this ration. Each Company would come up to the barrel in line. We had a wooden match box fastened to a stick and put into the bung-hole of the barrel. One match box full, containing about four thimblerails was a ration. Some of the men would get drunk on it.



their comrades who would. On June 18th a body of the enemy's cavalry made a circuit of our army, doing but little damage however. June 19th our Corps, the 6th, was transferred to the south side of the river, taking position on the south side, the right resting on the river. The 5th corps, Gen. Porter's, was re-enforced by the 10th N.Y., the 1st Michigan and Gen. McCall's division, also the cavalry commands of Genls. Cook and Steneman. For sometime large working parties had been engaged in making a corduroy road across a swampy piece of ground just in front of where our division was encamped, for the purpose of rushing a large artillery force over the swamp to attack a strong rebel earth-work under cover of the artillery fire. The gallant 6th corps was selected to storm the rebel works; that is why we were sent over on the 19th. The time fixed for this attack was June 25th. Our army was to have made an advance all along our lines on that day, with the hope of entering Richmond, but the observed movements of the enemy, by use of our balloon, which overlooked all their works, caused a delay in our contemplated attack on the 25th of June. On the morning of the 26th the enemy were observed crossing the river near Mechanicsville in large force, confronting Gen. Porter's advanced lines. Gen. Porter formed a new line in the rear of his first position, and received the enemy's attack, holding his new lines successfully during the day against superior numbers. That night orders from headquarters were issued that every band and drum corps of the army should play the national airs. They kept it up nearly all night; such a din I never heard, and never want to hear again; nobody could sleep for the incessant noise. Just what the object was I never knew. Early in the morning, June 27th, our division was ordered to cross the river to the north side at the upper bridge just in the rear of Gen. Porter's line of battle. There had been no fighting up to that time that morning. We were in full view of the enemy from both sides of the river; they sent a few shells



at us from their batteries on the high ground on the south side. They did us no harm as far as I knew. We moved back over a rise in the ground, and out of sight of the enemy, and down the river to a lower bridge, and went back to our former camp. My impression at the time was that the movement was to mislead the enemy into the belief that we were strongly re-enforcing Gen. Porter. They saw us cross to his lines, but could not see us when we returned, thereby inducing them to weaken their forces on the south side to strengthen, and meet our apparent re-enforcement of Gen. Porter. I have been told that my theory of the movement was not correct. I must say that I am still in ignorance of the object of the movement. If my theory is not correct, it seems to me that, as Gen. McClellan had decided to move off to the James River, this would have been good strategy, getting all the enemy he could to the north side of the river, withdraw Porter to the south side, destroy our bridges, and move off for the James. This was practically done. About 5:30 that afternoon, Gen. Porter was so hard pressed by the enemy that he called for help, and we were sent over a second time by the bridge known as the Alexandria. We marched up the hill straight from the bridge to the extreme right of the line of battle. The battle had been fiercely contested since the morning, and was raging in all its fury at this time. The 18th N. Y. of our brigade relieved the 27th Regulars, which were on the extreme right of our line of battle. The 13th N. Y., my regiment, relieved another regular regiment on the left of the 18th. These two regiments that we relieved were afterwards engaged on the left of our line of battle. Our position was in a clearing. The left of my regiment was close up to a piece of woods. The 25th Pennsylvania, of our Brigade, was in this piece of woods, joining our left. These woods extended back of us about one hundred yards. The right of the 18th

regiment was within rifle range of another piece of woods to their right. We were on the most elevated ground about here. Our men lay close to the ground on the ridge of this hill. The enemy were on the other side, doing the same. The distance between us was a short musket range. The remaining regiment of our Brigade, the 31st N.Y., Col. Calvin E. Pratt, the late Judge Pratt of Brooklyn, was in a sunken roadway directly in our rear, not more than one hundred yards distant from us, with a bank of earth, about eight feet high, in their rear. Soon after we took our position as above mentioned I observed regiment after regiment of the enemy going into the woods on our right. They moved directly across our right flank into these woods without seeming to attempt to hide their movement. There was one gun posted on the bank, above where the 31st regt. was, under the command of a non-commissioned officer I judged from his uniform. He worked that gun splendidly; I could see the shots from his solitary gun cut through the enemy's ranks as they entered the woods. I have often wished to know who he was; his action was such a contrast to some others on that day. The enemy occupying the woods on our flank unmolested was a source of much anxiety to us all. There was but one solution, and that was that we would have to retire from our position or be captured. It was only a matter of a short time when they would move on our flank. I told Col. Matheson that our perilous position ought to be known to some one in authority at once; that some action should be taken quickly. Up to this time I had seen no general officer or staff officer. We were placed in line of battle, and left there to fight it out as best we could. The Adjutant of the regiment, John Stewart, was sent to find Gen. Newton or Gen. Slocum, our division commander. We waited anxiously for his return. We did not see him till the next day. His excuse for not returning was that he could not get back to the regiment. My impression then



was, and is still, that he thought it safer on the opposite side of the river, than where the regt. was. Every moment we were in expectation of seeing the enemy moving upon us. Stewart not returning, Col. Matheson started on the same mission. We were so completely hemmed in by woods that we could not see anything going on beyond our own command of four regiments. The line of battle was probably a mile long, if not more, through woods and swamps, and over hills.

The enemy's gunners near our front, although we could not see them, had located us very accurately, and commenced dropping their shells about us. A shell exploded just above me, a piece passed through the loose sleeve of a flannel blouse I wore, just at the elbow of my right arm, jerking my arm violently. Captain James Butler, seeing the movement of my arm, ran towards me, and asked if I was hurt. Another piece tore my blankets that were rolled up behind me on my saddle. It was getting exceedingly warm for us at this time. I had asked the 31st regt. to leave the sheltered position they were in, and join us, but, Col. Pratt not being present at the time, the Major who was in command would not take the responsibility. Col. Pratt was probably as anxious about the situation as we were, and had left his command to see what the situation was in other parts of the field. At this time Capt. Adam E. King of the 31st, being displeased with the inactivity of his regiment, came forward with his company and asked me for a position where he could do some good. I placed him on the right of the 32nd. It was an act of gallantry on his part, and I ever after admired him for his conduct that day. The men of the 18th regiment began to show signs of trouble; they were getting a fire in their backs as they were lying close to the ground, from the woods on our right. It was what I had been expecting for some



line. I at once ordered the 28nd to fall back; we had probably moved 50 yards, when I saw Col. Ateson approaching, and hoping for some good news, I put the 28nd back to their former position. When he came up, in answer to my anxious inquiry, he said he could find no one to report to. I then told him the quicker we got out of this hole the better. At this moment Col. Pratt having returned to his regiment, he ordered it to mount the bank on their right. Why he did so I never could understand, for the enemy in the woods could and did send his men back off the bank in about half a minute. It was like a cloud of dust whirled into form for a few seconds, and then dissolved and passed away. I saw the movement from where I stood, which was not far off. It was on this occasion that Col. Pratt got the ball in his mouth. We quickly moved back; in doing so we had to pass the piece of woods on our left, which extended back about one hundred and fifty yards from our position. They were so thick we could not see into them but a short distance. When we had moved back about one hundred yards, to our amazement we received a fire out of this piece of woods on our left. The 95th Pa. Regt. were in those woods joining on our left. The enemy had broken through the line of the 95th Pa., killing their gallant Colonel Coelin and their Major Hubbs, and scattering the regiment in all directions; and this was done without our knowledge. The firing was all around us; of course that meant that we were assailed on three sides - in front, right and left. It then became a race for our lives; fortunately for us that we were going downhill. Every step we took we were some inches lower, and the hurlebane of bullets sent after us passed over our heads. In front of us, perhaps an eighth of a mile off, we saw two or three batteries with infantry supports, which, no doubt, had been placed there with the object of protecting our right flank. We made direct for these guns, with

fight, but, to our surprise and disgust, just before reaching the guns, their supports took fright and deserted them in a panic. The guns were no doubt lost. Had we, or those batteries had some one with authority to command and direct us, the results of that day might have been quite different. The delay of the enemy in moving on our flank was no doubt caused by their expectation of capturing us all. Had we not moved to the rear just as we did, possibly one minute later would have been too late. Each regiment acted independently; no one to concentrate the strength of us all. We continued our rapid retreat towards the river. There we joined what was left of that gallant body of men, huddled together in much confusion.. It had become nearly dark when we reached this point, and the enemy did not venture to continue their pursuit. Frenche's and Meagher's Brigades came over from the south side of the river and spread out in our front. The French Prince de Paris came among us, and rode about with cheering words. We gave him a round of cheers. Some few years ago, a gentleman who was in this battle, on the other side however, and in talking over the fight asked me what we were cheering for so heartily that night, as we had met with much disaster during the day, they could not understand what we had to cheer for. Before daylight the next morning we all crossed over the river to the south side. The Bridges were destroyed, and strong forces were posted to keep the enemy back from the river. The loss in killed, wounded and prisoners of our army was heavy; but the loss of our division was frightful, twenty five per cent. Our division went into this battle eight thousand strong, and our loss was two thousand and twenty. The enemy's force was seventy thousand. Gen. Porter's force, including our division was but thirty five thousand. There is no doubt that the enemy had in the field that day two to our one.



The division commanded by Gen. Henry W. Slocum consisted of three brigades, of four regiments each - Gen. John Newton's brigade, composed of the 18th, 31st, 32nd New York, and the 95th Penna.; Gen. George W. Taylor's brigade, composed of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th New Jersey; Col. afterwards General, Joseph Bartlett's, composed of the 5th Maine, 16th and 27th New York, and 96th Penna. The report of Gen. Slocum states that the division was ordered to cross the Alexandria Bridge to the left bank on north side of the Chickahominy River to the support of Gen. Porter. The whole division crossed by 3 o'clock P.M. on the 27th of June. He states that the 31st New York and 95th Penna. regiments, of General Newton's Brigade, stormed the woods which were then occupied by the enemy in very strong force, and maintained their position more than two hours under a most galling fire, and against greatly superior numbers. The other two regiments of Newton's Brigade, the 18th and 32nd New York, under command of Col. Matheson of the latter regiment, occupied a position on an eminence near the woods occupied by Gen. Newton. Nearly all their ammunition was exhausted when they were ordered to retire to a position in the rear, where a new line was formed. Gen. Newton's report corroborates Gen. Slocum's. Why not? He states that he took command of the 31st New York and 95th Penna., and gave to Col. Matheson the charge of the 18th and 32nd New York; that he led the 31st New York, and the 95th Penna., and stormed the woods in the face of a hot fire. From time to time supports were sent into the woods to sustain those engaged against overwhelming masses of the enemy. For over two hours after my arrival this part of the lines maintained the unequal contest, when the left wing of the army being forced back, exposed by left flank and rendered a withdrawal of the troops necessary. A firm stand was made upon a hill, when darkness put us and to the retreat. Col.



4 P.M. At this time, he said, "I was ordered to re-place the 52nd and 18th New York upon the battle-field again by disarbition I deamed best," (This order was from Gen. Newton, a regular officer, in a man that had no military experience). He goes on and states, he "immediately took them to relieve two regiments supposed to be Mass. Volunteers, who were occupying a position on an eminence in front of a belt of woods protecting the enemy's front line in that locality. The 18th and 52nd remained in this position until I was compelled to send my Adjutant to report our position. In the meantime I ordered Lieut. Col. Pinto, having been informed that a portion of the 31st regiment was lying in a deep cut to the left of our position, to bring them up to the relief of the 18th, which order they refused to comply with, as reported by the Lieut. Col. I then went myself, and found the whole of the 31st encamped in a ravine in the rear of the 18th Regt. I ordered Col. Pratt forward, which he did promptly, in line of battle, but, on ascending the hill, and receiving a warm fire from the enemy, commenced firing at once, pouring a volley into the rear of the 18th Regt., which I succeeded in stopping, when they broke, and retired to their former position." This report does not agree with Gen. Newton and Gen. Dickey about Gen. Newton's charging into the woods with the 31st New York and the 95th Penns. Again, Col. Nathusson has without doubt made an error in stating the 31st Regt. fired into the rear of the 18th New York.

It was the time I have mentioned when the 31st jumped the bank, and got the fire from the enemy who were in the woods on our right flank and rear. The 31st were about midway between the enemy and the 18th, and they both caught the warm fire. He then goes on to state that he found the enemy had appeared in such force upon our left as compelled him to give the order to retire. The facts were that we did not know the enemy were in the woods on our left until we were

moving to the rear. He further states that we retired in good order. If starting on a run, which we did when we caught the fire on our left from the woods, where we supposed the 95th Penn. were, means good order, I do not understand the meaning of the word. He does not mention his leaving the Regt. in search of Gen. Newton or Gen. Slocum to inform them of our critical position: neither does it agree with Gen. Newton's report about storming the same woods on our left with the 31st New York, and the 95th Penn. and re-enforcing them from time to time, and conveying the impression that, he, Gen. Newton, was with them when they retired to the new line in good order. If he was with them that disastrous afternoon why did Col. Matherson find it necessary to send Adj. Stewart to find him, and afterwards go himself in search of him, coming back and telling me he could find no one to report to. Col. Matherson's report is a queer document, but not more so than some of the Generals; Gen. Slocum's report would go to show that he was on the field of battle from first to last. In conversation with him some years since, on the floor of the New York Produce Exchange, I brought up the subject of the battle of Gains Mills and alluded to the critical position that we on the extreme right of the line were in. He told me, much to my surprise, that he was taken sick on the field and had to retire and, of course, could not from his own observation, know what transpired on the field. I was struck dumb and asked no further questions. The facts were, that the 95th Penn. Regt. entered the woods without any opposition and joined on the left of the 32nd New York, my Regt. the same time we took our position in the line of battle; we could see them in the woods from where we were, and the 31st New York, halted in a cut in the road just outside of the woods, in the rear, and there they remained without firing a shot. Late in the afternoon they jumped the bank and were forced back into the road quickly by a fire from the enemy, who were on right flank, and completely in our rear of our line of battle. I doubt very much if they fired a shot during the battle. Gen. Slocum and Newton, and



Col. Matherson, in their reports mention that the Brigade had been ordered to retire, which they say it did in perfect order to another line of defence. I submitted my notes of the battle of Gaines Mills to Gen. Fitz John Porter one day while on a visit at his house at Morristown, New Jersey. He told me that I had cleared up one incident of the battle, which was as he related it to me. On the afternoon of the 27th June, 1862, he sent a staff officer with a message to Gen. Slocum, and the officer after a long absence returned and reported that he could not find Gen. Slocum. It appears to me as very strange that an officer in command of a division of troops should leave a battle field under any circumstances without reporting to his commanding officer. Gen. Porter told me that Slocum did not want to take his Division into the battle of Gaines Mills.



I did not hear of any order, or see any line of defense, or see anybody who had authority to give any such order, except the Commanders of the Regiments who were in the field, each acting for himself. It was dark when we reached the neighborhood of the river, which might have been the reason I could not see the new line mentioned by General Newton. General Slocum, in his report, states the New Jersey Brigade was on the left of Newton's. The 4th N. J. Regt. under command of Col. I. H. Simpson, was detached from the brigade, and ordered to an advanced position in the woods, where they were cut off from the rest of our troops: the greater portion of it, together with its gallant Colonel, and all of his officers, except those who had already fallen, were taken prisoners. The remaining regiments of the brigade maintained the position assigned them until their ammunition was expended, and our entire line withdrawn. Col. Simpson of the 4th N. J. in his report, states that the troops on his right retired without his knowledge, and he being without orders led to the capture of his regiment. Who was responsible for this, I would ask? Genl Potter had all he could do in looking after the center and left wing of the line of battle. He was assailed by twice his numbers, he contested every inch of the ground fought over. In sending for Franklin's old division, commanded by Genl Slocum, he looked for gallant support. Why not? Slocum and Newton having been educated at West Point, he entrusted those men with confidence to look after their commands on the right of the line of battle, and see to it that they would sustain the good name the division was credited with, and while he was pounding the enemy on the left and center, he thought he was ably sustained on the right. But how was it? Each Regt. fighting independent of each other: there was no concentration in their action. We were put into line of battle by our commanders, and left to fight it out as best we could. There is no disputing the fact we were most miserably handled, or rather not handled at all.

Think of the gallant officers and men who were left on the field of battle that day, killed or wounded. The army lost that day six thousand, our splendid division, one third of the whole number. We went in to the fight eight thousand strong, and, in the short space of two hours, left two thousand and twenty of our number on the field of battle. Reports of the three gentlemen named above of the part each took in the battle of Gaines Mills, look to me as though they had made their reports to harmonize and sustain each other as nearly as possible.

Report of the Brig. Gen. John Newton, U. S. A., commanding Third Brigade,  
of the battle of Gaines Mill.

Headquarters Third Brigade Slocum's Division, July 5th, 1863.

Sir:-

I have the honor to submit the following report of the action of my brigade in the battle of the 31st ultimo: My brigade was ordered out of its camp to cross the Chickahominy to the support of General Porter without waiting for the rest of the division. When I arrived near the field of battle the other brigades of the division came up with the commanders of the division. I was advanced with Upton's battery, when aides-de-camp from General Porter detached the brigade from the division.

On my arrival at the scene of conflict, General Porter directed me to arrange the brigade so that two regiments should enter one side of the woods and the remainder another side of the same woods, nearly at right angles with the former. I took command of the Thirty-first New York and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and gave to Colonel Matheson the charge of the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York Volunteers. As Colonel Matheson was separated from me during the whole action, I append herewith his report of his operations. I led the Thirty-first New York and the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, and stormed the woods in the face of an exceedingly hot fire. They were soon established there, after driving the enemy across a swamp and taking up an exceedingly advantageous position. From time to time supports

were sent in to the woods to sustain those engaged against overwhelming mass of the enemy.

For over two hours after my arrival this part of the line maintained the unequal contest, when the left wing of the army, being forced back and exposing my left flank, rendered a withdrawal of the troops necessary. A firm stand was made upon a hill, when darkness put an end to the conflict. I am thoroughly satisfied with the conduct of the officers and men of my brigade, who displayed the firmness of old and well-disciplined troops.

I must make honorable mention of the wounded of my staff, Lieut. Samuel W. Eldon, Jr., and William C. El, Jr., of aides-de-camp; of Capt. James E. Montgomery, Assistant Adjutant-General, who was wounded, Capt. James H. Seeley, who was wounded in the forehead. These gentlemen were under rifle fire in the woods on Longmeadow Hill, and also were in that, engaged in our long marches, and in attempts at danger discovered regard they are entitled to it. Colonel Roderick Johnson, Thirty-second New York Volunteers, who commanded the half of my brigade, deserves high distinction for his skill and gallantry.

Lieutenant J. H. Coolidge and Major William B. Rubbs of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, while gallantly performing their duty were mortally wounded and are since dead. Col. Calvin E. Pratt, while leading the Thirty-first New York Volunteers, was wounded seriously. Lieutenant Colonel Myers, commanding the Eighteenth New York Volunteers, who was suffering from typhoid fever, left his bed and led his regiment through this action.

I regret the loss of the following gallant officers killed: Capt. George Barry, Capt. Theodore G. Rogers of the Nineteenth New York Volunteers, Capt. Henry Whitlock of the Thirty-first New York Volunteers, and of First Lieutenant Hamilton Donohue, Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania Vol. I would also make mention of the following officers wounded while in the discharge of



their duty. Capt. I. B. Sloan, first Lieut. E. Frossard, first Lieut. W. Maitland, of the 31st N. Y. V., Adjut. John H. Russell, Capt. Thomas I. Radolif, Lieut. James Chalmers, and Lieut. Horatio G. Goodno, of the 18th N. Y. V., and Lieut. H. Oscar Roberts, Capt. Edward Carroll, Lieut. Shugrus, Capt. Henry W. Hews and Lieut. Thomas D. G. Chapman, of the Ninety-fifth Penn. Vol. I will, as soon as it can be supplied, furnish a list of those who particularly distinguished themselves in this bloodiest battle of the war.

I append herewith a list of the killed, wounded, and missing, amounting to 409. The list of killed and wounded is necessarily incomplete. Those reported as missing are nearly all in the former category. Private Thomas Williams, of the first New York Cavalry, my orderly, attended me through the whole action. I was exceedingly struck with his coolness and bravery, and he deserves honorable mention.

Capt. Harkins, of the first New York Cavalry, commanding the division provost guard, is entitled to honorable mention for his great zeal and efficiency in forming and organizing the troops after being forced back to our final position. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

John Newton, Brigadier General Commanding

Capt. H. C. Rogers, Aact. Asst Adjut. Gen. Slocum's Division.

Report of Col. Roderick Matheson, Thirty Second New York Infantry, of  
the Battle of Gains Mill.

Headquarters, Thirty Second Regiment New York Vol.

Harrisons Bar, James River, July 5, 1862.

Sir:- I would submit the following statement of facts as my report of the doings of the Eighteenth and Thirty Second Regiments of the Third Brigade at the Battle of Chickahominy, on Friday the 27th day of June, 1862.

The Third Brigade, ~~was~~ crossing the Chickahominy on the 27th day of June last, passed to the support of General Porter, and arrived on the field of battle at about 4 o'clock P.M. By your orders I took command of the Eighteenth and Thirty Second Regiments to dispose of them as in my discretion I deemed best. I immediately relieved two regiments who were occupying a position upon an eminence in front of a belt of woods protecting the enemey's front and line in that locality.

This position the Eighteenth and Thirty Second maintained for more than two hours and a half, when I was compelled to send my Adjutant to report our want of ammunition.

Information reached me that a portion of the Thirty First Regiment was lying in a deep cut on the left of our position. I sent Lieutenant Colonel Pinto to bring them up to the relief of the Eighteenth. He failing to find them I went myself and found the whole of the Thirty First in a ravine in the rear of the Eighteenth. I ordered Colonel Pratt forward which he did promptly in line of battle. At this juncture, Colonel Pratt fell, wounded in the head and was taken from the field. By this time the enemy appeared upon our right flank in heavy force, which compelled me to change my original purpose. I instantly led the Thirty First forward to meet them, when we were soon engaged with them, which position was held, holding in check their advancing brigades until sufficient time had been given for my other line to change front. I then ordered the Major commanding the Thirty First to retire

firing and take up his position behind the fence lying along the road, forming a junction with the Eighteenth and Thirty Second Regiments, but the enemy appearing immediately in rear and upon our left flank, all our support on the left having been driven out of the woods, we were again compelled to retire which they all did in good order and formed in line of battle on the brow of the hill across the road leading to Woodbury's Bridge, where we remained until ordered to return to Camp.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the gallant conduct of the officers and men engaged and I would here pay just tribute to the gallant conduct of Captain Theodore C. Rogers and George Barry of the Eighteenth, who fell mortally wounded while in the full discharge of their duty, and to Lieutenant H. G. Goodno, of the same regiment, who was severely wounded in the neck. Also to Capt. Whitlock of the Thirty First Regiment who fell mortally wounded when endeavoring to rally his men for a renewed attack upon the enemy's line.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Yours respectfully,

Rod'k Matheson

Colonel commanding

S. W. Waldron Jr.

Assistant Adjutant General Third Brigade.

**BEST AVAILABLE COPY**



Report of Brig. Gen. Henry W. Slocum U. S. Army., commanding First Division of the Battle of Gains Mill, action at Bracketts and battles of Glendale (Abercrombie's Farm) and Malvern Hill.

Hqrs. First Division Sixth Provisional Corps ~~Camp~~ near Harrison's Landing, Va. July 8, 1862.

Sir:— On the 27th of June last, in obedience to orders received from General Franklin, I ordered the Brigade commanded by Brigadier General Newton to cross Alexander's Bridge to the left bank of the Chickahominy to the support of General Porter. The order was received at 2 o'clock P. M. and the brigade immediately moved in light marching order. At 2.30 P. M. I was ordered to cross at the same point with the remainder of my division.

The movement was executed at once and General Taylor's brigade crossed at about 3 P. M. followed by the brigade of Col Bartlett.

—On my arrival near the field, I was met by a member of General Porter's staff who directed me to place one brigade near the right of the line of battle and another on the left of the first brigade. General Newton's brigade was at once formed in two lines of two regiments each, the first line deployed, the second in double column, and moved to the point designated, accompanied by Lieut. Upton's battery (D) of the Second U. S. Artillery.

This brigade was subsequently by order of General Porter, directed to enter the woods in front of them, two regiments at one point and two at another. The thirty-first New York and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, under the immediate command of General Newton, entered the woods which were then occupied by the enemy in very strong force, and maintained their position more than two hours under a most galling fire and against greatly superior numbers. The other two regiments of this brigade, the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York, under command of Colonel Roderick Matheson, of the latter regiment, occupied a position on an eminence near the woods occupied by General Newton until nearly all their ammunition was exhausted, when they were ordered to retire to a position where a new line was formed. The New Jersey brigade com-

manded by Brig. Gen. G. W. Taylor, on its arrival on the field, was formed in the same order as that of General Newton, and on arriving near the line of battle its regiments were ordered in to the woods. The Fourth New Jersey under command of Col. I. H. Simpson, was detached from the brigade and ordered to an advanced position in the woods, where cut off from the rest of our troops the greater portion of it, together with its gallant colonel and all of its officers, except those who had already fallen, were taken prisoners. The remaining regiments of the brigade maintained the position assigned them until their ammunition was expended and our entire line withdrawn. This brigade was accompanied by and supported Hexamer's battery (A) of the First New Jersey Artillery. Having received no special directions as to the disposition of the remaining brigade, under command of Col. Joseph J. Bartlett of the Twenty-seventh New York, I directed Colonel Bartlett to take position on the extreme left of the line near the new road leading through the valley from Doctor Gained's house to Alexander's bridge.

On approaching the point indicated Colonel Bartlett found our troops engaged to the right of his position, and immediately moved his brigade to their support. He was subsequently ordered to the right of the line to support General Sykes, whose troops, fatigued by the long contest of this and the previous day, were nearly overpowered by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Porter's battery (A) of the First Massachusetts Artillery) was assigned to the command of Col. Bartlett, and remained with his brigade during the day.

For detailed accounts of the operations of the several brigades of my command, I would respectfully refer you to the reports of the brigade commanders, copies of which are herewith enclosed.

It will be seen from the reports that not only were the brigades of the division separated from each other, but that in at least two instances was the brigade organization broken up and regiments detached to hold isolated positions in the woods.

As to the conduct of the officers and men of my division, I have only to say that the division entered the field 8000 strong, and that the list of killed, wounded and missing amounts in the aggregate to 2021. These lists attest the devotion and heroism of officers and men. Notwithstanding this fearful loss (including as it does many of the bravest and best officers of the division) all the regiments left the field in good order, and returned to their camps in the same compact and orderly manner that characterized their march to the scene of conflict.

The brigade commanders, General Newton and Taylor and Colonel Bartlett, are each entitled to the greatest praise, not only for their heroic conduct on the field, but for their untiring efforts after the close of the action in bringing off the wounded and in maintaining order and steadiness amid the prevalent confusion.

The loss of the division in officers was particularly severe, not only in numbers, but in the character of those killed and wounded. Colonel Tucker and Major Ryerson, of the Second New Jersey, and Lieut. Colonel Heath of the Fifth Maine, were killed while gallantly discharging their duty. Their loss is deeply felt in their regiments and throughout the division, and will be lamented by a wide circle of friends. Colonel Gosline and Major Hubbs of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, and Lieut. Colonel Marsh of the Sixteenth New York, were mortally wounded while in the thickest of the fight and have since died.

Colonel Howland of the Sixteenth New York, Colonel Pratt of the Thirty-first New York, Colonel Jackson of the Fifth Maine, Major Gardiner of the Twenty-seventh New York, and Major Hatfield, of the First New Jersey, were so severely wounded as to be rendered unfit for duty. Over the fate of Colonel Simpson, Lieut. Colonel Hatch, and Major Birney, and the other officers of the Fourth New Jersey, hangs a painful uncertainty. They either rest in a soldiers grave or have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Of the many other officers of like rank -- the non-commissioned offi-



and soldiers — I cannot here speak in detail. Like soldiers and like men they performed their duty and met their fate, and a grateful country will long bear them and the thousand nameless heroes of this conflict, who have offered up their lives at the nation's shrine, in lasting and honored remembrance.

H. W. Slocum.

Brig. Gen. Vols. Comdg. First Division

Sixth Corps.

Capt. Fred. I. Locke,

Asst. Adj't Gen.

During the night of the 27th we crossed the river to the south side. On the morning of the 28th we were put in position to resist any attempt of the enemy to cross. We remained in this position 'til the morning of the 29th when we moved, passing by Savage's Station, which had been made our hospital depot. Here I saw Col. Pratt of the 31st New York regiment, who had been wounded on the 27th. He looked as though he had been clubbed; his face and head were swollen, his eyes blackened, and he was in a terrible state of excitement, damning everybody belonging to his command for neglecting him. He wanted one of his horses so that he could leave the hospital. The transportation facilities of our army were not sufficient to take all of our wounded, and he was fearful that he would be left to the tender mercies of the enemy. A large number of our poor wounded, with Doctor Frank Hamilton, surgeon, in charge, and other surgeons, with ample hospital supplies, were left behind. During that afternoon, while we were going to the front, taking the advance in our route to the James River that day, I saw Col. Pratt in an ambulance. He had quieted down from his rampage in the morning. That afternoon we were placed in a piece of woods, just at a bend in the road, and a battery was hid in the woods commanding the road beyond.

A body of the enemy's cavalry came towards us, apparently not suspecting

ing an enemy was near: when within close distance of our masked battery, the order was given to fire. The enemy were probably never more surprised than they were at this time. The commanding officer quickly gave the order, "right about." The road was left full of their men and horses that were killed and wounded. We remained in this position till the next morning. During the night there was a constant tramp of our troops marching by us, and on roads and fields running parallel with the one we were on. The next day, June 30th we were placed on the border of WhiteOak Swamp; evidently to do some fighting that day, as we were the rear guard. General Newton ordered us into a piece of young pines that were so thick that a man could not stand up and use his musket. I protested, and told him that we could not defend ourselves in such a place, much less be of any service in repelling an enemy. He saw I was right, and we took a position in an open field. The enemy made a show of crossing the swamp, but we had with us some thirty pieces of artillery in line, and when they came within reach of our fire, they found it too hot for them. The 82nd Regt. New York, with other regiments of the brigade, were lying down close up to the guns to protect them, should the enemy attempt to capture them. The heat from the fire of the guns fairly burned my face. It was my birthday. I thought it a grand celebration of the day. There was much fighting all along our line of retreat this day. The enemy made terrible efforts to break through our lines. Gen. Phillip Kearny being hard pressed called for his old Jersey Brigade. They were near, and in sight of us at the time. They gave a hearty cheer, and answered the call at a double quick to help their old and beloved commander. They had learned to appreciate the man, who, in the first part of the war they detested. The enemy were routed at all points. This battle is known as Glendale. That night we moved down in to the woods that bordered the swamp to protect us from any night movement of the enemy on our rear. Our men were cautioned that no noise should be made: all was as still as death, the men speaking in whispers. It was so dark in the woods we could not

see each other. About midnight a cow bell was heard approaching us. Every man had read of a smart trick the enemy had successfully practiced out West to creep up to our picket lines during the night by using a cow bell, as they would necessarily make some noise stepping on the dry brush in their approach, however careful they might be, so they used a cow bell to give the impression that it was only a lot of cows. When the cow bell was heard, every man grasped his musket ready to use it. I never shall forget the few moments suspense, expecting every moment the enemy to appear, but suddenly there was a rush through the woods the cow bell jingling at a rapid rate disappearing in the darkness of the night. This time it was a cow and no mistake. Everybody felt relieved as the animal trotted off.

The next morning, July 1st, early, we brought up the rear of everything belonging to our army; we went over the ground at a quick step, knowing that we were at the tail end, and not wishing to be stopped on our way by any inquisitive people. We soon came in sight of Malvern Hill. It was a glorious sight for us. It seemed to me as though it was at last a place of rest after the days and nights of fighting, fatigue, want of sleep, anxiety and hunger. On the ridge of the hill was at least one hundred guns in position, forming a crescent, and all well supported by infantry lying down behind the guns. The rise of the hill was a gentle slope, not a tree or shrub in the way, covered with a green carpet of grass. It was the only hill of any size in sight. Our left, as we faced the enemy, rested on the James River. Our gun boats had collected in considerable force and protected us on the left. The main road to the James, or Harrison's Landing, runs over the hill. I was so enthusiastic as we went up the hill that I made the remark that we could whip the world on this spot. On looking back we could see the lines of the enemy coming forward to the attack. We had not been any too soon in reaching the hill. It was madness on their part, but it probably seemed to them that it was the last chance they had to destroy us before we reached



the James River. On they came, line after line up the hill; they were fairly mowed down by the thousands. When the first attack was repulsed another was soon organized of fresh troops, to be cut to pieces and driven back as the first had been. Our division passed to the rear of this formidable line of infantry and guns, and we went over the hill. We were placed in position to prevent the enemy from passing around this hill and attacking us in the rear, and also to secure and keep open the road to Harrison's Landing, which is eight or ten miles from Malvern Hill. Our wagons and pontoon train were packed between us and the River in such form that they could be fired and destroyed in case of disaster. We remained in this position the remainder of the day and that night. Early in the morning, July 2nd, we struck out for Harrison's Landing: the men stepped out briskly, and we reached the desired place of rest about noon. Gen. Keys division had been pushed on and arrived there June 30th, two days before us. We went into a beautiful wheat field. It had rained that morning, and the wheat field soon became a field of mud. Not a blade of wheat was to be seen in two hours time, having been tramped in to the mud by the constant stream of men arriving from the field of battle. I had a tent fly on an extra horse and soon had it spread, with some wheat <sup>and</sup> straw spread on the ground, I was not long going to sleep. I had not had <sup>in</sup> during that seven days and nights, fifteen minutes sleep at any one time. My horse had not been unsaddled during that time. I usually, when lying down during this period of seven days and nights, slipped my arm through the bridle to be ready for any emergency. Many of the officers of the regiments were nervous and unstrung, and if a shot was fired from any quarter, they did not fail to spoil my sleep. Poor fellows, they were starved and worn out: the strain was too much for them. The army piled into this haven of rest during the day and night without further interruption by the enemy. I was awakened from my needed sleep by heavy artillery: some shells exploding in our camp. It was late in the afternoon and the sun was shining bright. When I

went to sleep it was raining. We were soon under arms, and went after the disturbing rascals. We crossed the Turkey Bend, a small stream which circled around our camp, but the enemy, some cavalry with some light guns, soon disappeared. I then, much to my astonishment, learned that it was the evening of July 3rd. I had slept through the afternoon and night of July 2nd, and till late in the afternoon of July 3rd. Truly I needed rest. We did not return to our camping ground, but went into camp where we were.

July 4th; this day I had quite a scrimmage with Gen. Newton. Our regiment had not, up to that time, received any rations since we left the Chickahominy River, June 28th, which were not expected to last them forever and they were about famished~~s~~ still, had they not seen and known that troops all about them had received rations, they would not have complained. There was an abundance of provisions at the landing on the James, and there was no good reason why we did not get ours. I went to Gen'l. Newton's quarters, not in a very pleasant state of mind. I told him of the condition of affairs, and did not hesitate to say there was inefficiency and neglect on the part of his military family. As I was leaving him, he called to me, seeing some wagons approaching, and said, "Do not go off half cocked: there are your rations coming now!" but the wagons were not for us. We at once commenced a system of earthworks, and soon made our camp at Harrison's Landing very secure. The losses of our army, including Gains Mills, were- killed, wounded and missing (many of whom were made prisoners) fifteen thousand, two hundred and forty. Soon after we had been comfortably settled in our new position, I received an order from Gen. Slocum to take command of the 31st N.Y. Regiment, Col. Pratt's Regt. Not feeling very well pleased, I jumped on my horse and rode over to Gen. Slocum's quarters to see what the meaning of this order was. I told him I did not care for the job. He asked me why: I told him the regiment was in a terribly bad state of discipline. He then said, "that is why I want you to take command of them." I told him I would do the best I could. I rode over to the camp of the 31st Regt. and called the officers together, and in-

formed them that I had been ordered to assume command of the Regt: that, while I knew most of them, I wanted them all to distinctly understand that in the discharge of my duty, I should know no friends or enemies: that I should expect every one of them to do his duty. The Regt. at this time was in command of Major Alexander Razewski, a Pole: the Lieut. Col. William H. Browne, had been transferred to the 36th N. Y. Regt. and was soon after commissioned Colonel of that Regt. Browne was a Lieut. in the same Regt. that I belonged to in the Mexican War. The officers of the 31st, had no respect for their Major, and discipline in the Regt. was bad. I soon found I had a serious task before me. The Camp was filthy. I caused every tent to be moved, and a thorough policing of the Camp. The Adjutant was complaining of being sick, and made an effort to get home on leave of absence: his application was not successful. As it was not thought by the Doctor that he was sick, I told him I would endorse a resignation from the service, but not a sick leave of absence. One night, soon after taking command, there were unseemly noises proceeding from one of the officer's tents. I stood it as long as I could and went to the tent, and ordered the lights out and the officers to retire to their respective quarters, and never repeat that performance. Their example to the men was not what it should be. It appeared to me that they were testing my forbearance. They began to understand I was their Commander. There had been more or less drunkenness among the men. I had not much confidence in the sutler. He was not allowed to sell liquor to the men: I suspected he was doing so. I detailed a young Lieutenant, F. E. Waldron, to inspect the sutler's establishment to see what liquor he had, if any, and report to me. His inspection did not result in finding anything out of the way. I then instructed him to keep a sharp watch on the place. The next day he reported a wagon load of goods left at his place. I told him to make a thorough examination of the goods. He soon reported a large quantity of bottles in boxes and barrels, labelled



syrups of various kinds. I then told him to bring me sample bottles. I sent them to the surgeon of the Regt. to examine and report the contents. The surgeon's report was - alcohol. I then went to the sutler's tent and made an examination myself. He told me he bought these goods at the landing. I asked him for the bill of the goods. It amounted to three hundred and fifty dollars: ~~all~~ was for what he called syrups, except about twenty dollars: I put the bill in my pocket. I then cautioned him not to sell this stuff to the men. He promised he would not. After looking into some of the boxes and barrels I left him. That night there was much noise in camp. The guard arrested quite a number of men for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. I had them gagged to stop their noise. That evening I received a note from General Newton, (who was encamped on a rise above our camp) complaining of the noise in my camp. I sent word back that I was bucking and gagging as fast as I could all disorderly men. The next morning I visited the sutler, and examined some of the packages I had looked into the day before. I found many bottles gone. I asked him for an explanation. He had the effrontery to tell me that if any bottles were missing they must have been stolen. That was too much for me. I said to him "stolen with a guard here night and day." I waited for no further talk, but told him to leave the place: that I would take charge of his establishment. I then directed Lieut. Cowdin to smash every bottle in the place, and take an inventory of the stock composed of such goods as soldiers required, tobacco, pipes etc. , and then sell it at auction to the highest bidder for cash, which was done. I then made a report to Gen. Newton of what I had done. He endorsed my action by sending me the following order to cover me from any remedy the sutler might think best to pursue.

Headquarters, 3rd Brigade.

July 11th, 1862.

Lieut. Colonel Pinto,

Commanding 31st N.Y.V.

you

I desire <sup>you</sup> to give extra instructions to your guard to-night, to prevent drunken noises in your camp. If any man behaves riotously: let him be tied: if noisy, gag him. Tomorrow at 9 A.M. have all the liquors, syrups etc. in the sutler's store, examined by a competent officer. Liquor has been conveyed to your men under disguise of blackberry syrup etc. If the precautions above mentioned do not quiet the men, let their clothes be taken off and a bucket of water be dashed upon them. Keep this about the sutler quiet until you act.

Yours respectfully,

John Newton,

Brig. General

The next day, the 13th, he sent me an order to arrest the sutler and seize his person and wagons. I sent an officer to hunt him up and bring him back to our camp. He was held under guard till we retired from Harrison's Landing and reached Newport News. I then told Gen. Newton, I thought he had been punished enough and recommended his release. Gen. Newton acted on my views, and authorized me to set him at liberty. A few days after my breaking up the sutler's establishment, a committee of the officers of the regiment came to me and thanked me for my action. They said the sutler had been a curse to the regiment, and they had time and time again asked Col. Pratt to interfere and stop the reselling of liquor to the men, but he would not. This summary action had a good effect. They all realized that I was not there for fun. There were several young men wearing swords and officers' straps, who had not been commissioned. They said that Colonel Pratt had authorized them to do so, as he had applied to the Governor for them. I told them to lay aside their swords, and re-

move the officer's straps from their shoulders, and resume their muskets: it would be time enough to wear officer's straps when they were officers. I found also a set of officers without any company. Enquiring into this singular condition of affairs, I found that the men of their company, had been transferred to other companies, with the design of sending these officers home to recruit a new company. Altogether it was a funny Regiment. The officers were an intelligent body of men: most of them had been lawyers before becoming soldiers, and it was hard to make them understand that the law as administered in our courts was not military law. On the night of August 1st we were startled by hearing a heavy artillery firing, and shells exploding in our camp. The firing came from the opposite bank of the James: the enemy had very quietly brought some guns to bear on our camp. They did not keep it up very long, for we had placed along the river front a powerful line of artillery, expecting something of the kind, and then our gun boats took a hand in the fun. The next day a force of our troops crossed the river and burned down some houses and cut down some trees which had been used by the enemy to cover their approach and make their observations of our camp. On the 3rd of August, a large force of our troops crossed the river and had a successful encounter with a body of the enemy's cavalry. These troops remained there, throwing up earthworks to make their position safe, and stopped further firing upon our camp. On August 4th Gen. Hooker, with his command, went to Melvern Hill, and routed a force of the enemy who had been prowling about our lines. On this day Gen. McClellan received orders from Washington to withdraw the army from Harrison's Landing to Aquia Creek. The reason for this order was clear when we heard that the enemy had made a dash for Washington, driving Gen. Pope, (who was between Richmond and Washington) back with a rush, notwithstanding his famous order to his troops, that his Headquarters was in the saddle, and he knew no line of retreat, or base of supplies. Gen. Fitz John Porter's corps was landed at Aquia Creek, and



pushed forward but not in time to join Gen. Pope. His failure to do so was the cause of his trial for disobedience of orders. It was the great trial of his life, after suffering for several years the odium of having been unjustly found guilty of a military court martial. He was finally restored to his rights, the decision of the Court having been reversed by evidence that proved it was an impossibility for his command to have complied with Gen. Pope's order, on account of the position of the enemy.

On the 15th of August, our division left our camp for Newport News. We crossed the mouth of the Chickahominy on the 16th. A pontoon bridge two thousand feet long had been constructed there for our crossing. On August 22nd we arrived at Newport News, and embarked on board transports the same evening and sailed for Alexandria, arriving there we went into camp near our old camping ground. On August 27th, just before dark, I received orders to go out and picket the railroad running out of Alexandria. We stumbled along the road all night, not being able to ride on account of the culverts and other obstructions. I left my horse behind. We reached the depot at Fairfax Court House just at daylight next morning. Here there was a small railroad bridge smoking, that had been burned just before our arrival by a body of rebel cavalry. The telegraph operator had escaped, and hid in the woods near by. He soon made his appearance. I instructed him to communicate to Gen. Blocum that I could not proceed further without more troops, as my command had been exhausted, having strung them all along the road from Alexandria to this point: also the burning of the bridge here by the enemy the night before. In about three hours I was gratified at seeing a train of cars approaching slowly. I was much amused to see a line of skirmishers in front and on the flanks of the engine and train. I could not see the necessity of this precaution as my men protected the road from Alexandria to this point. The force was Shaler's Regiment, afterwards Gen. Shaler, of New York. He brought with him some bridge builders, and the damaged bridge

soon repaired, and the train went on some distance further, taking Shaler and a part of his regiment with him. On the 29th, a train of platform cars passed us going to the front, loaded with government clerks going out to assist the wounded near the old battlefield of Bull Run. They looked as if they had been called from their desks suddenly, without time to change their clothing, as they were in linen jackets and straw hats. They did not stay long on the battle field, if they reached it at all, for on the next day they returned. They had been exposed to a heavy shower of rain, and when they passed us they were the most forlorn looking set of citizens I ever saw, wet through and through, having no shelter on the train. They, no doubt, were thankful to get back alive. On August 30th, everything indicated disaster at the front. The roads leading back to Alexandria were crowded with stragglers and organized bodies of troops. I had received no orders to fall back, and I deemed it prudent to concentrate my command at the railroad station next towards Alexandria: there were some old rebel earthworks, and I made up my mind to defend the position if attacked, to the last, unless I got orders to fall back. I sent a verbal order to the Major, the Pole, just before dark who was with one company in the advance, to fall back to the position I had selected to make a stand. He stood on his dignity, and wanted a written order. I sent again, and in such terms that he thought it best not to stand on too much ceremony. When he came back, he came to see and commenced his jargon in broken English, complaining at my not sending a written order to him. I was busy in making my dispositions of the men for defending our position, and lost my patience with him, and told him if he did not like it he could jump it. That was too much for him. He went among the officers telling them the Colonel says "Jump it" What is jump it, some of them told him it was "go to hades": others told him other ridiculous things. He finally saw that they were ridiculing him, and he probably thought best to drop the matter. About ten o'clock that evening a train

of cars came out from Alexandria with orders to fall back. We were not sorry, we lost no time in boarding the train. My old Regiment, the 32nd N. Y., went out to Centreville with the rest of the division on the 27th: they did not participate in the actions about Centreville and Bull Run.

The army at this time was in a deplorable condition, heavy losses had saddened the hearts of all: General McClellan, the idol of the army of the Potomac, apparently relegated to the rear without authority to act, really not knowing where he stood with the authorities at Washington, everybody dispirited with the condition of affairs: the Government was frightened, fearing for the safety of the Capitol, and not knowing what to do.

They finally, on Sept. 2nd, very wisely concluded to reinstate Little Mac, (as Gen. McClellan was called by the troops of his army) Gen. McClellan was removed from command August 31st, the Government being under the impression that Generals Pope and McDowell had gained a victory over the enemy at Manassas: soon learning that it was a defeat instead of a victory, they became alarmed and on Sept. 2nd recalled and reinstated Little Mac in command of the army. Generals Pope and McDowell were by this action retired. We had heard it rumored that McClellan had been restored to the command on the 3rd, but did not know it officially until late in the afternoon of the 5th. When the news reached camp, there was a wild hurrah: it went through the army like peals of thunder. The news acted like magic, shouts could be heard in every direction, every man was changed from despondency to eagerness to go forward after the enemy who had passed up the Potomac and crossed into Maryland: their cavalry approached the defences of the Capitol. Well do I remember that Saturday night when we received orders just after dark to march. We left our camp near Alexandria, and marched to the long bridge, over the bridge, through Washington singing and cheering for Little Mac as we passed through the streets of the Capitol, out and through Georgetown into the country, before we made a halt at daybreak on Sunday Morning. The longest march we ever made, and nobody complained. We were happy



We remained long enough for the men to cook their coffee, when we were again on the road, all eager to drive the enemy back. There probably never was a time when there was so much enthusiasm among the troops as at this time. We moved forward from day to day. The army stretched out covering all approaches to the Capitol, that no enemy should be left in our rear, which made our progress seemingly slow; and some Journals of the North, hostile to Gen. McClellan, did not hesitate to charge him with taking too much time in following up the enemy in their retreat. How little did they know of the importance of not allowing the enemy's cavalry to slip through our lines and cutting our trains of supplies. The enemy finally made a stand in what is known as the South Mountains, running through Harpers Ferry into Maryland. We had a garrison at Harpers Ferry of some fifteen thousand men, commanded by General Miles, of Bull Run notoriety. The enemy invested Harpers Ferry cooping up General Miles, and at the same time occupied Cramptons Gap, seven miles from Harpers Ferry, and Turners Gap, near the town of Middletown, fourteen miles from Harpers Ferry; both passes in the South Mountain Range. They were stretched out fourteen miles, but they occupied very strong positions, and it required heroic fighting to break through their line of defence.

On September 14th, in the afternoon, our division came within striking distance of the enemy at Cramptons Pass, and halted to arrange with the Commanders of Brigades for the attack. A consultation was held between Generals Franklin, Slocum, Newton, and Bartlett; they all dismounted, sitting on the grass. I was near enough to hear General Newton offer to lead the assault with his Brigade. His offer was accepted, and the conference broke up, and each officer repaired to his command. Our Brigade was at once formed in line of battle; our position was directly in front of the mountain pass. Gen. Newton rode up to me, and told me to take command of the 95th Penn. Regt. with my own Regt. I told him I could not do that as the

Colonel of the 95th Penn. ranked me. He replied, in his usual excited way, that he did not care a damn for that, he wanted me to command and direct the movements of that Regt. We formed in two lines, the 95th Penn. in the second line, in rear of my Regt. The signal for the charge was, when we heard the artillery fire at Turners Gap, where the greater part of our army was, and also where the enemy was in large force. At the sound of artillery, Gen. Newton rode up, and told me to give them the bayonet. We were on the left of the storming column. We soon came to a fence that we could not throw down, I gave the order to jump the fence, and left my horse behind. Crossing the next field the enemy commenced throwing shells at us from a battery about half way up the mountain. Our gallant men paid no attention to this fire, but went on in perfect order. We finally came to within musket range, and halted, till the lines to our right were up, and the order to charge was given. In my front was a corn field, which in a measure hid us from the enemy, also an old fashioned crooked fence, which we soon toppled over, to be in readiness for the charge. The enemy was behind a stone wall on the road which ran parallel with the mountain, and well protected them. They reserved their fire, excepting now and then a shot from sharp shooters, until we made the final charge. The order soon came, and with a cheer, we started at a double quick. The enemy emptied their muskets, but before they had time to reload, we were on top of them, and over the stone wall; they broke and fled; some up the mountain. Those in my front fled down the road to the left. A very amusing incident took place at this moment. There was quite a substantial stone house on the opposite side of the road where we came out, and a lady came out on the balcony in a state of great excitement, and fairly screamed, saying, "I told them they would run, and they did run, for I saw them run". She, no doubt, was not in sympathy with them. I very soon saw General Baldy Smith's troops coming up quite a distance from my left; firing. They had caught the fugitives who had

broken away from my left, and fearing they would be forced back, I changed my front to intercept them, for I had no idea of letting them come up in my rear, and possibly change our splendid victory into a defeat; consequently I did not go up the mountain at once; I sent a small force to a piece of woods on the road, and waited results. I soon saw that they had escaped over the mountain, between General Smith's troops, and my position. I then started up the mountain, when General Newton came riding up, all excitement as if he had been in the hottest part of the fight, and addressed me in very offensive language at my not having gone up the mountain before. Where he came from just then I do not know, for I had not seen him since he told me to give the enemy the bayonet. I did not like his talk, and I did not hesitate to say to him that I would not accept such language from him or anybody else. He quickly saw his mistake, and said he did not mean me, but that "God damn 95th", meaning the 95th Penn. He lost sight of the fact that he had placed the 95th Penn. under my command, and that I was responsible for their conduct. I certainly took the wind out of him. He turned his horse's head and went on up the mountain, without further <sup>talk</sup>. I did not feel very pleasant towards him after what we had done that day, and he probably looking on at a respectful distance, while Genl. Joseph Bartlett, commanding the 2nd Brigade of our division, was seen and spoken of by officers and men for his gallantry that afternoon. A day or two after, I mentioned to Gen. Slocum the affair, and what I had done. He frankly told me I had done just right, that he would not give a damn for an officer who could not use discretion under like circumstances. He confirmed my view that the enemy who got between Gen. Smith and my command escaped over the mountain at a point between us. The victory we gained that day was complete: we captured the guns in the pass, and a large number of prisoners, with Gen. Howell Cobb's Headquarter Flag. The troops of the enemy were mostly if not all from Georgia, known as the Cobb Legion. A Georgia sergeant, a prisoner, told me they had been told by their officers that we were new troops, and would not stand fire: but when they



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saw us jumping the fences and forming our lines so quickly and coming on without noticing the shells sent among us, they made up their minds we were veterans, and it created a reaction in their ranks. It no doubt was the worst thing their officers could have done. My old Regt., the 32nd. N.Y. was joined on my right in the assault, their loss was very serious. Lieut. Wright was killed. Colonel Matherson, Major Frank Lemon, and several other officers, were wounded: Matherson and Lemon died of their wounds. Our division lost in this day's fight, one hundred and fifteen killed, and four hundred and sixteen wounded. We remained on top of the mountain that night. We all suffered from the cold wind, as officers and men were without overcoats, or blankets, having left all baggage behind when we left Harrison's Landing on the River James. It was now the middle of September, with cold nights. The suffering of the Army, during this campaign, from cold nights was very great, and did not seem to be properly considered at Washington. During the day the men would be soaked through with perspiration, and at night lie down without blankets or overcoats. During the evening, while on the mountains, one of my officers told me that one of the enemies' wounded, had made known to him that he was a nephew of Gen. Newton. I sent word to Gen. Newton, and he had the wounded soldier taken care of. The next morning, the 15th of Sept., it was intended we should move on to the relief of the garrison at Harpers Ferry; but early in the morning we could hear the heavy fire of artillery at Harpers Ferry, and we could see a strong force of the enemy in the valley below us, in line of battle, to prevent us from moving to the relief of Gen. Miles. At 8 o'clock our signal Corps reported the surrender of Harpers Ferry. Gen. Miles was killed early in the morning. Gen. McClellan, with the main part of the army, went through and captured Turners Gap, Sept. 14th. The same afternoon we went through Cramptons Gap, and followed up the retreating enemy towards Antietam. Our position at Cramptons Gap held the enemy that was in our front in the valley from attempting to at-

back or molest McClellan's rear. On the 16th, the enemy left the valley below us and joined their main force at Antietam, by a circuitous march up to Potomac River. On the morning of the 17th, we received orders to join Gen. McClellan at Antietam, some twelve or fourteen miles distance, as soon as possible. Messengers were sent from time to time, urging us forward during this hurried march. We could hear the roar of the Artillery fire of the contending forces in battle, during this march. A committee of officers of my old Regiment, the 32nd N.Y., went to Gen. Newton and requested him to send me back to the 32nd Regt. Col. Matherson and Major Lamson having been wounded at Crampton's Gap. The Regt. was without a field officer. He assented to their wishes, and I unexpectedly received orders to join my gallant old Regiment. His change left the 31st Regt. under the command of their Major, which was not pleasant to the officers. Gen. Joseph Hooker passed us, going to the rear, wounded, as we were going forward. Just before we came in sight of the enemy, a piece of woods intervening, a shell came shrieking over the woods, unfortunately striking in our ranks, knocking out five men. On went the gallant men as if nothing had occurred. After passing through the woods, we came in full view of the field of battle. The sight was terrible, hundreds of men lay dead; artillery horses killed; gun wheels, and caissons, scattered about. I quickly formed line of battle in front of Hexanus Jersey Battery, the men lying close to the ground. While I was engaged placing the Regiment in this position, for the purpose of protecting the battery from a charge of the enemy, a sharp-shooter fired from a window of the little Bunker Church, which was on the road leading from Sharpsburg, just in front of us, and hit my horse in the flanks, instead of me. It did not take long for me to dismount, and send my horse to the rear. The battery opened fire over the Regiment. I soon had reason to find fault with the gunners for their bad firing. One of their shot struck the ground just in front of the first

line, another struck the ground between the ranks and ricocheted over the heads of the men in the front rank. I thought it was about time to stop such work, and told the officers of the battery to stop firing if they could not do better. The trouble was, the battery had just come on the field, and the men were under a good deal of excitement, and did not pay that attention to the directing of the fire of their guns, that they should have done. This part of the field had been fought over several times that day. It was our right of the line of battle and the enemy had made a desperate effort to turn our flank. The enemy's dead lay in lines showing the positions of their Regiments when in battle. The dead were so thick that I could have walked on their bodies for blocks. I noticed one poor fellow who had one end of a cartridge between his teeth and the other end in his fingers, in the act of tearing the end off to reload his musket. We did not arrive on the field any too soon, as the enemy were organizing another attack at this point, when they saw fresh troops coming on the field, the contemplated attack was abandoned. This information I have seen in their reports of the battle of Antietam. The rest of the day was spent in watching their movements, with the exception of exchanging compliments by the artillery. Both armies were badly crippled, and each was waiting for developments. During the afternoon, I sent out a line of skirmishers in front of the position I held. We remained in this place, during the night of the 17th, and all the next day, the 18th, till after dark. There being no sign of our being relieved, I went to the rear where Gen. Newton and others were, and intimated to Gen. Newton, that I thought, thirty-six hours of constant duty, watching the enemy on the skirmish line, was quite enough for my good men to endure, they were completely used up, not having had one minutes sleep or rest during that time. He appeared to be surprised that we had not been relieved, and at once ordered the 31st N.Y. to relieve us. At this time it was quite dark, and as they went forward they somehow ran into some Jersey troops,



who were on my left, who took them for the enemy and opened fire on them, creating great confusion among the 31st N.Y. The firing startled everybody, not knowing but it was a night attack of the enemy. I had not got my Regt. back and settled at rest at this time, and I called upon them to be prepared for an attack. The blunder was soon discovered and quiet restored for the night. Before leaving the skirmish line soon after dark, I heard considerable noise in the enemy's lines, as if they were moving artillery, or wagons. I reported the fact to Brigade Headquarters. I was told that they were probably retiring from the field, which proved to be the case. During the afternoon of the 13th, while on the skirmish line, a flag of truce approached my front. I sent out Lieut. Benedict A. Leonard to see what it meant, and he was given a piece of paper addressed to the Commanding officer of the Federal outpost, asking for the body of Lieut. Colonel Newton, describing the body, which was within our lines, and signed by Colonel Colquett, who has since the war, been made a United States Senator. I took the paper back to the rear, and submitted it to Gen. Franklin and Slocum, who were together at the time. They said it could do no harm in complying with the request. I made a search among the dead on the field, and found the body of the dead officer. Cutting a star from the collar of his coat, I sent the body through our lines to the enemy. This incident of a flag having been received from the enemy got into the northern papers, and much wrong was done Gen. McClellan, by proclaiming that he had received a flag of truce from the enemy instead of driving them to the Potomac River.

Copy

of the paper I received

To officer commanding outpost of Federal forces.

I respectfully request that you will send to your picket line the body of Lieut. Col. Newton. He is tall and well proportioned, has jet black hair and moustache, with two stars on the collar of his coat.

A detail will receive him at the line.

Respectfully,

A. H. Colquett Col.

During the Maryland Campaign we were run down by that irresponsible class of newspaper men, who were ready to report anything that would reflect against Gen. McClellan. There probably was one near us when the flag approached our front, and reported it to his paper as a flag of truce. I remember seeing in one of the New York weekly pictorials of that time, a picture representing my Regiment in line of battle at Antietam, underlined with the inscription, "The brave 52nd New York Regt." The man who drew this sketch was probably the one who sent the flag of truce report. During the peninsular campaign, the reporters were numerous, and they seemed to think we should take care of them. One tried hard to fasten himself on me. He wanted a horse to ride, a tent to sleep in, and to be provided with food. He appealed to the wrong man. I heard that one of these gentlemen made an effort to establish himself with Gen. McClellan, but received a cold reception. This man no doubt did more to injure McClellan through the press, than all the rest of the fraternity combined. That man was George Wilks.

The little piece of paper from Col. Colquett I brought home with me. It now is in the possession of the society of the Loyal Legion of New York. I also have the star out from the collar of the dead soldier. On the evening of the 18th, after the 31st Regt. had got quietly settled on the skirmish line, I was much amused by the Major of the 31st coming to me and telling me in great glee that General Slocum, had put him on special duty. I saw at once the motive for detaching him on special duty. It was to remove him from the command of the Regt. that another officer of lower rank could take command. The officer of the 31st not having confidence in him, had no doubt requested his removal. He probably thought the same after a short time, as he was retired from the service. On the night of the 18th and morning of the 19th, the enemy re-crossed the Potomac River into Virginia. As we went forward on the morning of the 19th, I saw under a tree not far from the front, a number of the enemy's dead lying in a row, and among them the body of the officer I had passed through our lines the day before;

evidently they had not the means of transportation, to take the bodies with them, and had to leave their fallen comrades. It must have been a sad parting to leave them to be buried in an unknown grave. Further on, scattered about under trees, were tables where the surgeons had performed their amputations. The legs and arms were piled up, in large numbers. The houses, barns, cow-sheds, and every place that would give shelter from the sun or rain, were filled with their wounded, lying in close rows, abandoned to our mercy. Everything indicated a hurried departure. The wounded, I venture to say, were better cared for than those of our army we were forced to leave behind on the Chickahominy on June 29th, 1862. About two hundred thousand men, and five hundred pieces of artillery had been engaged in this battle for fourteen hours. The trophies of the three battles, Turner's Gap, Crampton Pass, and Antietam, were thirteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand muskets and six thousand prisoners. Our loss was, Generals Mansfield and Reno, killed, Generals Sedgwick, Hooker, Richardson, Dana, Hartruff, and several others, wounded; and fifteen thousand killed, wounded and missing.

On Saturday, the 20th, information was received that a body of the enemy had crossed the Potomac River at Williams Port, quite a distance above us. The object, no doubt, was to gather provisions to feed their whole army. Soon after dark our division was ordered to march to that point and stop the marauders. I well remember that night's march. We passed over the battlefield of Antietam. We could not mistake the fact for the odor was terrible. On our route, we passed through a number of villages, and then the chickens began to squawk. It being quite dark it was impossible to prevent our soldiers from invading the chicken-coops of the honest inhabitants. We marched all night. At day-break, Sunday morning, we were nearing the Potomac at Williams Port. A farmer on horseback, came up to me and asked if there would be a battle near where we were. I told him, I could not answer -- as I did not know. He said if there was a battle near where we were, he wanted to get his family away, that he lived just through the woods near by. While



we were talking, we were ordered in to a field, and stacked arms. I then heard that the enemy had re-crossed the river; no doubt they had heard of our approach. I then told the farmer there would be no fight. He left me feeling very happy, and invited me to his house. Being very hungry, I did not hesitate to accept his invitation, taking a few officers with me. We soon found his house. He had packed several large wagons with his household effects, and was ready to hitch his horses to the wagons at a moment's notice. He evidently was a prosperous farmer with a large family and several grown-up daughters. No wonder he was anxious to get out of danger. They prepared a fine breakfast for us, and then loaded us down with fruit to take with us to our camp, and he was the first person I met down south who would not take pay for a meal, or half of a meal. He belonged to the sect known as the "Dunkers", who were numerous in that part of Maryland. During the day we moved about three miles, and established a camp, which we occupied several weeks. Now and then I made a visit to our Dunker friend. He had an abundance of provisions, such as we were in want of, and I asked him why he did not bring into our camp such products as he had to sell. He said he was afraid the soldiers would rob him. I told him I would protect him, and finally he was induced to load up his wagon and come into camp. I placed a guard to protect him; he did a thriving business. One day he lost a crock of apple-butter. I had a search made, and recovered it. The culprit who stole it, was not known to be one of the best men of the Regiment. I had him put under guard, and a large placard fastened on his back with the word "thief" and marched up and down the parade for several days. The farmer had no further complaints to make. About this time the assistant surgeon, Dr. James H. Scoon, informed me he had been to Bucketsville, near Crampton Pass, where our wounded at Crampton Pass were taken, and had seen Col. Matherson, and that he was not properly treated, and would die under the treatment he was receiving. He described to me the nature of his wound, which was this, the artery running down the leg; just under the skin, had been cut by the bullet (pulling up his pantaloons, and showing me the artery that had been

not  
out) this artery had been taken up, and he was slowly bleeding to death. The wound was not a serious one, and he should have soon recovered. I at once went to Gen. Norton, and made him acquainted with the facts. He sent a competent surgeon to look after the case, but Col. Matherson died before he reached him. Dr. Bacon, when he made the discovery of Col. Matherson's condition, did not make known to Dr. Little, the surgeon in attendance, that his treatment was improper, for the reason that he was his superior in rank. Dr. Little was the surgeon of the Regiment, and Dr. Bacon the 2nd assistant surgeon. Dr. William B. Little got his appointment through Col. Matherson, they having been old friends in California. The camp talk during the early days of the war was, that Dr. Little, was an apothecary only, in San Francisco, and knew little or nothing about administering medicines, and nothing about surgery. There was not an officer of the regiment that would have his near them in case of sickness, but Col. Matherson stuck to him, and protected him, and finally lost his life by it. A court of inquiry was ordered, but Dr. Little somehow wriggled out of it. I would not have his near me or the Regiment after I got command. What became of him after I do not know. On taking command of the 33d Regiment Sept. 17, 1862. I found that the adjutant, John Stewart, had been sent home on recruiting service, while the army was at Harrison's Landing, and had not returned to the Regiment. I sent him an order to return, in unmistakable language. "Recruiting business suits him better than sharing in the dangers of the field. At this time our army were in want of most everything; the nights were cold, and we were without tents, blankets, or overcoats, and many were in want of shoes. To move after the enemy, in such wretched condition, was not prudent. But the Northern Press were howling, for the Army to move after the enemy. Gen. Me-  
dellion, would not move until his Army were properly provided, for a campaign in the fall months of the year. On October 11th, the enemy's cavalry made a raid around our Army, crossing the Patomas above us, and returning across the river below us. This raid caused much excitement in our camps. On the next day, Oct. 12th, Genl. Franklin sent for me. I jumped on my horse

and went to his quarters. He told me he wanted me to go out to the river front and make thorough examination of our picket lines, and see whether the enemy were picketing our front, or we were, for he would be damned if he could make out. He was much exercised and not in a very good humor. When he gave me the order, he used some very forcible language, as though some one had neglected their duty. I went out to the front at once, and made a thorough inspection of our picket lines along the Potomac River. The enemy had cavalry men on their side of the River, and our pickets were apparently doing their duty. It was late in the afternoon when I returned, and I rode quite fast, over rough ground on a gallop; my horse stumbled, injuring me in the fall, quite badly, fracturing my left wrist, twisting my right knee and ankle. Some troops nearby picked me up and carrying me to a house removed my boots, which was done none too soon as my ankle began to swell. An ambulance was sent out as soon as word could be sent into camp. I lay on my back for some days helpless. As soon as I was able I dictated my report of the condition of the picket line as I saw it, to Gen. Franklin. About this time I was much surprised to receive the Colonel's commission from the Adjutant General New York, for the 31st Regt. N.Y.V., Col. Matherson of the 32d Regt., having died. I sent a commission back to Albany, asking for a commission for my own Regt., the 32d, which I received in due time. I then learned that the officers of the 31st Regt. unknown to me, had petitioned the Governor of New York, to commission me, Colonel of their Regiment. My old friend, the Dunker farmer, urged me to come to his house, and brought out to camp a buggy wagon and took me there. I was made very comfortable, being unable to do duty. I made application to go home on leave of absence, which was favorably indorsed by Gen's Newton, Slocum, and Franklin, but Gen. McClellan indorsed that I could go to any of the general hospitals within the lines of the army. Gen. Newton was vexed at the denial of my request, and told me to go to the city of Frederick, Md. a hospital station about twenty miles from Camp, and that the surgeon in charge would, no doubt, grant the permission to go home, he having power to do so. I took Dr. Seoon with me in an ambulance, and



started for Frederick. On the way we had an exciting incident. We passed an ammunition train that was at a halt, in a valley on the road. By the actions of the teamsters we thought something was wrong, and in going up the hill beyond, we watched them, when suddenly they became engaged in a general fight. We stopped the ambulance, and went back to the scene of the trouble. The teamsters were about half of them, black men, and the white men, led by a drunken head teamster, attempted to drive the colored men off. As soon as we learned what the trouble was, the Doctor, a large and powerful man, and I, although my left arm was in a sling, each took a black snake whip and compelled the head teamster, and several others of the white men, to submit to be tied hand and foot, with halters that we took from the mules. We then had them bundled into the wagons. We found a demijohn of whiskey, which we smashed, and placed the assistant wagon master, who was sober, in charge of the train. We ordered him to take the train and report to Gen. Ingalls at Army head quarters. We then started on our way. We soon passed a New Jersey Regt., I believe, the 15th, going into camp, near the road. I requested the Colonel to send a guard after the train, (telling him of the trouble) which he did. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Frederick. I hunted up the surgeon in charge of the hospital, and told him my troubles and wishes. He had the comforting information to tell me that only the day before he received positive orders from Gen. McClellan not to give permission to any officer to go home. The next morning we started back to camp, feeling that I could be quite as comfortable in camp as at Frederick. I reported to Gen. Newton, my experience at Frederick. He was much displeased with the results stating it was a shame that an officer who had gone through what I had should not be permitted to go home and recruit his health, especially as I had been hurt. The next day he sent for me, and told me he had just received orders to make a detail of officers to go to New York to take charge of drafted men, and that he would put me on the detail, which he did, and I got home. The

Government paying my transportation expenses both ways. I went direct to Albany, and saw Governor Morgan. He told me the draft had been put off, and the officers sent on to take charge of the drafted men, had been ordered back to their Regiments in the field. I told him of my injury, having my arm still in a sling. He was kind enough to tell me not to see the Adj't. General, as he would of necessity order me back to Camp, but to go home, and when I felt I was in condition to do duty, to report myself to the Adj't. General. We had a little further talk relating to promotion in my Regt. He asked me who should be made Lieut. Colonel of the Regt. I told him, by all means the Major, Frank Laxon, and then he made the suggestion, mentioning the name of one of the Captains for Major; I told him "No", very decidedly, that if he should make that man Major I should feel like resigning, that I did not want that man in my military family. I wanted the senior Captain Charles Rubbe as my choice. The Governor saw that I did not take kindly to his selection, and said I should have my way. I went home, and in about twenty days reported to the Adj't. General, and was ordered back to Camp. The 6th Corps, to which I belonged, crossed the Potomac River on October 25th and reached Warrington, Va. I joined my Regt. near Aquia, Va. and ascertained that the suffering men did not receive coats and blankets and other necessary supplies until the 15th of October. The Army was at Warrington, when, on Nov. 7th, Gen. McClellan and Fitz John Porter were relieved from command, and Gen. Burnside was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. The removal of these two officers from command, no doubt, was the greatest blunder of the war. The Army was in splendid condition, the roads were good, and everything foreshadowed a grand ending of the campaign; but the removal of our Commander in chief produced the most gloomy forebodings of the future. The results fully proved the unwise change of the Commander. Burnside was weak beyond any conception. He was finally removed, having made a worse failure than any of us predicted, after dilly-dallying for several weeks, doing nothing, allowing the enemy to get in front of us and fortify the range of hills around



Fredericksburg, completely blocking our further progress towards Richmond. He finally formed his plans of attacking them in their almost impregnable works. During the month of November, our army was stretched along the Rappahannock River in front of Fredericksburg, and on the morning of December 11th the work of constructing our pontoon bridges was commenced. My command was about a mile below the City, and, the opposite shore being a plain about a mile from the hills, which the enemy had fortified. There was little or no opposition made by the enemy to our crossing at this point, but at the City of Fredericksburg, the houses lined the water front, and when our engineers commenced the work of constructing the pontoon bridges, they were met with a terrible fire from windows and doors by the sharpshooters concealed in the houses, and not until our artillery was brought up, and the City threatened with destruction, did it stop. Orders came to us not to cross that day, the 11th, in consequence of the trouble at the City crossing. On the morning of the 12th, the pontoons having been laid at the City, our brigade received orders to cross. We were under the command of Gen. David A. Russell, who had been assigned to the command. The Division was commanded by Gen. Wm. T. N. Brooks. They were both new commanders. There had been many changes since Burnside took command. We were pleased with the changes, they were an improvement on the old commanders. Our brigade was ordered to make the advance, My Regt., the 32d N.Y.V., taking the advance in open or skirmish order. The fog that morning was so dense, we could not see an object one hundred feet off. Our movement was at a quick step, and not knowing at what moment we would strike the enemy. Gen. Russell kept up with us. It was unusual for us to see our Brigade Commander under such circumstances. After passing Deep Creek, which was dry at that time a squad of cavalry came dashing up at a quick trot, passing through our ranks: they soon disappeared in the fog. Very soon after we heard the sharp crack of the enemy's muskets, and in the next moment the cavalry reappeared returning, having found the enemy. We were ordered to halt, and



wait for further orders. I was told that General Russell, on the morning of the 12th, asked Gen. Newton if my Regt. could be depended on in making the advance, and that he answered, "Yes, to the last man, and he would have to be carried from the field." Soon after coming to a halt, the fog disappeared, the sun came out bright and clear, disclosing to our view the high hills the enemy occupied in our front. The rest of our Brigade closed up in our rear, and a battery of artillery took up a position nearby. The enemy soon opened fire from their guns, which proved of heavier metal than ours, and soon compelled our battery to get back out of range. They then paid us their compliments. The staff of one of our colors had been stuck in the ground: the men lying down under a slight rise in the ground, were hid from their view, but the color disclosed our position, and we soon got a shower of shells. The flag was soon removed, and the firing ceased. During the forenoon the rest of our army crossed the river, and spread out in front of the formidable range of hills the enemy occupied. Our lines were about two miles long. We were about in the centre of the line of battle. The enemy's lines ran from above the City of Fredericksburg, down the river, occupying the hills the entire length, and strongly fortified. The hills were covered with heavy timber, completely hiding them from our view. They had cut the timber at intervals, in the form of the letter V reversed, leaving the fallen timber in the openings, and fortifying the sides, making an attack over the fallen timber an impossibility. In fact, their centre was unassailable. Now and then we could see, by the reflection of the sun striking on their brass pieces of artillery concealed in the woods, where they were posted. During the afternoon several attacks were made by our troops on the right of our lines back of Fredericksburg, the city being in our possession, and on our left down the river, but our forces were not successful, and met with serious loss. The day passed, and we gained no advantage. On the morning of the 13th, Colonel Alfred Torbut, (afterward Gen

Torbut) commanding the first Jersey Brigade of our Division, relieved us on the picket line, and we went to the rear, for rest. Our picket line as established on the 12th was curved in towards us, to conform to the ground we occupied. Colonel Torbut made an effort to straighten the picket line. His pickets were moved forward, supported by one or two of his Regiments, driving the enemy's pickets back. He then withdrew the supports. The enemy were heavily reinforced, and advanced to recover their lost ground. They drove Col. Torbut's line back with vigor, breaking up the Jerseymen who fell back in much disorder and with heavy loss. My Regiment, at that time, was not far off in the rear of the line of pickets, when Gen. Russell came to us on a run, and ordered us forward to check the enemy's advance. In about one minute we were going forward by a double quick, the Jerseymen passing through our ranks to the rear. The enemy seeing us coming forward in a solid line, came to a halt, and soon fell back to their original line, which ended the strife in our front for that day. We remained in front during the rest of the day and the night. Captain Romain Ayres' battery was close up in our rear to help us, in case another demonstration was made by the enemy. Col. Torbut reported a loss of one hundred and sixty two men, killed and wounded in that unwise day's encounter. There was no further attempt made to straighten the picket line. Our action on this occasion was commented upon by all who saw us, and we that day gained the flattering distinction of being the charging Regiment of the division. During the excitement of the day, I missed the Adj't Lieut. John Stewart, he had, disappeared, and nobody seemed to know what had become of him, and not till the morning of the 16th, three days after when we had recrossed the river, was the mysterious disappearance explained by his coming to me, in what I thought a sneaky way, and showing me a piece of paper, endorsed by the Assistant Surgeon of the Regt. permitting him to cross the river on the plea of sickness.



Copy.

Colonel F. E. Pinto,

I shall have to ask to be excused to-day on account of indisposition. I regret that such is the case under present emergencies.

Yours etc.

Jno. Stewart.

Approved

J. H. Sisson, Surgeon.

This paper I preserved as a curiosity, and that it might be of use sometime in the future. This was the second time I had occasion to look upon him as wanting in manliness to do his duty as a soldier, but he took the precaution to get the Surgeon's protection. They were two of a kind, and belonged to the same village at home. On the morning of the 14th, the 121 Regt. N.Y.V., Col. Emery Upton, relieved us on the picket line. They had not been there long, before they got into a lively skirmish fire, with the enemy's pickets. The line was very much exposed and the 121st Regt. got the worst of it. My Chaplain, Rev. James A. Robinson, came to me during that day in great distress, and told me he could see from a point where he had been, the poor men dropping in their tracks; he was very much excited about it, as he had the same views as I had about the useless killing of men on the picket line. I did not hesitate to call it "murder"! That evening after dark, I was surprised by receiving an order to relieve Co. Upton's Regt. on the picket line. Knowing what had taken place during the day, I knew what it meant - that I was sent out there. It was to take place on the picket line. I was not pleased, as my Regiment had been on exposed duty most of the time that we had been over the river, and it seemed as though we had to fill the gap on all emergencies, and then it was not a very pleasant duty to relieve pickets after dark, when in front of the enemy, and especially after the angry contest of that day. I met Col. Upton near the picket line, and told him I had been sent out to relieve his Regt. Their regular



time of duty was not up till about 10 o'clock the next morning. There were a few hot words passed between us. I accused him of being at fault, causing the trouble during the day. I told him I never had found it necessary to indulge in a regular picket firing. He replied by saying to me, I would find out at day break whether it was his fault or not. He had a pit dug near where we stood, where he had buried the poor fellows that had been killed that day. The picket line ran along the railroad track that connected Fredericksburg and Richmond. I believe the road at this date cuts through the hills instead of running around them, as it did during the war. I instructed my officers to take the railroad ties, and put two or three on top of each other, and caution the men to lie down behind them in squads, and at daybreak if the enemy commenced the work of the day before not to return the fire, show them we did not approve of that method of warfare, but if they persisted in firing, after showing them our disposition, why then do all the execution they could. At the first dawn of daylight I was very anxious and watched nervously the coming of daylight. The first I saw was a line of my gallant men standing up instead of protecting themselves, as I had instructed them to do. As it got lighter I saw the enemy's line of pickets, they also standing up, and it was not long before they were talking each other. The first question they asked was, who those quarrelsome fellows were that were out there the day before. I felt great relief at the result, and I also felt that my severe reflections to Col. Upton were just, and were proved by results. During the afternoon a pig got astray, and was roaming between our picket lines. One of the enemy shot the pig, and then there was a question about getting it. They finally decided to divide the pig if their officers would permit them to meet and do so. I gave my consent with the understanding that both parties should be unarmed. The pig was disposed of in that manner. The shot that killed the pig was the only shot fired that day in my front. Gen. Brooks in his report covering the 14th, states that the enemy seemed to be very quarrelsome

during that day in his (our) front. I think I proved that it was not the enemy's fault that there was a quarrel going on all that day. I have often thought what Col. Upton's feelings must have been after he had known of my quiet day on the picket line. Col. Upton, no doubt, was a brave officer, but he was very ambitious of obtaining higher rank. He was an Artillery officer commanding a regular battery, and no doubt was an efficient officer of Artillery. He was commissioned Colonel of the 121st New York Infantry, a new Regt. which had not much experience, if any, in the duty they were called upon to perform, and the Col. evidently had not more experience than the Regt: they seemd to think it their duty whenever they saw a head, to fire at it. Col. Upton became an active and efficient officer before the close of the war. He was the author of the Infantry Tactics, that is now known as Upton's Tactics, and is in general use at the present time. He was finally promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. During the afternoon of the 14th we discovered the enemy erecting an earth work to our left in a direct line with our picket line, where the line curved which Col. Torbut had so unsuccessfully tried to straighten. They were very busy with pick and shovel, having artillery and infantry to support them in their work. I sent word to Gen. Brooks of what was going on. He promptly came out to where I was, and took the bearings of this <sup>work</sup>, and within a half hour, our artillery opened a hot fire upon them, blowing up several caissons, and completely knocking out the works the enemy planned, if it had been completed, would have raked the picket line where we were and compelled us to have fallen back. At about dark, Gen. Russell came to me and said there was to be a movement during the night, but did not tell me what it was to be, and I would not ask him, as my duty was to obey orders and not ask questions. I, however, thought a good deal about it after he left me, and got it in my head that the movement was not to be a general one, but an attack upon the enemy, where I had discovered them that afternoon erecting the earth works, and that I had been select



to make the attack. This idea was firmly fixed in my mind, and I waited with much anxiety for the orders. About ten o'clock Gen. Russell paid me another visit, and I must confess, relieved me very much, for I had no love for a night attack. He then told me the movement was to recross the river, cautioning me to instruct my officers to see that there was no noise, that the enemy's pickets would be likely to hear. He gave me the counter sign and told me the Adjutant of the 1st New Jersey Regt. which was on my right, would inform me when to move to the rear and to the pontoon bridge at the river. I waited and waited till past midnight, and no orders reached me. I became anxious, and sent an officer out on our right. He reported that there were no troops to be found. I then sent out to my left, with the same result. I concluded the Jersey Adjutant was in such a hurry to get back to the river that he had forgotten his very important orders to notify me when to retire. I thought it wise, under the circumstances, to get my Regt. together and retire without waiting longer. It was a very serious neglect on the part of the Jersey officer who was entrusted with that duty. We might have been captured or destroyed. We were a good mile from the crossing. As we approached the river, we were heard, and fired upon by at least one company of Jerseymen; fortunately, the fire was directed to our right, and nobody was hurt. At this moment Col. Torbut rode forward and hailed me, asking for the countersign which was "Scott". I answered the challenge, and we met. He told me we were the last Regt. to cross, and he had been waiting a long time for us. Col. Torbut's Brigade had been detailed to protect the bridge during the crossing of the army that night. As I reached the opposite bank of the river, I found Gen. Russell there to meet me. He was very anxious at our delay, and took me by the hand, and almost pulled me from my horse. He was so thankful and glad to see us. He thought by our not appearing in reasonable time that we were lost or captured. Three of our men having fallen asleep in the bushes were not found that night. The next morning they discovered they were left, and started for the river. The enemy



about the same time, saw that we had retired, and seeing these men, started after them. It was a hot chase to the river. Some of our pontoon boats had been left afloat anticipating just what took place. Seeing the men running for the river, a boat put out for the opposite shore, and took them in. Our troops lining the river bank kept the enemy from following them up too close. The campaign was a lamentable failure, - badly conceived and badly managed. Our loss, in these four days, of killed, wounded and missing was twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-three. The enemies' reported loss was five thousand three hundred and seventy-seven. On the morning of the 18th, we fell back to the high ground bordering on the river. My Regt. camp was near White Oak Church. We occupied a grove of young spruce trees, cutting out some to make streets in front of the companies' quarters, and those in the way of forming lines of tents. The standing trees protected the camp from the winter winds and storms of snow and rain. The men at once went to work to make their quarters comfortable by building up logs four or five feet high, and covering them with their shelter tents, and filling the crevices between the logs with Virginia clay, which was as good as cement for that purpose. I had for my quarters, two wall tents, one in the rear of the other, - the back one, my bed chamber, the front one, my reception room. On one side of the reception room I had a large fireplace and chimney, built of logs, topped off with a barrel, the inside of the fire-place and chimney being plastered with a thick coating of clay, which made it fire-proof. We could have a large fire with perfect safety. I had a log house built, covered with a canvas roof for my mess, which was composed of the Chaplain and Captains Stone and Goodine. Our camp was very comfortable, notwithstanding the frequent snow storms we had that winter. On the night of January 19th we received orders to issue five days' rations, and one hundred pounds of ammunition, and be prepared to march at daylight the next morning. The order to march just as we had everything fixed for the winter was not received with pleasure. All was bustle and excitement the rest of the night.

There was much unpleasant work to be done. Our comfortable houses had to be unroofed, and the canvass covering packed and put into the wagons, for we did not know where we would be the next night. At daylight the regiment was formed and we were ready to march. Our march up the river Rappahannock, keeping out of sight of the enemy, who were on the opposite side of the river. The morning was cloudy and the wind was in a stormy quarter with every indication of snow or rain. I could not understand why we were ordered out of our comfortable quarters in the face of what seemed to me without any doubt, a severe storm. I rode up to Gen. Russell and asked what Gen. Burnside meant by exposing the army to what seemed inevitably a bad storm. He leaned over to me and answered in almost a whisper "orders from Washington". I thought it more of the miserable work of the Secretary of War. At about 10 o'clock A.M. it commenced snowing quite hard and after about two hours of snow it commenced raining. It was not long before the road was in a terrible condition from the tramping of the men and the wheels of the artillery in the ~~slush~~ <sup>slush</sup> caused by the snow and rain. Virginia's clayey soil after a rain is something that few people have any conception of. The artillery had to double up their trees to get up some of the small hills. The men, soaked through to their skins, were forlorn objects of pity in their suffering condition. Just at dark we reached the point designated for us to occupy that night. A battery which had preceded us was in position to protect the contemplated crossing of the river by our troops; fortunate, I brought a tent fly on an extra horse, which was put up and offered some little protection to a few of my officers; the rain continued all that night. Our baggage wagons we did not see until we got back to our old camp. All had to submit to one of the most uncomfortable Campaigns during the war. Officers and men sought shelter wherever they could. No fires were permitted as they would have been target for the enemy to shoot at. We spread our wet blankets under the tent fly on the wet ground, and laid down to get a little rest. All were thinking of what the

next day would develop, and not a word was spoken till Lieut. Colonel Hubbs broke the silence by making some allusion to the condition of his stomach, not having had anything to eat during the day. Lieut. Benedict A. Leonard in a solemn tone replied, "Can't you think of something besides your belly?" There was a general laugh, and the silence was broken, notwithstanding the gloomy position we were in. The rain continued all the next day, and all felt the want of something to warm us up. No cooked food or hot coffee, the life of an army, could be had, as fires were still prohibited for three days. I subsisted on good raw salt pork and hard tack. By that time I felt that my digestive organs began to show signs of rebelling against that kind of food, and I had to stop eating it. - The battery that had been placed in position the night of the 19th had during the night sunk into the soft Virginia clay so that the axle-trees rested on the ground, and the enemy, during that day, seeing our helpless condition, put up boards, and with charcoal wrote and taunted us with such words as, "Burnside in the mud". We could read their pleasant reminders of our helpless condition very plainly by the use of our glasses. The rain, mud and other misfortunes resulted in the abandonment of the campaign, and preparations were made on the 22nd to retire to our former camp. Our division was detailed to excavate and dig out of the mud our artillery and pontoon train, and drag them on to the roads, where horses could be used. We had to pull them out with ropes, and were several days at this work. After a week of hard labor and suffering we got back to our comfortable camp, and thus ended the most unfortunate and disgusting campaign of the war, causing scandal and trouble for many officers, and suffering by disease of many men. The following despatches and orders speak for themselves of the critical condition of our Army, and discontent among the principal officers.

Copy.

Headquarters - Army of the Potomac.  
January 22d, 1863.

Major Gen. H. V. Halleck,  
General-in-Chief, Washington.

I am very anxious to see you. Can you come down, or shall I come up?

A. E. Burnside.



General Ambrose E. Burnside.

You must judge for yourself as to the propriety of your coming up. I see no objection. Please answer whether you will come, and when.

H. W. Halleck,  
General-in-Chief.

Copy. Headquarters - Army of the Potomac.  
January 23d, 1863.  
His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln.  
President United States.

I have prepared some very important orders, and I want to see you before issuing them. Can I see you alone if I am at the White House after midnight? I want to be back by 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.

A. E. Burnside.

General Burnside communicated to Gen. Halleck, Jany. 22nd. Gen. Halleck replied that he, Burnside, should judge for himself of the propriety of what he should do. This evidently did not suit Gen. Burnside, for he then sent a message to the President the next day, which probably was not answered as there does not appear to be any in the war records. He then issued his famous general order No. 8.

Copy. Headquarters - Army of the Potomac.  
January 23rd, 1863.

General Order  
No. 8.

1st. General Joseph Hooker, Major General of Volunteers U.S. Army, having been guilty of unjust and unnecessary criticisms of the actions of his superior officers, and of the authorities, and having, by the general tone of his conversation, endeavored to create incorrect impressions, and for habitually speaking in disparaging terms of other officers, is hereby dismissed from the service of the United States, as a man unfit to hold an important commission during a crisis like the present, when so much patience, charity, confidence, consideration and patriotism are due from every soldier in the field. This order is issued, subject to the approv-

II. Brigadier General W.T.N. Brooks, commanding first division Sixth Corps, for complaining of the policy of the government, and for using language tending to demoralize his command, is, subject to the approval of the President, dismissed from the military services of the United States.

III. Brig. Gen. John Newton, commanding third division, Sixth Corps, and General John Cochran, commanding First Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps, for going to the President of the United States with criticisms upon the plans of their commanding officers, are, subject to the approval of the President, dismissed from the military service of the United States.

IV. It being evident that the following named officers can be of no further service to the Army, they are hereby relieved from duty, and will report, in person, without delay, to the Adjutant General, U.S. Army; Major General Wm. E. Franklin, commanding left Grand Division; Major General W. P. Smith, commanding Sixth Corps; Brig. Gen. Samuel B. Sturgis commanding Second Division Ninth Corps; Brig. Gen. Edward Ferrera, commanding Second Brigade Ninth Army Corps; Brig. General John Cochran, commanding first Brigade Third Division Sixth Corps; Lieut. Colonel I. H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant General, right Grand Division.

By Command of General

A. E. Burnside

Lewis Richmond,

Assistant Adj't. Genl.

Notwithstanding Gen. Brooks had been dismissed, the service by Gen. Burnside, in his crazy General order No. 9, he received the following order from Gen. Burnside, dated the same day:

Copy.

Headquarters, Army of the Potomac,

January 23 rd, 1863.

Brigadier General Brooks, Commanding Division General

The commanding general wished me to inform you that if you can succeed in bringing the pontoon trains back as far as the valley to the right of Gen Couch's quarters, you can return to your division and report to your Corps Commander. The General wishes you to confer with General Woodbury, and render him assistance in removing the trains.

Very Respectfully Your obedient Servant

Jno. G. Park

Chief of Staff.

This was the work we were called upon to do- to dig out of the mud the pontoon trains and artillery while the rest of the army were ordered back to their former camps.

On Jan 26th, Burnside was suspended from command of the army by order of the Secretary of War. The order was dated Jan 35th, 1863. Burnside had done his part in the suspension of General McClellan and Fitz John Porter taking a suspicious part in that outrageous trial of General Porter.

Soon after reaching our former camp, I noticed what seemed to be a quarrel between Captain Charles Diamond and Lieut. W. R. Hyslop. I saw Diamond strike the Lieut. a powerful blow knocking him down. I at once went to where they were and characterized the assault on Lieut. Hyslop as cowardly. The Captain was a large and powerful pugilist, the Lieut. was a slight built man and no match for the ruffian. Diamond was very angry at what I said and was imprudent enough to tell me he was not afraid to fight me with pistols.



Most of the officers of the regiment had collected by this time and I called upon the Adj. to send a file of guards. They very soon reported to me. I ordered them to confine Capt. Diamond to the spot where he was and if he attempted to leave it without my orders, to blow his brains out. He, hearing my order to the guard, dropped down upon his blanket and cried like a child. He then realized the offense he had committed. The order was severe, but I deemed the offense required prompt and decisive action. At one time, it looked as though the trouble would end in a more serious manner than it did. Capt. Diamond entered the regiment as a first Lieutenant of one of four companies that were recruited in New York City. He was a known athlete and probably the most powerful man in the regiment. He had always been very careful in performing his duty, that I should have no cause of complaint for he well knew I had not much respect for him and that I had not forgotten the part he took in the conspiracy to entangle me in trouble through the slave boy he took from Washington in the early part of the war. I was not armed having removed my belt, and some of the officers felt that I was in danger from the infuriated madman. Had he drawn his pistols, he would not have lived a minute. There is no doubt that he had been drinking and was off his guard and committed himself as he did. The quarrel was caused by Capt. Diamond taking possession of the ground that the Lieutenant had occupied before the mud march. Diamond had presumed upon his rank and physical strength to take possession for his own quarters. Major Russel Meyers, who had commanded one of the four New York City companies, I thought acted as if he was inclined to side with Diamond at the time of the trouble. When the camp got settled, I sent for him and asked for an explanation of his actions. He quickly said that he thought I was in danger and his actions were to protect me, but seeing that I was master of the situation and could protect myself,

he protested that I was in error in supposing that he was hostile to me. Meyers was formerly a member of the N. Y. Regiment that landed on the Pacific Coast during the Mexican War and when he joined the 32nd Regt., was a New York policeman. I had several times found it necessary to interfere and protect his men as he was inclined to treat them harshly. This man had through political influence with Gov. Edwin D. Morgan of New York, been promised promotion, as Major of the Regiment. I protested against the promotion telling the Governor that the ranking Captain was entitled to promotion and that if he should commission Capt. Meyers Major, I should feel like resigning, that I did not want such a man one of our military family. The Governor gave way, and told me to name my man, which was Capt. Chas. Hubbs, the ranking captain. But another vacancy occurred in that office by Major Hubbs being promoted Lieutenant Colonel through the result of the battlefield, and by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Frank Lemon, who was wounded at the storming of Cramptons Pass, Sept. 14, 1862. Meyers was commissioned without my being consulted. I am sorry to say, that Gov. Morgan, knowing my objections to Capt. Meyers, commissioned him Major of the regiment. Meyers friend in New York, was Police Capt. Speight who had influence with the Democratic members of the Legislature and Governor Morgan was ambitious of being U. S. senator from New York, after his term expired as Governor. I had no fault to find with Meyers, while in front of the enemy, but there were others who had ranked him, who had done their duty. How could it be expected that our troops in the field, could gain battles, when politicians and the Governors of states commissioned incompetent men to fill vacancies in our regiments, and make Brigadiers to command us, who were not entitled to such positions, destroying the incentive to do good service, by those who were good and honest soldiers. There was a small arm of men commissioned, who were a disgrace to the service, so far as anything

...one to entitle them to the positions they held, both of high and low rank, and was known to be such by the fighting men of the army. After we had settled in our camp, I paid attention to the case of Capt. Diamond, who had been accused of a crime. I sent out a report after detailing his offence that he had been dishonourably discharged from the service without trial. The papers were favourably received by Gen. DuRoi, British Commander, Gen. Brooks, Division Commander, and Gen. Smith, Corps Commander, and was forwarded to Washington. The history of the case, apparently thought differently, and sent the papers back, and a Court Martial. I then laid out the charges, and sent them in to the headquarters. Capt. Diamond's Court Martial, would find his guilt, and he would be dishonourably discharged from the service, so he made a request to be permitted to resign, stating in the request his honorable service up to the date of his offence. I ordered his request, accepting his resignation, and accepted by the higher authorities, and he went home, getting out the trouble very cheaply. We soon got our camp in good condition, and made preparations for the rest of the winter. Having men in the regiment of all the mechanical trades--bakers, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, etc., thought it would be a good plan to make our own bread, and have hot soft bread instead of hardtack. There were some old chimneys nearby and would furnish the bricks, that were needed for the ovens, which were built in our camp. The ovens set to work under instructions of the Regt. A house, or log cabin, was constructed by the carpenters, scales and the necessary tools were ordered by the quartermaster from Washington. Flour and meal, were ordered from the commissary department instead of hardtack. It was not long before the regiment was supplied with as good bread as was to be had anywhere. We finally furnished one of our batteries and all the officers of other commands near us. Now and then we surprised headquarters with a cord of rusk and hot biscuit. Our bakery was a grand success, probably the



only one in the Army of the Potomac, showing what can be done to make life in the army more agreeable. My regiment had a drum corps of which I was very proud. Gen. Wm. B. Franklin said it was the only drum corps in the Army of the Potomac that played the army calls correctly. The Drum Major was a musician in the Army before the war and knew his business. The members of the corps were youngsters and had been thoroughly trained. The instruments we got from the government were poor; drum heads, breaking constantly. I therefore, ordered a full set of drums and metal fifes, from Pond the New York Musical instrument maker. I also set the tailors of the regiment at work facing and trimming the jackets of the drum corps with a different shade of blue cloth, making their appearance attractive and different from any in the army. The expense I had expected, would be met by the savings from the bakery and had no hesitation in making the advance from my own pocket. The law as I understood it, provided that savings of a regiment were to be expended for the benefit of the regiment, but I was sadly disappointed, when making up our bread account with the government and asking for a settlement at the time of our being mustered out of the service, to be met with the arbitrary orders of the Secretary of War "Mr. Stanton" who had given orders that no savings account of any regiment going out of service should be paid. Those men who did the work, in the bakery, were entitled to extra pay, but got nothing for their good work, in consequence of this order. The Drum Major enlisted as the chief musician and was entitled to pay as such. Congress in passing a law of what should constitute a regiment, by a blunder, made no provision for a chief musician which prevented him from drawing more than the pay of a private soldier. I felt that he was wronged, and made up the difference out of my own pocket, expecting the bakery saving to reimburse me. The next congress corrected the error, but did not provide for the back pay. These accounts of mine stand open to this day, and I am out several hundred dollars, in my efforts to do what I could for

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~~open to this day and I am out several hundred dollars in my efforts to do as~~  
~~what I could for the comfort of my men and the good of the service.~~

About this time I received a letter informing me that a party of four ladies had been made up to visit our camp. They were my wife, Lieut. Col. Hubbs' wife, Chaplain Robinson's wife and the wife of the Assistant Surgeon. For the purpose of making them comfortable and at home ~~staying~~ while in camp, I had a trench dug around our tents and limbs of spruce trees put in the trench forming a hedge about eight feet high of the evergreens, enclosing our quarters and shutting them in from the view of the camp making them quite secluded. Lieut. Col. Hubbs met them at Washington. He had hard work to get a pass from the Secretary of War permitting them to visit the camp. They took the dispatch boat to Aquia Creek and from there to our camp, about ten miles in an ambulance arriving in camp at dark. It was a happy meeting of a happy party. We made them much more comfortable than they had expected to be. They were interested in every phase of Army life. We gathered in each others tents in the evening here a cheerful log fire was blazing in the large fireplace and all feeling quite at home and happy. During this visit of the ladies, I had occasion to punish one of the men for not performing his duty. This man had deserted the Regt. and under the President's proclamation, which relieved from punishment all deserters if returning to their Regt's, within a limited time, came back under those terms. He was detailed with others to do work on the roads, in a regular course of detail for the one day. During the winter months the roads near our Camps were cut and in bad condition by the constant travel over them by the Army wagons, and had to be corduroyed. Each Regt. had to furnish men to do this work. This man's Captain told me he had been detailed several times, and each time he ran away

from the work. I told the Captain to send him to me. I had a talk with him and told him that I was sorry to hear of his bad conduct, and I pointed out to him my wood pile, which I wanted him to cut. He took my axe and after cutting a very short time informed me the axe was too dull. I told him to get his Company axe, which he did; but he soon got tired of the work and told me that axe was too dull. I told him the wood pile would have to be cut, and he would have to cut it, and the sooner he did it the better it would be for him. He then had the impudence and courage to tell me he did not enlist to cut wood and that he would not do it. I called for the officer of the guard, and directed him to tie him up to a large spruce tree that was in front of my quarters, keep him tied for two hours and then confine him in the guard house for two hours, and then bring him out and tie him to the tree again; this to be continued during the day. The next morning to bring him out to the wood pile; if he refused to go to work, to buck and sag him two hours off and two hours on during the day. He, refusing to work, was punished as I had ordered. The officer of the guard brought him out to the wood pile the third day, and he concluded to cut the wood and avoid what I had in store for him that day. He cut up the wood in good order and was released from further punishment. During that day the Chaplain asked me if he could borrow some of my wood as he was out. I told him to help himself. The wood pile was between our tents. That evening the ladies were gathered in the Chaplain's tent enjoying themselves before a good fire, and I thought I would have a little fun at their expense. I took a cartridge and divided it in three parts and climbed to the top of the Chaplain's chimney and dropped them down. Soon after, I went into the tent. The Chaplain was much excited and told me that a curious thing happened just before I came in. He said that three balls of fire rolled out on the hearth, and he thought the man I had punished so severely had loaded the wood out of revenge. I told him he would not have dared to do so, and after a little chat I went out and repeated the thing again, and soon after



went into the tent. The Chaplain was so excited he could hardly tell me, that I had hardly left the tent when the same thing happened again. He seemed to be convinced that my wood pile had been loaded with powder, and he did not want to borrow any more of my wood. After spending the rest of the evening we went to our respective quarters. Soon after I told my wife the cause of the singular appearance in the fire place. We laughed and enjoyed the joke on the Chaplain. The next morning, as we sat in our mess cabin for breakfast, the good Chaplain said to me, "Colonel, if it would not be asking too much, I would like to know what you and your wife were laughing about last night?" You seemed to laugh so heartily and enjoyed it so much that I am anxious to know what it was about. I told him "no" I could not tell him then, but some time I would. The fact was, the Chaplain had a fondness for practical jokes, and if he knew what I had done it would not be long before I would suffer in some way. Our life in camp that winter was very pleasant. The men and officers had their ball games and other amusements. On one occasion, I was persuaded to be one of the nine of my Regt. against the nine of the 18th Regt. I knew nothing of the technical game of base ball as played then, and when I was running to the base and the ball sent after me to put me out, as the game was then played, I had the good fortune to escape being hit by it several times and reached my base. Then there were frequent shouts of the men who had gathered in large numbers from several Regiments to witness the game, such as "you can't hit him, you can't hit him", referring to my many escapes on the field of battle. I succeeded in making as many runs as the best and we won the game, but oh! how lame and sore I was the next day. About the 1st of April I received a telegram from home that our youngest boy, William, was very sick. I obtained a leave of absence and my wife and I started for home. When we reached there the youngster had recovered and was quite well. I remained at home about a week and returned to my Regt. Several commanding officers of the two year Regiments from New York who were in the army of the Potomac met early in the

month of April 1863 for the purpose of forming a plan to keep our Regiments in the service till the close of the war. There were thirty-eight two year Regiments from New York who volunteered under the first call of the President for seventy-five thousand troops. They were mainly from the best families of the country towns of the State, and enlisted from pure patriotism before bounties were thought of. The expiration of their time was during the months of May and June 1863. We drew up the plan and as many of the commanding officers of these Regiments as we could reach endorsed it, they having got the sentiment of the enlisted men on the question of re-enlisting on the terms we proposed, a copy of our plan was sent to the Secretary of War, the Governor of New York and the Commanding officer of the Army of the Potomac, General Hooker. I called on Gen. Hooker, whom I had known in Mexico, he having been the Adjt. General of the Brigade I belonged to in the Mexican War. I had met him in California and met him in Washington when he came on from California to join our army, so I felt that I could talk to him of our plan. General Joseph Hooker Commanding the Army of the Potomac, did not approve of it, as he said it would deprive him of the service of these troops in his campaign to capture Richmond. He said we were going there at that time and he wanted every man. This decision was one of the many mistakes of the war, losing the services of such a splendid body of old veteran troops who were equal to anything required of them. Our plan was, that the men should re-enlist for the war on condition that they were given thirty days furlough and permitted to go home under arms to the Camps where they were organized. About the 20th of April, my brother-in-law, William Laidlaw, made us a visit in camp. He took a lively interest in my Regt. and also in the prosecution of the war. He was an old friend of Gen. Shaler, then Colonel of the 65th Regt., New York. One day we rode over to Shaler's Camp taking my Chaplain with us. While we were sitting around a table taking some refreshments, his drum corps was brought out, evidently to show us their musical qualities. While they were playing, I caught the eye of

the Chaplain in which there was a significant twinkle on account of the music by the drum Corps. We invited Shaler to visit us on the next day, which he did. I had ordered my drum Corps to parade in front of my quarters soon after our visitor arrived. While enjoying a glass of wine and some luncheon the drum corps commenced playing. Shaler noticing the music asked me what call they were playing. I answered they were only practicing a little. He went on talking, but evidently listening to the drum corps. He finally took off his cap and passed it over to me, saying, "Take it", acknowledging by the act that I had beaten him on the drum corps performance. The next day his Lieut. Colonel Hamblin came over and said he came to hear that drum corps of mine. I called them out and Col. Hamblin was delighted with their playing. He listened to them a long time and thanked them and before leaving shook hands with every member of the corps. He said he thought it the best drum corps in the Army. My drum major was finally detailed to instruct the different corps of the Brigade. While Mr. Lamber was with us there was a grand review of the Army near Falmouth, which was a grand sight for him to see. About this time, General Brooks, Division Commander ordered a Gen. Court Martial, naming <sup>Gen.</sup> David A. Russell as President of the Court, and I as second in rank of the court. For some unexplained reason, Gen. Russell told me to organize the Court and preside at the proceedings, that he would not take any part. I had no intimation of what cases were to be brought before the court until the court was organized and ready for business. The Judge Advocate had all the papers and handed them to me. In the first case, the evidence disclosed was peculiar and exposed a curious condition of affairs in the Regt., and I thought that was the reason why Gen. Russell did not wish to preside. The plaintiff and defendant were officers of the 95th Regt. of our Brigade. The charges were disobedience of orders. After



the Judge Advocate had read the charges to the Court, I asked the defendant officer how he would plead. He promptly answered "not guilty", and then made a request that he might make a statement, which I granted. He said he had been detailed as officer of the guard and the prosecutor had been detailed officer of the day; that the officer of the day had given him an order which he declined to obey for the reason that he, the defendant, ranked the Plaintiff and that he had no legal or military right to give him orders. It appeared by the papers in the case that the defendant was a Lieutenant and the prosecutor, the officer of the day, was a captain. I asked the defendant how he, a Lieutenant, could claim to rank a Captain. He then made known the peculiar position of the case. He stated that he ranked the officer of the day as a Lieutenant, and that this man had been permitted by the Colonel of the Regt. to put on a Captain's straps and do the duty of a Captain when in fact he was not a Captain, not having been commissioned as such, and that he was his junior in rank as a Lieutenant and had no legal right to give him orders. I then put the prosecutor, the Captain, on the stand as the first witness, and asked him if it was true that he had not received his commission as Captain, which he acknowledged to be true; but he said the Colonel had authorized him to put on a Captain's straps, as he had promoted him to that office. I sent for the Colonel and Adjutant of the Regt. The Colonel, in excuse for his action, said that he was expecting the commission at any moment, and had authorized the Lieut. to wear the Captain's straps, and that he had been mustered in by the mustering officer of the division as a Captain. I then sent for the mustering officer, whose duty it is in cases of promotion to muster out of service in the lower grade, and muster in the higher rank, but he must have put before him the commission of the higher grade of rank which is his authority. The mustering officer came into court evidently confused, as was shown by his looks. He had no doubt heard of the trouble. I asked him if he had

mustered out of the service the prosecutor in this case as a Lieut. He answered that he had done so. I then asked him if he had mustered him in as a Captain. He answered that he had. I then asked him if he had seen his commission. With much confusion he confessed that he had not. I then asked him if he did not know his duty in such a case. He said he did, but he permitted the Colonel of the Regt. to overrule his objections by assuring him that he knew the commission had been made out and was due in camp at that time. That finished all the testimony that I wanted. The defendant was at once acquitted of all charges and I directed the Judge Advocate to endorse on the papers the result of the finding and the cause of the fixing. That the prosecutor in the case having been legally mustered out of the service of the United States and illegally mustered in, was no longer in the service of the United States and could not bring charges of military disobedience of orders against any one in the service of the United States. The papers in the case were handed in to Division headquarters that afternoon. Gen. Brooks looking at the endorsement on the papers, he jumped at the conclusion that the findings in the case were all wrong, and told the Judge Advocate he wanted to see me at once. The young officer asked me if I was prepared to face the "bull" meaning Gen. Brooks who had the nickname of "Bully Brooks" from his brusque manner. He told me that Gen. Brooks in looking at the result of the case showed some temper. I told him I thought I could meet him without fear. I jumped on my horse and rode to his quarters. The General met me in a very pleasant manner and said that he had sent for me in a hasty manner before looking into the merits of the case; since then he had looked at the evidence and there seemed to be some reason for the verdict rendered, and he would have to take counsel in the matter. Leaving Gen. Brooks I thought I would take a little counsel and rode to Gen. Newton's quarters and consulted him as he was thoroughly versed in such matters. I stated the case to him and the conclusions. He said I was right

and would be sustained. The papers were sent to Washington and I was sustained. The case created considerable talk among the officers of the Army. A commission was appointed to investigate the affairs of the 95th Penn. Regt. and they found several other cases of the same kind. The mastering officer was a regular officer of the army and he was deprived of his position as a mastering officer. The 95th Penn. Regt. was one of the unfortunate Regiments of the war. It joined our Brigade during the summer of 1861. It was a large Regt. composed of a fine body of young men. Gen. Newton soon after got into an unpleasant affair with the Colonel at a Brigade drill, as I have previously related, and never seemed to have forgotten it, although it was caused by his own imprudent action. He was always ready to damn the Regt. At Gaines Mills June 27th, 1862, Col. Goslin a very gallant officer, and Major Hubbs of the 95th, were killed. The Lieut. Col. Gustave W. Town was commissioned Colonel, and at Salem Heights, Va., May 3rd, 1863, he was killed. The Lieut. Col. Elisha Hall, Major Thomas I. Town, brother of Col. Town, Adjt. Eugene D. Dunton, also fell here, mortally wounded. Captain Thomas D. G. Chapman was killed. First Lieut. David Haller received a wound of which he died while being carried to the rear, and a large number of men killed and wounded. At White Oak Swamp June 30th, 1862, this Regt. formed a second line in my rear, supporting our batteries, and a shell passed over my Regt. and struck in their ranks. At the storming of Crampton's Pass, Maryland, September 14th, 1862, the 95th Penn. formed a second line under my command and in approaching the Pass, a shell from the top of the mountain passed over my Regt. and struck in the ranks of the 95th. This Regt. lost more officers and men in battle than any of the other Regts. of the Brigade. On April the 28th, 1863, Mr. Laimbeer having had a good visit at my camp and others, started for home. I started to accompany him to Aquia Creek where the Government boat from Washington to the Army stopped, but when about half way there, an orderly came dashing up with orders for me to prepare to move that afternoon. I parted with Mr. Laimbeer and went

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page 136. Skips pp- 135A+B.



About this time there was considerable agitation among the men of the two years Regiments from New York as to what would be the action of the Government relating to their discharge from the service. There was a lively correspondence among the two year men for the purpose of having a concert of action. They claimed their time expired two years from the date of muster into the State service, and there were not two companies of any Regiment received by the State on the same date. My officers were very uneasy as to the result of what looked like serious trouble. On the 25th of April, 1863, I was informed by the officers of one of my companies that had been mustered into the State service on April 26th, 1861, that they had resolved not to do any more duty and would demand their discharge from the service. I saw that I had a painful duty before me. During that day I formed my plan of action to meet the crisis and told nobody what I proposed to do. The Company in question was composed of a good class of young men who had enlisted from patriotic motives and had shown splendid gallantry in all of our battles and hardships of two years, never failing to do their full duty. I felt their unwise action most painfully; to think of their tarnishing their splendid record and, of course, reflecting upon the record of the gallant Regiment. On the morning of the 26th of April I ordered Captain William E. Stone's Company to be detailed for guard that day. I knew I could depend on Captain Stone to obey to the letter any orders I should find it necessary to give him and then he had been a Lieutenant of this mutinous Company and the men knew him to be a disciplinarian. I then ordered the Regiment to parade and directed Lieut. Colonel Hubbs to take command of the parade. When the Regiment was formed on the parade ground I ordered Captain Stone to form his guard and march to the quarters of the mutinous Company. I went with them. The guard was drawn up in line facing the mutineers

tents; the men were all in their tents as quiet as mice waiting for developments. I then gave a distinct order to the guard to load their muskets. The ringing of the loading of their pieces, I think, had a good effect, they not knowing what would come next. I then called upon them to come out of their tents and form company without their muskets; the order was obeyed quickly. I then spoke to them kindly of their disgraceful attitude, and that a continuance of their foolish conduct would, without doubt, bring upon them most serious trouble: that the Government would, without doubt, do them justice and muster them out of the service at such time as the Government decided when their two years of service was completed. (I then said to them) now, I am going to ask each one of you a question and want a distinct answer, Yes or No. I then put the question to the man right of the Company. "Are you going to obey the orders of your officers or not?" I was much pleased that the answer was "Yes" from all but two men. I then told Captain Stone to take those two men into custody and hold them prisoners till I gave him further orders. I then dismissed the Company and started towards my quarters, when those two men called out to me and said they had repented and would obey the orders of their officers. I directed their release. I was well pleased with the result of my action - that ended any further trouble in my Regiment. Some of the two year Regiments had very serious trouble. On the 29th of April a 1st Sergt. and one hundred and ninety-eight enlisted men of the 20th New York Regt. mutinied and were tried by General Court Martial for mutiny and misbehavior before the enemy; they were all found guilty and sentenced to forfeit all pay, bounties and allowances, to be dishonorably discharged from the service and to be confined at hard labor under charge of the guard during the remainder of the war. The sentence of the Court was confirmed and a general order published and read to each Regiment in the Army of the Potomac. On the 28th April, Mr. Laimbeer, having had a good visit, left for home. I started to accompany him to Aquia Creek, where the Government boat from Washington to the

Army stopped, but when about half way there, an orderly came dashing up with orders for me to prepare to march that afternoon. I parted with Mr. Laimbeer and went.



back to Camp and made the necessary preparations for the march on to Richmond, as Gen. Hooker told me we were surely going there this time. I must say I had my doubts. I remembered my answer to some friends at home when it was rumored that Gen. Hooker was to be made Commander of the Army of the Potomac. I was asked if it would be a good selection. I told them that if the Government knew him as well as I did, and I thought in all probability they did, he would not be assigned to the command. That he had not the confidence of the Army, at least, of the older and ranking officers; that there was much better material in the Army to select from. At about 3 o'clock that afternoon we broke camp and marched to within about one mile of the Rappahannock River and about one and a half miles below the city of Fredericksburg. We reached this point about sunset and went into camp. Lights were not allowed, as they would have given notice to the enemy of the movement of the Army. Soon after dark Gen. Russell sent orders to the commanding officers of Regiments of the Brigade to report at his quarters. He told us that our Brigade had been selected to make the crossing of the river in pontoon boats at about 12 o'clock that night and attack the enemy in their rifle pits along the River front. That we must make no noise and if possible surprise them and then the boats would be constructed into a bridge and the other troops would cross. This was the same place where we crossed in December under Burnside's command. We moved promptly at the hour mentioned down to the river, but the boats were not there so ordered and we waited until near daylight before the boats were brought down to the River. The Engineer Regiment, which was under the command of Gen. H. W. Bar-<sup>to</sup>ham, brought them down the river by hand to avoid the noise the wagons would make. I heard that the pontoon train had been down on the river flats every night for a week or more making all the noise that the pontoon wagons usually make when moving over a hard and dry road. No doubt the enemy when they heard them the first time thought we were preparing to cross over at once, but hearing the same noise night after night, they became negligent and paid

little attention to the noise. There appeared to be some confusion in the pontoon orders and there was considerable noise and anger. Gen. Benham was very angry, and seemed to have lost his reason. He bellowed like a mad man. The enemy must have heard him as the river is not so wide, but he could have been heard. The boats did not get started in crossing the river until 4 o'clock in the morning of the 29th just at the dawn of day. This delay at such a critical time was caused in a measure by questions of rank on the part of Gen. Benham. He had been ordered by Gen. Sedgwick, commanding the 6th Corps and the 1st Division of the 1st Corps, Commanded by Gen. James S. Wadsworth, all under Command of Gen. Sedgwick which composed the force to attack Fredericksburg and the fortified hills about it. Gen. Benham seemed to think nobody had any right to direct him and was unwilling to receive orders from Gen. Brooks and Russell and going so far as to order Gen. Russell in arrest. I thought at the time, hearing his loud and angry talk, that he was under the influence of liquor. After all the precaution taken to make no noise with the hope of surprising the enemy, to hear him and see him riding about like a mad man, I could not think otherwise. He asked our division commander, Gen. Brooks, if he acknowledged his right to command. Gen. Brooks promptly told him "no". He then asked Gen. Brooks if he would assume command, telling him the responsibility of the crossing of the river now rested with him. The boats were finally launched and we soon filled them; the 32nd N.Y.V. and portions of the 49th, 95th and 119th Penn. The boats were manned by oarsmen of the Engineers. The hour was 4 o'clock in the morning, at the first peep of day. All this time from midnight had been lost by the wrangle. When we got about two-thirds over the river a heavy volley of musketry was fired by the enemy, but they being on the bank some twenty or thirty feet above the river, the shots passed over us and did us no damage. A line of our troops had been placed on our side of the river, expecting something of the kind, and guided by the flash of their fire returned the fire and soon silenced them. By that time we had landed



and rushing up the river bank we were soon among them making some prisoners. The boats returned quickly and made a second trip with the rest of our Brigade. The bridge of boats was then formed and the rest of our division crossed without trouble. There were but few hurt in this night affair. One of my men in the excitement fell overboard, but being a good swimmer he reached the shore with the loss of his musket. The crossing of the first division of the first Corps, commanded by Gen. Wadsworth, at about one mile below us, was accomplished about 10 o'clock that morning instead of midnight, as was planned, after a sharp fight with the enemy who disputed the crossing with a large force. As soon as the rest of our brigade had crossed, a line of skirmishers was thrown out on our flanks and in front, and we had complete possession of the landing and soon after, gained a long strong rifle pit in rear of and parallel to the first. We captured two prisoners here, a Lieut. and private. These prisoners reported that the force in front of us was Easley's Division of Jackson's Corps. We advanced about half a mile from the river banks and halted under cover of a gentle slope. Our total loss in this day's work of our Brigade was eleven killed and wounded. We remained in this position till about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th when we were relieved by the first Brigade of our Division. The main part of the Army, under the immediate command of Gen. Hooker, crossed the river at United States Ford, some ten miles above Fredericksburg, at about the same time we crossed below the City. The rest of the Corps, the Sixth, crossed during the day and strung out in front of the enemy's strongly fortified position in the range of hills. They did not seem inclined to trouble us very much that day and there was but little fighting. The movement of our forces crossing the river above and below Fredericksburg, they did not seem to understand. Most of their army had been concentrated against Hooker's larger force whose attack was in their rear at Chancellorsville and they no doubt weakened their forces in front of us, depending much



upon their strong position and formidable works in the hills they occupied. Thursday April 30th, Friday and Saturday May 1st and 2nd, the fighting was confined to now and then an exchange of artillery firing. Gen. Wadsworth withdrew his Division on Saturday May 2nd, and recrossed the river, having received orders to join the main Army which crossed at United States Ford; that left only the Sixth Corps below the City of Fredericksburg. On the morning of May 3rd our Brigade moved down the river some distance to cover the extreme left in consequence of Gen. Wadsworth's withdrawal. My Regiment, the 32nd N.Y.V., was placed in position to support battery D 2nd Artillery, 1st Lieut. Edward B. Williams commanding battery. At this time the enemy were showing some signs of moving against us. Their artillery was quite active. We were lying down in the rear of the guns. One of my men, named William Fieldhouse was struck in the head by an artillery shot, killing him instantly; his head was blown to atoms. He had in his pocketbook a Government postal check for \$32, drawn by Paymaster Major Carpenter. I make record of these particulars as I was never able to find any of his relatives, or where he belonged. I still have the check in my possession. The check is made payable to himself or some one of the same name. It seemed by the movements of the enemy at this time that they contemplated attacking us on the river flat below us on our left by such a movement they hoped to place us between two fires. They left their works in the hills in large numbers & appeared on the flat below us on our left. Our gallant Commander Gen. John Sedgwick, seemed to comprehend at a glance their design and also knew they must have weakened their strong position in the hills to enable them to attack us on the river flats, for he put the whole corps in motion at the right moment against their works in the hills. My Regiment was supporting the battery as mentioned before, when I was ordered to relieve a Regt. that was stretched out across the plain below us in front of a large force of the enemy. I was told the Regt. we relieved had become uneasy at seeing the enemy in such large force gathering in their front. Soon after we had re-

lieve the Regt. mentioned, the firing in the hills commenced, and then the cheers of our gallant comrades were heard. We know what it meant. The enemy in my front seemed to be paralyzed, they stood apparently amazed, not knowing what to do. Their plan of attacking us on the plain from below and then with their batteries in the hills, placing us between two fires, had failed. Little did they think we would attempt to storm their strong positions with the force we had. There I was, the Regt. strung out in skirmish order, in front of twenty times my number, without orders, except to see that the enemy did not creep up under the bank of the river, and get in my rear. My skirmish <sup>line</sup> ran from the river banks towards the hills, we were left entirely alone, confronting this large body of the enemy. The artillery I had been supporting had gone towards Fredericksburg. The pontoon bridge had been taken up and there was not a Regt. or anybody of our army in sight. There appeared but one course for me to pursue and that was to get back towards Fredericksburg, if the enemy would permit me. I first drew the companies together, and then had the companies form the Regiment in a compact body. We were within range of their fire at this time. I then moved back the <sup>rear</sup> rank a short distance, and then moved the front rank back, keeping the Regt. faced towards the enemy all the time. I followed up this play till we got back quite a distance. The enemy did not seem disposed to interfere in this movement. They were too much surprised at our leaving our strong position in the hills to do anything, and possibly <sup>they</sup> may have thought, that if they moved forward to attack us, they would get under the fire of their own guns, that were then in our possession. We finally moved off by the flank to the City of Fredericksburg, stopping long enough to get a good drink of water from one of their pumps, and then marched through the City, and up the hills towards Salem Heights. We soon met Gen. Russell and his staff. I was told they had been watching us with their glasses to see how we would get away from

the enemy on the plains below, The storming of the Heights of Fredericksburg was a glorious success: we captured all their works and many prisoners, flags and artillery. Our troops were pushed forward to Salem Heights or Church, where the enemy had collected in large force and disputed our further advance towards Gen. Hooker. The fighting at this point was desperate. The enemy had the advantage of being in a piece of woods with a stone wall in front of them, which sheltered them and hid them from our view. My Regiment having been left on the plain below on the picket line escaped this hot contest above the city. The 95th and 119th Penn. of our Brigade suffered terribly - darkness put a stop to the battle. My Regiment was brought forward soon after dark and placed in front among the dead and wounded that were thickly scattered over the ground that we occupied that night. In placing the Regiment in front we had to use care that we did not get into the enemy's lines. My left rested on the plank road and extended to the right, covering apparently our entire front at this point. Our lines were in the form of a hook, my Regiment covering the bend of the hook, which was not very large; the shank of the hook, as it were, ran off to the left and down to the river just above the City of Fredericksburg and below Banks Ford, so that we held the crossing of the river at the ford, by a very stubborn fight the morning of the 4th, I had two lines of infantry supporting us and several guns covering the plank road. At the first streak of daylight, I saw in our front, a dark line, which looked like a line of the enemy lying down close up to the stone wall, but as it became lighter I saw it was a line of abandoned knapsacks which I learned later belonged to the 119th Penn. Regt. who had unslung their knapsacks the afternoon before to be free from the encumbrance in charging the enemy over the stone wall and following them up in the woods beyond. But they were met by such a strong force of the enemy in the woods that they were driven back over the wall in such haste that they did not stop to recover their knapsacks, which eventually fell into the enemy's hands. The enemy were not more than half musket range from us, behind this stone wall.



and in the woods which concealed their strength completely, while our whole force was in an open space exposed to their view. Soon after daylight Chaplain Robinson came to me and in an undertone told me that the enemy were in full possession of Fredericksburg, that during the night they had got in our rear and cut us off from the city. It was hard for me to believe it possible. I told him that I could not believe Gen. Sedgwick would have allowed such a thing to happen. The Chaplain stuck to it however. He said that our surgeons had just time to get away. I told him not to mention to a single person what he had told to me. He then asked me where he should go to be safe. He evidently was much disturbed. I pointed out to him our reserve artillery, which was not far off, and told him to stick by them. Soon after, Gen. Russell came to me and I told him what my Chaplain had told me. After a little hesitation he said ~~that~~<sup>it</sup> it was true, but impressed upon me not to breathe a word of it to anybody. Not long after, Captains Stone and Godin came to me and told me they had heard the enemy were in our rear. I push-poked the story, but it was<sup>of</sup> no use. I finally admitted the fact, but cautioned them not to mention it to anybody. The enemy were very quiet at this time - so were we. We were glaring at each other. The field between us was well covered with many poor fellows who were wounded in the battle the day before, and unable to creep into our lines, or the enemy's. We could see them moving their arms or legs now and then. There were probably as many of the enemy as of our Army lying on this field. We could do nothing for them as any attempt to do so would have been resisted by the enemy. Captain William Wyckoff of my Regt., came to me and asked if there was no way of helping those poor wounded men, who were dying for the want of medical help. He proposed using a flag, to see if he could not get the consent of the enemy to remove them. I told him he could try it. He advanced towards the stone wall with his handkerchief attached to the point of his sword. An officer of the enemy jumped over the wall and met him, but would not consent to the re-

removal of a man. They were probably afraid we would gain some information of their forces or their situation. During this day of extreme anxiety, there were a few exchanges of artillery shots. One of our guns, exploded a shell over the ranks of my Regiment, seriously wounding three men. It was the result of carelessness or imperfect ammunition, two of the three men died of their wounds. Late in the afternoon we heard very distinctly, the enemy's officers giving orders making unnecessary noise. It appeared to me that they wished to give us the impression that they were preparing to attack us in my front, but I told some of my officers that it was evidently to deceive us, and that there would be no attack in our front. At this time it was very plain to be seen that we were <sup>confronted</sup> by a large force of the enemy in front, and on our flanks. We were fully impressed that before the day closed they would attack us vigorously on some part of our lines, and every man was nerveed for the struggle when it should come, and the gallant sixth Corps would not be crushed. This was the most trying and anxious day I experienced during my service in the war. I could not see how we were to escape from the critical position we were in on that 4th of May. Not until late in the afternoon did I learn that there was a doubtful passage to the river, but seeing quite a large force of our cavalry coming towards us, was evidence that they had just crossed the river, and there was a living chance for us to get out of our trouble if not pressed too hard before dark. The inevitable came at last. It was just before sundown, when the enemy made a desperate attack. It was to my left, not far off. I could see from where I was, the mass of the enemy moving forward in a compact body. Every man of the gallant sixth corps, had been expecting the attack most of the day and were ready to rush to the point of attack. The two lines of infantry that were in my rear left me at a double quick, and the battery went over the ground at a gallop. There was massed in front of the enemy in a very few minutes such a force of determined men that they were hurled back with

terrible loss. They brought forward fresh troops who met the same fate. They finally gave up the contest. The enemy's dead and wounded in this short conflict were fairly piled up. Our artillery fire of grape and canister at short range did terrible execution. Soon all was quiet once more; General Sigell came out to where I was, and told me to have my men ready to move at a moment's notice to the rear, to caution the men not to make the least noise, as we were so near the enemy, they could hear us. He told me I would receive orders to fall back as soon as it was sufficiently dark, so that they could not see us. Unfortunately the order came a little too soon. The enemy evidently were on the alert, and saw our movement. They came over the stone wall that protected them from our view, yelling like so many wolves. We moved off quickly till we came to a piece of woods, and then slackened our pace. The enemy did not think it prudent to follow. We being the furthest from the river were the last of the Corps to move back. The whole Corps were placed in position near the river to protect the crossing in case the enemy should follow us up too closely, and create confusion. Not a man was permitted to cross, till our ambulances and artillery were over, then the troops crossed over in perfect order. The enemy had located us during the night, and dropped a few shells about us, doing out little damage. It was not till after dark when my regiment crossed, and I must say I never felt more thankful in my life, than I did when I reached the north bank of the river. This ended the General Joseph Hooker campaign. The plan of this unfortunate campaign, no doubt was well conceived, and the 6th Corps performed its part nobly. We captured the enemy's strongest position they ever had. We could not turn their left flank, and, no doubt created a wonderful surprise in their Army. Our cavalry did their part, sweeping around the enemy, out by their railroads, destroying their bridges and quantities of Army stores, no doubt crossing a panic in Richmond, for their communication with their army was destroyed, but General Hooker, with the entire Army of



The Potomac, excepting the 6th Corps failed to perform his part in the drama of war. Instead of pushing his army on the 4th of May, he allowed his large force to lie inactive during that day, permitting the enemy to leave a skeleton in his front, and put their strength against us. Their salvation depended on crushing the 6th Corps. We were within hearing of each others guns, but we were helpless to move forward. Fully two thirds of the enemy's army were around us this day. In a conversation with General Slocum, who was with Hooker on that day, he said to me that Hooker was "incapacitated" that day. I shall never think otherwise than, had Hooker handled the army that he had with him with judgment, the enemy would have been so badly crippled that Richmond would have been captured. After our Corps had recrossed the river on the morning of May 5th we went into Camp near Beria Church, and remained there with the rest of the Corps to cover the crossing of the main Army that was with Hooker at United States Ford, some miles above us.

Friday May 5th we broke camp, and marched back to our old camp ground at White Oak Church. Our Brigade lost, in killed and wounded 403, including 6 officers killed, and 10 wounded. The total loss of the 6th Corps killed and wounded was 4925. The total loss of the Army of the Potomac, in this unfortunate operation of eight days was 17247. General Hooker, soon after our return to our old camp issued order No. 49 congratulating the Army

## Copy of Order No. 49.

The Major General Commanding, tenders to this Army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the Army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources.

In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock, before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the Army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself, and its fidelity to the principles it represents. In fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust in ourselves, our cause and our country. Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand. It will also be the guardian of its own history, and its own fame. By our celerity and secrecy of movement, our advance and passage of the river was undisputed and on our withdrawal not a rebel ventured to follow. The events of the last week may swell with pride the heart of every officer and soldier of this Army. We have forced new laurels to its former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and whenever we have fought have inflicted heavier blows than we have received, we have taken from the enemy 5000 prisoners, captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery and fifteen colors, placed before de combat eighteen thousand of his chosen troops, destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores, severed his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation.

We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitrament of battles.

By Command of Major General Hooker

How unlike the quiet unassuming soldier, Major General John Sedgwick commanding the 6th Corps, is the order No. 49 of General Hooker. Gen. Sedgwick never made but one mistake in his army life, and that was in exposing himself <sup>to</sup> the enemy's sharpshooters near Spottsylvania Court House, Va. on May 9th 1864, and losing his valuable life. His body was buried at Cornwall Hollow, Litchfield County, Penn., his birth place. The members of the 6th Corps Society erected a suitable monument over his grave. A committee of the 6th Corps Association makes annual pilgrimage to his resting place on Decoration Day, holding a short service and strewing his grave with flowers. On May 12th 1887, a monument was dedicated to his memory on the spot where he fell near Spottsylvania Court House, Va.; about three hundred members of the 6th Corps from different parts of the country were present. Three days were occupied in this tribute to our gallant commander.

General Hooker was a failure. He gained the name of "fighting Joe Hooker" through the publications of George Wilkes, Editor of the Spirit of the Times, published in the City of New York, when General Hooker was made commander of the Army of the Potomac.



George Wilkes obtained the sole and exclusive privilege of furnishing the army of the Potomac with the newspapers of the day, which we had to pay for at an exorbitant price, in many instances 25¢ for a New York paper.

On the morning of May 5th, soon after we had crossed the river to the north side, Capt. Stanley of Company G reported to me that Lieutenant Louis F. Cleveland of his Company disappeared from the Company soon after we crossed the river on the 29th of April, while we were in front of the enemy, without authority, evidently, to avoid the shock of battle. I at once sent a squad of cavalry to hunt him up. They found him among the teamsters of the Army. He had disguised himself by removing his insignia of rank from his shoulders and was without his sword or belts. He was placed under close arrest. I preferred charges against him of cowardice and desertion from his Regiment, while in front of the enemy. He was tried by a Court Martial, and, to the disgust and astonishment of every man in the Regiment, Dr. Schoen, the assistant Surgeon, came forward as a witness and had the effrontery to testify that he gave him permission to retire from the Regiment on account of illness. That, of course, released him of the charges. There was but one feeling in the Regiment and that was, that the Doctor had committed an act of perjury. This was the second offense of this kind the surgeon had been guilty of. The two officers he had saved from disgrace for cowardice were Lieut. John Stewart and Louis Cleveland. The three messed together, occupying the same tent; the surgeon did this wrong to save his friends. They were what I would call "three of a kind". Our term of service was drawing to a close, or I would have in some way brought this unprincipled Doctor to an accounting. The power of a surgeon to screen a soldier from punishment for such acts should be checked, if it has not been done since the war of the Rebellion. A Commanding Officer then was powerless in the face of the surgeon's certificate. During the first year of the war, not being satisfied with my position as Lieut. Colonel subordinate to a man whom I did not respect, I was anxious to obtain a Col-

Onel's commission of a Regiment. I obtained a letter from my old Colonel, Ward B. Burnett, who commanded the Regiment I belonged to during the Mexican War. The letter stated in full the part I took in the placing the colors of the Regiment over the inner wall of the Castle Chapultepec on the morning of September 13th, 1847. This letter, with others, I enclosed to Governor Morgan, of New York. Some time after the War I was at Albany and called at the Adj't General's office for the purpose of obtaining, this to me, valuable letter. A search of the files was made and I was told there was no such letter there, but the files looked as though some letters had been removed. I then remembered that Lieut. John Stewart had been employed at the Adj't General's office soon after the close of the war, and knowing that he had no love for me, for I had shown him more than once, that I had no respect for him as a soldier, I believed he had in all probability, when in the employ of the Adj't General, obtained my letters. Some few years after, very much to my surprise, he came to me and confessed having wronged me, that he had taken from the files of the Adj't General's office some very valuable letters of mine and had destroyed them. It appeared his conscience troubled him and he asked me to forgive him. He was truly a penitent man to make such a confession and ask me for forgiveness.

Head quarters Army of the Potomac.

Camp near Falmouth, Va., May 12th, 1863.

General Orders )  
 No. 50 :  
 )

The Major General commanding desires to express to the troops leaving this Army, by reason of the expiration of their term of service, his appreciation of their efforts and devotion.

The record of their deeds, while it will prove a proud recollection in future days, will live in history and in the memory of their comrades who still continue to serve the country and its cause in the honorable and glorious profession of arms. The Major General commanding directs that copies of

of this order be furnished to each regiment that has left or is about to leave the army, and he desires that the same be promulgated to the troops with his best wishes for their welfare. May the same spirit which prompted them to respond to the call of duty and honor remain forever in their hearts, and be transmitted, a proud legacy, to their descendants.

By Command of Major General Hooker.

Official: S. Williams,  
Assistant Adjutant General.

Head Quarters,

Army of the Potomac

General Order :  
No. 174 : Extract May 16, 1863.

Corps and Officers of Regiments about being mustered out of service, will be required to present on embarkation, both at the train and on the dock, certified muster rolls, certified by the Comptroller of Muster of the Corps and Asst. Adjutant General of the Brigade of men entitled to their discharge and transportation home.

An Officer of the Inspector General's Department will be present at the embarkation of the troops and see that none others than those entitled to discharge and muster will be allowed with the troops leaving the Army. Any Officer who permits or allows a soldier not properly entitled to discharge and muster out to accompany his command will be immediately placed in close arrest and returned to the quarters of the Provost Marshal General for trial and punishment.

By order of Major General Hooker

(signed) S. Williams,  
Asst. Adjt. Gen'l.

On May 23rd, we received the following General order

General Order Sixth Army Corps, May 23, 1863.

The loss of this gallant regiment from the service is a cause of much regret to the Major-general commanding. The Thirty-second New York Volunteers



has been identified with the Sixth Army Corps from its first organization and has nobly borne its part on all occasions from its earliest marches down to the last memorable struggle at Salem Heights. In Maryland and Virginia, upon many battle fields, the graves of fallen but unforgotten comrades attest the brave devotion of the regiment to the national cause. There are memories of great deeds, of trying marches, of perils and fatigues that should make each soldier proud of his connection with the command and the army of which it was a part. The General commanding the corps congratulates the officers and men upon their honorable retirement from the service, and assures them that they have bravely deserved the thanks of the country and the army.

John Sedgwick,

**BEST AVAILABLE COPY**

Major General commanding Sixth Army Corps.

On May 24th the Regiment was inspected and mustered preparatory to going home. There were about one hundred men, recruits, who joined the Regiment September 1862 who were recruited by Lieut. John Stewart. These men signed papers when enlisting for the term of the war, but many of them claimed that they enlisted for the unexpired term of the regiment and were deceived by the recruiting officer, John Stewart. The Government held them for the term of the war and ordered them turned over to the 121st Regiment commanded by Colonel Eury Upton, who was in camp near us. It was an unpleasant duty when I was called upon to order those men to be transferred to another regiment when I thought it was possible that they might have been deceived by the recruiting officer. On May 25th we left our camp for home all feeling happy that we should soon meet our loved ones. In marching to the rail road we halted at the Camp of our much respected Corps Commander General, John Sedgwick, and gave him a rousing cheer. We reached Washington on the 26th and took the cars that night arriving in Jersey City late in the afternoon of May 27th, and received orders to proceed to the Park barracks, which was located where the Post Office now is. The Barracks were not a very comfort-

table place to be quartered in for the men and no suitable quarters for officers. Most of them went to the nearby Hotels after arranging for their baggage to be brought from the railroad, there being no Government transportation. I went to the residence of Mr. Laimbeer on Lexington Avenue, where I met my wife, who was expecting me. On the 29th, the Regiment was reviewed by the Mayor of New York and marched to the residence of Mr. William Laimbeer, escorted by the 8th Regt. National Guard and went through the ceremony of returning our colors, which had been presented to the Regt. by Mr. Laimbeer at his home when we left New York for the front in June 1861. The Rev. Henry E. Montgomery D.D. made the presentation speech, and he was present this day and made an address congratulating the regiment on their gallant record etc. We then marched to the residence of General George B. McClellan (who I saw that morning, and told him my regiment was loyal to him and we wanted to pay him the honors of a marching salute). As the Regiment turned from Broadway into the street where the General lived, just out of Broadway, General McClellan was seen by the men at the head of the column standing in the balcony of his house. Up went their caps and such a wild expression of joy was exhibited by the men and officers that the people who collected in the thousands could not understand it and I was asked by many of them if that was the feeling of the Army of the Potomac for General McClellan. I told them it was; that he was the idol of the army with the exception of a very few officers without merit who had no standing with him. After forming line which I did as soon as I could control their excited condition, we presented arms and gave him three rousing cheers and marched on down Broadway. I was soon told that the 7th National Guard was coming up Broadway and that they would form line and present arms when we passed down, which they did. We soon reached the park and the 8th Regiment was drawn up in line as we passed in to our quarters. The next day I rented a large room on Broadway for our headquarters. The officers having no proper quarters assigned them<sup>to</sup> make out their muster rolls and papers for closing up their

accounts with the quarter master department paying for the room and the transportation of our baggage from the railroad, to the city, sixty-two dollars, all for the good of the service and Whole Sam. The Regiment Field and Staff were finally mustered out of the service June 9th, 1863.

Officers of 32nd Regiment of New York Volunteers.

Colonels.

Roderick Matherson, died of wounds received at Crampton Pass Sept. 14th, 1862  
Francis E. Pinto, promoted Oct. 23rd, 1862, mustered out June 9, 1863  
Brevet Brig. General U.S.V.

Lieut. Colonel.

Francis E. Pinto promoted to Colonel Oct. 23, 1862

George F. Lemen promoted from Major

Charles Hubbs, promoted from Captain and Major

Majors.

George F. Lemen, died from wounds received at Crampton Pass Sept. 14, 1862

Charles Hubbs, mustered out with Regiment June 9, 1863

Russell Myers, promoted from Captain Dec. 9, 1862

Adjutants.

J. Sparrow Purdy, resigned July 4, 1861 promoted to staff

John Stewart, mustered out with Regiment

Quarter Masters.

George W. Davis, resigned February 12th, 1862

Frank Diston, promoted from the ranks July 19, 1862

Surgeons.

William R. Little, mustered with Regiment

Assistant Surgeons

Gilbert T. Totton, mustered out with Regiment

James H. Scoen, do do

Chaplains

R. H. Robinson, resigned February 22, 1862

James A. Robinson, mustered out with Regiment

Captains.

Jerome Rowe May 1, 1861, resigned Feb. 13, 1862

William O. Wickoff, promoted Feb. 16, 1862

Charles Hubbs, do April 26, 1861

Frank Godine do Oct. 2, 1862

Barry I. Hays, May 7, 1861, resigned by request Aug. 8, 1861

Sylvester H. Brown, Aug. 9, 1861, killed May 7, 1862 West Point, Va.

Charles Diamond May 7, 1862, resigned to avoid Court Martial Jan 1863

William R. Hyslop, promoted Jan. 8, 1863

Elisha S. Young, May 9, 1861, killed at West Point, Va., May 7, 1862

William E. Stone, promoted May 7, 1862

Ros. A. Fish May 14, 1861, resigned Jan. 26, 1863

William H. Forhee Jan. 26, 1863

James H. Butler, May 14, 1861

Russel Myers, promoted to Major Dec. 9, 1862

Patrick Stanley, Nov. 24, 1862

William Chalmers, May 8, 1861, resigned July 21, 1862

William H. See, July 21, 1862, Dismissed Sept. 17, 1862

James A. Jones, promoted March 20, 1863

John Whitlock, May 7, 1861

W. Howell Robinson May 13, 1861



First Lieutenants.

James W. Tichenor, May 1, 1861, resigned by request Aug. 10, 1861  
 William O. Wyckoff, promoted Captain March 10, 1862  
 Doctor Tarball, Feb. 15, 1862, resigned March 14, 1862  
 Daniel P. Yates, March 19, 1862  
 William E. Stone, promoted to Captain May 23, 1862  
 Nathaniel I. Hibbard, May 7, 1862  
 William S. Sammons, May 7, 1861, resigned by request Aug. 8, 1861  
 Raymond Ferguson, Aug. 9, 1861 resigned July 18, 1862  
 Benjamin L. Leonard, Aug. 3, 1862  
 John Stewart, Promoted to Adjutant May 23, 1862  
 William H. Forbes do May 7, 1862 promoted Captain Feb. 23, 1862  
 John E. Brown, Jan. 26, 1862  
 E. Sparrow Purdy, promoted to Adjutant June 27, 1861  
 Charles Diamond, promoted Captain May 23, 1862  
 Patrick Stanley " May 7, 1862, promoted Captain Dec. 19, 1862  
 George Wolcott " Nov. 24, 1862  
 Joseph C. Wyatt, July 4, 1861, resigned Aug. 17, 1861  
 Frank Collins, May 7, 1862 promoted Captain Oct. 23, 1862  
 William R. Hyslop Oct. 2, 1862 do do Feb. 23, 1862  
 John Collins Jan. 3, 1862  
 William S. Davidson, Feb. 10, 1862  
 Samuel McKee May 15, 1861, discharged July 1, 1862  
 Edmund Wallace, promoted July 9, 1861 killed West Point, May 7, 1862  
 Lewis F. Cleveland, May 7, 1862  
 William H. See, May 2, 1862  
 James A. Jones July 21, 1862 promoted Captain March 31, 1862  
 Alfred Lawrence, March 20, 1862  
 Hiram S. Jackson Jr. May 7, 1861, resigned June 15, 1862  
 John W. Farwell, June 15, 1862  
 Josiah Brown, commissioned May 31, 1861, killed at Crampton Pass, Sept. 14, 1862  
 James A. Tridwell, commissioned Aug. 9, 1861, died of wounds received West Point, Va. May 7, 1862

Harvey Hall, Jr., commissioned July 5, 1862

Second Lieutenants.

William O. Wyckoff, commissioned May 1, 1861 promoted  
 Nathaniel J. Hibbard, do Feb. 12, 1862  
 James P. Marshall, do April 20, 1861 resigned Aug. 3, 1861  
 Raymond Ferguson do May 31, 1861 promoted Sept. 25, 1861  
 Stanley P. Howell, do Dec. 10, 1862 mustered with Regt. June 9, 1863  
 Andrew Parker, do May 14, 1861 resigned by request Aug. 6, 1861  
 John A. Collins do Jan. 27, 1862, mustered out with Regt.  
 William R. Hyslop, do May 31, 1861, promoted  
 James A. Tridwell, do May 15, 1861 died of wounds rec'd May 7, 1862  
 William A. Aitchison do May 2, 1861 resigned by request Aug. 8, 1861  
 Frank Collins, do Aug. 9, 1861 promoted  
 Prentiss B. Wager do May 7, 1861 died of disease Oct. 23, 1861  
 Patrick Stanley do May 31, 1861 promoted  
 Casswell McLellan do May 7, 1862 resigned Oct. 25, 1862

Second Lieutenants promoted from Ranks.

Edmond Wallace	commissioned	Aug. 9, 1861	killed May 7, 1862 West Point, Va.
James O. Jones,	do	May 7, 1861	promoted Captain March 20, 1863
Benedict A. Leonard	do	Aug. 9, 1861	do 1st Lieut. Aug. 8, 1862
William H. Winne	do	July 21, 1862	
Horace Cley	do	Aug. 1861	resigned June 13, 1862
Alfred Lawrence	do	June 12, 1862	promoted 1st Lieut. Mar. 20, 1863
James Leysport	do	March 20, 1863	
Harvey Bell, Jr.	do	Jan. 27, 1863	
William H. Forbes	do	Aug. 3, 1861	promoted Captain Jan. 26, 1863
Levie Wright	do	May 7, 1862	killed Sept. 14, 1862
Daniel P. Yates,	commissioned	Oct. 2, 1862	
John P. Sarrone,	do	March 19, 1863	
Levie Cleveland	do	Aug. 19, 1861	promoted 1st Lieut. May 7, 1862
George Walcott	do	May 7th, 1862	
John E. Brown	do	Nov. 24, 1862	
John Collins	do	May 3, 1862	promoted 1st Lieut. Jan. 8, 1863
Charles E. Bradley	do	Jan. 26, 1863	
William A. Godley	do	Jan. 8, 1863	
John W. Farrand	do	Oct. 22, 1861	
William M. Davidson	do	June 13, 1862	
Duncan McBeth	do	Feb. 16, 1863	
Patrick Diamond	do	Oct. 24, 1862	
Thomas Curtis,	do	Aug. 1, 1862	

The Brigade left New York numbering field and staff,.....	342	
Recruits received,.....	<u>243</u>	1085
Discharged for disability,.....	155	
Deserted,.....	71	
Dropped by general order and transferred to other Regts.,.....	137	
Deaths in Hospital,.....	38	
Killed in action or died of wounds,.....	54	
Wounded in action,.....	1	
Present and absent on leave,.....	<u>243</u>	1085
Enlisted men promoted to officers,.....	33	
Officers killed in battle,.....	4	
Officers died of wounds,.....	3	
Officers died of disease,.....	1	
Officers promoted,.....	8	
Officers resigned by request,.....	8	
Officers dismissed,.....	2	
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