National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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THE COLORED TROOPS.

Organization and Service in the Army of the Cumberland.

DRILL AND DISCIPLINE.

The Process Which Made Farm-hands Soldiers.

THEY WOULD FIGHT.

How They Faced the Storm on the Battlefield.

BY HENRY ROMEYN, CAPTAIN, 5TH U. S. INF., FORT KEOGH, M. T.

II.

Owing to the feeling which existed toward the colored troops in the minds of many, both officers and soldiers were often obliged to assert their position or be subjected to all sorts of indignities. One case has already been mentioned—others may not be out of place.

In the Spring of 1864 the regiment was moved to Chattanooga, and as soon as the weather would admit, the companies, each under charge of a Sergeant, were sent, unarmed, to the Tennessee to bathe. Not far from the bathing-place, but in no way incommoded by it, was the camp of an Indiana regiment. On one occasion while my company were bathing, two soldiers, one of them armed, came down from the camp and ordered them out of the water, the armed man at the same time loading his piece and threatening to use it in case of refusal. Two men near him soon came out, and proceeded hurriedly to

DON THEIR CLOTHING,

while the armed Hoosier kept up a volley of abuse of those still in the water. At length, after all had emerged, they were ordered to leave instantly.

One of the first-mentioned men approached the self-constituted guardian of the waters, who suddenly found himself disarmed and with his back pressing the earth, while his adversary, cooly shouldering the captured arm, fell into the ranks of his company, and a few minutes later presented himself at the tent of his company commander, handed him the rifle and told the story. It was found to be correct, and he was at once made a non-commissioned officer. The captured rifle was returned to the Captain of the company to which the man who so ingloriously lost it belonged, on his promise that he should be tried by court-martial for his offense.

In another instance, while the company was quarantined, because of smallpox, at Bridgeport, Ala., in December, 1863, a Lieutenant of a Regular battery—afterward dismissed for another offense—

LEAPED HIS HORSE

over a low place in the abatis which surrounded the camp, and galloping through the company street was halted by the sentry on duty at the gateway, who had instructions to pass no one without orders from the camp commandant. He attempted to ride him down, but could not force his horse on the bayonet of the guard, whose call was at once answered by all the guard not on post and all the officers in camp, when the intruder proceeded to abuse all without stint or limit, till the thing passed the bounds of endurance, and he soon found himself under control of the guard, one of whom led his horse while another marched on either side of him en route to his own camp. An apology for his conduct not being forthcoming, an officer was sent to call upon him for one, with the alternative of a trial by court-martial. This brought him to terms at once, and he

SIGNED AN APOLOGY,

which was returned to him through headquarters of his division (to make it a matter of record), and which was afterward read to every colored regiment in the Department at dress parade.

But we would not have the reader judge from the above instances that any undue liberty was allowed or encouraged. The men were very carefully instructed on that point. They were told never to submit to insult, but to call on an officer, if within reach, to right their wrong, instead of endeavoring to right it themselves; always to pay due respect to all officers, and in case of any trouble to report the facts to their own as soon as it could be done. I do not recollect a single instance in which anyone who treated them with the respect ordinarily paid the white soldier had reason to complain.

DISCIPLINE.

Accustomed all their lives to discipline fully as strict as that of the army, that of a military nature could not be felt as much as by white soldiers who had never had any more severe than that of the family or school. Consequently offenses of an insubordinate character were rare. At first there was some petty appropriations of rations or small articles of clothing, but a seat on a stump at the head of the company street, under charge of a sentinel, who had orders to see that the culprit consumed with the utmost rapidity four rations of soft bread, while the company were allowed to see that there was no cheating—and full rations soon stopped that; while the man who took his comrade's blouse not only replaced it with a new one, for which he was charged, but improved the company grounds by grubbing out stumps and brush for 15 days; and the sleepy fellow who forgot his duty as sentry, paid for his negligence by "walking post" two hours per day for 10 days, under charge of the camp guard, with a heavy "slab" lashed across his shoulders with gunslings.

"The discipline of danger" kept down what might have otherwise developed into offenses, and—I speak now more particularly of my own regiment—a feeling of *esprit du corps* was a most potent factor for good. My own company had been organized more than 14 months before a

SINGLE CASE OF DRUNKENNESS

occurred among its members, and the looks and expressions of disgust and anger among

DOING PENANCE.

them as "dat no-'count yaller niggah" was marched off to the guard-house, are still in memory.

After the war had closed, and there was less to occupy the time of the soldier, and it had become safe for him to return home, some desertions took place, but nothing like what occurred in regiments of white Regulars then serving in the same department. True, there were various reasons for this fidelity. Many had no homes, and had lost all traces of relatives. They were well-fed and well-paid, for them, and sure of rations and pay, all of which was problematical if they went into civil employment. Still, the fact remains, and should stand to their credit.

In one soldierly qualification the colored man was pre-eminent—he unhesitatingly obeyed orders. His "not to question why." Like the Russian soldier, he looked to his officer to plan; 'twas his to execute. If told to halt any man who approached his post, the rank of the man made no difference. He would do it in a perfectly respectful manner, but he did it, and he must be obeyed. The soldier who, by a quick shot,

KILLED THE BOUNTY-JUMPER

who, after having been warned away, had tried to "run the guard" on his beat on the picket-line at Chattanooga, and then coolly called "Corp'l de gaard, post number tree, dere's a man dead out yere," was not an unusually cool individual.

Esprit du corps was fostered in every possible way. They were made to feel, as much as was practicable, that they should be very careful what they did; that their own race would look up to them as men who had dared to fight for its liberty, while the white man of the North was by no means an uninterested spectator, but that foes would sneer and friends sorrow over failure. By them would men judge of the capacity of their race for the privilege of citizenship, and the hope of that, in all its fullness of homestead, education, and at last the ballot, was kept in their view.

All this helped discipline, and was really missionary work of the grandest character, the effects of which will never die. Trusting, patient, faithful, brave, anxious to improve, they not only were themselves benefited, but no officer who went into that branch of the service with pure motives and did his full duty failed to be himself improved and have broader views and better impressions of his relations to his country and "the universal brotherhood of man."

DRILL.

In the minds of even the best friends of the race and of those most favorable to the arming of the freedman, as well as those of the most eminent military men of the Union army, there seemed at first to be an impression that the two and a half centuries of subjection to slavery had emasculated many of the qualifications necessary for effective service in the field, and after the first regiments were organized in the Army of the Cumberland it was impossible for their officers to get them accepted for such duty. Some Colonels (line officers) did not wish it. They had taken the positions for the rank and pay they gave, and were content to stay at the rear and oversee gangs of workmen, organized into regiments; and even after other regiments had demonstrated that the negro would fight if given the oppor-

STEADY UNDER FIRE.

tunity, they did all in their power to keep out of it, and when finally forced out, succeeded in getting such duties assigned them as would not carry them under fire, while others gladly took their place and

GAINED THE GLORY.

But in the regiments whose officers desired field service, every possible attention was given to drill. During the Winter of 1863-'64 six companies of the 14th were on duty at Bridgeport, Ala., five of them engaged daily in transferring stores from cars to steamers on the Tennessee River, the railroad not being in running order between that place and Chattanooga. While at Nashville, en route from Gallatin to Bridgeport, my own company had been exposed to smallpox, which broke out in it in December, and it was sent into quarantine. The companies on duty had not time for much drill, but in quarantine every well man drilled from two to three hours daily.

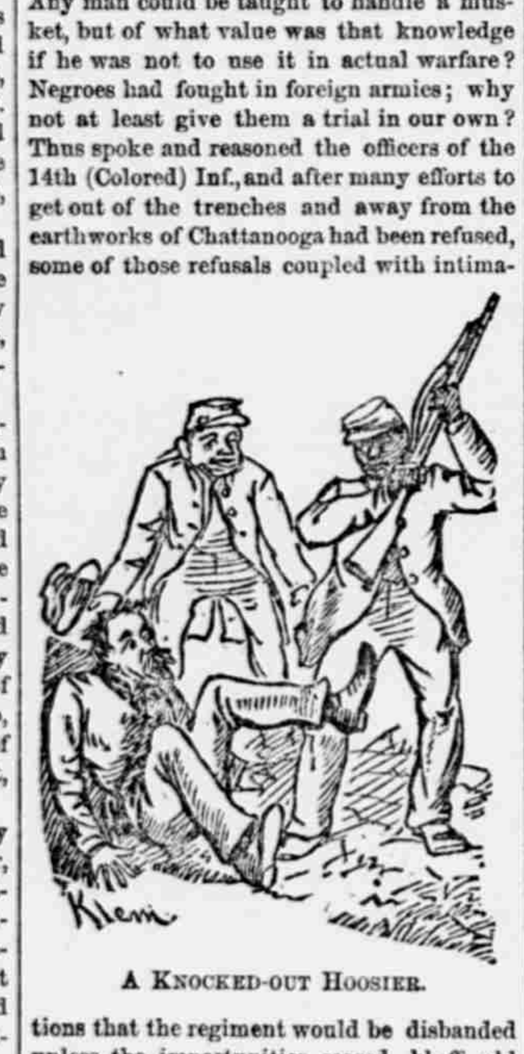
In March the regiment was all at Chattanooga, where heavy earthworks were in process of erection, and day after day every man not on sick report or camp guard was on "fatigue duty" on the works or handling supplies at the depot. So opposed was the engineer officer in charge of the work to any soldierly duties on their part, that he procured an order from the Department Commander prohibiting drills; but even then dress parades were kept up—the men quitting work at 5 p. m., marching to camp and being ready for parade an hour later.

THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS

witnessed these parades. At times the crowd was so great that a cordon of sentries was necessary to keep them from crowding upon the lines. Their comments were varied, and the vital question, "Will they fight!" was discussed. Some praised, some swore; part said, "Give them the chance;" others, "When they take the field I'm going home." With his phrenological organs of "time" and "imitativeness" fully developed, the negro soon learned to keep step and to handle his musket with precision on drill and dress parade, and it was the testimony of Gen. George H. Thomas concerning the 14th that he had never seen their "manual" excelled, and when the 17th, at Nashville, after the regular dress parade was over, "took intervals," and as a regiment went through the bayonet exercise, it was a sight to delight the eyes of any soldier.

FIELD SERVICE.

In a majority of the colored regiments organized in the Army of the Cumberland, both officers and enlisted men felt that until they were given an opportunity for actual service in the field, all that was done was of little value in determining the future status of the colored man, or his value as a soldier. Any man could be taught to handle a musket, but of what value was that knowledge if he was not to use it in actual warfare? Negroes had fought in foreign armies; why not at least give them a trial in our own? Thus spoke and reasoned the officers of the 14th (Colored) Inf., and after many efforts to get out of the trenches and away from the earthworks of Chattanooga had been refused, some of those refusals coupled with intima-



A KNOCKED-OUT HOOSIER.

tions that the regiment would be disbanded unless the importunities ceased, bluff old Gen. Steedman was placed in command of the District of the Etowah, with headquarters at Chattanooga. Learning from Col. Morgan of our anxiety, he swore that if opportunity offered we should

"GET ALL WE WANTED."

In August, 1864, the rebel Gen. Wheeler, operating on the railroads in Gen. Sherman's rear, reached Dalton, Ga., and demanded its surrender, which was refused by the commanding officer, Col. Laibold, of Missouri, who had already telegraphed to Gen. Steedman, asking for reinforcements. Our long-desired opportunity had come at last, and, though somewhat anxious, it was still a cheery organization which filed out of camp about 4 p. m. Aug. 14, and, loaded on flat-cars, steamed out toward Dalton.

Before leaving camp the "file-closers" of at least one company had been instructed to see that no man in the ranks shirked if a fight came off, and were given to understand that they also would be closely looked after. Feeling our way carefully along the railroad during a portion of the night, we at length abandoned the train, and after a halt of two or three hours the advance was resumed on foot at daybreak, and soon after passing Buzzard Roost Gap the enemy's advanced guard was met and driven back on the main body. The Federal forces was at once deployed,

THE COLORED TROOPS

being given the left of the line, and the left company (B) thrown forward as skirmishers. No previous moments of the Captain's life had been so anxiously passed as was the next 10 minutes. Would the men fight, or was all their careful training vain? But, as coolly as if on drill, the line pushed forward into a thick growth of timber and underbrush, rendered still more difficult to traverse by the tops of fallen trees, cut to provide hutting timber for the rebel troops the previous Winter.

Reaching the farther side of this woods, the bullets were flying too thick for comfort, and as the left of the skmirsh-line had been unable to keep up with the right, that was halted for those to the rear to come up. When ordered forward, one man, safely ensconced behind a large fallen tree, failed to move at once. With cocked musket pointed at his head, a Sergeant ordered him to "git out o' dat," and that was

THE ONLY COLORED SKULKER

I ever saw. Farther to the right the line of battle had also fallen into some disorder by passing through the old rebel encampment, and was halted a moment for rectification.

Though under fire, the "guides" of companies quietly took their proper places, and while the alignment was going on, a staff

"GIT OUT O' DAT!"

officer, ordered by his commander to observe their movements, as it was doubtful how they would behave, reported to him, "General, you needn't have any fears about the niggers; they're having dress parade over there under fire." As the line was forming at first arrival on the field, the officer in command of Co. A had time to say a few words of encouragement to his men, warning them at the same time that some would probably fall in the action. Henry Prince, of the company, replied:

"I am ready to die to make my race free.' Fifteen minutes later he lay dead, shot through the heart. Would a whiter skin have made him a truer martyr?

The fight was not severe, except in a limited space among some thickets lining the banks of a small stream, where a few of the enemy's skirmishers found themselves suddenly surrounded, and, refusing to surrender to "niggers," were all killed. But it was a test. The colored soldier had

FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE

with his white fellow, had done his whole duty, and been commended for his steadiness and bravery. To us it was a great step gained in advance—a great victory. The "14th Colored" was no longer classed as fit only to shovel dirt and handle supplies for others to consume. On the same line were two Indiana regiments—the 51st, Col. A. D. Straight, and 68th, Lieut.-Col. Esty—and for several months after we served together, and the longer we did so the stronger grew the soldierly tie between us. The camp, the march, the field of battle are excellent places to test manhood. Those Indianians never complained of want of it among their dusky-hued comrades.

Withdrawing from Dalton, Wheeler passed around the left flank of our forces and pushed northward toward East Tennessee. As soon as it was certain that that course had been taken our force returned to Chattanooga, and, stopping only to draw rations and ammunition, passed by rail to Cleveland, Tenn., and beyond, till we found the point where he had struck the railroad. Here we

ABANDONED THE TRAIN,

as the track was totally disabled for the whole distance they traveled along it. At Cleveland we were joined by the 2d Ohio H. A., a regiment raised for garrison duty, and having in its ranks many men physically unfit for marching. Its Colonel, an officer of Regular artillery, was bitterly opposed to serving with colored troops, and his feelings were fully shared by most of his command. He refused to "march in rear of niggers," but before the first day closed most of his men had taken that position, as, pressed closely by the head of the "nigger" column, man after man fell out of ranks, some of them to find their way back to Cleveland, while others, amid the jeers of the colored men, limped into camp after nightfall. "De Fo'teent had heaps o' fun wid 'em," which will be described further on.

As Wheeler increased his distance from his base, he decreased his chances of giving assistance to his chief, and not much effort was made to overtake him. At Sweetwater it was learned that he was crossing the Tennessee River, heading for the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad north of the Cumberland Mountains, and the column was countermarched for Chattanooga. At Cleveland what remained of the "2d Heavy" was

DROPPED FROM THE COMMAND,

which at Chattanooga again halted only long enough to draw ammunition and rations. Of the latter we carried but little,—salt, sugar and coffee forming the greater portion,—but every pocket was filled with cartridges.

Peaches and melons were ripe, "roasting-ears" in season, and not quite all the swine and poultry had yet been "gobbled up." Again we reoccupied our flat cars, which were not at all an inconvenient means of transportation, as by carrying a few extra rails we could keep our small allowance of equipage from dropping off the sides, and an improvised hearth of dirt placed in the center afforded a place to boil coffee while traveling.

At Murfreesboro we heard of our adversary as still east of the railroad and with his command headed toward Lavergne, nearer Nashville. Reaching that place before him he displayed his usual tactics,

AVOIDED THE SHOCK,

and turning our right flank passed in rear of our trains, and tearing up a line of track about equal to the front of his command made all speed for the Tennessee River at Muscle Shoals. Hastily replacing the track, our pursuit, if such it could be called, was resumed via Stevenson, Ala., thence via Memphis and Charleston Railroad to Athens, Ala.

Here we learned that he had just crossed the Tennessee and Alabama Road at Pulaski, 30 miles north, and was pushing for the crossing 42 miles down the river from Athens. Traveling the longest side of a triangle whose base was 30 and its perpendicular 42 miles long, scarcely halting to form line as we left the train, the command started northward. So rapid was the march that an officer who stopped during the night to change his socks, which were chafing his feet, and unbuckled his sword from his belt, found himself in rear of the whole column, and forgetting that he had dropped the sword, did not dare return for it when he discovered his loss, and traveled at his best speed several miles before he recovered his place, near the center of the column. But

NOT A COLORED SOLDIER

straggled or fell behind, and when after 22 hours marching we struck the rear-guard of the rebel column at Shoal Creek, 40 miles from Athens, every man was ready for fight. The rear-guard of the enemy disputed the passage of the stream (which, however, was not, for some reason known only to the officer commanding the Federal forces, pressed with much energy) long enough for the main body to ford the Tennessee, and then disappeared at a gallop down the [illegible] bank of that stream.

As the command was entirely out of rations, a halt of two hours only was made, when the return march was taken up, and meeting a supply train at Elk River another was made long enough to draw and cook rations, and in less than 60 hours from the time it left Athens the force was back at that place, having marched nearly 90 miles and been engaged in an affair which had lasted nearly three hours. From this point the 14th returned to its camp at Chattanooga.

[*To be continued.*]

A Note From Comrade Lacock.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Since your publication of my "Guntown Trip," I have been besieged by letters from almost every Northwestern State, and nearly all ask me to correct some error that they say I have made. It reminds me very much of the controversy the White Stars have had. I wish to say that I shall enter into no argument to sustain my assertions, knowing it would be difficult indeed to convince a man of error at this late day. My diary, made on the spot, and my recollections bear me out as to its being the 114th Ill. that led in the fight on June 10 at Guntown, Miss., while three different comrades, representing three different regiments, each claim his regiment to have led.

One error which has been cited I will acknowledge, and take this means to correct. In giving the roster of my brigade, I said the 10th Minn. was a member. I should have said the 9th Minn. To the members of the 95th and 113th Ill., who each claim to have led in this fight, I will say perhaps you are right, but the probabilities are one or the other is mistaken; so let's drop it, and rest assured if you were not first you would have been had your position in the line placed you there, and no one will doubt for a moment you would have done your whole duty had you been there.—J. W. LACOCK, Sergeant, Co. C, 93d Ind., Mason, Ill.

Gen. Polk's Death.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In an article headed "Writing History," Comrade Robert Doyle, of Fleming, Mo., takes issue with "Carleton's" article, published some time ago, giving the honor of killing Gen. Leonidas Polk to the 5th Ind. battery. Now, at the time we certainly did get the credit, and we also passed over or near the ground where Polk was killed the next day, and we were told that the second shot, coming from where our center section was in position, killed Gen. Polk. Our Captain—Peter Simonson, who was Chief of Artillery of First Division, Fourth Corps—was so elated over the event that he lost his own life the next day while superintending the building of works for our battery. I think the loss of our brave Capt. Simonson was as much deplored in our battery and the whole First Division as was the loss of Gen. Polk in his corps. Our center section had 3-inch or Rodman guns. The brave boy who sighted the gun that killed Polk, Corp'l B. F. McCollum, is "mustered out." If it was necessary, I have no doubt that Gen. Stanley, commanding First Division, Fourth Corps, Gen. O. O. Howard, commanding the corps, or perhaps Gen. Sherman, could corroborate the above statement.—J. E. DOUGLASS, 5th Ind. battery, Madison, Neb.

FOR US THEY DIED!

BY JNO. KEYNTON.

For us they died—the brave, the true,
When battle clouded all the land!
For them our dearest thanks are due
While liberty and Union stand!
With hearts of sadness and of gloom
We gather at their side to-day,
And strew with flowers of choicest bloom
Their dear—their honored clay!

Glad with the joy of manhood's prime
They left their homes for this fair land,
And mingled with a faith sublime
In strife, at duty's stern command!
Their warfare ended, what can be
Our duty in this time of ours
But this—to scatter endlessly
Upon their graves the sweetest flow'rs!

Then place upon each lowly grave
The choicest that the year can bring!
They died the Nation's life to save,—
For them the garlands of the Spring!
And in each heart forever grow
The mem'ries ever bright and dear,
As sweet as those we now bestow
In these fair flowers we scatter here!

ARLINGTON AT MIDNIGHT.

BY J. A. JUDSON, CAPTAIN AND A. A.-G., U. S. VOLS.

In the silent hour of midnight,—
'Neath the grand old forest trees,—
'Neath the slanting rays of moonlight,—
In the perfume-laden breeze,—
Strange, shadowy forms are flitting,
A vast, unnumbered host,
Rank on rank of all three arms—
A buried army's ghost.

On come the serried columns
With the swinging stride of yore,
But the tramping of the marching
Is heard on earth no more.
The rumble of the caissons,
And the fearful guns they feed
No longer make earth tremble,
For they rush with silent speed.

No clanking of the sabers
Of the shadowy cavalry,
For the horses and their riders
Now are silent ghosts, and free.
The bugles, too, are voiceless,
And stilled is every drum;
The shrill fife's shriek no more is heard,—
All wait till the end shall come.

* * * * * * * * *

In dim blue lines this holy host,
That died for country's love,
In nightly array await the trump
Of the last review above!

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, 1887.

RECOLLECTIONS

Of a Private in the Army of the Potomac.

SEVEN DAYS FIGHTING.

McClellan's Grapple for Richmond in June, 1862.

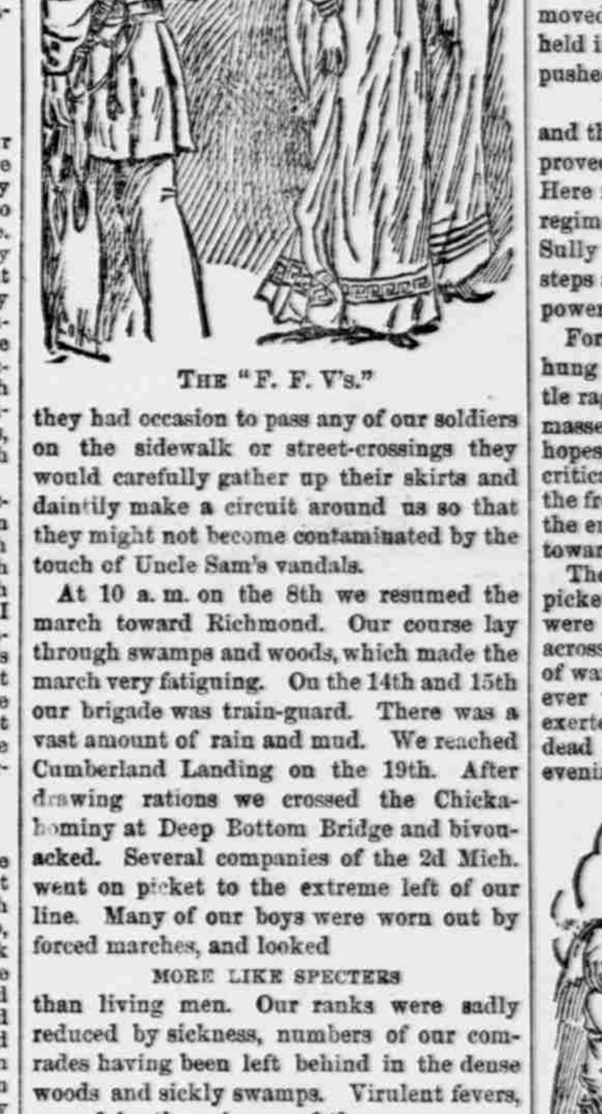
DISABLED BY A BULLET.

The "Private" Closes, for the Present, His Narrative.

BY "CUI BONO," DETROIT, MICH.

V.

We remained in the vicinity of Williamsburg until the 8th of May, and during that time I visited the hospital where our own and many of the enemy's wounded were. The inhabitants of the "burg" were not friendly, especially the ladies. Whenever



THE "F. F. V's."

they had occasion to pass any of our soldiers on the sidewalk or street-crossings they would carefully gather up their skirts and daintily make a circuit around us so that they might not become contaminated by the touch of Uncle Sam's vandals.

At 10 a. m. on the 8th we resumed the march toward Richmond. Our course lay through swamps and woods, which made the march very fatiguing. On the 14th and 15th our brigade was train-guard. There was a vast amount of rain and mud. We reached Cumberland Landing on the 19th. After drawing rations we crossed the Chickahominy at Deep Bottom Bridge and bivouacked. Several companies of the 2d Mich. went on picket to the extreme left of our line. Many of our boys were worn out by forced marches, and looked

MORE LIKE SPECTERS

than living men. Our ranks were sadly reduced by sickness, numbers of our comrades having been left behind in the dense woods and sickly swamps. Virulent fevers, caused by the miasma of the swamps, prevailed to an alarming extent.

About noon on the 31st a brisk cannonading was heard in the direction of Fair Oaks, soon accompanied by rolling volleys of musketry. The brigade was soon under arms and ready to march. Before proceeding to the front Gen. Berry made a short address to us, and then came the order, "Forward, quick time—March!" After marching as rapidly as possible for three miles we began to meet with stragglers from the front. Gens. Kearny and Berry tried to induce them to return with us, but they continued their flight to the rear. Meanwhile the roar of the battle was drawing near. The 3d Mich. was the leading regiment of our brigade. Gen. Kearny led the 3d into action and stationed them in a slashing, through which the rebels were rapidly pressing. The 5th Mich. went into action on the left of the 3d, and opened a rapid and destructive fire. Pushing through the fallen timber, we met a large body of the enemy.

The firing on both sides now became terrific. Soon the 2d Mich. and 37th N. Y. came to our support and assisted in checking the enemy's advance. The firing was one continuous thunder peal, interspersed with bursting shells. Kearny planted his troops

LIKE A ROCK

between Casey's Division and the pursuing enemy, and his men fought like heroes, steadily opposing every onset made against

HUCKLEBERRY PICKERS.

them. Gen. Naglee succeeded in re-forming the ranks of some of the fugitives and led them to our assistance.

Glancing along our line I saw our boys falling rapidly. In the space of but a few minutes the 5th lost 153 men. The other regiments of Berry's Brigade suffered equally as severe. Ere long the cry was heard, "They are flanking us," and it seemed at first as if Johnston would accomplish his boast of driving us into the Chickahominy. The 5th was ordered to change front by company left wheel into line. The 40th N. Y. took position on our right and went in with the bayonet. This afforded us an opportunity to re-form and check the attack on our flank. Gen. Heintzelman's horse was shot under him while he was directing this movement.

At length a long line of gleaming bayonets appeared on our right. It was Gen. Sumner's troops going into action. Cheer after cheer rent the air as we witnessed their advance, and even our wounded joined in the glad cry. Sumner's men went in with an impetuous rush, before which the enemy sullenly retired, and

THE DAY WAS WON.

Our brigade retired to near the position we left at noon and formed column closed in mass; darkness settled down and quieted the voice of strife, and clutching our weapons we stretched our weary forms upon the leafy carpet and fell asleep.

It was a mild night, a refreshing breeze blew over the encampment, and one could scarcely believe that two hostile armies only awaited the first golden streaks of the rising sun to begin the work of slaying each other. No lively song or passing jest, no joyous laugh denoted the presence of mirth in the hearts of men who had fought like wild beasts.

The early dawn was disturbed by a volley of musketry, which increased in intensity every minute. Kearny's Division sprang to its feet as one man, and officers and Orderlies dashed along in front of us.

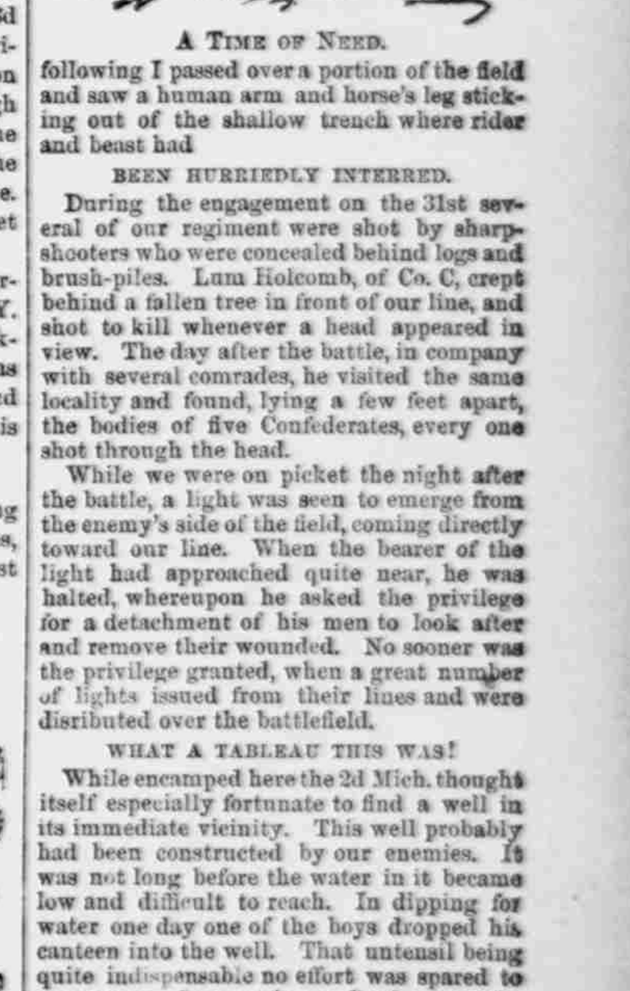
While waiting orders to move the roar of cannon became audible, denoting that the battle had begun in earnest. We were soon moved up to the edge of an open plain and held in reserve. Column after column was pushed forward into

THE THICKEST OF THE FIGHT,

and the return of the shattered remnants proved the stubborn resistance of the foe. Here for the first time we saw that gallant regiment, the 1st Minn. It was led by Col. Sully and marched into the fight with firm steps and proud mien, as if conscious of its power.

For several hours the scales of victory hung in the balance. About 4 p. m. the battle raged with redoubled fury. The enemy massed troops against the Union center in hopes of penetrating our lines. At this critical moment our division was ordered to the front, but before we reached that point the enemy was repulsed and fled in disorder toward Richmond.

The 5th Mich. and 37th N. Y. remained on picket that night. Early next morning we were relieved, and while marching back across the battlefield witnessed the horrors of war. Death stared us in the face wherever we looked, although our commander exerted himself to the utmost to bury the dead and provide for the wounded. Next evening it rained in torrents, and the day



A TIME OF NEED.

following I passed over a portion of the field and saw a human arm and horse's leg sticking out of the shallow trench where rider and beast had

BEEN HURRIEDLY INTERRED.

During the engagement on the 31st several of our regiment were shot by sharpshooters who were concealed behind logs and brush-piles. Lum Holcomb, of Co. C, crept behind a fallen tree in front of our line, and shot to kill whenever a head appeared in view. The day after the battle, in company with several comrades, he visited the same locality and found, lying a few feet apart, the bodies of five Confederates, every one shot through the head.

While we were on picket the night after the battle, a light was seen to emerge from the enemy's side of the field, coming directly toward our line. When the bearer of the light had approached quite near, he was halted, whereupon he asked the privilege for a detachment of his men to look after and remove their wounded. No sooner was the privilege granted, when a great number of lights issued from their lines and were disributed over the battlefield.

WHAT A TABLEAU THIS WAS!

While encamped here the 2d Mich. thought itself especially fortunate to find a well in its immediate vicinity. This well probably had been constructed by our enemies. It was not long before the water in it became low and difficult to reach. In dipping for water one day one of the boys dropped his canteen into the well. That untensil being quite indispensable no effort was spared to recover it. Long poles and other contrivances were brought into use to recover it from the bottom of the deep. Finally it was brought to the surface, when, lo and behold! with it came the decomposed bodies of two rebels. The bad taste of that well water was now fully accounted for, and the boys promptly took a pledge to let it alone in the future.

A few days after the battle of Fair Oaks the 1st N. Y. joined our brigade and remained with us until its term of service expired in 1863. Kearny's Division occupied the left of McClellan's advanced line, and our pickets were within

SIX MILES OF RICHMOND.

Our main line was well protected by earthworks and abatis, and the front strongly