

THE HISTORY
OF THE
FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT

NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS,

IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

1861-1865.

BY

ABRAHAM J. PALMER, D.D.

(FORMERLY PRIVATE, COMPANY D.)

Illustrated.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."—HORACE.

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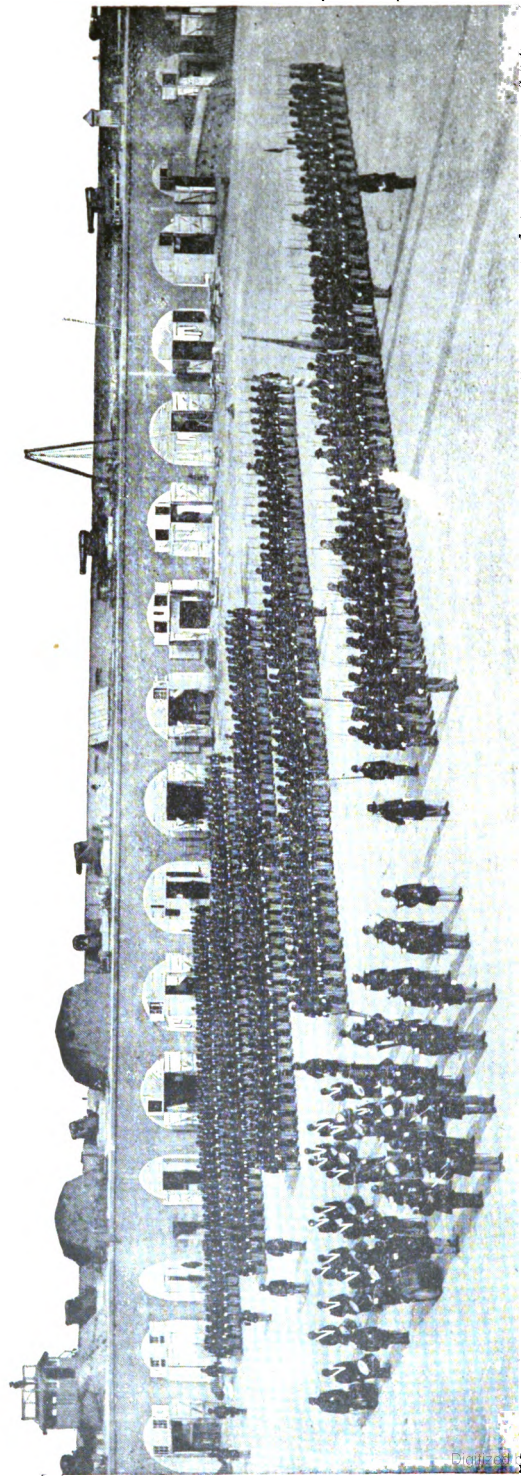
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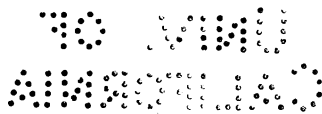
THE 48TH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS. FORT PULASKI. GA.

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By A. J. PALMER.



TO THE
SONS AND DAUGHTERS
OF THE MEN WHO COMPOSED THE
FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS,
THIS RECORD
OF THEIR FATHERS' ACHIEVEMENTS "IN TIMES THAT TRIED MEN'S SOULS,"
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY LOVE THEIR COUNTRY BETTER
FOR KNOWING WHAT HER FREEDOM AND
INTEGRITY HAVE COST.

M167274

A PREFATORY LETTER.

TO MY COMRADES:

The most gifted of modern women has written that, "If you would love a woman without ever looking back upon your love as a folly, she must die while you are courting her; and if you would maintain the slightest belief in human heroism, you must never make a pilgrimage to see the hero."

I hope that in all your homes that double sarcasm is doubly contradicted. This book—which is the poor record of your heroic deeds—has been written chiefly that your children, who daily "see the hero," may know his history, and when they can no longer see you, that they may still possess the story of your most glorious years.

Three years ago, when I was requested to become the historian of the regiment, I consented conditionally that some one should be procured to write the historical sketch, while I would edit the book and see it through the press. For a while it seemed that we had succeeded in procuring the very services we needed from an officer who had been with the regiment through most of its career. But vexatious delays occurred, and finally, to our great disappointment, an entire miscarriage. Nothing remained but the abandonment of the enterprise—which all lamented—or my assuming the task. With great reluctance I therefore undertook it.

I had but little time to give to it, and moreover I felt myself disqualified by the subordinate position I had held in the regiment to write its history. "Privates" were not

always informed of the real object of every movement, and the surmises of "the men" were doubtless often incorrect. Moreover, so many years had passed, the survivors of the regiment were so far scattered, and such meagre data came in response to repeated appeals, that the work has been difficult.

Certain rhetorical infelicities may be accounted for by the fact that I have employed an amanuensis and written by dictation—a mode of composition to which I was unaccustomed. However, I have cared less for that than for many omissions which have been unavoidable and which all will lament, and for certain inaccuracies which I fear have crept into the narrative despite the greatest care. Nevertheless it will not be safe to trust one's own memory even against this record. A prominent field-officer of the regiment read this history in manuscript, and noted twelve "inaccuracies," in every one of which he proved to be mistaken. Twenty years have made our memories less reliable than we think.

Great care has been taken with the "Roster and Record;" yet there are doubtless many errors, and to some may have come the sorriest fate of a soldier—"to be killed in battle and have his name spelled wrong in the *Gazette*."

In the company sketches there is some disparity in the space given the several companies: that, however, is because the various contributors have not written equally extended narratives. This I greatly regret; but no partiality has been shown. I found it impossible to get sketches of four companies from former members of them, and was therefore compelled to call upon others to prepare them.

It was desired to have a picture of one of the companies in Fort Pulaski. The artist happened to send the negative of Company E. If the means had warranted it, the pictures of all the companies would have been printed.

There is one thing that will be noticed, for which I ask especial consideration. I refer to the mention of certain personal friends (private soldiers like myself), when, as the narrative has progressed, circumstances have recalled them

to my mind. I know that their rank in the regiment would not warrant this writing of their names while many who were their military superiors are unmentioned. But when I have been describing a scene chiefly memorable to me because of a personal friend in my own company who was there shot dead by my side, I could not forbear to write down his name in loving memory of it, although he was but a private soldier whom few will remember. It is not that I have designed to exalt the private soldier above his officer, nor my friends above the friends of others, nor to call especial attention to the company to which I happened to belong.

I have not wished to claim for the regiment more than its fair share of the glory of the battles in which it participated. I have sought to be generous and just to all; however, this book does not pretend to contain the history of any regiment except that of the Forty-eighth New York.

There is doubtless some disproportion in the accounts of the great battles in which we were engaged. The descriptions of the assaults on Morris Island and Fort Wagner are more extended than any others. Olustee and Cold Harbor were fought while I was absent in rebel prisons, and Fort Fisher after the expiration of my term of service. Concerning them I have been compelled to rely upon the representation of others. That should be considered if those three great battles are not proportionately described; but it has always seemed to me that the career of the Forty-eighth Regiment reached, in some sense, its climax in the darkness on the banks of Fort Wagner; therefore the extended space which has been devoted to that battle.

The statement on page 183, of the extremely small number of men present with the regiment within Fort Fisher, will occasion surprise; yet it is based upon the authority of two reliable diaries, and it makes the prominent part taken by the regiment in the engagement consistent with its slight casualties. It will be noticed also that three weeks afterwards the regiment was greatly reinforced.

While this book has been passing through the press our

illustrious commander, General ULYSSES S. GRANT, has fought his last battle, and put his last enemy where, long before, he had put all others, "underneath his feet." It is a noticeable fact that the U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., of Brooklyn, to which a number of our comrades belong, should have had the distinguished honor of guarding his remains at Mount McGregor, Albany, and New York. Comrades Brush, Corwin, Frankenberg, Mackellar, Powles, Raymond, and Whitson were among those detailed for that solemn and august duty.

The long delays in the publication of this history, which must have tried your patience, have been unavoidable. For the first two years they have already been explained; financial embarrassments will account for the last year. The MS. of this book has been ready for the printer for more than a year.

There are certain comrades and others to whom I wish to make especial acknowledgments of services which they have rendered to the history: first and chiefly to James A. Barrett and William J. Carlton; if their names recur frequently in the book, it is because they have been constantly active during its preparation. Major Barrett has been indefatigable in securing subscriptions and given much time to preparing the Roster and Record, besides conducting a large correspondence. Indeed without him this history would never have been published. Captain Carlton has also given much work to the Roster and Record, and has prepared the valuable tabulations at its close; he has procured the illustrations, and had the chief charge of printing and binding the book. His judgment and experience have been greatly relied on throughout the entire work. I acknowledge gratefully their gratuitous contributions of valuable time and labor that this undertaking might succeed.

George B. Staley has been the treasurer of the fund for the History, and his fidelity and care of the finances deserve a grateful recognition.

Captain D. C. Knowles has made most valuable contribu-

tions, as will appear upon their perusal. The various officers of the Veteran Association have helped the good work on by active sympathy and counsel.

Many comrades have loaned their diaries and letters, and contributed items of interest, and others have generously advanced money to make the publication of the book possible.

Although the entire work has been done gratuitously, the cost of publishing this history has been nearly one thousand dollars. It is not supposed that the sales will more than meet the expenses. If, however, there should be a surplus, it will be turned into the treasury of the Veteran Association.

Among those who have helped by loans of money and large subscriptions are: Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Strickland, Captain George W. Brush, Lieutenant R. F. Mackellar; Major Barrett, Quartermaster Avery, and Comrades Fletcher, Carlton, Doering, Holton, Hale, Knowles, Marten, Newman, Pugsley, Schultz, Stayley, Stoney, Shannon, Twamley, Tuttle, Wyckoff, and Mr. Benjamin Silliman of the Long Island Historical Society.

Among those who have loaned their diaries and other memoranda, I wish especially to mention Messrs. Acker, Conklin, Fagans, Frankenberg, Hibson, Cummings, Townsend, Thompson, Wohlfarth, Mrs. Luther B. Wyman, and Mr. Charles Cowley.

General Viele and Colonel Barton have aided with valuable suggestions. Senator George F. Hoar has kindly sent us a copy of the official list of casualties during the war. We are indebted to Henry W. Phillips for a loan of the History of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, and for a like favor to Lieutenant-Colonel Isaiah Price, author of the History of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, which has been especially valuable.

Acknowledgments also should be made to the publishers of Lossing's History of the Civil War, from which many of the illustrations are taken, and to Mr. H. P. Moore of Con-

cord, N. H., who has given us the use of his negatives for the three pictures taken at Fort Pulaski.

The sister of Colonel Coan has furnished his portrait, and Colonel Barton his. Finally, to all the people who have wished us well and helped us as they were able, we gladly make acknowledgments.

And now this book, which has been to me a labor of love for the past three years,—in writing which I have lived over again many of the experiences herein described,—I send forth to the limited company of readers who will peruse its pages, not without consciousness of its imperfections; and I send with it greetings to all my comrades who may welcome it, to their children who may treasure it, and to those dear people, unknown to me, who shall read with tears the record of this Forty-eighth New York, because of their loved ones who marched away with us four-and-twenty years ago but did not come back. To all who will care for it, I send it forth with the hope that it may serve, in some sense, to bind us all together into a loyal brotherhood of patriotic men who possess in common many glorious memories, and this one virtue: when our country, in her hour of peril, called us, we did not refuse to answer, nor send “substitutes,” nor wait till we were bribed by bounty or coerced by conscription, but *volunteered* for her defence.

Whoever is also conscious that he did his duty faithfully, will find in that his best and lasting reward.

A. J. PALMER.

BROOKLYN, November, 1885.

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ERRATA.

Page 36,	9th line,	read Totten	for Potter
" 45,	32d "	" "	Company B for C
" 67,	7th "	" "	Ladona for Sadowa
" 121,	13th "	" "	Crammer for Cranmer
" 151,	13th "	" "	Ingraham for Ingham
" 152,	last "	" "	one for five
" 153,	first "	" "	five for four, and forty-three for eighty
" 167,	first "	" "	two for one, and forty for three
" 167,	second "	" "	twenty-five for fifty
" 169,	10th "	" "	28th for 18th

FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT, *NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.*

CHAPTER I.

Organization—July 24 to September 16, 1861.

Colonel James H. Perry—Letter of Rev. J. B. Merwin—"Perry's Saints"—Camp Wyman, Fort Hamilton, July 24, 1861—Visit of Inspection by Governor E. D. Morgan and Staff—The Fête Champêtre—Colonel Perry's Horse—Letter from Dr. L. H. King—Sept. 17, 1861—Leave Fort Hamilton for the Front—The Field and Staff, and Commanders of Companies.

THE precise origin of the regiment, which was first known as the "Continental Guard," but after the date of its muster, as the FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS, is difficult to determine. Lieutenant-Colonel Barton and Quartermaster Avery deserve perhaps the credit of the very first thought. In the spring of 1861, on President Lincoln's calling for seventy-five thousand men, these two young men started to raise at least a company of a hundred men in Brooklyn. They rented a room in old Montague Hall, on Court Street, and advertised for recruits. Soon they had more responses than sufficed for a company, and with a fine courage they determined to raise a full regiment.

In response to such an announcement they received letters from some of the future officers of the Forty-eighth, saying, "We have a number of men on hand ready to join a good regiment: who is to command it?"

That was a question they found it necessary to decide at once. At that time it was announced in Brooklyn that the Rev. Dr. James H. Perry, pastor of the Pacific Street Methodist Episcopal Church,—a clergyman well and widely known throughout the city,—had determined to tender his sword to the Government, for service in its defence. In the public Conference he had declared that as he had been educated at the expense of his country at West Point, he felt that she had a claim upon him for any service he could render her in her hour of peril. It was a happy thought of Messrs. Barton and Avery to tender to Dr. Perry the command of the regiment they had started to raise. They received promptly the following answer: "I have given the matter careful consideration. Our country needs help; there are dark and serious days before it, and this rebellion must be crushed. If you think you can raise the number of men requisite for the formation of a regiment, and will attend to the detail work of recruiting, . . . you can use my name as Colonel."

These seem to have been the circumstances of the origin of the brave and heroic company of Union soldiers which became known in history as the Forty-eighth New York. The names of Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Barton, Quartermaster Irving M. Avery, and Colonel James H. Perry deserve to stand at the head of its honorable roll.

And yet there were other units of company organizations, which had distinct origins, but which afterwards were joined to the forces that were rapidly recruited, when once the name of Dr. Perry had been authoritatively announced as the commander of the new regiment. Among others, Lieutenant B. R. Corwin had early begun to recruit a company in Brooklyn, under the personal authorization of Colonel Perry, and Captain D. C. Knowles had opened in July a recruiting-office in Trenton, N. J. Others in Monmouth County, N. J., and along the valley of the Hudson had gathered little groups of men, and when they learned that Dr. Perry was forming a regiment they gladly offered



JAMES H. PERRY,
FIRST COLONEL 48th, N. Y. S. VOLS.

themselves and their men. Many religious parents, fearful of the moral contamination of army life for their sons, gladly heard of a regiment to be commanded by an eminent minister, and sent their sons to join it. Undoubtedly that was how the organization gained its quaint sobriquet of "Perry's Saints."

As the formation of the regiment was made largely about the personality of its first commander, we will here give a sketch of his life.

JAMES H. PERRY was born in Ulster County, N. Y., June 18, 1811. He inherited from a Welsh ancestry splendid natural endowments, both intellectual and physical. He stood fully six feet in height, broad-chested, broad-browed, a man of noble bearing and of a courageous heart. He had early evinced an inclination to a military life, and received an appointment to a cadetship at West Point from President Jackson in return for political services rendered by his father. There was a delay in the forwarding of his credentials, and, supposing that he had failed to receive the promised appointment, young Perry began the study and entered upon the practice of law. He also married. When his appointment finally reached him he instantly relinquished the pursuit of the law, and entered West Point. There his independent and manly character brought him into frequent difficulties, as he would resent the insults which the Southern cadets were accustomed to heap upon the boys from the North. He did not relish being called a "mudsill," and he never was called it a second time. He became a sort of leader to the nobler of the Northern boys chafing under the affronts they habitually received. In one encounter with several of the Southern cadets, who assaulted him in a most cowardly manner while he was unarmed, he barely escaped with his life, but thoroughly whipped his assailants. For that fight he was court-martialled, and sentenced to be dismissed from West Point; but President Jackson, himself a brave man who could appreciate the courage of a brave boy, not only annulled the sentence, but wrote a letter commen-

datory of the manly conduct of young Perry. During his third year at the Academy he resigned his cadetship, and at the breaking out of the Texas rebellion against Mexico espoused the Texan cause. Perry was commissioned a colonel in the Texan army, and authorized to raise a regiment at the North. He only succeeded in raising part of a regiment, which he took with him to Texas, and with which he served with great and conspicuous ability. At the battle of San Jacinto there occurred an incident which changed the career of Colonel Perry from that of a man of war to that of a man of peace. General Santa Anna, the commander of the Mexican army, had been guilty of such duplicity, craftiness, and cruelty that every officer of the Texan army had taken an oath to take his life if they met him in battle. The reason for that desperate determination was the atrocities of Santa Anna at Goliad and at the Alamo. At Goliad he had butchered in cold blood the entire garrison after it had surrendered, and upon the capture of the Alamo he had put to the sword every one of that gallant garrison, sparing only one woman, one child, and one servant. Because of these barbarities the Texan army had declared him an outlaw and a bandit, and the Texan officers had bound themselves by an oath to kill him at sight. At the battle of San Jacinto, where Texan independence was finally won, Colonel Perry commanded the left wing of General Houston's army. The battle-cry of the brave Texans was, "Remember the Alamo." In the battle Colonel Perry found himself opposed to a general whom he supposed to be Santa Anna. He rode towards him, and, in a hand-to-hand encounter with swords, killed him. After the battle, when Santa Anna was brought into the Texan camp a prisoner, Colonel Perry learned that his antagonist had been the chief of staff of the Mexican General, and that he had slain unwittingly an honorable soldier. Stung with remorse, he instantly withdrew from the army and came back North. That mistake in the identity of his antagonist at San Jacinto had a singular effect upon Colonel Perry's

whole career. Brave as a lion, he was tender as a woman, and a cloud of remorse for that act shadowed his noble life from that hour until the day in Fort Pulaski when he died. His most intimate friends have always believed that it was this that led to his conversion, and the dedication of his life to the Christian ministry. On returning North after the Texan War he settled in Newburgh, on the Hudson.

I am indebted to his friend the Rev. J. B. Merwin for the following account of the conversion and the ministerial life of Colonel Perry :

“ In the early fall of 1836, on a call at Newburgh, I found great interest because of an event of the Sunday night previous. At the close of the sermon in the Methodist church a prayer-meeting was commenced within the altar. The pastor, Rev. Seymour Landon, gave an invitation to any who desired to give their hearts to the Lord to come forward. Colonel Perry, who recently had returned from Texas, sat in the middle aisle near the door; he instantly rose, and deliberately walked to the altar and knelt for prayers. The man, so conspicuous for his elegant and lofty bearing, wearing the badge of his military office, manifesting so fearlessly his decision, awed the congregation, thrilled the church, and made such an impression that it became the topic of conversation throughout the town. His sincerity was seen in his docility: he sought and followed the advice of his pastor and his brethren. In less than two years from his conversion he was admitted on trial in the New York Conference, and began to preach. His first appointment in 1838 was Burlington and Bristol Circuit, Conn. The usual military parade took place that fall in Burlington, and the Rev. Mr. Perry was invited to act as chaplain. He discharged his duties with such fine dignity and such military form that the event of that day was the part taken by the chaplain. At the session of the New York Conference in 1841, held in Mulberry Street Church (now St. Paul's), New York City, the preacher assigned to fill the pulpit on Sabbath evening failed to appear. Colonel Perry was asked to take his place. In the spirit of military and ministerial discipline he obeyed orders. The ability he exhibited won for him an invitation to become the pastor of that church. He was not yet elected to elder's orders, and yet he filled what was then the most important appointment of the Conference with conspicuous success. Afterwards he was always assigned to the principal churches. The magnificent physique and marked characteristics of Dr. Perry were elements in the power and efficiency of his ministerial career. In any assembly of men he was

likely to be the most noted figure in it—a Saul among his brethren. Tall, well-proportioned, with large head, full clear blue eye, a countenance expressive of intelligent manliness, benignity and kindness, and a native dignity and grace of bearing that inspired confidence and respect, with nothing of that pomp and stateliness that repels—these but poorly indicate the character and proportions of his mind and heart. He was noble and manly in all his traits; in his attachments firm, constant, and reliable; the soul of honor and courage, always courteous, always a gentleman. Such a man he was, and he brought himself, his gifts, training and attainments into his work as a minister. Many can testify in all the churches to his great usefulness. He was a man of strong nature, had decided opinions, and possessed fine ability as a ready, dexterous, and cogent debater. He was a zealous advocate for lay-delegation in the Methodist Church. He received from Dickinson College in 1844 the degree of D.D. His manner in the pulpit was calm, dignified, and impressive; his style was distinguished for its clearness, accuracy, and vigor, and for historic and classical allusions.”

He was twice a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his success in the ministry was eminent. It was during the session of the Conference to which he belonged in the spring of 1861 that news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter was received. Rising in his seat, amid an enthusiasm that will never be forgotten, he said, “I was educated by the Government; it now needs my services. I shall resign my ministry, and again take up my sword.”

This was the Christian minister who was to become the first commander of the Forty-eighth Regiment, whose name was “a tower of strength” in its recruiting, who was to lead them to the front, and after ten months of noble service at their head, was to die amid their love and tears, and to live in their memory forever.

From the day that Colonel Perry's name was announced to command the new regiment the work of recruiting went rapidly on.

Lieutenant-Colonel Barton made a journey to Washington, accompanied by the Hon. Moses F. Odell of Brooklyn,—an early and loyal friend of the regiment,—and received

a promise from the Hon. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, that when more troops were needed the men they were enlisting would be accepted by the Government.

On July 24, 1861, the first recruits went into camp at Fort Hamilton, Long Island. The camp was named "Camp Wyman," after Mr. Luther B. Wyman of Brooklyn, our early friend and patron, whose interest in us and zeal to promote our welfare never wearied.

The regiment was designated originally the "Continental Guard," the design being that it should be independent of any State—and that is why the overtures of its projectors were made to Washington rather than to Albany. That idea was, however, soon abandoned, as the general policy of the Government was to obtain its soldiers in given quotas from the several States.

Before President Lincoln had issued his famous call for three hundred thousand men to serve "for three years or during the war," under which the Forty-eighth New York was mustered into the service, the noble men who were at work recruiting it had expended between two and three thousand dollars of their own money, and had been liberally aided by Mr. Wyman with means to establish the camp at Fort Hamilton, and to procure blankets and other necessities for the recruits.

Soon, however, their faith was to have its reward. On the renewal of the application to the War Department word was received from Governor E. D. Morgan, the great "War Governor" of New York, that when the regiment was properly officered and organized he would come on at once and give it its number and muster it into the service.

Finally, on August 16, 1861, the first three companies were mustered in, namely, companies H, I, and K. Afterwards the companies were mustered as fast as their quota of men was filled. Companies A and D, August 21; Company G, August 26; Company E, August 27; Company F, August 31; Company B, September 5; and Company C, September 10. The time at Camp Wyman was spent in

drill, and by the officers in studying the tactics. The writer remembers the night when he first arrived there—on July 30, 1861. Only one tent had been erected,—a round tent, such as a sutler afterwards used,—where all of us slept on the straw, with feet towards the centre. We recall a visit of inspection at Camp Wyman by Governor E. D. Morgan and his staff. Among the staff that day was a brilliant young gentleman by the name of Chester A. Arthur, late the President of the United States. The officers of the "Continental Guard" gave a *fête champêtre* one evening before we left the camp, which was a fine affair. The only officer, except Colonel Perry, who seemed to have had any elaborate military education (although Lieutenant-Colonel Barton and several others had belonged to the Seventh New York State Militia, and some to other militia regiments) was Lieutenant Elfwing, a Swede, a graduate of the Royal Military Academy of Sweden, and a very skilful swordsman, whose service with the regiment was destined to be long and conspicuous, and who is now the U. S. Consul at Stockholm, Sweden. The regiment took form in those days at Fort Hamilton, company by company, and at the final muster it received its number as the Forty-eighth Regiment, New York State Volunteers.

We all remember the noble horse that Colonel Perry rode. It was presented to him by the Methodist ministers of New York and vicinity. I have received a letter concerning the circumstances of the gift from the Rev. L. H. King, D.D., who writes as follows:

"I had been making a brief call on Colonel Perry, at his headquarters in Brooklyn, and when leaving the thought occurred to me that it would be a handsome thing to do if the ministers would present him a horse, caparisoned and ready for use. At once I commenced raising a subscription. The preachers about New York readily subscribed \$5 each, and Judge Fancher gave me some \$60. I had but little trouble in raising the money, but a very hard time in finding a horse suitable for that kind of service. We tried many horses. An old farmer in Ulster County sold me an unsound horse and I prosecuted him, and he was glad to settle and refund before the suit came

to trial. Finally, a thorough horseman came and volunteered to get me a horse; and he found a good one, for which I paid \$180 (the horse was afterwards sold for \$2480). Betts of New York City made the saddle, bridle, etc., for which we paid him \$60. One bright Monday afternoon I rode the horse down to Fort Hamilton. The regiment formed in a hollow square, and I made the presentation-speech from the saddle, to which the Colonel made a brief reply, and mounted his charger and rode away, and that was the last I ever saw of my genial and much-loved friend, Colonel Perry."

All will remember the scene thus described. Dr. King is a man of magnificent physique, not unlike that of Colonel Perry, and when one dismounted and the other mounted the noble steed—which we all came to love—it was a sight to remember. Finally, on September 15th, orders were received for us to proceed to Washington; and on September 17th the regiment left Fort Hamilton (964 strong) for the front.

The field and staff officers and the commanders of companies on the day of our departure were as follows:

Colonel—JAMES H. PERRY.

Lieutenant-Colonel—WM. B. BARTON.

Major—OLIVER T. BEARD.

Adjutant—ANTHONY W. GOODELL.

Quartermaster—IRVING M. AVERY.

Surgeon—JOSEPH L. MULFORD.

Assistant-Surgeon—PATRICK H. HUMPHRIES.*

Chaplain—WM. P. STRICKLAND, D.D.

Company A: Captain—LOUIS H. LENT.

“ B: “ JAMES FARRELL.

“ C: “ EDWARD R. TRAVIS.

“ D: “ DANIEL C. KNOWLES.

“ E: “ WM. B. COAN.

“ F: “ JAMES M. GREEN.

“ G: “ ANTHONY ELMENDORF.

“ H: “ DUDLEY W. STRICKLAND.

“ I: “ JOSEPH G. WARD.

“ K: “ SAMUEL J. FOSTER.

* Assistant-Surgeon Humphries' name is given here in order to complete the staff, although in fact he joined the regiment a little later.

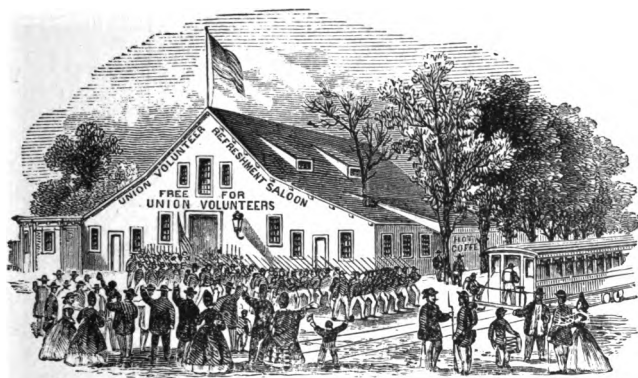
CHAPTER II.

To the Front—September 17 to December 31, 1861.

Leave Fort Hamilton—Through New Jersey—Supper at Philadelphia—Through Baltimore—At Washington—At Annapolis—The Forty-seventh New York—Flag Presentation—Last Sermon of Colonel Perry—October 18th, Embarked on Steamer *Empire City*—At Hampton Roads—Organization of the Expeditionary Corps—October 29th, the Expedition Sails—The Fleet—Sealed Orders—The Storm at Sea—Off Port Royal—November 7th, the Battle of Port Royal—Landing at Hilton Head—In Camp—Contrabands—Brigadier-General Viele—Lady Nurses—Drill—"Jeff"—Sickness—End of the Year 1861.

WE sailed by steamer *John Potter* from the dock at Fort Hamilton (landing at Pier 1, North River, New York City), through Staten Island Sound to South Amboy, N. J., and thence proceeded by rail to Philadelphia. Many will remember the greetings on the way: certain of companies D and H, whose homes were along the line of the railroad between South Amboy and Bordentown, in New Jersey, were met by their friends at the stations and loaded with gifts and refreshments; notably Tantum, when we reached his home at Windsor, and Captain Knowles, as we passed his father's farm at Yardville. All will remember also the supper at Philadelphia, at the "Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon." The noble City of Philadelphia gave a hearty meal to all the soldiers who passed through it, on their way to the front, and often it was the last "square meal" the boys were destined to have for years. We marched through Baltimore with loaded rifles, every man having received forty rounds of cartridge in case of emergency; but we were undisturbed: none greeted us with enthusiasm, but no one presumed to insult us. Colonel Perry was somewhat affronted by a pretended invitation to the

regiment to dine, which proved a fiasco. We reached Washington at six P.M. on September 18th; next day we were assigned to temporary quarters in a brick building on Pennsylvania Avenue, not far from Willard's Hotel, and received our rations at the Soldiers' Retreat, but soon went into camp on Capitol Hill. We felt now that we were at the front. Here one day we caught our first glimpse of President Lincoln as he reviewed a regiment of cavalry which was in camp near us. In company with Mrs. Hanley, the writer called at the White House; we sent up our cards, but we were not received. Possibly we had forgotten that we had



UNION REFRESHMENT SALOON, PHILADELPHIA.

ceased to be "citizens" and had become soldiers. "Privates" and regimental nurses were not expected to call upon the Chief Magistrate on passing through Washington. We learned the lesson of docility slowly, but we did learn it at last.

From September 20th until October 5th we remained in our camp on Capitol Hill, spending our time at drill; here we were brigaded, and one day General T. W. Sherman, who was to be our commander, inspected our brigade. On October 5th we received orders to proceed to Annapolis, Md. We left Washington at twelve o'clock noon, and arrived at Annapolis the same night at eleven o'clock. Application was

made to the authorities of St. John's College for permission to quarter the regiment in the college buildings that night, but it was refused; whereupon Colonel Perry intimated that "bayonets could pick locks," and we did sleep in the college buildings that night. Our rations not having arrived, we were invited by the Third New Hampshire to come to their quarters at the Naval Academy, and partake of coffee and hard-tack as their guests. Next day we went into camp in rear of the college buildings, our camp adjoining that of the Forty-seventh New York. From that day that brave regiment and ours became sworn allies, whose career in the war ran side by side for years, and between the two regiments a great friendship existed and many mutual courtesies were exchanged.

On the 12th of October, Mrs. Viele, wife of our brigade commander, General Egbert L. Viele, presented the regiment with a stand of colors. An address of presentation was made by Governor Hicks of Maryland, to which Colonel Perry responded. That flag was destined to be shot into shreds at Fort Wagner.

An amusing incident occurred on the first Sunday we were in Annapolis. The pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church invited Colonel Perry to preach for him in the evening. There is a story told, at the expense of the ministerial members of the regiment, that the Colonel excused himself, saying, "You can call on Major Beard, or Captain Knowles, or Sergeant Irvine, or some of the enlisted men;" but finally the Colonel did accept the invitation to preach.

The congregation of the Methodist church in Annapolis were startled that night to see a tall and dignified minister ascend their pulpit, arrayed in full regimentals, with his sword at his side; he unbuckled his belt and laid his sword upon a pulpit chair as he knelt to pray. Many Southern sympathizers in the congregation left the church; those who remained heard a noble sermon from a noble preacher. It was his last appearance in a pulpit.

The officers of the regiment received many courtesies

while in Annapolis, especially from Judge Brewer and his family. We now first learned that we were destined to participate in an expedition which was forming for an attack upon some unknown point on the Southern coast.

On October the 18th we received orders to move, struck camp, and went on board the steamer *Mayflower*, which took us two or three miles down the river to the steamer *Empire City*, which lay at anchor in the stream. Our lives and our fortunes were now embarked on that ship, where we were assigned narrow quarters for days to come.

On October 21st we sailed for Fortress Monroe, where the expedition was to rendezvous. Hampton Roads presented an imposing spectacle in those days as the magnificent expedition of naval vessels and transports, the greatest that up to that time had ever sailed under the American flag, was there assembled. The military forces, 12,653 in number, were under the command of Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman; the naval portion of the expedition was commanded by Captain S. F. Dupont. The fleet was composed of fifty war-vessels and transports, with twenty-five coal vessels under convoy of the *Vandalia*. The organization of the expeditionary corps was as follows:

ORGANIZATION OF THE EXPEDITIONARY CORPS, COMMANDED BY
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS W. SHERMAN, U. S. ARMY, OCTOBER 28, 1861.

First Brigade.

Brigadier-General EGBERT L. VIELE.

Eighth Maine, Colonel Lee Strickland.

Third New Hampshire, Colonel Enoch Q. Fellows.

Forty-sixth New York, Colonel Rudolph Rosa.

Forty-seventh New York, Colonel Henry Moore.

Forty-eighth New York, Colonel James H. Perry.

Second Brigade.

Brigadier-General ISAAC I. STEVENS.

Eighth Michigan, Colonel William M. Fenton.

Seventy-ninth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Nobles.

Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Colonel B. C. Christ.
One Hundredth Pennsylvania, Colonel Daniel Leasure.

Third Brigade.

Brigadier-General HORATIO G. WRIGHT.

Sixth Connecticut, Colonel John L. Chatfield.
Seventh Connecticut, Colonel Alfred H. Terry.
Ninth Maine, Colonel Rishworth Rich.
Fourth New Hampshire, Colonel Thomas J. Whipple.

Troops not brigaded.

First New York Engineers, Colonel Edward W. Serrell.
Third Rhode Island Artillery, Colonel Nathaniel W. Brown.
Third U. S. Artillery, Battery E, Captain John Hamilton.

The majority of the Forty-eighth Regiment remained on board the *Empire City*, although while at Hampton Roads Lieutenants Dunbar and Hatfield, with thirty men of Company C, were transferred to the steamer *Belvidere*, and two companies, K and B, to the steamer *Matanzas*. It was not until October 29th that the expedition finally started; on that day a noble sight was to be seen in Hampton Roads, when, at the signal from the *Wabash*, the flagship of Captain Dupont, the great armada sailed away to sea. The *Wabash* led the way, and was followed by all the ships, moving in three parallel lines and occupying a space of some twelve miles each way; the transports and war-vessels were intermingled, so that in case of danger the latter might act as convoys to the former. The transport vessels were the *Atlantic*, the *Baltic* (each of which carried a full regiment of men and large quantities of stores), the *Vanderbilt*, the *Ocean Queen*, the *Ericsson*, *Empire City*, *Daniel Webster*, and *Great Republic* (the latter vessel had been employed in a similar service by the British Government during the Crimean War). In addition to these were many smaller vessels, and indeed several mere river-boats, which were taken along on account of their light draught, and which

were not fitted for an ocean voyage. The entire tonnage of the transports was estimated at forty thousand tons.

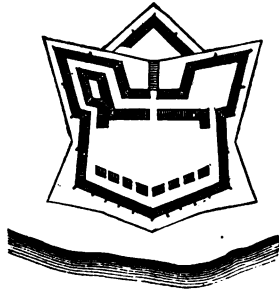
The ships moved out to sea in three columns, in the following order: The *Wabash*, flanked by the gunboats *Pawnee*, *Ottawa*, *Curlew*, *Isaac T. Smith*, *Seneca*, *Pembina*, *Unadilla*, *Penguin*, and *R. B. Forbes*. The *Baltic*, towing the *Ocean Express*, led the column on the left, and was supported by the *Pocahontas*. The *Illinois* towed the *Golden Eagle*, and was followed by the *Locust Point*, *Star of the South*, *Parkersburg*, *Belvidere*, *Alabama*, *Coatzacoalcas*, *Marion*, *Governor*, and *Mohican*. The *Atlantic* led the central line, and was followed by the *Vanderbilt*, towing the *Great Republic*; the *Ocean Queen*, towing the *Zenas Coffin*; and these were followed by the *Winfield Scott*, *Potomac*, *Cahawba*, *Oriental Union*, *Vixen*, and *O. M. Petit*. The *Empire City* led the right, followed by the *Ericsson*, *Philadelphia*, *Ben De Ford*, *Florida*, *Roanoke*, *Matanzas*, *Daniel Webster*, *Augusta*, *Mayflower*, *Peerless*, *Ariel*, *Mercury*, *Osceola*, and two ferryboats. The twenty-five coal-barges convoyed by the *Vandalia* had been sent out the day before, with instructions to rendezvous off the Savannah River, so as to mislead the enemy as to our real destination.

The expedition sailed under sealed orders, of which every ship had a copy, and the instructions were not to break the seal unless the fleet should be dispersed in a storm. Great curiosity existed concerning our destination. Many of the men had never before been at sea, and the quarters of the private soldiers on the transports were cramped and poor, and what with sea-sickness, foul air, and filthy quarters, the discomforts were many. However, the voyage would have been short and less memorable had it not been for the great storm which broke upon us after we had passed Cape Hatteras. The writer has twice crossed the ocean, and five times since then has passed Hatteras, but never has witnessed so terrible a storm at sea. It lasted for nearly a week. Four of the transports were lost, but it is a surprising fact that not more than a dozen persons perished. With

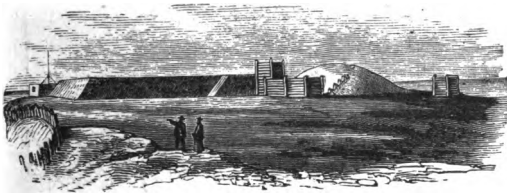
so large a number of unseaworthy vessels in the fleet, it is wonderful that the casualties should have been so small, for the fury of the storm was terrible. The vessels lost were the *Governor*, *Peerless*, *Osceola*, and *Union*. The *Governor* floundered on Sunday, November 3d. She had on board a battalion of marines, but they were saved by the frigate *Sabine*, excepting a corporal and three men, who were drowned. The *Peerless* was a small Lake steamer, loaded with beef cattle; her officers and crew were saved. The propeller *Osceola*, also loaded with beef-cattle, was wrecked on North Island, and her crew were made prisoners. The *Union* went ashore off Beaufort, N. C., and her cargo was lost. Her crew and a few soldiers aboard were captured. The steamer *Winfield Scott*, which was subsequently wrecked while we were on board of her, barely escaped destruction in the storm. The *Belvidere*, with Lieutenants Dunbar and Hatfield and the detachment of Company C on board, was disabled, and put back to Fortress Monroe. The storm was grand as it was terrible, and it scattered that noble fleet of vessels to the winds. It has often been compared to the tempest which destroyed the Spanish Armada three centuries before. From the deck of the *Matanzas*, on which the writer was, on the day before the storm the three long lines of war-ships and transports, that stretched as far away as the eye could see, were visible—a noble and majestic sight. On the morning, when the storm subsided, from that same deck not a sail was in sight. Had they gone down in the sea? Were they scattered so far apart that no one of the ships was in sight of another? What had become of the weaker and less seaworthy vessels? It was a time of anxiety, as the storm itself had been to many a time of terror. The sealed orders were broken, and then for the first time we learned that our destination was Port Royal Harbor, on the coast of South Carolina.

The fleet arrived off the bar at Port Royal, on November 4th; soundings were made, and the outer harbor was buoyed, and the next day the naval vessels moved over

the bar, and drove back the mosquito fleet of Commodore Tatnall. The dangers of the sea were behind us, but we were now confronted by dangers on the land. The Confederates had erected two forts, one on either side of the entrance of Port Royal Harbor: the one on the north at Bay Point, Phillips Island, was named Fort Beauregard; that on the south, on Hilton Head Island, Fort Walker. Fort Walker was a regular work, and mounted twenty-four guns; Fort Beauregard mounted twenty guns. The forces at Fort Walker were commanded by General T. F. Drayton of the rebel army, whose mansion was near by; his command numbered 1837 men. The garrison of Fort Beauregard was 640 men, under Colonel R. G. M. Dunevant. In addition to these forces on the land, the Confederates had a little squad-



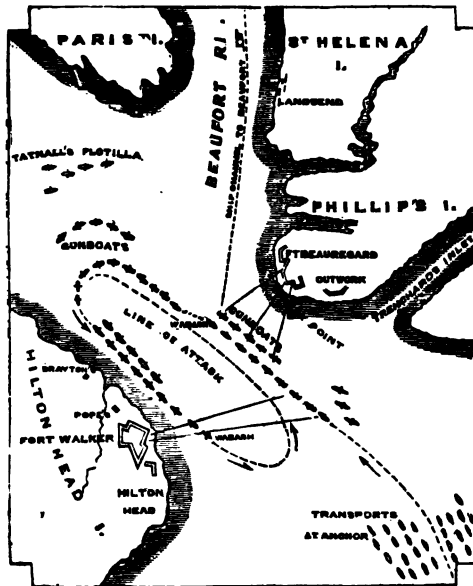
FORT WALKER.



FORT BEAUREGARD.

ron, already referred to, called the "mosquito fleet," commanded by Commodore Josiah Tatnall. At eight o'clock on the morning of November 7th the signal was given for the Union vessels to get under way, and at half-past nine the memorable naval battle commenced. The plan of attack was simple but unique. It was ordered that the ships pass up midway between Forts Walker and Beauregard (which were about two miles apart), receiving and returning the

fire of both, sailing in an ellipse. The *Wabash* led the way, next came the *Susquehanna*, then all the ships. This was the first battle in history in which a steam-navy had fought land-batteries while sailing in a circle, although the attack of Admiral Dundas in the harbor of Sebastopol seven years before was somewhat similar. Dupont's greatest credit for his work that day lies in the splendid victory



PLAN OF BATTLE OF PORT ROYAL.

which he won *with such little loss*. The battle was a magnificent spectacle, as we witnessed it from the decks of the transports anchored off the bar. The ships kept sailing around in their circle, belching forth their fiery volleys, now at Fort Beauregard on the north, and now at Fort Walker on the south; and all we could do for our comrades of the navy was to cheer them from the transports throughout the day. At half-past eleven the flag at Fort Walker was shot away;

at a quarter-past one the fort was abandoned. Fort Beauregard also had been silenced, and the garrisons of both had fled. The guns of the Federal navy had done fatal work, for the dead and dying were on every side, and if to fight their guns in the fortifications had been perilous to the enemy, the retreat was hardly less so. Of course it was precipitous, but the majority of both garrisons escaped. The loss on board the fleet was slight; Dupont reported his casualties at thirty-one, eight only being killed. The vessels engaged were, however, more or less injured by the Confederate

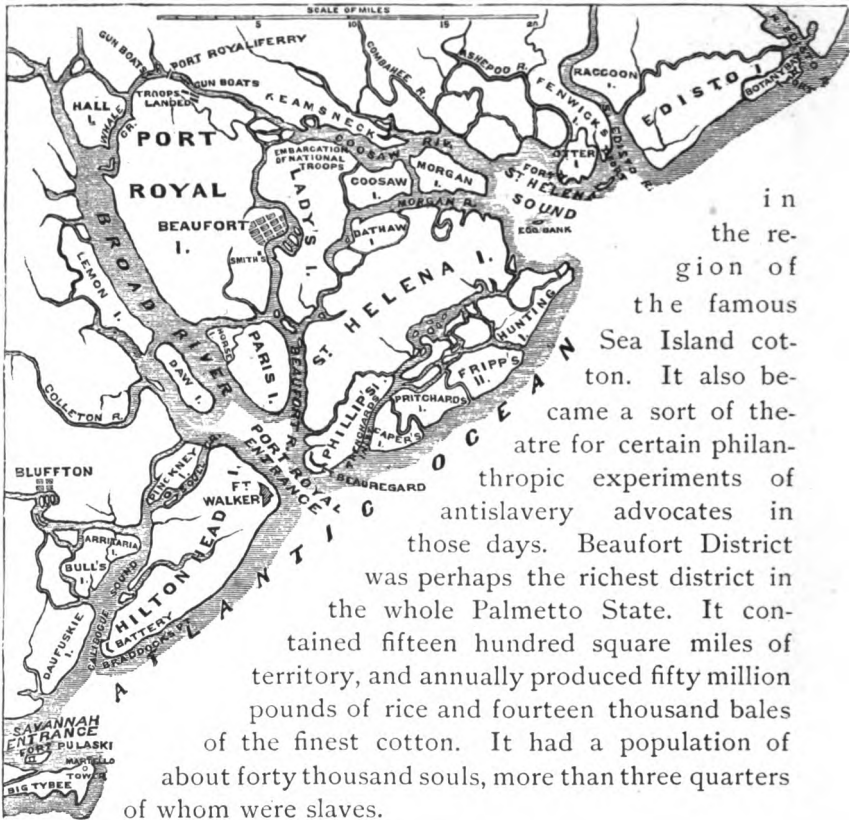


ADMIRAL DUPONT.

guns. The *Wabash*, for instance, was struck thirty-four times.

The fact that this was our first victory in the State of South Carolina gave it peculiar celebrity. That State had been the first to secede and the chief promoter of the Rebellion, and now that the Federal forces had secured a footing upon its disloyal soil, loyal people everywhere were greatly rejoiced. The American navy covered itself with a lasting glory by its achievements on that day. By the capture of Port Royal the federal forces gained a magnificent naval depot and a firm foothold, from which she was never driven;

MAP OF SEA ISLANDS.



in the region of the famous Sea Island cotton. It also became a sort of theatre for certain philanthropic experiments of antislavery advocates in those days. Beaufort District was perhaps the richest district in the whole Palmetto State. It contained fifteen hundred square miles of territory, and annually produced fifty million pounds of rice and fourteen thousand bales of the finest cotton. It had a population of about forty thousand souls, more than three quarters of whom were slaves.

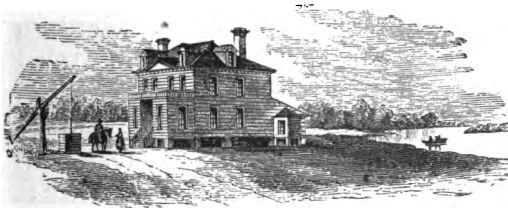
The right wing of our regiment landed at Hilton Head Island on November 9th, and the left wing the next day. Transports everywhere were discharging troops, and the harbor presented a most animated appearance. We were marched about a half mile back from the shore, and went into camp in the midst of a cotton-field. Scouting parties were sent out over the island, and they captured horses, mules, chickens, pigs, and about everything they could lay their hands on, and divided the "eatables" between the different companies. That, however, was not considered

“stealing,” but “confiscating.” From ten to twelve every morning we had battalion drill; from two to four every afternoon, company drill. Sometimes we were drilled by brigade. The work the boys loved the least was “fatigue duty,” though they were compelled to do much of it, work-



DRAYTON'S MANSION.

ing on the fortifications which General Sherman foolishly persisted in erecting. Meanwhile all sorts of rude houses were hastily constructed at Hilton Head; an immense wharf was built; and vessels of all sorts, laden with all manner of supplies, came from the North, and in a short time quite a



POPE'S HOUSE.

town had sprung up. Meanwhile the gun-boats had sailed up all the little rivers and taken possession of many islands. The aristocratic city of Beaufort, on Port Royal Island, was occupied, only one white man being found in the place; everywhere the white people abandoned their homes and

fled, and only the negroes remained behind: they thronged the camps in great numbers, often coming into camp, carrying in little bundles, all their worldly possessions, having a simple faith that when they reached "Massa Linkum's soldiers" they would be free. The panic which prevailed on these islands of South Carolina at our approach, and the precipitous flight of the enemy made many subsequently believe (as Colonel Perry believed at the time) that had we followed up our victory at Port Royal by marching immediately against Charleston or Savannah, one of these cities might easily have been taken. On November 24th there was a general inspection and review by Generals Sherman and Viele. Our brigade-commander was General Egbert L. Viele, a well-known engineer, who had been prominent in the construction of the Central Park in New York City, and who has recently been a Park Commissioner, and is at this writing (1885) a member of Congress from New York.

Let me here recall the names of the four ladies who had accompanied us from the North to act as nurses in the hospital. They were Mrs. Hanley, Mrs. Brooks, Miss Heward, and Miss Fox. Many of the boys who were sick in the hospitals will recall their kindness. Camp-life at Hilton Head was now a monotonous routine; the climate also was unhealthy. We obtained water by sinking barrels in the sand. Yet our rations were good; we received our pay regularly; the sutler was handy, and on the whole we had a good time. Colonel Perry was a magnificent drill-master; the regiment's efficiency at drill soon became famous. But few changes up to this time had occurred among us.

We received frequent mails from the North; also boxes which came to us by express from the good people at home. Who does not remember the pleasure he always found in reading his letters and opening his box when it arrived? One day there came into camp a contraband having two pups for sale. The writer purchased one for a quarter of a dollar; Arthur McGuigan, of Company D, the other at the same price. The former dog drank a can of condensed milk

(price fifty cents) the first day. His owner found him an expensive boarder, and disposed of him. McGuigan's dog was named "Jeff," and the company adopted him; and he became at last a hero, and died in battle, years afterwards, at Cold Harbor, being shot dead while barking up a tree at a rebel sharp-shooter. Every one will recall for himself many incidents of those first weeks in camp on the soil of South Carolina. The saddest memory will be that a number of the men who had had the measles on shipboard had taken cold from exposure during the storm, and died after reaching Hilton Head. But we were not unhappy in those days; here we came to know each other, and began to appreciate the temper of the men with whom we were associated, and with whom we were yet destined to stand shoulder to shoulder in front of fiery batteries and gleaming lines of steel. Thus came to an end the year 1861, and thus ends this chapter, with the regiment "*at the front.*"

CHAPTER III.

Port Royal Ferry to Fort Pulaski—January 1, 1862, to May 31, 1862.

Expedition to Port Royal Ferry—Report of Colonel Perry—Back to Camp—Flags Presented—Captain Ward Resigns—Private Reilly and the Bombshell—Captain Q. A. Gillmore—January 25th, leave Hilton Head—Wreck of the *Winfield Scott*—Dawfuskie Island—Our Camp Revisited in 1884—Major Beard—History of the Locality—Batteries "Vulcan" and "Hamilton" on Jones' and Bird's Islands—Narrative of Captain Knowles—The "Cold Chisel" Brigade—Captain Gillmore on Tybee Island—General Hunter Succeeds General T. W. Sherman—April 10th, Bombardment of Fort Pulaski—Capitulation—Rattlesnakes—The Goat—News from the North—General Grant at Shiloh—The Sutler—May 25th, leave Dawfuskie Island for Fort Pulaski.

ON the first day of the New Year, 1862, we met the enemy for the first time in battle. The engagement is known as that of Port Royal Ferry. At that point, on the Coosaw River, the Confederates made their only stand in defence of the Sea Island District. They had a fortified position there, from which it was determined to drive them. A joint land and naval expedition was formed for this purpose. The former was commanded by Brigadier-General Stevens; the latter by Commander C. R. P. Rogers. General Stevens' forces consisted of his brigade, Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, Fiftieth Pennsylvania, Eighth Michigan, and One Hundredth Pennsylvania (Roundheads), and two regiments from General Viele's brigade, the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, under the command of Colonel Perry. The naval forces consisted of the gunboats *Ottawa*, *Pembina*, *Hale*, and *Seneca*, the ferryboat *Ellen*, and four large launches belonging to the frigate *Wabash*, each carrying a twelve-pound howitzer. We embarked at Hilton Head on

December 31st, and the next morning about eight o'clock landed near the cotton-gin on Adams' plantation. The Eighth Michigan of Stevens' brigade were deployed as skirmishers, and the gun-boats, which had also arrived, opened a brisk fire upon the woods in their front. Soon a battery near the ferry opened upon our forces with grape and canister, but the Eighth Michigan quickly silenced them. The Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, under Colonel Perry, constituted the reserve at that little engagement. They were, however, brought into action by being thrown forward in line on the right, about at right angles to Stevens' brigade. As we advanced we soon unmasked an ambushed battery, which apparently was well defended, along the skirt of woods in our front. Colonel Perry at once ordered out skirmishers from the Forty-eighth to the front and from the Forty-seventh to the left, to ascertain if it was practicable to take the battery by the flank. That was barely accomplished before orders were received for us to retire—the enemy had been driven from their fortifications at the ferry.

Meanwhile the sailors observed our movements from the mast-heads of the gun-boats, and threw their shells over our heads into the midst of the enemy. The Highlanders took the fortifications at the ferry with great gallantry, and with a loss of nine wounded. Who will not remember that New Year's Day, when for the first time we heard the "rebel yell"? While the skirmish was in progress we were ordered to protect ourselves by lying down between the corn-rows in the field, Colonel Perry himself, however, standing erect through it all. I cannot better describe our part in the work of that day than by giving entire the report of Colonel Perry. This was the only occasion when he led us in person in a fight, and therefore the only report of a battle which is from his pen. True the engagement was but a skirmish, and we would have made little note of it in after-years; but because it was our first engagement, and the only one in which we were to be led by the gallant soldier under whom

we had enlisted, the battle of Port Royal Ferry is cherished in our memory, not with undue, but possibly with disproportionate interest.

Report of Colonel James H. Perry, Forty-eighth New York Infantry.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT
NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS,

HILTON HEAD, S. C., January 3, 1862.

CAPTAIN: I beg leave respectfully to submit for the information of the General commanding the following report of the participation of my command in the affair at Port Royal Ferry on the 1st instant:

On account of some delay on the part of the Forty-seventh New York, I detained my column at Adams' plantation (the place of landing) until the latest moment, and finally commenced the march before the arrival of two companies of that regiment. I had advanced perhaps three quarters of a mile, when I received an order from the General to bring forward my command with the greatest expedition. We immediately advanced at double-quick until we overtook the supporting column, when I received notice of the existence of a battery threatening our right flank, and was ordered to attack and capture it. In obedience to the order, I immediately deployed my column, and forming double line of battle advanced upon the position of the enemy, the Forty-eighth New York, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, leading, supported by the Forty-seventh New York, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser.

When my first line was fairly under fire at long range it was halted under shelter of the timber and protected by the inequalities of the ground, and I sent forward two companies of skirmishers, with orders to ascertain the exact position of the battery, the best method of approaching it, the number of its guns, and with what force it was supported. The skirmishers were met by a sharp fire of artillery and musketry, but they went forward steadily and rapidly, and soon reported to me that a marsh covered the front of the enemy's position, and that they had at least four guns, supported by a heavy force of infantry. I then advanced the Forty-seventh New York for the purpose of manœuvring upon the left flank and gaining the rear of the enemy before attacking in front. The Forty-seventh pressed through the timber, and had gained a position well on the left and rear, and their advance had exchanged a few shots with the enemy, when I received the General's order to retire, the battery on the river having been taken and the object of the expedition accomplished. I drew off my men without loss. Three members of the Forty-eighth Regi-

ment were slightly wounded, but not a man was disabled or rendered unfit for duty.

I am happy to add, that the men and officers of my command behaved with great steadiness and resolution, obeying the word of command under fire as if they had been on drill.

Very respectfully,

J. H. PERRY,

Colonel Forty-eighth Regiment New York Volunteers.

We spent that first night of the new year on the battlefield, not being permitted to build fires lest we should attract the fire of the enemy, and as we were not prepared with suitable clothing to spend a winter's night out of doors, we shivered; indeed, with the exception of the winter nights on Belle Island, the writer does not ever remember to have suffered so from the cold as during that long and chilly night at Port Royal Ferry. In the morning we re-embarked and returned to Hilton Head, having destroyed the rebel works and accomplished the object of our expedition. And so our first engagement with the enemy, though merely—to quote Colonel Perry's words—"an affair," was a victory. The reason of the Confederates for making a stand at Port Royal Ferry was because the "Shell Road" (the only thoroughfare by land between Beaufort and Charleston) reaches the Coosaw River at this point. Although we whipped the enemy in this little battle they reoccupied their works immediately after we abandoned them, and the Coosaw River continued to be the dividing line between the contending armies for the next three years.

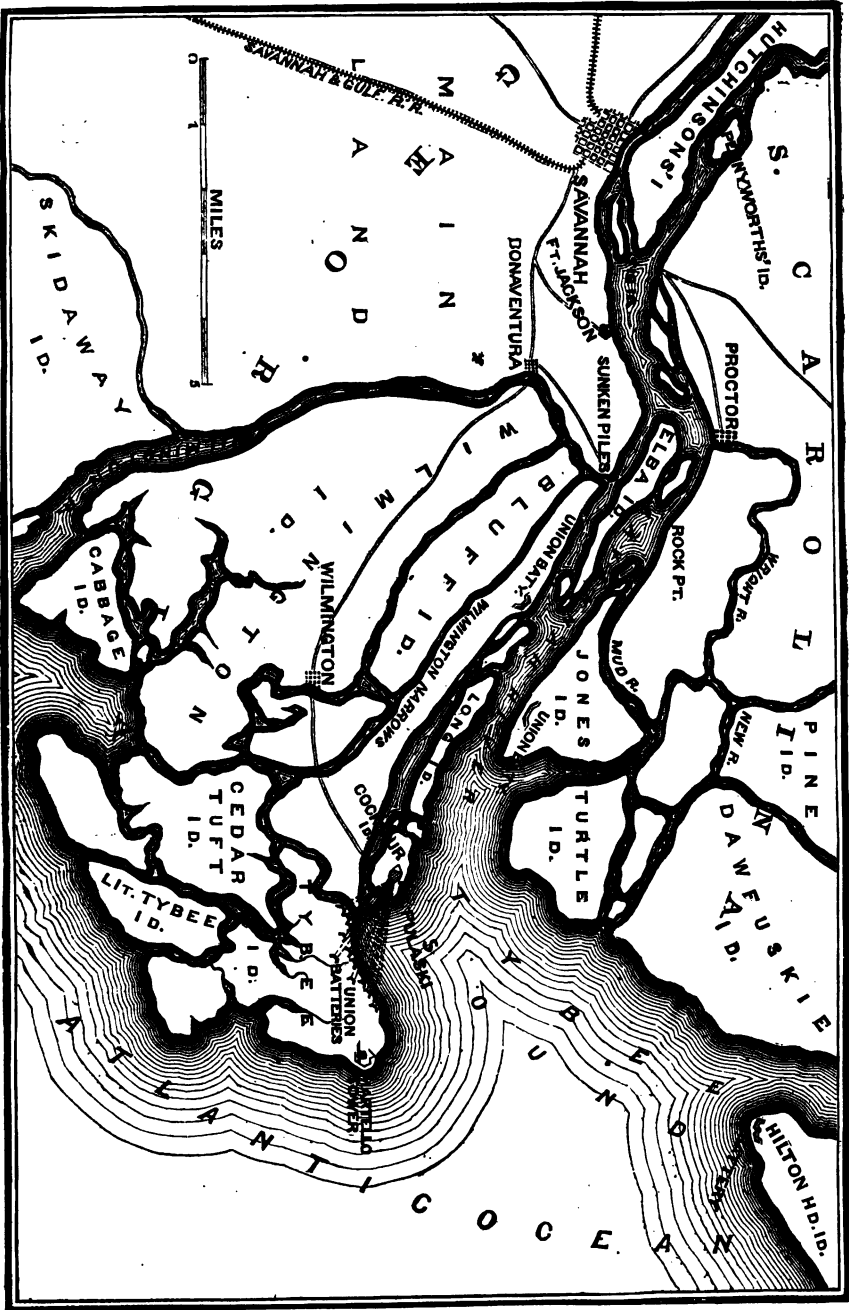
On January 12th a set of colors, consisting of a regimental flag and two "markers," was presented to the regiment from friends in Brooklyn.

On January 18th, Captain Ward of Company I resigned. We remained in our camp at Hilton Head during the most of that month. Many amusing incidents might be recalled, if space would permit, that served to break the monotony of camp-life in those days. For instance, while Company B was on provost-guard one day, Private Patrick Reilly rolled an unexploded eleven-inch bombshell up to a camp-

fire and began to probe the vent of it with an ignited stick; of course it exploded, making great havoc everywhere, but leaving Private Reilly absolutely unharmed. From that day he carried the nickname of "Bombshell Reilly." At that time Captain Quincy A. Gillmore was chief-engineer of the Department of the South, a gallant soldier, destined hereafter to be associated as our commander with the greater part of our history as a regiment. To him General Sherman intrusted the task of the reduction of Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River. In aid of that undertaking it was determined to occupy Dawfuskie Island, S. C., and to construct batteries on two mud islands on opposite sides of the Savannah River, in order to cut off communication between Fort Pulaski and the city of Savannah. It was that part of the work which was intrusted to us. On January 25th we broke camp at Hilton Head, and marched to Saybrook's Landing. One wing of the regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Barton, was safely landed at Haig's (or Hague's) Point on Dawfuskie; all but Corporal Dutcher of Company A, who walked overboard in his sleep and was drowned. (His was the eighth death since leaving Camp Wymán.)

But while the other wing was on board the *Winfield Scott*, passing through "Pull-and-be-damned" Creek, the ship went ashore on a tongue of oyster-beds which projected from Long Pine Island. As the tide went down, she broke in two in the middle, and left us "wrecked" upon that barren sea-island. We had on board twenty days' provisions, which were saved. The horses were disembarked with difficulty, being pushed overboard and made to swim ashore. I remember that the colonel's horse insisted on swimming to the opposite bank of the creek, got fast in the mud, and was extricated with great difficulty. Some of the boys went out on a scouting expedition, and succeeded in finding a venerable cow, which they killed. But our brief stay on Long Pine Island is particularly memorable because we there discovered the "goat;" we took him with us, and he

FORT PULASKI AND ITS ENVIRONS.



became a regimental pet. The steamer *Mayflower* came to our rescue the next day, and landed us on Dawfuskie Island, where, in a fine piece of woods, on February 1, 1862, we finally went into camp. Dawfuskie Island was a beautiful spot in those days. Monjion's and Stoddard's plantations were especially fine. Great forests of pine and oak were on the island, and the magnificent Spanish moss, which is the chief beauty of the far-famed cemetery of Bonaventure at Savannah, festooned the branches of the forest. We erected our tents and built arbors over them, and, gathering moss from the woods, covered the roofs and sides of the arbors with it, until our camp on Dawfuskie became perhaps the most picturesque of all our "resting-places" in the war. We cleared a parade-ground in front of the camp, and there the daily "drill" continued.

Since this history was begun the writer has revisited Dawfuskie Island. In company with Captain Knowles of Company D, the Rev. W. N. Searles of Kingston, N. Y., and the Rev. A. M. Palmer of Staten Island, he landed again at Dawfuskie, at Cooper's Landing, in April, 1884. We expected to find the Southern planters back in their houses, and that, twenty-two years after we had evacuated their beautiful island, they would have re-established their homes upon it. We were surprised to find it occupied mostly by a few negroes who cultivated little patches of cotton, sweet potatoes, and water-melons, near by their cabins. These cabins were not better than they were in the war; and the old mansions of the planters were unoccupied, and fallen into decay. A single new and unpretentious house has been erected along the shore. We strolled up the sandy road and easily found the piece of woods where our camp had formerly been. The ground was overgrown with briars and brush, but it recalled many memories of the months we spent there in camp, and the dear fellows who had been our comrades then.

Major Beard of our regiment distinguished himself at this time by removing certain obstructions which the rebels had placed in Wall's Cut, an artificial channel connecting New

and Wright rivers. Wall's Cut and Dawfuskie Island were historic places; for on the 16th of September, 1779, when the city of Savannah was in the possession of the English, and was invested by the French forces under Count d'Estaing and the American army under General Lincoln, Colonel Maitland of the English army arrived at Dawfuskie Island and desired to form a junction with Provost in Savannah. He was unable to do so because the Savannah River was in the possession of the French. He chanced, however, upon some negro fishermen who were familiar with the creeks and marshes thereabouts, and they informed him of the passage through Wall's Cut. Aided by the tide and a dense fog he succeeded by this route in reaching Savannah, and the British garrison thus reinforced, successfully resisted the combined attack of the French and American allied forces, a few days afterwards. We were therefore on historic ground at Dawfuskie Island.

And now began one of the most difficult undertakings (and one of the most successful) of our entire history. True it was but subsidiary to the work of our comrades on Tybee Island in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, but it was nevertheless of the greatest importance.

Jones' and Bird's Islands are two flat marsh-islands, overflowed twice a day by the tides, opposite each other on the north and south banks of the Savannah River. It was determined that batteries should be erected upon them to cut off communication between Pulaski and Savannah. It was a work of great difficulty, but it was successfully accomplished, and chiefly by the Forty-eighth Regiment. The Seventh Connecticut, however, and later some other regiments, aided in the work. To begin with, some eight or ten thousand logs were cut in the woods at Dawfuskie, and carried on the shoulders of the men to the river-shore. (Who that recalls that lugging of logs will not feel his shoulders ache to this very day?) Thence the logs were transported on boats to Jones Island, and used to build a causeway, over which the heavy cannons were dragged. The islands them-

selves are a mere formation of mud, of the consistency of jelly, from four to twelve feet in depth, which the river has deposited upon shoals of sand. The surface is covered with matted sea-grass. It was a herculean task to cross this island, a distance of a mile, and drag heavy cannons over loose planks laid across the logs and place them in batteries. When the guns slipped off in the mud they had to be lifted on the planks again by main strength. But difficult as it was, the task was successfully accomplished, and the guns mounted on heavy plank-platforms at Venus Point. So "Battery Vulcan," on Jones' Island, and subsequently "Battery Hamilton," on Bird's Island, opposite, were erected. The work was all done at night. We are glad to be able to furnish from the graphic pen of the Rev. D. C. Knowles (then Captain of Company D), who was in command of the detachment which finally succeeded in moving the guns across the island and erecting them on the battery one dismal night, an account of his labors. He also tells the story of the most ridiculous project ever devised for attacking an "iron-clad," known among us as the *Cold-chisel Brigade*. He writes:

"On February 12, 1862, I was ordered to go down to Jones' Island with Lieutenants Miller and Lockwood, and a detail of 150 men. The guns, six in number, had already been landed on the island at a point one mile in a straight line from the point designated for the battery.

"Our task was to drag them over that distance to their destination. The corduroy-road for some reason had been abandoned after being laid a few hundred yards. We reached the spot where the guns were placed about sundown. Just as we were landing, a rebel gun-boat came up the river from the fort, stopped opposite us, about a mile away, and seemed to be curiously scanning our doings. Every moment we expected a shell, but for some reason they left us unmolested, and passed on to the city. Had they seen our cannon, which were covered with reeds, and thus screened from observation, they would not have left us so undisturbed to the tender mercies of swamp-fever.

"About dark, Lieutenant Wilson, afterward General Wilson, who captured Jefferson Davis, then a young officer in the regular army, landed, and explained the work to be done. Dividing my men into small reliefs under the command of non-commissioned officers, we at

once began the hardest task I ever saw performed by human beings. Six huge guns were to be transported over a mile of mud, so soft and bottomless that we sank ankle deep at every step, and oftentimes were in danger of being utterly mired in the treacherous morass. It was done in this wise: Planks 18 feet long, 16 inches wide, and very thick, were laid down and gauged like a railroad track, along which we carefully guided the wheels of the cannon. After they were all moved forward the planks were lifted out of the deep mire, carried forward, and laid again. Thus we proceeded the live-long night, and by nine o'clock the next morning every gun was mounted in position. I saw men that night standing upright in the mire knee-deep, fast asleep. The work done, I threw myself on a plank covered with the softest of Carolina soil, myself a pillar of mud, my head softly resting on mud, and with a full South Carolina sun burning in my face, slept as sweetly as a babe in its mother's arms. On this low, marshy island our regiment was quartered, two companies at a time, until the fort was taken. The purpose was to cut off all approach to the fort from Savannah for relief or assistance. Our duties were to support the battery in case of attack, and also to build a parapet before the guns. This was no easy task, as the men were compelled to stand knee-deep in the mud and water in the ditches, and what they threw up was so near the consistency of molasses that it refused to stay until the sun had dried it, when it took the hardness of stone. General Viele, in his report of this work, says: 'These islands, as well as all others in the river, are merely deposits of soft mud on sand-shoals, always covered at high tide, and overgrown with dank grasses.'

"In speaking of the mud-forts built there he also says: 'Although the material of which they are composed (mud highly saturated with water) is of the most unfavorable description, they are both creditable specimens of field-works, and evidence the great labor and perseverance of the troops under the most trying circumstances, the fatigue-parties always standing in water twenty-four hours.'

"One night in February a very high tide rolled in, covering the whole island, putting out our fires, and leaving us wallowing in water from one to three feet deep. We were literally at sea. Amid such discomforts, exposed to cutting winds and malarial odors, we fought with destiny until the middle of April.

"And now I come to an episode that is a type of many a curious plan that our civil war brought forth. Probably no contest ever produced so many novel expedients to circumvent an enemy as were born in the fertile brains of our inventive Yankee soldiers. Powder gun-boats, monitors, and mines hurling forts in the air are samples of these extra-military expedients for defeating a watchful foe. The

event I am now about to relate is not a whit behind the chiefest of them in hazard and reckless audacity.

"About the middle of March two deserters from the rebel lines came into our brigade and reported the existence of a steamer at Savannah clad with railroad iron, after the order of the celebrated *Merrimac*. They said a movement was on foot to run the vessel down with a body of troops, capture our forts on the banks of the Savannah, and thus open the way to the relief of Pulaski.

"Certain reports of officers making reconnoissances of the river seemed to corroborate the existence of such a vessel, and the fears of our officers were aroused for our safety and the success of our enterprises. Schemes for defence were at once devised, and the plan I now give in detail was adopted.

"It was supposed that the vessel lying low in the water, with sloping sides of iron like the roof of a house, would steam down the river and anchor directly between our batteries, of which we had two, one on either bank, and proceed boldly to shell us at close range, while all our shot in reply would fly harmlessly from her invulnerable covering. In the mean time the infantry would attack us in the rear, cut off retreat, and take us all prisoners at their convenience. The line of defence, therefore, must include the capture of the vessel by some expedient. The plan devised in the fertile brain of somebody was to take six common row-boats, three on either side of the river, man each of them with six oarsmen, six soldiers, and an officer. The soldiers were to be armed with revolvers, hand-grenades, cold-chisels, and sledge-hammers. The boats were to be well supplied with grappling-irons and ropes. Thus equipped, when the vessel came, the whole expedition was to row out from either shore, board the vessel by means of the ropes and grappling-irons, keep the gunners from the guns by the free use of hand-grenades thrown into the port-holes, and cutting through the iron roof by means of the cold-chisels and sledge-hammers, get inside the vessel and capture her, crew and all. Such, in brief, was the line of defence. Suffice it to say, the boats were selected, the material all sent down to the batteries, and the officer in command of the forts directed to select some one to lead the forlorn hope. I was called to the command. Selecting two lieutenants as assistants, we picked our crews, drilled our men, and awaited the final hour.

"While making preparations, Captain Hamilton, a prominent officer in the Third Artillery of the regular army, came down to inspect our progress, and report our condition. He sent for me to visit him in the Lieutenant-Colonel's tent. I explained our preparations, and asked advice. One point seemed to me not to have been well considered. I said to him, 'Captain, that vessel has steam and an

engine, and it seems to me if we should succeed in getting a force on her sloping sides, and threatening to take her, they would slip their cables, steam up the Savannah, and carry us off to jail with all dispatch.' 'But you must stop her,' said he. 'Well, how?' was my reply. He sat a moment in silent meditation, when he broke out: 'I do not know any better way than to take strong ropes, fasten them to her anchor or some part of the vessel, and then attach the other end to the screw, so that when the wheel starts the rope will wind up and stop its revolutions.' 'Not a very easy thing to do, it strikes me,' said I, 'in such a rapid current as this river, and that too while cannon are thundering in our very faces.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is a desperate case, and we must hold these batteries at any cost. You must do the best you can, at any rate.'

"Just at that moment a thought struck me, suggested by my knowledge of the construction of a steam-boiler and the presence of the cold-chisels. I ventured to suggest it as a new plan of offence. 'Captain,' said I, 'why could we not board the vessel, strike at once for the smoke-stack, and cutting a hole in it, throw down a bomb-shell, blow up these tubes that run through the boiler, and thus let out the steam and scald the crew, and take the whole institution at a blow.'

"The Captain sprang to his feet, with a face all radiant with joy, and with many big words which I do not desire to repeat, declared that the thing should be done, and consequently a huge bomb-shell, with fuse all ready, was placed in each boat as a part of our armament. And while we waited the coming of our foe we wrote to our friends the possibility of our fate, and talked together of a grave in the muddy flood of the Savannah. For we all felt assured that nothing less than an interposition of Providence could save us from certain destruction. To row half a mile in the face of such a foe, in such a rapid current, in crowded boats, and board a vessel under such conditions, was an enterprise that had in it few chances of success. Disaster in all probability would have been the end of such an expedition. And yet in the face of these convictions we entered on the project with all the ardor of assured victory. The devoted band was denominated 'The Cold-chisel Brigade,' and when the enterprise was finally abandoned the cold-chisels were seized as souvenirs of a project that gained at the time quite a local notoriety.

"Suffice it to say the report was false. No such vessel then existed; and when General Hunter took command of the Department he made an early visit to the batteries to see what the 'Cold-chisel Brigade' was proposing to do, and with the curt remark, 'What fool got up that plan?' he ordered it disbanded."

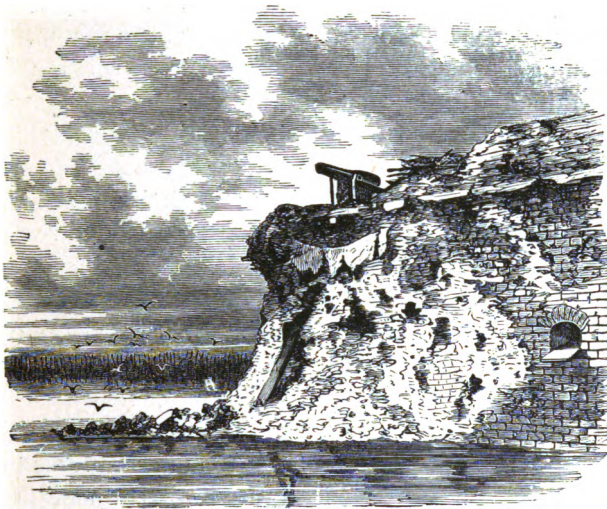
While we were at work at the batteries on the mud-islands, Captain Gillmore had succeeded in erecting on Tybee Island the splendid batteries which were destined to demolish Fort Pulaski. The work on Tybee also was of a laborious nature, it requiring 250 men to move a single cannon with a sling-cart over the sand and mud to its place. However, on the 9th of April Gillmore had 11 batteries erected, mounting 36 guns. The nearest to the fort were Batteries Potter and McClellan, which were only 1650 yards distant. Each battery had a magazine containing two days' supply of ammunition, and a great powder-magazine, with a capa-



GENERAL DAVID HUNTER.

city of 3000 barrels, was constructed near the martello tower. On March 31st General T. W. Sherman was relieved in command of the Department of the South by Major-General David Hunter. General Hunter, accompanied by General Benham, the district-commander, arrived on Tybee Island on the evening of April 8th. At sunrise on the 10th he sent a summons to Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, the Confederate commander of Fort Pulaski, to surrender. His refusal was in this memorable phrase: "I am here to defend this fort, not to surrender it." At quarter-past eight o'clock Gilmore's batteries on Tybee opened fire. All day long they

hurled their deadly shot and shell upon the doomed fortress; all night long, at intervals of fifteen and twenty minutes, they kept up their fire. At sunrise the next morning, with redoubled fury, the batteries continued their work; not until two o'clock in the afternoon did the fort capitulate. It had made a brave defence, for the Parrott projectiles, some of which had cut their way through six and seven feet of brick wall, had made a terrible breach on the angle of the fort facing Tybee Island. The fight was nearly blood-



BREACH IN FORT PULASKI.

less: the Confederates lost one killed and several wounded; the Federals only one killed. Forty-seven heavy guns were taken with the fort, 40,000 pounds of gunpowder, large quantities of fixed ammunition and commissary stores, and 300 prisoners. Who does not remember watching that magnificent bombardment from the bank in front of our camp on Dawfuskie Island? It was a grand spectacle, which never can be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. It demonstrated forever that brick walls could no longer withstand the projectiles of modern artillery. It lifted the name

of Captain Gillmore into renown. He was promoted to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers. To say that the Confederates were dumbfounded at their defeat is to speak mildly. I quote from the historical sketch of the (rebel) "Chatham Artillery:" "Not for a moment was it believed that the walls could be breached or the fort rendered untenable by any fire which might be brought to bear from guns located on Tybee Island. This opinion was freely expressed by General Robert E. Lee, and by other officers, whose judgment, and experience inspired confidence. Such an achievement had never in the history of artillery been accomplished by breaching batteries. Novel results, however, were soon to be attained with the aid of rifle-guns and conical shot and percussion shells, for the anticipation of which the military mind had not been prepared by the accepted lessons of former days." That reflection upon their defeat was at least philosophical. For the next month we remained quietly in our camp on Dawfuskie Island, resting after the severe toils on the mud-islands. Many of the men were ill with malarial fevers, contracted during their exposure on the marshes, but the most of them recovered in the balmy air of the spring-time.

Not a few will remember kindly the four lady-nurses, whose names have already been mentioned, who nursed them in the hospital on Dawfuskie, and whose connection with our regiment ceased from that time. Rattlesnakes abounded on the island. Some of the boys—notably Bugler Anthony Schellings—found pleasure in hunting for them; the writer did not. It was here that Hospital Steward Fisher had his adventure with the goat. The goat had become a regimental pet, and was facetiously called a member of the Colonel's "staff," as he always presented himself on dress-parade, and took his position near the Colonel. One day Mr. Fisher held a \$10 greenback in his hand and shook it towards the goat, saying, "Wouldn't you like to have that, Billy?" The goat opened his mouth, made one jump, and caught the greenback before Fisher could rescue it, and

instantly swallowed it. The Hospital Steward tried to persuade the Colonel to permit him to rip the goat open; but that was not to be the fate of Billy: he was destined, years afterward, to make a tough meal for the regiment known as the "Lost Children," who are believed to have stolen and eaten him. Our mails came regularly to the camp on Dawfuskie, and the papers from the North were eagerly read, and many an argument ensued concerning the merits and demerits of the battles which our comrades in the Northern and Western armies were fighting. The officers in their tents told each other how they would have conducted the campaigns; and the privates round their camp-fires eagerly read the news, and often wished that they were participants in the battles. The writer remembers when the papers arrived which described the first day's fight at Pittsburg Landing. General Grant was greatly blamed for permitting himself to be surprised (as it was supposed) by a superior force, with the river in his rear and Buell's army a long distance from him. Not until the next mail arrived did we learn of the great victory that he really had won, and a remark of Colonel Perry's, as he laid down the paper, is recalled. He said, "If I were the Secretary of War I would dismiss that man Grant for such incompetency." Little did he then know what a catastrophe to the Republic it would have been if his hasty judgment had been carried out. We received our pay every two months in those days—at first in gold, but soon and always afterwards in greenbacks. The sutler's tent was convenient, and he got the most of our money. It recalls an effusion of a South Carolina darkey:

"Big bee sucks de blossom,
Little bee makes de honey;
Colored people grows de cotton,
White people gets de money."

By substituting "private soldiers" for "colored people" and the "sutler" for "white people," that doggerel will apply very well to our experience in those days. Early in the

month of May most of the troops who had been with us on Dawfuskie Island were withdrawn. The Sixth Connecticut and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, which had encamped near us, left. Finally, on the 23d of May, we received orders to proceed to Fort Pulaski, to do garrison duty there. Our officers felt greatly indignant at that order. It was like putting them in prison to shut them up within the walls of the fort. There was, however, no alternative but for us to go. As a matter of fact, the authorities at Washington did not seem to require much to be done in our Department, but were satisfied that we should hold the sea-islands and occasionally worry the enemy in a little skirmish; and perhaps it was as well for us to be in Fort Pulaski as to be anywhere else. On May 25th we left Dawfuskie on the steamer *Mattano* for the fort, leaving behind, however, companies E and B, under Captain Coan, for picket-duty on the island. They rejoined us the last day of the month. We relieved the Seventh Connecticut, then commanded by Colonel A. H. Terry (the Lieutenant-Colonel was Joseph R. Hawley), in the garrison of Fort Pulaski. Then began our long period of inactivity, for we were destined to remain, as that garrison, a year.

CHAPTER IV.

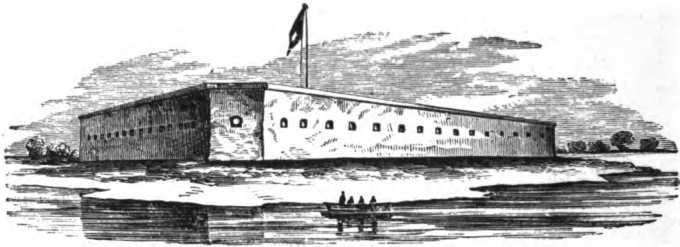
Fort Pulaski—June 1, 1862, to May 31, 1863.

The Fort—In Garrison—Fatigue Duty—Quarters in the Casemates—The Fort Revisited in 1884—Drill—Wreck of the Sutler's Schooner—Death of Colonel Perry—Colonel Barton Succeeds to the Command—Captain Knowles Resigns—Expedition to Bluffton—General Mitchel Succeeds General Hunter—Visit and Address from General Mitchel—His Death—Chaplain Strickland—Pocotaligo and Coosawhatchie—Coosawhatchie Revisited—Report of Colonel Barton—Sports at Fort Pulaski—The Theatre—The "Barton Dramatic Association"—"Talking in the Ranks"—Order of Major Beard—Thanksgiving Day, 1862—Lieutenant-Colonel Beard Resigns—Chaplain Strickland Resigns—Flags of Truce—Colored Regiments—Lieutenant Corwin Promoted—Capture of Steamer *General Lee*—Tybee—A Mammoth Sea-Turtle—The Blockade-runner *Sadowa*—Life in the Fort—the Ladies—The Musicians.

FORT PULASKI is situated on Cockspur Island, a marshy island about a mile in length and half a mile wide, at the mouth of the Savannah River and at the head of Tybee Roads. It was a brick work of five faces, including the gorge, casemated on all sides with walls $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick and rising 25 feet above high-water. It mounted one tier of guns in embrasure and one *en barbette*. The gorge was covered by an earthenwork "demilune" of bold relief; both the main work and the demilune were surrounded and divided by a moat, 48 feet in width around the main work, 32 around the demilune. Two drawbridges over the moats and a low sally-port formed the communication with the exterior. A full armament for the work was 140 guns.* When we entered it June 1, 1862, everything was in great confusion: the breach made by Gillmore's guns yawned in its side, and the masonry was everywhere broken. For many

* See General Gillmore's Report.

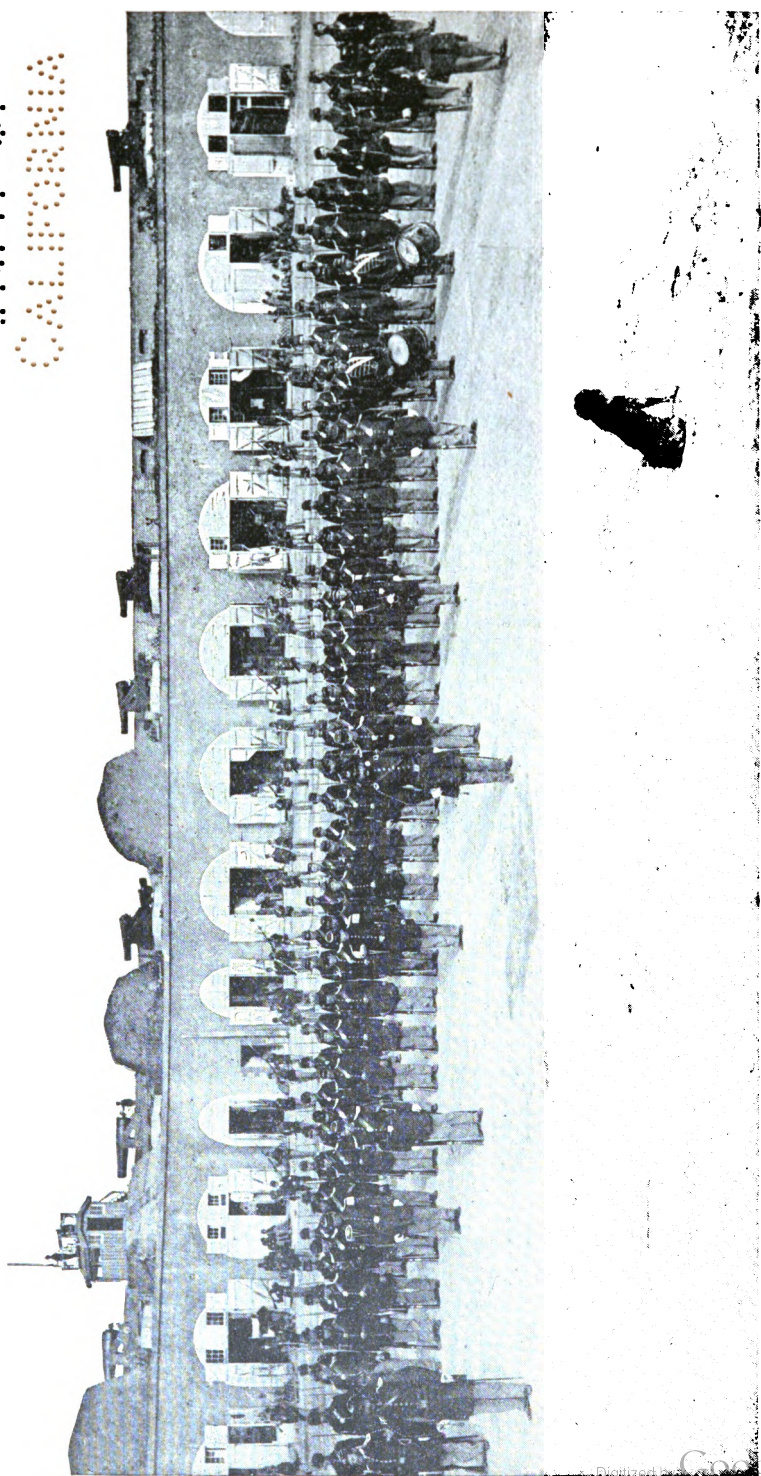
a weary week the daily details for fatigue-duty worked away at repairing the fort. The brick walls rose again at the breach, the *terre-plein* was levelled to make a drill-ground; the companies were quartered in the casemates, the men erecting bunks for themselves by the side of the cannon. The rebuilding of the fort was a long and tedious task, onerous and distasteful to soldiers; nevertheless it was at last completed, and Fort Pulaski was put in better shape than it had been for years. The guns were remounted, both in casemates and on the parapet; one company of the Third Rhode Island Artillery under Captain Gould, a detachment of Serrell's Engineers, and the Forty-eighth Regiment com-



FORT PULASKI.

prised the entire garrison. Our men were drilled at the guns, and became at last efficient as artillerists as well as in the drill of infantry. The officers' casemates of course were better than those of the enlisted men, but even there there was a great scarcity of furniture. A steam-condenser was procured, and the water for the garrison was condensed from the moat. The old boilers are there still (1884), rusted and useless, and the great moats are filled with mud and grown up with rushes. A signal station was erected on the parapet, and we were in communication by signal with Braddock's Point; later a submarine telegraph-cable was laid to the fort. Two or three times a week a little steamer made the trip to Hilton Head, bringing mails and stores with regularity. No sutler was allowed in the fort, and many of the boys turned tradesmen. Who will not recall Jackson as

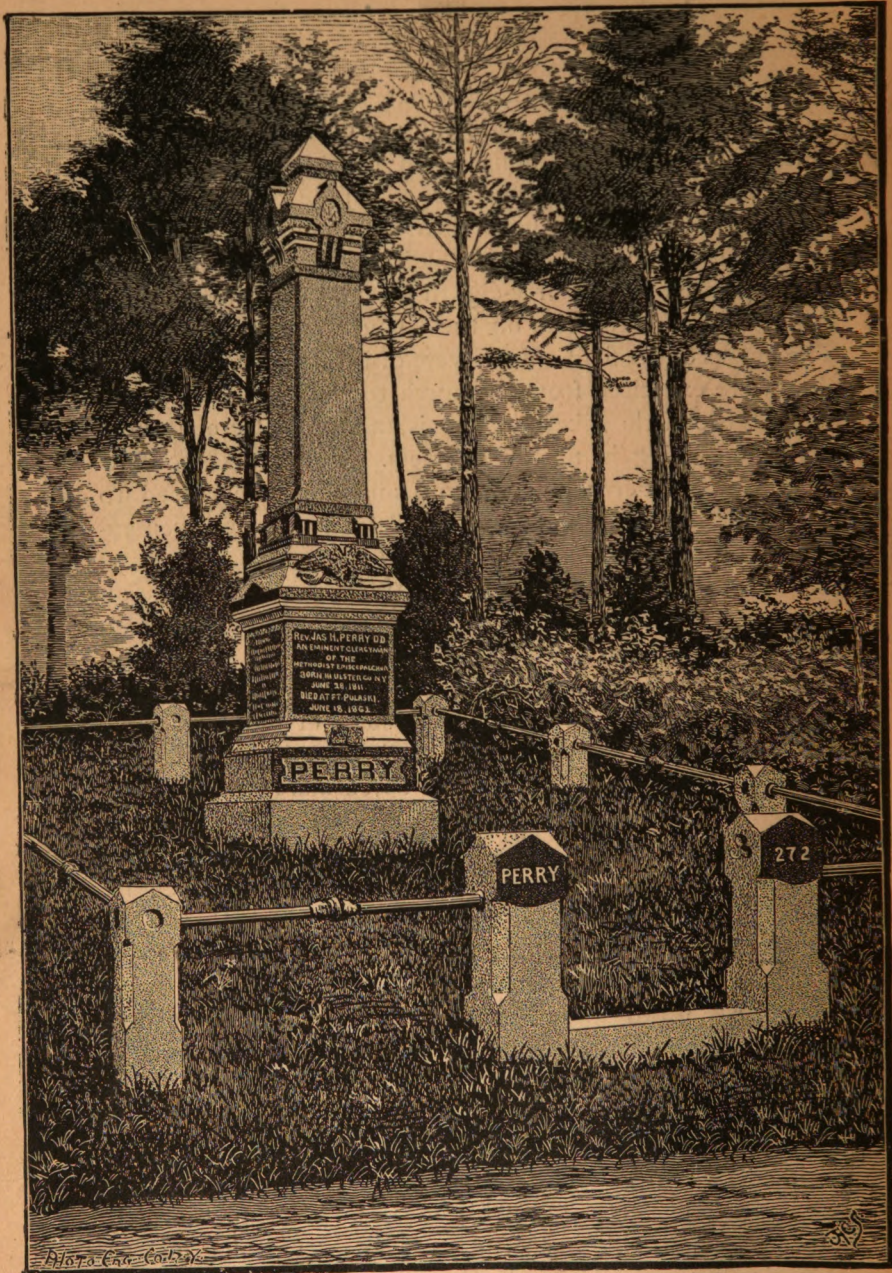
DAY OF
COLLECTING



A COMPANY (E) OF THE 48TH REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLUNTEERS, FORT PULASKI, GA.

he used to pass through the casemates calling out "Borden's condensed milk"? The regiment was drilled to the greatest efficiency. Guns were polished in those days, and scales must shine and gloves be worn on parade; and the writer does not remember to have seen even a crack regiment of militia or any other body of soldiers whose evolutions surpassed those of the Forty-eighth when at drill in Fort Pulaski. But our quarters on the island were circumscribed. The horses of the field-officers were of little use; occasionally they were exercised from the north to the south dock and around the little dikes on the island. We were a thousand men, living in narrow quarters. Under that confinement Colonel Perry pined; more and more he ceased to take exercise, and sometimes for days would not even appear upon parade.

On the 16th and 17th of June a terrible storm broke on the coast. In the height of it a sutler's schooner came ashore on Cockspur Island. She was laden with stores, and with many cases of liquors and barrels of wine and beer. The crew was rescued with difficulty by some of our boys; but when the liquor came ashore at the breaking-up of the wreck the opportunity for a great spree was more than the men could withstand, and many of "Perry's Saints" "fell from grace." Colonel Perry was greatly mortified at their behavior, and who will not recall the way in which he walked through our quarters in the casemates that day? He was held in such respect that there was no private soldier, however intoxicated, who was able to recognize him, who did not rise up to salute him, and all disorder ceased everywhere around the casemates at his approach. Two days afterward, early in the afternoon of June 18, 1862, while in his quarters, he was stricken with apoplexy, and, without speaking a word, died. A great sadness fell upon the regiment, who mourned him as if he had been their father. He had taken great care of "his boys," and they had formed a great love for him. Often in the early morning he was found going around among the cooks, tasting the coffee,

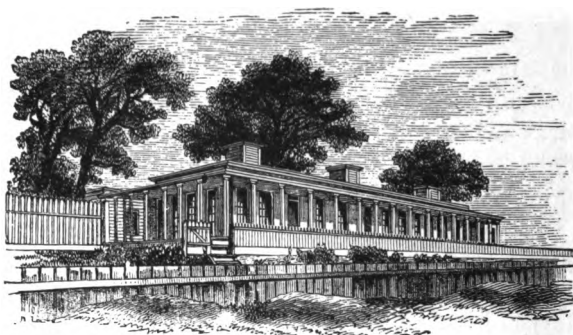


MONUMENT TO COLONEL PERRY.

and ascertaining for himself the quality of the rations that were to be distributed to the men. His death was a calamity to his regiment as it was an affliction to his friends and a loss to his country. High hopes had been entertained of him; he possessed such fine qualities of mind, that many who were partial to him anticipated a great career for him in the army. His majestic bearing, his noble face, who can ever forget? But he never had "a fair field" in the war. It was his misfortune, 1st, to lack that political acquaintance and influence which was necessary to gain position at the outbreak of the rebellion; 2d, to be assigned to a department where nothing of moment was done; and, 3d, to have engendered the envy of his immediate military superiors. He was a man of nobler bearing and finer attainments than any of them. His clerical profession also was against him for it was reckoned, however untruthfully, that "parsons" were not the men to fight. We buried him outside the fort, the regiment firing a salute above his grave. But his remains were afterwards removed to Cypress Hills Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I., where a noble monument of granite has now been erected to his memory by the comrades of the James H. Perry Post, G. A. R., the survivors of his regiment, and a generous donation from the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church of Brooklyn. Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Barton succeeded to the Colonelcy; Major Beard was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain James M. Green, of Company F to Major. Captain Knowles of Company D, to whom we are indebted for the account of the work on Jones' Island, broken in health by exposure, resigned his commission in July, Lieutenant Paxson became Captain of the "Die-no-mores." On August 29th Captain Travis of Company C resigned. Other changes occurred among the officers of the regiment at this time, which can be ascertained by referring to the rolls of the companies in this volume. So the long hot summer passed; yet it was often cool in the casemates, especially at night. But the mosquitoes and sand-flies were the greatest

nuisance. Life in the garrison was a monotonous routine, the events of one day being repeated the next day and every day, and the diaries which we have examined contain little of interest except in what was personal to the writers.

We made two expeditions that summer and fall to Bluffton, "on the main," a summer resort of the planters, from the sea-coast islands, destroying the salt-works in the neighborhood, and "confiscating" a piano and such furniture as could be brought away for the officers' quarters in the fort. The second expedition burned about two thirds of the town by command of General Hunter, in retalia-



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS HUNTER AND MITCHEL.

tion for certain unwarlike depredations by the enemy. The spoliation of Bluffton formed the ground of an indignant protest by General Beauregard to General Gillmore a year later, and certain of us lived to be threatened with punishment for that deed, when we were in Beauregard's power as prisoners of war.*

On October 18, 1862, on returning from an expedition up May River, we lost four wounded from the enemy's firing into us, and one of the wounded men, Corporal George Durand of Company B, died the following day. He was the first man of the regiment to fall at the hands of the

* See "Military Operations of General Beauregard," vol. ii. p. 483.

enemy. On September 16, 1862, Major-General O. M. Mitchel arrived at Hilton Head, and assumed command of the Department of the South, relieving Major-General David Hunter. General Mitchel had been famed in civil life as an astronomer, and in military life in the West for "doing things." We now anticipated more active service under his command. He visited us at Fort Pulaski, and highly complimented our drill. He made us a brief address on the *terre-plein*, a report of which (found in *The New South* of September 20, 1862) is appended :

"SOLDIERS OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH: It gives me great pleasure to meet you here inside of this fortress: a fortress recovered by your own prowess from the enemy; a fortress you now hold; a fortress planned by the Government of the United States and built by it, but which had been seized by the rebels. Those rebels you have dispossessed; those rebels you have compelled to lower their flag before you, and those rebels you have been instrumental in defeating and capturing. I need not say to you—understanding the nature of this war and all its objects—what you are expected to do. You are too intelligent; you think too much; you are volunteers, and as volunteers you understand your duty and the responsibilities devolved upon you. I am here a stranger to you; but I trust not entirely a stranger in name, although this probably is the first time you have had the opportunity of looking upon my face and form. I am here to say that we have an immense work to perform. I am just from the North, where, having conversed and associated with the thinking men of the country, I am satisfied that the work before us is the most stupendous, the most arduous, that has ever been attempted; and it is a work in which we never can be successful unless we enter upon it with a firm determination never to succumb. I believe that we are fighting the battle of Human Liberty, not for this country alone, but for the whole world. I believe that the despotisms of the Old World would say, if this Great Republic were rent in twain, that it was an absolute fallacy to believe that man can govern himself, and that the interests of the governing class and of the people were so radically diverse as to render all attempts at Republican government failures. If we permit the iron heel of the Southern aristocracy to crush us, I undertake to say before you all, that the last hope of Humanity will die out forever. All lovers of humanity are looking upon us with anxiety. Responsibilities are devolving upon us, greater than have ever before devolved upon any people on the earth. The responsibilities of the French Revolution

were nothing compared to those under which we labor. That was a contest against oppression, an uprising of the people against tyranny. But this is a contest for human freedom—a contest for the absolute supremacy of the people ; it is a contest in which is arrayed absolute liberty on the one hand, and on the other the most hateful and abominable aristocracy. And now the grand question is this: Are we to meet with success or not? We cannot meet with success unless the soldier enjoys the confidence of his officers, and the officers that of the soldier. Now, I am an old soldier—so old, that thirty years ago I was stationed in the regular army at St. Augustine ; and though at that time I had not the slightest idea of reaching the official rank I



GENERAL MITCHEL.

now hold, yet I am now the commanding officer of this Department I have been in the field, and I understand it perfectly. I have fought the enemy through four hundred miles of territory, and never knew what it was to be checked or turned back. [Loud cheers and cries of 'Good,' 'That's the talk,' etc.] I will tell you of another trait of my character. I am very restless. I don't know how to be still. If you were to confine me within a fortress, or upon one of these islands, I should feel as though I were in a penitentiary. I don't know what the object of the Government was in sending me here ; but it is the duty of a good soldier to obey orders, without waiting for words of explanation, and as a good soldier I obeyed. I was told that I would receive instructions here—instructions which had been given my predecessor—and would answer for my guidance. I find that those instructions permit me to do pretty much as I please ; and I shall en-

deavor to do the best I can. I assure you of this : that I will omit no opportunity of giving you active employment. You shall have no time for sighing and lamenting over your inactivity if we can find anything to do. Be assured that if I can use you, no opportunity will escape for active duty if you are ready for the field. [Prolonged applause, with cries of ' We're ready,' etc.]

" Now a perfect confidence between the officers and their commanding-officer—between the soldiers and their commanding-general—is necessary for success. I am delighted with the appearance of this regiment. I don't want any better-looking regiment. You all look like good soldiers—and a good soldier I love. I could get off my horse and take him to my arms. But a mean soldier I contemn and despise. Now, a good soldier knows his duty, and loves his duty, and performs his duty because it is his duty. He obeys an order because it is given him. He treats his military superior with deference because it is his duty. He knows that as a good soldier he must show that military deference to every officer. If this military deference can be mingled with personal respect for your superiors, so much the better ; but the two are not to be confounded, nor is one to be mistaken for the other. A good soldier, when he lies down at night, conscious of having performed his duty perfectly, don't care whether he gets up alive or dead. [Cachinnations along the line.] I want you to understand that you have made a free-will offering of yourselves to your country and to the great cause of human liberty. Your lives are not your own. My life is not my own. A good soldier should be ever striving to better himself. A private should struggle for a place among the non-commissioned officers. Having attained this, he should never be satisfied till he is a lieutenant ; and a lieutenant is good for nothing unless he strives to be a captain. Once made a captain, he should aim to command a regiment, and by faithful, earnest service to fit himself for the position of a brigadier. Then let him press steadily forward, until the whole country shall take him up, and say, ' Make that man a major-general, and give him an army corps.' But let him stop there. We don't need a commander-in-chief.

" We want many armies. A grand, magnificent army is a glorious sight—the most glorious that the sun ever shone upon. Anybody can become a drilled soldier, and every officer can make drilled soldiers ; but then the next thing is to inspire them with a proper determination to die, if need be, in the performance of their duty. When this is done, an army corps is a soldier himself, instinct with life, and vigor, and determination. Then the commanding officer must have the wisdom, the discretion, and the force to compel victory to perch upon his banner. Your fortunes are to a certain extent in my keeping.

Rest assured that day and night I shall think of you; day and night I shall care for you, and your interests shall be in my thoughts. Rest assured that I shall endeavor to see that you get from the Government all that it has promised you, punctually and systematically. In return, I shall expect from you the most complete and perfect service, the most absolute devotion. When I order you to move, I shall expect you to go forward with spirit and alacrity. When I ask you to attack yonder battery, I shall expect you to march over it, and to plant your bayonets beyond it, halting when the word is given—not before. Now, boys, we understand each other."

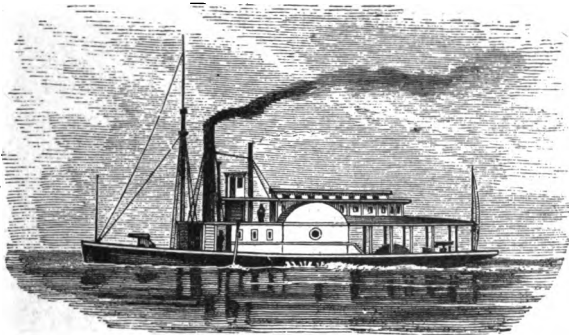
The report adds that—

"The General concluded his address amid the most enthusiastic cheers, after which the regiment was dismissed. Subsequently the casemates were visited, and an inspection was made of the quarters and of the well-ordered hospital under the charge of Dr. Mulford, With all that he saw the General expressed his gratification, and in private conversation complimented the Forty-eighth even more warmly than in his public speech. A dinner at the quarters of Colonel Barton, attended by sweet music from the regimental band, and a personal introduction to the officers of the regiment, were the final features of the visit of General Mitchel to Pulaski."

Our new commander at once planned an advance, having as its final object the capture of Charleston, but initiated by an expedition to destroy the Charleston and Savannah Railroad in the vicinity of Pocotaligo and Coosawhatchie. Before the expedition was ready to start, however, General Mitchel was taken down with yellow-fever. He was removed from Hilton Head to the more healthful locality of Beaufort; and there, in the parlors of a fine mansion in that deserted town, on the 30th of October, he died. While he was ill a request came to Fort Pulaski that Chaplain Strickland of the Forty-eighth should visit him. To visit a man sick with yellow-fever was not a coveted duty in those days, and a consultation was held in the fort as to whether the chaplain ought to go. The noble man cut it short by saying, "If I knew I would get my death, I would go;" and he did go, and took with him to the bedside of the dying

soldier such comforts as a faithful Christian minister can render. Happily he escaped the disease; perhaps God cares for His workmen when they are at His work. Chaplain Strickland was not destined to die till twenty-two years afterward,—in July, 1884,—at Ocean Grove, N. J., when it was the writer's privilege to speak at his funeral.

General Brannan, who was next in command to General Mitchel, perfected the arrangements for the expedition during the commanding-general's sickness. He gathered an effective force of between four and five thousand men, on transports, and, accompanied by gunboats, moved up



THE PLANTER.

the Broad River and Bee's Creek, and, landing his forces at Mackey's Point, pushed on some miles in the direction of Pocotaligo. A detachment of three hundred men of the Forty-eighth Regiment and fifty of the Third Rhode Island Artillery had embarked at Fort Pulaski on the steamer *Planter*, on the 21st, under Colonel Barton, and accompanied the expedition. We did not land, however, with the main body of troops at Mackey's Point, but proceeded farther up the river for the purpose of cutting the railroad some miles south of Pocotaligo, and hindering the arrival of reinforcements from Savannah.

We were accompanied up the Coosawhatchie River by the gunboats *Patroon* and *Uncas* [or *Marblehead*], until

they got aground, and then we went on alone. The *Planter* (the famous boat which had been run out of Charleston Harbor by its colored pilot, Robert Small) carried an armament of four guns, and they would be some protection. We also got aground at Dawson's Plantation, and Colonel Barton ordered us ashore and marched us straight towards the railroad. We advanced up the narrow road through a dense forest for some two miles toward the village of Coosawhatchie. Just as we reached an open space, near the village we heard the whistle of an engine. The men were quickly deployed along the bank of the railroad—Company H, who were in advance as skirmishers, on the left—and were hidden by the underbrush. The train came thundering by,—a long train, mostly of platform-cars,—heavily loaded with Confederate soldiers on their way to reinforce General W. S. Walker at Pocotaligo. We were certainly not more than ten yards from the track when the train came by. At a given order we rose and fired. Some of the boys had brought along a little howitzer, which they aimed at the boiler of the engine. It was a terrible and unexpected volley which we fired into them. Their commander, Major Harrison, was killed, and some seventy of them were killed and wounded. The rest jumped from the platform-cars to the ground on the other side of the track with the greatest agility. We captured some prisoners, and one of their flags and some small-arms. The flag belonged to the "Whippy Swamp Guards."

The writer has always felt that our firing into that train was a cruel ambushade. But such are the practices of war. The conductor of the train on that railroad (by which we visited Coosawhatchie again in the spring of '84) told us that that engine, bearing still the bullet-marks of that day, was yet in use upon the road. Coosawhatchie is now a quiet, sleepy little village, and there is nothing but the ruins of a fortification at the railroad crossing to indicate that that was in any sense an historic spot.

• We were followed back to our boat, to which we retreated

through the woods, by a few cavalry, Their parting volley severely wounded Lieutenant Blanding of the Third Rhode Island Artillery, who had accompanied us. Our forces at Pocotaligo were repulsed with great loss. We had succeeded, however, in destroying the railroad and the telegraph lines, and the three hundred men of the Forty-eighth under Colonel Barton had won the only success of our arms on that day, and had possibly saved the forces of General Brannan from destruction. Chaplain Strickland was greatly indignant at the order to retreat. He insisted that we should have marched straight on upon the "Confederacy," his zeal being greater than his discretion. As a matter of fact, only a quick retreat to our boat, before the enemy could rally from their discomfiture, and come in behind us on a cross-road, saved us all from being captured. We returned to Fort Pulaski feeling that we had won a very "little" victory. I append entire Colonel Barton's report of the affair :

"HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, }
FORT PULASKI, GA., October 23, 1862. }

"CAPTAIN: I have the honor to report my share in the recent operations against the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. In accordance with orders from General Mitchel, received on the evening of the 20th inst., I left this Post at eight o'clock A.M. on the 21st inst., with three hundred men of the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers and fifty men of Third Rhode Island Artillery (the latter under command of Captain John H. Gould), with three days' cooked and seven days uncooked rations, on board the armed transport *Planter*.

"On arriving at Hilton Head I received instructions as to my number in the line of the fleet, and also directions to report to Brigadier-General Brannan, who commanded the expedition on reaching Mackey's Point, for further orders. Soon after daylight on the morning of the 22d, I reported to General Brannan on board the *Ben Deford*, and was directed by him to proceed with my command up the Coosawhatchie River—as near to the town of that name as I might deem practicable; and disembarking under cover of the gun-boats, which were to accompany me, to move toward the town and, if possible, reach the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and destroy it at that point, and the bridge on it over the Coosawhatchie River.

"I was fully instructed, however, not to hazard too much in order to accomplish the above ; but, if opposed by a force at all superior, to fall back under cover of the fleet. There was some delay in starting, arising from the gun-boats being well to the rear, which I improved in borrowing from Commander Steedman, on board the flag-ship *Paul Jones*, a twelve-pound dahlgren boat-howitzer and fifty-two rounds of ammunition, which proved of great service to me, and for which I desire to return my thanks. I was also furnished, by General Brannan's order, with fifty men from the New York Volunteer Engineers, under command of Captain Eaton, provided with the necessary implements for cutting the railroad, etc.

"We were soon under way, and had proceeded some three miles up the river when the gun-boats turned around and went back, in compliance, as I was informed, with an order from the flag-ship. I however continued on my course in the *Planter*, meanwhile signalling to the flag-officer for at least one gun-boat, in reply to which he kindly sent two, viz., the *Patroon* and the *Marblehead*, which followed after the lapse of a few minutes. The river at this point was very narrow and winding, but the water in most places was over twelve feet in depth at low-tide. I found no difficulty, therefore, in reaching a point two miles distant from Coosawhatchie ; but, it now being almost dead low-tide, further progress by water was rendered impossible by the *Planter* running aground. Throwing a few shells in the woods, I disembarked with my infantry and engineers as expeditiously as possible, taking with me the boat-howitzer (referred to above), in charge of Captain Gould, Third Rhode Island Artillery, and a detachment of twelve of his men. The swampy nature of the ground rendered landing difficult ; but, losing no time, I advanced towards the main road, sending a request to the officer in command of the *Patroon*—the gun-boat nearest me, and about one mile and a half astern—to cover the road in my rear as I advanced. I should state here that both the gun-boats were unfortunately aground, and were thus prevented from taking a position nearer to the *Planter*.

"My advance reported squads of cavalry in sight as the main body entered the road, which it did at right angle to the point of disembarkation. The road proved to be an excellent one—hard and firm, and evidently repaired but an hour or two before, the dirt being still fresh, and the tracks upon it showed plainly that artillery, infantry, and cavalry had just passed over it. I continued my advance toward the town, driving in the enemy's pickets and skirmishing the country as thoroughly as possible, when about one mile from the village the whistle of a locomotive was heard. I was informed by the 'contraband,' who had been furnished as a guide, that it was the 'dirt train'

which always passed at that hour, and which, he said, was well on its way to Savannah. A few moments, however, proved that he had misinformed me; for when the main body had arrived at a point within a few hundred yards of the town, and when the skirmishers had already reached the railroad track and telegraph line, the train was heard and seen coming rapidly down the road. I quickly placed my battalion in position, and, as the train approached, I directed a heavy and rapid fire upon it with grape and canister and musketry. This fire was very destructive. The train consisted of eight cars, six of which were platforms crowded with men, the two box-cars filled with officers. There were also two light field-pieces on board. Many were seen to fall at the first fire (among them the engineer), and twenty-five or thirty jumped from the train, most of whom were maimed or killed, the rest, with one exception, betaking themselves to the woods and swamp on the other side of the track. We carried away or destroyed here about thirty stands of arms, mostly rifles, and secured one officer's sword and cap and a stand of silk colors belonging to the 'Whippy Swamp Guards.' We left a number of the enemy's dead and wounded on the track. I have since learned, from the Savannah papers of the 24th and 25th, that among the killed at this point was Major Harrison of the Eleventh Georgia Regiment, which regiment, with the guards named above, was on the train. Immediately after the train had passed, Captain Eaton, by my direction, set vigorously to work tearing up the railroad track and demolishing the telegraph line, and continued this until the retreat was sounded. After this occurrence I concluded if possible to push rapidly into the town and attack the troops while in the confusion of disembarking, and marched forward for that purpose. I had proceeded but a short distance, however, before I came in full view of the enemy's forces, advantageously posted on the other side of the public-road bridge, between that and the railroad bridge; they were flanked on their left by the river, and on the right by a thick swamp, with three pieces of artillery commanding the bridge. They immediately opened fire upon us with their artillery and infantry; fortunately, however, for us, firing too high. I fired a few rounds in return, when, as it was now nearly night, and the enemy's reinforcements above were double my entire force, I marched slowly back to my boats. During my retreat the skirmishers frequently observed and encountered small bodies of the enemy's cavalry, who were, however, easily driven off. I directed Captain Eaton of the engineers to destroy the bridges on the road in my rear, which he did thoroughly, thus in a measure hindering the pursuit. The enemy, however, made his appearance and attacked us with infantry and artillery three several times during our embarkation, but on

each instance we drove them off with serious loss, as they were directly under the guns of the *Planter* and *Patroon*.

"As soon as the steamer again floated we returned to Mackey's Point, by order of General Brannan, and thence, by way of Hilton Head, to this Post.

"I regret to report that, during the last attack of the enemy, Lieutenant J. B. Blanding, Third Rhode Island Artillery, at that time in charge of the *Planter's* guns, was dangerously wounded in the left arm and side; he is now, however, doing well. This was the only casualty on our side during the day.

"It affords me great pleasure to state that every officer and man of my command behaved, during the entire day, in the most commendable manner, evincing only a desire to meet the enemy, and regret at the necessity of retreat.

"Major Green, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, and Captain Strickland, Acting Major do., were especially useful.

"Captain Gould, Third Rhode Island Artillery, also rendered me most efficient service, as did also Captain Eaton, Serrels' Volunteer Engineers, all of whom displayed the utmost zeal, energy, and ability in all they were called upon to perform.

"I have the honor to be, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. B. BARTON,

"Colonel Forty-eighth New York State Volunteers,
Commanding Post.

"CAPTAIN LAMBERT, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*"

Many personal adventures might be added, while we remained in Fort Pulaski, did space permit. For instance, the unique experience of a boat's crew of five men, under the command of Lieutenant Perry, who on September 27, 1862, were sent up the river with dispatches under a flag of truce, and who undertook to row past the pickets and take a look at the rebel ram that was being built at Savannah. The fire from the rifles of the pickets did not stop them, but a shot from Fort Jackson did. They were held as prisoners for three days, and then they were let go. Foley, who was one of the crew, and who has told the writer of the adventure, says that the reason the rebels let them go, he suspects, was because they were such a "lively crowd." They

did not esteem themselves as the most "shining lights" of "Perry's Saints." Their names were: Lieutenant Perry; Privates Luyster of Company H, Smith of C, McGinniss and Foley of F, and Moon of D.

General Hunter again assumed command of the Department after the lamented death of General Mitchel, and life at Fort Pulaski resumed with us its monotony. Our duties were all routine. Many sports, however, were engaged in to while away the time, and all will recall the fishing for sheep's-head, the duck-shooting in Calabogue Sound, the rowing, base-ball, and other sports. Our baseball nine was a fine success. In games with picked nines from other regiments it generally won the laurels. In a game with the nine of the Forty-seventh New York, played at Fort Pulaski, January 3, 1863, it won by a score of twenty to seven. But the great source of amusement *was the theatre*. It may be doubted if anything (in that line) was as fine in the war as the three theatres which were erected respectively at Fort Pulaski, Ga., at St. Augustine, Fla., and at Hilton Head, S. C., by the Forty-eighth Regiment, where entertainments of a not unpretentious class were given by the actors and actresses of the "Barton Dramatic Association." It so happened that there were in the Forty-eighth several professional actors, and especially one scenic artist. Major Barrett, who was its president, has furnished from memory a list of the members of the Association, and a sketch of its career:

James A. Barrett, *President*.

Robert Dixon, *Stage Manager and Tragedy*.

James White, *Heavy Tragedy*.

C. L. Harrison, *Scenic Artist and Costumer*.

A. J. DeHaven, *Property Man and Comedian*.

William H. Owen, James Barnes, Joseph Murphy, John Dupree,
Comedy and Song.

E. J. Barney, Thomas B. Wood, James S. Wyckoff, J. L. Michaels,
Walking Gentlemen.

Lewis W. Burr, Abraham J. Palmer, *Leading Ladies*.

Vitruvius Witcomb, *Old Lady*.

N. W. Pease, John Stewart, *Chambermaids*.

The Regimental Band, *Orchestra*.

Colonel Barton gave us permission to use an out-building, 25 X 70, for the purpose, and detailed all the mechanics that were needed to do the work ; and in a very short time, considering their facilities, they had erected a very well-equipped and attractive little theatre near the north dock, with a stage at one end, private boxes, orchestra, side-scenes (parlor, kitchen, and street), and a drop-curtain on which was painted a picture of the bombardment of the fort. They sent to New York for canvas, paint, costumes, lamps, a printing-press, and books of plays, and improvised a chandelier and foot-lights out of old tin-cans. The theatre seated about one hundred persons. On the opening night an address was delivered by Corporal Michaels, followed by the farce "Family Jars;" that by "The Flea," by Owens of Company H; then an exhibition of light balancing, by De Haven; then the first act of the tragedy of Richard III.; a song by Dickson; and the whole concluded with a tableau of Washington's grave. It was a fine success. At first we played simple comedy, such as "Box and Cox," "The Secret, or a Hole in the Wall," "Rough Diamond," and the like; but the dramatic element soon asserted itself and ventured upon three acts of "Othello," against the judgment of most of the officers, who said that they did not care to hear such a piece "murdered." The company felt that their reputation was at stake, but with White as Othello, Dickson as Iago, Burr as Desdemona, and Palmer as Emilia, the play was pronounced a great success by the few officers who had consented to witness it, and a loud call was made for the production of the whole play in five acts. This was done and received with great applause. From that time our reputation was established, and the fame of the "Barton Dramatic Association" soon spread throughout the Department. Major Barrett writes, "*Our two leading ladies were said to be the handsomest women in the Department.*" The regular play-nights were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; but the fort soon became a popular resort for visitors, and we were often called on to give special entertainments for the benefit of guests.

On the night before the expedition started for Bluffton, the writer played Trudgeon in the "Ghost on the Wall," and captivating the heart of the captain of the transport on which we embarked that night, shared his hospitality during the expedition. In this way incidental benefits came to the actors.

In June, 1863, we closed our little theatre, and in the *real* tragedy in which we participated on Morris Island, the tragedies we *played* were soon forgotten. Subsequently the fixtures of the theatre were transferred to St. Augustine, Fla., when the remnant of the regiment was stationed there after the fatal losses of Fort Wagner. At a later period they built another theatre, 40×100, at Hilton Head, where they played to crowded houses of citizens and soldiers, until marching orders sent them once more to the front. The "Barton Dramatic Association" has long been a story of the past, but its memories are pleasant still to all who participated in its pleasures.

Many amusing things occurred at Fort Pulaski, like the adventure of Lieutenant Edwards of Company C (an excellent officer but a strict disciplinarian), who had announced to his company that while upon drill, under no circumstances whatever should there be any *talking in the ranks*, and threatened to punish the first man who should speak a word. Then he proceeded with the drill of his company, giving his orders, "forward," "guide right," "left wheel," and so on until the company was facing the stairway that leads to the parapet of the fort, in front of which was an old well, without any covering, and half-full of water, towards which the lieutenant was walking backwards, saying "left," "left," "left," until suddenly he reached the well and went into it. When he succeeded in pulling himself out, thoroughly wet and mad, he upbraided the company for not warning him of his danger, and was reminded of his order *not to speak under any circumstance*. He joined heartily in the joke after he had changed his clothing. More ludicrous still was the unhappy wording of an order of Major Beard's, which was

read at parade one night. Some member of the regiment had recently died, and in announcing his death the Adjutant read as follows: "*The God of battles will give him a patriot's reward, by order of O. T. Beard, Major Commanding.*"

But there never was a day of sport in the history of the regiment to be compared with that of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, 1862. Three steamboats loaded with guests, including Generals Brannan and Terry, arrived from Hilton Head. We had a sermon by the chaplain in the morning. There was target-shooting, boat-racing, foot-racing, climbing of the greased pole, catching of the greased pig, wheelbarrow races, ludicrous efforts of negroes to pick a gold coin out of a tub of flour with their teeth, sack-races, hurdle-races, and finally a grotesque dress-parade, and a great supper, and in every sense a high day. I append a copy of the programme:

PROGRAMME.

Divine Service at nine o'clock A.M. The Entertainment to commence with—

I. TARGET PRACTICE.

Three competitors from each Company. Distance, 200 yards. Best string in three shots each. First prize—gold medal, valued at \$25. Second prize—silver medal, valued at \$15. Third prize—bronze medal, valued at \$10.

II. ROWING MATCH.

Distance, one mile around a stake-boat and return. First prize—purse of \$10. Second prize—purse of \$5. Third prize—purse of \$2.50.

III. FOOT-RACE.

Three times round *terre-plein*, and over twelve hurdles three feet high. First prize—purse of \$10. Second prize—purse of \$5. Third prize—purse of \$2.50.

IV. HURDLE SACK-RACE.

One hundred yards and return; over three hurdles fifty yards apart and eighteen inches high. First prize—purse of \$10. Second prize—purse of \$5.

V. WHEELBARROW RACE.

Competitors blindfolded, trundling a wheelbarrow once across *terre-plein*. First prize—purse of \$10. Second prize—purse of \$5.

VI. MEAL FEAT.

Exclusively for Contrabands. Hands tied behind the back, and to seize with the teeth a \$5 gold-piece dropped in a tub of meal. Six competitors, to be allowed five minutes each to accomplish the feat. Prize—\$5.

VII. GREASED POLE.

Pole to be fifteen feet high. Prize—\$10.

VIII. GREASED PIG.

To be seized and held by the tail. Three competitors from each Company. Prize—pig.

IX. BURLESQUE DRESS PARADE.

Each Company will be allowed to enter an equal number of competitors for each prize.

The usual Dress Parade of the Garrison will take place at 4.30 P.M. Ball—8 P.M. Supper—12 P.M. Lunch at all hours. The Third Rhode Island Minstrel Band will play at intervals during the evening. The Band of the Forty-eighth New York Regiment will perform at intervals during the day and evening. A steamer will leave the wharf at Hilton Head to convey guests to Fort Pulaski at nine o'clock, Thanksgiving morning.

A correspondent of the *New South*, from Hilton Head, gave the following account of the affair :

“The steamer *Cosmopolitan* left here at nine o'clock for the fort, conveying to the scene of festivity General Terry and a crowd of prominent officers, together with quite a number of ladies. The steamers *Mattano* and *Boston* followed, with guests from Beaufort, among them General Brannan and a portion of his staff. The guests were greeted at the dock with pleasant music from the excellent band of the regiment, and marched in line to the fort, which fired a salute of thirteen guns in honor of the Generals as the procession entered. The interior was neatly decorated with greens, arranged in circles, stars, and festoons, and presented a very pretty appearance. The guests were received by Mrs. Barton, the amiable lady of the Colonel, whose presence greatly enhanced the charm of the occasion, and to whom, with the other ladies residing at the fort, is due in a great measure the completeness of the arrangements. The games took place upon the *terre-plein*, and were observed by the guests from the ramparts, which afforded a full and complete view of everything which

transpired. The scene was very striking; the massive wall surrounding the space recalling to mind the ancient arena of Rome, the theatre of the bloody combats of the gladiators. It would take too much space to dwell at length upon the details of this part of the entertainment; we shall therefore merely notice the more interesting and amusing features. The games inside the fort commenced with the foot-race, which was watched with great interest, and the fortunate victors rewarded with the several prizes and enthusiastic applause. Next in order came the hurdle sack-race, which created intense merriment. Half a dozen competitors were tied in sacks with nothing but the head visible, and with their pedal extremities thus trammelled they were required to run a race and jump over two hurdles. The absurd method of locomotion, and the utter helplessness of those who were so unfortunate as to lose their balance and tumble over, elicited shouts of laughter. The wheelbarrow feat also resulted in very laughable blunders. The competitors for the prize were all blindfolded and placed directly in a line with a certain point, the one coming nearest to the goal being the victor. The fun of the affair consisted in their deviation at every imaginable angle from a straight line, soberly trotting along with the barrows, under the pleasing impression that they were making straight for the goal; of course the man who was farthest away was greeted with shouts of derisive applause and incited to further efforts by assurances of victory. The meal feat was perhaps the most ludicrous feature of the whole. The hands of the negroes competing for the prize were tied behind them, and they were required to take a five-dollar gold-piece from a tub of meal with the mouth. The ludicrous appearance of the contraband's head when it emerged from the meal-tub can be more easily imagined than described. They were very earnest in their search, and it was amusing to see the anxious looks of those standing by lest the one with his head buried in the meal should be successful, and they cheated of their turn. The third one succeeded in obtaining the prize, and was so elated with his success that he was led into a saltatory manifestation of the exuberance of his joy and capered round the tub of meal in real George Christy style. The burlesque dress-parade, which was got up entirely by the privates, and carried out exceedingly well, was a good termination to the comic features of the programme. The uniforms were grotesque in the extreme, while the orders and manoeuvres of the battalion were both original and ridiculous. The occasion was taken advantage of by the men to make some good-natured hits at the officers in the general orders, which, notwithstanding their local character, seemed to be caught and appreciated by all. The games went off with *éclat*, and afforded a great deal of amusement. A bountiful lunch was provided

and partaken of by all during their progress. Generals Brannan and Terry both left early in the evening, and with them many officers and several ladies; still there were many left who incoherently expressed a determination to see it out and 'not go home till morning, till daylight did appear.'

"In the evening the steamer *Flora* arrived from Beaufort, bringing General Saxton and a bevy of ladies in time to take part in the ball, which began at eight o'clock. Three casemates connecting by doorways formed the ball-room, which was handsomely decorated with festoons of evergreens and bunting. The regimental and guard colors were also tastefully distributed around the walls. Excellent music was furnished by the band of the Forty-eighth, and the dancing continued till eleven o'clock, when the guests were ushered into the supper-room, a tent one hundred and sixty feet long, the interior of which was beautifully adorned with evergreens and palmetto leaves. The table was really magnificent; bouquets of flowers in profusion set it off, and produced a very beautiful effect. Considering the limited facilities at command, we are astonished at the completeness of the arrangements and the excellence of the supper provided. The whole affair reflects great credit upon the officers of the regiment, and especially upon the committees who had it in charge. Colonel Barton and Major Green were both assiduous in their attentions to the guests, as, indeed, were all the officers of the garrison. General Saxton and his party left at midnight, to return to Beaufort, on the steamer *Flora*, but many still lingered, and the festivities were kept up till dawn. We must not forget to mention the Rhode Island Minstrel Band, which played at intervals during the evening. Their performances, which took place in the quarters of Company G, Third Rhode Island Regiment, were very good, and witnessed by a crowded audience.

"The old walls of Fort Pulaski echoed the sounds of mirth till morning. Never before, we venture to say, did they frown upon so much conviviality and good-cheer; and we have no doubt that should Beauregard with his ram attempt to visit our generous hosts of the fort, he will meet with a reception, if not of the same kind, at least as warm as that extended to their guests on Thanksgiving Day. We are sorry to say that the enjoyment of the occasion was somewhat marred by the long and tedious delay in getting off the next day. The steamer which ought to have left for Hilton Head early in the morning was delayed until afternoon, and colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, and officers of every grade, who were all anxious to return to their posts, were subjected to an unnecessary delay of more than half a day.

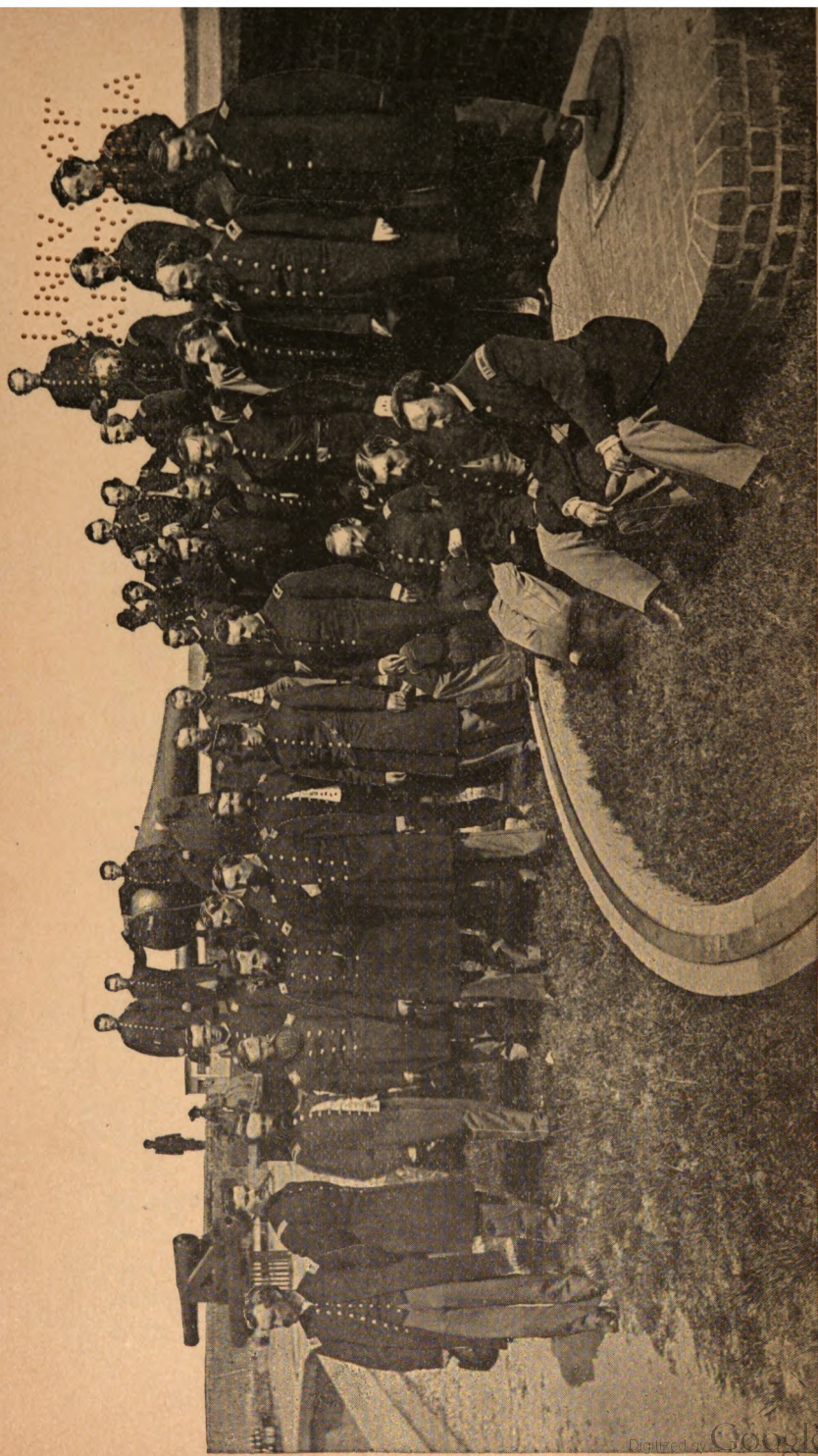
"The names of some of the victors in the games are as follows: In target practice, John Scanlon, Company A, won the first prize—a gold

medal valued at \$25. In the rowing match, Company F won the first prize, \$10; C the second prize, \$5; and B the third prize, \$2.50. In the foot race, Charles McCreaf, Company D, first prize, \$10; Isaac Cahart, Company H, second prize, \$5; Edward Lawrence, Company A, third prize, \$2.50. In the hurdle sack-race, Patrick Shanley, Company G, first prize, \$10; James Beith, Company C, second prize, \$5. In the wheelbarrow race, John McIntyre, Company G, first prize, \$10; Patrick Brady, Company A, second prize, \$5. In the meal feat, Sam Pope was the fortunate contraband."

The reperusal of the above will recall to the participants the pleasures of that Thanksgiving Day better than any attempted description from memory after the lapse of three and twenty years. It was the most memorable day of festivity in our entire career.

As the writer—on the visit in the spring of 1884, already referred to—re-entered the fort, through the sally-port, past the moats, now filled with mud and grown up with rank grasses, and stood once more on the old *terre-plein*, memory recalled the scenes of that happy Thanksgiving Day. But the casemates were empty, the water-condenser rusted, the *terre-plein* itself full of holes filled with stagnant water, the wooden doors rotted, and the whole noble fort far advanced in decay. He thought of the thousand men who once thronged its walls, many of whom had been long dead, and the survivors far scattered. A single sergeant and his wife constitute the garrison. A brood of chickens now pick the grasses on the ramparts where heroes once stood. The silence, the crumbling walls, the dismounted and rusted cannon, and the sight of Pulaski in ruins saddened us.

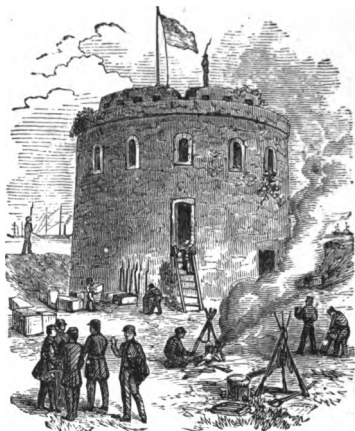
On December 24, 1862, Lieut.-Colonel Beard resigned. He had been long absent from the regiment upon special duty. His achievements at Wall's Cut and elsewhere had, however, reflected credit upon the regiment. On February 6th Chaplain Strickland left us. He was held in high esteem as a brave and faithful chaplain, and his departure was greatly regretted. A sketch of his connection with the regiment from his own pen, written just before his death in 1884, will



TANTUM, FRY (3d R. I.), FERGUSON, PAXSON, W BARRETT, BARTON, GREEN, BARTON, STICKLAND, GOULD (3d R. I.), HURST, AVERY, ELFWING, COAN, LENT,
 FARRELL, ELMENDORE, HALE, GREEN, BARTON, STICKLAND, GOULD (3d R. I.), HURST, AVERY, ELFWING, COAN, LENT,
 FEE, MOSER, FOX, TAYLOR, SMITH, J. A. BARRETT, LOCKWOOD, NICHOLS, HILLIARD, INGRAHAM, EDWARDS, IRVIN (3d R. I.),
 THE FIELD, STAFF, AND LINE OFFICERS OF THE 48th REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLUNTEERS, FORT PULASKI, GA.

be found in a later chapter. On February 9th the regiment was inspected by General E. D. Townsend, Adjutant-General U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Green, Assistant Inspector-General. Both complimented our drill in the most flattering terms. A flag of truce was frequently interchanged between Fort Pulaski and Savannah; and indeed the correspondence with the Confederates by flag of truce was usually conducted from the fort. In the spring of 1863 the policy of enlisting regiments of colored soldiers was inaugurated in the Department, and certain of our officers and non-commissioned officers were tendered promotion in those regiments. Lieutenant B. R. Corwin obtained the position of Major in one of them. In many cases, however, the promotion was declined, the men preferring to stay with their old comrades. About this time also there were indications of a new and more serious attempt to capture the city of Charleston. The attack of the iron-clad fleet upon Fort Sumter on April the 9th was unsuccessful; but rumors were in the air that the attempt would not end with that failure. So drew to an end our long imprisonment on garrison duty at Fort Pulaski. Many personal incidents might be recorded, of special interest, however, only to the few, and each of the comrades who reads this history must add from his own memory those that were most interesting to himself. Many mutual exchanges of hospitality occurred among the officers, and many friendships and some antipathies perhaps were formed. Few of those things were known, however, to the unpretentious private soldier who has come to be the present historian. On one occasion the Confederate steamer *General Lee* came down from Savannah under a flag of truce and attempted to go back without orders. She was fired upon by the fort, but was out of range, so the little tug-boat was sent in pursuit of her. We watched the race of the two boats up the river, but the tug was far the faster and soon overtook the *General Lee*. Two or three shots from the howitzer brought her to terms, and the little tug towed her prize down the river in triumph. Her crew were taken prisoners. One day.

the crew of a picket-boat came down to the fort, bringing their officer with them an involuntary prisoner, and compelling him to even steer the boat; they brought also four English carbine rifles, one of which the Colonel gave to his orderly, who carried it from that day until that fatal night at Fort Wagner. Expeditions of a minor order were constantly being made all through those months up and down the Savannah River, and through the little creeks that were on every side of us; but the expeditions to Bluffton and to Coosawhatchie were the chief ones that signalized our days



MARTELLO TOWER, TYBEE ISLAND

in Fort Pulaski. We ought to add a few words at least concerning Tybee Island. One company was always detailed to do picket-duty there, the companies taking turns. Their headquarters were in the old martello-tower, which stands upon almost the only solid point of the island. Its quaint walls, built of concrete and shells, were an object of great interest and curiosity to us. It was the most ancient thing in all the country round. The writer's principal memory of several visits to it was the terrible sand-flies and mosquitoes of the neighborhood. Many stories are told, such as the shooting of a wild-hog on the island by Sergeant Allen of

Company I, or the capturing of a large sea-turtle by Corporal Twamley and two comrades (also of Company I), it requiring the strength of all three to turn the monster upon its back on the sand. The turtle filled three large camp-kettles, and was estimated to have weighed 300 pounds. Company I was on Tybee Island a long while. One night in the fall of 1862 they disabled the blockade-runner *Sadowa*, hailing from Nassau, firing several shots into her, and she drifted out to sea, and was subsequently captured by the gun-boat *Unadilla*, which took her in tow to Hilton Head. General Hunter sent a letter of congratulations to Company I; but one of them writes, "The sailors on the *Unadilla* got the prize-money." To some, as many incidents perhaps are associated with Tybee Island as with the fort.

Sometimes the monotony of life was broken by the arrival of deserters and contrabands at the fort. A photographer also visited us, and all the companies, and the regiment in line of battle and by division, and the officers had their pictures taken. We are glad to reproduce in cuts certain of these pictures. So the days went rapidly by, the nights also, unless you were on guard: then they were long enough, for nothing ever happened to break their tedious length. If you spent a wakeful night in your bunk, every hour you would hear the call go from guard to guard around the parapet, as at midnight, "Twelve o'clock and all's well." Sentry would repeat it after sentry, and when it came back to the guard-house the officer of the guard would know that all the sentinels were awake. Fort Pulaski was graced in those days by the presence of a few ladies. We recall with great pleasure Mrs. Colonel Barton, Mrs. Quartermaster Avery, Mrs. Dr. Mulford, and Mrs. Fisher. The writer would have no difficulty to add reminiscences of our life at the fort at much greater length, but perhaps enough has been already recalled. A word ought here be written, however, concerning our musicians, who attained the highest skill while in Fort Pulaski. We had an admirable band, whose music was our inspiration in the daily drills and

parade. Also a magnificent corps of fifers and drummers, Edward Hastings being "chief musician," and Wm. Smith "drum-major." We also had three buglers—Anthony Schellings, William Andrews, and Joseph C. Hibson. All three were brave soldiers. Andrews and Hibson were both wounded at Wagner, the latter four times. The leader of the band while we were at Fort Pulaski was William Thomas; but afterwards, when it was reorganized at St. Augustine, George F. Miller became leader, and among its members were the following, whose names we are able to recall: Doering, Fitch, Weed, Goff, Stewart, Jones, J. A. and A. B. Dupree, Ivans, Shannon, Sweeney, Thompson, Monell, Whitcomb, and "Frenchy."

They used to call themselves "big blowers," but they were also the best of fellows, as well as good soldiers; and the splendid music they rendered enlivened many an otherwise dull hour during that long year of life in Fort Pulaski.

I am glad to be able to close this chapter with selections from a letter which Major Barrett has recently received from my old friend, our "chief musician," Edward Hastings:

"NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY, OHIO, June 16, 1885.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: My recollection of many things connected with the Forty-eighth New York is very imperfect, as I gave my whole attention to my own duties as principal musician of the regimental field music. Only when in front of the enemy was I otherwise engaged, and then William Smith, the drum-major, and myself took alternate command night and day of the Stretcher Corps attached to the regiment, and composed mostly of the bandsmen and a few detailed men, the drummers not being strong enough to carry off wounded men. Drum-major Smith was killed at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, and was buried a little in the rear of where he fell. George Richman (Abe Palmer's special friend and comrade), who was a drummer in D Company, but got transferred to the ranks on his re-enlistment in 1863, was also killed at Petersburg while in the advanced trenches. James Murther was also wounded, I think, at Cold Harbor or in front of Petersburg.

"The little fellow who was drummer in H Company died, I think, at St. Augustine, while you were recovering from your Fort Wagner wound.

John Stout, also of H Company, who was turned over to me as a fifer, also sickened and died. Your other drummer, Pendleton, enlisted in the Twelfth Regular Infantry after the war—Company A; but of his subsequent career I know nothing. Most of the boys (the drummers I mean) were in New York and Brooklyn when I was living with you; but I never saw any of them to my recollection. Dave Johnson was killed by an accident in Hudson Avenue, where he lived. George Shannon, of E Company, who was subsequently Acting-Quartermaster-Sergeant while we were at Raleigh, N. C., when I last heard of him, in 1867, was living with his father, a hatter, in Hudson Street, New York. Bennett, Raymond, Raynor, Morgan, Beith, were all living at the same time in Brooklyn; but I know nothing of their subsequent life.

“Stephenson, who succeeded Drum-major Smith, was discharged with the regiment at the same time as myself. He joined the regular army some time after; but I never heard anything more about him. Of the fifers Le Moine, Tom Bennett, and Andy Thompson, I know only that the first was reported as being poisoned from drinking whiskey. Bennett went to California as fifer in the Seventeenth Regular, and Thompson was living in Newark or Jersey City with his family, whom he had left when he enlisted. . . .

“I wish I could remember anything more worthy of writing; but I can't, unless perhaps questions should revive recollections, which is just possible.

EDWARD HASTINGS,

“Late Principal Musician Forty-eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers.”

CHAPTER V.

Morris Island—June 1 to July 17, 1863.

General Gillmore succeeds General Hunter—The Department of the South—Operations against Charleston—Admiral Dahlgren succeeds Admiral Dupont—General George C. Strong—The "Fighting Brigade"—June 19, leave Fort Pulaski—Companies G and I Remain—At St. Helena Island—Folly Island—Batteries—The Flotilla—Lighthouse Inlet—July 10, the Assault on Morris Island—Death of Captain Lent—The Run up the Beach—The Fatal Halt—Casualties—July 11, Assault on Fort Wagner by Seventh Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania—Their Repulse—Confederate Accounts of It—Building Batteries—A Confederate Sortie—Companies C and D in the Trenches—Lieutenant Tantum and the Rebel—Wilgus.

IN the early summer of 1863 the National Administration determined upon a vigorous attempt to take the city of Charleston.

The attack of the ironclads under Admiral Dupont had been unsuccessful, and the Admiral did not seem very sanguine of another attempt. Thereupon the Government removed him from the command of the fleet, and ordered Admiral Foote to succeed him, Admiral Foote died, however, a few days afterwards, while on his way to his new post of duty, and Admiral Dahlgren became the new commander of the South Atlantic Squadron.

At the same time General David Hunter was succeeded in command of the land forces by General Quincy A. Gillmore.

The new General and the new Admiral were to co-operate.

The soldiers in the Department of the South knew now that their hour had come, and they welcomed General Gillmore heartily, and anticipated the coming campaigns with great joy. All felt that there might be serious fighting, but

no one then conceived that we were about to enter upon the most fatal and the most fruitless campaign of the entire war.

General Gillmore seems not to have been reluctant to undertake the work of the capture of Charleston, if we may



GENERAL GILLMORE.

judge by the following letter, which is supposed to have been influential in securing him the command :

“NEW YORK, May 23, 1863.

“General G. W. CULLUM, Chief of Staff, to the General-in-Chief.

“GENERAL: It has come to my knowledge that my name has been mentioned to the Secretary of War in connection with the reduction of the forts in Charleston Harbor, and it has been urgently suggested to place me in a position where I could direct and control the operations of the land forces against that place. Two or three communications from prominent men here have been sent to the Secretary.

“It is not necessary to inform you, who are so well acquainted with me, that I am not in the habit of pushing myself forward or thrusting my professional opinion unasked upon the notice of those in authority. In my daily intercourse with gentlemen of my acquaintance I am, however, always free to answer questions; and I have at sundry times and in sundry places expressed the opinion that the forts in Charleston Harbor could be reduced by the means (naval and military combined) now available in the Department of the South, increased

by a suitable number of the best heavy rifled guns, provided these have not been sent there since I left the Department one year ago.

"I have also said that I am willing to risk my own reputation upon the attempt, as I did at Pulaski, provided I could be allowed the untrammelled execution of my own plans (as at Pulaski), except so far as they involve co-operation from the navy.

"You are at liberty to show this letter to the General-in-Chief or any one else.

"I expect to remain here until the evening of the 27th instant, and then go directly to Cincinnati.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Q. A. GILLMORE, *Brigadier-General.*"

It is asserted that General Gillmore was selected for the position because of his superior skill as an engineer, and that the new movement against Charleston was at the sug-



ADMIRAL DAHLGREN.

gestion of the Hon. Horace Greeley. Whereupon General Hunter, smarting under his removal from his command, addressed an angry letter to the famous editor of the New York *Tribune*, in which he reminded him of his former outcry "On to Richmond"—"in which," wrote the irate General, "you wasted much ink, and *other men* shed some blood."

On June 3d the orders were issued for General Gillmore to

succeed General Hunter, and on June 12th Gillmore reached Hilton Head, and immediately assumed command. We had had some acquaintance with him during the operations on Dawfuskie Island in the siege of Fort Pulaski, but he was now to become our immediate commander, under whom we were destined to march on many long campaigns and to pass through many fiery battles. Gillmore found in the Department of the South nearly 18,000 troops of the finest quality; for they were veterans, having been two years in the service, and they were volunteers who had rushed to arms in the summer of 1861, at the President's first call for men. They were, therefore, the best blood of the Republic, and their long service had given them every advantage



OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

of discipline and drill. True they had had little experience in battle, but they had been strangely prepared by the years of training and inaction for the desperate work that now awaited them. Although the Department of the South did not extend far into the interior, it ran a long way parallel with the coast, and Gillmore was required to picket a line 250 miles in length, besides garrisoning forts and posts at various places. He was only able, therefore, to concentrate about 11,000 troops for his immediate operations against Charleston. He had, however, 80 guns of the heaviest calibre, and was supplied with materials for carrying on a siege possibly superior to those which any General had ever before possessed in all the history of war.

General Gillmore's plan of operations, briefly stated, was:

"*First.* Make a descent upon and take possession of the south end of Morris Island.

"*Second.* To lay siege to and reduce Battery Wagner, a strong earthwork near the north end of the island and about 2600 yards from Fort Sumter. The reduction of Battery Wagner would necessitate the fall of Battery Gregg on Cumming's Point.

"*Third.* From the positions thus secured to demolish Fort Sumter, and co-operate with the navy in a heavy artillery fire when it should be ready to move forward.

"*Fourth.* The iron-clad fleet to remove the channel obstructions, run by the batteries on Sullivan and James Islands, reach the city, and compel its surrender."

The army was to take the lead in all but the fourth of these distinct operations.

Of the several plans for operations against Charleston which were practicable, that by James Island had been feebly tried at Secessionville in June, 1862, and had failed. Moreover, the navy could render but little assistance.

Also the plan of forcing an entrance into Charleston Harbor by the fleet had been attempted and had failed on April 7, 1863.

The plan that was adopted—by way of Morris Island—had the two advantages: it had never been tried, and co-operation of army and navy was practicable. Therefore it was adopted—unhappily, we might add, for it proved in many respects disastrous; but it is far easier to criticise campaigns when you are writing *after the event* than to anticipate all difficulties beforehand.

There were certain other advantages which the Morris Island plan possessed.

Our forces were already in possession of Folly Island. To cross over Lighthouse Inlet and secure the lower end of Morris Island was believed to be practicable, and it proved to be.

Moreover, the fleet had always a safe harbor close at hand,—in North Edisto Inlet,—which was no slight consideration, as the monitors were not supposed to ride safely in stormy waters.

The mistakes were (as are now apparent) that the possession of Morris Island would decide the fate of Charleston, and that Fort Sumter would capitulate, as Fort Pulaski had done when breached by our guns.

Another has truly written that—

“Fort Sumter was regarded as the chief obstacle in the way of the navy in any attempt which it might make to enter the harbor. If that fort could be reduced, or its defensive power destroyed, the fleet, it was argued, could readily remove the obstructions, force an entrance into the harbor, and compel the surrender of the city, when the evacuation of the harbor defences would necessarily follow. It was admitted that the navy alone could not capture Sumter, or even so cripple it as to render it harmless. That must be done by the combined land and naval forces, and General Gillmore had been selected to command the Department of the South and Admiral Dahlgren the South Atlantic Squadron, for the express purpose of carrying into execution the plan of operations which the former had proposed for the reduction of Fort Sumter and then the capture of Charleston.”

It will now be necessary, in order that the reader may understand the operations about to be described, that some description of the locality, soon to be so familiar, should be given. I gladly avail myself of an article by General Samuel Jones of the Confederate army, which is at hand :

“The city of Charleston is at the extremity of the narrow peninsula between the Cooper and Ashley rivers. James Island, to the south and east, is separated from the city by Ashley River, and from St. John's Island, to the south and west, by the Stono River. In greatest extent from north to south it is about nine miles, and from east to west about seven miles. On its sea front it is bordered by a narrow sand-bank extending from the entrance to Charleston Harbor to Stono Inlet, about eleven miles in length. About three and three quarters miles from the northern extremity this bank has been cut through by the waters of the ocean, thus dividing it into two islands. The northern part is Morris Island, the southern Folly Island. The channel between them is called Lighthouse Inlet. These islands are separated from the firm land of James Island by Folly River and Creek, Vincent's Creek, and impassable marshes, which are subject to overflow by very high tides, and are intersected by numerous tortuous, narrow, but deep streams.

"The northern extremity of Morris Island, which is called Cumming's Point, and Sullivan's Island to the northeast, border the entrance to Charleston Harbor. Fort Moultrie is near the western end of Sullivan's Island and distant twenty-seven hundred yards from Cumming's Point, on which the Confederates had constructed a work called Battery Gregg. Fort Sumter was a brick work of three tiers of guns, built on an artificial island or foundation south of the channel, nearly midway between Sullivan's and James Islands, about 1760 yards from Fort Moultrie on the former, 1980 yards from Fort Johnson on the latter, 1390 yards from Cumming's Point, and three and a half miles from the city of Charleston.

"About 1300 yards from Cumming's Point, at a very narrow part of Morris Island, was an earthwork of considerable development and strength called Battery Wagner, which extended from the beach on the east to Vincent Creek on the west, presenting to the southward a front of about 275 yards.

"The island is wider in its southern than in its northern part, the southern extremity on Lighthouse Inlet being about one thousand yards in width. Its surface is irregular and broken by sand ridges, forming at many points secure shelter for troops. It has an area of about four hundred acres, its middle point is five and three eighths of a mile from the nearest point of Charleston, and the main channel into the harbor is parallel to and at about an average distance of twelve hundred yards from it.

"This small sand island has been thus minutely and tediously described, because it was destined to be the camp home for nearly two years of many thousands of men; it was to become famous as the scene of a siege which will be memorable in military history and one of the most formidable bombardments of which there is any record, the scene of great labor and exposure, much desperate fighting, of sickness and death in all the frightful forms incident to war and to wasting fevers."

A further and more minute description of the portions of the island where we operated will be given as the account proceeds, but the above, with the help of a good map,* should give the intelligent reader a satisfactory conception of the locality.

To Brigadier-General George C. Strong, a young man but a gallant soldier, who had already "won his spurs" in the war, there was intrusted the delicate task of selecting a

* See Map, page 79.

picked brigade of six regiments out of the entire department, with which he was to make the desperate assaults that Gillmore knew would have to be made at the capture of Morris Island. Not more than one brigade of troops could be handled in such narrow quarters: it was therefore necessary that the brigade should consist of the very best soldiers. General Strong finally selected the following six regiments: Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Forty-eighth New York, Third New Hampshire, and Ninth Maine. They were known in the Department, as they are destined to be known in history, as



GENERAL STRONG.

(FROM "HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.")

"Strong's Fighting Brigade." It was esteemed a high honor to be one of the picked regiments, but it was an honor that cost many brave fellows their lives. The brigade won its fame in a single month of time, during which it fought three famous battles, and suffered losses not elsewhere equalled among the same number of men in the whole history of the war. Its brave and honored commander fell at its head on the fiery parapets of Wagner. It was destined for immolation and immortality. On June 18th General Gillmore came to Fort Pulaski, and on the evening of that day a telegraphic dispatch was received by the submarine cable, ordering eight companies of the regiment to prepare

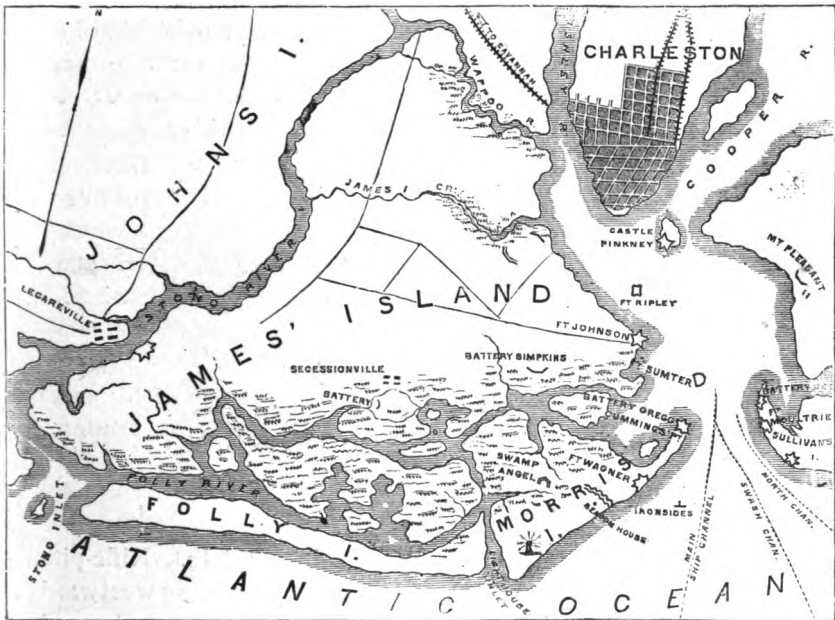
cooked rations and be ready for embarkation in the morning. As may be imagined, great excitement prevailed in the fort at the receipt at last of marching orders. We had been chosen as one of the "picked" regiments. We were in high spirits at that, and because our long and monotonous life on garrison duty was at an end, and at last we were to meet the enemy in battle. We little knew what desperate work was before us, nor could we anticipate how cruel and how fatal it was to be. Two companies were to be left behind for the garrison of the fort and for picket duty on Tybee Island; the companies selected were G and I. They remained with great reluctance, yet they escaped entirely the perils of the fatal campaign on Morris Island. Rations were hastily cooked, and next day we left our old quarters in the casemates, which had been our home for a whole year, and embarking on the steamer *Ben De Ford*, anchored off Tybee Island for the night, and on the next day, June 20, landed at St. Helena Island—where the brigade was to rendezvous—and went into camp.

The next two weeks were spent in brigade drill and organization. We liked our brilliant brigade-commander, General Strong, the more we saw of him, and we formed a high opinion also of the quality of the regiments with which we were associated.

We missed the Forty-seventh New York, but for the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut especially we had a deservedly high respect. On July 4th we left St. Helena Island by ship, and landed on Folly Island.

General Vogdes had been in possession of Folly Island since the preceding April, had cut roads through its impenetrable jungles, erected batteries at the various points, and kept the island thoroughly picketed throughout. Folly Island is about seven miles in length, and not over a mile in width at its broadest point. On the west it is separated from James Island by Folly River and a succession of marshes; on the east it is bordered by the sea; Lighthouse Inlet on the north separates it from Morris

Island. The inlet is about six hundred yards in width. The whole surface of the island was a mass of thorns and briars; but we cleared a place among them as best we could and went into camp. General Vogdes had succeeded in erecting batteries unobserved by the enemy on the north end of the island, or more properly on Little Folly Island, which easily commanded the enemy's works on the south end of Morris



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Island. They were designed to cover the passage of the troops over Lighthouse Inlet, when they should attempt to carry Morris Island by assault. The batteries were so completely masked by thick forests of pine and palmetto, that their very existence was absolutely unknown to the enemy. They were made of sand and marsh sod, embrasured and redetted, with magazines and bomb and splinter proofs, and in twenty days after they were begun Gillmore had forty-eight heavy guns in position upon them. The plan of at-

tack was as follows: "Strong's Fighting Brigade" was to be embarked in launches in the night, and at the signal of the first gun from the batteries, in the early morning, was to row across Lighthouse Inlet, land in the surf on Morris Island, and carry the island by assault. It was a bold project, exposing the men to great danger, liable to many contingencies which might thwart it, but it was deemed the most practicable plan by which Morris Island could be taken. The Confederate fortifications on Morris Island at that time consisted of eight one-gun batteries and two mortar batteries—one for two mortars, the other for one. All were detached and stretched along the sand ridge, designed



BOMB AND SPLINTER PROOF.

to protect the beach, and they were incomplete. Rifle-pits or infantry epaulements were also made, extending westward towards Oyster Point. According to the account of General Beauregard, they were manned as follows: 612 infantry, 289 artillerymen, 261 cavalry—a total of 1162 men. The part of Strong's brigade which was to assail them numbered between two and three thousand.

To divert the attention of the enemy from Morris to James Island, General A. H. Terry with some three thousand troops, was now sent up the Stono, landed on James Island and made a feint against the enemy there, but it is doubtful if that had any effect to withdraw troops from Morris Island.

Everything was supposed to be in readiness for the assault, on the night of July 8th, and we were marched to the place of embarkation; but for some reason there was a delay of twenty-four hours, and we returned to our camp wearied with a long tramp through the sand and underbrush of Folly Island. At three o'clock the next afternoon (July 9th) the brigade again assembled and marched to the place on Folly River, where the boats were in waiting for us. Owing to the insufficient number of launches, after the Third New Hampshire, Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, Ninth Maine, and Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and a battalion of sharpshooters had embarked, there was only room in the boats for four companies of the Forty-eighth Regiment. These were companies A, C, D, and F, under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Green. The other battalion of the regiment, under Colonel Barton, marched to the north end of the island in the rear of our batteries, and awaited the return of the boats the next morning. Silently, in the stillness of the night, Strong's brigade, packed closely in the boats and escorted by four howitzer launches manned by sailors, rowed up the Folly River and Creek to the entrance to Lighthouse Inlet, and halted. We were thoroughly masked by tall marsh-grass, and so noiselessly did the little flotilla move, that we were unheard and unobserved by the enemy. There we rested on our oars the whole night through, awaiting the signal to advance, fearful every moment that we would be discovered by the sentinels on the Confederate works, which frowned upon us from across the inlet. No one who remembers his sensations that night will ever forget them: the sailors who rowed the boats seemed tranquil enough, being more at home on the water, but the soldiers preferred to have terra firma under them when they fought; the anticipation of having the boat you are in blown to pieces by a shell, and yourself, loaded down with cartridge-box and accoutrements, precipitated into the water and drowned, was not exhilarating. To face the perils of the water as well as the perils of bat-

teries in front, and to anticipate it a long night through, put the courage of the men to a strain, but did not break it. A perfect silence reigned all about us that night; the screeching of a sea-fowl as it flew over our heads, the breaking of a twig by some careless foot on the shore, the gentle swash of the sea against the sides of the boats and the beating of our own hearts, were all the sounds we heard. Hours passed, and not a word was spoken. We knew the batteries were ready on Little Folly Island, that they would be unmasked at the first peep of day, that with the firing of their first gun we would be rowed rapidly across that six hundred yards of water that was between us and the beach of Morris Island in our front. Whether we should ever reach it was what we did not know; and we all feared a deal more that we might be drowned in the inlet, than any danger we should meet from the batteries when once our feet were on the shore.

The forces on Folly Island, which were held in reserve under General Vogdes, consisted of the Sixty-second Ohio, Colonel Pond; Sixty-seventh Ohio, Colonel Voorhees; and Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, Colonel Howell,—who were near the signal-station. The Seventh New Hampshire, Colonel H. S. Putnam; One Hundredth New York, Colonel Dandy; a battalion of the Forty-eighth New York, Colonel Wm. B. Barton; and Battery B, First United States Artillery, Captain G. V. Henry commanding,—were at the northern end of Little Folly Island, in readiness to follow General Strong's brigade. The formidable batteries which were to perform so important a part were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson and Major L. L. Langdon, First United States Artillery.

Opposed to us,—if we may accept the authority of General Jones,—just across Lighthouse Inlet and within easy range, were the detached Confederate battery of eight guns and three mortars, manned by two companies of the First South Carolina Artillery, Captains J. C. Mitchell and J. R. Macbeth commanding, supported by the Twenty-first South

Carolina Infantry, about four hundred men, Major McIver commanding, and a detachment of the First South Carolina Infantry, under Captain Charles T. Haskell (in all about seven hundred). The garrison of Battery Wagner, about three miles distant on the island, was two companies of artillery, Captains C. E. Chichester and J. R. Mathews commanding, and of Battery Gregg, Captain Henry R. Lesesne's company of artillery. All of the artillery on the island was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Yates, First South Carolina Artillery. The whole force was commanded by Colonel R. F. Graham, Twenty-first South Carolina Infantry.

There is some disparity in the number of Confederates conceded to have been on Morris Island, by Generals Jones and Beauregard, but the statements of both are given.

Slowly the hours of the night passed, but as the sun rose on the morning of July 10th our batteries were unmasked, and thirty-two guns and fifteen mortars opened fire upon the Confederates, to their immense surprise. A few minutes later, four monitors, the *Weehawken*, Commander E. R. Calhoun; the *Nahant*, Commander John Downs; the *Kaatskill*, Commander George H. Rodgers; and the *Montauk*, Commander D. McN. Fairfax,—which had crossed the bar and taken positions from which some of the Confederate batteries could be enfiladed and others taken in reverse, opened fire with fifteen- and eleven-inch guns on the Confederate left and the four howitzer launches pulled into position and opened on the right, and for nearly three hours about sixty guns, some of them of the heaviest calibre, concentrated a rapid and accurate fire on the Confederate position.

Some delay occurred in our getting off, and it was half-past six before General Strong was finally signalled to advance; then we "pulled for the shore" at "Oyster Point" in our front with vigor. The enemy saw us now, and their batteries opened on us: they did such poor execution, however, that they sunk but one of the boats, wounding two men of the Sixth Connecticut, one of whom had his leg

taken off, but he swam to another boat and was rescued from drowning, although he died soon afterward from loss of blood.

It was only a matter of a few moments—that crossing of Lighthouse Inlet, by the little flotilla of launches; but they were moments of intense excitement. A brilliant writer has declared that in all the annals of modern war no example can be found where an army thus approached a hostile shore in boats, landed under a fire of artillery and infantry, and drove the enemy from his fortifications. He likens the descent on Morris Island to the landing of Cæsar on the coast of Britain and of William the Norman at Hastings.*

The men at the oars pulled with their might; in some boats the men cheered; in others they remained silent; it was no time for words; in twenty minutes we were in the surf. General Strong leaped ashore with the agility of a deer, waved aloft his sword, and shouted to his troops, "Come on, brigade!" It may be questioned if in all the history of the war a more picturesque and striking figure could have been seen than that of the young General as he sprang into the surf that day and called on us to follow him. He lost a boot in the mud and ran up the shelly beach in his stocking-feet. He first ordered the Sixth Connecticut ashore. They obeyed him with alacrity, and at the word carried the sea-face of the earthworks on our right with but little loss, as the enemy fled before them. Then General Strong called for the Ninth Maine to attack the rifle-pits, but the tide of the inlet was so strong that they had been carried above the landing-place, and could not reach the shore in time. The Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and Third New Hampshire were in the same plight. Then the General called for the Forty-eighth New York; the sailors at the oars in our boats put us ashore in quick time, and without waiting for further orders we dashed ahead and quickly

* See "Afloat and Ashore," by Charles Cowley.

drove the rebels out of the first line of the rifle-pits, then by a flank movement out of the second. It was at that moment that we met the first terrific volley straight in our faces from rebel guns; and there fell dead at the head of his men Captain Lent of Company A—the first officer of the regiment to be killed in battle. But no man stopped; the whole brigade was now ashore, and all rushed on over sand-dunes and batteries, past the Beacon House, and on in the glare of the sun that had now risen, with cheers and shouts, and an eager, impetuous “forward,” without stopping either to tend the wounded or mourn the dead. “It



BEACON HOUSE, MORRIS ISLAND.

was a glorious victory.” We captured twelve guns and one hundred prisoners, with many tents and much camp equipment, stores, several Confederate flags, one of which bore the inscription “Pocotaligo,” and a number of small arms. By ten o’clock we had captured two thirds of the island. The Confederates retreated before us precipitately behind the breastworks of Fort Wagner. Our skirmishers pushed up to within musket-range of that fortress and were halted. The sun was now high in the heavens and blazed down its scorching rays upon our heads; the sand blistered our feet; the long night of anxiety and wakefulness, the run of three miles up the beach and over the sand-hills, had exhausted the men. General Strong thought that we could go no far-

ther, and ordered a halt in order that we might rest and reinforcements be brought up from the rear. The remaining companies of our regiment, which had also crossed the inlet under fire with the reserve brigade, soon joined us, but that halt in front of Fort Wagner, which seemed at the time to be the act of prudence, if not of necessity, had for us all most fatal consequences. The continuation of our dash for half a mile farther would have swept the enemy that morning off Morris Island, and captured, with a comparatively little loss of life, that great earthwork, Battery Wagner, whose strength was not then anticipated, but which was destined to defy us for months to come, and before whose flaming parapets the majority of us were yet to fall. A Confederate account contains the following passage: "Only a little dash on the part of the Union army would have given them the whole island: all they had to do was to press on with even one half of the troops they had landed. In my opinion, it did not justify their excess of prudence; fortunately, however, it saved us."

For once, we think that "Confederate's" opinion was correct. True we were greatly wearied, but we had not run farther than the enemy, and they were dispirited by flight while we were buoyant with victory. The capture of Morris Island was, however, a splendid achievement. We had done an unheard-of thing in modern military history, and though we had made the assault and the enemy had but defended their earthworks, their casualties far outnumbered ours: they lost in killed, wounded, and captured 294, of whom 127 were prisoners; our losses were officially reported as 53 killed and wounded—of whom 14 were killed. But four companies of the Forty-eighth were engaged, yet our losses were heavier than that of any other regiment, since we had done the most severe fighting; Captain Lent was especially mourned by his brother officers, and indeed he was beloved by all the men, and his death was universally lamented.

General Seymour commended very highly the conduct of his troops:

“For the brilliant vigor,” he says, “with which the movements of his brigade were conducted the greatest credit is due to Brigadier-General Strong, whose personal example was heroism itself. His report justly praises his subordinate commanders, and to those I must refer; but I must mention particularly the excellent conduct of Colonel Chatfield, Sixth Connecticut, who led his regiment in the advance up Morris Island until its colors were riddled by the close fire from Battery Wagner. But to the hearty devotion and the cheerful courage of the soldiers of this division, in the patient labors in preparing for the battle and the ready courage with which they fought it, must, after all, be given the highest honors, and their gallant conduct in this brilliant action will always be to their commanders and their country the source of just pride.”

The victory of Morris Island has not received much attention from historians. I have been unable to find more than a passing account of it anywhere, but it was one of the few occasions in the war when we successfully surprised the enemy in an important engagement, and it may be doubted if such great results were accomplished with such small losses, and certainly never in such a picturesque manner, throughout the war. Nothing had been neglected, nothing unanticipated, and the entire movement was a perfect success. The only criticism that can be made upon it is that already noted—*we should have gone on*; Fort Wagner had been ours that day at small cost, but no one then supposed that we were yet confronted by any such formidable earthwork as “Battery Wagner” proved itself to be. The night of July 10th we rested, weary enough, sleeping on the sand. We had foraged a little that afternoon among the deserted rebel camps. The writer remembers that he captured a pig. Reinforcements had arrived, a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the inlet; we were not afraid of a counter-assault, for we had now men enough on the island to have formed a solid wall across it, many ranks deep. We went to sleep therefore that night feeling that the worst was over, and supposing that the island practically was ours, and that the rebels in Fort Wagner and at Cumming’s Point would probably withdraw during the night. General Beauregard

was greatly blamed by the Confederate authorities for permitting himself to be surprised by the erection of our batteries on Little Folly Island. The Confederate Secretary of War wrote him a long letter of inquiry concerning it. Of course he denied it, and laid the blame on somebody else ; but the fact remains that he *was surprised*, as more candid Confederate military authorities now freely admit.

It was determined that Fort Wagner should be carried by assault early the next morning. Three regiments of the "fighting brigade" were selected to make the assault. They were the four companies of the Seventh Connecticut, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman, the Ninth Maine, and Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania. General Strong led them in person. Haply the Forty-eighth was not selected for immolation that morning, possibly because of its more serious losses on the day before. The splendid charge of that early morning—July 11th—has been shamefully belittled in history. True it was overshadowed by the great assault which was made seven days afterwards, but it was on the part of one regiment at least, the Seventh Connecticut, a magnificent deed of valor. They formed at five o'clock in the morning, and at the word ran forward to the assault. They drove in three lines of pickets and received their successive fire straight in their faces, without firing a shot in return. The Seventh reached the ditch; the other regiments failed to come up in support. Their behavior has been severely criticised. The writer, however, will not permit himself to do so. The men of one regiment were likely to be as brave as those of another; and if some regiments were superior to others, those which were inferior were so generally, by the fault of their officers. It is said that when General Strong found that the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and the Ninth Maine failed to come on to the support of the gallant Seventh Connecticut, he burst into tears, exclaimed bitterly, "It is useless," and ordered a retreat. I am disposed to think, after as careful a study as I have been able to make of the assault, that Major J. W. Hicks, who commanded

the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, prompted possibly by over-zeal, attacked a different angle of the work rather than follow the Seventh Connecticut in support, as he had been ordered to do. Though at the time they were blamed for the failure of the assault, I am unwilling, after more than twenty years, to reflect upon the valor of a gallant regiment which left in front of Fort Wagner that morning five officers and 130 men out of some 350 who were engaged. The losses of the Ninth Maine were but 34.

Survivors of the Forty-eighth will remember distinctly witnessing that assault from the summits of the sand-hills, that early morning. The rush of the Seventh Connecticut like a wave up the beach, its recoil also before the terrible and deadly volleys which were poured into it. The assault failed in everything, except in demonstrating the great and unexpected strength of "Battery Wagner." The Confederate losses were very small, only one officer and five privates killed and the same number wounded; our losses have never been accurately reported, but they must have been very heavy in proportion to the number engaged. The Confederates claim to have buried 95 of our men, mostly of the Seventh Connecticut, within their lines, and to have captured 113 prisoners, 40 of whom were wounded. There is a statement also that 350 wounded men from that assault were carried on the steamer *Cosmopolitan* to Hilton Head; among them was Major Hicks of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman, the heroic commander of the Seventh Connecticut, who was severely wounded in the leg. He was the only man brought off from the slopes of the work.

Much confusion has arisen in the various sketches of the campaign on Morris Island by coupling the losses of the 10th with those of the 11th of July. The battles, however, were clearly distinct. By the courtesy of Captain Wm. J. Carlton, to whom I am not a little indebted for data, etc., a copy of a Confederate account of the assault has been obtained, which was printed in a Charleston

paper of April 18, 1883, from the pen of Colonel J. H. Rion, who commanded the enemy's picket-lines that morning. He writes as follows :

" At peep of day my attention was called to a dark mass approaching my front. When about twenty-five yards off I ordered the videttes to 'fire by file,' which they did ; then the whole battalion rose, formed lines, and gave an almost simultaneous 'yell.' This meant for me 'All right;' for Battery Wagner, 'They are coming.' My first line had come to a 'ready;' we could see the beard on the faces of the Federals; 'Aim—fire!' Then a sheet of fire bursts into the advancing line ; this doubles up their front, but on comes the body at a double-quick ; we fall back, loading as we retire, and form on the left of the second line. Coming to a 'ready,' 'Aim—fire!' and we pour another volley into their faces ; their front staggers, but on come the survivors at a stately double-quick ; we fall back to the third line, the whole battalion coming to a 'ready;' they are now within ten steps of us ; 'Aim—fire!' for the last time ; the effect is terrific—it appears as when a wind strikes the stalks of a wheat-field. I actually felt sorry for them : it was 'war,' and hence 'fair,' but it did seem to me that we were taking an unfair advantage of them ; they could not stop to fire upon us, for time was all-important to them ; their success depended on reaching the battery without delay, and hence they had to receive these dreadful volleys without responding ; the enemy dashed on, but barely gave us time to reach the inside of the works before they were repulsed. The Seventh Connecticut, under Colonel Rodman, led the attacking party. It behaved gallantly, not only upon this occasion but likewise at Fort Pulaski, and was never known to flinch anywhere."

This tribute to the courage of our brave comrades of the Seventh Connecticut, by the first "rebel" they met that early morning, is as graceful as it is deserved.

I here add also the account of the Confederate General Jones,—although it contains a quotation from the report of General Strong,—which lays the blame of the failure upon the two regiments in support :

"The assault of Battery Wagner, which the troops were too much exhausted to attempt on the 10th, was made about day-dawn the next morning by General Strong.

"The garrison of Wagner at that time consisted of the shattered remainder of the troops which had contested the landing the previous

morning, namely, the Twenty-first South Carolina Regiment, about two hundred men, under Major J. G. W. McIver; twenty men of Company D, First South Carolina Infantry, Lieutenant Horlbeck commanding; and seventy men of Companies E, H, and I, First South Carolina Artillery, under Captain John C. Mitchell; also the Gist Guard, Captain C. E. Chichester, and Mathews' Artillery, Captain J. R. Mathews, which had occupied the battery on the 10th; the Seventh South Carolina Battalion, about three hundred men, Major J. H. Rion commanding; four companies each of the First Georgia Regiment, Colonel C. H. Olmstead; and Twelfth Georgia Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Capers; and three companies of the Eighteenth Georgia Battalion, Major W. S. Basinger—in all about five hundred men, Colonel Olmstead commanding. The aggregate force was about twelve hundred men.

“The South Carolinians manned the guns and the right and right centre of the ramparts. The Georgians, who arrived in the night of the 10th, guarded the left and left centre of the work. The Eighteenth Battalion occupied the southeast bastion, the First Georgia along the sea-front to the left, the Twelfth Georgia Battalion to the right, connecting with the Carolinians. Lieutenant-Colonel Yates commanded the artillery and Colonel R. F. Graham (Twenty-first South Carolina) the whole.

“THE ASSAULTING COLUMN.

“General Strong formed his brigade before day-adwn. The assaulting column consisted of the battalion of the Seventh Connecticut, the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and the Ninth Maine. The Seventh Connecticut led the advance;—Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman commanding. The Third and Seventh New Hampshire were held in reserve. The battalion of the Seventh Connecticut was deployed in line in front, followed closely in the order named by the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania and Ninth Maine, each formed in close divisions. They were ordered to carefully preserve their intervals and when the Confederates should open fire to rush forward with a cheer, mount the parapet, and carry the battery by storm.

“WHAT LOST THE BATTLE.

“General Strong commanded in person. His instructions were most faithfully carried out by Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman, who led his Seventh Connecticut men under a brisk fire of cannon and musketry to the ditch, and some of them to the top of the parapet, where, it is reported, they bayoneted two Confederate gunners.

“‘But unfortunately,’ says General Strong in his report, ‘when the enemy opened fire simultaneously along the whole line, and with a range of two hundred yards, the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania halted and lay down upon the ground. Though they remained in this position but a few moments and afterwards moved gallantly forward, some of them even to the ditch, that halt lost the battle, for the interval was lost, and the Seventh Connecticut, unsupported, were driven from the parapet. The whole column, including the Ninth Maine, which had reached the ditch on the left, gave way and retreated from the field.’

“The garrison of Wagner had of course expected an attack, and was on the alert all night. When the column was seen advancing in the dim light of early dawn Colonel Graham deliberately held his fire until his enemy was within close range, then opened simultaneously along his whole line, firing rapidly and continuously until the last man of the rapidly retreating column was under cover of the sand-hills.

“GALLANTRY OF THE SEVENTH CONNECTICUT.

“The Seventh Connecticut was particularly distinguished on this occasion. Unsupported, and when there seemed no hope of success, some of the men persisted with great daring in their efforts to force an entrance into the work. One brave man sprang to the parapet in front of a thirty-two-pounder, double-charged with grape-shot. Lieutenant Gilchrist of South Carolina, in command of the gun, struck by the man’s fearless bearing, called to him to come in before the gun was fired. As quick as thought the man’s rifle was levelled and a ball whizzed by Gilchrist’s head. The discharge of the gun followed, and the man was hurled across the ditch a mangled corpse. This regiment had been the first to enter Fort Pulaski when it was captured the year before, and the officers and men had behaved with much kindness towards Colonel Olmstead and his men who were captured on that occasion. Among the prisoners captured at this time were many of this regiment, who recognized their former prisoners, calling them by name and were received by them with as much kind consideration as the circumstances permitted.

“THE FEDERAL LOSS.

“General Strong in his official report to General Gillmore, made on the day of the assault, states that his loss that morning was eight officers and three hundred and twenty-two non-commissioned officers and privates. Among the severely wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Rodman of the Seventh Connecticut. Captain Gray, who succeeded

to the command of the battalion of the Seventh Connecticut, reports that one hundred and ninety-one men of the battalion went to the assault and that one hundred and three of them were killed, wounded, and missing, and he adds that their mess contained eleven officers that morning before the assault and but four after it.

"The Confederate loss in the assault was one officer and five enlisted men killed, and one officer and five enlisted men wounded."

After the repulse of July 11th, General Gillmore and Admiral Dahlgren held a consultation, and it was determined to erect batteries and to level the parapets of Fort Wagner by a bombardment before it was again attempted to carry it by assault.

The very next day work began—battery-building across the island, 1350 yards from the Confederate fort; and day and night for the next week the work was pushed forward. Guns and mortars were brought from the batteries on Folly Island and mounted on the works on Morris Island. Twenty-six guns were soon in position. They were three-inch rifle pieces, 10-pounder Parrott's, 30 pounder Parrotts, 20-pounder Parrotts, and eight-inch siege mortars. Battery Wagner was mostly armed with what the rebels called sea-coast howitzers—guns which at short range upon assaulting columns were capable of the most deadly work. Lines of rifle-pits were thrown across the island in front of our batteries and were constantly being advanced, and duty in the rifle-pits now became a fiery ordeal to the men. The guns of Fort Wagner were never silent.

From Fort Johnson, also on James Island, from Fort Sumter, and Battery Gregg they converged upon our lines a most deadly fire. But the work went steadily on from the 11th to the 18th of the month, building batteries, mounting guns, and preparing for the great bombardment and the great assault. The regiment remained in its position, among the sand-hills in the rear of the batteries when the men were not on picket. This chapter may well conclude with an account of the only incident of any moment that befell us before the fatal assault of July 18th. In the night of the 13th or the early morning of the 14th the enemy made

a sortie upon our picket-lines, which happened at the time to be manned by Companies C and D of the Forty-eighth. These companies had three telescopic rifles, with which from the rifle-pits they were able to pick off the gunners and so to silence the guns on Wagner. The sortie was supposed to have been made because of their exasperation on that account. A Confederate soldier, however, whom the writer met on his recent visit to Charleston, and who participated in it, assured him that it was made rather to test the strength of our lines. The commander of the sortie himself asserted that it was for the further purpose of capturing two or three prisoners, from whom General Beauregard wished to seek information concerning the number of our forces. The sortie was under the command of Major Rion of the Seventh South Carolina battalion, and his party consisted of 150 men. They came down upon our picket with a rush and a yell, and a hand-to-hand struggle in the darkness ensued. The Confederates call it a reconnoissance, but it was an expensive one to them. They acknowledge the loss of two killed, nine wounded, and three missing; but the loss must have been much greater. In the midst of the *mêlée* a rebel serjeant tried to capture Lieutenant John M. Tantum; but that stalwart soldier simply threw his arms around the rebel, lifted him up, and carried him bodily to the rear, a prisoner. Our losses were one killed, two wounded, and two taken prisoner; one of the wounded was the writer's bunk-mate at Fort Pulaski, Stacy K. Duffle: he was shot in the leg after he had surrendered. After the *mêlée* he was borne on a stretcher down the beach to the hospital; he died of his wound. The two prisoners were Privates John L. Wilgus of Company D and James A. Nesbitt of Company C. Eight months afterward, the writer stood by the side of Wilgus when he died in the prison-hospital at Richmond. He had been perhaps the most religious man of Company D, and the leader of the weekly prayer-meetings, and to the hymns that he had sung that company was indebted for their well-known sobriquet of the "Die-no-mores."

CHAPTER VI.

Fort Wagner—July 18, 1863.

“Battery” Wagner—Location—Construction—The Model at West Point—The Union Fleet—The Bombardment—The Confederate Garrison—Account of the Confederate General Taliaferro—Strong’s “Fighting Brigade”—Putnam’s and Stephenson’s Brigades in Support—The Three Assaults—Charge of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—Their Repulse—Death of Colonel Shaw—Charge of Strong’s Brigade—The Sixth Connecticut and Forty-eighth New York in Advance—Terrible Slaughter—Capture of the Southeast Bastion—Confederate Account—Losses—General Strong Mortally Wounded—Charge of Putnam’s Brigade in Support—Its Failure—Lieutenant-Colonel Green Killed—Colonel Barton Wounded—Captains Farrell and Hurst Killed—Lieutenant Edwards Killed—Captain Paxson and Lieutenant Fox Mortally Wounded—The Defence of the Captured Bastion till Midnight—The Mistaken Volley from the Rear—A Costly Blunder—Calls for Reinforcements—Why they Never Came—“Holding the Fort”—Heroic “Privates”—The Midnight Surrender—Account of Charles Cowley—Account of Confederate General Taliaferro—“The Assailants Assailed”—“Die-no-mores, Follow Me”—Experiences of Private Conklin—Blunders—Medals—Fate of the Prisoners—Fort Wagner Twice Revisited—Its Final Capture.

“**B**ATTERY WAGNER,” as it was called by the Confederates (“Fort” Wagner by the Federals), was located by General Pemberton in 1862, but it was greatly enlarged and strengthened by General Beauregard, who succeeded Pemberton in the command of the Confederate forces in the fall of that year. He added traverses between its land-guns, three heavy guns to its sea-face, and built the enormous bomb-proofs which so successfully sheltered its garrisons through the several bombardments. Its precise situation was three quarters of a mile south of Cummings Point on Morris Island, and one and a half miles from Fort Sumter. It ran from the sea to Vincent’s Creek across a narrow point of

the island. It had a bastioned front, and was so strongly constructed that, in Beauregard's own words, "It successfully withstood during fifty-eight days the heaviest land and naval attacks known in history." Every device of skilful military engineering was resorted to to render Wagner impregnable. Its location was a stroke of genius, for it was not placed at the very narrowest point of the island, but some hundred of yards back of it, so that it was many times wider than the narrowest point in its front over which our approaches had to be made; yet the earthwork crossed the entire island where it stood, with its flanks perfectly protected by a marsh and creek on its right and the sea on its left. It was provided also with a sluice-gate entrance to the ditch, which retained the water admitted at high-tide. Its garrisons could receive reinforcements and supplies at all times from Cummings Point and Charleston. It was possible also, from the location of other Confederate forts and batteries, to bring to bear a concentrated and cross fire from six separate points upon the space in its front; and indeed it was through such a fire that both the great assaults were made, and despite it that Fort Wagner was ultimately taken by siege. Its front was protected against assault by a heavy line of palisading, by wire entanglements, torpedoes, and every device known to ferocious warfare. One of these contrivances of Beauregard's has properly been called "devilish." On the sides of the ditch he placed a hedge of lances and spears with long hickory handles, firmly set in the banks, close together, forming *chevaux-de-frise* of hooks and blades of steel. Also, along the bottom were laid thick planks, driven full of sharp spikes, whose points were two and three inches high, and were intended to impale the feet of the hardy assailants who might dare to cross the ditch. The fort itself was built entirely of sand, the only wood about it being the platforms and gun-carriages and the palmetto logs used for the roofing of the bomb-proof. It has been declared by competent military authority to have been almost an impregnable earthwork.

I am happy to quote the following additional description of it, from a Confederate authority (General Jones), and especially as it gives what is believed to be a reliable account of its armament and garrison upon that fatal day, July 18, 1863:

“ BATTERY WAGNER.

“ Battery Wagner was a field-work, made of sand and riveted with turf and palmetto logs. It extended across the islands from the beach on the east to Vincent's Creek on the west, and presented towards the south a bastioned front of about two hundred and seventy-five yards. The parapets were very thick, and the ditch of moderate depth. The space within the work was from east to west about two hundred yards, and from north to south varied from twenty to seventy-five yards. On this space to the west were quarters for officers and men, built of wood, bomb-proof, capable of sheltering from eight hundred to a thousand men, bomb-proof magazines, and heavy traverses.

“ THE ARMAMENT.

“ On the 18th of July the armament was one 10-inch columbiad, one 32-pounder rifle, one 42-pounder and two 32-pounder carronades, two naval shell-guns and one 8-inch sea-coast howitzer, four smooth-bore 32-pounders, and one 10-inch sea-coast mortar—in all thirteen, and one light battery. Of those guns only the single 10-inch columbiad was of much effect against the monitors. The Federal land-batteries were beyond the range of nearly all of the other guns in Wagner.

“ THE GARRISON AT BATTERY WAGNER.

“ On the morning of the 18th the infantry of the garrison consisted of the Thirty-first North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Knight commanding; Fifty-first North Carolina, Colonel McKethen; and the Charleston Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. Gaillard. The artillery was Captains W. T. Tatam's and Warren Adams' companies of the First South Carolina regular infantry, acting as artillery; Captains J. T. Buckner's and W. J. Dixon's companies of the Sixty-third Georgia Heavy Artillery, and Captain De Pass' Light Battery—in all an aggregate of about seventeen hundred men. The Charleston Battalion and Fifty-first North Carolina were assigned to the defence of the parapet in the order named from the right along the south front to the gun-chamber opposite the door of the bomb-proof, which was on the left or sea-front. The Thirty-first North Carolina extended along the sea-face from the left of the Fifty-first to the sally-port towards

Battery Gregg. A part of this regiment (the Thirty-first) was held in reserve on the parade.

“OUTSIDE THE WORK.

“Two companies of the Charleston Battalion, Captain Julius A. Blake commanding, were outside of the work guarding the left gorge and sally-port. Two of Captain De Pass’ field-pieces were also outside of the work on the traverse near the sally-port. Colonel E. B. Harris, Chief of Engineers, had that day placed a howitzer on the right of the sally-port, outside of the beach, to co-operate with the guns on the left. To avoid the delay, which in a sudden assault might prove fatal, of assembling the men and marching them in military order to their respective posts, every man was instructed individually as to the exact point which he should occupy, and which, on an order to man the parapets, he would be required to gain and hold. All of the artillery was under the general command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Simkins, Chief of Artillery.”

It was in the second and great attempt to carry this earthwork by assault on the night of July 18, 1863, that the Forty-eighth Regiment achieved immortality. There is a model of Fort Wagner prepared under the direction of General Gillmore after its capture, and now preserved in the museum of the Military Academy at West Point. Colonel Wheeler, Professor of Engineering, uses it still in teaching his classes of cadets. As an earthwork it was so perfect, that it has come to be a model. That model is harmless-looking as it stands in the museum on the banks of the peaceful Hudson, but *the real Fort Wagner* was not so: it was the scene of the deadliest onslaught of the war; of wild and pitiless carnage and blood and disaster, a scene of hate and fury, a spot which resounded with curses and shrieks and dying groans, a sea-shore along which to this day little children never stroll on summer evenings to gather shells, because of the ghastly human bones which every wave unearths and washes up.

It was on that strip of barren sand in front of this impregnable earthwork that we found ourselves on the morning of July 18, 1863. We had been now for eight days on Morris

Island. Five formidable batteries had been erected by our forces across the island in our front. The hour was ready for the great bombardment, and early in the morning it began. Dahlgren moved his monitors, ironsides, and gun-boats close up to the fort, and, regardless of the fire both of Sumter and Wagner, all day long poured his heavy shells with terrific effect, into that bank of sand. The ships were the new *Ironsides*, the monitors *Montauk*, *Weehawken*, *Patapsco*, *Nantucket*, and *Catskill*, and the gun-boats *Paul Jones*, *Ottawa*, *Seneca*, *Chippewa*, and *Wissahickon*, with six mortar-boats. The land-batteries opened fire at the same time, and a hundred guns (without a moment's intermission through the day) concentrated their fire upon Wagner. General Beauregard's report says, "The enemy's firing was very rapid, averaging fourteen shots per minute, and unparalleled until this epoch in the weight of projectiles thrown." Within eleven hours, more than 9000 shell were hurled at the grim fort. It was a magnificent spectacle as we witnessed it from the sand-hills on Morris Island. No one would suppose that a human being, or a bird even, could live for a moment upon that fort. The shells struck the great banks, exploded, and threw the sand high in the air. They beat the banks shapeless, and carried away nearly sixteen feet of the sand covering the bomb-proof. After a few hours the guns were silenced, and the garrison driven back to their bomb-proofs under ground. The rebel fire from Fort Sumter was kept up, however, all the day.

A new problem in the science of war was destined to be solved that Saturday on Morris Island. It had been demonstrated at Fort Pulaski that walls of brick could not withstand modern projectiles; would banks of earth and sand successfully resist them? That was the crucial test of that fiery summer's day. The armament of the fort was of no moment. It was purely a question of passive resistance, and the banks of sand stood the test. The garrison at Fort Wagner on that day consisted of 1700 men—the Charleston battalion on the right, Fifty-first North Carolina in the cen-

tre, and the Thirty-first North Carolina, in the great southeast bastion on the sea-front. They were under the immediate command of General William B. Taliaferro, one of "Stonewall" Jackson's veterans. We are fortunate in possessing from his own pen a graphic account of that day's battle, written and viewed, of course, from his standpoint. He calls the bombardment a "tempest of fire."

"About a quarter past eight in the morning the storm broke: ship after ship and battery after battery, and then apparently all together, vomited forth their horrid flame, and the atmosphere was filled with deadly missiles. It is impossible for any pen to describe, or for any one who was not an eye-witness, to conceive the fatal grandeur of the spectacle. Within the narrow limits of Wagner the sand came down in avalanches. Huge vertical shells and those rolled over by the ricochet shots from the ships buried themselves and then exploded, rending the earth and forming great craters, out of which the sand and iron fragments flew high into the air. It was a fierce sirocco freighted with iron as well as sand. The sand flew over from the sea-shore from the glacis, from the exterior slope, from the parapet, as it was piled up and lifted and driven by resistless force, now in spray and now almost in waves, over into the work, the men sometimes half-buried by the moving mass. Our chief anxiety was about the magazines. The profile of the fort might be destroyed, the ditch filled up, the traverses and bomb-proof barracks knocked out of shape, but the protecting banks of sand would still afford their shelter; but if the coverings of the magazines were blown away and they became exposed, the explosion which would ensue would lift fort and garrison into the air and annihilate all in general chaos. They were carefully watched, and reports of their condition made at short intervals. . . . The day wore on: thousands upon thousands of shells and round-shot, shells loaded with balls, shells of guns and shells of mortars, percussion-shells exploding upon impact, shells with graded fusés, every contrivance known to the arsenals of war, leaped into and around the doomed fort; yet there was no cessation. The sun seemed to stand still, and the long midsummer day to know no night. Some men were dead, and no scratch appeared on their bodies: the concussion had forced the breath from their lungs, and collapsed them into corpses. . . . The commanding officer was buried knee-deep in sand, and had to be rescued by spades from his imprisonment. The day wore on; hours followed, hours of anxiety and grim endurance, but no respite ensued. At last night came—not, however, to herald a cessation

of the strife, but to usher in a conflict still more terrible. More than eleven hours had passed: the fort was torn and mutilated; to the outside observer it was apparently powerless, knocked to pieces and pounded out of shape, the outline changed, the exterior slope full of gaping wounds, the ditch half filled up; but the interior still preserved its form and its integrity. Scarred and defaced, it was yet a citadel, which although not offensive was defiant. It was nearly eight o'clock at night, but still twilight, when a calm came, and the blazing circle ceased to glow with flame. The ominous pause was understood: it required no signals to be read by those to whom they were not directed to inform them that the supreme moment was now at hand: it meant—ASSAULT."

And it did mean assault—the most terrible and *the most fatal* in all the history of modern warfare, with the single exception of the famous charge at Balaklava. "Strong's fighting brigade" were in advance: less than a month before, the regiments which composed it had been selected for this very work. Already they had won a fine fame by their dashing victory on the morning of July 10th and the impetuous assault on the morning of the 11th, and they had come to possess an enthusiastic affection for the young and gallant commander, who did not *drive* them into battle, but *led* them. Their career was brief, for on this night it passed into final eclipse. Putnam's brigade was in support. Stephenson's followed Putnam's. As the day wore on, the rumor ran round that we were to make a grand charge just before nightfall, and carry that heap of defiant sand at the point of the bayonet. We ate a hearty supper that night (it was the last meal many a brave fellow ever needed); each man received a ration of whiskey, and the regiments were ordered to "fall in." They did so quickly, noiselessly, and without confusion, and formed—a mile of men in column by company—on the beach. The fire from the batteries and the ships redoubled its fury as the columns were gathering for assault. Aids and orderlies rode up and down, giving rapid orders. General Truman Seymour was in command of the entire assaulting column; General Strong led his own brigade. Two things now happened—the one of

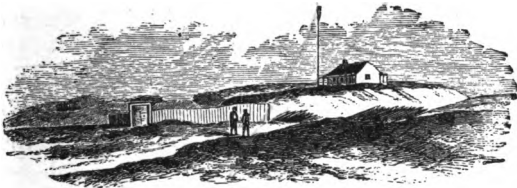
them contingent on the other—which had a fatal effect. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, a brave regiment of colored troops, commanded by Colonel Robert G. Shaw, was sent to the front. The purpose possibly was, that if glory should be won in that assault, they should share it. Political considerations too often outweighed military ones in the war. (The same thing happened again, and with more fatal consequences, at the explosion of the Petersburg mine a year afterward.) Perhaps it would have been a spectacle in history for negro soldiers to have led the assault that captured the redoubtable bank of Fort Wagner and put the rebel city of Charleston at the mercy of the Union arms. At any rate they were assigned to Strong's brigade for the occasion, and marched past us to the front. That would not have been such a catastrophe (for the regiment acquitted itself with the greatest valor), but *precious moments of time were lost*. Before the assaulting columns were finally formed, a storm also rose in the sky, and it grew dark suddenly. It was that loss of priceless moments and the coming on of the night which saved the rebel garrison in Fort Wagner from being swept into the sea. Who will not recall his sensations as he stood in his place in the ranks, as the night settled down upon us and we began to realize the fearfulness of the assault we were about to attempt. To many a gallant fellow those moments were the last of earth.

Before us lay the approach to the fort—a gradual ascent, 1350 yards in distance, which had been smooth as a floor before the bombardment. Then you came to the moat, filled that night waist-deep with water; then a great bank—the exterior slope—twenty-five feet in height rose before you. Behind that, at the point where we struck it (the sea-face bastion), was a *terre-plein* some fifty feet across, containing guns and magazines; then in the rear of that the superior slope, nearly as high as the other; and underneath it all lines of underground bomb-proofs, roofed with palmetto-logs and sand-bags, where the garrison was hidden in security throughout the bombardment.

Historical writers have insisted that there was but one assault made on that fatal night: *in fact there were three.* Technically speaking, it may be considered one general assault, but it was made by three distinct columns, at three separate moments, with decided intervals between them, and directed against two different angles of the fort.

The writer desires to call especial attention to this fact, for only by bearing it in mind can the student of this brief but sanguinary battle comprehend it.

The first assault was made by the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, against the curtain of the fort on the left: it failed. The second assault was made by Strong's "fighting brigade," against the sea-face bastion in our front: it succeeded. The third assault was made by Putnam's brigade in sup-



FORT WAGNER AT POINT OF FIRST ASSAULT.

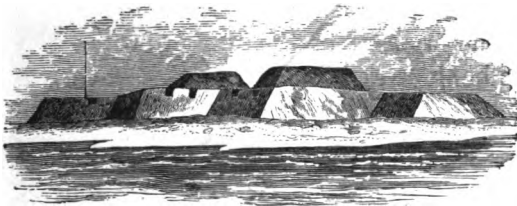
port: it failed, and therefore finally it all failed; and the only success of that fiery hour was the triumph of those heroic spirits who died that night on those ensanguined sands by the side of the sea, that the American Republic might not perish from off the earth.

In the sense in which it was all one general assault, Colonel Shaw's colored regiment did lead it; but in fact the charge which they made was distinct, preceding the others, was in different formation, and directed against a different point. At the command of General Strong, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts moved forward,—formed in column of wings,—the right resting on the sea. They obliqued to the left, and attacked the curtain at the land-face of Battery Wagner (not the sea-face salient, which we subsequently carried). They went forward to that charge 650 strong, com-

manded throughout by white officers. Colonel Shaw's last word to the major commanding the left wing of his regiment as he went to the front was, "We shall take the fort or die there; good-by." I would not disparage the brave rush of that colored regiment to death. It has, however, received not undue but disproportionate attention from historians. They ran forward at the "double-quick," with a magnificent courage; we still remaining where we were, standing in column on the beach. As they approached the ditch they met a withering fire: the garrison outnumbered them two to one. The rebels had exhumed their buried cannon and remounted them, and were at their posts behind the parapets, defiant as ever. Before that fire of grape and shrapnel and musketry the intrepid regiment of black men broke: a few of them followed their brave Colonel through the ditch and up the bank behind it, and planted their flag in the most gallant manner upon the ramparts: there Colonel Shaw was shot through the heart, and fell back dead in the ditch; many of his brave colored soldiers died by his side, but others were seized with a furious panic, and fled to the rear in dismay.

During their assault and at the moment of their repulse Strong's "fighting brigade" was still standing—in column by company—upon the beach, awaiting the command to go forward. Putnam's brigade was also formed in their rear. In number they were about four thousand; in discipline and drill they were the finest soldiers of the volunteer armies, for they had been two years in training; in spirit they were the choicest youth of the Republic, for they had rushed to arms at her first call for help. There they stood as night settled down upon them—a mile of men massed in solid column in the gathering gloom; their faces were blanched, for they knew now that Fort Wagner was not evacuated nor disabled by the bombardment, and that its garrison—standing behind embankments which, "if no longer offensive, were still defiant"—was ready to give them also a more deadly reception. It may be doubted if any

man who never has known the experience of a moment like that can conceive it. With blanched cheeks indeed, but with undaunted hearts in face of imminent death, they determined that night to do their duty. The Sixth Connecticut was in advance; *the Forty-eighth New York was next*—just at that fatal point in the column, as it proved, where the direct fire and the enfilade would focus. The Third New Hampshire, Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and Ninth Maine followed. Suddenly the voice of General Strong rang clear as he shouted the command, "Column, forward! double-quick march!" and forward on the full run they rushed. The earth shook beneath their tread; the storm lulled, the very sea beside them seemed to grow quiet; the cannon-



FORT WAGNER—SEA-FACE BASTION, POINT OF SECOND AND THIRD ASSAULTS.

firing of all the batteries and from all the ships suddenly ceased; grim and formidable the banks of Wagner lay before them; and there was silence everywhere, except that Sumter kept up her fire incessantly, and the "tramp," "tramp," "tramp," of the onrushing column, and by their side the gentle swash of the sea.

When we had gone twelve hundred yards and the head of the column was almost to the ditch, suddenly the parapets were alive with men: they "yelled;" they fired all their muskets and their cannon straight in our faces. It was as if the deepest pit of hell had vomited its hottest fires upon you. It was as light as day, and that noble column reeled and swayed and fell, shot through with grape and canister and shrapnel—the deadliest missiles of cruel war: these

crushed their way through the bared breasts of that dauntless column of loyal blue, and levelled it to the earth. Oh, it was pitiful! The air was on fire everywhere, and the fire seemed to have voices that now moaned and now cheered, and now cried with pain; the deadly volleys followed each other faster than I can write of them; the dead and dying were piled in heaps, heroic, far up that fatal slope; the sea moaned, the thunder muttered in the sky. It grew dark suddenly, and only the eye of God saw the survivors of that shattered column pushing on toward the fort. Here was one, yonder another, ten steps away a third—all that were left standing of the solid columns that had melted away in the fires; but they did not halt, did not retreat—they pressed on. Those in the rear followed them, trampling down their dead and dying comrades, stumbling over wire entanglements as they rushed in the dark towards the fort. We struck the bank at its highest point, at what was called the southeast bastion. The Thirty-first North Carolina defended that position; they have been falsely accused by the Confederate commanders of cowardice. Beauregard claims that they “disgracefully abandoned their position;” General Taliaferro, that “the southeast bastion was weakly defended.” It is a cruel and unjust accusation. They stood to their guns as long as they could. The reader will discover another reason for their panic and retreat: the “fighting brigade” was irresistible. It reached the moat, crossed it. Many fell there under the terrible enfilades; others impaled their feet on spikes and blades of steel; but the rest climbed up that first bank, and step by step, with swords drawn and bayonets fixed, without the firing of a single shot, without the speaking of a single word, drove the enemy back, captured their guns, their magazine, followed them as they fled in terror across the *terre-plein*, drove them over the “superior slope;” and at last a mere handful of them, but all that remained of the “fighting brigade,” stood triumphant upon the rebel parapets, and the strongest bastion of Fort Wagner was taken. Then there rang a great

shout of victory over the sea, but it was lost in the shrieks of pain that followed it around the world.

History has never been just to that assault; it has written it down a failure, and insisted that it was repulsed. It is a remarkable fact *that only the Confederate writers* have acknowledged that Strong's brigade, as a matter of fact, DID CARRY THE STRONGEST BASTION OF THE FORT, AND HELD IT FOR MORE THAN THREE HOURS.

What did the enemy think of us as we rushed towards them that night? Let me quote again from the narrative of General Taliaferro:

"THE GRAND ASSAULT.

"A dark mass of the enemy's columns, brigade after brigade, were seen in the fading twilight to approach. Line after line was formed, and then came the rush. Orders were given to Gaillard to hold his fire and deliver no direct shot. As the assaulting columns came on they were met by the withering volleys of McKethan's direct and Gaillard's cross fire, and by the direct discharge of the shell-guns, supplemented by the frightful enfilading discharges of the lighter guns upon the right and left. It was terrible; *but with an unsurpassed gallantry the Federal soldiers breasted the storm and rushed onward to the glacis.* The Confederates, with the tenacity of bull-dogs and a fierce courage which was aroused to madness by the frightful inaction to which they had been subjected, poured from the ramparts and embrasures sheets of flame and a tempest of lead and iron; *yet their intrepid assailants rushed on* like the waves of the sea by whose shore they fought; they fell by hundreds, but they pushed on, reeling under the frightful blasts that almost blew them to pieces, up to the Confederate bayonets. The southeast bastion was weakly defended (?), *and into it a considerable body of the enemy made their way.* . . . But they left near a thousand dead around the fort."

The above tribute from the pen of the Confederate General who commanded Battery Wagner that night to the courage of the undaunted men who faced his deadly fire is the tribute of a brave man to brave men. The assaulting columns everywhere else but at that single point, where the "fighting brigade" won its renown, were beaten back and retreated. The men who had succeeded in capturing the sea-face bastion were the survivors of the Sixth Connecticut

and Forty-eighth New York (the two regiments that had led the column), and a handful of brave fellows from other regiments who had had the courage to join them. The losses had been terrible: Beauregard estimates them at three thousand. I have been unable to find a detailed report from any Federal authority of the casualties; the most moderate authorities estimate them as about two thousand men. I quote once more from the narrative of the Confederate General Jones, in order that the reader may see this great assault from every side. His estimate of the losses is believed to be unexaggerated. The account now quoted begins at the time when we started upon the assault.

“Half the ground to be traversed before reaching Wagner was undulating with sand-hills, which afforded some shelter, but not so much as to prevent free and easy movement; the other half smooth and unobstructed up to the ditch. Within easy range of Wagner the marsh encroached so much on the firm sand of the island as to leave but a narrow way between it and the water. A few stirring words were addressed by the officers to their troops, and the men responded with cheers.

“THE ASSAULT.

“About half-past seven the assaulting column was hurled against Wagner, with orders to use the bayonet only, the Federal artillery continuing their fire over their heads as long as it could be done without risk to their own men. The Confederates at their posts were straining their eyes to catch through the deepening twilight the first glimpse of the enemy. When the head of the column came in view, a rapid fire of grape and canister was opened, the fire from James Island batteries was poured in on the flank. Sumter and Gregg, firing over Wagner, plunged their shot into the advancing column and the parapets of Wagner were lit up by a line of infantry fire.

“A HARD TASK IN HAND.

“The advancing column pressed defiantly forward, breasting the storm of iron and lead which was rapidly thinning their ranks. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts broke and fled, large bodies of it falling upon and with violence forcing their way through the ranks of the advancing column, greatly heightening the general confusion.

“The storm of fire from Wagner had strewn the ditch and glacis with killed and wounded. A few of the bravest of the different regi-

ments, notably the *Forty-eighth New York and Sixth Connecticut*, continued to press forward, bearing their colors and striving to reach the ditch and mount the parapet; but the brigade had been hopelessly repulsed; its gallant commander, General Strong, was mortally wounded, as was Colonel Chatfield. Colonel Shaw of the *Fifty-fourth Massachusetts* was killed, and many other officers killed and wounded. So heavy was the fire and so great the disorder, that General Seymour saw the necessity of immediate support and accordingly dispatched his Assistant Inspector-General, Major Plympton of the *Third New Hampshire*, to order up Colonel Putnam with his supporting brigade. To his amazement Colonel Putnam positively refused to advance, because, as he explained, he had been ordered by General Gillmore to remain where he was.

“THE FIRST BRIGADE IN CONFUSION.

“In the mean time the First Brigade was urged on with admirable spirit and gallantry by General Strong, who had been assured of prompt support. But the destructive fire from Wagner was more than his men could stand.

“PUTNAM’S CONDUCT.

“What were Colonel’s Putnam’s feelings in the mean time perhaps will never be known, but may with much certainty be conjectured. He was a gallant young officer, and could not stand idly by at the head of a fine brigade and see the command of his classmates and intimate friends cut to pieces. ‘After a disastrous delay and without orders,’ says General Seymour, ‘he led his brigade forward and pressed on to the assault of the southeast angle through a destructive fire.’

“AN UNGUARDED BASTION.

“It seems that the terrible bombardment of eleven hours had demoralized the *Thirty-first North Carolina Regiment*. It did not respond to the call to man the ramparts: the southeast bastion and sea-front, to the defence of which it had been assigned, was therefore unguarded. Colonel Putnam and a part of his brigade crossed the ditch, which had been nearly filled with sand by the long bombardment, mounted the parapet and a hundred or more men gained possession of the southeast bastion.”

This mistake of attributing to Colonel Putnam’s brigade the capture of the bastion, General Jones, in a private letter to the writer, says that he was led to make by the report of

General Seymour. The fact was that STRONG'S BRIGADE took the bastion, and although Putnam died within it, gallantly coming to its relief, one regiment of his brigade—by the mistaken volley elsewhere described—was the unhappy cause of its final loss.

The account continues :

“Seeing the advantage gained by Colonel Putnam, General Seymour had just dispatched an order by Major Plympton to General Stevenson to advance with his brigade to Colonel Putnam's support when he too was severely wounded. Before he was carried from the field he repeated the order to General Stevenson to advance, but the order was not obeyed—why, does not appear.

“THE CONFEDERATE LOSS.

“The Confederate loss was only one hundred and seventy-four—surprisingly small, thanks to the sheltering capacity of sand-works. The loss on both sides had been unusually heavy in commissioned officers. Among the Confederate killed were Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Simkins, First South Carolina Infantry; Captain W. H. Ryan of the Charleston battalion; Captain W. T. Tatem, First South Carolina Infantry; and Lieutenant G. W. Thompson, commanding company Fifty-first North Carolina. Major David Ramsay of the Charleston battalion was severely wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Simkins, as Chief of Artillery, had directed the operations of that arm with admirable skill and daring, and when the assault commenced mounted the parapet to aid and encourage the infantry. ‘There, on the ramparts in the front, this admirable soldier and accomplished gentleman sealed his devotion to our cause by an early but most heroic death.’

“THE UNION LOSS.

“The Federal loss has not yet been officially ascertained. General Taliaferro estimated it at not less than two thousand—perhaps much more. General Beauregard in his official report says their loss must have been three thousand, as eight hundred bodies were interred in front of Battery Wagner on the following morning.

“In a letter of the 20th to Admiral Dahlgren General Gillmore tells him that during the ten days from the beginning of his operations he had lost thirty-three per cent of his troops in killed, wounded, missing, and sick. He had commenced with somewhat more than thirteen thousand on Morris and Folly Islands, and his tri-monthly report for the 20th of July shows an aggregate sick on those two islands of twelve

hundred and forty-one. It would seem therefore that General Beauregard's estimate was not excessive."

The defence of Fort Wagner was signalized by a courage that was equal and a military skill that was superior to the assault. General Seymour was wounded. General Gillmore seems to have been too far to the rear to have brought forward reinforcements promptly, and the brave General Strong did his best to bring other regiments in support of the Sixth Connecticut and Forty-eighth New York to hold the salient they had taken, but so terrible had been the slaughter that no one would heed him; finally he placed himself at the head of a battalion composed of what remained of the immortal Seventh Connecticut, and to them he made his last appeal. Here Strong fell, mortally wounded, before he could come to our relief, and the command of the column passed rapidly from one to another, until every Federal Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel present at the front had fallen; and when it finally broke, the ranking officer of the brigade was Major Plympton of the Third New Hampshire, who led part of its shattered fragments back into the gathering gloom.

The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire, did their best to reinforce us in the fort, making a furious charge: but there had been unfortunate delays; it was now pitch-dark, and they were beaten back by the enfilades. Colonel Putnam himself was killed, just as he reached the fort; his regiment, the Seventh New Hampshire, distinguished itself.

It was late in the night when the last shattered regiments finally recoiled under the terrible fire; their retreat was one of unspeakable horror. From the ramparts behind them a murderous fire of grape and canister followed them on their way back to the Union lines. Men fell by scores on the parapets and rolled back into the ditch; many were drowned in the water, and others smothered by their own dead or wounded companions falling upon them; some dragged themselves to

the rear on their hands and knees through the sand. Perhaps in all the history of our war a more ghastly scene was never witnessed than that on the beach and glacis of Fort Wagner that night, where, piled on one another in ditches, with bleeding wounds, parched with thirst, writhing in pain, still under the terrible fires of batteries that were not silenced, and lying in ridges where the enfilade had ploughed them down, more than a thousand Union soldiers awaited the coming of the day. The Confederates claim to have buried next morning eight hundred dead upon the ocean beach. Among the killed were Colonels Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire and Shaw of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, and Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Green of the Forty-eighth New York. Among the mortally wounded were Brigadier-General George C. Strong, the commander of the "fighting brigade," and Colonel Chatfield of the Sixth Connecticut. Among the seriously wounded were General Seymour, Colonels Barton (Forty-eighth New York), Jackson, and Emery. But these are only the names of the more prominent general and field officers. In the Forty-eighth, in addition to Colonel Barton (he was severely wounded in the thigh) and Lieutenant-Colonel Green (he was shot dead inside the fort on the "superior slope"), Captains Farrell and Hurst and Lieutenant Edwards were killed, and Captain Paxson and Lieutenant Fox mortally wounded; Captains Lockwood, Elfwing, Swartwout, and Coan, and Lieutenants Miller, Barrett, Taylor, and Acker, were wounded. The Forty-eighth went into that assault with eight companies and nearly five hundred men, and with sixteen officers. The next morning but eighty-six men answered to the roll-call. Fifteen of the sixteen officers were killed or wounded. Such mortality was unparalleled in the war. It was a very deluge of death through which those immortal columns had tried to fight their way to victory; *and they did it.*

For now it remains for me to record a *hitherto unwritten chapter of history*. A mere chronicler of the deeds of a single regiment, and not a professional military historian, might

be deemed presumptuous to pretend to contribute new facts to history; but it is as true as lamentable, that no one has yet attempted to write with any fulness the history of the assault on Fort Wagner. Fragmentary records of the deeds of certain regiments have been published, but the career of our armies in the whole Department of the South yet awaits a competent historian. The confusion of that night assault was so great, the final disaster so overwhelming, the chief participants all dead or disabled, the only persons capable of telling the entire story captured, marched away to rebel prisons, and destined not to return for months and years, and the general-in-chief of the command seemingly ignorant to this day of what actually transpired on the parapets of Wagner in the darkness of that awful night—these may be the causes why this history has remained unwritten; but that it should be reserved for Confederate military writers to first acknowledge a deed of unexampled valor by Federal soldiers nineteen years after its occurrence, is certainly noteworthy. My authorities for the remarkable narrative I am now about to relate are the Confederate General Taliaferro, the memories of my comrades, and my own.

The reader who would understand the precise situation must keep clear the distinction between the three separate assaults. The first (that of Colonel Shaw's Fifty-fourth Massachusetts), against the curtain on the land-face of Battery Wagner, *had failed* within ten minutes after it began. The second assault, made chiefly by the two leading regiments of Strong's brigade,—the Sixth Connecticut and the Forty-eighth New York,—not moving in column of wings as the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts did, but in column by company at close order, and directed not against the curtain of the fort, but straight against its most precipitate parapets on the sea-face, *did not fail, but succeeded*. Strong's "fighting brigade" perished that night, but it was not beaten. Its object was the capture of that sea-face bastion against which it was hurled; and it took that bastion, every inch of it, in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Thirty-first North Carolina,

whom it drove from their positions step by step, and gained possession of the entire salient. The writer estimates (in round figures) that as many as seven or eight hundred men succeeded in forcing their way into that bastion, while it was in our possession; that four or five hundred fell there; that one or two hundred succeeded in making their escape back to the Union lines after they became convinced of the folly of longer attempting to hold it; and it is known that *one hundred and forty men*, who persisted in holding what they had taken at such terrible cost, were, after between three and four hours of most desperate fighting, finally overwhelmed and taken prisoners. But from shortly after eight o'clock at night until twelve o'clock midnight they succeeded in defending the fortifications they had taken, despite repeated assaults of the enemy. They were cut down also by a most fearful volley from a regiment of their own men when Putman's brigade made the assault in their support. It was a mistake, of course, growing out of the dreadful confusion that existed everywhere, and possible only, I suppose, because of the pitch-darkness of the night, and the loss of division, brigade, and regimental commanders, who had been shot down before its occurrence. The lack of definite information as to the precise situation of our forces within the fort, and the lack of care in seeking such information, led the second brigade, hurrying up to reinforce us, to shoot us down from the rear as fatally as the enemy had done from the front. As nearly as I can now fix the time of these three assaults, they were as follows: The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts made their charge at about 7.45 P.M., Strong's brigade at 8.5, and Putman's brigade at 8.30. We had been therefore inside the fort—clinging to its further bank, sending frequent messages to the rear with information of our position and calling for reinforcements—for nearly half an hour before they came up the beach behind us, crossed the ditch, and, reaching the first parapet, fired a whole volley at point-blank range into us. It was then that Colonel Barton fell, and hundreds of brave fellows who had survived

that storm of fire in their front went down before the volley of their own comrades from the rear. It was one of those mistakes never to be accounted for, nor atoned for, in war. I have no doubt that, exasperated by such a stupid blunder, some of the men within the fort fired back at their assailants on the parapet behind them. At least they broke and retreated, and left us there, still holding the salient, but greatly reduced in numbers. There was never a better illustration of the wisdom of the famous order of General Anthony Wayne at the storming of Stony Point, "Empty your cartridge-boxes and trust to your bayonets." Had that been done that night, before they reached us with their bayonets, Colonel Dandy's One Hundredth New York would have discovered that we were their friends. Messengers were sent continually to the rear pleading for reinforcements to help us hold the salient till daylight. Sometimes a wounded man would volunteer to drag himself away and bring some one to our relief. Why they never came we could not understand. Stevenson's brigade was still in reserve, and had they reinforced us our position was secure. The lack of reliable information in the rear seems to have been the difficulty, and there appears to have been a strange lack of faith in the assurances of the messengers who did reach our lines and applied to General Stevenson to come forward to our support. In the history of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, written by Major Isaiah Price, I find the following acknowledgments:

"An aid of General Seymour came to Colonel Guss with orders for the Ninety-seventh to advance, stating that Strong's forces had entered Fort Wagner, and were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, and needed immediate help. The order claimed to have the sanction of General Stevenson; but, owing to the conflicting intelligence received from the front, and the perplexity attendant upon the extreme darkness of the night, it was impossible to be entirely satisfied of the reliability of a verbal order from an aid not personally known to the officer receiving it." . . . Yet "the regiment was immediately advanced under a heavy fire of musketry. After marching about two hundred yards, meeting a large number of wounded soldiers

struggling back, General Stevenson appeared at the head of the regiment, and then rode rapidly toward the fort. He soon returned, ordered a 'halt—about face,' and sent the regiment back to its former position. In a little while he sent another message to the regiment as follows: 'It is reported that our troops have effected a lodgment upon one angle of the fort and retain possession of it. You will move up and ascertain if this is correct, and, if true, you will open communication with that force and render whatever assistance is required.'

But they did not come: they claim to have marched forward, and meeting some rebel pickets, came to the conclusion that we had surrendered. Still later in the night (I quote from the same authority), "upon information being received by General Stevenson to the effect that many of our men still remained in possession of a portion of the fort, he ordered an officer and ten men to reconnoitre the work; they were compelled to retire, however, by the fire of the enemy." That acknowledgment of three separate communications from the men who were holding the salient all through those dreadful hours, and that explanation of why their appeals were in vain, is absolutely the only record of it I have been able anywhere to find. It proves at least that those of our comrades who were sent to the rear for reinforcements did not fail to apply for them to the General commanding the brigade in reserve, whose duty it certainly was to have ascertained if their representations were true. It was not only pitiful to leave us there to our fate, as far as we were concerned, but it was fatal to the result of that battle; for had that southeast bastion been thoroughly reinforced in the middle of the night, it could have been held against all-comers till morning, and then it would have commanded the rest of the work, and the great assault would not have been in vain. As it was, we were left to our fate, and now occurred within that captured salient for the next three hours and more, as remarkable a scene of valor as can be read of in history.

The ground within that salient was piled with dead and dying in places three feet deep; the wounded cried for

help; our numbers had been greatly reduced, both by the fire from the rear and by the retirement one at a time, as best they could, of many who thought the attempt to hold the bastion was folly. After all had gone, however, there still remained, scattered along the inside of the superior slope, 140 men. They were mainly, as already said, of the Sixth Connecticut and Forty-eighth New York, although there was hardly any regiment that had participated in either of the three assaults, some of whose men had not forced their way into that bastion, and did not join that little stalwart company who determined to defend it to the last. In the darkness they did not know each other: they only knew that they were lying on top of heaps of dead, and could tell from their own fire that they were well distributed, and that they had made a common resolve that they would hold what they had taken to the end. When their ammunition was exhausted, they robbed the dead for more; when they were assaulted at one point, they rushed together there and defended it: so at all points. They were actuated by the noblest spirit that ever prompted soldiers to valorous and desperate deeds; they helped each other automatically, for there was no one to order them. They were not like a single company or the remnants of a regiment, properly officered and ordered what to do, and yet they did not know until the next morning, when they looked into each other's faces in the prison, that *there was not among them a single commissioned officer*, that to a man they were *private soldiers*. Let it be remembered to their lasting renown, that the men who defended Fort Wagner for three hours after they had been abandoned, prompted thereto by their own brave hearts alone, were not "Generals" or "Colonels" or "Captains," but "privates," not great soldiers, therefore, but only great spirits—the underlings of war, yet its supreme heroes—*private soldiers*. Moments passed—dreadful moments of intense anxiety. What instant the rebels would rush down upon them in overwhelming numbers in the darkness, and at what point, they could not know. One

terrible assault upon them, led by Major Rion of the Charleston battalion, they successfully repulsed; many minor assaults also. Thus hours passed, terrible hours of suspense, but of unrelenting fidelity. The heavens were black with clouds; not a single star would look on a scene of blood like that. The only light was the flash of the guns from Fort Sumter above, and the embrasures on either side. For more than three hours that defence of the fort within the fort was kept up. A mere handful of men did it. They were surprised the next morning, when they counted each other, to know that they had numbered only *one hundred and forty*. They became conscious towards midnight that they were being surrounded: they saw faintly in the darkness lines of rebels passing down the seashore in their rear, on the right; others that they did not see crossed the face of the curtain behind them on the left; 1700 men on their own ground had failed for more than three hours to dislodge 140 abandoned men from the mighty salient they had captured. But at midnight the Confederates, by suddenly rushing in upon them from front and flanks and rear, did finally overwhelm them; then they surrendered. The writer never can forget the instant when the mass of rebels from all directions, yelling "Surrender! Surrender!" rushed in upon us; he fired his last cartridge into one of them, then broke the little carbine he had been given at Pulaski upon the cannon by his side, and held up his hand and surrendered. He was at the time but a boy, and he claims now to have been but the least, and the least worthy, of that immortal band of 140 who defended that salient till midnight; and it is an inexpressible sorrow to him to this day to remember that it was the unhappy fate of many of that 140 private soldiers who survived the carnage of that battle, to live to become *idiots* for their country, and to starve and freeze and die at last at Belle Island and Andersonville, with the world's commiseration their only reward.

Not a man who participated in that heroic defence re-

turned to the Federal lines to tell of it, and it appears to have been absolutely unknown. There is not a single line concerning it that the writer has discovered in any history of the event until Mr. Charles Cowley issued his sterling pamphlet, "Afloat and Ashore," and until the Confederate General Taliaferro wrote his account of the battle nineteen years after it occurred. Mr. Cowley is inaccurate in naming the regiments engaged, but in referring to the furious charge of the Sixth Connecticut and Forty-eighth New York, he says: "In spite of the most deadly fire, they leaped over the ditch, bounded upon the parapet, drove the Thirty-first North Carolina with the bayonet, and entered the southeast salient of the fort. It is a fact (though Northern historians omit to mention it) that these gallant regiments took possession of the south sea-angle of the fort, and held it for three mortal hours, but it cost a terrible sacrifice of life: the survivors fought with the dead bodies of their comrades lying three feet deep around them; finally, for want of support they surrendered, few, if any of them, being able to get out." But far the best account of it is from the pen of the Confederate General Taliaferro. After acknowledging the capture of the salient, although he attributes it to the unfaithfulness of the regiment who should have defended it, he describes his attempts to regain it in the following words:

"THE ASSAILANTS ASSAILED."

"The party which had gained access by the salient next the sea could not escape; it was certain death to attempt to pass the line of concentrated fire which swept the face of the work, and they did not attempt it; *but they would not surrender*, and in despair kept up a constant fire upon the main body of the fort. The Confederates called for volunteers to dislodge them—a summons which was promptly responded to by Major MacDonald of the Fifty-first North Carolina, and by Captain Rion of the Charleston Battalion, with the requisite number of men. Rion's company was selected, and the gallant Irishman at the head of his company dashed at the *reckless and insane men who seemed to insist upon immolation*. The tables were now sin-

gularly turned: the assailants had become the assailed, and they held a fort within the fort, and were protected by the traverses and gun-chambers behind which they fought. Rion rushed at them, but he fell, shot outright with several of his men, and the rest recoiled. At this time General Hagood reported to General Taliaferro with Colonel Harrison's splendid regiment, the Thirty-second Georgia, sent over by Beauregard to his assistance, as soon as a landing could be effected at Cumming's Point. These troops were ordered to move along on the traverses and bomb-proofs, and to plunge their concentrated fire over the stronghold; still for a time they held out, but at last they surrendered."

General Taliaferro closes his graphic and accurate story of that night by a quotation from an address by the Rev. Dr. Dennison: "The truest courage and determination was manifested on both sides on that crimson day at that great slaughter-house, Wagner."

Thus, only in a pamphlet in which a Northern lawyer has printed certain pages of his diary, and in a newspaper account written by the Confederate commanding general nineteen years after the event, has there yet appeared any acknowledgment of that extraordinary defence of "the fort within the fort" until midnight, by a handful of one hundred and forty private soldiers under the most terrible fires, heaped about with their dead and dying comrades, amid their cries of anguish and pain, without orders, or any one to order them, actuated only by a common determination to defend what they had taken to the desperate end—a deed of heroism, the writer ventures to declare, unsurpassed in all the records of war. It would be unfair to neglect to say that there had doubtless been others who had participated in the defence for some time and who had succeeded in getting to the rear before the surrender: indeed, Lieutenant James A. Barrett, though severely wounded in the thigh, remained within the fort for a long while, encouraging the men to hold the banks, collecting ammunition from the dead and passing it to the living, and his word cannot be disputed that when he determined to go to the rear himself, he ordered all the men within sound of his voice to retire

also. Such orders, however, were unheard high up on the bank where the firing was in progress; and if they had been heard it is doubtful if they would have been obeyed. Nothing less than a delirium of patriotism actuated the defiant men, who would not surrender and would not retreat. Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Green of the Forty-eighth was shot dead after crossing the bastion, as he leaped on the inner parapet. He lay for hours on his back, on the side of the slope near by the writer; when the flash of the guns lit up the scene he could see his face: his long beard, that flowed down to his breast, was burnt by the fires of the battle; he was yet breathing but unconscious at midnight. Sergeant George Cranmer, who crossed the ditch and ran up the bank by the writer's side, pausing to fire a shot by the side of the first rebel cannon, fell dead upon its platform. The bullets struck that cannon as hail strikes a pane of glass. It was a night of terrors, never before (and never again) experienced in the history of the regiment. Captain Paxson, with both his legs shot through with canister, heaped about by the dead and the dying, was lying there bleeding to death; and long into the night, and high above the sound of musketry and the crash of howitzers, was heard his dying call, "Die-no-mores, follow me." Every individual had experiences which were peculiar to himself; no one man can narrate the occurrences precisely as they appeared to another; but as an example of the horrors of that night, I desire to quote from the diary of Melville R. Conklin of Company K. He says:

"I had passed the first parapet and nearly gained the colors when I was struck by a bullet on my right cheek, about one inch from the edge of my jaw; the bullet passed entirely through my head, coming out within an inch of my temple, forcing out my left eye; it broke my upper jaw, and consequently tore out my teeth. My first feelings were as if I had been struck a severe blow, and it felt as if my head was all smashed in; the next, I felt a sharp, stinging pain through my temple, and as I raised my hand to it, my eye fell into my hand, and I cast it on the ground. I took but two steps farther, then fell down, and lay senseless possibly fifteen minutes, and in my first moments of return-

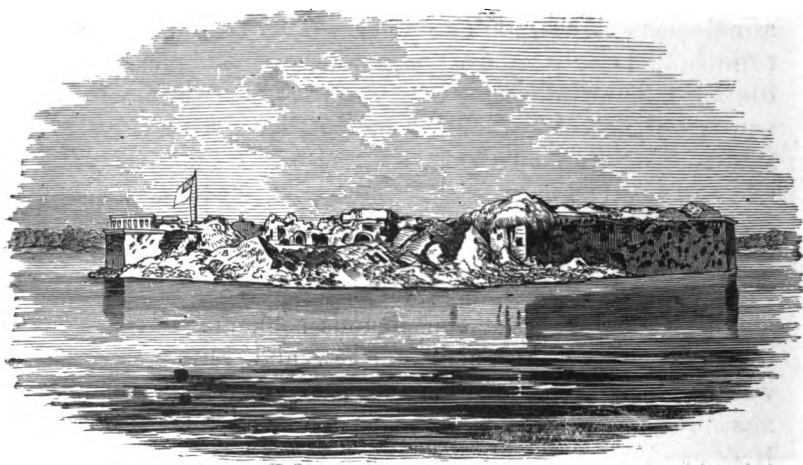
ing consciousness managed to crawl behind a broken gun-carriage to shelter myself from further danger; as I was unfit for further use here, I managed to get my hand under my head, and was lying upon my stomach to keep the blood from strangling me. I had a canteen full of water with which I kept washing my mouth out. Before I was able to crawl away I was struck by a piece of shell on my left hip, passing entirely through me: this shot dispelled all thoughts of escape; I had not strength enough to move. Reinforcements failed from some unknown cause to come up to the support of our men. . . . So passed the memorable night. I lay where I had crawled, with heaps of dead and dying around me, until daylight the next morning."

I quote that, not as an exceptional experience, but as a fair sample of what hundreds of other brave fellows suffered who were not killed outright. So ended the assault at Fort Wagner: it had lasted for four hours; it had been signaled by deeds of daring unsurpassed in history; and when the sun rose the next morning Fort Wagner was no nearer taken than it had been the morning before. Two thousand men had been sacrificed because of the darkness which came upon them as soon as they struck the fort, and which was so impenetrable that it made it impossible for them to proceed; ten minutes more of daylight and the fort had been theirs. Whoever delayed the assault till eight o'clock made a fatal blunder; another had been made eight days before, when (on July 10th) it could have been taken with trifling loss; the third blunder was in the delay of Putnam's brigade in coming to the support of Strong's, and their firing into them. Stevenson's brigade also should have been pushed in to support Putnam; but I suppose that the fall of both the division and the two brigade commanders could not have been anticipated, and after Seymour, Strong, and Putnam had fallen there seems to have been no one to succeed to the command, when the presence of a commanding general was so imperatively required. Our gallant young brigade-commander, General George C. Strong, had been severely wounded by a discharge from a howitzer, striking him in the thigh. He was immediately borne from the field and his wound was dressed; subsequently he was taken to Hilton

Head, and to his home in New York, where he died from lock-jaw, resulting from his wound, on the 30th of July, 1863.

How gladly would we stop to pay a fitting tribute to each one of the brave fellows who fell in front of Wagner! Lieutenant-Colonel Green had said that day, "I am going to sleep under that big gun to-night;" and he did. Captain Hurst said, "Take a cigar, my boy; I will see you in the morning." Captain Farrell said, "If I am killed to-night, what will become of my family?" Lieutenant Fox, as he lay dying in the ditch, said to one of the boys, "Settle my mess-bill; pay my servant a month's wages; there's a rest remaining." He was not yet twenty-one years of age, but he commanded Company A (the color company) that night. He did not fall until wounded the third time. Sergeant Sparks, who bore the colors, had his hand shattered by the same shot that demolished the staff he bore. Colonel Barton's wound was a bad one; so were most of the others. Indeed, such was the character of the missiles that were hurled at us that night that few of the men were slightly wounded, and the proportion of men killed was very great. Outside of our own regiment the most conspicuous soldiers who fell after General Strong were Colonels Shaw and Putnam. Both were young men about twenty-seven years of age. Colonel Shaw was a son of Francis George Shaw of Staten Island, N. Y., and a brother-in-law of Mr. George William Curtis. He was proud of his place as colonel of the first colored regiment raised in Massachusetts, at the head of which he fell. He was a man of refinement and gentle manners, and brave as a lion. They buried him "in a pit under a heap of his niggers;" but they could not dishonor him. His name that night rose into high and lasting renown. Colonel Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire was an equally brave and noble soldier. He was a graduate of West Point. Two medals were sent to each company of the regiment to be given to soldiers of conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Fort Wagner. Major Barrett says that Company H proposed to send theirs back with the message that they

“would not go around.” They were, however, generally distributed to men who had lost limbs, and did not return to the service. The one hundred and forty soldiers who defended the sea-face bastion until midnight were marched the next morning to Cumming’s Point, put on board a little steamboat, and passing around Fort Sumter—already well-nigh battered down by Gillmore’s batteries—landed at Charleston. It was a Sabbath morning, but they were cursed as they passed along the streets by an infuriated mob, and were glad when they were secure in the city jail.



FORT SUMTER AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

Beauregard summoned some of the prisoners before him, and tried to ascertain by questioning them what Federal forces remained on Morris Island. The writer when asked told him about twenty thousand. He threatened to punish the men of the Forty-eighth also for participation in the burning of Bluffton. His threats were not carried out. Three days afterwards the prisoners were sent to Columbia, S. C., and remained there in prison for two months. In September they were taken to Richmond, first to Libby Prison, then to Belle Isle, and were soon scattered and lost

amid the thousands of emaciated sufferers there. Subsequently many of them were sent to Andersonville. Few ever returned. Their fate was a sad requital for the valor they had displayed on the ramparts of Wagner.

The writer has made two visits to Fort Wagner since the war: in October, 1874, and in April, 1884. As you approach Morris Island now, sailing down the bay from Charleston, it looks like a low line of sand against the southern sky. In the centre of it there is a little mound, overgrown with brush, that can be seen above the horizon from far up the bay: that mound is Wagner. At my first visit the "lazaretto" stood where our batteries had been at the foot of the approach. The sand had drifted over bastions and embankments, but the same sea washed up the same beach, and the same wild-oat grew here and there in single spears; the bomb-proofs were filled with sand, but still the outlines of the great parapets were distinct, and the sea-face bastion, which was so long defended, and so heaped with dead, was easily traceable. No monument has been erected there; not so much as a sign-board tells the passer-by to this day that any event of historic interest occurred upon that spot. Man has been unmindful and ungrateful, but God has remembered those dead heroes. Let it be borne in mind that the dead within that bastion were never decently buried, but the next morning were shovelled over with sand and left there as they fell, heaped together in indiscriminate glory.

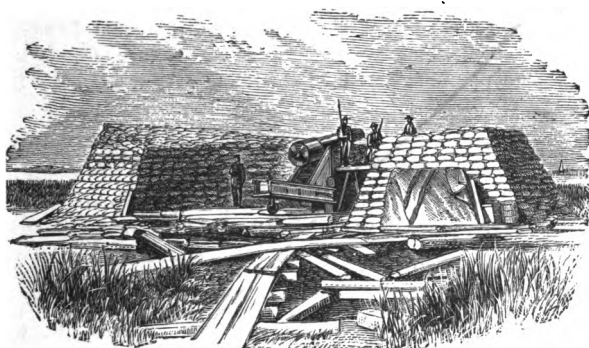
On that October day of 1874, as the writer climbed again the drifted sand to stand once more upon those parapets and with uncovered head and in tears recall the memory of his comrades who on that spot had fallen, what was his surprise to find *a bed of flowers* blooming there. Upon that arid, sterile, sandy island, where nothing ever grew before, over the whole area of that bastion which had been so heaped with dead, and there only, there grew a blue flower—a wild species of "forget-me-not" that blooms perennially. He made inquiries as to how the flowers came there, but no one could explain it. Somebody may have sown the seed; but

those flowers doubtless sprang from the rich dust of the heroes who were so rudely sepulchred upon that spot—as if the great God, to rebuke the neglect of the Republic, had placed them there a monument. And what could be a nobler one? Marble shafts will crumble, bronze will tarnish with time, granite will wear away with years, but flowers will bloom in their seasons forever.

And yet the day may come when opposing sections of a restored Union will unite to erect upon that mound of sand a monument to the heroes who fell there on either side. Let it be a noble shaft, typical of the brave spirits who loved their lives less than they loved their honor, and who died upon those sands, lifting them forever into undying renown. The hearts of the sailors as they enter and leave the port will swell within them at the sight, and it will mean forever that upon this spot died heroic men, who believed that they were fighting for the right. For the grim courage that rushed forward against those fatal parapets was met by a courage not inferior that defended them. To appropriate the words of Thomas Starr King in describing the charge by Ney's cavalry at Waterloo, the assault and defence of Fort Wagner was "the beat of a fiery sensibility against a stony patience;" it was "the old hypothesis in dramatic play of an irresistible in contact with an immovable. The irresistible was spent—the immovable stood fast." The chapter upon Fort Wagner in General Beauregard's recently published work closes with this sentence: "It is a matter of history to-day, that the defence of Battery Wagner is looked upon as the most skilful, desperate, and glorious achievement of the war; it stands unsurpassed in ancient and modern times." The writer was indebted, on his first visit to the historic spot, to the courtesies of Captain Gleason of the United States Army, then in charge of the Government works in Charleston Harbor. And no better illustration of the dreadful carnage of that fearful night can be found than the fact which he stated as we strolled together along the sandy beach—that although eleven years had passed since the assault, yet after every great storm he was accustomed to gather up, upon that spot,

a wagon-load of human bones which the waves of the sea had unearthed, and reinter them. It is a haunted beach. At the writer's second visit (1884) the fort remained unchanged, though the sea had washed across the island in its rear, making an inlet that now connects Vincent's Creek with the ocean at high-tide. The Forty-Eighth Regiment was destined yet to suffer in many battles, as whoever will patiently continue to read this history will learn, but never again so terribly as that night at Fort Wagner.

After the repulse of July 18th, Gillmore modified his plans, and undertook the slower but surer method of reduc-



SWAMP ANGEL.

ing Wagner by regular approaches. He erected also the famous "Swamp Angel," with which he threw shells into Charleston. He prosecuted the work with great vigor and skill, by night and day. By September 6th the sap had reached the south face of the fort, and on the morning of the 7th it was finally evacuated. Gillmore's congratulatory address to his troops on the 15th contains the following words: "You now hold in possession the whole of Morris Island, and the city and harbor of Charleston lie at the mercy of your artillery from the very spot where the first shot was fired at your country's flag, and the rebellion itself was inaugurated." He had at last succeeded in taking Morris Island (he had also battered Fort Sumter into a heap of brick dust), but at what terrible cost!

CHAPTER VII.

Olustee—July 19, 1863, to April 22, 1864.

After Fort Wagner—July 22d, leave Morris Island—Hilton Head—St. Augustine, Fla.—Beaufort, S. C.—Recruits, and Return of Wounded Men—Re-enlistment of Veterans—Festivities at the Holidays—"Les Enfants Perdu"—February 5, 1864, embark for the Expedition to Olustee—General Seymour Advances—February 20th, the Battle—Barton's Brigade—Losses—The Retreat—The Enemy—Story of Sergeant Lang—Lieutenant Keenan Killed—March 9th, Palatka, Fla.—Return of the "Veterans"—Farewell to the Department of the South—April 20th, sail from Port Royal.

ON the morning after Fort Wagner the whole of Strong's brigade could only muster 700 men. The Forty-eighth Regiment was but the shattered remnant of its former self. General Gillmore rode along the line as it stood formed, and looked with sad eyes upon its thinned ranks; it was no longer fit for service at the front, although it spent one day in the rifle-pits. On Wednesday, July 22d, orders were received for its transfer to Hilton Head, and thence to Florida. It embarked on the steamer *Mary Benton*, but she struck a sand-bar on passing out of the inlet, and sprang a leak. A terrible storm came on while they were at sea, and the men had to take to the pumps to keep the ship from sinking. Hilton Head was reached, however, on the 23d, where Major Strickland, who had been absent on sick leave, rejoined the regiment and assumed command.

On July 31st it, embarked again, reaching St. Augustine, Fla., on the 2d of August, succeeding the Seventh Connecticut in the garrison there, as it had done fifteen months before at Fort Pulaski. St. Augustine claims to be the oldest settlement in the United States; Santa Fé, New Mexico, is the only place which disputes the claim. It was a

quaint old town, pretty and unique; the ancient houses were built of concrete, and the few inhabitants were descendants of the early French and Spanish settlers. They were poor enough during the war, and many of them were allowed rations by the Government. Fruits, fish, sweet potatoes, and sweet milk were plentiful, however; and very cheap. Five companies of the regiment found quarters in the barracks, while three were sent to Fort Marion, a venerable structure of the sixteenth century. The population of St. Augustine was about 400. Oranges, lemons, and pomegranates were abundant, and though it was the hot summer, the quiet and tranquillity of the place was a grateful contrast to the terrible experiences of Morris Island.

There was a little social life now at St. Augustine, and the men enjoyed it greatly, the regiment becoming speedily popular among the population. The fixtures of the theatre were brought from Fort Pulaski, and the "Barton Dramatic Association" (or what was left of them) furnished a deal of amusement to everybody. Lieutenant Nichols, who, during the terrible experiences on Morris Island, had been absent from the regiment in charge of the Billinghamst and Requa Battery, now returned, and acted as provost-marshal at St. Augustine. The two months which the remnant of the spent in Florida gave them a grateful rest.

On October the 4th they were relieved at St. Augustine by the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts,—who had come from Morris Island,—and sailed for Hilton Head on the 6th, expecting to be sent back to the batteries in front of Wagner; haply, however, they were sent instead to Beaufort. There tents were pitched in a wood about three miles from the landing, and the regiment was once more in camp. Four companies were subsequently sent to Seabrook, on Hilton Head Island, and Company A to Pope's Plantation for picket-duty. Many of the wounded officers and men from Fort Wagner who had recovered now returned to the regiment, and one hundred and fifty recruits from the North were added. On November 13th, Companies G and I, which had been so long

absent in garrison at Fort Pulaski and Tybee Island, returned, and Company D was sent to Fort Pulaski, where it remained, however, but a few days. The addition of these two full companies, the recruits, and the return of wounded men, greatly increased the strength of the regiment. In December the re-enlistment of veterans began. A furlough of thirty days was promised every man who would re-enlist, and a bounty from the Government and the State that aggregated about eight hundred dollars. The re-enlisted veterans of the Forty-eighth, nearly three hundred in number, sailed for New York on the *Atlantic*, on January 31, 1864. They were escorted to the pier by the whole brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Strickland and ten other officers accompanying them, ostensibly to see that they received their bounties; but in fact, I suspect, to see also that they got back after their thirty days of furlough had expired. By their absence in February the veterans escaped the perils of the battle of Olustee.

On Christmas Day of 1863 the Forty-eighth New York entertained the Forty-seventh, and a week later—on New Year's Day—the Forty-seventh returned their hospitality. Both days were highly enjoyable. Colonel Barton returned from the North on October 23d, having recovered from his wounds received at Wagner. On December 6th the regiment returned to Hilton Head. On January 30, 1864, "Les Enfants Perdu," better known as the "Lost Children," an independent battalion which had been somewhat notorious in the Department, was consolidated with the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York regiments, the Forty-eighth receiving about a hundred and fifty. Finally, on February 5, 1864, the Forty-eighth, with six days' cooked rations in their haversacks, embarked on board the steamer *Delaware*, in company with the left wing of the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, reaching Jacksonville, Fla., on Monday, February 8th. The expedition of which they now formed a part was under the command of General Truman Seymour, and was destined to operate in the State of Florida.

The artillery and cavalry were commanded by Colonel Guy V. Henry; they were the Fortieth Massachusetts Mounted Infantry; a battalion of the First Massachusetts Cavalry; the batteries of Captains Elder, Hamilton, and Langdon; and a section of the Third Rhode Island Artillery.

The infantry brigades were commanded respectively by Colonels Hawley, Barton, and Scammon, and the brigade of colored troops by Colonel Montgomery.

General Gillmore in person followed us to Florida, coming as far as Baldwin, after which he returned to Hilton Head, leaving instructions with General Seymour not to advance beyond Baldwin without further orders. Seymour, however, was fired with his old determination to fight, and pushed his columns forward, the cavalry under Colonel Henry by a midnight dash capturing "Camp Finnigan." Deceived by a report that General Finnigan had fallen back from Lake City, Seymour took the responsibility of moving his forces forward toward the river. He telegraphed the fact to Gillmore, who received the news with astonishment and not a little alarm: he instantly sent back a message of remonstrance; but it was too late, for on the day of its arrival, Seymour had already fought and lost the battle of Olustee.

The Federal infantry marched inland, divided into three columns; Hawley's brigade on the left, Barton's in the centre, and Scammon's on the extreme right. Montgomery's brigade of colored troops followed in the rear. The forces consisted of about five thousand men, and carried eight days' rations. They marched by separate roads—first to "Barber's," twelve miles; thence to "Sanderson," nine miles farther; and then fell back to "Barber's," where they remained until the morning of February 20th. On that fatal day they pushed forward again, starting at eight o'clock, and by three in the afternoon reached a point on the railway two or three miles east of Olustee Station, where they found the Confederate General Finnigan in strong position, ready to receive them. He had posted his forces in ambush, under cover of a swamp and a heavy pine forest, one flank resting on the woods and

the other on Ocean Pond. Seymour marched his wearied men straight into that ambush, and they were at close quarters with the enemy as soon as they became aware of his presence. It was a critical situation, and a precipitous, sharp, sanguinary, and disastrous battle immediately ensued. The Confederates call it the battle of "Ocean Pond;" the Federals, "Olustee." Colonel Henry's cavalry and the Seventh Connecticut were in advance, and met the enemy first. So deadly was the fire which they encountered, that the Seventh New Hampshire was ordered forward to support the batteries of Hamilton, Elder, and Langdon. Our forces had sixteen guns, the Confederates only four. Our guns, however, were brought too far forward, and the rebel sharpshooters picked off the artillerymen with fatal precision. Hamilton's battery, for instance, was within a hundred and fifty yards of the Confederate front, and within twenty minutes had lost forty of their fifty horses, and forty-five of their eighty-two men; the remainder fell back, leaving two of their four guns behind them. The enemy had the best of us from the very start that day.

The Seventh New Hampshire lost heavily, and the Eighth United States Colored Regiment came up to their support. It had never before been under fire, but for nearly two hours it held its position in the front with a splendid courage, losing more than three hundred men. Colonel Barton's brigade consisted of three New York regiments, the Forty-seven, Forty-eighth, and One Hundred and Fifteenth. As the Eighth fell back, Barton brought his brigade forward on the double-quick into action. Their position was at the centre, where the fire of the enemy was terrific. To say that the whole brigade did its duty nobly is but faint praise. Under a most terrible fire it stood its ground with an unsurpassed courage. The Forty-eighth was subjected that day to an ordeal—than which hardly anything is more trying to soldiers—that of holding their line under a terrible fire from the enemy after the exhaustion of their own ammunition. For two hours and a half they fought with a valor which was never

surpassed in their history, suffering a loss of two hundred and twenty-seven men, killed, wounded, and prisoners.

An incident that is well remembered, when the day was already practically lost, was the coming forward into action of Colonel Montgomery's colored brigade, the First North Carolina passing between the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth on the double-quick, and cheered by those shattered regiments as it went into battle. The coming of the fresh troops on to the field staggered the enemy for a moment, and prevented an effective pursuit, for Seymour (of whom it is only just to say that he rode everywhere encouraging his men, and exposing his person at the points of greatest peril) had now become convinced that he was defeated, and had ordered a retreat. He carried away many of his wounded, leaving, however, some two hundred and fifty of them on the field, besides many dead. Seymour's total losses at Olustee are estimated as between fifteen hundred and two thousand, and the value of the provisions and stores which he burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy was at least one million dollars. He lost also five guns and a hundred and fifty horses. The losses in the three regiments which composed Barton's brigade were eight hundred.

The retreat of our forces continued until February 25th, when they reached Jacksonville. The march to and from Olustee was a terrible one, the roads often running through swamps where the water was knee-deep; yet there were recompenses, for the day was clear and beautiful on which they marched *into* that death-trap at Olustee, and often the sandy roads ran through pine forests, and the resinous odors of the trees gave a balmy fragrance to the air, and such was the brave spirit of the men that the anticipation of meeting the enemy on an open battle-field, where they hoped at last to conquer them, cheered and quickened their weary steps; but the march back through the night, with many of their comrades killed and wounded and left upon the field, and others desperately struggling along on the retreat, was a sad disappointment to their hopes.

The writer wishes it was in his power to give as minute a description of the battle of Olustee as has been given of the assault on Fort Wagner. Nothing more heroic in all its history will be recorded than the manner in which the Forty-eighth held its ground that day against a direct and double cross-fire from the enemy while its own ammunition was exhausted. From two till five that terrible afternoon it held its line unbroken. It went into the fight a second time after it had secured ammunition. Its terrible losses—only second to those it had suffered at Wagner—are the best indication of its valor. The favorable position of the enemy and his superior numbers, not the superior gallantry of his men, although they fought bravely, gave them the victory. The following is from a report in the "Rebellion Record:"

"The battle of Olustee was fought with all the odds on the enemy's side: our men were weary and footsore with long marching; they had taken but very little refreshment—some not any—since early breakfast; they had no expectation of a fight until actually drawn into it; they fought on ground where the room was insufficient to form a line of battle to the best advantage; the enemy was at least three thousand more numerous than our forces. We knew nothing of the ground and position of the enemy, except as we learned them by dear experience, and under such an array of unfavorable circumstances no bravery or skill could save the day."

The same report adds that "*Barton's brigade fought like tigers,*" and that "the battle will take rank among the bloodiest and most fruitless slaughters of the war." When it was discovered that many of our wounded must be left upon the field to the mercy of the enemy at our retreat, Surgeon Devendorf of the Forty-eighth nobly volunteered to remain with them: he did so, and was taken prisoner by the enemy.

The Confederate army at "Ocean Pond" was under the general command of General Finnigan, but General Colquitt (now U. S. Senator from Georgia) was in immediate command of the forces at the front. The Confederates call him to this day the "Hero of Ocean Pond." Their ac-

knowledgeed losses were ninety-three killed and eight hundred and forty-one wounded. Their forces consisted of Clinch's Georgia and Smith's Florida cavalry, Wheaton's battery, (the Chatham artillery), one section of Gamble's and one of Guehard's artillery; the Second and Sixth Florida; the First Georgia regulars; the Sixth, Nineteenth, Twenty-third, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second, and Sixty-fourth Georgia regiments of infantry. Their reports acknowledge the efficiency of the *Spencer Rifles*, with which one regiment of our forces was armed. Their exhaustion at the close of the battle may be inferred from their faint pursuit.

Among many letters giving personal reminiscences of Olustee, one is from Sergeant (afterwards Captain) Henry Lang of Company C, which has come all the way from IX Ullői ús 79, Budapest, Hungary. He was taken prisoner at Olustee, and twenty years afterward writes his reminiscences of the event. I quote from his letter :

"I go twenty years back to Olustee, Fla., now only a dreamland. I see myself again amongst the guns, abandoned by Battery M; then again I am left alone, firing away from sixty rounds I had in my pockets. The rebels had a good mark at me, standing amongst the guns. They crept nearer and nearer, jumping from trunk to trunk. Everything about me was shot away—my canteen, my haversack, the skirts of my blouse; on the other hand, my cartridges were also ominously disappearing down to the fifty-sixth. I levelled to fire the fifty-seventh round at a cluster of heads behind a pine trunk; we were at close quarters; I pulled, my ball sped on its way, a crash, and I fell to one side, propping myself up with my gun. At the moment my gun went off, another ball had hit at last its mark, and my leg was smashed; a friendly hand assisted me to a tree and fled for dear life because the enemy advanced, and in another moment all my adversaries came rushing to the tree where I was reclining; all shouted, 'Are you the man that was amongst the guns?'

"Having told them that that was so, they all exclaimed 'Bully boy!' One of them began to question me concerning how many men we had in the battle; I told him about fifteen thousand. They spoke about our regiments who had made such a 'devilish noise' with their sharp-shooters. Flushed with victory as they were, they only went

about three hundred yards beyond where I was, and ordered a halt. I grew faint and fainter, and yet with an iron determination raised myself from my faintness, cut open my trousers, and with the only handkerchief found about me, and the help of a stick, succeeding in stopping the bleeding of my wound. I took out my pipe, and finding just enough tobacco, I began to smoke to keep away faintness and kill the wretched thoughts growing apace with the darkness spreading over the battle-field, and to divert my thoughts from listening to the groans of the dying and wounded, and from the blasphemous language of some marauding soldiers who were ill-treating wounded negroes.

"In this state two young Confederate soldiers came to me, and by holding a lighted match to my face they recognized me as one of the Forty-eighth Regiment. They inquired about their home in Savannah, which they had not seen during the war; they were sons of merchants of that city. I could give them very little information, except what we had heard from the city through the runaway soldiers at Fort Pulaski. At last one of them said to the other, 'I would like to make the Yank a fire: look how he is shivering! He will not stand the frost to-night.' So they kindled me a blazing fire, which revived my benumbed limbs; then one of them unbuckled his blanket, covered me with it, brought me some water, then bidding me 'good-by,' they left me—not, however, till the younger of them had given me a plug of good tobacco! May these Savannah boys be blessed even from Hungary, and across the ocean may this blessing reach them!"

This incident of the amenities of war—the kindness of the two boys from Savannah to the wounded Union soldier—has been deemed worthy of insertion here. If space permitted, the writer could add many touching personal experiences at the battle of Olustee and on the terrible retreat therefrom—like that of Sergeant Twamley of Company I, who was badly wounded, and who was helped to escape to the rear by an artilleryman, who gave him a seat by his side on a gun-carriage, and drove him a torturing ride to the railroad. Lieutenant Keenan of Company I was the only officer of the Forty-eighth killed. The shattered remnants of the regiment finally reached Jacksonville about nine o'clock at night, on February 25th.

It remained there until March 9th, when it embarked on the steamer *Maple Leaf*, for Palatka, Fla., on the St. John's River, reaching Palatka at daylight the next morning. The

town was entirely deserted, with the exception of one or two families, at the time of its occupation by the regiment, but fearing an attack from the enemy, they threw up earthworks and constructed batteries in the rear of the town, details for fatigue duty in the trenches being regularly made for some days. The orange-trees were loaded with large yellow fruit; but the oranges were rather sour for eating, although they made admirable "orangeade." The gnats troubled the pickets more than the enemy during the month and more that the regiment remained in Palatka. The diaries which have been examined, and which were written while in camp there, contain few items of more importance than the following: "Killed a pig to-day and brought him into camp."

There were minor expeditions made now and then. Sergeant George W. Marten sends an interesting account of one up the St. John's River, and there were drills and inspections and picket duty, and the ordinary routine of a soldier's life, from March 10th, when the regiment reached Palatka, to April 14th, when they evacuated it. Constant reports, however, that the enemy was about to advance kept the boys on the *qui vive*. Palatka while we occupied it was a peaceful town. The re-enlisted veterans, with the officers who had accompanied them to the North, returned to the regiment while there. They were cordially welcomed back, and greatly added to our strength.

A great event was now about to occur in our history; a total change was to take place in the locality and conditions of the regiment's career: for two years and a half it had been in the Department of the South, doing valiant duty wherever it had been assigned. It had been a part of a little army, and yet as brave a one as the Republic possessed; but the field of its military action had been restricted, and the part it had taken in the solution of the great problem of the war appeared insignificant, in contrast with the achievements of the great armies of the North and West. The Forty-eighth Regiment had now reached the end of its

career in that Department. It was about to leave the little army with which it had hitherto operated amid the swamps and the sea islands upon the Southern coast, and to be merged in the great armies of the James and the Potomac, and participate in battles in Virginia and North Carolina of world-wide renown. Yet it was not without sorrow that we prepared to quit our old Department, with which we had been so long associated. We were to leave behind us the graves



LIVE OAKS IN FLORIDA.

of many of our dead, in the sands on Morris Island and the forests of Florida, not to speak of others scattered here and there along the coast.

It was therefore a great change in our career when, in April, 1864, we severed our connection with the Department of the South, and united our fortunes with the Army of the James, in Virginia. It was, however, but a matter of a few days: the regiment evacuated Palatka on April 14th, leaving

Jacksonville on the steamer *Ben-de-Ford* for Hilton Head on April 16th; spent one day in bivouac back of Beaufort; and finally, at five P.M. on April 20th, sailed out of Port Royal Harbor, which we had entered with Dupont's fleet two years and a half before, for the last time. We were bound for Fortress Monroe, and the unknown destiny that awaited us. Tears came to many eyes as the low shores of South Carolina faded away in the sea, and we realized that we had left behind us places with which we had grown familiar, and associations never to be forgotten.

It would be interesting to know, if it were possible, how many of the men of the Forty-eighth Regiment who sailed into Port Royal Harbor on the *Empire City*, *Matanzas*, and *Belvidere*, in the Fall of 1861, also sailed away from it finally on the *Ben-de-Ford* in the spring of 1864. If the history of the regiment had ended on that day, it would have been a memorable one, but it was destined yet to win fadeless laurels upon fields still more illustrious.

CHAPTER VIII.

Army of the James—April 23, to December 31, 1864.

Gloucester Point, Va.—The Tenth Army Corps—Grant—Butler—Gillmore—Turner—Barton—Strickland—Review of the Army of the James—May 5th, Bermuda Hundred—"Gillmore's Rifles"—May 7th, Battle of Chester Heights—May 12th, Fort Darling—May 16th, Drury's Bluff—The Battle in a Fog—Losses—Death of Captain Moser—Butler "bottled up"—May 28th, leave Bermuda Hundred for Cold Harbor—The Army of the Potomac—Back from Prison—June 1st to 13th, Battle of Cold Harbor—A Gallant Charge—Colonel Barton Wounded—Loss of the Colors—Porch—Casualties—In the Rifle-pits—Grant's Change of Base—Covering the "Retreat"—Back to Bermuda Hundred—President Lincoln—Petersburg—Change of Corps Commanders—Gillmore—Brooks—Birney—Barton's Brigade—June 30th, an Assault Ordered—Barton's Caution—Picket Duty—Duty in the Trenches—July 30th, the Mine—The Explosion—The Assault—The Repulse—Colored Soldiers again—A Fatal Delay—Death of Major Swartwout—Back to Bermuda Hundred—Deep Bottom—Strawberry Plains—August 16th, Death of Lieutenants Tantum and Sayres—Death of Captain D'Arcy—Back to Petersburg—Home after Three Years—Charge at New Market Heights—Fort Gilman—Death of General Birney—General Terry—Chapin's Farm—Winter Quarters—General Barton Resigns—The Twenty-fourth Corps—General Ord.

THE regiment landed at Gloucester Point, on the York River, Va., on April 23, 1864. It now belonged to the Second Brigade, Second Division, Tenth Corps, Army of the James. The respective commanders were as follows: The Army of the James was commanded by Major-General Benjamin F. Butler; the Tenth Corps, by Major-General Quincy A. Gillmore; the Second Division, by Brigadier-General John W. Turner; the Second Brigade, by Colonel William B. Barton; the Forty-eighth Regiment, by Lieutenant-Colonel Dudley W. Strickland. The troops composing the Tenth Corps were mostly our old comrades, with whom we had been associated in the Department of the South.

The Army of the James was organized for the purpose of moving westward up the James River, and if possible taking the cities of Richmond and Petersburg, at the same time that Grant moved southward from the Potomac by way of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania against Lee.

Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant had now assumed the supreme command of all the Union armies. Henceforward they moved like clock-work in obedience to his will, until the final overthrow of the rebellion. The right man had been found at last who could lead his country's armies



GENERAL GRANT.

to victory ; a quiet man, who had come by way of Donaldson and Shiloh and Vicksburg, and whose military genius will rank in history with that of Marlborough, Hannibal, and Napoleon ; a man of relentless and inflexible determination, whom disasters could not dismay, and who in the hour of final victory could be magnanimous as in the hour of fiery battles he was unshaken.

General B. F. Butler, to whom Grant had intrusted the command of the Army of the James, may not have been a great soldier, but he was a conspicuous politician and military governor, and his care for the lives of his soldiers, the writer

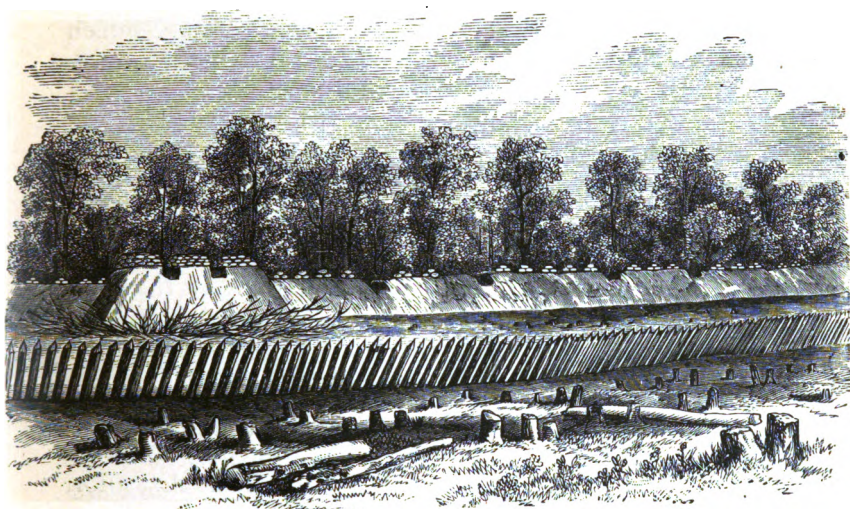
feels, has never been fully appreciated. His career in New Orleans had been magnificent; he had coined the word "contraband," and he had quelled the riots in the city of New York by his very presence. If he was not, therefore, a great military genius, he was a conspicuous figure in the war. The writer first saw him as he stepped on board the steamer *City of New York*, which reached Fortress Monroe on April 17, 1864, with 400 exchanged prisoners from Mayo's Prison Hospital in Richmond. His quaint and well-known figure, gorgeously uniformed, strode up and down the decks, and at the sight of the emaciated bodies of the starved and frozen men, some in the first stages of idiocy, whom the Confederates had sent back to the Union lines, he stamped his foot in wrath, muttering, "Damnable! damnable!"

General Turner, the division commander, proved himself a brave soldier; our own Colonel Barton, the brigade commander, had long ago demonstrated to us at Olustee and Fort Wagner that he knew no fear.

On April 30th there was a grand review of all the troops at Gloucester Point by General Butler, accompanied by the corps and division commanders. It was an imposing array of 30,000 men, and occupied the entire day from eleven A.M. until night. The army marched in review "in column by division." The bronzed veterans from the Department of the South won hearty cheers. It is noteworthy that we were destined to meet as our immediate antagonists in the battles on the James River our old enemies in the South. Beauregard still commanded the Confederate army that opposed us, and Colquitt's Georgians, who had defeated us at Olustee, fought us again and again in the battles in Virginia.

On May 4th, the Forty-eighth embarked on the steamer *Delaware*, and sailed down the York River to Fortress Monroe, and up the James to Bermuda Hundred; there we landed on May 6th. Bermuda Hundred is the name of an irregular triangle of land at the mouth of the Appomattox, and lying between it and the James River. Here Butler hastily threw up a line of intrenchments from river to river,

while the gun-boats in either stream completely covered each flank of his army. Thus, in twenty-four hours after the expedition started, it had gained a commanding foothold within fifteen miles of the city of Richmond in a straight line, and not more than eight miles from Petersburg. The movement was a surprise to the Confederates, and caused great consternation at Richmond. The rapid and vigorous advance either upon Petersburg or Richmond at that time, it is now known, would have succeeded in taking either city. It was Butler's



BUTLER'S LINES AT BERMUDA HUNDRED.

lost opportunity. But Beauregard was an agile antagonist. With remarkable energy, he rapidly concentrated a respectable army to oppose us, and on the very next day after our landing (May 7th) gave us battle at Chester Heights.

The troops had turned in all their heavy camp equipage and superfluous baggage before leaving Gloucester Point, and were now in light marching order; each man carried his piece of a shelter-tent, his blanket, overcoat, and whatever he needed upon his back. The roads on the line of our march from Bermuda Hundred soon became littered with

blankets, tents, and clothing of all kinds, which the men had thrown away; fifty pounds on one's back soon gets heavy after a few miles of marching, and whenever we halted for a rest the men would examine their knapsacks and throw away whatever they could spare. Knapsacks that had been packed full at the start soon were well-nigh empty.

The skill of Gillmore's soldiers in throwing up the earthworks at Bermuda Hundred caused much laughter. Gillmore's achievements in engineering, and the victories he had won in the Department of the South by the skilful using of the spade, caused those useful utensils to be facetiously named "Gillmore's rifles." "Spades were trumps" in the hands of the veterans from Morris Island.

Butler was not yet, however, quite "bottled up" at Bermuda Hundred. The Army of the Potomac had found that their march from the Potomac to Richmond straightforward met some obstructions which detained them, and Butler not being ordered to move against Richmond on the south until he should hear the noise of battle from the north side of the James, was compelled in the absence of definite orders to determine his own course of action; perhaps unfortunately, he did determine to stand largely upon the defensive, and to occupy himself chiefly in destroying the communications of Richmond on the south, and preventing thereby reinforcements from reaching Lee. The first effort he made in that direction after he found his armies securely intrenched at Bermuda Hundred was on May 7th.

The Richmond and Petersburg Railroad was, on the average, about three miles in front of his line of intrenchments. He determined to destroy it, and started out bravely enough on the 7th. Beauregard, however, had succeeded in throwing troops into Petersburg the night before, and when Turner's division reached Chester Heights they found the Confederates in some force in their front. A skirmish ensued, which was indeed on the part of the Forty-eighth—as well as some other regiments who found themselves in the hottest of the fray—a square stand-up fight. The regiment lost

thirty-nine men ; and the Forty-eighth was the only regiment that succeeded in reaching the railroad, and crossed it to a mound beyond. They also destroyed the railroad for some distance. The total Federal loss was about two hundred and fifty ; we gained some advantage in the skirmish, but finally withdrew. It was subsequently learned that had the attack been made with more vigor, not only the railroad but the city of Petersburg might have been captured.

On May 12th Butler pushed a still heavier column forward, General "Baldy" Smith marching up the turnpike to the right in the direction of Fort Darling, and the left under General Gillmore following the line of the railroad farther westward. The Confederates fell back behind Proctor's Creek, and occupied a fortified line—one of the outworks of Fort Darling. Gillmore, however, turned the right of their line, and by a brilliant dash carried their position ; he secured also a large number of prisoners ; but the resistance was stubborn, and our losses were considerable.

And now occurred the battle of Drewry's Bluff. The cross-purposes of two opposing generals were never better illustrated. Butler, feeling his way, had determined on the morrow upon a general attack upon Beauregard. Beauregard, on the other hand, had resolved to crush Butler by assaulting his lines. Both Butler and Beauregard commanded their armies in person. The sun set clear and the sky was bright on the evening of May 15th, but during the night a most impenetrable fog arose. Under cover of the fog and the darkness in the early morning—at 3.30 o'clock—the Confederate columns made a furious assault on the right of Butler's lines, and now occurred a most remarkable battle : the rebel columns swept through the Union lines on the right, but in the fog soon became thoroughly mingled with them.

Butler had been poorly prepared for the unexpected assault, and unhappily his weak point was on his right, where Beauregard struck him. Between Butler's right and the river there was a piece of open country for a mile, which

was only picketed by a single regiment of negro cavalry. Beauregard seems to have discovered this the night before; at any rate he took advantage of it that early morning and turned Butler's right successfully, and drove his forces back. The fog, however, which had served his purpose so well in masking his attack, now thwarted him; for, as already said, his forces became mixed with the Union troops so that the greatest confusion ensued. You did not know friend from foe, yet the Confederates pressed on in their efforts to seize the road leading to Bermuda Hundred, when, happily, the One Hundred and Twelfth New York and Ninth Maine (two regiments which Gillmore had sent to reinforce Smith) met them with such stubborn resistance, that the astonished rebels, unaware because of the fog of the fewness of the men who opposed them, first halted and then withdrew. Thus the fog in turn served both armies.

Then Beauregard turned his attention to the forces occupying the breastworks at Drewry's Bluff, and massing his columns hurled them three times in succession in desperate assaults against Gillmore's position; but with unflinching steadfastness the veterans of the Tenth Corps, who remembered the lessons of Fort Wagner and had learned the advantage of defending earthworks as against the peril of assaulting them, three times drove them back. The first two of those three assaults were immediately upon our front, the third was to our left. The following extract is from the pen of Mr. O. G. Sawyer, a war-correspondent of the Tenth Corps:

"The enemy hurled their column upon Turner's division, which held the right of the Tenth Corps, joining the Eighteenth Corps. They formed in a beautiful manner and moved steadily on Barton's brigade, on the right of Turner's division, advancing as if upon parade, and not firing a single shot. Waiting until they had reached a good distance for effective range, the brigade poured into their lines such a terrific fire that the line melted away; and the thinned and broken ranks, after vainly endeavoring to advance against a storm of bullets, fled, with terrible loss, to the woods in their rear. The volleys were as continuous and heavy as the musketry of a brigade could well be, and such as no

living beings could stand against. The rebels were scattered like chaff, and broke for the woods in a disorganized mass. After great exertion the line of attack was again formed, and again a brigade advanced in splendid style against our line. Again did they receive the terrible fire, and pushed steadily on until a fourth of them lay killed and wounded on the field, when they broke and rushed quickly to the cover of the woods. Our boys gave them hearty cheers, and sent a volley after them. The rebels fought with more than their usual dash and bravery that day, as they seemed determined to crush our army as the only way, to save Richmond. They met with a bloody failure. Our men fought splendidly, and the Tenth Corps has established a reputation for fighting qualities that will equal that of any in the army. General Gillmore displayed high qualities in the field, the division commanders also. There were many parallels between this battle and the battle of Inkerman in the Crimea—the hour, for instance, at which the attack was made, the fog, the surprise, the overwhelming numbers of the assailants, the sturdy resistance they encountered, the reinforcement of the besiegers, and the final repulse of the enemy. Then there were bayonet charges, hand-to-hand encounters, and deeds of heroism around which Obscurity will forever fold her opaque mantle.”

The battle lasted for thirteen mortally contested hours. Butler's loss in the entire engagement was about three thousand; that of the enemy was much greater. When the rebels tried their hand at assaulting earthworks strongly defended by infantry well armed, they found it as difficult to carry them as we had done.

The Forty-eighth was in the very heart of the battle of Drewry's Bluff, and it acquitted itself with the same steadfast courage in defending fortifications which it had demonstrated in assaulting them. Beauregard subsequently succeeded in driving back Butler's right; that made the intrenchments occupied by Gillmore untenable, since the enemy could flank them; our forces therefore were compelled to withdraw. This was done successfully, and General Butler retired behind his fortifications at Bermuda Hundred.

Beauregard, however, was grievously disappointed in his endeavor to demolish Butler's army. The fault was laid to

the rebel General Whiting, who had been ordered to strike Gillmore heavily and cut off the Union line of retreat, and who failed to accomplish his task. Beauregard insists that Whiting's failure was all that saved Butler's army from annihilation.

It had been but ten days since the Forty-eighth Regiment had landed at Bermuda Hundred, yet it had already participated in one heavy skirmish and one desperate battle, in both of which it had acquitted itself with honor. It had lost three officers and seventy-six men. Captain Moser of Company C was shot through the heart.

When Butler found himself back in his intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred he devised a plan to cross the Appomattox and march against Petersburg; before he was ready for its execution, however, he received orders to detach one corps of his army and a division of the other, and send them to reinforce the Army of the Potomac, now approaching Richmond from the North. It was deemed that the remainder of his forces were sufficient to hold the intrenchments. This was a grievous disappointment to Butler, depriving him of all power for further aggressive movements; and his complaint to General Grant (which gave to his position at Bermuda Hundred its quaint name) contained the phrase, "The necessities of the Army of the Potomac have *bottled me up* at Bermuda Hundred." Butler selected the Eighteenth Corps ("Baldy Smith's") and our division (Turner's) of the Tenth Corps to form the reinforcement to the Army of the Potomac; temporarily, therefore, the second division of the Tenth Corps was united with the Eighteenth Corps. On May 28th we marched to City Point, embarking on the steamer *Delaware* on the 29th, and proceeded down the James River, landing on May 31st at White House, on the Pamunky River, marching nearly all night and all the next day through terrible heat and dust, and joining the Army of the Potomac on the battle-field of Cold Harbor, late in the afternoon of June 1st.

Meanwhile a convalescent camp had been left behind at

Bermuda Hundred, in which were a number of the Forty-eighth who had been unable to make the hard march. They were assigned, nevertheless, to picket duty daily in front of the intrenchments.

Here the writer rejoined the regiment in the latter part of May. Ten months had passed since his separation from them on the parapets of Fort Wagner; for nine months he had been in rebel prisons—in Charleston and Columbia, S. C.; in Libby, on Belle Island, and at Mayo's Prison Hospital in Richmond. The most of those who had been taken prisoner with him on the bank at Wagner had perished in the Confederate prison-pens. But few ever returned.

The picket-line at Bermuda Hundred had an adventure one night that deserves a passing notice. The Confederate lines in our front, being found weakly defended one day, were carried easily by assault. They were held for one night, and the videttes thrown far forward in their rear. The writer was one of them, and he remembers spending that night hiding behind a tree, watching out for "rebels" in the woods half a mile away. He recalls vividly also their countercharge in the morning, and the way in which, from his advanced position on the vidette line, at loss of cartridge-box, musket, and all accoutrements, and only by the most strenuous use of sterling legs, he succeeded in escaping a trip to rebel prisons again. The enemy retook their earth-work: indeed, there was no attempt made to hold it.

Meanwhile the regiment was once more engaged in a terrible battle at Cold Harbor. Within half an hour after they had reached the battle-field, they were ordered forward to the attack. [The writer adopts the name Cold Harbor, usually used in Federal reports of the battle; the proper name, however, is Cool Arbor, the word being derived from the name of a tavern in the woods, which had been a well-known resort to citizens of Richmond since Revolutionary times.]

When General W. F. Smith, with the Eighteenth Corps and one division of the Tenth from the Army of the James, reached the battle-field he was assigned his position on the

right of Wright's corps; Smith's forces numbered sixteen thousand. The two armies of Grant and Lee now confronted each other on the old battle-ground which Lee and McClellan had contested two years before. Although Smith's troops had made a forced march of twenty-five miles, no sooner were they in position than they were ordered to advance. Between the two armies at that point was a broad, gently undulating field, then a thin line of woods, beyond which,



POSITION AT COLD HARBOR.

and in front of a denser forest, the rebels occupied a line of rifle-pits. Over this open field, at four o'clock in the afternoon, forgetful now of their fatigue from their long and dusty march, Smith's forces rushed, making a most furious charge, and in the face of a murderous fire captured the first line of rifle-pits, taking about six hundred prisoners. Then they pushed on, assaulting a second and much stronger line; but the rebels held it firmly till night came on, and the strug-

gle ended. In those two desperate assaults our forces lost fully two thousand men; but they held every inch of the ground they won, and bivouacked that night at the advanced point which they reached. They were partly in the shelter of the thin woods, but they found little rest that night, for the enemy made many desperate efforts to retake their lost rifle-pits, and annoyed us throughout the night by a constant fire.

The part of the regiment in those famous assaults was a gallant one. Colonel Barton, the brigade commander, was wounded, and in the absence of superior officers the command of the regiment ultimately devolved upon Captain Nichols. Lieutenant Ingram was shot at the very moment of taking the rifle-pits. Among the prisoners there was found a female officer of artillery, and it was in the struggle for the second line of rifle-pits that Color-Sergeant Porch was shot, and the colors of the regiment were lost.

It may be doubted if in the whole history of the Forty-eighth a more gallant deed will be chronicled than that of the death of Porch. He had been falsely twitted with cowardice at Drewry's Bluff, because he had taken the colors to the rear when ordered to do so, when our forces retired; some one, who did not know that he was but obeying orders, had accused him of showing "the white-feather." No charge could have stung his noble soul more keenly. Porch was a gentleman and a hero. He had been a student at Pennington Seminary, N. J., in 1861, and had enlisted under Captain Knowles—the first to write his name on the roll of Company D. He was an educated, well-to-do boy from New Jersey, and his death was a spectacle which his comrades ought never to forget. Tantum was his bosom-friend, and just as our men reached that second line of rifle-pits, that bristled with bayonets and swarmed with rebels, Tantum cried to Porch, "Now, Billy, show them that you are no coward." To mount that bank was instant death, and yet without hesitancy and without a word Porch leaped up it alone: he was shot dead by a score of bullets, and throwing his arms

around his flag, fell with it into the midst of the foe. Not another man followed him. He was left alone there in the keeping of his flag and of glory.

So hot was the fire that day, that not only Porch but every member of his color-guard was shot down. The loss of the colors, although that was caused by the high valor with which they were borne, was a serious blow to the regiment. To lose your colors in battle was esteemed a reproach; in our case it was, on the contrary, a high honor. That was rightfully recognized at headquarters, for although a general order had been issued, that a regiment losing its colors should not carry them again for three months, yet a special order was issued permitting the Forty-eighth to carry colors immediately.

And now followed days and days of fierce fighting, of charge and countercharge, of holding rifle-pits under the fatal fire of sharpshooters, and of individual deeds of valor which the writer greatly regrets that he has not space or time to note.

“Baldy” Smith’s forces from the Army of the James, veterans as they were from the South, and now for the first time merged into the great Army of the Potomac, were yet a distinct portion of it. They did the fiercest fighting at Cold Harbor, and won the only victories of the Union army there. Perhaps they remembered that they were fighting now under the eye and command of the greatest soldier of the war, and in association with an army which was immortal. The high honor was reserved for them to cover the movement of the Army of the Potomac to the left, when Grant’s final great march by the flank transferred his army from the front of Richmond to the front of Petersburg.

On June 2d the Forty-eighth held a portion of the rebel line on the left of that which had been captured on the night of June 1st. That night Lieutenant Barrett was again wounded—a wound still more serious than that received at Wagner. The casualties of the regiment during the first twenty-four hours at Cold Harbor were five

officers killed, four wounded, and eighty enlisted men killed, wounded, and missing. On June 3d the regiment was moved from point to point along the Union lines; hard fighting was constantly in progress. On June 4th it was moved to a still more exposed position. On June 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th it was constantly in the rifle-pits, under a fire that never ceased by night or day—first on the right, then on the left, then at the front; and everywhere it sustained its reputation for valor and efficiency.

The ground between the lines of the contending armies was strewn with dead and dying soldiers of either side, but so incessant and so hot was the firing that it was certain death to attempt to reach them. The crash of artillery, the ceaseless rattle of musketry, the glare of flashing guns by night and day, the "yells" of the Confederates and the "cheers" of the Federals, were constantly heard. Indeed it was a succession of battles—none of them decisive.

On the night of June 11th special precautions were ordered, from which the men at the front inferred something definite was now about to occur. The next day rumors were current that once more the Army of the Potomac was to change the base of its operations. At dark that night the Forty-eighth relieved the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania in the rifle-pits on the left, and as they moved to the place assigned them they were informed that Burnside's Ninth corps had already gone, and that "Baldy" Smith's forces from the Army of the James were to hold the lines until Meade's army should get away. The fear was not unwarranted that they were to be sacrificed for the salvation of the Army of the Potomac.

The battle of Cold Harbor was the fiercest of that series of desperate encounters between Grant and Lee which began in the Wilderness. At Cold Harbor alone the National loss was reported as 13,153; the Confederate losses were much less, since they constantly fought behind intrenchments. Grant's entire losses from the time he started upon that cam-

paign (May 4th) up to his crossing of the James River (June 12th) are estimated at the enormous figure of 60,000.

Grant's great object had been the destruction or the dispersion of Lee's army at points north of Richmond. This, despite the terrible battles he had fought, he had failed to do. Yet he was not dismayed. He now conceived the bold project of throwing his army to the south side of the James by a grand flank movement, and in that manner cut off the chief sources of supply of Lee's army from the south and southwest, and thus compel its surrender. It is well known to history how he accomplished it. The withdrawal of a great army from the very front of an enemy is a most difficult task. It depends largely for its success upon the fidelity of the thin lines who are assigned to hold the rifle-pits to the last ; and that is the precise work which we did at Cold Harbor, and so successfully, that the flank movement of the Army of the Potomac across the James is conceded to have been one of the most brilliant military achievements in history.

At one o'clock in the morning of June 13th the men of the Forty-eighth in the advanced rifle-pits received orders to finally evacuate their works. Word was passed in whispers from man to man, and seven companies were safely withdrawn to the rear. There yet remained, however, three companies of the regiment, who were posted in the very advanced rifle-pits, and to withdraw them from the very front was a work of the greatest difficulty. Yet it was successfully accomplished that early morning, with the loss of but a few men, who were necessarily left behind and sacrificed for the safety of the rest, and the forces retired in good order to White House, where their transports awaited them. Nothing in the history of the war was finer than the holding of the lines at Cold Harbor during the change of base by Grant's army. It only could have been accomplished by veteran soldiers in the highest stages of discipline.

On June 14th the regiment sailed from White House down the Pamunky River and up the James, and late in the

afternoon of the 15th reached again its old intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred.

It was early the next morning, while the boys were yet asleep on the ground, that the writer found himself once more in the midst of his old regiment. It was within one month and one day of a year since he had been separated from them—that fiery night on the banks of Wagner. The change that had come to the regiment was better realized by him because of his long absence than by those who had been constantly present with it. The clean uniforms, the burnished guns, the shining buttons, the white gloves, and all the fineries of war that had signalized our long stay at Fort Pulaski, and that the regiment had carried with it up to the very guns at Wagner, were now entirely gone. Hard usage, terrible campaigns, fatal battles, and tiresome marches had thinned its ranks and tarnished buttons and “scales,” and destroyed their fine uniforms, but had *not* broken their loyal spirits. Such had been the changes in the *personnel* of the regiment, that I found myself well-nigh a stranger. In the former days the “Colonel’s orderly” had known everybody, and the amateur actors of the Barton Dramatic Association had been known by all. Only a little group of those with whom I had been intimate remained. Very many of the men who had formerly been privates, like myself, had been promoted to commissioned officers. William J. Carlton, for instance, who had been third sergeant, was now captain of Company D, and John M. Tantum, who had been orderly sergeant, was now first lieutenant, and commanded the company. Similar changes had occurred no doubt in every other company of the regiment.

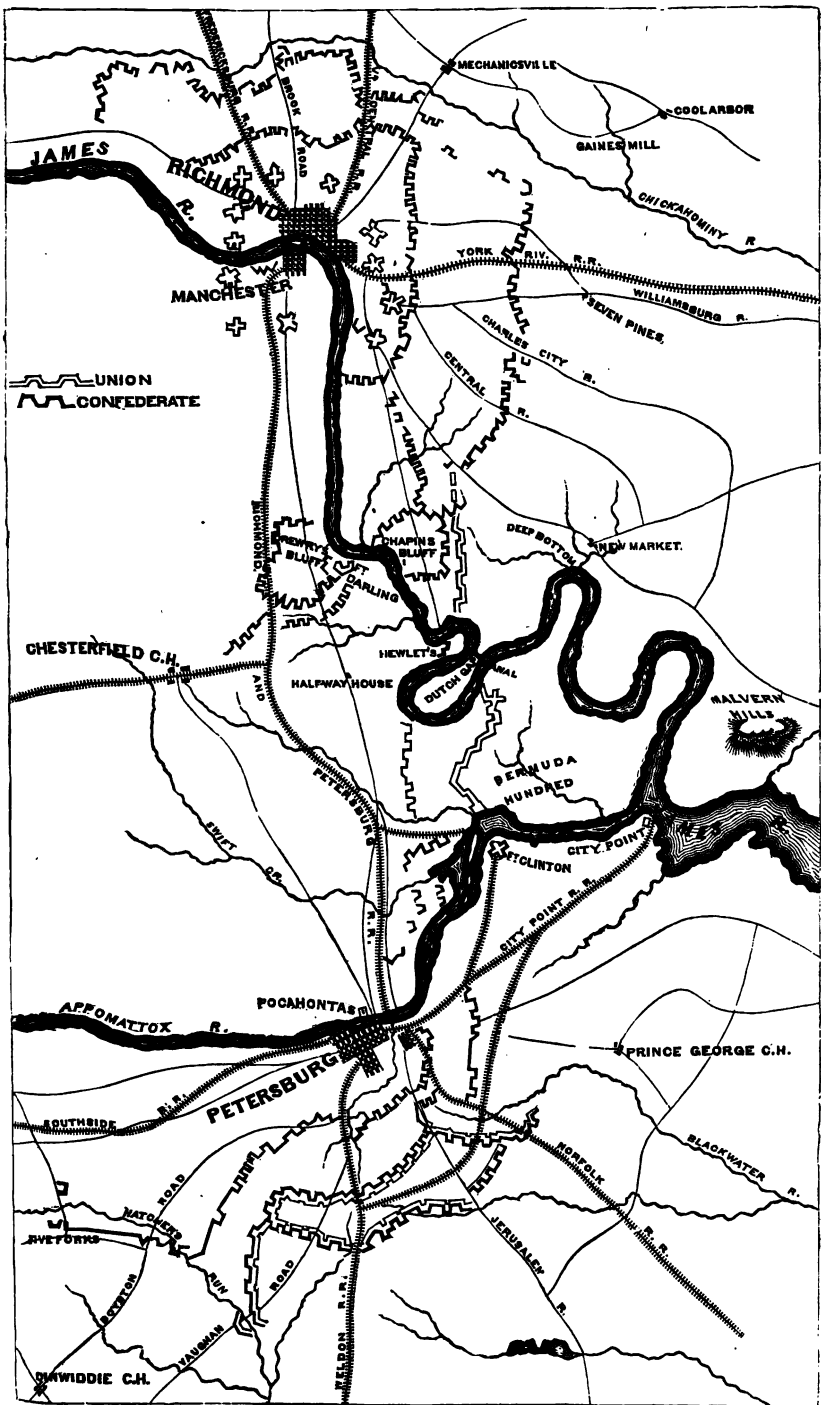
Great and important military movements now rapidly succeeded each other in our vicinity. On June 17th and 18th the Sixth and Eighteenth Corps were near us, while the Second, Fifth, and Ninth were on our left. In company with the whole army we marched toward Petersburg. The knowledge which the private soldier possessed of the movements of a great army was vague and indefinite. Many

mistakes were made, and opportunities were allowed to pass unimproved, which cost the Republic dear, but of which we then had little knowledge, and which it is no part of a merely regimental historian to chronicle.

On the afternoon of June 22d President Lincoln, accompanied by General Butler and a glittering cavalcade, rode by our intrenchments. We greeted the immortal President with enthusiastic cheers.

On June 23d we finally reached the position in the fortifications in front of Petersburg which we were destined to occupy for weeks; that position was in the immediate neighborhood of the Jerusalem Plank Road, and just to the left of where the fortifications crossed it. We were immediately on the right of Burnside's Ninth Corps. We were now confronted by Lee's entire army, behind formidable lines of redans, redoubts, and infantry parapets, with skillfully contrived outer defences of abatis, stakes, and chevaux-de-frise. The lines extended nearly forty miles in length, from the left bank of the Appomattox, around to the western side of Petersburg, also to and across the James to the eastern side of Richmond. To menace that extended line required equally long and strong intrenchments, and these were immediately constructed.

There was now a comparative lull in the sanguinary struggle which had signalized the preceding months. Was it not true that the temper of the Union armies had become inferior to what it formerly had been? It is true that many veterans remained; and yet the majority of our forces now consisted of raw troops, of inferior discipline and of a less exalted spirit than those who at the first outbreak of the war had *volunteered* for the defence of the Republic. Conscription and vast bounties had been resorted to to replenish the thinned ranks of the loyal armies. The temper of the men, therefore, whom Grant commanded during the last year of the war, in the east, was not to be compared with that of those who had marched under McClellan two years before. Gillmore had been succeeded in the command of



DEFENCES OF RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG. Digitized by Google

the Tenth Corps by Brigadier-General W. H. T. Brooks ; he also retired from its command on July 15th, and on July 22d Major-General David B. Birney became our corps commander.

General Turner still commanded the Second Division, which came to be known as the "Flying Division," because it was continually detached from its corps and sent here and there as the exigencies of the service required. Colonel Barton continued to command the Second Brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Coan the Forty-eighth Regiment. Lieu-



FORT STEADMAN.

tenant-Colonel Dudley W. Strickland had resigned ; Captain Lockwood also had returned to civil life. As finally adjusted, Barton's brigade consisted of the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, Seventy-sixth and Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and later the Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania was added to it. Thus brigaded for ensuing months, the regiment was destined still to do noble service for the country.

The fortifications in our immediate front at Petersburg were of the most formidable character, Forts Steadman and Sedgwick being particularly hot places: to the latter our men gave the name of "Fort Hell," when, not to be outdone,

the rebels called the former "Fort Damnation." Perhaps they were not over-elegant names; neither were they mild and quiet places.

On June 30th an advance was ordered upon the Confederate works on Cemetery Hill in our front. Barton's brigade was directed to assault the hill upon the right. So formidable were the rebel works, that it seemed like courting certain death to attempt to carry them by assault; nevertheless we were ordered out, and formed our lines in the woods in front of our fortifications. Delays, however, occurred, and finally, greatly to our relief, the order was recalled. Colonel Barton was subjected to some blame for the failure of the assault. His action was subjected to a critical examination, but upon his stating his reasons he was thoroughly exonerated from all blame, and his course in the matter approved. Beyond a doubt his regard for the lives of his soldiers that day saved many of us from death. The fortifications which it was intended we should assault were subsequently proven to have been so powerful, that if we had ventured to advance against them we would undoubtedly have been destroyed.

At that time our pickets were posted in lines of little rifle-pits, hastily dug among the trees in the woods in front of our works. But two men at a time were placed in these little holes, and so hot was the fire, that the reliefs were only made at night. Whoever ventured to stand up a moment in the sight of the enemy, either in the rifle-pits or upon the fortifications, was sure to be picked off by sharpshooters. Sometimes the boys would rig up a dummy upon a pole and lift it to the top of the parapet: it was sure to be riddled with bullets in a moment. The two personal friends with whom the writer shared a shelter tent in those days (Graham and Richman) were thus killed by sharpshooters: Graham on June the 29th, while trying to run to the rifle-pits with some coffee for the men; George W. Richman, the very next morning, while we were together and alone in a rifle-pit on picket. That terrible day, from the early morning till it grew

dark at night, which the writer spent by the side of his dead friend in that rifle-pit, is still unforgotten.

Throughout the hot month of July we continued to occupy our line of fortifications before Petersburg, alternating forty-eight hours of duty at the front and forty-eight hours at the rear. But the rest in the rear was hardly less perilous than duty at the front. Our casualties in the Petersburg trenches were one officer and twenty men killed and wounded.

About eight o'clock on the evening of July 29th the Second Division of the Tenth Corps was relieved from duty in its intrenchments by a part of the Eighteenth Corps, and ordered to join the forces of General Burnside in front of the position of the Ninth Corps, for the purpose of making the anticipated assault upon the enemy's works, upon the explosion of the famous Petersburg mine. At a point immediately in Burnside's front, within one hundred and fifty yards of his line, a Confederate fort, mounting six guns, projected beyond their average line; four hundred yards in its rear was Cemetery Hill, crowned by a battery which commanded the city of Petersburg and indeed the most important of the Confederate works. In order to seize that crest, and thus at one blow capture Petersburg and command the rebel position, a most ingenious device had been resorted to.

The Forty-eighth Pennsylvania of Burnside's corps was a regiment which had been enlisted from the mining regions of that State, and almost to a man they were practical miners. They undertook and successfully accomplished the mining of that rebel fort. At noon on June 25th, without proper tools and with but few of the materials deemed requisite for such work, they commenced their gallery. They obtained planks by tearing down a rebel bridge; the dirt was carried away upon hand barrels constructed out of cracker-boxes; many difficulties were overcome; and on July 17th the main gallery 501 $\frac{8}{10}$ feet in length, was completed. The enemy had been warned that their works were being mined,

and they began countermining. However, the work went on. The Forty-eighth Pennsylvania had sunk their galleries so deep that they were not discovered. Yet the men at work far underground plainly heard the enemy over their heads in the fort.

They excavated two lateral galleries, one to the right, the other to the left, a little beyond and in rear of the rebel fort. The right lateral gallery was thirty-eight feet long, the left nearly as long. They were drained and timbered, and eight magazines were placed in position within them. The mine was charged on July 27th. The charge consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing twenty-five pounds—eight thousand pounds in all. That delicate work was accomplished between four o'clock in the afternoon and ten at night; the tamping was finished by six o'clock the next day. Great hopes were entertained of this remarkable device. It was believed that if that mine could be successfully exploded, and our forces could rush at once through the crater, they would find the enemy so demoralized that they could successfully capture Cemetery Hill, and that Lee's army would be at their mercy.

On the night of the 29th a vast array of troops was assembled in Burnside's front as noiselessly as possible, ready for the assault in the early morning. Ledlie's division of the Ninth Corps was unfortunately chosen by lot for the perilous duty of leading the assault; other divisions formed in its rear. Our division moved to the position assigned to it during the night. It was in its place at 3.30 A.M., at which time it was expected that the explosion would occur, but the fusé failed. Lieutenant Jacob Douty of Company K, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, and Sergeant Henry Reese of the same regiment, ventured into the gallery, detecting and removing the cause of its failure. At 4.45 A.M. they reapplied the match, and slowly but surely the fusé burned its way to the mine. The whole army massed there together, momentarily expecting the explosion in their front, waited. They were moments of intense anxiety. The rebellion might

be ended with this day if this explosion and assault were but successful.

Suddenly the very earth on which we stood seemed to tremble; the fire had reached the magazines, and, with a mighty shock, followed by a rumbling like that of thunder, the whole Confederate fort in our front was lifted into the air. A dense mass of smoke covered it, and flying fragments flew everywhere. The entire work was demolished, and its garrison of three hundred men buried in its ruins. In a moment, as the smoke cleared away, we saw a vast crater where the fortification had been, one hundred and thirty-five feet in length, and some ninety-seven feet in width and thirty feet in depth. Instantly the Federal guns opened a heavy cannonade and bombardment for miles all along our lines. The dismayed Confederates only made a feeble response. The way was open to us—the enemy was at our mercy.

And now occurred the most lamentable failure and the most inexcusable of the whole war. Ledlie's division, which its commander should have led in person straight through the crater and on to the crest, went no further than the site of the ruined fort. Ledlie himself is said to have taken refuge in a bomb-proof. He was disgraced, and retired from the army from that day. The divisions of Potter and Wilcox followed him, but their way was blocked by Ledlie's halted columns. So great was the confusion of the enemy that even this was not yet fatal. The day could still have been redeemed by an immediate and general advance, but every moment was priceless. It was now determined to bring forward from the rear Ferrero's division of colored soldiers, and send them forward to storm the hill. The delay that occurred before they could be brought to the front was fatal.

It was the old blunder of Fort Wagner repeated at Petersburg: not that the colored soldiers did not come forward bravely enough; but they were not in position at the proper moment, and the delay was fatal. The enemy were in a state of panic; aroused from their sleep in the trenches by the terrible explosion, it was a long time before their officers

succeeded in rallying them. Beauregard claims ridiculously that it was done in less than five minutes, but even that should have been five minutes too late. The mine had exploded at fifteen minutes before five; it was half-past seven when Ferrero's colored division advanced to the breach. They were met by a deadly fire from the Confederates, who had now rallied and were back in their places behind their parapets, and they quickly broke and fled to the rear in confusion. A terrible fight now ensued among the struggling and disorganized masses of men in and about the crater: some of them forced their way into the ditch of the gorge-line, where they fought with the enemy hand to hand; others crept along the glacis of the exterior line and climbed over the parapet into the main trench. The rebels fought behind their traverses. But it was useless: the priceless moments had been wasted; the only hope of that day was a sudden, simultaneous, and overwhelming advance upon the demoralized enemy instantly after the explosion.

The opportunity had now passed. At half-past nine General Grant in person rode up to the line, dismounted, "walked across the front, under a heavy fire, to a point where Burnside was watching the battle. He took in the situation at a glance, and perceiving that every chance of success was lost, at once exclaimed, 'These troops must be immediately withdrawn; it is slaughter to leave them there.'*" They were withdrawn with great difficulty, and under a most terrific fire, during the next few hours. The whole affair was most wretchedly managed throughout; only the explosion itself was a success. Our losses were estimated at 4400; the Confederate loss at not more than a thousand, including those who had been blown up with the fort.

It was a most disastrous failure, for which somebody was responsible. Though Turner's division did not move, strictly speaking, into the crater itself, it was so placed that it suffered from a most terrible fire through those hours.

* Badeau's Military History of U. S. Grant, vol. ii. p. 482.

The loss of the Forty-eighth was two officers and twenty-seven men. Major Swartwout was killed; so were Lieutenant O'Brien and Orderly Sergeant MacDougall. Turner's division sustained a loss of over four hundred; for more than three hours they had stood firmly under a severe fire of musketry and artillery, in an isolated and perilous position.

On July 31st Turner's "Flying Division" was relieved from duty with the Eighteenth Corps, and ordered to rejoin the Tenth Corps again at Bermuda Hundred. For thirty-eight days the regiment had been continuously under fire before Petersburg, and a return to its old quarters north of the



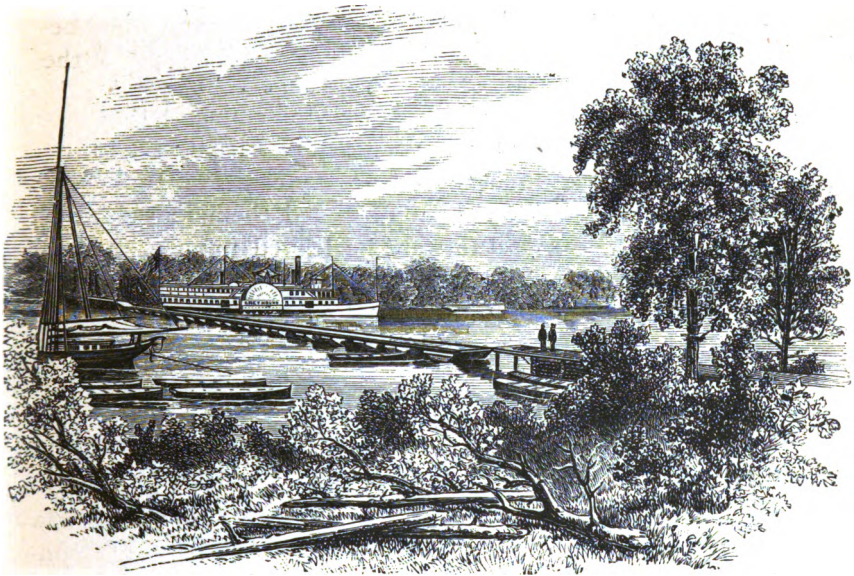
GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT.

Appomattox was greatly welcomed. Here the details of men for duty in the trenches and on picket were much reduced, and, in a manner, the regiment rested at Bermuda Hundred from July 31st to August 13th. By mutual consent the pickets in front of the opposing lines had ceased the murderous practice of desultory firing upon one another, and comparative quiet ensued. Indeed, frequently the pickets could be seen reclining upon their respective embankments in plain view of one another, and often interchanged papers, tobacco, coffee, and the like. Frequently interesting conversations occurred between them; it was a tacit truce which they maintained, but both sides respected it.

Early in August General Butler conceived the design of constructing his famous Dutch Gap Canal, and volunteers

were called for from the various regiments to do the work. The writer's impression was that not many of the Forty-eighth responded: volunteering to dig ditches under the blazing August sun was not a particularly coveted occupation.

But we were not destined to rest long at Bermuda Hundred. It had been determined to attempt a movement against Richmond on the north side of the James River,



PONTOON BRIDGE AT JONES' LANDING ON JAMES RIVER.

and the Second and Tenth Corps were assigned to the task. General Turner, with the first brigade of his division, was left at Bermuda Hundred; the Third and Second brigades of Turner's division were now temporarily attached to what was known as "Birney's provisional division." The march from Bermuda Hundred to and across the James River at Jones' Landing, on a pontoon bridge, and on to Deep Bottom, was a trying one; many fell from the ranks, overcome by the excessive heat. On the morning of August

16th we were at Strawberry Plains. To the writer this was a memorable day: three years before, on August 16th, he had been mustered into the service with Company H; his term therefore expired with that day. Many others of the regiment had also completed their term of service and felt that they should now be sent home; yet they were on the threshold of another desperate battle, and though they might by right have refused to participate in it, *not a single man did so.*

Fighting was constant all about us throughout those days of August; Lieutenants Tantum and Sears were killed at Strawberry Plains on the 16th. Tantum's term of service also expired on that very day; it was remembered that he had said, "The day my three years expire, I shall resign my commission." But when the day really came, he took his place at the head of his company and led them in a fearful charge. As they rushed forward he leaped upon a stump and shouted, "Give them a Jersey tiger, boys!" and turning to the front again, fell dead with a bullet in his brain. He had served his country "for three years" and *forever.* Captain D'Arcy was also killed in this series of engagements, and Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Seaward were wounded. The charge at Strawberry Plains was immediately successful, but the reinforcement of the enemy ultimately compelled a retreat, with a severe loss, to our intrenched lines.

The position of the Forty-eighth was one of extreme peril. The first intimation that Birney's provisional division received that our forces were retiring was the sudden appearance of a large body of the enemy in front of their line of works, extending far beyond our flanks, and advancing rapidly upon us. They met them with a galling fire until retreat or capture became inevitable; then they retreated, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground, keeping at bay their pursuers, fighting from tree to tree, doing great damage to the enemy, but suffering severe losses themselves. The entire casualties of the Federal forces during this movement were about five thousand, of these the Forty-eighth

lost on August 14th one officer and three men; on August 16th, four officers and fifty men. The battles at Strawberry Plains and Deep Bottom occupy no very conspicuous place in the history of the war, since ultimately they accomplished no great purpose, but they were on the part of those participating in them a protracted series of battles, in which they suffered greatly.

After the engagements at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains, the brigades of the Second Division of the Tenth Corps were found to be sadly worn and shattered, the regi-



BULLET-PROOF IN THE WOODS.

ments being but the skeletons of their former selves; the condition of the men also was one of almost utter exhaustion. Days of continual marching and fighting in the intense heat had taxed their powers of endurance to the utmost tension. There was desultory firing on our front August 17th and 18th, by which we did not particularly suffer, and we returned to the intrenchments at Deep Bottom for a respite of rest. Captain Nichols had commanded the regiment in this engagement, as at Cold Harbor. On August 20th we again left Deep Bottom to do picket-duty at Strawberry Plains, and on the 21st returned to our old intrenchments at Bermuda Hundred.

At this time the following general order was issued by General Birney:

HEADQUARTERS TENTH ARMY CORPS,
FUSSEL'S MILLS, VA., August 19, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS:

The Major-General commanding congratulates the Tenth Corps upon its success. It has on each occasion, when ordered, broken the enemy's strong lines. It has captured, during this short campaign, four siege guns, protected by the most formidable works, six colors, and many prisoners. It has proved itself worthy of its old Wagner and Sumter renown. Much fatigue, patience, and heroism may yet be demanded of it; but the Major-General commanding is confident of the response.

(Signed)

MAJOR-GENERAL D. B. BIRNEY.
EDWARD W. SMITH,
Lt.-Col. and A. A. G.

So reduced in numbers had the regiment now become that there were but three commissioned officers for duty and but a few men. Skirmishes were frequent in our front, and in one of them on the morning of August 25th we lost one killed and nine wounded and missing. On August 28th the regiment returned to its old intrenchments in front of Petersburg, alternating with the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania at duty in the trenches and resting in the rear. It remained there for a month.

On September 17th the members of the regiment whose term of service had expired, and who had not re-enlisted, were finally sent home. Some of them had been retained for a month after the expiration of their term. Many complaints were made at this injustice, but it was explained that none would be discharged until the date of the muster-in of the final company (September 10th). They were retained at the front, however, for seven days after that date; and as they were days of peril, the procedure was unjust: to one at least it proved fatal. The writer had not re-enlisted, having been in prison at the time when the question was mooted. He suspects had he been present with the regiment he would

have done as a majority of the regiment did. His service, therefore, closed in front of Petersburg on the 17th of September. We were finally mustered out, "honorably discharged, at the expiration of our term of service," in New York City, September 20, 1864.

Hitherto, in writing the most of this history, the writer has been aided by his own memories; henceforth he will be at the disadvantage of being entirely dependent upon the meagre data which he has been able to obtain.

On the evening of September 18th, the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps once more left the front of Petersburg and crossed the Appomattox, passed through Bermuda Hundred, and crossed the James River by a pontoon bridge at Deep Bottom. They moved with such secrecy and rapidity that they were in front of the Confederates' intrenchments, below Chapin's Bluff, at daylight on the 29th. General Ord commanded the Eighteenth Corps, and was directed by General Butler to assault the enemy's outpost below the Bluff, known as Fort Harrison. The Eighteenth Corps went forward to the charge with a fine gallantry, taking a considerable portion of the enemy's intrenchments, and captured fifteen guns and 150 prisoners. General Ord was wounded, and General Weitzel succeeded to the command. Simultaneously, General Birney with the Tenth Corps advanced toward Spring Hill, and carried a strong line of rebel earthworks, with double line of abatis, at New Market Heights, inflicting a loss of 500 on the enemy. He then advanced upon still more fortified lines at Laurel Hill, known as Fort Gilmer, within six miles of the city of Richmond. His force was inadequate for the task of carrying Fort Gilmer by assault, though it was attempted, and some of the troops reached the ditch. Birney withdrew, however, at nightfall, having suffered a loss of 350 men. The Eighteenth Corps also was successful in a further assault. During this engagement the Second Division of the Tenth Corps made a terrific charge on one of the main lines of the enemy, but did not succeed in forcing an entrance into the work, although it suffered a heavy loss. So great

was the number of obstructions that the men were unable to move upon the double-quick; the enemy also were in superior force.

The next day, September 30th, the Confederates attempted to retake their works, but were gallantly repulsed, with severe loss. The casualties of the Forty-eighth in killed, wounded, and missing were considerable. Finding the city of Richmond thus menaced from the north of the James, the enemy determined upon a vigorous effort to drive our forces from their position. On the evening of October 6th they advanced at dusk in two columns. A terrible fight ensued, in which the enemy were finally beaten back with a loss of over a thousand in killed and wounded, and retreated in great confusion. The men of the Tenth Corps acted with conspicuous valor.

This was the very last engagement of any importance in which the regiment participated until the close of the year. On October 18th our brave corps commander, Major-General David B. Birney, died. His loss was a serious one to the Union armies, and to the Tenth Corps it was irreparable. Brigadier-General A. H. Terry succeeded to the command of the corps, which continued to hold its position north of the James. In a congratulatory address General B. F. Butler referred to our part in the recent engagements in the following terms:

“After crossing the James with celerity, precision, secrecy, and promptness of movement seldom equalled, you assailed and carried the enemy’s strong works, with double line of abatis, at Spring Hill and New Market, thus taking possession of the outer line of the enemy’s works, and advancing to the very gates of Richmond. So vital was your success, that on October 1st, under the eye of Lee himself,—massing his best troops,—the enemy made most determined assaults upon your lines to retake it, and were driven back with loss of seven battle-flags and almost the annihilation of Clingman’s brigade. After weeks of preparation, massing all his veteran troops on your right flank, on the 7th of October the enemy drove in our cavalry, with the loss of some pieces of horse artillery; but meeting the *steady troops of the Tenth Corps*, were repulsed with slaughter, losing three

commanders of brigade killed and wounded, and many field and line officers and men killed, wounded, and prisoners."

At the end of this campaign the regiment went into winter quarters at Chapin's Farm. The boys built log-huts, and made themselves as comfortable as possible for the winter. Duty in the intrenchments and on picket was continuous, but without especial incident. The position held was a strong one. Changes in the regiment itself occurred during the winter; some forty recruits were received. The men were drilled daily with as much regu-



ARMY HUTS AT CHAPIN'S FARM.

larity as possible; but so thin had the ranks become by reason of the casualties of the terrible campaigns through which they had passed, that it was customary in a company drill to unite five companies into one. Most of the companies were commanded by sergeants; the noble regiment had dwindled away to that. The pine woods around Chapin's Farm soon disappeared that winter, great ingenuity being exercised by the men in the construction of their winter quarters. Some of the huts had brick fire-places, the brick being obtained from houses that had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. The camp of the regiment was like a little village, and not very unlike in appearance to the adobe houses of New Mexico and Arizona.

On December 3d, Colonel William B. Barton was mustered out upon his own application, after three and a half years' service, and retired to civil life with a military record of which any soldier might be proud.

He had succeeded to the Colonelcy of the regiment at the death of Colonel Perry in the summer of 1862, but during most of the time had been in command of a brigade which he led on many a fiery field, and had never been known to falter. No man ever accused him of lack of courage or military discretion. He was dreadfully wounded at the assault on Fort Wagner, and seriously at Cold Harbor. Although he did not gain the highest rank, he filled the important positions to which he was appointed with credit to himself and honor to his command, and in recognition of his gallant and meritorious services received the brevet rank of brigadier-general.

Colonel Barton commanded successively the district of Fort Pulaski, the district and post of Hilton Head; was second in command in the expedition to Florida in the spring of 1864; and commanded the second brigade, second division of the Tenth Corps, continuously from its formation until he left the service, except during the time he was absent on account of wounds.

He was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and a graduate of Princeton College. He had been a militiaman before the war, and was an adept in the tactics. Although very young when he entered the service, he was a man of fine presence, of dignified bearing, and quick and active mind. He was also the "best dressed" man in his regiment. Somehow he was always able to keep his clothes unsoiled when the rest of us found ourselves covered with dirt and mud.

I regret to have been unable to procure a more detailed account of the life and services of General Barton, who is now (1885) a resident of the city of New York. His long-continued command of the Forty-eighth Regiment, and his eminent services with it, will continue to make him, as long as its memory lasts, *its historic commander*.

On December 2, 1864, the Army of the James was re-



WILLIAM B. BARTON,
Brevet Brig.-Genl. U. S. Vols.
SECOND COLONEL 48th, N. Y. S. VOLS.

organized. The Tenth and Eighteenth corps, which had so often acted in co-operation, were consolidated into one, and known as the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, Major-General E. O. C. Ord becoming its commander. The Second Division maintained the same organization as when in the Tenth Corps, except that it was now commanded by Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames. The Second Brigade was commanded by Colonel William B. Coan. The Tenth and Eighteenth corps were, however, reconstructed after the capture of Fort Fisher.

CHAPTER IX.

Fort Fisher to the End—Jan. 1 to Sept. 12, 1865.

First Expedition against Fort Fisher—Failure—Back to Chapin's Farm—General Butler Removed from his Command—General Ord Succeeds him—The Second Expedition—Jan. 13th, on Land—Jan. 15th, the Assault—Pennypacker's Brigade—Colonel Coan Wounded—The Victory—The Race with the Colors—The Roll-call in Fort Fisher—Death of Captain Dunn—Tribute of Admiral Porter—Letter of Secretary Stanton—The Advance Towards Wilmington—Capture of Fort Anderson—The End Approaching—General Schofield—The Twenty-third Army Corps—Feb. 21st, Battle of Wilmington—Major Elfving Wounded—Rescue of Union Prisoners—Their Sufferings—March 15th, leave Wilmington for Goldsboro'—Sherman's Army—Richmond Taken—Appomattox—April 10th, Raleigh—Death of President Lincoln—Surrender of Johnston—The End—Sept. 3d, Home—Sept. 12th, Mustered Out—The Career of the Regiment—Chaplain Taylor—Chaplain Strickland—Surgeon Mulford—Colonel Wm. B. Coan.

THE year 1865 opened gloomily for the cause of the Confederacy and hopefully for that of the Union. It was evident that the South was well-nigh exhausted, and that the war was drawing to its close. The first month of the year was signalized by the assault and capture of Fort Fisher, a strong fortification which defended the entrance, by the Cape Fear River, to the port of Wilmington, N. C. Its fall was an event of the greatest importance, because there had been much difficulty in stopping the blockade-running into that port, and when Fort Fisher fell, the Confederacy was finally shut up within itself, and the last doorway through which it had held communication with the world was closed. The blockade-trade of Wilmington was much greater than was supposed, and it appears to have continued with but little interruption until the capture of

Fort Fisher and within three months of the end of the rebellion.

The Forty-eighth Regiment was destined to play a conspicuous part in this final campaign of the war. They left their camp at Chapin's Farm, on the evening of December 7, 1864; marched to Jones' Landing, near City Point; spent a night in a snow-storm, camping in the woods; and next morning, 8th inst., embarked on the steamer *Perit* to participate in General Butler's expedition against Fort Fisher. Off Fortress Monroe they found a fleet of transports loaded with troops at anchor, and the scene recalled that other fleet that had sailed from that same harbor, under Dupont, more than three years before. Admiral Porter commanded the naval forces of the expedition, and on December 13th they sailed out to sea. They went into Beaufort, N. C.,



LAND AND SEA FRONT OF FORT FISHER.

for supplies of water and coal, sailing thence up the Cape Fear River, and on Christmas Day they landed in front of Fort Fisher.

Fort Fisher is described as an earthwork of an irregular quadrilateral trace; the exterior sides averaged about two hundred and fifty yards; its northeastern salient, which was nearest the sea, approached high-water mark to within about one hundred yards; across the beach to the water was a strong stockade or wooden palisade. The land face of the fort occupied the whole width of the cape, known as Federal Point; and as it was exposed to enfilading fire from the ocean, it was heavily traversed, and the twenty guns that commanded that strip of land were well guarded. The tops of the traverses were fully six feet above the general line of the interior crests, and afforded bomb-proof shelters for the garrison. Looking at them from a distance, they appeared

like a series of mounds. The slopes of the parapet were well secured by marsh sods. All along the line front of the fort, across to the Cape Fear River, was a stockade. Numbers of torpedoes had been planted in the sand in front of the fort, and the wrecks of unfortunate blockade-runners were scattered along the beach.

It was to take this formidable fortification by assault that General Butler had come with 6500 troops, consisting of Ames' division of the Twenty-fourth Corps and Paine's of the Twenty-fifth Negro Corps, in co-operation with the fleet under Admiral Porter. General Weitzel had immediate command of the troops. The bombardment by the naval forces followed. Weitzel pushed forward his skirmishers to within a few yards of the fort, where some of them were wounded by shells from the fleet. One man reached the ditch and captured a rebel flag which had been shot down from their parapets. Ames' troops also captured about two hundred rebels, with ten commissioned officers. After interviewing them, finding that heavy reinforcements had been thrown into Fort Fisher, and that there were probably more men within its garrison than he could bring against it, Butler concurred in the opinion of Weitzel, that a successful assault could not at that time be made. The forces were ordered to withdraw and re-embark. When the guns of the navy ceased firing those of Fort Fisher opened upon the retreating troops. The position of our men was perilous. It was thirty hours before they finally reached their ships again. The expedition was a failure.

Great blame, and indeed much ridicule, has been heaped upon General Butler for not assaulting Fort Fisher that day. The subsequently successful assault under General Terry has emphasized the apparently bad generalship of Butler; but time rights many wrongs: it is now generally conceded by military writers that Fort Fisher was so heavily garrisoned that it could not have been assaulted with any chance of success *at that time*. From the statement of the rebel General Whiting on his death-bed, it is now believed that

there were on that day 900 effective men behind those sand walls, and 7000 within forty-eight hours' march. There was also some lack of co-operation between the naval and the land forces, and mutual misunderstandings made matters worse. However, the expedition failed, and the troops returned to Bermuda Hundred, the Forty-eighth reaching its old camp at Chapin's Farm on the night of the last day of the year (1864), and stretching their shelter-tents over the old frameworks of their little huts, spent the night within them in comfort, though the snow was falling without.

The failure of that expedition against Fort Fisher cost our army commander, General Butler, his position; he was relieved from his command on January 7, 1865. General Ord succeeded him in commanding the Department, and General Gibbon in command of the Twenty-fourth Corps. Butler felt his disgrace keenly, and believed also that he had not deserved it. Perhaps he was not a great soldier. Nevertheless his failure to assault Fort Fisher, as subsequent events have demonstrated, is not now pronounced a mistake. He issued a farewell address to the "Soldiers of the Army of the James," in which he attributed his removal to his care for the lives of his men, and declared that "having witnessed your ready devotion of your blood to your country's cause, I have been chary of the precious charge confided to me. The wasted blood of my men does not stain my garments."

But General Grant was not to be baffled by one failure; he determined to try again. He selected for the commander Major-General A. H. Terry. The same troops composed the expedition, with the addition of Abbott's brigade of the First Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps. On January 3, 1865, the Forty-eighth left its quarters at Chapin's Farm once more, and embarking this time on the steamer *Tona-wanda*, in company with the Forty-seventh New York, Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania, and four companies of the Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, steamed again, and

for the last time, down the James River to Fortress Monroe. On the 8th they reached Hatteras Inlet; on the 9th were with the fleet off Beaufort, N. C.; on the 12th in Cape Fear River once more; and on the 13th effected a landing in small boats, formed upon the beach, and fell to work throwing up intrenchments.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of January 13, 1865, nearly 8000 men, with suitable rations, ammunition, and intrenching tools, had been safely transferred to the shore; pickets were at once thrown out, the ground to the front re-



MOUND BATTERY AT FORT FISHER.

connoitred, a line finally established about two miles from the fort, and by eight o'clock on the morning of the 14th, a good breastwork, reaching from the river to the sea, and partly covered by abatis, had been constructed, and the army was safe behind it. Terry had succeeded in securing his foothold upon the peninsula. The next day the artillery was landed, and that night the guns were put into position, the naval vessels keeping up a constant fire upon the fort. The following day, Sunday, January 15th, was selected for the grand assault. That day witnessed one of the most magnificent spectacles of the war. That it should have been the fate of the Forty-eighth Regiment New York State Volunteers to have participated in the two great assaults against

the two greatest sand-forts of history—Wagner and Fisher—is a noteworthy coincidence.

Arrangements were made for a coöperative attack by the land and naval forces upon that Sabbath-day. All the night before the monitors pounded the fort, giving the garrison no rest, and no opportunity to repair the damages made by the guns. At eight o'clock in the morning all the ships of the fleet, excepting one division (which was left to defend, if necessary, Terry's line across the peninsula), moved up to the attack, and a concentrated fire, accurate and terrible, from the whole fleet was opened upon the doomed fort. From the ships, also, 1400 marines and 600 sailors, armed with carbines, cutlasses, and revolvers, landed to aid in the work of assault. They dug little trenches in the sand, under cover of the fire of their ships, and reached a point within two hundred yards of the sea-front of the fort, where they waited the order for attack.

And now, to obtain a clear idea of this magnificent and successful assault, the reader must bear in mind the formation of the troops. General Adelbert Ames' division was selected for the work: it consisted of three brigades, commanded respectively by Curtis, Pennypacker, and Bell. The Forty-eighth belonged to the Second (Pennypacker's) Brigade. By noting the part taken by Pennypacker's brigade in the following description, the work of the Forty-eighth New York on that day can be determined. The First Brigade (Curtis's) was already in position at the front, within three hundred yards of the fort. Pennypacker's brigade formed about one hundred yards in their rear, Bell's a like distance behind us. The formation was made under some fire from the fort, during which Colonel William B. Coan was wounded, and the command of the regiment devolved upon Major Elfwing. At first, a hundred sharpshooters were thrown to the front. They ran forward to within one hundred and seventy-five yards of the work, dug themselves little rifle-pits for shelter, and commenced firing at the parapets. Instantly those parapets were alive with men, and the

fort opened upon us a heavy fire of infantry and artillery. Then Curtis's brigade was moved to the front; Pennypacker's took its place, and Bell's also advanced. Curtis's brigade found shelter on the reverse slope of a crest, about sixty yards in rear of the sharpshooters, and again moved forward to that point, the regiment digging shallow trenches to cover themselves wherever they halted. Pennypacker followed Curtis, and Bell was brought up to the outwork. At 3.25 P.M. everything was in readiness for the assault.

A concerted signal was made to Admiral Porter to change the direction of the fire of the fleet. Terry ordered Ames to move forward to the attack. Instantly Curtis's brigade sprang from their trenches and dashed forward in line; its



INTERIOR OF FORT FISHER.

left was exposed to a heavy enfilading fire, and it obliques to the right in order to envelop the left of the land-front. The ground over which it moved was difficult and marshy, but it soon reached the palisades, passed through them, and effected a lodgment on the parapet. Then Pennypacker was ordered forward to their support. The Second Brigade advanced with all the dash and valor for which they now had become famous, but not merely in support of Curtis, for they overlapped him to the right, and meeting the enemy at the heavy palisading which extended from the west end of the land-face to the river, drove him from it, capturing 400 prisoners, then pushed forward to the left, and the two brigades now equally advanced against the fort, rushed forward together with a spring and a dash, and drove the ene-

my from about one quarter of the land-face of the work. Then Ames brought up Bell's brigade, moving it between the fort and the river.

And now a terrible struggle ensued ; hand-to-hand fighting of the most desperate character between the garrison of the fort and the brigades of Curtis and Pennypacker was witnessed that day on the parapets of Fort Fisher, while the fleet kept up its fire farther to the south, to prevent reinforcements reaching the fort from Mound Battery. The rebels used the traverses of the land-front for breastworks, and over the tops of these the contestants fired into each other's faces. The struggle was desperate, but step by step the Confederates were driven back until by six o'clock they had been forced from nine of their traverses. By nine o'clock at night two more traverses were carried, and the combat practically ceased. After as magnificent a charge—lasting for hours—as the war witnessed, Fort Fisher had been taken at the point of the bayonet. The trophies of the victory were 169 pieces of artillery, 2000 stand of small-arms, quantities of ammunition and commissary stores, 112 commissioned officers, and 1971 enlisted men as prisoners.

The glory must be shared equally by Curtis' and Pennypacker's brigades. General Curtis was wounded, rifle in hand, while fighting in the front rank ; Colonel Pennypacker also, while carrying the standard of one of his regiments, the first man in a charge, over one of the traverses. Colonel Bell was mortally wounded near the palisades. Thus all *three* commanders of the brave brigades that did the fighting fell. Pennypacker's brigade consisted that day of the following regiments : Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, and the Seventh-sixth, Ninety-seventh, and Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania. They were the second in the advance, but followed rapidly and closely after the leading brigade in every movement, and at the moment of reaching the fort their lines merged with and extended beyond the flank of the First Brigade, and entered the fort simultaneously with them.

There was one incident of striking valor witnessed that day on the sands in front of Fort Fisher that should be mentioned. The color-sergeant of the Forty-eighth was Thomas Van Tassel. As the brigade rushed forward on the grand assault the color-sergeants of the Forty-eighth New York and the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania ran ahead in the advance. The flag of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania was a beautiful new one, but that of the Forty-eighth New York could hardly be called a flag; there was little left of it but the staff and a few ribbons, for it had been borne before on many a fiery field. There was a peculiar contrast, therefore, between the colors of the two regiments, whose color-sergeants were running side by side towards the banks of Fort Fisher, and they planted their banners almost *simultaneously* upon the captured parapets. It was a struggle as to which would get there first, and it incited the men to a wild enthusiasm to follow their flags to victory. From mound to mound they fought through the whole afternoon till the darkness of the night.

After the capture of the fort a fire was built to aid the sailors on the ships in directing their fire. About ten o'clock orders were received for a further advance. The famous old regiment—the Sixth Connecticut—which had been with us in the hottest fire at Wagner, but which had not up to this point been engaged in the fight at Fort Fisher, was now sent for and put in advance. The rest followed them, but with much irregularity, as the fighting of the day had somewhat broken the formation of the regiments; every regiment, however, clustered about its own flag, and in the darkness of the night went forward. They entered the fort, crossed it, but met no opposition. The Sixth Connecticut then made an advance toward Fort Buchanan, and there they found the enemy, making prisoners of them all.

Meanwhile the Forty-eighth had built a fire and cooked some coffee in a small kettle they had found in the fort. But let no one suppose that the regiment at this time was a long line of one thousand men, as it once had been. So

had its ranks been thinned by the casualties of four years of fighting and many deadly battles, that when the roll was called there in the darkness within Fort Fisher, only *eight officers and seventeen enlisted men answered to their names*. The noble regiment had melted away to that.

Later in the night the Second Brigade was sent to the rear to guard the prisoners who had been captured upon the beach. They remained there till the prisoners were transferred to the ships and sent to the North. The Forty-eighth Regiment went into the fight at Fort Fisher few in numbers, but they were in the very front, and in the thickest of the fray; and there is creditable record that a little handful of them, with a few others of their brigade, were further in the advance than any other of the Union soldiers on that day. They had a peculiarly desperate fight about one of the sand-mounds, the contingencies of which brought them so far to the front. They made a gallant dash at one of the parapets of the fort, but were beaten back by overwhelming numbers, some going into the fort and others down the land-face over into the moat. By standing sheltered in the ditch, and keeping up a fire on the parapets just above them, they compelled the evacuation of two of the mounds, protected the men bringing up ammunition from the rear, and finally advancing on their own account, took possession of a rebel battery they found unoccupied on the very top of the fort.

Individual instances of valor on that day were many, and the loss of the regiment at Fort Fisher was more than one fourth of its officers and more than one third of its enlisted men. Yet so few were they in number that the loss was only three officers and eleven enlisted men. Captain James H. Dunn was killed. Some of the Forty-eighth also were lost at the explosion of the magazine of the fort the next morning.

I cannot forbear quoting the noble tribute to the valor of the troops by Admiral Porter in his report to the Secretary of the Navy. He says:

"It will not be amiss for me to remark here, that I never saw anything like the fearless gallantry and endurance displayed by our troops. They fought like lions, and knew no such word as fail. They finally fought and chased the rebels from traverse to traverse, until they reached Battery Lamb at the mound, a face of the work extending about one thousand four hundred yards in length. At this point the rebels broke, and fled to the end of Federal Point. Our troops followed them up, and they surrendered at discretion. I have visited Fort Fisher and its adjacent work, and found their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying that they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder even now how it was done. The works are tremendous. I was in the Malakoff Tower a few days after its surrender to the French and British. The combined armies of those two nations were many months capturing that stronghold, and it will not compare either in size or strength to Fort Fisher, and yet the latter was captured by a handful of men under fire of the guns of the fort, and in seven hours after the attack commenced in earnest. The world never saw such fighting as our soldiers did."

That gallant tribute by a brave sailor to brave soldiers was as handsome as it was deserved. •

The capture of Fort Fisher thrilled the whole country as did the victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg. It won a great fame for General Terry and the troops that fought under him. At last the Forty-eighth Regiment had participated in a great battle which was not a reverse or a doubtful victory, but a decided and overwhelming triumph. Congratulatory addresses came from everywhere. The Secretary of War, Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, wrote a letter concerning it to President Lincoln, highly complimentary to "*the column of 3000 troops of the old Tenth Corps.*" Beauregard a few days before had pronounced the fortification impregnable. It was another Fort Wagner, though not nearly so fatal a spot nor so desperately defended.

Our old enemy at Olustee, General A. H. Colquitt, was an hour too late at Fort Fisher to meet us again, but he came very near being captured by us there that night. He ventured to make a little reconnoissance in a row-boat to see how matters stood; he escaped "by the skin of his teeth."

The Confederate General Whiting, writing from the hospital at Goat Island on March 2d, paid this tribute to the fire of the Federal fleet :

“It was beyond description; no language can describe that terrific bombardment: 143 shots a minute for twenty-four hours! My traverses stood it nobly, but by the direct fire the enemy were able to bring upon the land-front they succeeded in knocking down my guns there.”

If Fort Fisher had been garrisoned and defended as Battery Wagner was, the Union columns would have rushed upon its flaming parapets in vain; but the long years of the war had broken the spirit of the Confederate soldiers, and they were destined never to display their former valor again. The National loss in the attack was only 681 men, of whom 88 were killed, 501 wounded, and 92 missing. At the accidental explosion of the magazine within the fort next morning 200 were killed, and 100 more wounded. The losses of the fleet were about three hundred men; it had expended 50,000 shells in the bombardment. The fort was so slightly damaged by the pounding it had received, that it could easily have been repaired; but our forces had no use for it.

The minor fortifications upon the Cape Fear River were at once evacuated by the enemy; the port of Wilmington was now firmly closed to blockade-runners, and the town itself was soon destined to be occupied by our troops. General Terry posted his men behind an intrenched line across the peninsula, some two or three miles above Fort Fisher, as it was not deemed prudent for such a small army to attempt a further advance. Fort Anderson was still occupied by the enemy at a point on the river about half-way between Fort Fisher and Wilmington, and they had also thrown up a line of intrenchments in Terry's front. The fort was an extensive earthwork, that mounted a large number of guns and commanded the approach both by land and water; even its capture was not deemed practicable by General Terry with his present force.

But the final campaign of the war was now at hand. The magnificent devices of General Grant by which he hemmed in the Confederacy on every side, were drawing to their culmination. Sherman had made his march successfully to the sea; Thomas had overwhelmed the rebel army at the battle of Nashville; Lee's hold on his vast trenches in front of Petersburg was shaken; the entire Confederacy was on the eve of collapse. Grant determined to open a way through North Carolina to Goldsboro' in readiness for Sherman's march northward to that point. With that object in view, he ordered General Schofield, with the Twenty-third Army Corps, from Tennessee to the coast of North Carolina; and that noble corps from the Army of the Ohio, which had done famous service in the great battles of the West, was transferred by steamers down the Tennessee and up the Ohio to Cincinnati, with all its horses and artillery, leaving only the wagons behind it, and thence by railroad to Washington and Alexandria. They reached the coast of North Carolina in the early part of February, one division (Cox's) landing near Fort Fisher, and others at New Berne. Soon Terry's army of 8000 had become 20,000 men.

The Department of North Carolina was created, and Major-General J. M. Schofield assigned to its command. The Forty-eighth Regiment, with the brigades of Ames' division of the old Tenth Corps, was now merged into this new army. They had served in the Department of the South, in the Army of the James, in the Army of the Potomac, and now were merged into the Army of the Ohio in the Department of North Carolina; and they were yet destined, in the final days of the war, to be united with Sherman's great army, that had tramped its way from Atlanta to the sea, and from the sea northward straight through the Confederacy, to that point in North Carolina where the rebellion finally and forever came to its end.

On February 7th the Forty-eighth Regiment received a reinforcement of two hundred and ten men under the command of Major Barrett, from their old camp at Chapin's Farm.

Then began the march into the interior of North Carolina, which was destined to be the last of their many campaigns. General Schofield commanded the army, General Terry the corps. On February 15th Coxe's division of the Twenty-third Corps and Ames' of the Tenth Corps crossed over to Smithfield, and advancing along the main road to Wilmington, skirmished with the rebel pickets in advance lines until they met their main body at the works adjacent to Fort Anderson. Coxe's division intrenched itself to occupy the enemy, and Ames' division moved around the swamps which covered their right, a distance of about fifteen miles, in order to strike the Wilmington road in the rear and to the north of the fort. Once more the Forty-eighth participated in an important movement, although the enemy did not give them battle; for finding himself in danger of being flanked, he hastily abandoned his works on the night of February 19th, and Fort Anderson, with its adjacent defences, fell into our hands. The army continued to move forward without any particular opposition until they reached the outskirts of Wilmington on February 21st.

Here occurred a battle which is not so memorable as an engagement, but which was a formidable affair to the Forty-eighth. In approaching the city, our brigade received orders to march to the left through a narrow road along which only four men could walk abreast; and, suddenly, when the presence of an enemy was unsuspected, every bush and stump in front of us seemed to be alive with men, who opened a terrible fire at short range immediately upon us. Instantly the left wing of the regiment was deployed as skirmishers, the right wing supporting them, and a sharp battle ensued. It was a constant series of little flank movements: the men would run ahead and with wonderful ingenuity throw up a few handfuls of dirt in front of them, lying down behind it, firing at the retreating enemy, then advance again and repeat the movement, then they would try flanking them; and the little battle continued for hours. Bullets fell thick and fast among us; and not until midnight, when the place was evacu-

ated by our division, did we march back inside of the intrenchments, stack arms, and go to sleep on the ground. The Forty-eighth Regiment was nearly, if not entirely, the only one hotly engaged in that little fight ; its losses were one officer and fifteen men. And Major Barrett assures the writer that he was never more proud of the regiment in all its history than that day in front of Wilmington.

It was there that Major Elfwing was struck by a minie-ball in the cap of his knee, requiring the amputation of his



PICKETS.

leg. When the surgeon told him that his leg must be cut off, the brave fellow replied, "Well, one pair of boots will last me now as long as two pair will you."

The next day, February 22d, Wilmington was occupied, and the flag of the Republic floated in the breeze above it. Learning that the rebel general, Johnston, was in full retreat, but that his march was impeded by a large number of Union prisoners whom he had with him, our forces started on a fierce march in pursuit. Skirmishing with the rear of his columns was continuous, until at night our armies reached

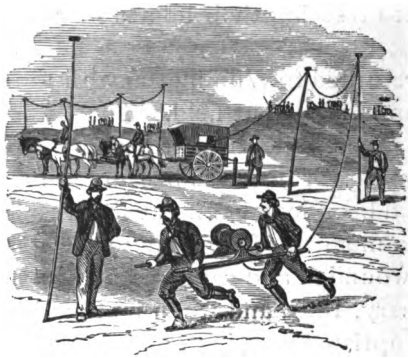
a little river which Johnson had just crossed and burned the bridge behind him. He sent a flag of truce, offering to surrender the prisoners in his possession. We received them gladly into our lines, and their joy was great at seeing the old flag again. There were 10,000 of them, among whom were some who had been captured from our own regiment at Olustee and Cold Harbor, and all of them were naked and well-nigh starved to death. Major Barrett says they "looked like living skeletons." The men gladly shared with them their rations, and the childish glee of the poor, emaciated fellows, who had suffered untold privations in the rebel prison-pens, at finding themselves among friends again, and at the prospect of seeing their homes once more, can never be forgotten.

Our forces returned to Wilmington with the prisoners, and went into camp in a pea-nut field. There was great sport at night when the men built their fires and the pea-nuts began to crack. Digging for pea-nuts became the rage, as digging for "yams" had been long before at Dawfuskie. One of the prisoners was a member of Company B of the Forty-eighth. He had been wounded and captured at Olustee, Fla., on the 20th of February, 1864, and when he found himself, after a whole year's imprisonment, in the midst of his old regiment, he was so overjoyed that he burst into tears and wept like a little child.

The writer has not included in this sketch of the history of the regiment any record of the experiences of many of its members in rebel prisons. He could do so with ease. Nothing that has yet been written has adequately described the sufferings that were there endured. What with freezing and starvation, strong and robust men were soon reduced to gaunt and famished skeletons. Idiocy followed, and after that death. At the most moderate estimate, 40,000 Union soldiers died in the rebel prisons, amid atrocities that will remain forever untold. Names of members of the Forty-eighth New York can still be found on the wooden slabs that mark their graves in the prison cemeteries at Richmond and

Andersonville, and every man of them might have lived to reach his home again if he would have consented to betray his country, and take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government; but they chose to die rather than to turn traitors. They loved their honor more than they loved their lives, and they did die in silence and humility, the saddest victims and the supreme heroes of the war.

On March 12th General Schofield received orders from General W. T. Sherman at Fayetteville to march at once for Goldsboro', and to direct General Terry to do the same. Then began the last long and weary march. Starting

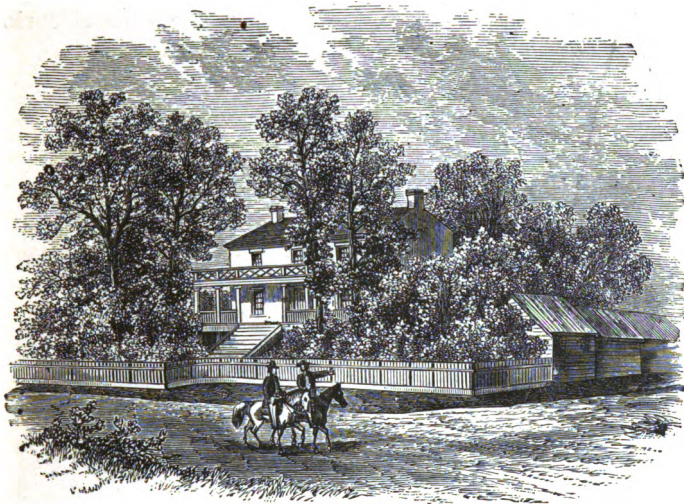


ARMY SIGNAL TELEGRAPH.

from Wilmington on March 15th, the regiment made twenty-five miles a day, and on the 21st caught their first glimpse of Sherman's army. The end was now near at hand, and the Forty-eighth Regiment was destined to be "in at the finish." Rations had become scarce, and the army subsisted by foraging upon the country; coffee and tea were luxuries that had well-nigh been forgotten. On March 29th Grant was ready for his final movement against Lee, and on April 2d advanced upon his works. On April 3d Lee's army was in full retreat. Our forces under General Weitzel entered the rebel capital, and Richmond, after four years of cruel fighting, was finally taken.

But Grant's army did not stop to occupy the city; the major portion of it pushed on after Lee, and Sheridan succeeded on the 9th in intercepting Lee's retreat. The surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox followed.

During this time General Sherman was resting his army at Goldsboro', N. C., but on April 11th orders came from Grant to move forward at once against Johnston, and the only remaining organized forces of the rebellion. The news that Petersburg had fallen, Richmond been taken, and Lee's



MCLEAN'S HOUSE, PLACE OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

army had capitulated, fired the enthusiasm of the Union soldiers in those last days of the war. On April 10th two divisions of our corps started on their march toward Raleigh, our brigade being in advance. Johnston's army had destroyed the bridges in their track, which greatly retarded our march; the roads also at some points were hilly, and at others passed through low swamps, where the men were obliged to wade; and at night they slept on the ground, with the sky for their only covering. They reached the neighborhood of Raleigh on April 14th, and

went into camp a short distance outside of the city. Sherman pressed on after Johnston, and finally met him at a place called Durham Station, about twenty-five miles beyond Raleigh. There Johnston sent out a flag of truce, and asked for terms of surrender for his army. Sherman agreed to certain terms, as is well known ; but they were not approved at Washington : indeed, they were highly disapproved, and Grant was sent to supersede Sherman, and arrange in person for the capitulation of Johnston.

The assassination of President Lincoln on April 14th had exasperated the North, and especially the now victorious



PLACE OF JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

Union armies. General Grant reached Raleigh on the 24th of April, and with a delicacy that has perhaps not been appreciated, refused to supersede Sherman in the immediate command of his army, and pretended to act as a sort of adviser to him. The same terms were finally offered to Johnston that Grant had already made with Lee, and Johnston surrendered to Sherman, who had pursued him so relentlessly for more than a thousand miles. Grant's consideration for Sherman on this occasion will be remembered in history as one of many magnanimous things that immortal soldier did.

After Johnston's surrender the Forty-eighth remained in North Carolina, until it was finally sent home and discharged. At Raleigh many of our officers were detailed to special duty; for instance, Colonel Coan, who had been mustered Colonel of the regiment, commanded the brigade at first and subsequently the division, Quartermaster Paddock was brigade quartermaster, Adjutant Seaward was mustering officer, Captain Hilliard ordnance officer, and Major Barrett provost-marshal. The duties were mainly such as the exigencies of the situation and the condition of the people in their new relations demanded.

On June 10th the remnant of the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York Volunteers was consolidated with the Forty-eighth.

It was while the regiment was in camp at Raleigh that the unpleasant incident occurred which chilled the admiration of the men for their corps commander. A review was ordered by General Sherman, who said he wanted to see "the heroes of Fort Fisher." Our forces were ragged and footsore from their long march, and they had shared their clothing and rations with the prisoners they had rescued at Coxe's Bridge. They had received many recruits also after Fort Fisher, and there had been no opportunity to drill them; therefore the regiment did not present as soldierly an appearance as it might have done; but Major Barrett (to whose account we are indebted for this incident) says, "Bad as we looked, Sherman's men looked far worse, and General Sherman himself seemed well satisfied, but General Terry was mortified and ashamed of the men who had won his laurels for him. Next day he issued a scathing order, denouncing us in unmeasured terms, and ordering that we all be put to drill in the 'school of the soldier.' Fancy if you can our indignation—old veterans who had fought the war through to be subjected to this indignity!"

Now that the war was over, military duty at Raleigh, N. C., and along the railroads was not particularly interesting, and the men were greatly anxious to get home; but

they were destined to spend the long summer in the South. Finally, on Sunday, September 3d, they took the cars to City Point, then on to Baltimore by steamer, and home by rail. They reached New York City on the 5th of September, were sent to Hart's Island for some days, and finally, on September 12, 1865, the pay-rolls were signed for the last time, and the little handful of veteran heroes that composed the last of the brave and noble regiment at its final hour of life were *mustered out*.

And now that we have come to the end of this history, and look back at the four long years through which it has been traced thus imperfectly, shall we not all feel proud of the noble part our dear old regiment bore! It has made the poor chronicler of its deeds love it more than ever. What battles it fought, what marches it made, what sufferings it endured for the Republic! Its career has been traced for you, comrades (and for your children), amid many difficulties, all the way from its organization at Fort Hamilton in the summer of 1861, to Washington and Annapolis, in the expedition to Port Royal, at Port Royal Ferry, on Dawfuskie, building the batteries on the mud islands on the Savannah River, in Fort Pulaski, and on Tybee; at Coosawhatchie and Bluffton, to St. Helena and Folly Islands, at the storming of Morris Island, at the assault on Fort Wagner, at Olustee; then in the Army of the James at Chester Heights, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg mine explosion, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, Chapin's Farm, New Market Heights, Fort Gilmer, Fort Fisher, Wilmington, Raleigh, and back to New York again. It went to the field in 1861 with 964 men; and during the four years about 1250 recruits and transfers were added to it. *Its losses in battle were nine hundred and forty-seven*, and one hundred and twenty-seven deaths from disease. Let us not claim for it honors superior to those of many other regiments in the army; but its career lasted through the whole four years, and whatever work was assigned to it, that it did faithfully.

May this chapter close with a few words concerning certain officers of the regiment of whom too little has been said?

The Forty-eighth had two chaplains and several surgeons and assistant-surgeons. A note has been received from the Rev. William Howell Taylor, dated St. Augustine, Fla., which gives a brief account of how he came to be the second chaplain of the regiment. He says:

"In 1863, being pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Clifton, S. I., I took the superior work of the Christian Commission in the Department of the South for six months, my congregation being unwilling to release me, and giving me leave of absence for that period. I accompanied the expedition to Florida. On returning to my congregation I received a request from the commanding officers of the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, and One Hundred and Fifteenth New York regiments and a formal invitation from the Forty-eighth to become chaplain. I finally brought the matter before my people, resigned, accepted the commission, and was mustered in. I served with the regiment in Virginia and on the expedition to Fort Fisher, etc. Then was ordered to Point of Rocks Hospital, where I was when Richmond was evacuated, and entered the city the day it fell. Mustered out in June; elected chaplain of the Army of the James, but failing health compelled me to give up my church in Brooklyn and all official positions, and travel. I have now been an invalid for eight years, most of the time South."

From our first chaplain, the Rev. Dr. W. P. Strickland, there has been received a longer account of his services. He says that one day he—

"was in company with Colonel Perry, who said to me, 'I have many applications for the chaplaincy of my regiment, but I want you for that post.' My son being one of his captains was urged as an additional reason why I should join the Forty-eighth; and I was appointed chaplain by Colonel Perry, and at once entered upon my duties, preaching every Sunday to the regiment stationed at Camp Wyman, and offering prayers at dress-parade. My commission bears date December 14, 1861, although I entered the service earlier. Some of the commissioned officers and quite a number of the men were members of the church, which circumstance gave the regiment the name of 'Perry's Saints.' I visited the sick, and distributed papers and religious books and tracts in the tents. While at Dawfuskie Island I had

a place prepared for holding meetings in the woods. A rude pulpit was made, and the regiment sat around on the grass and leaves. Those who refused to attend were formed in a company and roughly exercised in the double-quick. I thought there was more sin in this than in not attending meeting, though the army regulations required attendance at religious worship. Afterwards, at Fort Pulaski, as there was quite a number of Roman Catholics in the regiment, who were forbidden by their church to attend Protestant worship, I succeeded in having them excused. I wrote to Archbishop Hughes of New York, requesting him to send me a priest, promising to take him into my casemate, and afford him every facility for ministering to his brethren. In reply, he thanked me for this kind feeling, but could not comply with my request, as the regiment was in the diocese of the Bishop of Savannah. When the Catholics learned of my interest in their behalf the most of them afterwards attended worship.

"A casemate was assigned me for meetings in the fort, which we held every night, except Saturday, which was set apart for temperance meetings. A Sunday-school was organized, with five teachers and sixty scholars; also one for the contrabands, with a hundred scholars. I also organized a church, and appointed exhorters and class-leaders. On Sunday, the casemate being too small, I preached on the terreplein. I also formed a class at the Martello Tower, and one for the colored people at the Sky Lark House, near the dock. I never witnessed more interesting meetings than some we held in the casemate, and witnessed several conversions. I also visited the hospitals daily, prayed with the sick, and gave a word of exhortation. Many who say that the chaplaincy is a sinecure know not of what they affirm. While I was absent at home on a furlough Colonel Perry was suddenly called to another world. When I returned I improved the occasion by a sermon in commemoration, in which I admonished his fellow-officers and men 'to be also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.'

"General Mitchel was ordered to succeed General Hunter. When I met him on the *Arago*, having previously known him in Cincinnati, I said to him, 'What brought you here, General?' He replied, 'I came here to be buried.' Whether he meant this remark as figurative or literal I know not, but it signally proved to be the latter. One morning I was surprised to learn from the signal officer that General Mitchel had ordered Colonel Barton to send me at once by the steamer to Beaufort. Many were the surmises in regard to this order. Though one or both of General Mitchel's sons had died of yellow fever, they thought it strange, having so many chaplains around him, he should send for me. The officers objected to my going, not only on my own

account, but the danger of my bringing the fever to the fort. I said I would obey orders if I took the fever and died; but I had no fear, as the path of duty is the only path of safety.

"On entering General Mitchel's room he beckoned me to come to his side, and, taking my hand, requested me to offer prayer. He said the religion which he had professed for thirty years sustained him in that hour. When he became so ill that he lost the power of speech, he raised his left arm and pointed with his index-finger to the skies. Then letting it fall gently, he raised his right arm, and, pointing upward, closed his eyes and fell asleep. He must have had a vision beyond the stars more glorious than any he had seen through his great telescope at Mount Adams. I preached a funeral discourse and read the burial-service at the church and grave. On my return I repeated the sermon in the fort at the request of Colonel Barton. It was afterward published in the *Christian Advocate* of New York. I remained with the regiment until my wife became dangerously ill, when I resigned. She died shortly after I came home.

"Thus I have given you a few incidents of my life in the service. My diary, which I kept, contains incidents enough to fill a volume; but I trust the above short sketch will be all that is necessary for your purpose. God bless you in your work.

"Yours truly,

W. P. STRICKLAND."

Chaplain Strickland died in July, 1884, at Ocean Grove, N. J.

The first surgeon of the regiment was Joseph L. Mulford, M.D.; he was practising medicine at Matawan, N. J., when the war broke out; he enlisted with the Forty-eighth New York, and was commissioned surgeon in October, 1861, to rank from the preceding 5th of September. He was with the regiment on the Port Royal expedition, and indeed throughout its career, until the fall of '64. Often he was assigned to the staff of brigade commanders, and at one time he was division surgeon. He was especially skilful in surgical operations, and the most of our desperately wounded men at Morris Island and at Fort Wagner came under his kindly care. He was engaged in operating upon and attending the wounded after the battle of Cold Harbor for four days and nights without rest; indeed, after every battle the boys who had the misfortune to be wounded found relief at Surgeon Mulford's hand.

In the fall of '64 he accepted a staff position, and was assigned to duty at the hospitals at the headquarters of the general army corps for the winter. In the succeeding May he was sent to New Berne, N. C., and placed in charge of the Foster General Hospital; thence he was sent to Greensboro', N. C., receiving his final discharge August 25, 1865. While holding his staff position he was often in charge of steamers used for conveying the wounded to Hampton, Norfolk, and Washington,—among others the steamers *Matilda*, the *Thomas Powell*, and the *George Washington*, operating day and night.

The foregoing brief record is a poor and inadequate account of the great and invaluable service which Dr. Mulford rendered to the Forty-eighth Regiment. After the war he settled in New Brunswick, N. J., where he practised his profession successfully until 1880, when, his health failing, he was given a contract as acting assistant-surgeon, and spent three years with the army in Texas. In the summer of 1883 he returned North with restored health, and is now (1885) practising his profession in New Brunswick, N. J., and in New York City.

Quartermaster Irving M. Avery, to whom the regiment owed so much, and whom all trusted and esteemed, stayed with us his full three years. He was attentive to all of our interests and unwearied in his care for us. Few regiments could boast of a Quartermaster so efficient, and none of one more popular. He now resides in Brooklyn, is hale and happy, and he and his good wife are still our valued friends.

The writer began this history with the sketch of its first Colonel, James H. Perry. How can he better close it than by a brief sketch of its last commander, WILLIAM B. COAN? Colonel Coan was born in Exeter, Penobscot County, Me., October 19, 1830. His grandfather, Captain Elisha Coan, was a Cape Cod sea-captain, who was taken prisoner and confined in England during the French spoliation. The Colonel's father, Abraham Coan, was also a native of Maine, and moved to Exeter in his eighteenth year. He married Mary



WILLIAM B. COAN,

THIRD COLONEL 48th, N. Y. S. VOLS.

Abbott. The Colonel was the second son, the family consisting of six brothers and one sister. Only one brother, Captain Alonzo Coan of Boulder, Col., and the sister, Mrs. James R. Simpson, of Lawrence, Mass., survive. Colonel Coan went from Maine to New York when a boy, and at the outbreak of the war was a partner in a restaurant on Chambers Street. He went to the front for thirty days with New York's famous Seventh Regiment, and returning, raised Company E for the Forty-eighth New York, and was commissioned its Captain. He served through the war from the first to the last, being one of the four original commissioned officers of the regiment who remained with it at its final discharge. He was three times wounded, once in the leg, once in the ear, and the third and most serious one, a scalp-wound, at Fort Fisher. He received repeated mention in official orders for gallantry of conduct in battle. No man ever doubted his bravery. After the war Colonel Coan settled in Lawrence, Mass., and engaged in the grocery business until his death, on January 28, 1877.

The Colonel was married, and leaves one son, William A. Coan. Colonel Coan was brave in battle, honest in his dealings, liberal-hearted, unassuming, and quick in his sensibilities. He wilfully wronged no man. His sense of honor was keen, and what he believed to be the right, that he did. The writer is indebted to his brother-in-law, Mr. J. R. Simpson, for the foregoing data. He had, however, seen Colonel Coan since the war, having called upon him at his store in Lawrence two or three times. His sudden and sad death was a great shock to all who loved him. His record is the record of his regiment; whoever would know in what battles he participated, let them follow the fortunes of Company E and the Forty-eighth New York. He was a member of Post No. 39, G. A. R. of Massachusetts; beyond that he belonged to no secret organizations. The survivors of the Forty-eighth Regiment will ever cherish the memory of their last commander, Colonel William Bloomfield Coan.

CHAPTER X.

Sketches of the Companies.

COMPANY A.

BY GEO. W. BRUSH.

Company A, Forty-eighth Regiment, N. Y. S. Vols., was the first company of that regiment organized. Recruiting for it began on the 9th day of July, 1861. On that day Mr. B. R. Corwin of Brooklyn, who afterwards became the First Lieutenant of the company, opened an office in Atlantic Street at his own expense. These were not the days of thousand-dollar bounties, and the young men who signed the roll of the organization were actuated by no other motive than that of patriotic love of their country and a firm resolve to stand by the old flag. With this end in view they obtained the promise from Colonel Perry that they should be the color company. Some of the first to join were originally from Huntington, Long Island, and vicinity, and their old friends at home, hearing of their enlistment, came down and cast in their lot with them, until about one quarter of the whole number were Huntington "boys."

Recruiting became so lively, and those already in were so active, that more than the required one hundred men were obtained, and about fifty men were assigned to other companies who were originally enlisted for Company A.

By the middle of August as fine a set of men as any officer could wish to command answered to the reveille roll-call at "Camp Wyman," near Fort Hamilton, and after the fatigue of the drill during the day, and the "left," "left," "left" of the drill-sergeant was over, as night came on, songs and earnest prayers might be heard in some of

the tents, evincing the fact that these men, like Cromwell's, were soldiers of the cross. The blood of some of the best families of Brooklyn and vicinity was here, and proved itself in the work which the company did in the field afterward.

Louis H. Lent, a former member of the Seventh Regiment of New York, was appointed Captain of the company. This position was first offered to Mr. Corwin, but he declined, with the request that Mr. Lent should take it on account of his experience in the Seventh Regiment, Mr. Corwin accepting the First Lieutenancy, and Mr. A. H. Ferguson the Second Lieutenancy.

The following is the roll of non-commissioned officers as mustered into the service :

J. G. Hamil, First Sergeant.
Chas. Fox, Second Sergeant.
Robt. F. Mackellar, Third Sergeant.
William A. Corwin, Fourth Sergeant.
E. B. Spooner, Fifth Sergeant.
William H. Conklin, First Corporal.
George W. Brush, Second Corporal.
T. Jarvis Carman, Third Corporal.
Geo. S. D. Vredenberg, Fourth Corporal.
Elliott B. Dupree, Fifth Corporal.
George D. Hunter, Sixth Corporal.
William A. Powelson, Seventh Corporal.
James Himrod, Eighth Corporal.

The company was mustered into the service August 19, 1861.

The first death was that of Solomon W. Price, at Hilton Head, who succumbed to a disease induced by the change of climate. The next was that of Corporal DeWitt C. Dutcher, who walked overboard in his sleep from the deck of the steamer *Winfield Scott* when the regiment was on the way to Dawfuskie Island, and was drowned. John Brush died at Dawfuskie Island, S. C., in April, 1862. Never strong, he fell

a victim to consumption, his death hastened by hardships endured while building the batteries upon Jones's Island. After this there was a lull in the death-call. The company did service in Fort Pulaski after its capture, and upon Tybee Island. Many of the boys who survive will remember the raid of some twenty of the company upon Dawfuskie Island for sweet potatoes and eggs, on New Year's Day, 1863, when these delicacies, purchased of the "darkies," formed the principal portion of the bill of fare. Rosebuds and choice flowers from the adjoining garden adorned the table, while tin plates and cups from Uncle Sam's crockery store filled out the picture, and a set of schoolboys on a lark never enjoyed a day more. On our way home we got into the surf on the bar, and came near being swamped, but beyond a great fright and a thorough wetting none were harmed.

Others will remember the "coon-hunt" on Tybee Island, and the "non-coms'" coon-stew dinner afterwards—relished as no dinner at Delmonico's has been since; the performances of the Jam Club, who sang and often thought of "The Girl I left behind me:" these all helped to soften the sterner realities of camp-life. In the latter part of June the regiment was ordered to Folly Island, S. C., to aid in the siege of Charleston. Then the angel of death began to call his roll again. On the morning of July 10th, Captain Lent, while leading his company in the first assault on Morris Island, was shot and instantly killed. Andrew Foss and William H. Ferguson were also killed. On the 18th came the fearful and bloody assault upon Fort Wagner; and here Lieutenant Fox, who had assumed command on the death of Captain Lent, was mortally wounded while leading the charge. Jesse G. Smith, T. J. Carman, and many others fell in this charge or were taken prisoners. On Sunday morning, July 19th, the day after the battle, only seventeen men (some of these men being wounded), in command of Sergeant Robert F. Mackellar, answered reveille roll-call, the others being either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

The company had previous to this time furnished a num-

ber of commissioned officers for the new regiments formed under Father Abraham's call for "three hundred thousand more." Two or three had been commissioned in the colored regiments organized by General Hunter, so that now the company's ranks were sadly thinned.

From Morris Island we went to Florida, and a few months afterward came the battle of Olustee, which added others to the number of the slain. The company continued with the regiment to the last, participating in all its battles.

Of the original number who went out from Camp Wyman in 1861 there are now (1883) some fifteen survivors, mostly settled in Brooklyn, and they look back with pride and pleasure upon the record of the company, and forward to the time when they shall join their comrades and answer the roll-call in the last grand muster, when the Great Captain shall say, "Well done."

The following is a list of the names of those promoted from the company:

B. R. Corwin, Major Thirty-fourth U. S. C. T.

A. H. Ferguson, Captain Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

John G. Hamel, Captain Thirty-fourth U. S. C. T.

Charles Fox, Second Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

Robt. F. Mackellar, First Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

James Himrod, First Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

William H. Conant, Captain One Hundred and Twenty-seventh N. Y. V.

George W. Brush, Captain Thirty-fourth U. S. C. T.

D. B. Fletcher, Captain Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

Jos. M. Williams, Second Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

E. J. Barney, Second Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

G. K. Doughty, Second Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

William H. Conklin, Second Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

COMPANY B.

BY JAMES A. BARRETT.

Company B was mustered into the service at Camp Wyman, near Fort Hamilton, N. Y., September 5, 1861, with the following officers:

Captain—Edmund R. Travis of Peekskill, N. Y.

First Lieutenant—Nere A. Elfwing of Sweden.

Second Lieutenant—Theo. C. Vidal of New York.

Captain Travis kept a country store in Peekskill before the war, and belonged to the "Jefferson Guards" of that place. He recruited about twenty men from Peekskill and vicinity, and as many more while in Camp Wyman. When the regiment left the State, Company B had only about forty men, while several other companies had over one hundred. At Annapolis, Md., all the companies were equalized, and Company B was filled up. Captain Travis served with credit with his company until August 30, 1862, when he resigned to accept a position as Major in the Sixth Regiment New York Heavy Artillery. He was afterwards promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of that regiment.

First Lieutenant Nere A. Elfwing had seen service in his native country, and to his energy, discipline, and thorough military training the company was largely indebted for its future grand record, of which every Company B man has a right to be proud. Lieutenant Elfwing was skilled in the sword-exercise, and spent many an hour in teaching it to the officers of the regiment. He was promoted to Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel.

Second Lieutenant T. C. Vidal was detailed as Signal Officer, and rendered valuable service in that position, and was formally transferred to the Signal Corps in June, 1864. He was promoted to First Lieutenant and Captain in the regiment, but declined the latter commission, preferring that of First Lieutenant in the Signal Corps.

COMPANY C.

BY HENRY ACKER.

Company C, Forty-eighth Regiment N. Y. S. Vols., was organized and recruited by Captain James Farrell of Brooklyn; First Lieutenant George Macardle, Brooklyn; Second Lieutenant Townsend L. Hatfield, New York; Orderly Sergeant Henry Acker, Sergeants Harman C. Schultz, Sanford H. Frankenberg, John Vanderbilt, and Corporal Lorenzo Bond; and was mustered into the U. S. service at Camp Wyman on the 10th day of September, 1861, and participated in every engagement of the regiment. The company suffered its most severe loss at the assault on Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, in which the brave and gallant Captain James Farrell and First Lieutenant Robert S. Edwards were killed while heroically leading the company in that terrible conflict. The Company also lost heavily at the battle of Olustee. Captain Moser was killed in action at Drewry's Bluff, and Lieutenant Ingraham at Cold Harbor.

Captain Joseph R. Taylor succeeded Captain Moser in command of the company, and after his discharge on account of wounds, Captain A. H. Ferguson, formerly of Company I, and who had been recommissioned, was assigned to Company C, and remained with it until it was mustered out of the service.

The casualties in Company C were larger than in any other company of the regiment. This fact speaks volumes for the gallantry and service rendered by it.

Six enlisted men became commissioned officers, as follows:

Henry Acker, First Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

Harman C. Schultz, First Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

Henry Lang, Captain Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

Jeremiah O'Brien, First Lieutenant Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

Sidney A. Groser, Second Lieutenant One Hundred and Fortieth N. Y. V.

John P. Welch, Assistant Engineer U. S. Navy.

COMPANY D—"THE DIE-NO-MORES."

BY WM. J. CARLTON.

This company was organized by its first commandant, Captain D. C. Knowles, who, at the outbreak of the rebellion, was a teacher of languages in a seminary at Pennington, N. J., and a clergyman.

Under the impulse of duty and the stirrings of patriotism he early resolved to offer his services to the government should there be a call for volunteers, and began at once the study of military tactics, using for an imaginary company a set of chessmen; and to acquire a knowledge of the rules of war and the regulations of the army.

The name and reputation of Colonel Perry attracted the attention of Captain Knowles, and he received from him authority to recruit a company for a regiment to be under the direct orders of the general government.

By circulars and personal appeals, some of them made at religious meetings, dressed in uniform, he soon had in camp at Fort Hamilton the nucleus of a company. Within a month the maximum number was enrolled, and several additional recruits were turned over to other companies.

The moral and social qualities of the men were far above the average. Several came from educational institutions. A majority were from the rural districts of New Jersey, and for this reason Company D was known as the "Jersey Company," as well as the "Die-no-mores." This last sobriquet came from the refrain of the favorite song of some of its members, and clung to it long after the company had lost its reputation for piety.

From the first the company took a high rank in the regiment both for discipline and drill. Particular attention was given to these qualities by Captain Knowles, heartily aided by Lieutenants Paxson and Bodine. On the ground of merit it ranked equal to any company, and therefore was assigned to the left flank in regimental formation.

Company D was a typical body of American volunteers in the best and truest sense—in intelligence, moral and physical worth. Its *personnel* compared favorably with the highest. None excelled it and few equalled it among the thousands of companies that followed the Union banner through the four years of the war.

The descriptive list of the company shows that of the eighty-seven officers and enlisted men remaining after the transfer of fifteen to Company B at Annapolis, to equalize the companies of the regiment, seventy-eight were American born, fifty-eight being natives of New Jersey. Forty-seven were farmers, twenty-three mechanics, nine teachers and students, and eight were engaged in mercantile pursuits. The average age was twenty-one years and eight months, and the average height was five feet six and a half inches. Z. Sithen and J. M. Tantum were the tallest, and G. H. Richman, P. Parkin, and A. J. Palmer were the shortest in stature. R. R. Croasdale was the oldest and A. J. Palmer the youngest.

The record of the company shows that of the *original* eighty-seven, twenty were killed in action or died of wounds, four succumbed to disease in hospital, and two starved to death in rebel prisons. Fifteen were discharged for disease contracted in the service, or on account of wounds in battle. Seven were transferred to the Invalid and Reserve Corps. These casualties were fifty-five per centum of the whole number. Several additions might be properly included of those who received their discharge in hospital at the expiration of term of service, and thus increasing the percentage of casualties. Fifteen were discharged at the expiration of original term of enlistment, in September, 1864, and fifteen served until the regiment was mustered out after exactly four years of service. Twenty-eight re-enlisted and became "Veterans." Seven enlisted men became commissioned officers, and one was appointed a cadet at West Point Military Academy. One was promoted to non-commissioned staff. Thirty-one received wounds not fatal,

several from two to four. Seven were captured by the enemy and suffered the tortures of Andersonville and Belle Isle. In ten days, July 10 to 18, 1863, the company lost fourteen killed and fatally wounded, and twenty-two were wounded and five taken prisoners; total, forty-one, or more than three quarters of the number engaged.

Not one deserted, or failed to receive an honorable discharge.

Such are the statistics of the *original company*. The history of the regiment is the history of the company, for it was inseparably connected with it. It was never on detached service. Wherever the regiment went, or even a battalion of it, there Company D was to be found. At the capture of Morris Island, in the assault on Fort Wagner, at Olustee, in the engagements between the James and the Appomattox in May, 1864; at Cold Harbor, in front of Petersburg, in the battles north of the James, in the two expeditions against Fort Fisher, and in the advance on Wilmington, Company D never failed to leave evidences of its valor in the loss of life and limb.

COMPANY E.

BY GEO. W. FAGANS.

Company E was mustered into the service at Camp Wyman, Fort Hamilton, N. Y., on the 27th day of August, 1861, its officers being—(1) Wm. B. Coan, Captain, who at the breaking out of the war enlisted as a private in the Seventh N. Y. S. M., serving thirty days, and on his returning home began recruiting this company. (2) Frederick Hurst, First Lieutenant, was a native of England and a resident of the city of Brooklyn, and also a member of the Seventh N. Y. S. M., serving thirty days as a private, and on returning home became interested in recruiting Company E with Captain Coan. (3) Robert S. Edwards, Second Lieutenant, was a native of New York City and a resident of Brooklyn, and was connected with the well-known firm

of Richards, Haight & Co., of Barclay Street, New York City. At the breaking out of the war he offered his services and was accepted in this company. The company was recruited in New York City, its members being residents of New York State, New York City, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. Captain Coan recruited 29 and Lieutenant Hurst recruited 60 members; total, 89. Therefore Company E left Camp Wyman with 89 enlisted men and its full complement of officers. The members of this company, with one or two exceptions, were young men, their ages ranging from eighteen to thirty-five, and they were a credit to the regiment, as their record will show. At the issue of orders from Washington in 1863, calling on men who had served two years to re-enlist for three years more, 37 members of this company responded, and but 15 remained to be mustered out in 1865 with the regiment. Of those who did not re-enlist, but whose term expired in 1864, but 26 remained to be mustered out. It had 3 officers killed and 6 wounded, and also 21 enlisted men killed and 61 wounded, and 9 died prisoners of war in rebel prisons. It had one commissioned officer promoted to field-officer, and nine non-commissioned officers promoted to commissioned officers. Captain William B. Coan was promoted to Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterward Colonel in command of the regiment. He was a good and brave officer, and was wounded three times while in the service with the regiment. Lieutenant Frederick Hurst was promoted to Captain of Company K. Although very young, he was a brave and daring officer, and met an heroic death. Second Lieutenant Robert S. Edwards was promoted to First Lieutenant of Company C. He was a brave and exemplary Christian officer. In fact, Company E was always well officered by good and brave men, who at all times commanded the respect of its members, and the company ranked A No. 1 in drill and discipline.

COMPANY F.

BY JAMES A. BARRETT.

Company F was mustered into the United States service at Camp Wyman, near Fort Hamilton, N. Y., August 31, 1861, with the following officers :

Captain—James M. Green of Brooklyn.

First Lieutenant—Samuel K. Wallace of New York.

Second Lieutenant—Henry W. Robinson of Brooklyn.

Captain Green was born and educated in Troy, N. Y. When the war broke out he enlisted as private in the Seventy-first Regiment of New York for three months. On his return to Brooklyn he at once commenced to recruit a company for the Forty-eighth N. Y. V., mostly from New York and Brooklyn. Lieutenant Wallace brought a few men from the vicinity of Nyack and Katonah. When the regiment left for Washington Company F had only about forty-five men. At Annapolis, Md., the companies were equalized by transferring men from other companies that had more than the average. Captain Green set to work with tireless energy, and inspired his men with a respect and love that the survivors of Company F retain to this day. He was promoted to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and killed in action in that terrible night-assault on Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863, where the gallant Forty-eighth lost two thirds of its men and seven-eighths of its officers in killed and wounded. Captain Green was a brave officer, respected by all and beloved by his men. His memory ever lived with his old company as a benediction, inspiring them to courage and loyal service.

[Mr. E. B. Newman of Company F, who is now postmaster at Katonah, N. Y., writes an appreciative note concerning four of his comrades—Peck, Howard, Perkins, and Onderkirk, who were railroad engineers—from Schenectady. The death of Onderkirk, from a dreadful wound received at Wagner, and his Christian resignation, are noted.—A. J. P.]

COMPANY G.

BY JAMES A. BARRETT.

Company G was mustered into the United States service at Camp Wyman, near Fort Hamilton, N. Y., August 26, 1861. The company was organized by Captain Anthony Elmendorf of Brooklyn, a young man twenty years of age, whose proficiency in drill acquired in the Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. M. obtained him his appointment as Captain in the Forty-eighth, and to him was assigned the duty for a time of drilling the officers of the regiment until this duty was assumed by Colonel Perry himself.

The officers of Company G were :

Captain—Anthony Elmendorf of Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Lieutenant—Wm. H. Dunbar of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Second Lieutenant—James M. Nichols of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A majority of the men were recruited from New York and Brooklyn, and a number from towns up the Hudson River; about fifteen came from New Jersey, and the same number from Connecticut. In June, 1863, when eight companies of the regiment were sent to Morris Island, S. C., Company G was left behind to garrison Fort Pulaski, Ga., and Company I on Tybee Island, and thus escaped the terrible slaughter of Fort Wagner, which accounts for its comparatively small casualty list. But during this time Company G was not idle, for Captain Elmendorf drilled his company to a high degree of perfection, which qualified them to do gallant service in all the remaining engagements in which the regiment participated. Second Lieutenant Nichols was promoted to First Lieutenant and Captain, and received several brevets for gallantry and good service. On Morris Island he was detailed to command a battery; he was afterwards promoted to Captain of Company E, and served with the regiment until the expiration of his term of three years,—part of the time in command of the regiment.

COMPANY H.

BY JAMES A. BARRETT.

During the summer of 1861, Colonel Jas. H. Perry went to witness the drill of a Home Guard Company at Montague Hall, known as the Brooklyn Union Rifles, of which Dudley W. Strickland, a young lawyer living in Brooklyn, was the captain and drill-master. Colonel Perry was so much pleased with the superior drill of the company that he offered Strickland a captaincy in his regiment, then about to be formed. He accepted on condition that he could name his First Lieutenant, which was granted; and he selected William L. Lockwood, also a young lawyer living in Brooklyn and a life-long friend of Strickland. They were both formerly members of the Young American Guards Infantry and Artillery in Cincinnati, O. They both went to work with much enthusiasm to recruit and organize Company H. Captain Strickland was soon ordered to Camp Wyman, near Fort Hamilton, to organize camp and superintend drill, etc. Lieutenant Lockwood, from several places on Long Island and up the Hudson River, recruited about thirty men. Second Lieutenant Caleb N. Patterson brought as many more from the vicinity of Keyport and Freehold, N. J. Only one member of the Home Guard Company enlisted—First Sergeant Jas. A. Barrett, who went into camp and assisted in drilling and recruiting for the company from the many visitors who came to the camp. Great care was taken in selection of recruits, and Company H soon took high rank for its drill and soldierly qualities, and was assigned by Colonel Perry the position of right-flank company. Its officers were temperate, efficient, and devoted to the truest interests of the company.

Every man in the company knew he had a true friend in any one of his officers. A certain company pride was en-

couraged and fostered, and the records of the regiment will show that the guard-house scarcely ever contained a member of Company H.

Company H was mustered into service August 16, 1861, with ninety-eight men. It always maintained a high reputation for efficiency, discipline, and drill.

Captain Strickland became Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded the regiment when Colonel Barton was assigned to command of the brigade.

Lieutenant Lockwood became Captain of Company F, but subsequently was transferred to his old company. He served as Inspector-General on the Brigade Staff.

Of the five original Sergeants, Barrett, Edwards, Lacoppidan, and Stayley were promoted officers.

Sergeant Sparks carried the colors and was wounded while gallantly planting them on the parapet of Fort Wagner, and was afterwards transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps.

Corporals Halstead, Garaghan, Laxey, and Private Miller also became officers; and Private Stoney was appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant.

In December, 1863, the government offered a furlough of thirty days and \$400 bounty to all 1861 men who would re-enlist as veteran volunteers. The State of New York also offered \$75 additional bounty, and Kings County \$300. Lieutenant Barrett, then in command of Company H, submitted the offer and announced his intention to remain and see the war through. Fifty-four men promptly accepted the offer and re-enlisted as veteran volunteers. The original members of the company had been thinned out from time to time by sickness, disability, wounds, and death, so that in the fall of 1864, when the first three years' enlistment expired, there were only seven men left who had not re-enlisted to claim their discharge by expiration of service.

COMPANY I.

BY J. RENSHAW AND PETER TWAMLEY.

The recruiting office for Company I was opened in Orange Street, near Fulton, in Brooklyn, about July 19, 1861, by Captain Joseph G. Ward, who, with the assistance of Sergeant J. Renshaw and other non-commissioned officers, went into camp at Camp Wyman, Fort Hamilton, August 2, 1861. The company was mustered into the service of the United States, August 16th, being the third of the regiment to be sworn in. Joseph G. Ward was Captain; Samuel M. Swartwout, First Lieutenant; and James H. Perry, Jr., Second Lieutenant.

Company I was with the regiment, participating in all its duties, until July 19, 1862, when it was detailed on picket duty and sent to Tybee island from Fort Pulaski. There was a battery consisting of five guns on Tybee Island, four being six-pounder brass field-pieces, and one rifled thirty-two-pounder. This battery commanded the channel at the entrance to the Savannah River. It had been the custom to relieve each company on picket at Tybee Island every ten days previous to this time, but while Company I was on Tybee Island it had the great good-fortune to fire upon (and so injure that it was subsequently captured) the English steamer *Ladona*, which was endeavoring to run the blockade. General Hunter sent a letter of thanks to Captain A. H. Ferguson, and thereafter Company I was permanently stationed on Tybee Island. It was absent, therefore, from the regiment during that dreadful campaign on Morris Island, as also was Company G; but both these companies rejoined the regiment in the fall of that year, and served with it afterward to the end. Company I suffered heavily at Olustee, and did its full part in the labors of the remaining campaigns of the regiment. Four officers of the company were

killed in battle or died of their wounds: Captain John A. Fee at Petersburg, Lieutenant James M. Keenan at Olustee, Major Swartwout at the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, and Lieutenant Dunn, then Captain of Company E, at Fort Fisher.

The letter of thanks from General Hunter referred to was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, PORT ROYAL, S. C., Aug. 5, 1862.

Col. Wm. B. Barton, 48th. N. Y. Vols., Commanding Post, Fort Pulaski.

COLONEL: The Major-General commanding desires me to express through you to Captain Ferguson, Forty-eighth Regiment New York Vols., commanding the Martello Tower, Tybee Island, his thanks for the vigilance, promptness, and scientific gunnery which, about 12 P.M. on the night of the 4th instant, enabled him to arrest and drive back the steamer *Ladona* laden with stores, contraband of war destined for the use of the Rebels in Savannah—this steamer having succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Blockading Squadron, and being under full headway to Savannah when so arrested and driven out to sea again—after which, Captain Ferguson will be happy to hear, she was seen, pursued, and captured by the U. S. Gun-boat *Unadilla*, and is now lying a prize in this harbor.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES G. HALPIN,

Maj. Asst. Adjt. Gen'l and Chief of Staff.

Upon the resignation of Captain Ward in January, 1862, Lieutenant A. H. Ferguson was promoted from Company A to fill the vacancy. Lieutenant Perry resigned in September of 1862. Lieutenant John A. Fee succeeded Captain Ferguson, and upon the death of Captain Fee, Lieutenant Hutchinson became Captain of the company.

COMPANY K.

BY W. J. CARLTON.

This Company was organized and largely recruited by Captain Samuel J. Foster, a member of the Seventh Regiment N. Y. S. M., and Second Lieutenant Albert F. Miller of Brooklyn. First Lieutenant S. G. Gale of Galesville, Ulster County, N. Y., joined the company with about forty recruits. It was the first company in the regiment mustered into the United States service, and early became proficient in drill and in discipline. Lieutenant Gale resigned May 6, 1862, on account of ill health, and Lieutenant Miller was promoted to fill the vacancy. Orderly Sergeant Geo. L. Smith was made Second Lieutenant. January 26, 1863, Captain Foster resigned and First Lieutenant Hurst of Company E was promoted to fill the vacancy. Captain Hurst was severely wounded in the assault on Fort Wagner; and falling into the hands of the enemy was carried to Charleston, where he died in a few days. Lieutenant Miller became Captain, and remained with the company until severely wounded at Cold Harbor. He was afterwards promoted to the Majority of the regiment, but was unable to return to duty on account of his wound. He was also severely wounded in the assault on Fort Wagner.

Company K ranked among the best of the companies, and stands fourth in number of casualties.

The following-named enlisted men received commissions:

Charles B. Uempleby, Captain, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.
Benj. Seaward, Adjutant, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.
Tom Dawson, First Lieutenant, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.
Adolphus Henkle, First Lieutenant, Third Maryland Vols.
George L. Smith, Second Lieutenant, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.
Wm. B. Hunter, Second Lieutenant, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.
Lewis Holmes, Second Lieutenant, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.
Wm. V. King, Second Lieutenant, Forty-eighth N. Y. V.

THE NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

BY W. J. CARLTON.

The original Non-commissioned Staff was as follows :

Samuel H. Moser, Sergeant-Major ; Van Rensselaer K. Hilliard, Quartermaster-Sergeant ; George P. Becker, Commissary-Sergeant ; Nathaniel D. Fisher, Hospital Steward ; and Wm. Smith and Edward Hastings, Principal Musicians.

Moser and Hilliard became commissioned officers. Fisher was discharged on account of disability, and Becker and Smith were killed in battle,—the former at Fort Wagner, and the latter while bearing off the wounded at Cold Harbor.

Smith was quite a character. He had seen service in the regular army, and his experience there was of value to him in teaching the drummers and enforcing discipline among them. The older members of the regiment will recall Smith as Drum-Major on dress-parade, when, at the head of the band, in gorgeous uniform, including the mighty shako, he twirled his baton with dignity and importance.

Hastings was the principal Fifer. He also had been in the regular army, and between him and Smith the drummers and fifers had to walk according to "regulations." It was at reveille and tattoo that Hastings was in his glory. The musical notes of his life will never be forgotten.

Sergeants Smith of K, Morton of E, Fletcher and C. B. Wyckoff of F, and St. John of G were Sergeants-Major, and all became commissioned officers.

The Quartermaster-Sergeants who received commissions were Ingraham of G, Taylor of F, Williams and Barney of A. Hamilton of E served until Sept. 20, 1864.

Paddock of B and Orton of E were Commissary-Sergeants and received commissions.

Newhart of K and Monel of E were Hospital Stewards.

Sneider, Stoney, Shannon, Monel, Hastings, and Stephenson were respectively Sergeant-Major, Quartermaster-Sergeant, Commissary-Sergeant, Hospital Steward, and Principal Musicians when the regiment was mustered out.

CHAPTER XI.

After Twenty Years.—April 21, 1881.

Presentation of the Battle-flags of the Forty-eighth Regiment to the Long Island Historical Society—The Reunion—Collation—The Meeting in the Hall—Programme—Salutation by "Private" Palmer—Prayer by Chaplain Strickland—Sergeant Sparks and Corporal McKie Bearing the Old Flags—Address of Captain Knowles—Address of Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs—Greeting General Gillmore—The Forty-eighth New York Veteran Association.

ON April 21, 1881,—twenty years after the Forty-eighth Regiment first took form in the brain and heart of its organizers,—a notable meeting of its survivors was held in Brooklyn, N. Y. The most historic of the flags which the noble regiment had borne in many battles were on that night presented to the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn, and intrusted to their care for permanent preservation. The circumstances that convened the survivors of the regiment on this memorable occasion were these: After the lamented death of Colonel William B. Coan, at Lawrence, Mass., Captain D. C. Knowles (then a pastor in that city) received from Colonel Coan's sister, Mrs. Simpson, a flag which was found among the Colonel's effects, and he at once communicated with Captain W. J. Carlton, at whose suggestion he had recovered the flag, who called a meeting of a few of the former members of the regiment, the result of which was the determination to deposit the flags with the Long Island Historical Society. Circulars were sent out everywhere to all surviving members of the regiment whose addresses could be obtained, and ample arrangements made for a reunion on the occasion. The veterans of twenty years before gladly seized the opportunity to meet their old comrades again, and they came together from all parts of the country,

120 in number, and spent an evening which will be long remembered in recounting the deeds of the past. Many came from great distances, notably Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Strickland, from Cincinnati, Ohio. An ample collation was prepared, after which the comrades, arm-in-arm, marched to the new and handsome hall of the Long Island Historical Society, on Clinton and Pierrepont streets, and occupied the front seats which had been reserved for them. The remainder of the hall was crowded with a brilliant audience, which included many of the first citizens of Brooklyn. The following gentlemen were seated on the platform: The Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., President of the Society; Major-General Quincy A. Gillmore, formerly commander of the Tenth Corps; the Rev. Daniel C. Knowles, formerly captain of Company D; the Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D., formerly chaplain of the Forty-eighth New York; the Rev. A. J. Palmer, formerly private of Company D, and orderly to the Colonel; the Rev. Frederick O. Farley, D.D.; the Rev. A. P. Putnam, the Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D.; David M. Stone; A. A. Low, City Works Commissioner John French, ex-Mayor Samuel Booth, ex-Judge J. Greenwood, the Hon. S. P. Chittenden, Alden J. Spooner, Henry E. Pierrepont, ex-Mayor Hunter, and others. A fine portrait of Colonel Perry was suspended from the wall at the back of the platform. The hall was suitably decorated, and the entrance of the survivors of the famous regiment was greeted with prolonged cheers and the greatest enthusiasm. The exercises were of the most impressive character, and will never be forgotten by those who were so fortunate as to be present. The Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs presided.

A verbatim report of the addresses delivered was taken down at the time by a stenographer and is appended, with the exception of a brief but admirable historical sketch which was read by Major B. R. Corwin, and which is not deemed necessary to reproduce.

The following is a copy of the programmes which were scattered through the seats:

Reunion of the Forty-eighth Regiment N. Y. S. Vols., and Presentation of Battle-flags, April 21, 1881.

Grand March (entrance of the regiment).

Salutation...by Rev. A. J. Palmer (the youngest "private" of the regiment)
Singing—"My Country, 'tis of Thee," and "Our Father's God, to Thee."
(Audience requested to unite.)

Prayer.....by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D., Chaplain of the regiment
Song—"The Two Grenadiers".....by Mr. Geo. Werrenrath
(Max Liebling, accompanist.)

Brief History of the Regiment.....by Major B. R. Corwin
Presentation of Battle-flags....by Rev. D. C. Knowles, Captain of Co. "D"
Response.....by Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., President of L. I. H. Society
Song—"Star-Spangled Banner".....by Mr. Geo. Werrenrath
(Audience requested to join in the chorus.)

Closing Prayer and Benediction.....by Rev. Frederick A. Farley, D.D.
Doxology (all uniting).

THE EXERCISES.

THE PRESIDENT—Ladies and gentlemen, the first exercise of the evening will be the Salutation, by the Rev. A. J. Palmer.

Mr. Palmer came forward amid loud applause. He spoke as follows:

SALUTATION BY REV. A. J. PALMER.

Gentlemen of the Long Island Historical Society; My old Comrades; Ladies and Gentlemen:

Twenty years ago this coming summer a thousand men stood shoulder to shoulder yonder at Fort Hamilton, and with uplifted hands and loyal hearts swore to defend this Republic. They became known in the war as the Forty-eighth Regiment, New York State Volunteers. They were recruited and commanded by an eminent minister of this city, the Rev. Dr. James H. Perry (loud applause), at that time the pastor of the Pacific Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn. Three or four of the companies came from Brooklyn, two came from New Jersey; but individuals came

from everywhere, drawn hither, I suppose, largely by the desire to serve their country under the leadership of that great and blessed man of God who was our first commander, and whose memory is precious to us to this very hour. It is, therefore, with conspicuous appropriateness that at the first reunion of this regiment another clergyman, still more eminent, in this city of Brooklyn should preside, and still another clergyman, who was a captain in the regiment in those days, should be the chief orator. I am sure, boys, we ought to have been a deal better than we were—there was always such an ecclesiastical air about us. Of those thousand men it was my high honor to have been one, and the least one,—as the programmes assert, the youngest one,—a little fellow away down at the end of the company in the rear rank, out of sight, merely a private soldier; and I remained a private soldier for three years and more, and was never promoted, because I presume I never deserved it. (Laughter.) We all got what we deserved in those days, you know. Those of you who have memories will recall that fact; and why I, who was last and least of those thousand men, should have been called upon to break this long silence of twenty years and speak first here to-night, I do not know, unless it be that the scripture may be fulfilled which saith, “The last shall be first.” At any rate, here I am, with a voice such as it is from the bottom of those thousand men to salute you, my comrades; and so I do, heartily. In the old days the gladiators used to enter the arena, and crossing to the seat of the emperor, bow themselves, and say, “O Cæsar! we who are about to die salute you—*morituri salutamus*.” But I to-night reverse their greeting, and say to these my comrades—all that can be gathered of the survivors of the thousand men: “You who have lived these twenty years, I salute you.” And yet you will pardon me, I know, and bear me out if I say to this audience that *we* are not the worthiest spirits of our noble regiment. The worthiest were they who paid the full price and died for their country. And to-night, as we stand here and think of

them, they seem to throng about us. Memory grown vivid quickens imagination, and in our fancy they are all here to-night—or, rather, we are there with them again. Once more the ranks are full. Once more we all answer to our names when the orderly calls the roll. Once more dear Colonel Perry calls, "Attention, battalion!" and we all fall in line again, just as we used to do so long ago. Again we sleep together in the same old tents, take ship together, march shoulder to shoulder as we did of yore; deploy and wheel, and charge and fire; sit together around the camp-fires singing songs and telling stories—lips that have been silent so long. Once more we dig intrenchments, and carry logs for corduroy roads, and build mud-forts on the Savannah, and garrison Pulaski, and strut upon the stage of mimic theatres, and skirmish at Port Royal Ferry and Bluffton and Coosawhatchie; and at last together, in column by company, at close order on the double-quick, in the dark and to the death, we start on that fatal charge upon Fort Wagner. Sheeted about with fire, shot through with canister and grape and shrapnel, in the most desperate struggle and on the deadliest spot of the war; with incapacity behind us, and death before us; amid all dangers, but without dismay—this brave regiment of a thousand men, upon that spot, in that single immortal hour, perished from off the earth and left but a shadowy remnant behind it to remind the world that it had ever been. (Applause.) History has declared that they were defeated, but History has spoken falsely. They took the great bastion of that fort and held it for four mortal hours; and at last, at midnight—a little group of them still clinging to that bank, denied reinforcement and forsaken, but holding tenaciously to what they had won at such cost, without an officer to command them, with a solid mass of their comrades, dead and dying, heaped about them three and four feet deep, amid their cries of pain and passion, without ammunition, without orders, without hope, without everything but courage—at last at midnight they were surrounded and overpowered, and the rebels had retaken their fort.

The next morning, when they were marched through Charleston, amid the jeers of the populace, and counted in the prison, it was found that twenty-eight of them belonged to the Forty-eighth Regiment—*private soldiers to a man*. (Applause.) Nine months later six of them escaped from prison; but twenty-two were left behind, and they are there to-night! They died of hunger and cold and privation on Belle Island and at Andersonville. When the history of this regiment is fully written, it will be unjust if it only chronicles the deeds of colonels and captains and men who held office by the accident of rank in those days, and if it gives no place to these nameless private soldiers who held Fort Wagner for four hours, after every officer was shot or disheartened, and who died in foul prisons alone, without a word of pity or a breath of prayer. Pardon me for thus precipitately speaking of them, but I have thought that I might be the only private soldier who should have voice here to-night, or the only one who was with *the men* in those fiery days; and I have been jealous lest they should be forgotten. The Forty-eighth Regiment won other honors (as you will hear directly when its history comes to be spoken) at Olustee, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Fort Fisher, and in the final struggles of the war. (Applause.) I am not to give its history. I am only to speak a salutation; and so I do: from the humblest place in the ranks of those thousand men, I salute these my comrades who are here to-night in mortal flesh. And—will you pardon the fancy?—may I not salute those other and nobler of my comrades who gave their lives for the Republic, and who, I love to think, are here also to-night in immortal spirit? For there have been dreamers who have fancied that that veil which interposes between this life and the other, and which is so impenetrable and opaque from this side, may be transparent from that; and if that is true, may not our old companions be crowding about us here to-night, though “unperceived amid the throng”? If it is a fancy, will you not pardon the fancy, and permit me to salute them as they pass us in the viewless air? For they pass by

us in our memory like a procession—empty sleeves and vacant chairs, but robed in imperishable glory and laurelled with fadeless renown—with noiseless tread they pass. The cemeteries are their camping-ground, the white stones are their tents. Their camp-fires that went out in ashes are rekindled in the grateful hearts of their countrymen, and the roll of their victories is writ upon the skies.

“On Fame’s eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn mound
The bivouac of the dead.”

But to us to-night they live. They are with us, and they throng above us in the air. Brave old Colonel Perry, about whose person we gathered twenty years ago, if in immortal spirit you are here with us to-night, I, the little boy that was your orderly, salute you in the air. (Applause.) Captain Lent, who died, the first man, on Morris Island; Lieutenant-Colonel Green, who died right at my very side on that bank at Fort Wagner; Swartwout, shot at Petersburg; McDougall, Tantum, Richman, Duffle, Depuy, Carman, Dandy,—names heroic of forms that were lost in the smoke of battle long ago,—of men who loved not their own lives when the life of their country was in peril, but who died cheerfully, unhesitatingly, sublimely, to defend these flags which are to be presented here to-night—I salute you all, my old comrades, in the air. For you know we have liberty as we have salvation—only by the blood of saviors; and these humble names which I have spoken are the names of real redeemers, by whose self-sacrifice this nation to-night is free. (Applause.) I wonder how many of you remember John Wilgus? He was a private in Company D. He was taken prisoner that night in the rifle-pits before Fort Wagner, and was with us in the prisons at Charleston, Columbia, in Libby, and Belle Island; and at last he came to die to the prison-hospital in Richmond, where I was convalescing. I remember how, day after day, I used to visit his bed, and how he sank day

by day—starved, frozen, exhausted, trying hard to hold on to life; deprived of life's necessities, fire and fuel, and food and clothing and shelter; but at last, at the end of a hard winter, died—only one of thousands, victims of a cruelty unequalled in the records of civilized warfare. Shot if in the delirium of fever they passed an imaginary line; pursued pitilessly and mercilessly by hate and scorn, and dying at last of slow starvation in the prisons—Oh John Wilgus, and other of my old companions that died there on Belle Island and at Andersonville, if you are with us here to-night, I salute you, also, in the air.

I belonged to a company that had a strange nickname. Everybody called us in those days the "Die-no-mores." (Great applause.) You remember the "Die-no-mores." You will pardon me for saying a word about them. You see we had been, some of us, students in a seminary when the war broke out, and we had enlisted under our teacher (your orator here to-night); and as we were the sons of Christian people we used to sing the Christian songs we had been taught at home, and one of them had this refrain:

" We're going home,
We're going home,
We're going home,
To die no more !"

And so in fun at our hymn-singing everybody called us the "Die-no-mores." Sometimes a name that has been given a man, or a group of men, or a cause, in sport or in derision, has become immortal; and this name was one of them. For, that night of greatest glory in the history of this regiment, Captain Paxson of Company D (applause) was shot on that bank at Fort Wagner, and lay there bleeding to death in that gorge of dead men that were heaped about him four feet deep. Amid cries of pain and hate, in that last frenzy of a desperate hour, with the sound of musketry in the air and cannon belching forth their fiery death from Fort Sumter above us and the casemates about us, when the living cheered and the dying moaned, when some cursed

and some prayed, amid cries for help and cries for pity, but not a cry for quarter—there was one cry that rang clear over all. It was the call of Captain Paxson to his men; and it grew fainter and fainter as the moments passed, and he grew weak from the loss of blood. It was in these words: “Die-no-mores, follow me! follow me, Die-no-mores!” And they did follow him, brave fellows, to where, if the noblest spirits are immortal, they “die no more.” And to-night I salute you, my brave old captain, my brave old comrades, in the air. There is one other name before the memory of which I will bow, and then I will take my seat. There was one flag in our regiment that is not here to-night. You remember that. It was lost in battle. Do you remember the man who bore it and was lost with it? His name was William H. Porch. He was color-sergeant from Fort Wagner to Cold Harbor. Now, do you recall that charge at Cold Harbor? Everybody knew it was useless. The great soldier who commanded it has since acknowledged it was a mistake. But then and there—

“ Was there a man dismayed?
 Not though the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die.”

And so they did. You remember now how the flag was in advance that day, and how, as that bank was reached, Tantum shouted to Porch to “mount it;” and Porch, white to his lips, but faithful to the core of his heart—Porch, who bore the flag, without hesitancy and without a word leaped up the bank alone, and was shot down by a score of bullets, and throwing his arms around his flag, fell with it among his foes. Seventeen years have passed since then; but standing here to-night I seem to see him again, the first and last and only man that dared to mount that bank, and the free wind blows that free flag around him for a shroud as they fall together on the bayonets that pierced them

both,—standard and standard-bearer, Freedom's emblem and her hero,—the starry flag and Color-Sergeant "Billy" Porch. (Applause.) To-night, dear old fellow, I salute you also in the air. (Applause.) Now I will venture to take my seat, having done, the best I could, my part on this occasion. I have spoken a few names, mostly private soldiers who were dear to me, lest they from being so humble might be forgot.

I welcome you all to this reunion, and I pray you to make of it not only a helper to memory, but also an inspiration to patriotism; for this Republic has need of heroes in the future as she has had heroes in the past, and I pray you to hold up your hands, my comrades, in a new oath to be forever loyal to their memory and forever faithful to their cause.

"From the lily of love that incloses
 In the glow of a festival kiss,
 On the wind that is heavy with roses,
 And shrill with the bugles of bliss;
 Let it float o'er the mystical ocean,
 That breaks on the kingdom of night—
 Our oath of eternal devotion
 To the heroes who died for the right.

"Ah! grander in doom-stricken glory
 Than the greatest that linger behind,
 They shall live in perpetual story,
 Who saved the last hope of mankind.
 For their cause was the cause of the races
 That languished in slavery's night,
 And the death that was pale as their faces
 Has filled the whole world with its light.

"To the clouds and the mountains we breathe it,
 To the freedom of planet and star;
 Let the tempests of ocean inwreath it,
 Let the winds of the night bear it far—
 Our oath, that, till manhood shall perish,
 And honor and virtue are sped,
 We are true to the cause that they cherish,
 And eternally true to the dead!"

Comrades, good-night! (Loud applause.)

THE PRESIDENT—The next exercise will be the singing of two stanzas of the hymn,

“ My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,”

in which we shall be led by Mr. Henry Camp.

The audience rose, and with great spirit united in singing.

THE PRESIDENT—Prayer will now be offered by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D., chaplain of the regiment.

PRAYER BY REV. W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D.

O Thou eternal Father, the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and our God! though Abraham be ignorant of us and Israel acknowledge us not, yet Thou art our Father and our fathers' God. We thank Thee for Thy good Providence over us, for the merciful manifestations to us of Thy grace and goodness. O Thou who dost rule in the armies of heaven and command among the inhabitants of earth! we thank Thee to-night that Thou hast been our God in the midst of war and strife, when our enemies would have rent from us our liberties and despoiled us of all the precious blessings Thou hast vouchsafed to us. We thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast been with this nation from the beginning; and through all the conflicts through which it has passed Thou hast been the God of our battles and guided us to victory. Thou didst enable us, O Lord, who are here to-night, a remnant of a host that went forth to defend our liberties—Thou didst, O God, teach our hands to war and our fingers to fight, and cover our heads in the day of battle; and though many have been left on the field of the slain, we thank Thee that there is a remnant left to remember Thy goodness and mercy. We beseech Thee, O God, that Thy blessings may continue with us as a nation. Look upon us in mercy. Bless, we pray Thee, our country, all who are in places of trust and power; and grant, O God, that our liberties may be preserved, that no external or

internal foe may rise against us, and that the time may come when war shall cease to the end of the world; when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation, and they shall learn war no more. Gracious Father, we pray for Thy blessing upon all who are connected with us in the regiment—a remnant of which has been left—who are not permitted to be with us here to-night. May Thy blessing attend them! Guide us all by Thy Spirit; direct us in all our ways; take all our interests into Thy hand; and finally, through riches of grace, bring us to Thy kingdom, for the Redeemer's sake. Amen.

THE PRESIDENT—A song will now be sung, entitled “The Two Grenadiers.”

Mr. Geo. Werrenrath sang the song with fine effect.

THE PRESIDENT—The flags to which reference has been made will now be presented to the Society by the Rev. D. C. Knowles, Captain of Company D.

Sergeant Sparks, who carried the flag into Fort Wagner, and Corporal McKie, of the Color Guard, wounded at Cold Harbor, appeared on the platform with the tattered remnants of the flags. The veterans arose and gave three enthusiastic cheers for “the old flags.” Professor Max Liebling furnished appropriate piano music.

The Rev. D. C. Knowles faced the President, both standing, and addressed him as follows:

CAPTAIN KNOWLES' PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

Dr. Storrs, in the name of my comrades of the Forty-eighth Regiment I come to present to the Long Island Historical Society, through you, its honored President, these sacred relics of our civil war.

If you have never been a soldier, sir, and followed the fortunes of your country's flag on the bloody field, it will be difficult for you to understand fully the feelings that rise in our hearts to-night as we look again on these tattered ban-

ners. To us, who have seen them waving in line of battle, they have a value that cannot be expressed in words.

It is not a difficult task for a man of trade to tell their value in this world's currency. It is a simple problem. So many square yards of silk, so much skilled labor in embroidery, and the problem of production is solved.

But, sir, we ignore in our estimate all this elementary calculation. We judge by other standards. Our data for valuation come from the imperishable sentiments of the heart. These old, faded flags represent to us everything that is worth prizing in this life. When face to face with the armies of the rebellion, they proudly flung out their folds over our heads as symbols of law, constitution, order, equity, property, honor, civilization, even life itself.

It is but an impulse of worldly wisdom that leads all civilized governments to seek by every possible expedient to attach its soldiers to their respective standards. To this end army regulations require that they be brought forth with almost religious ceremonies, and presented to the keeping of the troops. At dress-parade an imposing escort proceeds to the Colonel's tent, and with various salutations receives the colors at his hands, and then gayly marches away, with martial music, to present them to the regiment, to be preserved at the cost of life itself. Thus every sentiment of pride and honor is appealed to by the imposing ritual of parade to kindle in the soldier's breast respect and love for these symbols of his country's glory. And my comrades will attest the truth of the assertion, that a strange enthusiasm is thus created in the midst of the varied duties of the camp, that settles at last into a permanent veneration for the flags we carry—a veneration that lifts the soul to the highest possibilities of self-sacrifice for their preservation.

Sir, we have felt all this—we feel it now. These sentiments of profound regard for these symbols of the cause for which we fought are as fresh and full in our hearts tonight as when we stood marshalled for the battle of constitutional liberty and unity under their flaunting folds.

May I not be indulged, sir, for a few moments in some sacred reminiscences? It was one of the darkest hours of our country's history when these men who stand around me met for the first time at Camp Wyman, a few miles away from this hall. Most of us were strangers to each other, but we came together in the friendly band of a common cause.

You doubtless remember, when the first call was made for volunteers, how jubilantly our young soldiers started for the field. It seemed to the North like a vast military picnic at the Government's expense. Very few saw with prophetic eye the fierceness of the storm that was gathering in the political heavens. Even great statesmen told us it would dissipate the rebellion if we sent a few thousands of our soldiers South, and waved the stars and stripes valiantly in the face of the foe. But, sir, you remember also how delusive were such dreams. Our panic-stricken army, broken and dispirited at Bull Run, poured into Washington a disorganized mob, dispelled these false theories of the war, and awoke the nation to the real bitterness of the coming contest. The North then began to measure the magnitude of the task it had undertaken. For the first time we perceived that nothing short of stern and stubborn war, bloody and terrible, could save the Republic from dismemberment. The idle dream of speedy peace gave way to deep dejection in many, and a great gloom fell like midnight darkness on the North. Enlistments were checked for a time, and men held back shuddering at the fearful sacrifices of blood and treasure that loomed up before them as the price of unity.

In that hour, sir, we volunteered: not through the impulse of youthful excitement—the times had disenchanted war of its holiday attire; not for high bounties—the days had not yet come when patriotism could only be induced to volunteer for gold; not for idle love of adventure, or piratical hope of plunder—but from an intelligent love of country, and a settled purpose to lay life and all on its altar for constitutional unity. We came when it looked like a hopeless task, and freely gave ourselves to all the bloody possi-

bilities of war to secure for ourselves and posterity the union of these States. Was it a foolish venture, a price not worth the sacrifices? No, never; for we saw just before us the terrible chasm of disunion. We saw the disastrous consequences of such a fate. We saw more clearly than the outlines of any fancy picture the pernicious certainties of such a calamity. We saw rivers that God had made to run from our northern boundaries to our southern gulf—those natural highways of commerce and brotherhood—crossed by an imaginary line, that must prove a barrier through all ages to the free interchange of trade and travel, subjecting the coming millions to the exactions of rival governments, and the annoyance of passport and servile espionage. We saw these great mountain-ranges, that bind the North and South together with their cables of solid stone, cut in twain by that same invisible boundary, and from every lofty elevation frowning batteries facing each other with a perpetual challenge to the fight; we saw paternal estates divided asunder by landmarks that were only symbols of hate and strife, while from Atlantic slope to Pacific shore we saw the bivouac fires of armed hosts, casting their lurid colorings on burnished bayonets that were ever ready to be wet in the blood of brothers. We saw all this, and more too. For we saw, as the natural and inevitable outcome of all this, posterity crushed under the grinding budgets of taxation to keep these standing armies in the field, and the laboring classes of America rivalling in poverty and degradation the war-cursed peasantry of Europe; and, as a final consequence, the man on horseback coming to rivet the chains of despotic rule on the limbs of freemen, and the sunset hour of constitutional liberty giving place once more to the hopeless dark of absolutism and despair: and all this to gratify the insensate greed and godless ambitions of a little combination of slave-drivers! We saw it all, sir, at a glance, as clearly as the immortal Webster saw it when he drew back from this vision of disunion, shuddering in every fibre of his loyal heart.

It was to shield our nation from this fate, sir, that we came together in those gloomy hours, some twenty years ago. Some of us came from the plough, some from the counting-room, some from our schools of learning, and others even from the sacred desk. We met around one manly form, whose commanding presence inspired respect and confidence, and whose imperial figure on horseback was an inspiration then, as it is a sacred memory to-night. No regiment could boast a better leader than ours. Under his earnest tuition we gained a drill and discipline that served us well in the supreme hour of trial in the field.

It would have been very pleasing to us to have had here to-night all our banners ; but events forbid.

One National flag is in the keeping of the State at Albany, and one is not. You have already had an allusion to its history. It was the flag under whose starry folds we marched southward. At Cold Harbor it was lost to us forever—not through cowardice, but sheer bravery. Its color-bearer, who had drawn patriotic inspirations from the philippics of Cicero under my personal tuition, and who was the first man to enlist in my company, was shot dead with the flag in his hand. Another seized the fallen standard, and was shot down; and another took it up only to perish under its crimson stripes. Then a fourth man lifted its proud challenge to the foe, and planted it on the parapet in the very midst of the rebel host, when he too died, pierced with bullets, and flag and flagmen fell together into the very arms of the enemy. It was never recovered. But, sir, I am proud to say, on account of the heroic efforts of the regiment that day, a special order was passed immediately replacing the lost banner. This flag, whose substance is almost all gone, is the one presented to us by the Hanson Place Church. Its appearance tells its history better than any words of mine. You have heard from our historian the heroism of its bearer on that eventful night at Wagner, where so many of our comrades fell.

Permit me to speak now of this larger banner. One day

at Hilton Head, while we were sturdily preparing for the conflict, there was brought into our camp this splendid flag. It was brilliant then in its new rich blue and lustrous gold. We were drawn up in a hollow square one beautiful Sabbath-day to receive it. We were told it was the gift of our Brooklyn friends. It was then thrown to the breeze, and on its broad ground of silken blue we saw the resplendent coat of arms of the Empire State. Our Colonel called for "Home, Sweet Home" from the band; and with the memories of the dear ones far away, and the unbidden tears stealing to our eyes as we thought of our Northern homes, we lifted our swords, presented our arms, and vowed that flag should never be dishonored.

We were young and strong then. Our blood was warm with the impulses of hopeful life. We are aware that time has left its impress on us; for, strange to say, we find ourselves quietly taking on the colors of our enemies: we are beginning to wear the gray. One and all of us are insensibly growing white with the hoar-frosts of accumulating years. But, sir, we stand here to-night and salute this dear old faded flag with the same heroic ardor we felt when for the first time we saw it given to the winds. We salute it now, tattered and torn with the storms of heaven, and rent and ragged with the flying missiles of the fiercer storms of battle.

But, sir, I am proud to say our early vows were never broken: it has never been dishonored. In Georgia's marshes, in Florida's tangled jungles, on the blazing parapet of Wagner, in the deadly charge on the enemy's lines at Cold Harbor, in the trenches that compassed Petersburg, in a score of bloody battles, it lifted up its challenge to every foe to our nation's unity. Inspired by its proud defiance in the face of rebel hosts, many a wounded soldier has found a solace for his sufferings, and under its witnessing folds many a hero has laid down to die and many a manly heart ceased to beat forever.

Passing over its history during the active service of the

regiment, permit me briefly to state a few facts concerning its recent discovery.

By some strange freak of fortune, this flag was left, when the regiment was disbanded in 1865, in the possession of its commanding officer, Colonel Coan. It was taken by him to Lawrence, Mass. Six years ago he died.

In the order of providence my ministry had fallen in that city. A few months since I was requested by Captain Carlton to make inquiries for the lost banner,

In my search for the relatives of Colonel Coan I was informed that the mayor of the city was a brother-in-law, and hastening to his residence I was told the old flag had there been safely housed through all these intervening years. The Colonel's sister led me to the room where she had so sacredly preserved it; and with hands trembling for very joy, I took the standard up, unrolled the outer covering that encased it, and flung out its faded fringes once again, while the hot tears started in my eyes over memories that came up as fresh as the events of yesterday.

Sir, those were not unmanly tears. Some of us have suffered too much from half-healed wounds and merciless diseases through these twenty years to blush with shame at tears that start out of memory's treasures at the sight of these dear old flags.

Why, sir, these flags are the proofs of our loyalty. They are the demonstrations of proud patriotism. Our hearts cling to them as such. We are as loyal to these symbols to-night as in '61. Do you doubt it, sir? Would you put us to the proof?

We are here to-night to tell you frankly, that after all we know of war, its horrors and its loathsome beastliness, after all the imperishable hatred we feel toward it, the product of bitter personal experience, yet if a rebel host should rise in the South and march on Washington, we would rally once again around these tattered banners and go to the front as we did twenty years ago.

No, sir, I am not ashamed to tell you the hot tears came

as a tribute to this symbol of law and liberty when I clasped this banner in my arms and took it home.

There in my hall it stood for weeks, while scores of our patriotic citizens came in to look upon it and hear me rehearse the story of those dreadful days. Then I sent it to your city; and here it is to-night, to be deposited with this other flag for safe keeping with your Society.

Sir, we all belong to the color-guard to-night. We are but a remnant of that long line that filed down by Fort Hamilton that midnight hour twenty years ago to take the steamer for the South and destiny. Many of those noble hearts, sons of this great city, are sleeping in Southern graves.

Providence has left us the sweet privilege of rallying once again around these standards, to lay them away, we trust, forever. I am deputed by my comrades to say to your Society through you: Take these sacred symbols of our loyalty; preserve them carefully; hang them where our children and children's children to latest posterity may come and look upon them, and drink in patriotic inspiration, and sentiments of right and truth and unity, as the flowers drink in the dew.

And may God grant that they may here learn to cherish the institutions we have helped to save, and value those principles of liberty, righteousness, and human brotherhood—principles born of the Gospel of the Son of God—which were rescued from impending peril by the blood of the heroes who fell beneath their folds, and who now lie sleeping in honored sepulchres! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

REPLY OF REV. DR. STORRS.

*Gentlemen, Officers and Men of the Forty-eighth Regiment,
General Gillmore, and Honored Guests:*

I have never before felt it so impossible to say that which would be to my own mind and heart appropriate and adequate to the occasion as I do this evening. Words are weak in

the presence of heroic deeds. All sentences seem to turn to nothingness in the presence of such symbols as these, and under the august memories by which we are overshadowed. Eloquence is in silence. I can say certainly for the Society of which I have the honor to be President, that we receive with gladness and with gratitude these symbols of heroic daring and suffering and success; that we will guard them carefully; we will make our custody of them as permanent as the continued existence of the Society—which, I trust, will be as permanent as the city and as the land. And we will, sir, teach those who shall look upon them in their torn majesty, in the splendor which not merely consists with but comes from these drooping threads and these half-obscured stars—we will teach those who look upon them to reverence the holy cause in which they were first advanced, and the glory of whose memory shall cling to them evermore. (Applause.) It is in fact, ladies and gentlemen, a proper function of this Society, and one for which in part it was constituted, to preserve the records and the memorials of that tremendous struggle which began twenty years ago. The Society began its life in the midst of the civil war, in 1863, a few months after the Proclamation of Emancipation, a few months before the victory of Gettysburg; and one purpose which those who founded it had in founding it was to preserve whatever might relate to that supreme passage in our national experience, which was the result of so many tendencies going before, which was felt to be the certain source and cause of so many and such vast influences following after. The Society exists for the purpose for which it is called together this evening, in the persons of its officers and directors, to put into its most choice treasure-house these relics of that great, that prophetic, that memorable struggle. How vast the contrast between the scene in which we are gathered this evening, peaceful and brilliant, and the scenes which are recalled to us by these historical relics which have been presented to us—scenes of twenty years ago! On the 15th of April the President's proclamation calling for seventy-

five thousand volunteers was published. On the 20th of April, 1861, the order was given to General Duryea to forward two regiments from Brooklyn to the front; and on the 21st—twenty years ago to-day, it falling on a Sunday in that year—collections were taken in the churches of this city to aid in the equipment and the furtherance of the regiments immediately going forward. We remember, all of us, that which followed in those four apocalyptic years—the raising of this regiment and of others; the long suspense; the dreadful fear, when battle was imminent, of those who tarried at home and looked with eyes blinded with tears toward the perilous lines of battle in the distance; the pain which followed defeat, the exultation which came after success; the long-protracted and fierce excitements under which so many died at the North—under which so many of the women whose hands had wrought or whose money had purchased this flag fell into graves, stricken by the war as if they had been hit by bullets at the front. We remember the triumph with which the close of the struggle was hailed, and that stroke which fell like a bolt from a clear sky, in the death of the President under whose counsel and administration it had been carried to success, and the silent processions that carried his remains to their resting-place in the West: it seems almost like romance rather than sober history as we recall it all. Reckoning time by experience rather than by the passage of suns across meridians, we might almost remit that period to the middle ages, it seems so remote from us as we sit together in our cheerful prosperity this evening. The contrast on which these flags have looked—which looked once into the mouth of hell from the parapet at Fort Wagner or at Cold Harbor, and which now look upon this cheerful assembly, gathered in peace, gathered in liberty, full of hope, full of joy, full of exulting memories of the past and of bright expectations—this contrast is hardly greater than that between the scenes which surrounded us then and the scenes which surround us now. Out of the hurricane into the calm we have come. It reminds one of those hamlets,

villas, cities, at the foot of Vesuvius. At one time there is the terrific explosion of the volcano hurling its fiery banner into the air and its fiery flood down the slopes, and then there are the human habitations on the hardly-cooled lava, the vineyards in their luxuriance, the olive orchards, and the children sporting in the garden.

And yet, when we think of this contrast, how we are impressed by the fact that that which went before was the condition of that which has come after—that they stand related to each other as cause to effect. He whose lips have just closed this pathetic and noble address, delivering to us the custody of these flags, has spoken of the consequences which they foresaw who, twenty years ago, went forth to battle if the government of the Union were not maintained in that critical exigency. And he has not overstated those consequences by a line—by a phrase. All that which he foresaw, and others, would have resulted, must have resulted, except for the valor and the fortitude of these men who stood between the rebellion and its success. Out of that crash of conflict, which was inevitable, has come our liberty and peace. Two glaciers slipping from opposite slopes toward each other do not more surely come into grinding and crashing collision than did the two forms of civilization, differing in purpose and aim and theory, which had found simultaneous place on this continent come into that tremendous strife. Men had foreseen it; and as he saw it, Webster, with his prescience of the future, gave the full energy of his magnificent mind to trying if it were possible to avert or to prevent the contest. It had to come. And only out of that contest, and the victory which it signalized and symbolized to us to-night, have come the joyful peace and the expectant hope of this compacted and triumphant people.

“Purchased by blood!”—yes, so it was well said in the salutatory address. That is the august and luminous motto written by the finger of God Himself on the front of the Church of Christ in the world. That is the legend that might be written on every grandest achievement of man in the

securing of popular liberty, and the advancement of popular, political, and social progress. "Purchased by blood!" So it will be to the end of history. The Apocalypse shows that things do not melt quietly into the consummated kingdom of God; but they march toward it through terrific crash of conflict.

So it is that they who are before us to-night stand in succession with those who in other countries and centuries have maintained the cause of righteousness and of liberty. They are but a handful as compared with the great host of which they were a part in this our own land. But not merely those hosts are represented by them, but all the illustrious hosts of men who have stood for the truth and for human progress against power and faction since history began. We are overshadowed not merely by these standards to-night. They represent the whole marshalled series of standards and gonfalons which have been borne by those who have bared their breasts to the onset of violence, that they might maintain the sweet sanctities of home; that they might maintain the glorious liberties of peoples, with the freedom and equity of governments. (Applause.) We stand here with all this past behind us and with what the future holds in it still to come. The question for us is whether all this struggle in the past, this sacrifice and sorrow in the army and in the homes from which the army went—whether this vanished and precious life which went up to God from the parapet at Wagner and Cold Harbor, from everglade and swamp and sandy beach—whether all this is to have results adequate to compensate for it, a fruitage vast enough for the costly and precious seed. If we get mere wealth in this country out of the war, then the sacrifice was too great. Blood is too costly to buy money. If we get merely the ornaments of civilization, then the sacrifice was too great. Luxury and convenience are too cheap to pay for a single life, like the many heroic lives the record of which has been suggested to us or read before us this evening. We must get something grander and more enduring as the fruit of this vast struggle.

It must be not a spirit of hate toward those with whom we then met in armed array, as has been well said.

Your spirit is illustrated in the fact that you place these standards in the custody of a Society which exists to promote the study of history; for history, as Macaulay said of Westminster Abbey, is "a temple of silence and reconciliation." You go into the Ambras Museum in Vienna, and you see there side by side the battle-axe of Montezuma and the lances and swords, the shields and horse-armor, of the chivalry of Europe which rushed over Mexico. You see there the armor of the Duke of Parma, Alexander Farnese, and the armor of Maurice of Saxony in the adjoining apartment; the bronze helmets of Roman soldiers, and the helmet of Maximilian. History gathers these standards, and rejoices to keep them without bitterness of spirit; and we would recognize as readily the sentiment in those who fought against us in the great conflict if they were gathered around their torn battle-flags and honoring them for the memories which they awakened of courage and endurance in themselves. We are not to get a spirit of sectional strife out of these symbols of the war. The soldiers on either side respected each other more after the war than they had done before. (Applause.) We used to think at the North that the South could talk loudly and fiercely, but would not fight. The South thought that we were too busy speculating in cotton, building railways, starting new factories—too mercenary and craven-spirited—to fight. They found their mistake; we found ours. And wherever any sectional spirit may have its origin hereafter in the history of the country it will not be among the soldiers who wore the blue or wore the gray. (Applause.) But we must get that which is permanent and fruitful out of the struggle. Part of it we have. The old flag is everywhere supreme from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande—"not a star erased or obscured, and not a stripe polluted." We must have the old institutions and spirit of American freedom equally universal—a free and honest ballot everywhere. (Applause.) We must have the race

that won its spurs where you won yours—at Fort Wagner (applause)—lifted into confirmed, recognized, and permanent liberty, every hand that held the bayonet holding the ballot—now (applause) more powerful than the bayonet. We must have the American spirit exalted and reinforced, filled with a loftier patriotism and a nobler hope. That spirit comes out of great crises. It is a mistake to say “blessed is the people which has no history.” Blessed, rather, is the people whose history is rough with lofty passages of peril which have been met in a spirit adequate to the greatness of the crisis. In such a people you find no low monotony of life. A lazy man said, when some one asked him how he remembered so many stories, “I don’t know; I just heard them here and there, and I was too lazy to take the trouble to forget them.” (Laughter.) Men sometimes take great privileges, political and social, inherited from their ancestors, and enjoy them, simply because they are too lazy to lose them; but the spirit that clutches victory upon the edge of defeat, that rescues freedom when desperately assailed, that rises to the supremacy of self-consecration in defending the grand cause of patriotism and of religion—that is the spirit which more than mines of wealth, more than a million trains thundering over railways, more than hundreds of thousands of factories with their humming wheels, ennobles and glorifies a nation. That spirit comes out of great emergencies nobly met. That spirit comes, and must come more and more in the future experience of this people, out of that crisis where you so bravely met the onset of the vehement enemy.

I pray God that the life which was sacrificed and the life which was imperilled may have these magnificent results under His superintending and guiding providence. Certainly it shall have it in the advancing and illumined history of the American people, in the perfected liberties made universal, in the grander spirit and temper of this expanding and powerful nation. So the influence of those who took part in that struggle shall go on, while these banners continue, in a pros-

perity tranquil as these pearls in which the legends were wrought upon them, rich as these gold beads in which the arms of the State were blazoned—it shall go on, the influence of those who took part in that struggle, in the exalted spirit of the people, and in the influence of the people upon the world, until God folds up and lays aside His own banner of yonder constellations in the heavens. (Applause.)

Mr. Werrenrath sang the “Star-Spangled Banner,” the audience joining in the chorus.

Prayer was then offered and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Farley, after which the audience gradually dispersed. A large number met General Gillmore in the library, including all of the veterans, and shook hands with him.

Thus this wonderful night of reunion drew to its close. It can never be repeated. We will never meet again—so many of us—until we meet to answer to the great roll-call above.

One result of that reunion was the organization of a Veteran Association of the Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, which has held monthly meetings ever since, and under whose auspices this History has been prepared.

Major Barrett was the President of the Association the first three years, and Lieutenant Acker the fourth year.

The names and addresses of more than three hundred surviving members of the regiment have been ascertained, with whom a correspondence is kept up. Many have been aided in securing pensions and back-pay due them, and situations have been obtained for some. The comrades are widely scattered through almost every State and Territory, and a number live beyond the sea.

About one hundred reside in Brooklyn, New York, and vicinity, and all feel that we are bound together by a lasting bond of brotherhood.

The twentieth anniversary of “Fort Wagner” was ob-

served at Glen Island, July 18, 1883, by about sixty of the comrades; and February 20, 1885, was made the occasion for recalling "Olustee" at a large gathering of the members of the Association at their rooms in Brooklyn.

A reunion of the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth was held at Coney Island July 30, 1885, that day being the twenty-first anniversary of the battle of the Petersburg mine explosion. It is hoped that similar gatherings will be held from year to year.

The officers of the Veteran Association at this time (1885) are as follows:

GEORGE W. MARTEN, President.

TOM DAWSON, Vice-President.

DAVID B. WHEELER, Secretary.

JAMES A. BARRETT, Treasurer.

GEORGE B. STAYLEY, Treasurer History Fund.

GEORGE W. BRUSH, M.D., Surgeon.

ABRAHAM J. PALMER, Chaplain and Historian.



ROSTER AND RECORD
OF THE
FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT,
NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.

1861-1865.

CONCERNING THE ROSTER AND RECORD.

The Muster-out rolls on file in the Adjutant-General's Office at Albany have served as the basis for the Roster and Record of the Regiment, but they have been found so incomplete and inaccurate that much time and labor have been required in preparing them for publication. They have been compared with the records at Albany and with the printed reports of the Adjutants-General of the State and General governments, and with such other sources of information as have been accessible to the Committee having the work in charge; but notwithstanding all the labor that has been bestowed upon the following pages, they undoubtedly contain many errors—some of them serious and annoying. No one will regret this more than the members of the Committee, but they can plead in extenuation that the best possible service has been rendered with the facilities at their command. The forbearance of all concerned is asked, and that the difficulties under which the work has been done will be borne in mind when this portion of the history passes under review and criticism.

While it is to be regretted that the regimental and company records were not kept with greater care and accuracy, it must be remembered that they were in the hands of many different persons during a period of four years, and that, considering the exigencies and vicissitudes of the service, especially when in the field, it is surprising, rather than otherwise, that they were preserved at all and with any approach to correctness.

EXPLANATIONS.—The four records after each name are, in order: the age at enlistment, the date thereof, the time of leaving the service, and the reason therefor. The date of rank is given with each commission. Blank spaces indicate that a part of the record is missing.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Exp'n of service, for expiration of term of service or enlistment; Trans. for Transferred; U. S. C. T. for United States Colored Troops; V. for Volunteer; V.V. for Veteran Volunteer; R. for Recruit; S. for Substitute; D. for Drafted.

ROSTER AND RECORD.

FIELD AND STAFF.

COLONELS.

- Perry, James H. 49. July 24, '61—June 18, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. Colonel Oct. 26, '61. V.
- Barton, William B. 26. July 24, '61—Dec. 3, '64. Exp'n of service. Lieut.-Col. Aug. 21, '61; Colonel June 18, '62. Brevet Brig.-Genl. U. S. V. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Cold Harbor. V.
- Coan, William B. 30. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Capt. Co. E Aug. 27, '61; Major July 18, '63; Lieut.-Col. June 9, '64; Colonel Dec. 3, '64. Brevet-Col. U. S. V. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Olustee, and Ft. Fisher. V.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

- Beard, Oliver T. 28. July 24, '61—Dec. 24, '62. Resigned. Major Oct. 26, '61; Lieut.-Col. June 18, '62. V.
- Green, James M. 32. Aug. 5, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. Capt. Co. F Aug. 31, '61; Major June 18, '62; Lieut.-Col. Dec. 24, '62. V.
- Strickland, Dudley W. 23. July 24, '61—June 9, '64. Resigned. Capt. Co. H Aug. 16, '61; Major Dec. 24, '62; Lieut.-Col. July 18, '63. V.
- Elfwing, Neré A. 29. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 1st Lieut. Co. B Sept. 5, '61; Capt. Aug. 29, '62; Major June 9, '64; Lieut.-Col. Dec. 3, '64 (not mustered). Brevet Lieut.-Col. U. S. V. and Brevet-Col. N. Y. V. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Olustee, Ft. Fisher, and Wilmington (leg amputated). V.

MAJORS.

- Swartwout, Samuel M. 22. Aug. 3, '61—July 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg mine explosion. 1st Lieut. Co. I Sept. 14, '61; Capt. Co. F Dec. 24, '62; Major July 6, '64. Wounded at Fort Wagner. V.
- Miller, Albert F. 35. Aug. 1, '61—Jan. 13, '65. Discharged, disability. 2d Lieut. Co. K Aug. 16, '61; 1st Lieut. May 6, '62; Capt. July 18, '63; Major Dec. 3, '64 (not mustered). Brevet Lieut.-Col. N. Y. V. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Cold Harbor. V.
- Barrett, James A. 29. July 27, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. H to 2d Lieut. Dec. 29, '62; 1st Lieut. July 31, '63; Capt. May 16, '64; Major April 13, '65 (not mustered). Wounded at Ft. Wagner and twice at Cold Harbor. V.

ADJUTANTS.

- Goodell, Anthony W. 37. July 24, '61—March 7, '63. Resigned. Adjutant Sept. 5, '61. V.
- Hale, Christopher. 34. Aug. 19, '61—Oct. 19, '64. Discharged, disability. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. E to 2d Lieut. May 2, '62; Adjutant Mar. 7, '63. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Seaward, Benjamin. 21. Oct. 13, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergeant Co. K to Sergt.-Major; 2d Lieut. May 26, '64; 1st Lieut. Aug. 14, '64; Adjutant Oct. 19, '64. Brevet Capt. U. S. V. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Strawberry Plains. V.

FIELD AND STAFF—Continued.

QUARTERMASTERS.

- Avery, Irving M. 29. July 24, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Quartermaster Sept. 5, '61. V.
 Paddock, Zachariah, Jr. 29. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. B to Com. Sergt.; 2d Lieut. Sept. 30, '63; 1st Lieut. May 26, '64; Quartermaster Sept. 20, '64. V.

SURGEONS.

- Mulford, Joseph L. 31. July 24, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Surgeon Sept. 5, '61. V.
 Devendorf, Chas. A. 24. Oct. 17, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Asst. Surgeon Oct. 17, '63; Surgeon Sept. 20, '64. Taken prisoner at Olustee, having remained with the wounded. V.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

- Humphries, Patrick H. 26. Oct. 15, '61—Aug. 21, '63. Commissioned Surgeon 58th N. Y. V. Asst. Surgeon Oct. 15, '61. V.
 Throop, J. Mott. 24. March 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Asst. Surgeon March 22, '64. V.

CHAPLAINS.

- Strickland, William P. 51. July 24, '61—June 13, '63. Resigned. Chaplain Sept. 5, '61. V.
 Taylor, William H. 25. April 29, '64—June 14, '65. Discharged. Chaplain April 29, '64. V.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANTS-MAJOR.

- Moser, Samuel H. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
 Sneider, Luke. 23. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. E. V.V.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANTS.

- Hilliard, Van Rensselaer K. See Capt., Roster of Co. G.
 Hamilton, Alonzo R. 19. Sept. 7, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Promoted from Corpl. Co. E. V.
 Stoney, Joseph. 18. Aug. 18, '61—Nov. 12, '64. Exp'n of service. Promoted from Private Co. H. V.

COMMISSARY-SERGEANTS.

- Becker, George P. 49. July 27, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Shannon, George H. 19. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Musician Co. E. V.V.

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

- Fisher, Nathaniel D. 42. July 24, '61—Mar. 27, '63. Disability. V.
 Newhart, Christian. 29. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Promoted from Private Co. K. V.
 Monell, Peter B. 22. Feb. 21, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Private Co. E. V.V.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIANS.

- Smith, William. 34. Aug. 1, '61—June 1, '64. Killed at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Hastings, Edward. 28. July 31, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Private Co. D. V.V.
 Stephenson, John. 18. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Private Co. B. V.V.

COMPANY A.

CAPTAINS.

- Lent, Louis H. 27. July 9, '61—July 10, '63. Killed in action at Morris Island. Capt. Aug. 21, '61. V.
- Dunbar, Wm. H. 24. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 1st Lieut. Co. G Aug. 26, '61; Capt. July 10, '63. Brevet Major U. S. V. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Dawson, Tom. 22. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. K. to 2d Lieut. July 30, '64; 1st Lieut. Dec. 3, '64; Capt. Apl. '65 (not mustered). Wounded at Strawberry Plains. V.V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Corwin, B. Ryder. 28. Aug. 21, '61—May 22, '63. Commissioned Major 34th U. S. C. T. 1st Lieut. Aug. 21, '61. V.
- Schultz, Harmon C. 23. Aug. 1, '61—Nov. 12, '64. Exp'n of service. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. C to 2d Lieut. Aug. 12, '63; 1st Lieut. Apl. 19, '64. V.
- Rumsey, Dubois B. 20. Sept. 13, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. E to 2d Lieut. Jan. 2, '65; 1st Lieut. Apl. 16, '65 (not mustered). Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Ferguson, Asa H. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
- Moser, Samuel H. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
- Fox, Charles E. 19. July 15, '61—Aug. 11, '63. Died of wounds rec'd at Ft. Wagner. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Jan. 21, '63. V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Hamel, John G. 30. July 20, '61—May 1, '64. Commissioned 2d Lieut. 40th U. S. C. T. V.V.
- Spooner, Edwin B. 29. Aug. 28, '61—Apl. 16, '62. Disability. V.
- Mackellar, Robt. F. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. B.
- Conklin, Wm. H. 22. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 22, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Morris Island. Declined commission of 2d Lieut. V.
- Martin, George W. 21. Mar. 20, '62—Mar. 22, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Deep Bottom. Declined promotion to 1st Lieut. V.
- Himrod, James. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. C.
- Wiegand, John C. 31. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Deep Bottom. Taken prisoner at Hatcher's Run. V.V.

SERGEANTS.

- Brush, Geo. W. 19. Aug. 13, '61—June 4, '63. Commissioned 2d Lieut. 34th U. S. C. T.; 1st Lieut. June 18, '64; Capt. Mar. 6, '65. V.
- Carman, Jarvis C. 21. Aug. 23, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Corwin, Wm. A. 29. Aug. 8, '61—May '63. Disability. V.
- Doughty, Gardner K. 24. Dec. 2, '61—Dec. 2, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. Declined commission of 2d Lieut. V.
- Fletcher, Daniel B. See Capt., Roster of Co. F.
- Hunter, Geo. D. 29. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 30, '64. Died of wounds rec'd Sept. 15, '64. V.V.
- Hamel, Gottlieb. 18. July 29, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded by accidental explosion of shell at St. Augustine. V.V.
- Kron, Fred. D. 20. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

COMPANY A—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- Lewis, John F. 40. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Cold Harbor, and Ft. Fisher. V.V.
 Moran, John F. 32. Nov. 9, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Wohlfarth, Richard. 18. July 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion. V.

CORPORALS.

- Brady, Philip A. 31. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Conant, Wm. L. 19. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 16, '62. Commissioned 1st Lieut. 127th N. Y. V.; Capt. Mar. 1, '65 (not mustered). V.
 Dutcher, Dewitt C. 23. July 20, '61—Jan. 25, '62. Drowned from steamer Winfield Scott. V.
 Gerow, Cory S. 26. Feb. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hunter, Frank W. 20. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Leonard, Geo. W. 15. Aug. 3, '61—Sept. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Morris Island and Petersburg mine explosion. V.
 Lane, Chas. 20. Sept. 16, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 McDowell, Wm. H. 29. July 29, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Quinlan, Timothy. 18. Aug. 27, '61—Dec. 28, '63. Disability, wounds. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Scott, Wm. H. 33. Dec. 10, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Smith, Jesse J. 19. Aug. 27, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Vredenberg, Geo. S. D. 22. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.

MUSICIANS.

- Beard, John. 16. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '62. Disability. V.
 Burr, Wm. J. 14. Jan. 7, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Roe, Thos. H. 17. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.

WAGONERS.

- Dupree, John A. 21. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 White, David. 28. Aug. 7, '61—Aug. 4, '65. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

PRIVATEs.

- Adams, Valentine. 22. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Austin, John. 22. Oct. 21, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. D.
 Ames, Joel C. 42. Aug. 21, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Brady, Patrick. 23. Aug. 28, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Barney, Edward J. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. C.
 Brady, James. 19. Aug. 26, '61—May 25, '65. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Barron, Wm. F. 38. Nov. 2, '63—Apr. 18, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Butler, James. 37. Dec. 17, '61—May 3, '65. Disability. V.V.
 Buckley, John. 38. Apr. 3, '62—Sept. '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Brady, Peter A.
 Babcock, Joseph. 21. Jan. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bell, John. 21. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY A—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Burns, John. 23. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bower, Godfrey. 27. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. S.
 Brush, John. 21. Sept. 10, '61—April 28, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
 Barber, Austin A. 18. Sept. 22, '64—June 2, '65. Disability. S.
 Barber, R. W. 22. Sept. 26, '64—June 2, '65. Disability. S.
 Burns, James. 29. Sept. 23, '64—June 2, '65. Disability. S.
 Barnes, Peter. 18. Feb. 18, '65—June 27, '65. Died of disease at Raleigh. S.
 Bradley, James E. 26. Sept. 3, '61—Dec. 26, '63. Trans. to Invalid Corps.
 Wounded at Morris Island. V.
 Conklin, Peter J. 27. Aug. 17, '61—Oct. 15, '64. Disability. V.
 Carman, Geo. A. 18. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Fort Wagner. V.V.
 Cadmus, Cornelius. 22. Aug. 20, '61—June 19, '64. Died at Andersonville.
 Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Coughlin, Thos. 27. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Conlon, Michael. 42. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Clark, Horatio. 19. Jan. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cook, Andrew. 31. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Civil, Jasper. 18. Dec. 31, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Crawford, Emmett. 18. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 27, '62. Disability. V.
 Carney, Thos. 15. Aug. '61—Aug. 25, '61. Discharged (under age). V.
 Christie, Robert. 20. Jan. 14, '65—June 9, '65. Disability. S.
 Commerford, Francis. 19. Aug. 12, '61—June 7, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Cedore, Henry. 20. Jan. 13, '65—May 22, '65. Died of disease. S.
 Davis, John. 38. Aug. 31, '63—Missing, Mar. '64. D.
 Dupree, Elliott B. 19. July 15, '61—Sept. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Dillon, James. 23. Aug. 7, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Dillon, Tobias. 21. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Doyle, Michael J. 34. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 De Young, Jno. 32. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.V.
 Doughty, Ed. F. 22. Aug. 26, '62—Oct. 16, '64. Died at Andersonville.
 Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Decker, Alfred. 38. Oct. 8, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 and taken prisoner at Olustee. D.
 Decker, Robert. 32. Oct. 8, '63—Sept. 19, '64. Disability. Wounded at
 Drewry's Bluff. D.
 Durham, Ed. 22. Jan. 19, '65—June 30, '65. Disability. S.
 Dresham, Joseph. 19. Jan. 19, '65—July 19, '65. Died of disease. S.
 Donnegan, Patrick. 35. Sept. 5, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Evans, Levi. 18. Feb. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Evens, Leander. 29. Jan. 5, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Farrell, Jos. F. 19. Sept. '61—Missing from furlough to N. Y.
 Feb. '64. V.V.
 Farrell, Lawrence. 48. Sept. 3, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Ferderliner, John H. 33. Aug. 16, '61—Jan. 7, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.
 Fisher, Henry. 25. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Morris Island and Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Fenno, Wm. 36. Oct. 8, '63—Apr. 18, '64. Trans. to Navy. D.
 Fahey, Thos. B. 18. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Ferguson, John R. 29. Mar. 3, '63—July 10, '63. Killed in action at Morris
 Island. D.
 Ferguson, Wm. A. 32. Sept. 5, '61—July 10, '63. Killed in action at Morris
 Island. V.

COMPANY A—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Fitzpatrick, John. 26. Aug. 22, '61—April 18, '62. Disability. V.
 Fohs, Andrew. 20. Aug. 20, '61—July 10, '63. Killed in action at Morris Island. V.
 Gillespie, John. 19. Sept. 1, '61— Missing from furlough to New York Feb. '64. V.V.
 Green, Chas. 32. Aug. 8, '63—June 2, '65. Wounded at Olustee. D.
 Gaccommitto, Joseph. 24. Nov. 26, '62—Sept. '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Grimm, Henry. 25. Mar. 31, '62—May 4, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Green, Asa C. 30. Jan. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Graves, Clark V. 18. Jan. 14, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Garde, Morris. 19. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gibbens, John. 40. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hutt, Joseph. 45. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Hallahan, John. 25. Oct. 8, '63—June 5, '65. Enlisted in Light Battery E, 3d U. S. Art. D.
 Herkin, Wm. 18. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hill, John. 20. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Hand, Wm. 20. Sept. 2, '63—April 18, '64. Trans. to Navy. D.
 Hunt, Franklin. 27. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Halstead, Wm. 25. Aug. 8, '61—Oct. '61. Disability. V.
 Hedberg, Chas. 21. Aug. 6, '61—June 7, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
 Hoppe, Chas. 22. April 10, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Hehl, Peter. 23. Sept. 2, '63— Missing from Camp Parole at Annapolis. D.
 Hallahan, John. 29. Aug. 5, '61—May 25, '64. Died of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Johnson, Isaac O. 18. Aug. 26, '61—Jan. 7, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Morris Island. V.
 Johnson, Jonas P. 23. Aug. 26, '61—Oct. 20, '64. Disability. Wounded on picket near Hatcher's Run. V.
 Johnson, Geo. I. 24. Jan. 7, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Johnson, Warren. 22. Jan. 7, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kerrigan, Patrick. 20. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Ketcham, Luther S. 33. Aug. 22, '61—Dec. 10, '63. Died of wounds. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Kron, Peter. 40. Aug. 19, '62—May 24, '65. Disability. V.
 King, Jas. M. 22. July 20, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Kelly, Wm. 28. Oct. 8, '63— Missing. D.
 Kessler, Xoner. 34. June 12, '62—June 14, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Kelmel, Nicholas. 24. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kenny, Mathew. —Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Keys, James. 42. July 24, '61—June, '63. Disability. V.
 Leech, Geo. A. 44. Aug. 26, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Lane, Geo. 32. Sept. 16, '61—Feb. 28, '65. Died of wounds. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee, and wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Lane, John. 26. Sept. 16, '61—July 26, '65. Disability. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Lawson, Ed. M. 29. Dec. 10, '61—Dec. 10, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Limberg, Errick. 27. July 19, '61—June 27, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Petersburg, and wounded and prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Livingston, Ferdinand. 28. April 9, '62— Missing from veteran furlough. V.V.

COMPANY A—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Livingston, H. B. 30. Nov. 27, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Lorley, John. 32. Sept. 3, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
- Lewis, Albert. 21. Mar. 9, '65—June 10, '65. S.
- Larkin, James. 28. Aug. 30, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Leary, Brock. 19. Jan. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Lynch, John. 23. Feb. 26, '65—July 8, '65. Disability. S.
- Linnenger, Ferdinand. 28. April 19, '62—
veteran furlough, '64. V.V. Missing from
- Lee, George. 19. Sept. 6, '61—
Missing, Oct. 18, '62. V.
- Morgan, James. 40. July 18, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Morris Island and Cold Harbor. V.
- Morgan, Patrick. 25. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- McCarthy, Luke. 38. July 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and twice at Olustee. V.
- McGarry, John. 43. Jan. 13, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Melich, August. 30. Sept. 1, '63—Oct. 28, '64. Died of wounds. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. D.
- Minter, Frank. 18. Nov. 10, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Moran, John. 24. April 8, '62—April 18, '64. Trans. to Navy. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Millsbaugh, Wm. 31. Dec. 10, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion. V.
- Mitteldorf, George. 27. April 10, '62—June 6, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. V.V.
- Murphy, John. 18. Jan. 5, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Mayher, Patrick. 20. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Mack, Thos. 21. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Monton, Chas. H. 18. March 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Murray, John. 23. Jan. 18, '65—
Missing Wilmington, March 2, '65. S.
- Mullholland, Owen. 35. Sept. 4, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed at Olustee. V.
- McClellan, John C. 36. Mar. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McClellan, Howard S. 33. Mar. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. S.
- McKenzie, George. 43. Feb. 21, '65—
Missing from Raleigh, June 3, '65. S.
- McCann, Barney. 38. Aug. 29, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Mackey, Eager. 23. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 27, '61. Disability. V.
- Mathews, John. 37. Sept. 3, '61—Sept. 27, '61. Disability. V.
- Milton, Richard. 23. July 31, '61—Sept. 27, '61. Disability. V.
- McCormack, Wm. 37. Sept. 10, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Martin, George W. 17. Feb. 20, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Nolan, John. 46. Aug. 7, '61—Aug. 17, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Chester Heights. V.V.
- Nolan, Peter. 18. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
- Neddo, Andrew. 23. Jan. 13, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Nash, George R. 32. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- O'Grady, Thos. 40. Sept. 7, '61—Aug. 12, '65. Disability. V.V.
- Poulson, Wm. A. 22. Nov. 12, '61—Nov. 21, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Peck, Reuben. 18. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Peck, Lyman. 18. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY A—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Price, Solomon W. 18. Aug. 1, '61—Oct. 27, '61. Died of disease. V.
 Pringle, Wm. 25. Jan. 19, '65—
 Mar. 25, '65. S. Missing from Wilmington
- Quinn, Patrick. 26. March 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Rikeman, M. A. 40. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Roth, Wm. 31. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at
 Morris Island and Cold Harbor. V.V.
- Reilly, Francis. 27. July 19, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Radley, Seymour. 18. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Rychner, August. 24. March 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Roberts, John. 20. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Smith, Walter J. 18. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Smith, Patrick. 32. Jan. 21, '64—July 27, '65. Disability. Wounded and
 taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner, and wounded at Deep Bottom. V.
 Schrank, Conrad. 21. April 18, '62—April 24, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Scrobner, Wm. H. 21. Aug. 18, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Sheard, Thos. 23. Oct. 8, '63—May 16, '64. Supposed killed at
 Drewry's Bluff. Wounded at Olustee. D.
- Shaw, Larry. 30. Dec. 2, '63—
 Sauer, George. 23. Mar. 17, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Missing, July 31, '64. D.
 Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Suttiff, John. 18. Feb. 15, '65—July 18, '65. Disability. S.
 Seymour, T. S. 18. Aug. 8, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Snyder, Rawson. 23. Jan. 5, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Schneider, Anton. 23. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Schoffler, Jacob. 35. Feb. 24, '65—June 2, '65. S.
 Scanlon, John. 35. Aug. 18, '61—Nov. 18, '63. Died of disease. V.
 Sullivan, Joseph. 22. Jan. 18, '65—
 mington, Mar. 15, '65. S. Missing from Wil-
- Toole, Wm. 38. July 29, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Taffe, Lawrence. 40. Jan. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Trainer, Peter. 30. Oct. 8, '63—Mar. 5, '64. Died of wounds received at
 Olustee. D.
- Thompson, Andrew. 24. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Returned to ranks from Musician. V.V.
- Trapnell, Fred. 34. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Terwilliger, Isaac. 20. Oct. 8, '63—
 Missing, Sept. 13, '64. D.
- Vooris, Abram. 18. Sept. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Van Slyke, C. P. 28. July 14, '62. Missing, Nov. 22, '64. V.
 Velsor, Daniel B. 20. Aug. 3, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Wetherspoon, Francis. 19. Jan. 13, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Wallace, Lewis. 37. Feb. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Woolfininger, R. 35. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Waldon, Jacob. 32. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Williams, Jos. M. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. E.
 Williams, James. 28. Jan. 18, '65—
 Mar. 15, '65. S. Missing from Wilmington,
- Whitlack, Jeremiah. 18. Jan. 13, '65—July 17, '65. Disability. S.

COMPANY B.

CAPTAINS.

- Travis, Edward R. 27. Aug. 20, '61—Aug. 30, '62. Resigned. Capt. Sept. 5, '61. Com'd Major 6th N. Y. H. A., Sept. 15, '62; Lieut.-Col. Mar. 19, '63. V.
 Elfwing, Nere A. See Lieut.-Col., Roster of Field and Staff.
 Erwin, Augustus M. Aug. 13, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 2d Lieut. Aug. 13, '62; Capt. July 31, '64. Trans. from 117th N. Y. V. V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Robinson, Henry W. 25. July 25, '61—May 7, '64. Discharged. 2d Lieut. Aug. 21, '61; 1st Lieut. Aug. 29, '62. V.
 Umpleby, Chas. B. See Capt., Roster of Co. K.
 Howland, A. F. 25. Sept. 3, '62—Apr. 4, '64. Discharged, disability. 2d Lieut. Sept. 3, '62; 1st Lieut. July 18, '63 (not mustered). V.
 Mackellar, Robt. F. 22. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Discharged, disability. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. A to 2d Lieut. Mar. 8, '64; 1st Lieut. June 1, '64 (not mustered). Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Michaels, Jacob L. 22. Aug. 11, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. F to 2d Lieut. Jan. 15, '65; 1st Lieut. Apr. 6, '65. V.V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Vidal, Theo. C. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. I.
 Lippincott, Adon. See Capt., Roster of Co. D.
 Morrell, Joseph. 20. Sept. 9, '61—June 20, '65. Dismissed. Promoted from Sergt. Co. I to 2d Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. V.V.
 Laxey, John F. 23. Sept. 11, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. H to 2d Lieut. Apr. 16, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Rec'd the "Gillmore Medal." V.V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Holton, John. 21. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Cold Harbor. Rec'd the "Gillmore Medal." V.V.
 Selvage, John W. 18. Sept. 14, '61—Sept. 10, '63. Commissioned 2d Lieut. 33d U. S. C. T.; 1st Lieut. 36th U. S. C. T., Mar. 14, '65; Capt. Nov. 6, '65. V.

SERGEANTS.

- Anderson, H. E. 21. Sept. 21, '61—July 10, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.V.
 Cox, Bernard. 20. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cummings, M. J. 19. Jan. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Dandy, James H. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. G.
 Deputy, Jacob R. 26. Aug. 28, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Erickson, Peter. 26. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded twice in the field. Va. S.
 Ferrigan, John. 29. Oct. 22, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Giles, John. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. I.
 Keenan, James M. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. I.
 Owens, Saml. J. 20. Sept. 14, '61—June 13, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Deep Bottom, and Wilmington. V.V.
 Paddock, Zachariah, Jr. See Quartermaster, Roster of Field and Staff.
 Smith, Peter W. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 Van Tassel, Thos. M. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. I.

COMPANY B—Continued.

CORPORALS.

- Atwood, Freeman. 27. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Bennett, Thomas. See Musician, Roster of Co. D.
- Bogart, David S. 21. Sept. 26, '64—June 26, '65. S.
- Buckel, George F. 19. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Crowley, John. 16. Sept. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Duran, George. 23. Sept. 10, '61—Oct. 19, '62. Died of wounds rec'd near Bluffton V.
- Gardner, John. 35. July 28, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Hamilton, James. 20. June 11, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 2, '65. S.
- Harruseker, Philip. 29. Jan. 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Hyers, Alexander. 18. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 30, '63. Died of wounds rec'd at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Mason, Isaac J. 31. Sept. 3, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- McCloud, Wm. 19. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
- McConnell, Wm. 21. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Murphy, John. 26. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Oueal, Richard. 18. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Rill, George. 41. Dec. 22, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rogers, Samuel. 25. Sept. 23, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Truesdell, George. 18. Aug. 27, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Wadhams, Sidney. 25. Sept. 5, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Weeks, Timothy R. 22. Aug. 26, '61—April 30, '62. Disability. V.
- Wood, Robert. 26. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June 28, '65. S.

MUSICIANS.

- Johnson, David. 17. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Raynor, James H. 17. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Brown, Wm. 18. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

WAGONER.

- Howell, George. 20. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

PRIVATES.

- Amon, Henry. 20. Sept. 8, '61—Aug. 9, '65. Disability. V.V.
- Alexander, Wm. 44. Sept. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Ansel, John. 30. Sept. 11, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Angel, Daniel. 20. Aug. 6, '62—June 26, '65. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Allen, Chas. 48. Aug. 23, '61—Sept. 4, '63. Died a prisoner at Ft. Church. V.
- Bragg, Henry. 24. May, '62—May 6, '65. Disability. Wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. V.
- Burns, James. 23. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Bower, Frederick. 22. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Bath, George. 37. Oct. 24, '61—October 24, '64. Disability. V.
- Buckhardt, Martin. 40. Oct. 24, '61—Oct. 24, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Brassel, David. 20. Sept. 6, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Birdsall, James. 16. Aug. 21, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.

COMPANY B—Continued.

PRIVATEs—Continued.

- Burns, Chas. 20. Sept. 26, '64—June 26, '65. S.
 Boyle, James. 35. Jan. 19, '65—May 5, '65. S.
 Bragg, Cornelius. Wounded and taken prisoner at
 Deep Bottom. V.
 Brennan, Edward. 42. Aug. 15, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve
 Corps. V.
 Burns, Edward. 42. Aug. 4, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. V.
 Buckley, Thos. 19. Aug. 1, '61—Aug. 23, '63. Died of disease on St. Helena
 Island. V.
 Bone, Peter. 31. Aug. 7, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Casper, Conrad. 25. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Olustee. S.
 Charbonnault, Francis. 30. Feb. 21, '65.—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cusick, John. 19. Jan. 11, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Coutant, Cornelius. 23. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Corry, James. 27. Aug. 20, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
 Conover, John. 27. Aug. 20, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
 Colgan, Hugh. 41. Aug. 28, '61—April 30, '62. Disability. V.
 Coffee, Martin. 24. Aug. 23, '61—Oct. 21, '64. Exp'n of service. Taken pris-
 oner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Coffee, John. 19. Aug. 27, '61—Oct. 21, '64. Exp'n of service. Taken pris-
 oner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Colgan, Philip. 43. Jan. 7, '64—Dec. 8, '64. Disability. S.
 Clegg, James. 32. Dec. 21, '61—Dec. 21, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Carew, Michael. 28. April 21, '62—April 21, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Deep Bottom. V.
 Curtis, John. 28. Aug. 29, '61— Supposed killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Cook, John. 21. Aug. 16, '61— Missing. Washington, Sept. 18, '61. V.
 Coombs, Oscar. 30. Feb. 26, '65— Missing, Cox's Ferry, Mar. 21, '65. S.
 Dougherty, John. 20. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Diens, Christopher. 21. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Drake, Leroy. 18. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Daley, Henry. 20. Mar. 25, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Davenport, John. 19. Jan. 26, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Dishman, Richard. 19. Sept. 21, '64—June 26, '65. S.
 Dunning, Smith. 39. Oct. 1, '63—June 12, '65. Wounded at
 Olustee. S.
 Daley, Wm. 18. Jan. 9, '64— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 Wounded at Petersburg. S.
 Dougherty, Thomas. 35. Sept. 3, '61—Mar. 9, '64. Died a prisoner at Rich-
 mond. V.
 Donaghey, John. 28. Aug. 15, '61—Feb. 19, '64. Died a prisoner at Rich-
 mond; taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Dyckman, Daniel J. 19. Aug. 20, '61— Supposed killed at Ft. Wag-
 ner. V.
 Davis, Henry. 32. Jan. 5, '64— Supposed killed at Olustee. S.
 Dunlap, Edward. 23. Sept. 2, '63— Missing from Hilton Head. V.
 Dolan, Peter. 20. Jan. 11, '65— Missing from Raleigh. Aug. 2, '65. S.
 Ethinhausen, Balthazar. 28. Mar. 19, '62—Mar. '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Fitterley, Westerley. 19. Feb. 18, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Francis, Charles S. 22. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Freeman, Martin. 26. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Fox, George. 24. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Flannigan, John. 20. Aug. 27, '61—July 28, '64. Disability. Wounded at
 Olustee. V.

COMPANY B—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Frederick, Ernst. 32. June 2, '62—Jan. 2, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Foley, Francis. 20. Jan. 19, '65— Missing, Wilmington, Feb. 22, '65. S.
 Finley, John. 33. Sept. 2, '63— Missing from Hospital, Sept. 28, '64.
 Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.
 Glenman, Thomas. 20. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gloyer, Claus. 23. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gordon, George. 25. Jan. 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Gorr, Wm. 21. Jan. 19, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Gallagher, Dudley. 35. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Gaynor, Geo. W. 43. Aug. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Goebel, John. 25. April 30, '62—May 31, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Harvey, Richard. 18. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Helt, Jacob Z. 24. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Horton, Azariah. 18. Jan. 12, '64—Aug. 8, '64. Died at Andersonville.
 Wounded and taken prisoner at Cold Harbor. S.
 Hoffman, Fred'k. 38. Sept. 2, '63— Died at Andersonville.
 Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
 Hollier, John. 34. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hable, Fred'k. 25. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hazleton, Josiah. 20. Mar. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hall, Isaac. 18. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Harnacker, Valentine. 25. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Haines, Willard. 17. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Johnson, Wallace. 27. Jan. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Johnson, Wm. W. 24. Mar. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Jaquot, Nicholas. 45. Mar. 31, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Deep Bottom. V.
 Jackson, Alexander. 40. Aug. 5, '61—September 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Jacot, Philip. 20. April 23, '62—April 24, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Johnson, Wm. 31. Sept. 4, '63. April 18, '64, Trans. to Navy. S.
 Jess, Wm. 18. Sept. 10, '61—July 12, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
 Jones, Chas. P. 19. Aug. 23, '61—May 7, '64. Killed in action at Chester
 Heights. V.V.
 Klein, Karl. 23. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kein, Wm. R. 29. Mar. 26, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kapps, Joseph. 44. Feb. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kenny, David. 21. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Keisler, Paul. 24. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 28, '62. Disability. V.
 Klingheiser, Albert. 20. Oct. 2, '63—Feb. 15, '64. Died at Barber's Sta. S.
 Kimble, Alfred. 20. Mar. 19, '65— Missing, Raleigh, June 15, '65. S.
 Lynt, Jacob. 44. Oct. 25, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Olustee. S.
 Linderman, August. 20. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Lott, August. 26. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Lewis, Henry. 21. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Lawless, Patrick. 44. Aug. 21, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve
 Corps. V.
 Miller, Enoch. 23. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Miller, Conrad. 23. Jan. 20, '64—July 19, '65. Disability. S.
 Miller, Gottlieb. 27. Jan. 21, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McCarthy, Daniel. 44. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 McCarthy, Jeremiah. 27. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McIntyre, Cornelius. 28. Mar. 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 • Marks, John. 26. Feb. 10, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.

COMPANY B—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Murray, Joseph. 28. Oct. 3, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. S.
- Murray, John. 22. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Minie, Conrad. 20. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Michlin, Chas. 25. Feb. 21, '65—July 19, '65. S.
- Marks, John M. 23. Sept. 4, '61—Mar. 31, '62. Disability. V.
- Morgan, Patrick. 44. Aug. 5, '61—April 30, '62. Disability. V.
- Monaghan, Thos. 24. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
- McCarthy, Thos. 18. Jan. 19, '65—July 11, '65. S.
- McDonough, James. 27. Sept. 26, '64—Jan. 26, '65. S.
- McGarry, Thos. 40. Aug. 19, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Madden, Daniel. 18. Aug. 15, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- McDonnell, Owen. 22. Aug. 25, '61—June 2, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. V.
- Maxwell, Robert. 27. Sept. 14, '61—May 30, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, and wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Madden, Thos. 27. Mar. 19, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Murray, John. 25. June 20, '64— Missing, Wilmington, Mar. 3, '65. S.
- Norton, Frederick. 33. Feb. 25, '65— Missing, Raleigh, April 2, '65. S.
- Nugent, John. 35. Sept. 2, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. S.
- Nixon, John. 28. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 28, '62. Disability. V.
- Norton, John. 27. Oct. 30, '63—Dec. 7, '64. Disability. S.
- Nice, John. 32. Aug. 27, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Noonan, John. 44. Sept. 1, '63—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. D.
- Owen, Wm. J. 26. Aug. 14, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. V.
- Poulston, Wm. E. 20. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Peterson, Andrew. 23. Oct. 21, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. D.
- Pettyhoul, Herman. 21. Jan. 19, '65—Aug. 11, '65. Died of disease at Raleigh. S.
- Roberts, Robert. 35. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Robertson, George. 23. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rahn, Frank. 42. Feb. 16, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Riley, Patrick. 24. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Riley, Luke W. 32. Sept. 7, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Risdon, Levi B. 18. July 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
- Reinwald, Adrian. 26. Sept. 1, '63—June 16, '65— Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Rebericht, Carl. 25. Aug. 26, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Ryan, John. 18. Aug. 27, '61—Oct. 23, '63. Trans. to Signal Corps. V.
- Reignolds, Chas. 21. Oct. 23, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. D.
- Scott, Charles. 21. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Deep Bottom. V.V.
- Staafer, Carl L. A. 19. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Snyder, Charles. 18. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Stage, John H. 22. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Sherwood, John R. 22. Jan. 4, '64—May 5, '65. S.
- Sherwood, Edwin F. 19. Jan. 20, '65—June 27, '65. S.

COMPANY B—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Schmidt, Edward. 19. Dec. 19, '61—Sept. 27, '64. Disability. V.
 Smyth, Daniel B. 18. Aug. 28, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps.
 Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Stephenson, John. See Prin. Mus'n, Roster of Non-Com. Staff. V.
 Silvers, Joseph H. 24. Aug. 28, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve
 Corps. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Smith, Wilbur F. 22. Sept. 8, '61—June 1, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pu-
 laski. V.
 Silcocks, Isaac. 18. Sept. 14, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Killed in action at Straw-
 berry Plains. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Smith, Andrew. 41. Aug. 16, '61— Missing from furlough to New
 York, April 30, '64. V.V.
 Stenson, John. 21. Jan. 19, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 10, '65. S.
 Stenhoff, Andrew. 29. Feb. 21, '65— Missing, Raleigh, July 10, '65. S.
 Saunders, Andrew. 39. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug.
 18, '65. S.
 Sumerbarr, Peter V. 35. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Cox's Ferry,
 Mar. 27, '65. S.
 Travis, Daniel J. 25. Aug. 26, '61—Aug. 30, '65. V.V.
 Toner, Peter. Wounded at Olustee and Chester Heights. V.
 Travis, Chas. 25. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. V.
 Tiernan, Thos. 35. Sept. 4, '63. April 18, '64, Trans. to Navy. V.
 Truesdale, James. 18. Aug. 6, '61— Missing from furlough to New
 York, May 8, '65. V.V.
 Wise, John. 20. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Watkins, Wm. W. 31. Aug. 8, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Williams, Austin F. 25. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Williams, Frank. 26. Sept. 1, '63—Jan. 19, '64. Wounded at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Wilday, John. 18. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Wallace, James. 29. Oct. 21, '63—Aug. '65. Wounded at
 Olustee and Strawberry Plains. V.
 Weishert, Adam. 43. Aug. 11, '61—Sept. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Whalen, John. 28. Feb. 21, '65—June 23, '65. Disability. S.
 Wolston, Alfred. 26. Oct. 21, '63. April 18, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Williams, Isaac. 26. Oct. 21, '63. April 18, '64, Trans. to Navy. Wounded at
 Olustee. V.
 Weber, Henry J. 38. Aug. 1, '61— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. V.
 Weiss, Henry. 39. Jan. 18, '62—Sept. 1, '64. Died at Hampton. Wounded
 at Deep Bottom. V.

COMPANY C.

CAPTAINS.

- Farrell, James. 37. July 11, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. Capt. Sept. 10, '61. V.
- Moser, Saml. H. 24. Aug. 1, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. Promoted from Sergt.-Maj. to 2d Lieut. Co. A Jan. 18, '62; to 1st Lieut. Jan. 26, '63; Capt. Aug. 28, '63. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Taylor, Jos. R. 21. April 7, '62—Nov. 3, '64. Discharged. Promoted from Private Co. F to Quartermaster Sergt.; to 2d Lieut. Mar. 7, '63; 1st Lieut. Co. E July 18, '63; Capt. May 26, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Olustee, Drewry's Bluff, and Cold Harbor. V.
- Ferguson, Asa H. 38. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 2d Lieut. Co. A Aug. 31, '61; Capt. Co. I Jan. 18, '62. Resigned Apr. 5, '64. Re-commissioned, Sept. 13, '64. V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Macardle, George. 24. July 20, '61—Apr. 29, '62. Resigned. 1st Lieut. Sept. 10, '61. V.
- Hatfield, Townsend L. 21. Aug. 1, '61—Jan. 20, '64. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Signal Corps. 2d Lieut. Sept. 10, '61; 1st Lieut. Dec. 29, '62; Capt. Aug. 28, '63 (declined). V.
- Edwards, Robert S. 24. Aug. 1, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. 2d Lieut. Co. E Aug. 21, '61; 1st Lieut. Apr. 29, '62. V.
- Ingraham, Aaron H. 22. Aug. 20, '61—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. Promoted from Corpl. Co. G to Quartermaster Sergt.; to 2d Lieut. Jan. 26, '63; 1st Lieut. Aug. 28, '63. V.
- Edwards, Roger. 21. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 12, '64. Discharged. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. H to 2d Lieut. July 18, '63; 1st Lieut. Mar. 8, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Himrod, James. 25. Aug. 24, '61—Oct. 4, '64. Dismissed. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. A. to 2d Lieut. Apr. 4, '64; 1st Lieut. Aug. 16, '64 (not mustered). V.V.
- Lang, Henry. See Capt., Roster of Co. D.
- Roys, Chas. H. 24. Oct. 14, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 1st Lieut. Oct. 14, '64; Brevet Capt. and Maj. U. S. V. Trans. from 117th N. Y. V. V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Acker, Henry See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
- Barney, Edwin J. 18. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Private of Co. A to Quartermaster Sergt.; to 2d Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. V.V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Schultz, Harman C. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. A.
- Vanderbilt, John. 38. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Nevin, Samuel. 24. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

COMPANY C—Continued.

SERGEANTS.

- Charters, John. 19. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Cropsy, George H. 19. Aug. 6, '61—Mar. 13, '65. Died at Wilmington.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Taken prisoner in front of Petersburg. V.V.
 Frankenberg, Sanford H. 23. Aug. 25, '61—June 8, '64. Disability. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Hart, Patrick. 19. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Lawrence, John T. 20. Sept. 9, '61—July 10, '63. Killed in action at Morris
 Island. V.
 Mack, Michael. 23. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Nesbitt, James A. 18. Aug. 20, '62—Aug. 18, '65. Exp'n of service. Taken
 prisoner on Morris Island. V.
 O'Brien, Jeremiah. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 O'Brien, Patrick. 23. Sept. 3, '61. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
 Richardson, Wm. 19. Aug. 9, '61. Died at home on furlough. Wounded at
 Petersburg mine explosion. V.
 Williams, George. 19. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

CORPORALS.

- Bender, Oscar N. 20. Aug. 17, '61—Oct. 13, '63. Trans. to Signal Corps. V.
 Bond, Lorenzo. 23. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Morris Island and Olustee. V.
 Britton, Dayton. 42. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Davis, Theodore. 37. Aug. 24, '61—Sept. '65. Died a prisoner. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. Taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Groser, Sidney A. 21. Sept. 2, '61—Jan. 2, '63. Commissioned 2d Lieut.
 140th N. Y. V. V.
 Groser, Thomas. 21. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. '65. Disability. Wounded and taken
 prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Harrington, Thos. 34. Aug. 30, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Hulburt, Joseph B. 24. Jan. 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Lawrence, Edward. 18. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Mason, John. 44. Sept. 5, '61—June 2, '65. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 O'Brien, John. 24. Feb. 19, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Plummer, John W. 33. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Rost, Benjamin. 37. Feb. 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Smith, Phillip. 24. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Trainer, John. 21. Oct. 30, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Tuttle, George H. 21. Aug. 9, '61—Jan. 28, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.
 Welch, John P. 19. Aug. 7, '61—July 16, '62. Commissioned Assistant-En-
 gineer in Navy. V.

MUSICIANS.

- Raymond, Geo. W. 16. Aug. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Riley, John. 13. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Hibson, Joseph C. 19. Aug. 21, '61—July 10, '64. Disability. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. V.V.

WAGONER.

- Henry, Jacob. 34. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.

COMPANY C—Continued.

PRIVATES.

- Albert, Charles. 28. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Aldridge, Henry. 26. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bennett, Thomas. 19. Aug. 6, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Buckley, Thomas. 19. Aug. 6, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Betts, Daniel C. 20. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Morris Island. V.V.
 Barrett, Thomas. 27. Sept. 2, '61—Aug. 12, '64. Disability. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Burns, John. 19. Aug. 20, '61—Aug. 12, '64. Disability. V.
 Boyle, Bernard. 40. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Bertino, Jules. 31. Jan. 27, '62—Mar. 9, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Boyce, Dennis. 18. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Beith, James. See Roster of Co. I.
 Bondy, John J. 19. Aug. 21, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Becker, George P. See Commissary Sergt., Roster Non-Com. Staff.
 Buck, George H. 18. Jan. 28, '64—June 2, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. V.
 Buckley, R. D. 18. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bauer, Joseph. 26. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Ball, John. 18. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Brooks, James. 23. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Burke, James. 18. Feb. 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bennett, Othello. 18. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bush, Louis. 40. Jan. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Boyd, Louis A. 34. Feb. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Bateman, Marquis. 18. Jan. 5, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Burkhardt, Henry. 17. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Brower, William. 34. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cassidy, Bernard. 34. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Conery, Edwin W. 19. Aug. 7, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Cox, James. 29. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Case, Thomas. 30. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Carroll, Martin. 18. Aug. 19, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Carroll, William. 32. Sept. 3, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Clougher, Hugh. 19. Jan. 20, '65—June 14, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
 Carroll, Peter. 44. Dec. 16, '63—Mar. 28, '65. Died of wounds received at Wilmington. V.
 Crotty, William. 35. Aug. 24, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Killed in action at Strawberry Plains. V.
 Corrigan, John. 35. Aug. 26, '62—Aug. 16, '64. Killed in action at Strawberry Plains. V.
 Clark, John. 30. Oct. 25, '63— Missing; supposed killed at Sanderson, Fla., Feb. 12, '64. S.
 Cervelia, Estermino. 29. Nov. 27, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Clancy, James. 21. Aug. 21, '61—May 14, '65. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Conley, Peter. 38. Feb. 1, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY, C—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Casselman, Allen F. 18. Jan. 2, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Dempsey, Michael, No. 1. 32. Aug. 27, '61—Dec. 29, '63. Trans. to Invalid
 Corps. Wounded at Morris Island. V.
 Danielson, John H. 34. Aug. 30, '61—Nov. 13, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Dempsey, Michael, No. 2. 45. Aug. 29, '61—May 5, '65. Wounded
 at Morris Island. V.V.
 Dillion, Patrick. 39. Sept. 6, '61—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold
 Harbor. V.
 Dalton, Patrick. 41. Aug. 26, '61—Mar. 11, '62. Drowned in Cooper River,
 S. C. V.
 Davis, George. 18. Feb. 15, '65—May 8, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
 Daniels, Mark, Jr. 22. Feb. 24, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 13,
 '65. S.
 Damin, Elijah. 21. Mar. 24, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wound-
 ed at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Dolan, Michael. 19. April 1, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Douglas, John. 28. Feb. 24, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Egger, John. 26. Oct. 24, '61—June 8, '64. Disability. V.
 Edsell, Charles. 27. Feb. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Fenwick, Peter. 21. Sept. 9, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Farrell, William. 20. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Ford, Alfred. 18. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Fryday, Martin. 43. Feb. 10, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Griffin, James. 19. Aug. 26, '62—June 2, '65. Wounded at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Giles, Andrew S. 19. Jan. 29, '62—June 2, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Gorman, William. 24. Aug. 29, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps.
 Wounded at Morris Island. V.
 Green, Nelson. 25. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hart, William. 40. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Chester Heights. V.
 Hayes, Michaels S. 22. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Henderson, James. 23. Oct. 30, '63—Nov. 25, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Hyranemus, Zoble. 40. Ncv. 15, '61—June 2, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Holst, Relo. 36. Sept. 26, '64—May 16, '65. Disability. S.
 Headley, Henry. 36. Oct. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hughes, Robert. 32. Mar. 20, '62—June 2, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Heine, Rudolph. 32. Sept. 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Holmes, Lewis. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 Horton, John. 23. Oct. 30, '63—May 5, '64. Died at Hampton. V.
 Hereinsker, Dorio. 19. May 8, '62—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold
 Harbor. V.
 Harrison, Edward. 35. Jan. 20, '64—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olus-
 tee. V.
 Herman, Adam. 38. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Horten, Andrew. 25. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Hutchinson, James. 18. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hart, James. 24. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Herrule, Joseph. 26. Mar. 1, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hopkins, Aaron. 43. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Jayne, Pembroke. 43. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY C—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Kane, Peter. 33. Aug. 16, '61—May 13, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Kalligan, John. 30. April 12, '62—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.
 Kane, Daniel. 24. Sept. 9, '61—July 14, '63. Killed in the trenches on Morris Island. V.
 King, Amasa. 18. Sept. 13, '61—Sept. 5, '63. Died a prisoner, of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Knabe, Ernest. 19. Mar. 24, '62—June 28, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Kaylor, W. H. 19. Jan. 28, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Kopp, Mathias. 31. Jan. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kelly, John. 30. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kent, Phillip. 18. Jan. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kiernan, James. 22. Mar. 24, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Killkenny, Francis. 23. Aug. 24, '61—April 18, '65. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
 Kenny, Jacob. 32. Aug. 30, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Leavy, Dennis. 31. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Larkin, Phillip. 32. Aug. 20, '62—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Lang, Henry. 41. Sept. 24, '62—Mar. 8, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
 Loyd, John Perry. 20. Feb. 12, '62—Sept. 20, '64. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
 Love, John. 20. Sept. 3, '61—Aug. 26, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Laurie, Edward. 22. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Laudergen, Azeel. 24. Sept. 26, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McCutcheon, Geo. W. 18. Sept. 16, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Miller, Daniel. 39. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 McVeigh, Patrick. 26. Aug. 24, '61—June 12, '63. Disability. V.
 Mahoney, Cornelius. 26. Aug. 20, '62—Aug. 18, '65. Exp'n of service Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Miller, Frederick. 21. Feb. 6, '62—Nov. 29, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 McCully, Henry. 21. Nov. 16, '61—Nov. 29, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 McMahan, Thos., No. 1. 24. Aug. 9, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Mason, William. 18. Aug. 29, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Strawberry Plains. V.
 Marshall, John S. 45. Sept. 15, '62—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Munch, Johann. 23. Nov. 13, '61—May 7, '64. Killed in action at Chester Heights. V.
 Muldrey, Thos. 19. Aug. 26, '61—June 2, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. V.
 McCormick, John. 21. Aug. 28, '61—Missing on veteran furlough. V.V.
 Murphy, Henry C. 20. Aug. 27, '61—Disability. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.

COMPANY C—Continued.

PRIVATEs—Continued.

- Murray, Patrick. 25. Sept. 10, '61— Missing from hospital Nov. 3, '64. V.
- Mackey, William. 18. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Morgan, William A. 18. Jan. 13, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Myers, Ernst. 32. Dec. 22, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Mayer, Andrew. 23. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Murphy, John. 27. Jan. 5, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Marrin, Richard. 24. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Mirlye, James. 38. Feb. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Mullins, Francis. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McClellan, Jas. W. 31. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McCormack, Wm. 27. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McMahon, Thos., No. 2. 22. Feb. 20, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Neely, John W. 19. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Nagle, Thomas. 29. Aug. 22, '61—June 2, '65— Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V. V.
- Neff, Valentine. 20. Jan. 8, '62—Aug. 18, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
- Orsborne, Wm. S. 18. Sept. 10, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- O'Brien, John. 34. Aug. 27, '62—Apl. 15, '65. Died at Wilmington. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Rec'd the "Gillmore Medal." V.
- Owens, Geo. K. 34. Feb. 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Parrott, Thos. 18. Aug. 24, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Purcell, John. 27. Feb. 14, '65—June 10, '65. Disability. S.
- Pool, William. 38. July 19, '64— Missing at Raleigh, May 9, '65. S.
- Pfhals, Christian. 39. Feb. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rodgers, Patrick. 31. Sept. 3, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Ryan, Tobias. 34. Sept. 8, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Morris Island. V.
- Riley, George. 25. Sept. 10, '61— Missing on veteran furlough, Feb. 6, '64. V. V.
- Ryan, Michael. 24. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Ross, Edward. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Reynolds, Geo. F. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Raine, Watson. 18. Sept. '61—Aug. '65. Disability. Wounded at Olustee and Deep Bottom. V. V.
- Sullivan, Dennis. 22. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Sullivan, Michael. 19. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Sturges, Josiah. 18. Aug. 27, '61—June 2, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Olustee. V. V.
- Shannon, Peter. 32. Aug. 26, '62—June 2, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Schmidt, Philip O. 33. Mar. 28, '62—Mar. 28, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Schaffer, Jacob. 25. Sept. 29, '64—June 2, '65. S.
- Smith, John. 23. Aug. 24, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Rec'd the "Gillmore Medal." V.
- Smith, John A. 19. Aug. 26, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Sever, Randolph. 29. Oct. 30, '63— Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.

COMPANY C—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Saunders, Johann. 34. Mar. 25, '62—Aug. 16, '64. Killed in action at Strawberry Plains. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Smith, Richard. 24. Oct. 28, '63—
12, '64. S. Missing at Sanderson, Fla., Feb.
- Smith, James. 24. Feb. 14, '65— Missing at Wilmington. S.
- Snow, Peter. 25. Feb. 13, '65— Missing at Raleigh, August, '65. S.
- Sawyer, Chas. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Shevlin, Daniel. 20. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Setro, Louis. 23. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Stout, Frank. 18. Jan. 13, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at
Wilmington. S.
- Shaw, Christopher. 30. Feb. 18, '65—July 31, '65. S.
- Siddon, Henry. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Simpson, Wm. 25. Feb. 18, '65—July 15, '65. S.
- States, Alexander. 26. Aug. 5, '61—July 15, '62. V.
- Travel, John. 27. Sept. 6, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at
Ft. Wagner. V.
- Tallman, Henry. 22. Oct. 23, '63—May 18, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
- Terrins, George. 27. Apl. 8, '62—Apl. 8, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at
Olustee. V.
- Thompson, Saml. 34. Dec. 14, '63—May 14, '64. Trans. to Navy. Wounded
at Olustee. V.
- Tobin, Dennis. 20. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Tracy, Thomas. 19. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Treen, William. 18. Jan. 2, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Treen, John. 19. Dec. 15, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Teter, Isaac. 18. Feb. 18, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Vfrifer, Valentine. 31. Jan. 23, '65—July 17, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
- Westervelt, Albert B. 42. Aug. 30, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Warner, Isaac J. 18. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Wood, Edward W. 18. Aug. 20, '62—June 2, '65. V.
- Whitson, Geo. 19. Aug. 20, '62—June 2, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner
and Olustee. V.
- Woodward, R. F. 38. Aug. 26, '61—Oct. 26, '61. Trans. to 21st Mass.
Vols. V.
- West, Edward W. 32. Mar. 20, '62—Mar. 20, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
- Wilcox, Franklin L. 33. Dec. 14, '63—May 14, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
- Worden, Adelbert. 18. Jan. 19, '65—July 17, '65. Disability. S.
- Wilson, George. See Roster of Co. K.
- Wangerman, Chas. 36. Nov. 25, '61—May 4, '64. Died in Tallahassee.
Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- White, John. 28. Feb. 14, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 9, '65. S.
- Workman, John. 18. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- White, William. 18. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Wood, John H. 20. Feb. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Watson, William. 18. Feb. 11, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Wilson, Frank. 18. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Young, John. 24. Feb. 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Youngs, Joseph A. 22. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.

COMPANY D.

CAPTAINS.

- Knowles, Daniel C. 26. July 13, '61—June 30, '62. Resigned, disability. Captain Aug. 21, '61. V.
- Paxson, James O. 26. July 24, '61—July 31, '63. Died of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. First Lieutenant Aug. 21, '61; Captain July 18, '62. V.
- Carlton, William J. 23. Aug. 1, '61—Nov. 13, '64. Exp'n of service. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Co. H Dec. 19, '61; 1st Lieut. Co. D Feb. 5, '63; Capt. July 31, '63. Brevet Major N. Y. V. V.
- Tantum, John M. 23. July 27, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Killed in action at Strawberry Plains. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. June 30, '62; 1st Lieut. May 22, '63; Capt. July 6, '64 (not mustered). V.
- Lippincott, Adon. 22. Aug. 1, '61—April 16, '65. Discharged, disability. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Co. B July 18, '63; 1st Lieut. Co. D May 16, '64; Capt. Nov. 3, '64. Brevet Major U. S. V. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Olustee, Cold Harbor, and Ft. Fisher. V.
- Lang, Henry. 35. Dec. 12, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. C to 1st Lieut. Oct. 4, '64; Capt. Jan. 1, '65. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Bodine, John. 29. July 26, '61—Jan. 21, '63. Discharged. 2d Lieut. Aug. 27, '61; 1st Lieut. June 30, '62. V.
- Tuttle, William E. 18. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. F to 1st Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V. V.
- Haney, James. 22. July 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Jan. 1, '65; 1st Lieut. April 13, '65 (not mustered). Wounded at Strawberry Plains. V. V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- McDougall, William. 21. July 29, '61—July 30, '64. Killed at Petersburg mine explosion. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. July 15, '64 (not mustered). V. V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Patterson, Geo. P. 22. Aug. 4, '61—Nov. 6, '63. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Ware, David H. 18. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V. V.

SERGEANTS.

- Anderson, Peter F. 23. July 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. V. V.
- Ayres, Marcellus. 29. July 27, '61—Sept. 20, '62. Disability. V.
- Abbott, John G. 22. July 30, '61—Aug. 7, '63. Died of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Brash, Adam. 21. March 13, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V. V.
- Crammer, Geo. W. 19. Aug. 5, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Graham, John H. 19. Sept. 2, '61—June 30, '64. Killed in rifle-pits before Petersburg. V.
- Harbison, Chris. H. 25. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 5, '64. Expiration of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Cold Harbor. V.
- Hendricks, John. 26. —Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V. V.
- McCreaf, Chas. M. 21. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Strawberry Plains and Wilmington. V. V.

COMPANY D—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- McGuigan, Arthur. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. E.
 Pimm, Levi. 28. Aug. 19, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Killed at Strawberry Plains.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner and in the field, Va. V.V.
 Porch, William H. 19. July 24, '61—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold
 Harbor. Color Sergeant. V.
 Speeler, Henry A. 18. Aug. 9, '61—Oct. 4, '63. Commissioned 1st Lieut. 35th
 N. J. Vols. Capt. April 12, '65. V.

CORPORALS.

- Barton, George. 22. Feb. 25, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Chester, William C. 23. July 24, '61—July 18, '62. Disability. V.
 Cole, Aaron. 23. Aug. 1, '61—Jan. 25, '64. Transferred to Invalid Corps.
 Wounded at Morris Is. V.
 Church, Stephen O. 19. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 7, '64. Exp'n of service. Taken
 prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Cottrell, John D. 22. Aug. 22, '61—April 12, '65. Trans. to Veteran Reserve
 Corps. Wounded in the field, Va. V.V.
 Duffe, Stacy K. 21. Aug. 1, '61—July 31, '63. Died of wounds received on
 Morris Is. V.
 Doering, John. 28. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. In Regi-
 mental Band. V.V.
 De Camp, John C. 28. Aug. 24, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded on Morris Is. and Chester Heights. V.V.
 Jones, Robert. 28. Sept. 2, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McCullough, Wm. H. 16. Sept. 2, '61—May 12, '65. Disability. Wounded
 at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
 Owen, William. 18. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Parkin, Paul. 19. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Styles, Barclay B. 20. Aug. 26, '61—May 27, '65. Disability. Wounded at Ft.
 Wagner and wounded and taken prisoner at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
 Smedley, John. 19. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Schneider, Louis. 30. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Smith, Charles. 22. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Raleigh Aug. 2, '65. S.
 Wagner, Oscar. 32. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Woodside, John A. 23. Sept. 6, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.

MUSICIANS.

- Bennett, Thomas. 16. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Murther, James. 16. Aug. 3, '61—Aug. 29, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 in the field, Va. V.
 White, Thomas M. 24. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

WAGONERS.

- Croasdale, Robt. R. 31. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Howell Caleb H. 19. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

COMPANY D—Continued.

PRIVATES.

- Allen, Enoch. 19. Sept. 2, '61—May 19, '64. Killed in action near Hatcher's Run. V.
- Applegate, Jacob. 19. Sept. 6, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Anderson, John. 21. Aug. 31, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
- Algiers, James. 18. Mar. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Bechtel, Joseph B. 18. July 26, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Bosworth, Daniel. 22. July 30, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Burroughs, Abram L. 24. Aug. 19, '61—June 16, '63. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- Bowers, Elijah. 19. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
- Brewer, Christopher. 27. Sept. 16, '61—May 5, '64. Disability. V.V.
- Baity, William. 23. Mar. 25, '62— Missing from veteran furlough, May 30, '64. V.V.
- Bowden, James T. 19. Sept. 12, '62—Jan. 25, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.
- Bailey, Thomas. 21. Oct. 19, '63—Apr. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
- Bennett, Edward. 40. Sept. 16, '64. June 13, '65. Disability. V.
- Burns, Thomas. 25. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Brandt, Alois. 34. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Blees, Nicholas. 30. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Bogher, Louis. 27. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Burt, Allen. 29. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Bond, John. 21. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 2, '65. S.
- Brean, Patrick. 18. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Brennan, William. 23. Feb. 23, '65—June 9, '65. Disability. S.
- Blackwell, John F. 21. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Croasdale, Edward H. 21. Aug. 11, '61—Aug. 19, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Chester Heights. V.
- Croasdale, Jonas P. 19. Aug. 11, '61—Jan. 25, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Morris Island. V.
- Clifton, Daniel H. 20. Aug. 19, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Cole, Charles M. 25. Aug. 20, '61—Aug. 3, '63. Died of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Clark, John. 19. Aug. 24, '61—June 16, '64. Died at Andersonville. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Curtis, Edwin S. 18. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 16, '63. Appointed to Military Academy, West Point. V.
- Corlies, David. 18. Sept. 9, '61—July 21, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- Conover, John N. 20. Sept. 9, '61—July 5, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- Casazza, Carlo. 18. Nov. 30, '61— Missing from veteran furlough. V.V.
- Costello, James. 20. Sept. 24, '64—June 13, '65. Disability. S.
- Carr, Philip. 34. Jan. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Calligan, John. 30. Jan. 24, '65—July 15, '65. Disability. S.
- Drake, John. 22. July 30, '61—June 13, '65. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.V.
- Deming, Henry. 20. Aug. 31, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Chester Heights. S.
- Douglass, Samuel G. 26. Dec. 16, '63—Aug. 30, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.

COMPANY D—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Doctery, Jacob. 27. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Denny, Michael. 19. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Donnahay, Jesse. 40. Mar. 30, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Emmons, Dallas. See Wagoner, Roster of Co. G.
 Emmons, Conover. 22. Sept. 6, '61— Disability. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V. V.
 Ellis, Samuel. 18. Oct. 19, '63—April 21, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at Olustee. S.
 Fielder, Francis A. 20. Aug. 23, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V. V.
 Fitch, John H. 24. Sept. 3, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. In regimental band. V.
 Farrell, James. 30. Oct. 19, '63— Missing from hospital at Baltimore. Wounded at Olustee and Chester Heights. S.
 Flynn, Lawrence. 44. Nov. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Fields, Julius. 19. Sept. 23, '64—May 12, '65. Died of wounds. Wounded at Chester Heights and Wilmington. S.
 Feierabend, Egnaz. 38. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Flannigan, Morris. 42. Mar. 4, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Giddis, Charles J. See Wagoner, Roster of Co. K.
 Grimm, Joseph. 38. Apl. 10, '62—June, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Gunn, Charles W. 31. Sept. 1, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 Green, Henry. 31. Sept. 1, '63—May 19, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
 Graft, Benedict. 29. Oct. 19, '63—July 21, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
 Geller, Matthias. 27. Oct. 19, '63—June 28, '64. Died of wounds rec'd in front of Petersburg. S.
 Gardiner, William. 34. Oct. 19, '63—May 8, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at Chester Heights. Wounded at Olustee.
 Gardner, Peter. 38. Jan. 9, '65—June 16, '65. Disability. S.
 Gallagher, Hugh. 20. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gorman, Patrick. 21. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gogher, Martin. 25. Jan. 24, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 17, '65. S.
 Goodwin, Charles. 18. Feb. 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hastings, Edward. See Principal Musician, Roster of Non-Com. Staff.
 Howell, William J. 19. Aug. 19, '61—Aug. 20, '63. Died of wounds rec'd at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Hillerman, John H. 18. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Herbert, James S. 19. Sept. 4, '61—May 27, '62. Died of disease on Dawfuskie Is. V.
 Hartman, Peter. 29. May 25, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Huber, John. 42. Sept. 2, '63— Missing on retreat from Olustee. S.
 Hill, John. 30. Sept. 2, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 Hans, Peter. 22. Oct. 19, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. Wounded at Olustee. S.
 Higgins, Patrick. 19. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
 Huth, Herman. 30. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hill, Ezra. 19. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Harris, Clark. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hinds, George. 31. Mar. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Jones, Thomas. 22. Aug. 4, '61— Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner (arm amputated). V.

COMPANY D—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Jones, William. 18. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Jolet, Henry. 40. Apl. 19, '62—May 15, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Jansen, Thomas. 32. Aug. 31, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 Johnson, John. 20. Aug. 31, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Johnson, William. 34. Oct. 13, '63—July 19, '65. Disability. V.
 Jones, Richard S. 18. Feb. 16, '65—July 19, '65. Disability. S.
 Keen, John. 23. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Kirscher, Matthias. 38. Feb. 14, '62—Feb. 19, '64. Died of disease. V.
 Kelly, James. 23. Oct. 19, '63—
 7, '64. Wounded at Olustee. S. Missing from Chapin's Farm, Nov.
 Kaufman, Frederick. 30. Jan. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Lodge, Isaac D. 19. July 24, '61—Aug. 10, '63. Died of wounds rec'd at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Larome, Louis. 21. Apl. 4, '62—Apl. 4, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
 Lantz, Albert. 27. Oct. 30, '63—Apl. 14, '65. Disability. Wounded at Strawberry Plains. S.
 Leroy, Jonas. 21. Mar. 19, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Leavy, Thomas. 25. Mar. 31, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Lantry, Francis. 18. Jan. 19, '65—
 '65. S. Missing from Raleigh, June 27,
 Lucas, Richard S. 30. Feb. 20, '65—
 65. S. Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 25,
 Lejoy, Joseph. 37. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Loughrey, John. 21. Mar. 26, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Moon, Timothy. 20. July 27, '61—May 9, '65. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, and taken prisoner at Bermuda Hundred. V.V.
 McCreef, Henry. 19. Aug. 19, '61—Aug. 18, '62. Disability. V.
 Mounce, Charles W. 21. Aug. 25, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Mason, Abraham. 23. Aug. 27, '61—
 confined at Andersonville. V. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner;
 Magee, Abraham. 21. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 McDowell, Thomas. 18. Sept. 2, '61—July 10, '63. Died of wounds rec'd at Morris Is. V.
 Mignon, Ernest. 39. Mar. 28, '62—
 '64. V.V. Missing from furlough May 30,
 Martellerie, Bernard De La. 42. May, 1, '62—May 7, '64. Killed in action at Chester Heights. V.
 McAlly, Hugh. 36. Sept. 1, '63—
 Wounded at Olustee and Drewry's Bluff. S. Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65.
 Milroy, James. 33. Sept. 2, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 Müller, Christian. 33. Oct. 19, '63—May 28, '65. Disability. Wounded at Strawberry Plains. S.
 Minard, Jeremiah. Oct. 30, '63—May 15, '65. Disability. Wounded at Olustee and Strawberry Plains. S.
 Murphy, Michael. Oct. 30, '63—Mar. 24, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at Olustee. V.
 Monroe, William. 19. Dec. 19, '63—Aug. 19, '65. Disability. V.
 McCarty, James. 18. Jan. 28, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Manson, William. 19. Feb. 18, '64—July 15, '65. Disability. V.
 Matteson, Albert. 18. Feb. 18, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Mattuschksy, Reinhold. 22. Sept. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY D—Continued.

PRIVATEs—Continued.

- Muller, Augustus. 21. Jan. 20, '65—May 5, '65. Died. Wounded at Strawberry Plains. S.
- McGrath, John. 23. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Marshall, Cornelius. 18. Jan. 24, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Matthews, James. 22. Mar. 9, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 31, '65. S.
- McDonald, William. 23. March 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 31, '65. S.
- Millis, George. 18. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Newman, Isaac. 19. Sept. 26, '64—June 1, '65. Disability. S.
- Oliver, Edward. 18. Feb. 8, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Palmer, Abraham J. 15. July 24, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Pimm, John L. 24. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. , '63. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. V.
- Purdy, Andrew C. 22. April 6, '62—April 25, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
- Perrenot, Frederick. 29. Nov. 29, '62— Missing from veteran furlough, May 30, '64. V.V.
- Pike, John. 22. Dec. 22, '63—Aug. 17, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
- Perkins, William. 44. Sept. 2, '63—June 30, '65. Died of disease. S.
- Potter, Peter. 21. Oct. 19, '63—April 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
- Parshall, John B. 21. Dec. 19, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Priest, Rufus G. 18. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Pierson, Chester B. 42. Jan. 18, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Plunkett, James. 28. July 30, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Pray, Daniel. 30. Jan. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
- Richman, George W. 17. Aug. 13, '61—July 1, '64. Killed in rifle-pits before Petersburg. V.V.
- Ronk, John. 24. Sept. 2, '61—Jan. 27, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Morris Is. V.
- Reed, George H. 23. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee, in the field, Va., and at Deep Bottom. V.
- Royce, Eugene. 18. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Reilly, Charles. 19. March 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Smith, William H. 22. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Sithen, Ziba. 30. Aug. 9, '61—June 1, '63. Disability. V.
- Souder, Elmer. 21. Aug. 25, '61—Dec. 11, '63. Disability from wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Scudder, Theodore. 21. Aug. 25, '61—April 24, '62. Disability. V.
- Smith, Henry. 22. Sept. 2, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Sibley, Edward. 23. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Spear, James. 22. Sept. 2, '61—Jan. 27, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Smith, Samuel T. 18. Dec. 15, '61—Dec. 25, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Simonds, Joseph. 27. April 17, '62—April , '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Smith, John. 44. Missing from veteran furlough, May 30, '64. V.V.
- Shafer, John C. 28. Sept. 22, '64—June 13, '65. Disability. S.
- Sharp, Horatio B. 18. Sept. 23, '64—June 13, '65. Disability. S.
- Schultz, Ernst. 30. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Styles, George. 19. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Souderman, William. 30. Jan. 23, '65—June 4, '65. Died of disease at Raleigh. S.

COMPANY D—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Spooner, Horatio B. 30. Mar. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Sears, Benjamin F. 18. Mar. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Seifort, Matthias. 35. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Tunison, George W. 19. Mar. 14, '62—March 19, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Tailleur, Jean. 23. Missing from veteran furlough, May 30, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.V.
 Thomas, John. 19. Sept. 1, '63—June, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
 Thomas, Charles H. 18. Mar. 2, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Voelters, Frederick. 42. Dec. 3, '63— Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Strawberry Plains. V.
 Wilgus, John L. 23. July 29, '61—Dec. 2, '63. Died at Richmond. Taken prisoner on Morris Is. V.
 Weed, Truman A. 20. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. In regimental band. V.
 Worden, William H. 20. April 30, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Wagner, Avon. 18. Mar. 1, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 16, '65. S.
 Wagner, James H. 19. Mar. 1, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Wilmurth, Peter P. 20. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Zerwick, John. 24. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

COMPANY E.

CAPTAINS.

- Coan, Wm. B. See Colonel, Roster of Field and Staff.
 Nichols, Jas. M. 26. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 12, '64. Exp'n of service. 2d Lieut. Co. G Aug. 26, '61; 1st Lieut. Co. H June 18, '62; Capt. July 18, '63; Brevet-Major, Lieut.-Col., and Colonel U. S. V. V.
 Dunn, Jas. W. 23. Aug. 14, '61—Jan. 15, '65. Killed in action at Ft. Fisher. Promoted from 1st Serg. to 2d Lieut. July 15, '64; 1st Lieut. Aug. 1, '64; Capt. Dec. 3, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V. V.
 Garaghan, H. T. 18. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Serg. Co. H to 2d Lieut. Aug. 16, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 12, '64; Capt. Jan. 1, '65. V. V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Hurst, Fred'k. See Capt., Roster of Co. K.
 Taylor, Jos. R. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
 Williams, Jos. M. 23. Mar. 15, '62—Sept. 25, '64. Resigned. Promoted from Private Co. A to Quartermaster Sergt.; to 2d Lieut. July 6, '64; 1st Lieut. July 30, '64 (not mustered). V.
 Orton, Chas. C. 23. Jan. 1, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Private Co. F to Com. Sergt.; to 1st Lieut. Sept. 16, '64. V. V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Edwards, Robert S. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. C.
 Hale, Christopher. See Adjt., Roster of Field and Staff.
 Acker, Henry. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 Giles, John. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. I.
 McGuigan, Arthur. 21. Aug. 1, '61—July 20, '65. Resigned. Promoted from Sergt. Co. D to 2d Lieut. Ap'l 18, '65. V. V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Morton, George. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. G.
 Fagans, Geo. W. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. G.
 Rumsey, Dubois B. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. A.
 Barnes, Julius. 20. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Chester Heights and Deep Bottom. V. V.

SERGEANTS.

- Avery, Amos. 31. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V. V.
 Brooksbank, George. 18. Aug. 1, '62—May 3, '65. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
 Condon, Maurice. 27. Sept. 1, '62—May 3, '65. Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion. V.
 Conity, Thomas. 22. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V. V.
 Cook, George. 23. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Cornwall, Fred. D. 18. Dec. 1, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Danielson, William. 22. Aug. 20, '61—Feb. 18, '63. Commissioned 1st Lieut. 33d U. S. C. T.; Capt. July 26, '63; Major 128th U. S. C. T., May, '65. V.

COMPANY E—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- Fisher, Jesse. 23. July 24, '61—Sept. '63. Commissioned 2d Lieut. 33d U. S. C. T. V.
 Jones, Chas. A. 20. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
 Lawson, James. 34. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 McLaughlin, John. 24. Jan. 14, '65— Missing from Raleigh Aug. 16, '65. S.
 Mooney, John. 25. Feb. 16, '65. Missing from Raleigh Aug. 16, '65. S.
 Sears, Henry H. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. H.
 Snyder, Luke. See Sergt.-Major, Roster of Non.-Com. Staff.
 Sweeney, James. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 Thompson, John W. 27. Aug. 30, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Exp'n of service. Declined commission 2d Lieut. Wounded at Olustee. V.

CORPORALS.

- Anderson, Frank. 23. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bates, Cornwall A. 20. Aug. 8, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Bates, Dewitt C. 19. Oct. 19, '63—May 3, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Ft. Fisher. V.
 Bennett, Thos. 20. Aug. 26, '61—May 3, '64. V.
 Brassell, Thos. 18. Aug. 8, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Burton, John. 19. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Chapman, Wm. 23. July 20, '61— Missing from Lee, Mass., Jan. 19, '65. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Douglas, Robert. 22. Aug. 24, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Gardiner, Geo. R. 24. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 1, '63. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Gray, Benjamin. 34. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Hamilton, Alonzo R. See Quartermaster Sergeant, Roster of Non-Com-Staff.
 Hynes, Chas. C. 34. Aug. 21, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Johnson, Edward. 26. Aug. 30, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Major, Wm. S. 21. Aug. 19, '61—May 3, '65. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Messenger, Andrew. 23. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Muldrey, Thomas. 19. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Trans. from Co. I. V.
 Muller, Francis. 22. Mar. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Murray, Wells C. 37. Jan. 25, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Sherman, Benj. 24. Mar. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Singleton, Thos. 18. Aug. 26, '61—Mar. 11, '62. Drowned in Cooper River. S. C. V.
 Smalls, Chas. F. 27. Sept. 2, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Stapleton, Patrick. 22. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Wakefield, Edward. 44. Aug. 13, '62—May 3, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Olustee. V.
 Wilson, John R. 20. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY E—Continued.

MUSICIANS.

- Stewart, John M. 19. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Spell, Wm. H. 21. Dec. 1, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. V.
 Shannon, George. 18. See Com. Sergt., Roster of Non.-Com. Staff.

PRIVATES.

- Anderson, Robert. 27. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Ashlener, Geo. 23. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Andrews, Wm. 18. July 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of Service. V.
 Abrams, Smith. 18. Aug. 27, '61— Disability. V.
 Alldis, Henry. 20. Sept. 2, '61—June 30, '64. Killed in rifle-pits before Peters-
 burg. V.V.
 Bennett, Henry C. 24. Feb. 20, '63—Aug. 11, '65. V.
 Brodt, Andrew. 27. Oct. 19, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Brown, George. 34. Feb. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Boudinot, Henry. 18. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Brower, Jas. A. 18. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor and Olustee. V.
 Berg, Christian. 43. June 9, '62—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Babcock, Warren H. 35. Feb. 13, '64—Sept. 1, '64. Disability. V.
 Brown, Joseph. 18. Aug. 24, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wag-
 ner. V.
 Barry, James. 30. Jan. 23, '65—July 6, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
 Burkhardt, Joseph. 21. Nov. 29, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olus-
 tee. V.
 Bence, Edward. 24. Mar. 24, '62— Missing from New York, July,
 '64. V.
 Bowe, Jas. 25. Jan. 10, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. '65. S.
 Bisson, Nicholas. 40. Feb. 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June,
 '65. S.
 Bridges, Chas. 20. Feb. 24, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 30,
 '65. S.
 Bluer, August. 24. Feb. 24, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Colgan, John. 18. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Cassidy, Andrew. 27. Aug. 21, '61—May 15, '62. Died of disease on Daw-
 fuskie Island. V.
 Cops, Henry. 28. Aug. 21, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's
 Bluff. V.V.
 Cook, Patrick H. 25. Aug. 13, '62—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold
 Harbor. V.
 Carlton, Samuel. 29. Feb. 27, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 10,
 '65. S.
 Carl, George. 22. Feb. 22, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 10,
 '65. S.
 Conway, George. 26. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Conover, James. 18. Feb. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Canon, Fred'k. 18. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Corley, John. 24. Feb. 17, '65—May 4, '65. S.
 Church, Edward D. 18. Feb. 14, '65—July 18, '65. S.
 Doty, Charles. 19. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Dillon, Isaac. 33. Sept. 7, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Degarmo, Peter. 19. Feb. 24, '65. Disability. S.
 Degarmo, George. 22. Aug. 10, '61—Aug. 6, '64. Died at Andersonville.
 Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.

COMPANY E—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- De Arcey, Edward. 18. Mar. 20, '64. Died of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff. D.
- Dolan, James. 19. Aug. 26, '61—July 4, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Druba, Peter. 26. Feb. 24, '65—Aug. 6, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
- Dutil, Emile. 30. Mar. 27, '62— Missing from Raleigh, May, '65. V.
- De Larey, Robt. 21. Jan. 14, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July, '65. S.
- Dwyer, Williams. 20. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Davidson, Williams. 30. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- De George, Chas. J. 29. Mar. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- De George, Joseph W. 18. Feb. 1, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Dennis, Michael. 23. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Darling, David. 27. Feb. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Davis, John. 18. Feb. 10, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Evans, Andrew. 18. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Eustis, Jacob. 20. Jan. 10, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 15, '65. S.
- Emvisier, Alex. 32. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 21, '65. S.
- Englebrecht, Aug. 19. Jan. 24, '65—July 18, '65. S.
- Estrado, Henry. 22. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Fay, Patrick. 22. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Flint, Martin. 25. Feb. 20, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Gallagher, Patrick. 40. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Gillmore, Fred'k. 21. Aug. 10, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Graham, David. 28. Feb. 17, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 4, '65. S.
- Goldwithe, Chas. 40. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Green, Wm. C. 26. Feb. 13, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Green, John. 44. Feb. 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Heath, Chas. 34. Aug. 20, '61—Mar. 31, '62. Disability. V.
- Howell, James. 43. Aug. 15, '62—May 3, '65. Wounded at Wilmington. V.
- Harting, John. 35. Sept. 13, '62—May 3, '65. Disability. V.
- Hawkins, Wm. H. 22. Sept. 9, '61— Died at Richmond. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Hartinkein, Henrich. 22. April 1, '62—May 5, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Hoff, Jacob. 21. June 12, '62—Oct. 30, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Henry, William. 28. Feb. 20, '65— Missing from Raleigh, May 30, '65. S.
- Harrison, James. 27. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Holtmier, Joseph. 30. Feb. 24, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Hawley, John. 27. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Henry, Edward H. 23. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Iden, Frederick. 22. Mar. 26, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Isner, Edward. 22. Feb. 25, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Inroth, Gustave. 20. —Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
- Jockiss, Jacob. 36. Feb. 21, '62—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Johnston, John. 28. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY E—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Joy, Thomas. 25. Jan. 10, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Kelly, James. 19. Sept. 23, '64—May 3, '65. S.
- Kane, James. 30. Sept. 24, '62—May 3, '65. W'd at Cold Harbor. V.
- Kobath, George. 21. Sept. 14, '62—May 3, '65. W'd at Cold Harbor. V.
- Kelly, James. 25. Jan. 14, '65— Missing from Wilmington Mar. '65. S.
- Kelly, Michael. 21. Jan. 2, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Kiechl, John W. 24. Jan. 11, '65—May 3, '65. S.
- Klein, Oscar. 34. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Kleiss, Michael. 25. Jan. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Link, Conrad. 41. Jan. 9, '62—May 3, '65. V.
- Lambert, Thos. 19. Jan. 26, '65—May 3, '65. S.
- Lorton, Alex. 19. Aug. 21, '62—May 3, '65. Disability. V.
- Liebner, William. 37. Feb. 10, '65—May 3, '65. Disability. S.
- Lorton, Horatio. 32. Aug. 21, '62—Dec. 27, '64. Died at Hampton. V.
- Ladue, Garrison. 18. Aug. 13, '61—May 15, '63. V.
- Lewis, John. 20. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Leighton, George. 27. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Lownas, John. 35. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Lindsey, Richard. 23. Sept. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Muldoon, Peter. 20. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Miller, Henry. 22. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- McMahon, John. 29. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Manly, Wm. T. 20. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Monell, Peter B. See Hosp. Steward, Roster of Non-Com. Staff.
- Minett, Louis. 35. Mar. 24, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Mathews, John. 18. Feb. 21, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Munda, John. 25. Sept. 26, '64—May 3, '65. S.
- Mills, Charles. 20. Aug. 19, '62—'63. Trans. to Navy. Received one of the five medals awarded by Congress for bravery. V.
- Messenger, Charles. 18. Aug. 1, '61—'63. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Mansfield, Charles. 18. April 2, '62— Missing from furlough, June, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- McCann, Patrick. 23. Jan. 25, '65— Missing from Wilmington, March, '65. S.
- Malin, John. 25. Jan. 14, '65— Missing from Raleigh July, '65. S.
- McCully, Samuel K. 29. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- McNally, Richard. 22. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and in the field, Va. V.V.
- Mott, Martin. 20. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- McCarthy, John. 22. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Mayer, Anthony. 19. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Maloney, Thomas. 22. Dec. 11, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Mack, Cornelius. 20. March 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Miller, Louis. 19. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Others, Alexander. 26. Apl. 1, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee and Deep Bottom. V.

COMPANY E—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- O'Brien, Michael. 21. Jan. 13, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 15, '65. S.
- Ornd, Lewis G. 27. Sept. 22, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded in the field, Va. V.
- Pemberton, Harrison. 19. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Pemberton, Henry. 42. Aug. 20, '61— '63. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.
- Potter, Henry. 22. Aug. 18, '62—Aug. 21, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Post, Frederick. 19. Aug. 22, '61— Missing from New York '63. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Powell, Wm. H. 18. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Pope, John. 34. March 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Quinn, Daniel. 18. Jan. 10, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Raynor, Joseph B. 18. Aug. 9, '61— Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Rowell, Horace. 22. Sept. 2, '63— Missing from Gloucester, April, '64. Wounded at Olustee. D.
- Reed, George. 44. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Rosa, Moses. 28. Aug. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rathbone, John. 18. Aug. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Richards, George. 18. March 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Ryan, William. 26. March 1, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Stubbs, Peter. 21. Dec. 29, '63—May 7, '64. Killed in action at Chester Heights. V.
- Sheehan, James. 21. March 12, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Smith, Peter. 19. Aug. 27, '62—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Steinworth, Theodore. 24. Aug. 22, '62—May 3, '65. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Stanley, Lawrence. 35. Dec. 31, '63—May 3, '65. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.
- Smith, Christopher. 26. Sept. 13, '61—July 1, '64. Killed in rifle-pits before Petersburg. V.
- Smith, John S. 25. Sept. 2, '62—Sept. 3, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Smalling, George E. 19. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 3, '64. Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. V.
- Stone, Walter. 25. Jan. 14, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 2, '65. S.
- Schneider, John. 30. Feb. 9, '64— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 17, '65. V.
- Smith, Josiah. 20. Aug. 11, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Smith, Peter. 19. Dec. 22, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Ft. Fisher. V.
- Shay, Everett. 34. March 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Shapzel, Fred. 35. March 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Trask, Edwin. 38. Jan. 2, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Taylor, Frank B. 18. Aug. 23, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Terry, Bryant B. 20. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Turfler, Francis A. 23. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.

COMPANY E—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Vreeland, Abraham. 21. Aug. 26, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Vasey, Thomas. 20. Aug. 8, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Van Zant, James. 18. Aug. 27, '61— Died at Andersonville. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Walters, Thomas. 18. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and at Deep Bottom. V.
- Winven, Cornelius. 21. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
- Wood, Cornell S. 23. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Westermier, Jacob. 30. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Wolf, Henry. 24. March 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Yerks, Nathaniel. 38. Aug. 11, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.

COMPANY F.

CAPTAINS.

- Green, James M. See Lieut.-Col., Roster of Field and Staff.
 Swartwout, Saml. M. See Major, Roster of Field and Staff.
 D'Arcy, Wm. E. 27. Aug. 5, '61—Aug. 14, '64. Killed in action at Deep Bottom. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Aug. 28, '63; 1st Lieut. Aug. 4, '64; Capt. July 15, '64. V.
 Lacoppidan, Adolph. 26. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. H to 2d Lieut. Mar. 10, '64; 1st Lieut. July 6, '64; Capt. Aug. 14, '64. V.V.
 Fletcher, David B. 23. Mar. 11, '62—May 15, '65. Discharged. Promoted from Sergt. Co. A to Sergt.-Maj.; 2d Lieut. July 15, '64; 1st Lieut. Dec. 17, '64; Capt. Jan. 15, '65; (not mustered as 1st Lieut. or Capt.) Wounded at Morris Island. Taken prisoner in front of Petersburg. V.V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Wallace, Samuel K. 26. Aug. 5, '61—Dec. 29, '62. Resigned. V.
 Moser, Samuel H. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
 Redman, Enoch J. 21. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. I to 1st Lieut. Jan. 6, '65. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
 Grant, Henry D. Dec. 4, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 2d Lieut. Aug. 26, '63; 1st Lieut. Mar. 25, '65 (not mustered). Trans. from 117th N.Y.V. V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Robinson, Henry W. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. B.
 Barrett, William. 32. Aug. 15, '61—July 5, '63. Resigned. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Oct. 26, '62. V.
 Lyons, Lorenzo C. 19. Aug. 5, '61—June 18, '64. Died of disease at Beaufort. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Apl. 9, '64 (not mustered). V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Kipp, David. 19. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Wilmington. V.V.
 Hutchinson, E. J. See Capt., Roster of Co. I.
 Tuttle, Wm. E. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. D.
 Wyckoff, Chas. B. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. H.

SERGEANTS.

- Beissenhurz, Gustavus. 21. Sept. 2, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Cox, Daniel. 22. Sept. 3, '61—May 30, '64. Died of wounds received at Olustee. V.

COMPANY F—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- Duff, William. 19. Aug. 18, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Fort Wagner. V.V.
 Michaels, Jacob L. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. B.
 Newman, Edgar B. 19. Sept. 3, '61—June 19, '65. Disability. Wounded at Olustee. V.V.
 Ring, Simon, D.M.P. 25. Oct. 26, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Sheridan, Edward. 28. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Voorheef, Louis. 28. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Wyckoff, James S. 21. Jan. 17, '62—Jan. 20, '64. Commissioned 2d Lieut., 39th N. Y. V., 1st Lieut. Oct. 5, '64; Adj. Feb. 28, '65; Capt. Mar. 2, '65 (not mustered). Received "Gillmore Medal." V.

CORPORALS.

- Bracker, James. 18. Aug. 16, '62—Sept. 10, '64. Died. Wounded at Olustee and Strawberry Plains. V.
 Britroback, Clemens. 25. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cosgrove, Simon H. 27. Sept. 16, '61—Feb. 29, '64. Died at Hilton Head, of wounds received at Olustee. V.
 Davey, John. 29. Feb. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Dumaz, Edward. 21. Aug. 14, '61—Feb. 21, '65. Killed in action at Wilmington. V.V.
 Elkins, Jas. H. 19. Feb. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Gardan, Alexander. 19. Feb. 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
 Gaven, Matthias. 21. Aug. 26, '62—May 4, '65. Disability. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Heuston, Richard. 28. Mar. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Hoffman, John. 19. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Lepine, Joseph. 30. Jan. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Masker, Richard. 18. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Onderkirk, Wm. 24. Aug. 10, '61—July 26, '63. Died at Beaufort, of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Potter, Henry B. 18. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Purdy, Chas. 18. Dec. 24, '63— Missing from furlough, July 1, '65. V.
 Ryan, Peter. 33. Aug. 18, '61— Missing from furlough, Apl. 22, '64. V.
 Stansbury, Jas. 19. Oct. 19, '63— Missing from Raleigh, July 22, '65.
 Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Schuchart, Carl. 18. Jan. 16, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 26, '65. S.
 Vane, James. 21. Sept. 26, '64— Missing from Raleigh, Ap'l 18, '65. S.
 Williams, Robt. C. 18. Sept. 11, '61—Aug. 14, '64. Killed in action at Deep Bottom. V.

MUSICIANS.

- Dickson, Robt. 44. Aug. 20, '61—July 14, '65. Disability. V.V.
 Morgan, Hugh. 17. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.

COMPANY F—Continued.

PRIVATES.

- Abrams, Chas. A. 18. Aug. 26, '61—June 11, '62. Died at Ft. Pulaski. V.
 Alburdis, Wm. H. 15. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Bower, Michael. 35. Aug. 8, '61—Nov. 19, '63. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Barnes, James. 24. Mar. 25, '62—Mar. 26, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Bogart, Alexander. 23. Aug. 1, '61—June 18, '65. Disability. V.V.
 Brown, Thos. M. G. 29. Dec. 11, '62—Nov. 21, '64. Disability. Wounded at Olustee and Deep Bottom. V.
 Burns, William. 41. Aug. 27, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Berraudt, Otto. 23. Feb. 20, '65—May 2, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
 Baither, Chas. 41. Mar. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bower, Fred'k. 20. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Burrows, John. 19. Feb. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Burke, Michael. 18. Nov. 12, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Brader, William. 19. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Broach, Wm. 25. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Brennan, Wm. 23. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bradley, John. 18. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Clark, Sylvester J. 32. Aug. 10, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cullen, James. 29. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Coville, Hiram B. 24. Dec. 31, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Coville, Josiah A. 30. Dec. 31, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Craft, Moses O. 25. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Carpenter, Wm. 36. Sept. 11, '61—Oct. 10, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Clark, John. 17. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Cardilla, Francis. 28. Feb. 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June 8, '65. S.
 Collins, Cornelius. 22. Feb. 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 28, '65. S.
 Cady, William. 25. Feb. 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 28, '65. S.
 Dean, Alvin L. 40. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Dodge, John. 24. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Doorhaumer, Ed. 17. Jan. 14, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Detrich, Conrad. 20. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Decker, Levi. 29. Jan. 30, '65—Mar. 21, '65. Disability. S.
 Daugherty, James. 40. Sept. 9, '61—May 12, '63. Disability. V.
 Dunne, Henry C. 25. Sept. 16, '61—June 30, '62. Disability. V.
 De Forest, Gearadus. 17. Dec. 17, '61—July 28, '62. Disability. V.
 Darrow, Samuel. 25. Aug. 20, '62—June 8, '64. Disability. V.
 Donahue, Chas. 41. Aug. 28, '62—Sept. 13, '62. Disability. V.
 Deacon, James H. 19. Sept. 2, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Dingee, Orville. 21. Sept. 22, '61— Missing from furlough, Apl. 22, '64. V.
 Dufren, Leander. 18. Mar. 22, '64— Missing from before Petersburg, Sept. 14, '64. S.
 Dugan, Thos. 19. Feb. 22, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 28, '65. S.
 De Grout, Jno. M. 42. Feb. 23, '65—July 9, '65. Died at Raleigh. S.
 Evans, Ellis. 15. Feb. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Ethridge, Richard. 18. Mar. 31, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Flagg, Alfred. 22. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY F—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Fagans, Thos. 22. Feb. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Ferguson, W. H. 39. Feb. 13, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Fifer, Samuel. 26. Mar. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Fifer, Michael. 22. Jan. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Fitzgerald, John G. 21. Nov. 9, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.
 Flinn, Peter. 25. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Flannigan, Wm. 39. Jan. 2, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Foley, Wm. H. 19. Aug. 8, '61—Jan. 14, '64. Disability. Wounded at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Furness, Wm. 24. Sept. 20, '61—Oct. 10, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner and Olustee. V.
 Funday, Joshua. 16. Sept. 16, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wag-
 ner. V.
 Felt, D. Harman Philip. 24. Mar. 2, '62— Missing from furlough,
 Apl. 22, '64. V.
 Flynn, Thomas. 24. Jan. 16, '65— Missing from Raleigh Apl. 18,
 '65. S.
 Genter, Wm. 19. Jan. 3, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Golden, Barney. 32. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gauther, August. 25. Mar. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Gardner, Matthew. 36. Sept. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Green, Benj. F. 26. Aug. 8, '61—July 29, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.V.
 Gill, Daniel. 27. Aug. 16, '61—Nov. 28, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pu-
 laski. V.
 Grey, Abiam B. 20. Apl. 26, '62—July 18, '62. Disability. V.
 Harren, John. 34. Feb. 3, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Harbricht, Wm. 20. Feb. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hallenbeck, Jacob. 19. Oct. 30, '63—June 7, '65. Disability. Wounded at
 Olustee. S.
 Howard, Wm. B. 21. Aug. 18, '61—Jan. 5, '64. Disability. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. V.
 Hyatt, Joseph E. 20. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 20, '63. Disability. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. V.
 Higgins, Edward. 19. Sept. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Havens, Calvin. 18. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Hubbard, Wm. 44. Feb. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. S.
 Homer, Chas. 32. Jan. 18, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 1,
 '65. S.
 Johnson, Jas. M. 21. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Jackson, Andrew. 30. Dec. 9, '63—May 3, '65. Wounded at Olus-
 tee. V.
 Jones, Wm. 23. Sept. 27, '64—June 26, '65. Wounded at Ft. Fisher. S.
 Kane, Terrance. 19. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kelly, John. 21. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kehoe, Thomas. 31. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Klacc, Henry. 31. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kennie, Wm. 40. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Kelly, Thomas. 42. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Keating, James. 33. Aug. 28, '61—July 22, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pu-
 laski. V.
 King, Andrew. 24. Sept. 7, '61—Feb. 21, '65. Killed in action at Wilming-
 ton. V.V.

COMPANY F—Continued.

PRIVATE—Continued.

- Kellogg, Henry W. 23. Sept. 12, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Kelly, Henry. 26. Oct. 9, '63— Missing from hospital, New York, May, '65. V.
- Lockwood, Henry. 18. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Lockwood, Andrew. 18. Jan. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Lust, Henry. 24. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Levally, Wm. L. 22. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
- Lyons, John H. 18. Feb. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Lake, Wm. H. 15. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Lowrey, Thos. 21. Aug. 26, '62—Apl. 25, '64. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Lamoyné, Henry. 22. Nov. 30, '61—Nov. 30, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Limage, Michael. 21. Aug. 5, '61—Feb. 18, '64. Died in Libby Prison, Richmond. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Lorenzo, Louis. 31. Jan. 9, '62—July 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg. V.
- McDonald, Henry. 28. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- MacIlla, Frank. 19. Mar. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Millington, Geo. M. 18. Feb. 13, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- McFarland, Hudson. 19. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
- Mahoney, Morris. 20. Feb. 20, '64—May 7, '65— S.
- McDermot, James. 19. Aug. 11, '63—June 18, '65. Disability. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- McManus, Daniel. 19. Aug. 18, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Olustee. V.
- Morrissey, Thos. 23. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Mahon, James. 37. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Mattisher, John. 33. Sept. 6, '61—Dec. 14, '63. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- McGinness, Pat'k. 19. Sept. 16, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Martin, Wm. 19. Nov. 25, '63—Jan. 29, '64. Disability. V.
- McCarty, James. 34. Aug. 21, '63—June 10, '65. Disability. V.
- Madden, John. 37. Aug. 27, '61—May 2, '64. Died at Hampton. V.
- Murphy, Joseph. 34. Aug. 21, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- McLenahan, Matthew. 25. Aug. 21, '61—Dec. 31, '64. Died in Libby Prison, Richmond. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Mason, William. 22. Jan. 18, '64— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 1, '65. Wounded in field, Va. S.
- McCarty, John. 25. Aug. 21, '63— Missing from furlough, Sept. 4, '64. V.
- Moore, Geo. 24. Sept. 23, '64— Missing from Raleigh, July 22, '65. S.
- Noon, Martin. 18. Feb. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Nuttle, Isaac L. 39. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Norton, John. 23. Sept. 16, '64—June 26, '65— S.
- Nolan, Michael. 21. Sept. 12, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Orton, Chas. C. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. E.
- Ostrom, Chas. 21. Nov. 14, '62—Jan. 5, '64. Disability. V.
- O'Neil, Thos. 41. Aug. 24, '61—May 12, '63. Disability. V.
- O'Neil, John. 22. Jan. 7, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 14, '65. S.

COMPANY F—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Pattino, Dennis. 18. Jan. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Pierce, Ephraim. 21. Aug. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Packer, James. 25. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Phillips, John. 19. Feb. 25, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Pugsley, Jarvis. 33. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Pugsley, John G. 35. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Phillis, James. 19. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Perkins, Chas. J. 23. Sept. 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Poppie, John L. 24. April 7, '62— Commissioned Lieut. and Capt.
 3d U. S. C. T. V.
 Pinkerton, Henry. 40. Aug. 18, '61— V.V.
 Peek, Wm. L. 27. Sept. 10, '61—July 29, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.V.
 Reckert, Robert. 21. Feb. 15, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Russell, Joseph. 27. Aug. 7, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 in front of Petersburg. V.V.
 Ryan, John. 24. Aug. 27, '61—Aug. 10, '65. Disability. Wounded at Ft.
 Wagner, Olustee, Chester Heights, and Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Reynolds, Oscar. 18. Dec. 24, '63—May 10, '65. Disability. V.
 Reily, John. 23. Sept. 4, '64—June 26, '65. S.
 Rentz, Christian. 25. Jan. 27, '62—June 13, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Rudhardt, Fred'k. 25. June 12, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Robbins, Samuel. 19. Aug. 8, '61—Aug. 3, '63. Died of wounds received
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Stewart, William. 25. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. S.
 Sullivan, John. 20. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Sigenthaler, Nicholas. 33. Jan. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Shaft, Wm. E. 19. Aug. 13, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Smith, Chas. 19. Feb. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Smith, James M. 21. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Shanly, Daniel. 21. Aug. 19, '62—Jan. 5, '65. Disability. Wounded in field,
 Va. V.
 Sullivan, James. 30. Sept. 4, '61—Sept. 10, '64. Disability. V.
 Shult, Peter. 26. Jan. 24, '62—Feb. 29, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at
 Olustee. V.
 Stevens, Fred'k. 26. Sept. 20, '64—June 26, '65. S.
 Smith, Barney. 20. Oct. 19, '63—June 7, '65. Disability. Wounded at Olus-
 tee. S.
 Schnatz, Nicholas. 38. Aug. 1, '61—Aug. 11, '65. Disability. Wounded at
 Chester Heights. V.V.
 Smith, Henry B. 21. Aug. 15, '61—July 29, '64. Trans. to Invalid
 Corps. V.V.
 Schiltz, Theoplis. 28. Nov. 3, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olus-
 tee. V.
 Smith, Francis. 19. Aug. 27, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olus-
 tee. V.
 Schulater, John F. 24. Aug. 4, '61—July 28, '64. Died in Libby Prison, Rich-
 mond. V.
 Schalker, Gerald. 33. Feb. 29, '64— Missing from furlough, Apr.
 22, '64. S.
 Shields, John. 26. Nov. 18, '63— Missing from furlough, Oct. 4,
 '64. S.
 Senior, George. 18. Feb. 22, '64— Missing from Hospital, New York,
 May, '65. S.
 Thurston, William. 18. Jan. 5, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.

COMPANY F—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Turner, John. 29. Feb. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Tompkins, Edward. 16. Aug. 25, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Thayer, Geo. E. 19. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Chester Heights. V.
 Taylor, Joseph R. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
 Thayer, Albert. 18. Jan. 5, '64—Jan. 4, '65. Disability. S.
 Vogler, Geo. F. 29. Aug. 5, '61—Apr. 11, '62. Disability. V.
 Vans, Martin C. 18. Aug. 17, '61—July 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg mine explosion. Wounded in field, Va. V.
 Vane, James. 21. Sept. 26, '64— Missing from Raleigh, July 26, '65. S.
 Welcone, Francis D. 21. Jan. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Walters, Geo. 28. Feb. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 White, Geo. H. 18. March 24, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Waldron, Edward. 23. Dec. 24, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Winsbone, David S. 21. Jan. 2, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 White, Edward. 43. Sept. 6, '61—July 20, '62. Disability. V.
 White, James. 27. Sept. 17, '61—Oct. 10, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Whitlock, Daniel D. 26. Sept. 16, '61—Feb. 22, '64. Promoted to 2d Lieut., 39th N. Y. V. (declined). V.
 Walker, John E. 18. Aug. 28, '61—Apr. 11, '62. Disability. V.
 Wagner, David. 18. March 15, '64—May 3, '65. S.
 Wormwood, Morris. 21. Feb. 6, '64—May 3, '65. S.
 Whitford, Robert. 23. Aug. 11, '61—June 25, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.

COMPANY G.

CAPTAINS.

- Elmendorf, Anthony. 20. July 26, '61—April 19, '64. Resigned. Capt. Aug. 26, '61. V.
- Hilliard, Van Rensselaer K. 26. July 21, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Quartermaster Sergeant to Sergt.-Maj.; to 2d Lieut. Aug. 29, '62; 1st Lieut. Aug. 10, '63; Capt. April 18, '64; Brevet Maj. U.S.V. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Dunbar, Wm. H. See Capt., Roster of Co. A.
- Fagans, Geo. W. 21. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. E to 2d Lieut. Dec. 3, '64; 1st Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. V.V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Nichols, Jas. M. See Capt., Roster of Co. E.
- Dandy, Jas. H. 19. Sept. 14, '61—Oct. 26, '62. Commissioned 1st Lieut. 100th N.Y.S.V. Promoted from Sergt. Co. B to 2d Lieut. April 29, '62. Capt. Aug. 6, '63; Maj. Dec. 9, '64; Brevet Lieut.-Col. N. Y. V. (Killed in action April 2, '65.) V.
- Hutchinson, E. J. See Capt., Roster of Co. I.
- Morton, Geo. 32. Aug. 17, '61—April 22, '65. Dismissed. Promoted from Sergt. Co. E to 2d Lieut. April 6, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Root, Robert B. 20. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. April 6, '65. V.V.
- Michaels, Jacob L. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. B.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Crawford, Robert L. 43. Aug. 26, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Killed in action at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
- Wiegand, Peter. 40. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Henchey, John. 24. July 24, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.

SERGEANTS.

- Buckley, Albert P. 21. Aug. 18, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Biggar, John. 24. Aug. 3, '61— Missing from furlough to N. Y., March, '64. V.V.
- Duffy, Owen. 21. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Deep Bottom (leg amputated). V.
- Clark, Abram. 28. Sept. 16, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded twice at Cold Harbor. V.V.
- Hyatt, Chas. J. 19. Aug. 23, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

COMPANY G—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- Irvine, James. 30. Aug. 5, '61—June 18, '62. Disability. V.
 Keegan, Michael M. 33. Aug. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Smith, James M. 24. Aug. 16, '61—April 29, '65. Taken prisoner at Petersburg. V.V.
 Travers, William. 27. Aug. 14, '61— Died at home on parole. Taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Wheeler, Daniel B. 22. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 McLaughlin, Cornelius. 33. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.

CORPORALS.

- Beach, Henry A. 24. Aug. 5, '61—April 11, '63. Commissioned 2d Lieut. 33d U. S. C. T. 1st Lieut. April 30, '64. V.
 Bennett, Fred'k. 21. Aug. 16, '61—May 23, '65. Died. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Crawford, John A. 21. Aug. 20, '61— Died at Beverly, N. J. Wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. V.V.
 Clark, Maurice J. 21. Feb. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded and taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. S.
 Emory, Chas. L. 18. Aug. 7, '61— V.V.
 Fahey, Patrick. 21. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Granger, Wm. H. 22. Aug. 20, '62—June 26, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Ingraham, Aaron H. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. C.
 Johnson, Peter. 27. Sept. 12, '61—June 1, '64. Died. Wounded and taken prisoner at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Jessup, Edmund A. 28. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Lagan, Peter. 18. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McAuliffe, John. 29. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Nichols, James. 30. Sept. 23, '64—June 26, '65. S.
 O'Leary, Patrick. 20. Feb. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Sheehan, Patrick. 19. Aug. 26, '61—June 13, '65. Disability. Wounded at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
 St. John, Miles. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. H.
 Wood, William F. 18. Sept. 16, '61— Died of wounds received at Drury's Bluff. V.V.
 Wheelan, Jas. 30. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Woods, Edward. 24. Aug. 31, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Wheeler, Edward. 24. Aug. 23, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

MUSICIANS.

- Cady, Frank R. 19. July 27, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Irvine, Michael. 24. Feb. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kline, Chas. 19. March 22, '62—March 22, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Shute, Henry C. 15. Nov. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

WAGONER.

- Emmons, Dallas. 21. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Trans. from Co. D. V.V.

COMPANY G—Continued.

PRIVATES.

- Airey, Wm. E. 26. Oct. 3, '61—Sept. 8, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Allen, Chas. 18. Aug. 23, '61— V.
- Aurbach, Adolph. 24. April 24, '62— Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. V.
- Anderson, Henry. 21. Jan. 16, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June 5, '65. S.
- Bishop, Thos. 59. Aug. 24, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Brown, James. 15. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Beckstien, Henry. 36. Jan. 17, '65—July 19, '65. S.
- Baker, Henry. 24. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. S.
- Browning, John. 18. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Burlingham, Orvis. 20. Feb. 16, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Byrom, Edwin J. 21. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Blawers, Abram H. 22. Aug. 26, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Bell, Wm. 35. Aug. 27, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Bowman, Pulaski. 25. Aug. 26, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Boyle, Barney. 44. Aug. 14, '61— V.
- Burns, James. 34. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 1, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- Blinn, Clinton. 22. Aug. 13, '61—June 8, '65. Drowned from steamer Dupont while on furlough. V.V.
- Baxter, Geo. F. 22. Aug. 27, '61— Missing from furlough, Mar. 5, '64. V.V.
- Canfield, Horatio. 22. Aug. 28, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Carr, Patrick. 47. Sept. 1, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Catur, Andrew. 18. Aug. 14, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Cox, Charles. 22. Feb. 18, '65—June 10, '65. S.
- Cunningham, Edw'd. 32. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Conklin, Wm. H. 19. Aug. 24, '61—June 1, '64. Died of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Countryman, Thos. 20. Aug. 23, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Cookman, Wm. H. 24. Aug. 23, '61— Missing from Annapolis, Oct., '61. V.
- Chadin, Vincent. 19. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Cameron, John. 21. Feb. 23, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Carmichael, Hugh. 36. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Calkins, Martin. 18. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Cunningham, James. 33. Feb. 18, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Daniels, Thos. G. 28. Aug. 13, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- De Haven, Andrew J. 29. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Dalton, Patrick. 41. Aug. 26, '61— V.
- Dougherty, Thos. 35. Sept. 22, '61— V.
- Davis, Josiah. 22. Aug. 14, '61—Aug. 1, '64. Died of disease. V.
- Dunnam, Geo. 19. Oct. 21, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Deubel, Sebastian. 24. Apl. 3, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Dawson, John. 28. Aug. 2, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Died a prisoner at Richmond. V.
- Dubois, Victor. 30. Mar. 10, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June 3, '65. S.
- Dubois, Louis. 23. Mar. 10, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June 3, '65. S.
- Divine, Clenon. 18. Feb. 15, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Dall, Chas. 25. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Wilmington. S.

COMPANY G—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Enx, Otto. 21. Jan. 29, '62— Missing from hospital, New York, June, '65. V.
- Fenner, John D. 21. Aug. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Bermuda Hundred. V.V.
- Fair, Phineas. 30. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Fury, James. 22. Sept. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Farley, Michael. 28. Jan. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Fenner, Wm. H. 22. Aug. 24, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Fangrave, John. 21. Oct. 21, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
- Furlough, Michael. 19. Oct. 21, '63—June 1, '64. Supposed killed at Cold Harbor. V.
- Grouse, Paul. 35. Aug. 17, '61—May 16, '64. Supposed killed at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Gardner, John. 20. Aug. 16, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Glynn, Michael. 30. Sept. 8, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Gifford, Chas. 19. Feb. 22, '64—May 29, '65. Disability. V.
- Gibson, John. 20. Mar. 10, '65—June 7, '65. Disability. S.
- Granger, Thos. S. 18. Aug. 19, '62—July 7, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
- Gorman, James. 24. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Griffith, Benjamin. 18. Apl. 6, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Gledell, Henry. 41. Mar. 14, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Holmes, Robert H. 19. Sept. 13, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Henain, Constant. 25. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Homan, Michael. 21. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Hutchison, James. 33. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Hartt, Geo. 24. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Henry, Jas. C. 18. Feb. 29, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Henchy, Patrick. 20. Apl. 12, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Houston, Alexander W. 29. Aug. 8, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Hyatt, Chas. J. 41. Feb. 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Hare, James. 25. Apl. 5, '62—Nov. 8, '64. Disability. V.
- Holland, David. 42. Feb. 24, '65—June 18, '65. S.
- Hamblin, Wm. F. 18. Mar. 25, '64—June 21, '65. Disability. V.
- Harvey, Richard E. 18. Aug. 16, '61— V.
- Harris, Geo. 22. Oct. 21, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
- Hopkins, Wm. J. 18. Aug. 27, '61—Nov. 26, '61. Died of disease at Hilton Head. V.
- Hirsch, Max, 24. Aug. '61— Missing from furlough, Apl. 20, '64. V.V.
- Henderson, Andrew J. 21. Feb. 21, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 13, '65. S.
- Irvine, Wm. H. 18. Aug. 23, '61—May 24, '64. Died of wounds received at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Johnson, James. 22. Feb. 21, '65—June 13, '65. S.
- Johnson, Geo. N. 18. Mar. 20, '65—July 17, '65. Disability. S.
- Johnson, John. 28. Oct. 21, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Jones, John V. 21. Aug. '61—July 3, '65. Disability. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.V.
- Jessup, Charles. 20. Mar. 28, '64—May 18, '65. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded at Chester Heights. S.
- Jerome, Edward. 22. July 24, '61—Oct. 15, '64. Died of disease at Brooklyn, N. Y. V.V.
- Jenkins, Wm. 20. Feb. 16, '65— Missing from Raleigh, July 9, '65. S.

COMPANY G—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Kaufmann, Frank. 38. Sept. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Kells, James. 44. Aug. 18, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Supposed killed at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
 Kelley, Patrick. 25. Jan. 17, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 29, '65. S.
 Kettleman, Geo. 21. Mar. 11, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Kolb, Andrew. 21. Mar. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Lorens, John. 21. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Lauterback, Fred'k. 20. June 3, '62—June 3, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Little, John. 20. Aug. 26, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Maby, John. 22. Sept. 14, '61— Missing from Washington, Sept. 26, '61. V.
 Mellis, James. 28. Aug. 26, '61— Missing from hospital, New York, June 7, '65. V.V.
 Maloney, John. 30. Sept. 2, '61— Missing from hospital, New York, June 2, '65. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 McReady, John. 29. Mar. 10, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
 Maloughney, Lawrence. 20. Sept. 2, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Supposed killed at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
 Moriarty, Fergus. 28. Oct. 20, '63—Feb. 17, '65. Died a prisoner. Taken prisoner near Petersburg. V.
 McIntyre, Thos. 26. Sept. 3, '61—Oct. 15, '64. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion. V.V.
 McInnis, John. 25. Oct. 21, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 McKenzie, Michael. 30. Oct. 21, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 Murphy, John. 41. Aug. 24, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
 Moran, Daniel. 22. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Mitchell, Charles. 44. Sept. 4, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Mittnacht, Alexander. 26. July 9, '62—Sept. 8, '64. Commissioned 2d Lieut. 15th H. A. N. Y. V. V.
 McArthur, Albert. 21. Oct. 26, '63—Dec. 16, '64. Disability. Wounded at Cold Harbor. S.
 Moses, Herman. 24. Mar. 18, '62—Mar. 18, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion. V.
 McDonaugh, Peter. 36. Jan. 4, '64—June 10, '65. V.
 Miller, Stephen. 30. Feb. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Murphy, Timothy. 28. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Mivale, Sebastian. 21. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Morris, Joseph. 21. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Marston, Geo. 26. Sept. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Malloy, Michael. 18. Aug. '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion. V.V.
 Mentrendaler, Gottlieb. 18. Sept. 26, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Morris, Benjamin. 24. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McCarthy, John. 29. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McDowell, Chas. 18. Feb. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Nolan, Peter. 21. Sept. 23, '64—July 8, '65. S.
 Nichols, Jeremiah. 19. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 O'Neil, Thomas. 27. Oct. 21, '63—April 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.

COMPANY G—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- O'Brien, James. 38. Aug. 30, '61—July 3, '65. Disability. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- O'Rourke, Daniel. 37. Aug. 31, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Penny, Jacob. 26. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Peterwitch, Nicholas. 22. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Pinkerton, Francis. 31. Aug. 14, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Pauteau, Christopher. 21. May 25, '62—May 15, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
- Prince, Benj'n E. 19. Aug. 23, '61—Dec. 11, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- Quackenboss, Edward. 18. Feb. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rose, Abram M. 28. Aug. 22, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Reiff, Michael. 43. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rosenthal, Levi. 18. Feb. 17, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Ricker, Geo. B. 28. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Reese, Sam'l. 42. Feb. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Reizal, Adam. 56. Jan. 12, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rose, John L. 26. Aug. 28, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Reed, Chas. W. 20. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Richter, John. 29. Aug. '61—
25, '64. V.V. Missing from veteran furlough, May
- Rorsch, Carl. 28. Jan. 18, '65—
'65. S. Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 29,
- Steinhart, Chas. 23. Aug. '61—
25, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.V. Missing from veteran furlough, May
- Schneider, Peter. 28. Jan. 16, '65—
June 7, '65. S. Missing from hospital, New York,
- Sischo, Abel. 18. Feb. 24, '65—
Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Sayers, Benj'n. 21. Aug. 27, '61—Feb. 12, '62. Killed accidentally on Dawfuskie Island. V.
- Stone, John. 32. Aug. 16, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Stewart, James. 17. Aug. 26, '61—Oct. 18, '61. Disability. V.
- Shanley, Patrick. Aug. 26, '61—July 20, '65. Disability. Wounded at Strawberry Plains. V.V.
- Sea, Geo. A. 24. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.V.
- Sayers, John. 29. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
- Sayers, Newton B. 19. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
- Smith, Wesley. 18. Sept. 14, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Smith, Charles. 26. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Smith, Daniel H. 19. Jan. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Smith, Edward. 17. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Sale, John W. 30. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Seirney, Alois. 27. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Simmonds, Sterry H. 18. April 6, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Schields, James. 39. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Thompson, Franklin. 23. Aug. 26, '61—July 28, '65. Disability. Wounded at Bermuda Hundred. V.V.
- Thompson, Robt. 21. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- VanZant, Alfred D. 42. Aug. 21, '61—Jan. 29, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.

COMPANY G—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Van Slyke, John. 26. Aug. 26, '61— Missing from Washington, Sept. 26, '61. V.
- Welch, John C. 21. Aug. 12, '61—Nov. 28, '61. Killed accidentally at Hilton Head. V.
- Wenzler, Conrad. 21. Mar. 21, '62—Jan. '64. Committed suicide at Hilton Head. V.
- Wedmer, Alexander. 40. Mar. 11, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Wetmore, Geo. 18. Feb. 21, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Welling, Sam'l K. 39. Aug. 17, '62—June 26, '65— Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Ward, James. 38. Feb. 3, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. D.
- Whiter, Abram. 23. Mar. 16, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Welch, Thomas. 23. Mar. 16, '65.—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Whaley, James. 23. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Yam, Max. 21. Feb. 21, '65—June 7, '65. S.
- Youmans, Sam'l. 19. Aug. '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.

COMPANY H.

CAPTAINS.

- Strickland, Dudley W. See Lieut.-Col., Roster of Field and Staff.
 Lockwood, William L. 24. July 15, '61—May 26, '64. Resigned, disability.
 1st Lieut. Aug. 16, '61; Capt. Co. F June 18, '62; trans. to Co. H Jan. 26, '63. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Barrett, James A. See Major, Roster of Field and Staff.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Nichols, James M. See Capt., Roster of Co. E.
 Sears, Henry H. Aug. 10, '61—Aug. 14, '64. Killed in action at Deep Bottom.
 Promoted from Sergt. Co. E to 2d Lieut. Aug. 28, '63; 1st Lieut. Mar. 9, '64. V.
 Anderson, Hamilton E. 30. Sept. 12, '64—Apr. 6, '65. Resigned. V.
 Halstead, John. 23. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 1st Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. V.V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Patterson, Caleb N. 27. July 24, '61—Dec. 19, '61. Resigned. 2d Lieut. Aug. 26, '61. V.
 Carlton, Wm. J. See Capt., Roster of Co. D.
 Wyckoff, Charles B. 18. Aug. 5, '61—Mar. 7, '64. Resigned, disability
 Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. F to Sergt. Maj.; 2d Lieut. July 10, '63. V.
 Edwards, Roger. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. C.
 Seaward, Benjamin. See Adjt., Roster of Field and Staff.
 Smith, Peter W. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 St. John, Miles. 20. Aug. 12, '61—Sept. 1, '65. 22. Muster-out of Regt.
 Promoted from Corpl. Co. G. to 2d Lieut., Jan. 1, '65. V.V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Havens, William H. 19. Aug. 23, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Lacoppidan, Adolph. See Capt., Roster of Co. F.
 Laxey, John F. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. B.

SERGEANTS.

- Clayton, John T. 22. Aug. 8, '61—Aug. 5, '63. Died from wounds rec'd at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Garaghan, Henry T. See Capt., Roster of Co. E.
 Liming, Job G. 19. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Miller, Everett. 24. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Pope, Theodore. 20. Aug. 12, '61—Jan. 15, '65. Killed in action at Ft. Fisher as Color-Bearer. V.V.
 Sparks, George G. 23. July 25, '61—Dec. 17, '63. Disability from wounds rec'd as Color-Bearer at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Stayley, George B. 23. Aug. 8, '61—Jan. 22, '64. Commissioned 1st Lieut. 159th N. Y. V.; Capt. Aug. 4, '65. V.V.
 Walling, Hendrickson. 22. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Taken prisoner in front of Petersburg. V. V.
 Yerks, Joseph W. 27. Aug. 7, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

COMPANY H—Continued.

CORPORALS.

- Carman, Benjamin H. 46. Sept. 5, '61—July 10, '65. Disability. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
- Cook, William H. 21. Aug. 15, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Carhart, Isaac. 23. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Dennis, Augustus. 26. July 29, '61—Aug. 26, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- Freeman, James. 29. Sept. 5, '61—Jan. 1, '65. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Chester Heights. V.V.
- Henry, John. 21. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. D.
- Luyster, William W. 20. Aug. 29, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Lynch, Peter. 20. Aug. 28, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Nicoll, George B. 18. Feb. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Owens, William H. 24. Aug. 24, '61—Apl. 12, '65. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Owen, Samuel V. 20. Apl. 5, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Pedro, Joseph H. 25. Aug. 1, '61—June 1, '65. Disability. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
- Remsen, Treadwell W. 20. Aug. 5, '61—June 13, '65. Disability. Taken prisoner at Deep Bottom. V.V.
- Stedman, Matthias. 34. Feb. 25, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Townsend, Henry C. 19. Aug. 7, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Tasker, Rodolphus D. 23. Sept. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Voorhies, James M. 22. Aug. 8, '61—'64. Trans. to Navy. V.V.
- Van Cleaf, Joseph. 24. Aug. 26, '61—Aug. 26, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Walling, Andrew J. 19. Aug. 13, '61—June 6, '64. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

MUSICIANS.

- Penulet, William. 23. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Jones, George E. 14. Jan. 25, '62—Dec. 10, '63. Died at Hilton Head. V.
- Johnson, Benjamin D. 21. Aug. 10, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

WAGONERS.

- Edwards, James L. 27. Aug. 24, '61—Aug. 26, '65. V.V.
- Gant, John W. 20. Aug. 12, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

PRIVATES.

- Allen, Jeremiah. 28. Sept. 3, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Allen, Joseph. 18. Aug. 23, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Addye, James H. 21. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Artolauf, Phillip. 38. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Burr, Louis W. 19. July 24, '61—May 25, '65— Missing at Newbern. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Deep Bottom. V.V.
- Beers, Charles H. 37. Oct. 20, '63— Missing on furlough, Nov. 12, '64. D.
- Barrella, Guyacom. 25. May 21, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Supposed killed at Olustee. V.
- Belias, Abraham. 18. Jan. 17, '65—June 18, '65. S.
- Buck, Henry T. 19. Mar. 8, '65—June 18, '65. S.
- Braddock, Moses. 30. Jan. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.

COMPANY H—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Boland, Michael. 30. Mar. 24, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Bernheim, Julius. 25. Dec. 20, '62—Sept. 16, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps.
 Wounded in front of Petersburg. V.
 Clark, David. 21. Aug. 29, '62—Mar. 18, '64. Died at Richmond. Wounded
 and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Cornell, Isaac. 34. Aug. 21, '62—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wag-
 ner. V.
 Coudant, Joseph. 36. Jan. 5, '63—Dec. 29, '64. Died. Wounded at Olus-
 tee. V.
 Cooney, James. 19. Aug. 2, '61— Missing on veteran furlough, Mar.
 5, '64. V.V.
 Connelly, John. 20. Oct. 20, '63— Missing on furlough, Nov. 4, '64.
 Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. D.
 Clarkson, Rob't. 19. Aug. 29, '62— Disability. V.
 Clarkson, John. 25. Aug. 29, '62— Exp'n of service. Taken prisoner
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Cook, John F. 24. July 24, '61—July 6, '62. Disability. V.
 Cornell, Chas. T. 32. July 24, '61—July 10, '65. Disability. Wounded at
 Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Cook, Henry. 33. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Collins, James. 19. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Wilmington. S.
 Cole, William H. 31. May 19, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Curtis, Thomas. 21. Aug. 6, '61—July 20, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner,
 Drewry's Bluff, and Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Dikeman, John P. 22. Aug. 22, '62—Dec. 2, '64. Died on board hospital
 steamer at Savannah. V.
 Dalso, François. 21. Oct. 20, '63— Missing at Petersburg, Sept. 20, '64. S.
 Dowd, Michael. 19. Jan. 18, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 18, '65. S.
 De Grilla, Alexander. 29. May 3, '62—May 3, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Dunning, Chas. 18. Jan. 18, '65—June 18, '65. S.
 Dougherty, Patrick. 24. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Dunn, James. 19. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Drummond, Eugene. 18. Mar. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Eckel, Charles R. 24. Aug. 30, '62— Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Emerich, Philip. 18. Aug. 1, '61— '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Petersburg. V.
 Erforth, August. 22. Aug. 24, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wound-
 ed in the field, Va. D.
 Elkins, Henry. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Englehardt, Frank. 20. Apl. 7, '63— Missing at Gloucester Point,
 May 4, '64. S.
 Ford, John B. 20. July 30, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wag-
 ner. V.
 Fitzer, Jacob. 28. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Farley, James. 23. Mar. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Grover, Mason G. 22. July 23, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Groves, Elijah R. 32. Aug. 21, '62— '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Giverney, James M. 22. Aug. 6, '61—July 19, '65. Disability. Wounded at
 Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Gifford, Robert W. 44. Aug. 4, '61—July 1, '62. Disability. V.
 Gaworski, Ignace. 37. Feb. 19, '62—Sept. 28, '64. Disability. V.
 German, Nicholas. 44. Feb. 14, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Gauze, William. 20. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY H—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Gunther, Ernst. 20. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gould, Charles. 18. Mar. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Griffin, Randolph C. 18. Aug. 1, '61—Dec. 10, '61. Died of disease at Hilton Head. V.
 Havens, Amos M. 19. Aug. 23, '61—July 20, '63. Died at Charleston of wounds rec'd at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Hoff, Aaron. 18. Aug. 16, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Halstead, Samuel. 28. Sept. 2, '62—Sept. 5, '64. Died at Ft. Monroe. V.
 Hughes, Patrick. 38. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 16, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
 Homan, Charles T. 23. Sept. 2, '63—'64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Hopper, Jacob. 19. Apl. 11, '62—Apl. 11, '65. Exp'n of service. V.
 Hall, William J. 21. Aug. 27, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Hendrickson, Barkalow. 27. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Hanselman, Jacob. 21. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Hatten, George H. 18. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hayden, Michael. 18. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Haug, Antonie. 24. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hughes, John. 19. Mar. 10, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hatley, William. 22. Mar. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hines, Frederick. 22. Jan. 12, '65— Missing at Wilmington, Mar. 2, '65. S.
 Hughes, Arthur. 22. Jan. 18, '65— Missing at Federal Point, Feb. 8, '65. S.
 Ivans, James G. 17. Aug. 14, '61— Disability. V.V.
 Jonannin, Adrian. 29. Dec. 17, '61— Missing on furlough, Dec. 17, '64. V.
 Jackson, Josiah C. 36. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Jones, Elijah. 19. Feb. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Johnson, George W. 18. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Jeffers, Michael. 37. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Jackson, Thomas. 39. Feb. 24, '65—June 12, '65. Died. S.
 Ketcham, Ira P. 23. Sept. 2, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Ketcham, Emery W. 17. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Kellogg, Martin. 35. Feb. 16, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kaufman, August. 36. Jan. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Liming, Michael O. 26. July 25, '61—Sept. 1, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.V.
 Liming, Charles. 21. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Ling, Samson A. 29. July 24, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. Wounded in the field, Va. V.V.
 Lafferty, Charles. 21. Sept. 11, '61—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Lord, John E. 20. Aug. 14, '61—July 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg mine explosion. V.V.
 Lee, John. 31. Aug. 27, '62—'65. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Lewis, Lewis. 32. Feb. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Manton, James. 21. Sept. 24, '64—July, '65. D.
 Mackey, Frederick. 21. Sept. 11, '61—Mar. 26, '64. Died at Palatka. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Morton, John. 18. July 22, '61—Aug. 4, '63. Died in New York of wounds received at Ft. Wagner.

COMPANY H—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- McCoomb, John. 18. Aug. 5, '61—May 20, '62. Died of disease on Dawfiski Island. V.
- Murdick, William. 26. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Wilmington. V.V.
- Miller, Francis. 44. Aug. 20, '61— Dec. 25, '64. Missing from hospital at New York. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
- Miller, Henry, Jr. 29. Aug. 11, '62—July 7, '65. Disability. V.
- Miller, Charles. 23. Oct. 20, '63—July 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg mine explosion. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and in front of Petersburg. V.
- Merrilla, Louis. 42. Aug. 7, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Murphy, Peter. 22. Aug. 24, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. D.
- Mayeur, Justice. 20. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Mercier, George A. 18. May 9, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Moorse, Joseph. 19. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Mathias, Frederick. 18. Feb. 24, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Mulligan, Dennis. 20. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McCormick, William. 27. Mar. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Milarta, Otto. 28. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Miller, George F. 25. Aug. 1, '61—Aug. 16, '65. Commissioned 2d Lieut. in U. S. C. T. V.V.
- Maier, Michael. 23. Aug. 25, '63— 4, '64. S. Missing at Gloucester Point, May
- Mitchell, Thomas. 36. Feb. 14, '65— S. Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 13, '65.
- Michon, Eugene. 32. Aug. 13, '63— '64. Wounded at Petersburg. S. Missing from hospital, Nov. 20,
- McCause, Francis. 26. Jan. 18, '65— Missing from Federal Point. S.
- Newman, David J. 24. July 25, '61—July 8, '62. Disability. V.
- Nichols, George B. 18. Aug. 1, '61—July 21, '63. Died in Charleston of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Nodal, Raphael. 30. July 18, '63—May 7, '64. Killed in action at Chester Heights. V.
- Noonan, Thomas. 22. Jan. 19, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Oliver, Ephraim. 21. Jan. 17, '65—July 17, '65. Disability. S.
- Pearsall, John H. 21. Aug. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- Pearce, Benjamin B. 20. July 25, '61—June 9, '64. Died a prisoner at Richmond. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
- Powles, Jacob. 25. Aug. 12, '62— '64. Disability. Wounded at Ft. Wagner, Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
- Payne, Albert M. 24. Aug. 5, '61— '64. Trans. to Navy. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. Received the "Gillmore Medal." V.V.
- Pease, Nicholas W. 18. Aug. 30, '61—Feb. 6, '64. Trans. to Invalid Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
- Pickens, George W. 20. Jan. 30, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Peter, Nicholas. 44. Jan. 14, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rogers, Patrick. 25. Oct. 20, '63—May 13, '65. D.
- Rogers, William. 22. Oct. 20, '63— 24, '64. Missing at Gloucester Point, Oct. Wounded at Olustee. S.
- Reber, Emile. 33. Jan. 7, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rota, Ludwig. 22. Jan. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Reed, Nathaniel. 25. Feb. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Rogers, John. 20. Feb. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY H—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Stebbins, John B. 18. July 23, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Stiegler, Clement V. 18. Sept. 7, '61—July 28, '63. Died at Beaufort of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Stout, John. 18. Aug. 17, '61—Feb. 21, '65. Died at Federal Point. V.V.
- Stoney, Joseph. See Q. M. Sergt., Roster of Non-Com. Staff.
- Stapleton, Samuel. 25. Sept. 7, '61— Exp'n of service. Wounded in front of Petersburg. V.
- Stearns, Cary D. 28. July 24, '61— Exp'n of service. V.
- Sims, Charles H. 25. Aug. 20, '62— Exp'n of service. V.
- Simon, William. 40. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
- Sheehan, John. 21. Sept. 23, '64.—July '65. Exp'n of service. D.
- Shannon, Timothy J. 20. Sept. 24, '64—July '65. Exp'n of service. D.
- Scanlon, John. 19. Jan. 18, '65— Missing at Raleigh, June 29, '65. S.
- Snyder, John. 25. Oct. 21, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
- Sickler, —. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Smith, Charles A. 18. Mar. 6, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Tybe, John. 22. Aug. 6, '61—July 28, '62. Disability. V.
- Taft, Ira B. 19. Aug. 26, '61—July 24, '62. Disability. V.
- Tagmire, Frederick. 40. Aug. 28, '61— Exp'n of service. V.
- Tripp, Rufus W. 21. July 31, '61—July 28, '62. Disability. V.
- Townsend, Daniel W. 24. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Townsend, Andrew E. 18. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Tyler, Ashbel V. 18. Feb. 29, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Fisher. S.
- Thompson, Owen F. 18. Mar. 31, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Vreeland, Daniel M. 40. July 23, '61—Oct. 6, '62. Disability. V.
- Waldmire, Barney. 26. July 26, '61— Exp'n of service. V.
- Walsh, Patrick. 23. Sept. 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Wilmington. S.
- Walters, Lemuel. 41. Aug. 14, '61—July 28, '62. Disability. V.
- Williams, Jarvis W. 29. July 24, '61—July 24, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Witcomb, Vitruvius. 42. Aug. 20, '62— '65. V.
- Woodbury, Thos. J. 44. Aug. 12, '62—July 12, '63. Disability. V.
- Walling, Thos. E. 22. Aug. 13, '61—Nov. 24, '61. Died of disease at Hilton Head. V.
- Weingartner, Louis. 42. May 5, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Wilson, Benjamin. 20. Aug. 26, '62—July 4, '64. Died at Andersonville. Taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Witherspoon, James M. 19. Aug. 19, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Wolt, John E. 24. Aug. 29, '61—May 18, '62. Died of disease on Dawfuskie Island. V.
- Wolton, James. 23. Jan. 18, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 13, '65. S.
- Wertz, Herman. 18. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Wheeler, Charles. 18. Feb. 3, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Zouroskie, William. 35. Aug. 10, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Zohn, Frederick. 40. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY I.

CAPTAINS.

- Ward, Joseph G. 25. July 25, '61—Jan. 18, '62. Resigned. Capt. Aug. 16, '61. V.
 Ferguson, Asa H. See Capt., Roster of Co. C.
 Fee, John A. 27. Sept. 9, '62—July 15, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at Petersburg mine explosion. 2d Lieut. Sept. 9, '62; 1st Lieut. July 18, '63; Capt. April 6, '64. V.
 Hutchinson, Elbridge J. 32. Aug. 5, '61—May 25, '65. Discharged. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. F to 2d Lieut. July 3, '63; 1st Lieut. April 6, '64; Capt. Aug. 16, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Downer, Edw. 30. Aug. 14, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. 1st Lieut. Aug. 14, '62; Capt. March 26, '64. Trans. from 117th N. Y. Vols. V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Swartwout, Samuel M. See Major, Roster of Field and Staff.
 Vidal, Theodore C. 22. Sept. 5, '61—Jan. 18, '64. Commissioned 1st Lieut. Signal Corps. 2d Lieut. Sept. 5, '61; 1st Lieut. Dec. 24, '62; Capt. Aug. 28, '63 (declined). V.
 Dunn, James W. See Capt., Roster of Co. E.
 Giles, John S. 20. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. B to 2d Lieut. Aug. 1, '64; 1st Lieut. Jan. 15, '65. V.V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Perry, James H., Jr. 21. July 26, '61—Sept. 3, '62. Resigned. 2d Lieut. Sept. 14, '61. V.
 Keenan, James M. 28. Sept. 13, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. Promoted from Sergt. Co. B to 2d Lieut. July 5, '63. V.
 Van Tassel, Thomas W. 18. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. B to 2d Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Deep Bottom. V.V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Allen, Wm. H. 43. July 19, '61—Aug. 15, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
 Barrow, Winfield S. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. K.
 Easson, Peter. 20. Sept. 17, '61—Aug. 15, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Johnson, George W. 26. July 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Kormonisky Henry. 23. July '61—Jan. 25, '65. Disaility. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.V.
 McCalvey, William. 23. Sept. 10, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Morrill, Joseph. See 2d Lieut., Roster of Co. B.
 Redman, Enoch J. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. F.
 Redmon, Nathaniel. 18. Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Renshaw, John. 32. July 17, '61—Aug. 16, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
 Riordan, John. 26. July 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.

SERGEANTS.

- Benley, John H. 33. Aug. 10, '61— Disability. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Boomer, Willard M. 18. Feb. 17, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.

COMPANY I—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- Duncan, Samuel. 19. Nov. 22, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Kelly, Francis. 22. Nov. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 McMann, John. 27. Jan. 15, '64—June 8, '65. Died (drowned). Wounded at
 Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Middlehood, Geo. L. 26. Oct. 17, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

CORPORALS.

- Barton, Robert. 21. July 23, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Brittain, Nath. W. 31. July 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Clifton, George. 32. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cox, James. 29. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Farrar, Asa E. 25. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Finley, Thomas. 45. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Frew, Francis. 23. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Henley, John. 27. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Rodgers, John. 28. July 11, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor. V.
 Smith, James. 28. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Taylor, William. 23. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Twamley, Peter. 21. July 23, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Williams, Chas. E. 18. Aug. 16, '61—Aug. 11, '64. Disability. Wounded at
 Petersburg mine explosion. V.V.
 Zichlinsky, Edwin D. 34. May 22, '62—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service.
 Wounded at Petersburg mine explosion and twice at Deep Bottom. V.

MUSICIANS.

- Beith, James. 19. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Trans.
 from Private. Co. C upon re-enlistment. V.V.
 Griffin, Andrew F. 23. Aug. 11, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 McLoughlin, James P. 18. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service.
 Wounded at Olustee. V.
 McLoughlin, Wm. 16. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.

WAGONERS.

- French, Henry. 20. July 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Pinkerton, Henry. 45. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

PRIVATEES.

- Arnold, John. 19. July 20, '61—April 19, '65. Died of disease at Willett's
 Point. V.V.
 Alliger, Jacques. 28. June 12, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Barton, John. 26. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Bachman, Fred. H. 19. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Beam, Hamilton D. 18. Aug. 13, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service.
 Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Boyce, Edward. 32. July 23, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Boyd, Samuel. 36. July 31, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Deep Bottom. V.

COMPANY I—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Burmester, Henry. 24. Jan. 20, '64—June 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg mine explosion. V.
- Bee, George. 41. July 23, '61—Feb. 24, '64. Died of wounds received on picket in Florida. V.
- Bell, James. 22. Oct. 20, '63— Missing from hospital, June 8, '64.
Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Bradley, Reuben H. 38. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Boyd, John. 23. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Berrey, Samuel. 20. Mar. 4, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Borling, Robt. 21. Feb. 22, '65— Missing in transit from rendezvous. S.
- Curran, Joseph H. 19. Sept. 13, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Petersburg. V. V.
- Cummings, Albert. 23. Sept. 2, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V. V.
- Cook, George W. 28. July 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
- Corbett, Charles. 27. July 23, '61— Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.
- Clarkson, Wm. 25. July 28, '61—Aug. 20, '64. Wounded at Petersburg. V. V.
- Cusick, John. 29. July 26, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Crowley, Thomas. 34. July 25, '61—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Crunion, Michael. 29. July 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Cyle, Nathan. 21. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Olustee. S.
- Downs, Michael. 23. Jan. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded in field, Va. V.
- Dunne, Edward. 21. Apl. 30, '62—Sept. 2, '64. Died of disease at Ft. Monroe. V.
- Day, Frank. 25. Nov. 21, '61—July 29, '64. V.
- Drake, William. 22. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Dallard, Michael. 24. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Detlor, John. 23. Mar. 7, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Dickinson, William. 32. Oct. 20, '63—May 5, '65. Wounded at Olustee. S.
- Donaldson, John. 21. Oct. 20, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
- Donovan, Wm. 19. Mar. 4, '65— Missing at Raleigh, July 11, '65. S.
- Evans, Talisen. 18. Jan. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Early, Bartholomew. 18. Jan. 19, '65— Missing at Raleigh, July 11, '65. S.
- Foley, William. 20. Aug. 17, '61—May 5, '65. Wounded and taken prisoner at Olustee. V.
- Farrell, James. 19. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Garigan, John. 26. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
- Gonzales, Alvis. 24. Feb. 23, '62— '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
- Garsides, Joel. 18. Nov. 22, '61— Missing from Brooklyn, N. Y., July, '62. V.
- Gauley, William. 18. Aug. 2, '61—May 16, '64. Killed in action at Drewry's Bluff. V.
- Garvey, John. 19. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Gillor, August. 29. Nov. 9, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Hart, John. 25. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V. V.

COMPANY I—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Hart, Asher C. 20. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- Hendrickson, Geo. W. 27. Aug. 5, '61—Mar. 31, '62. Died of disease on Dawfuskie Island. V.
- Hart, Thomas. 18. Apl. 1, '62— Missing from Hilton Head, Aug. 1, '62. V.
- Harkins, John. 36. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Haley, James J. 32. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Hiter, William. 18. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Hoffman, Paul. 21. Sept. 27, '64—May 5, '65. S.
- Heinmann, James. 22. Jan. 14, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Apl. 15, '65. S.
- Hale, Alex. 24. Mar. 18, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 5, '65. S.
- Hunsviller, Henry. 22. Oct. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Taken prisoner at Cold Harbor; re-taken at Wilmington. V.
- Judd, Benjamin. 23. Dec. 28, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Jackson, Robert. 31. Feb. 15, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Johnson, William. 21. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
- Johnson, Robert. 18. Aug. 4, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Jennings, Thomas. 38. July 22, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded in the field, Va. V.
- Jones, Joseph. 20. Aug. 3, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Jackson, John F. 26. Oct. 20, '63—Aug. 14, '64. Killed in action at Deep Bottom. V.
- Johnson, Alex. 18. Jan. 20, '64—June, '64. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
- Johnson, Charles. 21. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 3, '64. V.V.
- James, William. 23. Oct. 30, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. Wounded at Olustee. S.
- Keily, Bartholomew. 40. July 22, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Kennedy, Daniel. 18. Jan. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Livingston, Thomas. 23. Aug. 21, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
- Lawless, Thomas. 21. Jan. 13, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Link, Louis. 33. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Lonas, Oscar. 19. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Langdon, John. 21. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Lowell, Frederick. 19. Jan. 20, '65—July 5, '65. S.
- Leyersin, Wm. 25. Sept. 25, '64—June 2, '65. S.
- Luwig, Frank. 29. Sept. 23, '64—June 2, '65. S.
- Laschinoff, Alex. 20. Jan. 12, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 6, '65. S.
- Malone, Chas. H. 20. Jan. 19, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Ft. Fisher. V.
- Miller, John. 20. Aug. 3, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded at Hatcher's Run. V.V.
- McIlvaine, James F. 23. Aug. 21, '62—July 25, '65. V.
- Martin, John. 38. Sept. 3, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- McLoughlin, Jas. 26. Nov. 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
- McNamara, Wm. 28. July 15, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
- McKee, Thos. 19. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
- Muldrey, Thos. See Corporal, Roster Co. E.

COMPANY I—Continued.

PRIVATEES—Continued.

- McCormick, John. 18. Aug. 7, '61—Dec. 23, '63. Died of disease at Brooklyn, N. Y. V.
- Minaich, John. 44. Aug. 16, '61—June 6, '65. Wounded at Petersburg and Hatcher's Run. V. V.
- Martin, Jonas. 21. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Mahon, James. 40. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Murphy, John. 26. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Moffat, George. 32. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Murray, Francis. 21. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Montonour, Wm. H. 19. March 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McDermott, Timothy. 40. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McIntyre, Jas. 26. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McGuire, James. 36. Mar. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- McCarty, John. 30. Sept. 29, '64—May 5, '65. S.
- Monroe, Henry. 22. Feb. 14, '65—Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Morris, George. 18. Feb. 17, '65—Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Murphy, Thos. 18. Feb. 22, '65—Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
- Nolan, James. 18. July 20, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Nerney, Marcole. 28. Aug. 1, '63—Mar. 20, '64. Killed while a prisoner. Taken prisoner at Olustee. S.
- Noble, William. 22. Feb. 15, '65—Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 18, '65. S.
- Orr, David. 32. July 12, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Cold Harbor. V.
- Oxley, James. 29. Nov. 22, '61—June 8, '62. Died of disease at Ft. Pulaski. V.
- O'Brien, William. 28. Feb. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Piper, Fred. H. 28. July 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Pridy, Robert. 27. July 28, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
- Pelissier, Louis. 26. Aug. 20, '63—Missing from Petersburg, Sept. 23, '64. Wounded at Hatcher's Run. V.
- Pettingell, John. 19. Feb. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Perkins, James. 21. Feb. 22, '65—May 5, '65. S.
- Prentiss, Wm. T. 28. Feb. 23, '65—June 22, '65. Died of disease at Raleigh. S.
- Parker, E. A. 28. Feb. 18, '65—Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 4, '65. S.
- Phenix, Eben. B. 18. Feb. 17, '65—Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 3, '65. S.
- Roche, Marcus. 27. Jan. 6, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Read, Frank. 18. Feb. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
- Riecke, Bernard. 21. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
- Rogers, John. 18. Aug. 6, '61—June 1, '64. Killed in action at Cold Harbor. V.
- Rosebush, Wm. A. 27. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rollo, George. 20. Jan. 30, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rownton, Alfred. 20. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rogers, Chas. B. 18. Feb. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Reopel, Charles. 18. Mar. 3, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Rogaber, Maximilian. 30. Jan. 14, '65—July 25, '65. S.
- Rosch, Charles. 23. Feb. 21, '65—Aug. 30, '65. S.
- Rogan, Patrick. 33. Feb. 24, '65—May 4, '65. S.
- Roach, John. 21. Feb. 21, '65—Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 4, '65. S.
- Ryan, James. 19. Jan. 19, '65—Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 3, '65. S.
- Ricea, Louis. 33. Feb. 23, '65—Missing from Raleigh, July 11, '65. S.

COMPANY I—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Rosa, Charles. 25. Feb. 23, '65— Missing from Raleigh, June 16, '65. S.
 Schaaf, Henry. 20. July 23, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Scheeling, Anthony. 42. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Starck, Wm. P. 26. Jan. 15, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Drewry's Bluff. V.
 Sullivan, Wm. A. 21. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Styler, Joseph. 19. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Shorror, Daniel. 19. Oct. 20, '63— Wounded at Olustee. Missing
 from hospital at Willett's Point, Aug. 1, '64. V.
 Smith, William. 22. Jan. 12, '65—July 19, '65. Wounded in N. C. S.
 Schmidt, John. 19. Jan. 20, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Snail, George. 18. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Sliter, William. Sept. 23, '64—June 2, '65. S.
 Schneider, Ludwig. 28. Jan. 19, '65—Aug. 8, '65. Died of disease at
 Raleigh. S.
 Sulzer, Carl. 27. Mar. 9, '65—Aug. 9, '65. Died of disease at Raleigh. S.
 Shea, John. 20. Jan. 13, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 3, '65. S.
 Turner, Robert. 33. Aug. 30, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Thompson, Gabriel. 26. Sept. 16, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Tuoney, John. 20. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Teachout, Squire. 25. Feb. 12, '64—May 5, '65. S.
 Van Eck, Frank. 40. May 20, '63—May 5, '65. S.
 Williams, John. 38. Feb. 8, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Whalen, John. 30. July 22, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Ft. Fisher. V.
 Walser, Fernando. 38. Apl. 18, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Ft. Fisher. V.
 Ward, John. 36. July 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Wilson, James. 32. July 30, '61— Trans. to Invalid Corps. V.
 Whelan, James. 19. July 30, '61—Sept. 19, '64. Wounded at Peters-
 burg. V.V.
 Weitz, John. 38. Jan. 18, '65—May 5, '65. S.
 Welman, Henry. 24. June 11, '63—May 3, '65. Wounded at Olustee. S.
 Wolfe, August. 23. Aug. 22, '63—Apl. 26, '64. Trans. to Navy. S.
 Wenman, Chas. M. 19. Jan. 12, '65— Missing from Mt. Olive Station,
 Mar. 9, '65. S.
 Wood, Thos. B. 33. Aug. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Woods, James. 19. Jan. 19, '65— Missing from Wilmington, Mar. 3,
 '65. S.
 Wrample, Chas. A. 31. Jan. 25, '64— Missing from furlough, Aug. 12,
 '65. S.
 Young, John. 30. July 28, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at
 Olustee. V.
 Zaile, Henry. 38. Jan. 20, '65—Aug. 16, '65. S.

COMPANY K.

CAPTAINS.

- Foster, Samuel J. 33. Aug. 1, '61—Jan. 26, '63. Resigned. Capt. Aug. 16, '61. V.
- Hurst, Frederick. 21. July 24, '61—July 31, '63. Died in Charleston of wounds received at Ft. Wagner. 1st Lieut. Co. E Aug. 27, '61; Capt. Jan. 26, '63. V.
- Miller, Albert F. See Major, Roster of Field and Staff.
- Umpleby, Charles B. 27. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from 1st Sergt. to 2d Lieut. July 30, '64; 1st Lieut. Nov. 11, '64; Capt. Apl. 13, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.V.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

- Gale, Sylvanus G. 23. Aug. 8, '61—May 8, '62. Resigned. 1st Lieut. Aug. 16, '61. V.
- Hatfield, Townsend L. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. C.
- Acker, Henry. 23. Aug. 6, '61—Nov. 12, '64. Resigned. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. C to 2d Lieut. May 22, '63; 1st Lieut. Aug. 28, '63. Wounded at Morris Island and Chester Heights. V.
- Garaghan, Henry T. See Capt., Roster of Co. E.
- Smith, Peter W. 26. Aug. 20, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. Co. B to 2d Lieut. Aug. 14, '64; 1st Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Deep Bottom. V.V.
- O'Brien, Jeremiah. 29. Sept. 24, '61—July 30, '64. Killed in action at Petersburg mine explosion. Promoted from Sergt. Co. C to 2d Lieut. Mar. 10, '64; 1st Lieut. July 15, '64 (not mustered). Wounded at Ft. Wagner and Olustee. V.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

- Smith, George L. 24. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 30, '63. Resigned. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. K to Sergt. Maj.; 2d Lieut. Dec. 24, '62. V.
- Sweeney, James. 24. Aug. 15, '61—Feb. 29, '64. Cashiered. Promoted from Sergt. Co. E to 2d Lieut. July 18, '63. V.
- Barrow, Winfield S. 22. Jan. 1, '64—June 20, '65. Dismissed. Promoted from 1st Sergt. Co. I to 2d Lieut. Jan. 1, '65. V.
- Holmes, Lewis. 19. Aug. 16, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Apl. 13, '65. V.V.
- Hunter, William B. 19. Aug. 7, '61—July 7, '64. Discharged. Promoted from Sergt. to 2d Lieut. Mar. 8, '64. V.

FIRST SERGEANTS.

- Hallenbeck, Addison. 22. —Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
- Dawson, Tom. See 1st Lieut., Roster of Co. A.

SERGEANTS.

- Gardner, Lavillian B. 21. Aug. 12, '61—Aug. 12, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
- Johnson, Daniel, Jr. 25. Aug. 22, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
- Lake, John T. 34. Sept. 13, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
- McKee, Joseph S. 20. Aug. 15, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.

COMPANY K—Continued.

SERGEANTS—Continued.

- McPherson, Jas. 19. Aug. 6, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Ralston, Edward. 27. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Robinson, John W. 32. Sept. 13, '61—Nov. 3, '63. V.
 Smith, John. 30. Aug. 9, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Seaward, Benjamin. See Adjt., Roster of Field and Staff.
 Spear, Christopher H. 20. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Van Aken, Martin. 18. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Port Royal Ferry and Ft. Wagner. V.
 Wilkins, W. F. 23. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

CORPORALS.

- Ackerly, N. S. 20. Aug. 1, '61—Nov. 16, '63. W'd at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Adams, Henry. 19. Aug. 29, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Taken
 prisoner at Strawberry Plains. V.
 Brower, John. 31. Aug. 8, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Veteran, Reserve
 Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Barnett, Edward. 23. Aug. 1, '61—June 2, '64. Killed in action at Cold
 Harbor. V.V.
 Broderick, Michael. 24. Sept. 1, '63—April 13, '65. Died of wounds.
 Wounded at Wilmington. V.
 Balcomb, Birney. 21. Feb. 17, '64—Aug. 9, '65. Died of disease. V.
 Campbell, Isaac. 30. Jan. 20, '63—Oct. 20, '64. Died of wounds. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Conklin, Geo. A. 22. Aug. 9, '61—Dec. 11, '63. Died of wounds. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Conklin, Francis. 19. Aug. 5, '61—Aug. 12, '63. Died of wounds. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Conklin, Selah J. 19. Aug. 9, '61—Mar. 8, '62. Died of disease. V.
 Cahill, Henry. 20. Dec. 22, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Supposed killed in action at
 Olustee. V.
 Dinee, Hezekiah. 19. Sept. 5, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Duffy, Francis. 24. Nov. 30, '63—June 30, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at
 Petersburg. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Daley, John G. 20. Feb. 15, '65— Missing from Raleigh, Aug. 11, '65. S.
 Ellison, Albert. 22. Aug. 19, '61—July 15, '64. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Grey, Ward F. 23. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Gregory, James G. 19. Sept. 3, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Goodrich, Isaac. 33. July 21, '63—May 7, '64. Killed in action at Chester
 Heights. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Grannagle, Wm. 22. May 21, '62—June 1, '64. Killed at Cold Harbor. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Glennon, Joseph. 19. Sept. 26, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hilliker, Alonzo. 27. Aug. 5, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Hart, Maltby B. 19. Sept. 9, '61—June 24, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at
 Petersburg. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
 Hoffman, Alvin D. 20. Aug. 10, '61—July 5, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at
 Petersburg. V.V.
 Johnson, John J. 30. Dec. 5, '61—June 29, '64. Died of wounds. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor. V.
 King, Wm. V. 23. Aug. 29, '61—Feb. 1, '62. Com'd 2d Lieut. 59th N.Y.V. V.
 King, Joseph. 42. Feb. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY K—Continued.

CORPORALS—Continued.

- King, Charles. 22. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McDougal, John. 22. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Ryder, James. 35. July 20, '63—June 16, '65. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Raymond, Bradford. 18. Sept. 27, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Scudder, Wm. S. 19. Aug. 1, '61—Mar. 12, '64. Wounded and taken
 prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Terrill, Horatio. 19. Sept. 6, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Supposed killed in action at
 Olustee V.
 Turnbull, Edward. 18. Aug. 19, '61—July 20, '64. Died of wounds rec'd at
 Cold Harbor. V.
 White, James. 23. Aug. 8, '61—May 12, '63. Disability. V.
 Wyman, John. 26. Aug. 8, '61—Oct. 19, '62. Disability. V.
 Westerfield, James. 28. Aug. 21, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.

MUSICIANS.

- Bennett, Elihu. 16. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Decker, Geo. W. 15. Sept. 5, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.

WAGONER.

- Giddis, Chas. J. 21. Aug. 19, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Trans.
 from Private, Co. D, upon re-enlistment. V.V.

PRIVATES.

- Atkins, John. 23. Sept. 23, '61—June 17, '65. Wounded at Ft.
 Fisher. V.V.
 Abbott, Henry B. 25. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 16, '62. Disability. V.
 Augustine, Andrew. 33. Sept. 2, '63—July 8, '65. Wounded at Ft.
 Fisher. V.
 Bickford, John F. 26. Aug. 7, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Bickford, Chas C. 28. Aug. 8, '61— Missing at Petersburg mine ex-
 plosion. V.V.
 Bradley, John M. 18. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Brown, Henry L. 27. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 16, '62. Disability. V.
 Bishop, Charles. 19. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Bouton, William. 23. Sept. 1, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Taken
 prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Banon, Wm. H. 20. Feb. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt S.
 Bean, Peter H. 32. Oct. 20, '63—Jan. 3, '64. Trans. to 115th N. Y. V. V.
 Broser, William. 20. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Baker, Henry. 20. Feb. 4, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Bernhard, Joseph. 21. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Berio, Perin. 25. Jan. 5, '62— Missing, Aug. 4, '64. V.
 Bergen, John. 21. May 22, '62— Missing, May 22, '64. V.
 Bushney, Oliver. 20. Feb. 17, '65— Missing, Aug. 2, '65. S.
 Conklin, Wm. H. 19. Aug. 24, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Commerdinger, John P. 28. Aug. 6, '61—July 29, '62. Disability. V.
 Conklin, Melville R. 18. Aug. 5, '61—June 5, '64. Trans. to Veteran Reserve
 Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Cameron, Benjamin. 23. Feb. 21, '65— Missing, Aug. 2, '65. S.
 Casey, Michael. 26. Aug. 1, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor. V.V.
 Cunningham, Peter. 43. Aug. 28, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. D.
 Cullen, Michael. 19. Mar. 28, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.

COMPANY K—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Carlton, Thomas. 18. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cole, Robert H. 23. Feb. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Cook, George W. 31. Jan. 19, '64—July 19, '65. Wounded at
 Chester Heights. V.
 Devine, Thomas. 20. Mar. 8, '65— Missing, June 28, '65. S.
 Demmy, John. 23. Aug. 29, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Olustee. V.
 Dearing, John F. 22. Sept. 1, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor. D.
 Dahn, William. 23. Jan. 4, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Embree, Augustus. 21. Aug. 3, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Deep Bottom. V.
 Engleman, John. 41. Jan. 20, '64—July 3, '65. Wounded at Chester
 Heights. V.
 Early, Jacob. 29. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Evard, August. 26. Mar. 24, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Eckert, Henry. 40. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Elliott, Austin. 22. July 14, '63—May 3, '65. Wounded at Chester
 Heights and Cold Harbor. V.
 Ferguson, William. 24. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Finnegan, Bernard. 24. Jan. 19, '65— Missing, March 3, '65. S.
 Fitzpatrick, John. 20. Jan. 10, '64— Missing, June 7, '65. Wounded
 at Olustee. S.
 Flynn, John. 18. Jan. 9, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Flynn, Daniel. 40. Jan. 16, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Fallon, Jacob. 29. Oct. 12, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Ferkie, Augustus H. 32. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gardner, Rufus R. 19. Aug. 12, '61—July 29, '62. Disability. V.
 Garry, Michael. 41. Aug. 12, '61—Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to Veteran Reserve
 Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Gordon, Robert. 22. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gallagher, James G. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Geary, Patrick. 28. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gosten, John. 20. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Gill, Eugene H. 30. Jan. 7, '64—Jan. 28, '65. Wounded at Ft. Fisher. S.
 Hess, William. 20. Aug. 9, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Hess, Daniel. 18. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wounded
 at Ft. Wagner. V.V.
 Hostrander, Huam. 39. Aug. 9, '61—Dec. 23, '62. Disability. V.
 Henkle, Adolphus. 19. Aug. 8, '61—Dec. 12, '62. Commissioned 1st Lieut.
 in 3d Maryland Vols. V.
 Heydorn, Mark. 20. Aug. 8, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Halwick, Peter M. 23. Aug. 17, '61—May 6, '62. Disability. V.
 Hewitt, Ezekiel G. 22. June 16, '62—Jan. 30, '65. Wounded at
 Olustee. V.
 Hill, James. 24. Mar. 16, '65—June 25, '65. Died of disease. S.
 Harrison, Charles L. 21. Mar. 21, '62—May 2, '65. Wounded at
 Petersburg. V.V.
 Hodges, Thomas. Sept. 1, '63— Missing, Mar. 28, '65. V.
 Hussback, Henry. 20. Jan. 20, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt.
 Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Hilger, Nicholas. 25. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Hahn, Henry. 24. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.

COMPANY K—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Hamilton, John W. 19. Mar. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Inске, Charles. 20. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Jackson, John. 30. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Jones, John. 25. Jan. 31, '65— Missing, Mar. 15, '65. S.
 Kelly, Michael. 44. Aug. 8, '61—May 12, '63. Disability. V.
 Kalmyer, Fred. 22. May 22, '62—May 12, '65. Wounded at Olustee and Cold Harbor. V.
 King, Thomas. 21. Aug. 28, '63—May 1, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Keyser, John. 29. Sept. 2, '63—Jan. 3, '64. Trans. to 115th N. Y. V. V.
 Kelly, Thomas. 23. Aug. 14, '61— '63. Died. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Kerater, M. 21. Mar. 4, '62— V.
 Krueger, August. 22. May 21, '62—June 26, '65. Wounded at Drewry's Bluff. V.V.
 Kelly, Daniel C. 43. Aug. 12, '61—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.V.
 Lake, James M. C. 26. Aug. 28, '61—Dec. 24, '64. Wounded at Petersburg. V.V.
 Lake, Cornelius W. 23. Aug. 25, '61—July 29, '62. Disability. V.
 Lewis, William. 28. Aug. 31, '63—Feb. 1, '65. Wounded at Deep Bottom. V.
 Lafferty, Michael. 20. Sept. 2, '63—May 15, '65. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Lebonheir, Chas. A. 18. Aug. 8, '61—July 13, '63. Killed on Morris Isl. V.
 Ledger, Peter. 18. Mar. 21, '65— Missing, Aug. 4, '65. S.
 Lawson, Peter. 26. Feb. 23, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Laughlin, John J. 42. Jan. 17, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 La Clare, Evangelist. 21. Mar. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 McCabe, John. 25. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 McFarland, Angus. 18. Sept. 9, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Chester Heights. V.
 McDaniels, John. 28. Aug. 9, '61—Dec. 23, '62. Disability. V.
 Mills, Charles. 33. Aug. 1, '61—Jan. 5, '64. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded and taken prisoner at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Mackey, William H. 19. Aug. 18, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Major, George. 21. Sept. 1, '63—May 1, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 McCloud, John. 22. Sept. 1, '63—May 1, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Merchant, Elmer. 27. Oct. 20, '63—Nov. 9, '64. Died of disease. V.
 Murphy, William. 20. Jan. 18, '65— Missing, July 24, '65. S.
 Murphy, Anthony. 21. Mar. 28, '64— Wounded in the field, Va. V.
 Miles, Charles. 37. Sept. 1, '63—May 3, '65. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 McShane, Barney. 33. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Murphy, John. 33. Jan. 19, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Maylan, Burnett. 16. Aug. 16, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 McCredden, Mathew. 29. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Morrell, David D. 18. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Mooney, Stephen. 35. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Newhart, Christian. See Hospital Steward, Roster of Non-Com. Staff.
 Osborne, John. 21. Aug. 14, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Olsen, Oliver C. 21. Feb. 18, '62—Feb. 18, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Ostrander, Peter. 21. Aug. 8, '61—Jan. 26, '64. Trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps. Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 O'Brien, John. 21. Jan. 18, '65— Missing, Wilmington, Mar. 3, '65. S.

COMPANY K—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Olagde, Jean. 20. Dec. 29, '62— V.
 Phillips, Stephen A. 20. Aug. 26, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service.
 Wounded at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Purcell, Thomas. 40. Sept. 13, '63—July 8, '65. Wounded at Ches-
 ter Heights. V.
 Prass, Jean. 30. June 2, '62—June 3, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded at Ft.
 Wagner. V.
 Peacock, John. 24. July 30, '63—Mar. 22, '64. Died of wounds received at
 Olustee. V.
 Pierce, William. 21. Sept. 28, '64—Jan. 15, '65. Killed in action at Ft.
 Fisher. V.
 Pullis, Thomas J. 28. Aug. 6, '61— Missing, Nov. 10, '63. V.
 Platt, Arthur B. 18. Sept. 14, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster out of Regt. V.
 Pratt, George W. 18. Feb. 20, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wound-
 ed at Ft. Fisher. V.
 Revill, William. 20. Aug. 8, '61—June 17, '64. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Roberts, John. 22. Aug. 8, '61—Mar. 3, '64. Died. Wounded at Olustee. V.
 Rose, Luke. 38. Sept. 13, '61—July 18, '63. Killed at Ft. Wagner. V.
 Remmer, August. 24. Sept. 1, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wound-
 ed at Deep Bottom. V.
 Ross, William. 26. Feb. 22, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Ringsdolph, John. 35. Jan. 20, '63—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. Wound-
 ed at Olustee. V.
 Reed, James. 20. Jan. 12, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out Regt. S.
 Rolley, Allen. 28. Nov. 10, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out Regt. V.
 Rodgers, Thomas. 28. Jan. 5, '65— Missing, Aug. 4, '65. S.
 Sammis, Francis. 18. Aug. 6, '61—Dec. 31, '61. Died of disease. V.
 Sweeney, Terrence M. 23. Aug. 6, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Schward, Emile. 25. June 11, '62—June 12, '65. Exp'n of service. Wounded
 at Deep Bottom. V.
 Schryber, Trugott. 21. June 11, '62—June 12, '65. Exp'n of service. Wound-
 ed at Deep Bottom. V.
 Sammis, Gilbert S. 22. Aug. 28, '62—June 4, '64. Died of wounds. Wounded
 at Cold Harbor. V.
 Stephens, Geo. 23. Oct. 20, '63—Aug. 14, '64. Supposed killed in action at
 Deep Bottom. V.
 Sheehan, Patrick. 20. Aug. 2, '63—Aug. 14, '64. Supposed killed in action at
 Deep Bottom. V.
 Starr, Charles. 21. Sept. 1, '63— V.
 Smith, Charles. 22. Jan. 18, '65— Missing, Mar. 15, '65. S.
 Spellman, Peter. 19. Feb. 25, '65— Missing, Mar. 18, '65. S.
 Scribner, George. 18. Feb. 4, '65— Missing at Raleigh, July 24, '65. S.
 Sullivan, Thomas. 22. Feb. 21, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 4, '65. S.
 Spencer, John. 24. Feb. 24, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 4, '65. S.
 Smith, Thomas. 21. Sept. 2, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Steers, Closs. 20. Jan. 2, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Starks, Edward M. 20. Jan. 25, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Smith, John L. 27. Feb. 21, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Stimpson, Wm. 19. Feb. 2, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Spears, George. 33. Mar. 28, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Shovey, Geo. W. 18. Jan. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Sherman, Fred. A. 19. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Sommerville, William. 19. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Thompson, Joseph. 18. June 11, '62—July 29, '62. Disability. V.

COMPANY K—Continued.

PRIVATES—Continued.

- Tuthill, Winfield. 24. Mar. 11, '62—Feb. 20, '64. Killed at Olustee. V.
 Thompson, John. 22. Feb. 21, '65— Missing in N. C., Apl. 16, '65. S.
 Terry, Geo. H. 19. Aug. 17, '61—Sept. 20, '64. Exp'n of service. V.
 Veteran, Frank. 24. Aug. 28, '63—May 1, '64. Trans. to Navy. V.
 Vance, William. 19. Aug. 29, '61—July 18, '63. Killed in action at Fort
 Wagner. V.
 Von Preef, Adolph G. 20. Mar. 8, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Wright, Alfred. 24. Aug. 23, '61—June 10, '65. Wounded at Fort
 Wagner. V. V.
 Wilson, James. 25. Oct. 20, '63—Apl. 20, '64. Died of wounds. Wounded at
 Olustee. V.
 Woods, Lawrence. 20. June 2, '62— Missing, Petersb'g, Sept. 10, '64. V.
 Williams, William. 19. Aug. 8, '61—Feb. 20, '64. Killed at Olustee. V.
 Warner, John. 23. Oct. 20, '63—Feb. 20, '64. Killed in action at Olustee. V.
 Walsh, James. 27. Jan. 6, '65— Missing at Wilmington, Mar. 3, '65. S.
 Whalen, Patrick. 26. Feb. 20, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 8, '65. S.
 Ward, Frank. Feb. 23, '65— Missing at Raleigh, Aug. 6, '65. S.
 Williams, George. 25. Mar. 4, '62—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 West, Fred. 31. Jan. 18, '65—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. S.
 Wilson, Geo. 20. Mar. 4, '64—Sept. 1, '65. Muster-out of Regt. V.
 Young, James. 24. Sept. 1, '63—Aug. 25, '64. Killed at Hatcher's Run. V.
 Zoller, John. 25. Jan. 18, '65—July 6, '65. S.
 Zueston, Philbert. 21. June 16, '62—Feb. 2, '64. Died of disease. V.

BAND.

LEADERS.

- Connolly, Michael. 38. Sept. 5, 1861. | Osborn, Alvah P. 22. Oct. 1, '61.

PRIVATES.

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| Bennett, Stephen B. 21. Sept. 7, '61. | Miller, George F. 23. Aug. 1, '61. |
| Brown, John J. 24. Sept. 12, '61. | Seaman, Warren H. 27. Sept. 5, '61. |
| Burnett, Perine I. 24. Sept. 12, '61. | Spencer, Frank M. 25. Sept. 5, '61. |
| Cox, William. 25. Sept. 10, '61. | Stone, Charles M. 22. Oct. 1, '61. |
| Frost, Charles J. 25. Sept. 12, '61. | Stuart, Bryon D. 18. Sept. 12, '61. |
| Frost, Frank A. 20. Sept. 5, '61. | (Died Aug. 4, '62.) |
| Gordon, Samuel B. 26. Sept. 12, '61. | Thomas, Charles W. 38. Oct. 10, '61. |
| Grannis, William P. 28. Sept. 9, '61. | Weller, Leroy. 17. Sept. 9, '61. |
| Hayt, James B. 21. Oct. 1, '61. | Wheller, Monroe. 19. Sept. 5, '61. |
| King, Charles R. 18. Sept. 12, '61. | White, Amasa B. 24. Sept. 5, '61. |
| Lyon, Charles. 35. Sept. 10, '61. | White, James C. 18. Sept. 5, '61. |
| Mandeville, Eloin K. 38. Sept. 5, '61. | |

The Band was mustered out of service in the fall of 1862 under General Orders No. 4, War Department, July 17, 1862.

CASUALTIES IN FORTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLS.

	Morris Island, July 10, 1863.			Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.			Olustee, Feb. 20, 1864.			Chester Heights, May 7, 1864.			Drewry's Bluff, May 16, 1864.			Cold Harbor, June 1-6, 1864.			Deep Bottom, July 27, Aug. 10 and 14, 1864.			Strawberry Plains, Aug. 16, 1864.		
	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.
Field and Staff..	1	2	1	1	1
Non-Com. Staff..	1	1
Company A.....	4	8	..	11	18	4	6	7	9	1	2	8	1	4	..	1	4	..	3	1
" B.....	10	16	7	4	19	3	1	1	2	1	4	1	1	4	1	9	2	1	1	1	..
" C.....	1	7	..	11	32	2	5	23	5	1	2	2	5	4	..	5	4	..	4	1	4
" D.....	1	4	..	10	14	4	2	22	9	2	5	..	1	1	4	..	2	..	2	9	2	..
" E.....	7	28	3	1	16	5	1	2	6	13	1	6	..	9	1	..	1
" F.....	6	17	2	8	19	..	3	2	4	1	..
" G.....	4	10	..	4	9	9	1	1	6	4	3	3	2
" H.....	14	23	3	3	6	..	1	3	..	5	1	5	..	1	2	1
" I.....	5	22	2	7	..	1	5	2	8	1	1	4
" K.....	12	23	3	9	18	..	1	7	..	1	3	7	..	2	5	1	1
Total.....	6	19	..	83	173	28	47	163	34	7	35	..	22	48	1	17	49	2	6	46	8	10	16	3

	Hatcher's Run, Aug. 25, 1864.			Siege of Petersburg, June 30- July 30, 1864.			Fort Fisher, Jan. 15, 1865.			Wilmington, Feb. 21, 1865.			Sundry dates.			Total in action.			Died of disease, in hands of enemy, in camp & hospital.	Total casualties.		
	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	K.	W.	P.	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.				
Field and Staff..	1	2	..	1	2	7	1	..	1	..	11
Non-Com. Staff..	2	2
Company A.....	..	1	1	..	4	1	2	1	..	26	57	14	4	8	..	109
" B.....	1	1	3	2	20	55	15	6	6	..	102
" C.....	1	1	1	1	1	..	2	..	1	32	79	10	4	8	..	133
" D.....	1	4	1	..	1	2	..	2	3	2	25	68	17	..	8	8	..	126
" E.....	2	1	..	1	2	..	1	2	..	19	81	9	9	9	5	..	123
" F.....	2	1	1	2	1	3	..	20	49	3	3	3	9	..	84
" G.....	3	2	1	2	1	17	41	7	2	12	79
" H.....	2	5	1	1	1	..	3	2	..	23	55	5	3	12	98
" I.....	..	3	..	2	6	..	3	1	3	12	61	3	1	9	86
" K.....	1	6	2	..	1	4	..	1	2	2	38	70	4	..	8	120
Total.....	2	4	1	19	25	5	3	14	..	4	10	..	10	21	6	736	623	88	40	86	..	1073

GENERAL STATISTICS.

Number of enlistments in 1861, 167; 1862, 190; 1863, 220; 1864, 224; 1865, 581; year unknown, 9. Whole number of enlistments, 2191. Of this number about 300 were transferred from the N. Y. Independent Battalion and 117th N. Y. Vols.

The casualties in engagements with the enemy were 947, or 43 per cent. Deducting the recruits of 1865, none of whom were in more than one action (Wilmington), and with only three wounded, the loss is increased to nearly 59 per cent. Including deaths from disease, the percentage of losses in action to the whole number is nearly one half, and without the 1865 recruits, two thirds.

236 were killed or died of wounds received in action.

623 were wounded, and 88 were taken prisoners.

87 died of disease, and 40 at Andersonville, Richmond, and other Confederate prisons.

17 commissioned officers were killed or died of wounds, and 28 were wounded.

58 enlisted men became commissioned officers in the regiment, and 17 in other commands.

331 re-enlisted, and became "Veterans;" of whom 186 were mustered-out Sept. 1, 1865.