

147th Regiment

NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION
FOR THE
BATTLEFIELDS OF GETTYSBURG AND CHATTANOOGA.

FINAL REPORT

ON THE
BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

COMMISSIONERS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| MAJ.-GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, U. S. A. | MAJ.-GEN. DANIEL BUTTERFIELD. |
| BVT. MAJ.-GEN. ALEX. S. WEBB. | BVT. BRIG.-GEN. ANSON G. MCCOOK. |
| COL. LEWIS R. STEGMAN. | COL. CLINTON BECKWITH. |
| MAJOR CHARLES A. RICHARDSON. | THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE STATE, EX-OFFICIO. |
| CHAIRMAN, MAJ.-GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES, U. S. A. | |
| ENGINEER AND SECY., A. J. ZABRISKIE. | |

VOL. III.

ALBANY:
J. B. LYON COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1900.



BOSTON HELIOTYPE CO. PRINT.

147TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

F. J. SEVERENCE, PHOTO.

On the battlefield of the First Corps (first day). The Chambersburg Pike and Lutheran Seminary are in the background on the right. The railroad cut in the left background is not the one at which the regiment fought.

*(INSCRIPTIONS.)**(Front.)*

147TH

NEW YORK
INFANTRY,
2D BRIGADE,
1ST DIVISION,
1ST CORPS.

(Reverse.)

POSITION 10 A. M.

JULY 1, 1863.

KILLED AND WOUNDED

HERE, 212.

KILLED AND MORTALLY

WOUNDED, 76

WOUNDED 146

MISSING 79

TOTAL LOSS 301

NUMBER ENGAGED 380

(Left Side.)

CHANCELLORSVILLE
MINE RUN
WILDERNESS
SPOTSYLVANIA
NORTH ANNA
COLD HARBOR
PETERSBURG
WELDON, R. R.

(Right Side.)

YELLOW HOUSE
PEEBLES' FARM
HATCHER'S RUN
DABNEY'S MILL
GRAVELLY RUN
WHITE OAK ROAD
FIVE FORKS
APPOMATTOX

DEDICATION OF MONUMENT.

147TH REGIMENT INFANTRY.

July 1, 1888.

ADDRESS BY CAPT. VOLNEY J. PIERCE.

COMRADES:

If ever thankfulness and gratitude springs from heart to lip it is on an occasion like this. It is gratitude to Him who sheltered us in the battle's contest,—by whose mercy we are not among our comrades who never came home; for, to-day, we clasp hands with living comrades across a quarter of a century.

I come to meet you and greet you from the emerald plains of the West, where the golden sunlight kisses the fruitful fields; where the soft southland breezes fan the nodding corn to a glorious harvest; where Nature, in her milder moods, invites the whole world to her rich garner that comes responsive to the touch of honest toil; where majesty rules all nature in her angry moods, the counterpart of the wild war days that witnessed her conception and her birth; a Commonwealth conceived in slavery, born into Freedom's Sisterhood of States, while riot, bloodshed, fire and sword ruled in wild revels around her cradle, the glorious land of sunflowers, the Empire Soldier State of the Union—Kansas. I bring you greetings from 100,000 comrades, who send you "Cheers and God-speed" in your effort to perpetuate the names and deeds of our comrades, who on this spot gave their lives for Freedom and for Fatherland, and made the battle name "Gettysburg" famous throughout the world.

We are proud of the past. Blot it from our record we would not; forget it, we would not if we could.

We believe in perpetuating in marble and bronze, in song and in story, the grand principles of Union, of human liberty, of patriotism and a glorious memory.

Join with us, O Veterans in Gray! Join with us, O South Land! Let us weld anew the links that bind all interests, all issues, and all endeavors, to the making of a new Nation named Union, Friendship, Peace.

In the sorrowing days of the sixties, Whittier sang:

"The birds against the April sky
Flew northward singing as they flew;
They sang, 'The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades,— blood for dew.'
* * * * *

"Oh, wild birds, flying from the south,
What saw ye,— heard ye,— gazing down?
'We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickening camp, the blazing town.'

'We heard the sorrowing prisoners sigh,
And saw from line and trench your sons
Follow our flight with homesick eye,
Beyond the battery's smoking guns.'

In the 'seventies —

'We saw the new uprising States,
The treason-nursing mischief spurned,
As crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long estranged and lost returned.'

* * * *

"And sweet and far as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease
Till drowning all the voice of War
It sings the blessed songs of Peace."

In these days of peace we turn the leaves of the worn volumes of war memories, build our tablets, and lay our garlands down. I am not unmindful of the honor conferred on me on this occasion. While it is a labor of love, it is a sad one, and yet not unmixed with pleasure. Sad, for memory will run riot with the names and faces of comrades—names now carved in marble; faces, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear,"—boys who were my school-mates—companions of my youth; and as the phantom finger of Time draws aside the curtain of eternity, they come marching in review. Faces, forms, songs and sayings recall their glorious deeds, their sufferings and their death. Here we parted from them; here on this battle line where the blinding smoke from musketry was thickest; where this hell of battle snapped their threads of life with blood-stained hands; here where their lives went out, fighting the "Crime of the Century." Old soldiers are bound by ties and friendships that cannot be understood or appreciated by others. The truest, best and strongest ties of friendship were formed in times of greatest peril.

I find pleasure in recalling the history of the old regiment, of the brigade, of the division, and of the army corps, hoping I may contribute in some degree towards perpetuating the memories of my comrades dead, and stamp their heroic achievements forever on the hearts of the Nation. I can speak of my comrades but in praise, and shall lay just claims for credit not heretofore accorded them in the history of this battlefield.

We read among the old German legends the myth of Valhalla, where were thought to go the souls of the brave. "There were believed to be maidens fair called Valkyrs, or the Choosers of the Slain,—Hilda, Guda, Treda, Mista, and others who floated on swans' wings over the camps of armies before a battle and chose out who should be killed. Nor were such deaths accounted a disaster; for to die bravely was the only way to the Hall of Woden where the valiant enjoyed on the other side of the rainbow bridge the delight they cared for most in life. Shooting stars were held to be the track of weapons

carried to supply fresh comers into Valhalla. Only by dying gallantly could entrance be won there."

Surely the Valkyrs must have been busy during the night of June 30, 1863. Rapid must have been the flight of the shooting stars, as they flashed across the midnight sky from the deadly aim of the chosen of the slain, as Hilda, Guda, Treda, Mista, floated on swans' wings over the camps of the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray. Surely Valhalla never received into its portals braver spirits than were selected by the shooting stars of the Valkyrs, as the armies slept on the nether bank of Marsh Creek that beautiful June night and July morning. They spared neither the private in his "Blouse the Blue, or his Blouse the Gray."

The commander and the commanded were called alike to join the procession to the Hall of Woden; but of all who left us on that day of battle, none died more gloriously than the old commander who led us in so many battles — the Bayard of the Army of the Potomac, Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds.

The sun had started the fleecy clouds up the side of Round Top, as the long roll sounded from the brigade headquarters, July 1, 1863. General Cutler was an early riser,— his tent packed, horse saddled. The throbbing drum notes of the division found instant echo from Cutler's Brigade, and he and his men were ready to march. My breakfast, two hard tack and a tin cup of black coffee. This was my fighting meal, and the only one till July 4th. What a full meal would have done for me on that occasion, history will never record.

On marching from Emmitsburg to Marsh Creek, June 30th, the First Brigade led the division. From Marsh Creek to this battlefield the Second Brigade led; and the brigade formation from right to left was,— eighteen men of the One hundred and forty-seventh New York, under Sergt. H. H. Hubbard, as headquarter guard, followed by the Seventy-sixth New York, under Major Grover; Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, Brvt. Brig. Gen. J. W. Hofmann; One hundred and forty-seventh New York, Lieut. Col. F. C. Miller; Fourteenth Brooklyn, Brvt. Brig. Gen. E. B. Fowler; and Ninety-fifth New York, Maj. Edward Pye.

The distant reports of artillery tingled the ear as we marched up the Emmitsburg Pike. White circles of smoke rising in the air told of bomb bursts where the gallant cavalry boys were defending the line of Willoughby Run and awaiting our coming. Orderlies with despatches dashed past us to the rear with the encouraging intelligence that "The Rebs were thicker than blackberries beyond the hill." Pioneers were ordered to the front, fences were thrown down, and, as we passed into the fields near the Codori House, the fierce barking of Calef's Battery redoubled. With it came the order, "Forward, double-quick! Load at will!" Then was heard the wild rattle of jingling ramrods, as we moved towards the sound of the cannon. No straggling now; the old musket was clinched with firmer grasp. The death grapple was at hand. As we crossed the rocky bed of Stevens' Run, Hall's splendid battery dashed past us. Horses with distended nostrils, sides white with foam, now wild with excitement, hurried to join in the melee. A fence at the crossing of the Fairfield Road hindered the battery. We climbed the fence, and passing to the south of the Seminary plunged headlong over the hill into the narrow valley between the Seminary

and the McPherson House ridge. The air was full of flying fragments of shell from Confederate guns beyond Willoughby Run. The Fourteenth Brooklyn and Ninety-fifth New York were moved to the front of the McPherson House, from the rear of our column. Lieut. Col. Miller, not having any orders, halted the One hundred and forty-seventh near the garden with a picket fence at the McPherson House, a few rods east of the stone basement barn on the south side of the pike, and rode forward for orders. Hall's Battery again overtook and passed us in our rear, going to our right, across the Chambersburg Pike, and into position between the pike and railroad cut. Lieut. Col. Miller returned and ordered us by the flank to the right at a double-quick in rear of Hall's Battery, now in position on the third ridge. We crossed the railroad bed, and the moment the left of the regiment cleared it the order came, "By the left flank; guide centre!" We are now in the line of battle moving to the west. The Seventy-sixth New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, with the headquarters guard, had preceded us, moving along the rear of the second ridge, and were some distance to our right and rear, on the second ridge, and not on alignment with us. While we were advancing in the wheat-field the battle opened on our right, and the bullets from the enemy were flying thick and fast as we marched rapidly towards our opponents. The wheat heads fell with rapid noddings, as the bullets from the Confederate line commenced their harvest of death. Men dropped dead, and the wounded men went to the rear before they had emptied their muskets; Corp. Fred. Rife and his file closer, Hiram Stowell, dropped dead, one upon the other. We continued to advance in the nodding wheat of death until our left touched on the railroad cut, supporting Hall's Battery. "Lie down! fire through the wheat close to ground!" The battle was now on in all its fierceness; a continuous roar of musketry drowned all orders. Lieut. Col. Miller received a wound in the head, and his frightened horse carried him from the field. On Maj. George Harney the duty fell to command; none more worthy than he. On this field he wore a "star" in the estimation of his command.

Capt. Delos Gary dropped on one knee, close in my rear, with a bullet wound in the head; Capt. Than. Wright, just to my right, was pounding the ground and yelling at the top of his voice to "give them h——." The firing of the enemy in my immediate front slackened, and the enemy retired towards the right. I moved my men forward a few yards further to the crest of the ridge with the men of Company C, and discovered a line of Confederate skirmishers on our front, advancing from the valley up a slope towards a rail fence, firing as they advanced into Hall's Battery, while the battery was fighting for dear life. A detachment of Confederates gathered in a fence corner, a short distance beyond the cut. I immediately ordered, "Left oblique, fire." The order was responded to by the two left companies, G and C. Several rounds were fired into the skirmish lines; it became too hot for them, and I saw them return down the hill, with several of their number stretched on the hillside. Hall's Battery had been fighting that skirmish line in a death grapple. "Artillery against skirmishers is like shooting mosquitoes with a rifle." The Confederate skirmishers had the best of it up to the time the left of the One hundred and forty-seventh Regiment opened on them. The moment the battery was relieved

from the force of the attack it began to limber to the rear, and, as the Confederate skirmishers fell back, the battery disappeared in a cloud of dust on the Chambersburg Pike. While this was taking place on the left, the battle reopened on the right with redoubled fury, and the cry came down the line, "They are flanking us on the right." The right companies, by Major Harney's orders, swung back on the south side of the rail fence; the left front of the regiment was relieved of pressure from the enemy, who either laid concealed close under the ridge at the west end of the railroad cut, or had passed towards our right to crush that. The fight was again fierce and hot; the boys on the right were falling like autumn leaves; the air was full of lead. Men fell all along the line.

I saw an officer ride down from Oak Hill in our rear, and wave his cap in retreat. To venture into this maelstrom between the railroad cut and that fence on the right was death. Fierce flamed the fire around the altar of the Union from the guns of the One hundred and forty-seventh New York. The smoke of carnage rose as an incense, and wrapped the folds of the flag defended within its shortened lines. Not a man flinched; none left the field except the wounded; the untouched living and the dead remained. You may point to Thermopylae and its Spartans; but a Thermopylae was here, and a Spartan heroism stood within this death angle on this ground. Never was a grander fight made against triple odds; never greater readiness to do and die on duty's line; never greater results hung trembling in the balance than swayed in the battle front of the One hundred and forty-seventh New York. Shall the battle of Gettysburg be fought? Shall the high tide of the Rebellion ebb from these fields into peaceful waters at Appomattox? Shall foreign nations recognize the Confederacy? Shall the great struggle be fought now and here to a finish? The answer came back from the smoking guns of the One hundred and forty-seventh: "Our whole duty shall be done. We are here to stay."

Closer pressed the enemy. A regiment—the Fifty-fifth North Carolina—was pressing far to our right and rear, and came over to the south side of the rail fence. The colors drooped to the front. An officer in front of the centre corrected the alignment as if passing in review. It was the finest exhibition of discipline and drill I ever saw, before or since, on the battlefield. The battery was gone from our left; Wadsworth seeing our peril ordered his adjutant general, Capt. T. E. Ellsworth, to ride in and withdraw us. With his coal-black hair pressing his horse's mane, he came through the leaden hail like a whirlwind across the old railroad cut and up the hill to Major Harney, who gave the command, "In retreat, march!" As I started with my men to the rear I found Edwin Aylesworth mortally wounded, who begged me not to leave him. I stopped, and with Sergt. Peter Shuttz, assisted him to his feet, and tried to carry him; but I could not, and had to lay him down. His piteous appeal, "Don't leave me, boys," has rung in my ears and lived in my memory these five and twenty years.

Sergeant Shuttz was killed soon after near Oak Ridge. The time spent in assisting Aylesworth delayed me, so I was among the last to leave the field.

Finding the enemy so close upon us and the way open—the route we came in by—I followed several of my men into the railroad cut. A squad of Confederates were at the west end of the cut, behind some rails, and as we struck the bottom of that railroad cut, they saluted us with all their guns, and each

one loaded with a bullet. I did not stay to dispute possession, for they evidently intended "to welcome us Yanks with bloody hands to hospitable graves," and I climbed up the rocky face of the cut, on the south side, and made my way with many of our men across the meadow between the railroad cut and the Chambersburg Pike, crossed the pike into a small peach orchard, and I overtook the colors in the hands of Sergt. William A. Wyburn. Just as I joined him he received a shot, and fell on the colors as if dead. I tried to remove the colors, but he held to them with true Irish grit. I commanded him to let go, and to my surprise he answered, "Hold on, I will be up in a minute," rolled over and staggered to his feet and carried them all through the fight, and was commissioned for his courage.

We joined Major Harney and right wing of the regiment on the east slope of Seminary Ridge, on the north side of the Chambersburg Pike, refilled our canteens, and with the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York marched immediately over Oak Hill again into the corn fields, to the ground they occupied at the opening of the fight. From thence back to Oak Ridge, and assisted Paul's Brigade in the successful attack on Iverson's Confederate Brigade, and lay for some time among the oaks on the ridge, under a severe shelling from Confederate batteries, and then moved to the left of the railroad cut on Oak Ridge and filled up with ammunition, when the order came, "In retreat; down the railroad track and through the town!" Called roll in the Cemetery among the tombs of generations past, only to renew the combat on Culp's Hill; and then two days more of battle and death, continuously under fire and on active duty from July 1st until the sun went down in battle smoke on the 3d. How well they fought! How well they acted their part! Call the roll of the 380 who answered at Marsh Creek, July 1st. At Culp's Hill 79 responded. A loss of 301 out of 380.

Gallant Sickles in his address a year ago denominates the first day's battle "a preliminary skirmish." But for the heroism and staying qualities of Reynolds and his men the first day, General Sickles would never had the opportunity to make the handsome boast that the Third Corps fought the battle of Gettysburg.

There were fifty battles of Gettysburg fought on these hills and plains,—each sanguinary and terrific in character.

In conclusion, I will ask your attention to the errors in the histories which affect the credit and honor of the One hundred and forty-seventh New York. It was unfortunate for the record of the First Corps that we lost our commander, Reynolds. Not by this would I be understood as abating one jot or tittle of honor due him who succeeded the gallant Reynolds; for he who commanded us we all love and remember with a soldier's gratitude, Gen. Abner Doubleday.

It was more than unfortunate that General Howard failed to comprehend the situation, and reported to General Meade that "the First Army Corps had fled from the field."

Let us examine the accepted accounts of the part taken by the One hundred and forty-seventh New York and see how they conform with the actual facts.

General Doubleday, in his history, when speaking of the fight on this ground,

page 129, says: "Two regiments (Seventy-sixth New York, Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania) on the right accordingly withdrew, but the One hundred and forty-seventh New York, which was next to the (rail) road did not receive the orders, as its colonel was shot down before he could deliver it. They were at once surrounded and very much cut up before they could be rescued from their perilous position."

We will acknowledge we did not receive the first order and were truly "very much cut up;" but if we were ever "surrounded" we never knew it. If we were ever "rescued" by any troops of the Army of the Potomac on that particular occasion, we were not aware of it. Not only were we ignorant of such a state of affairs, but we most emphatically and positively assert it is a mistake of history, for which there was never any foundation.

When Major Harney received Captain Ellsworth's order to retire, we had occupied that ground nearly half an hour. *The rear was open to Oak Hill, and the left and rear (the route over which we came from the Seminary) was open and unobstructed.* The ground that Hall's Battery occupied was unoccupied by the enemy. The only point where there was any opposition to our retreat was at the west end of that railroad cut, which was not of such a nature as to prevent us crossing it with our colors, and the flank fire of the Second Mississippi and Fifty-fifth North Carolina on our north before whom we had to pass. We challenge the statement that the One hundred and forty-seventh New York was for a moment "cut off," but fought until ordered to retreat by the authority from the division commander, and not "rescued" by the action of any other regiment. There was no other regiment in reach of us to assist while we were fighting on the right of this railroad cut; when we left the ground it was by order, and we carried out colors with us.

Also page 29: "As Wadsworth withdrew them (the Seventy-sixth New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania) without notifying Hall's Battery in the road, the two regiments posted by Reynolds on the left (Fourteenth Brooklyn and Ninety-fifth New York) both became exposed to a disastrous flank attack on the right. Hall finding a cloud of skirmishers launched against his battery, which was without support, was compelled to retreat with the loss of one gun * * * The Fourteenth Brooklyn and Ninety-fifth New York finding their support gone on the right and Archer's Rebel Brigade advancing on the left, fell back leisurely." The error in this is that the withdrawal of the Seventy-sixth New York and Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania exposed the One hundred and forty-seventh New York to "the disastrous flank attack on the right." We were still holding the ground when Hall withdrew his battery. The support Hall's Battery received from the One hundred and forty-seventh New York was as vigorous as one regiment could render against the terrible odds of three to one. The assistance rendered the battery by Companies G and C was largely instrumental in relieving it from a disastrous attack by the skirmish line against which it was waging an unequal warfare, and gave Captain Hall an opportunity to retire his battery from its exposed position. He left one gun, not on the right of his battery, but *on the left* next the Chambersburg Pike. So that instead of Hall's Battery being "with-

out support and compelled to retreat," it was saved from capture and destruction (by the One hundred and forty-seventh New York) and escaped, which it could not have done had the One hundred and forty-seventh New York left the field before the battery. Companies G and C of the One hundred and forty-seventh are entitled to much of that credit.

Page 133, speaking of the movement of the Ninety-fifth New York, Fourteenth Brooklyn and Sixth Wisconsin against the Second and Forty-second Mississippi at the railroad cut: "Dawes brought a gun to enfilade their position," etc. * * *

"This success relieved the One hundred and forty-seventh New York which, as I stated, was surrounded."

Comte de Paris says, page 26, vol. 6: "The Sixth Wisconsin, left in reserve by Meredith at the Seminary, made a lively advance, supporting the right, rallied that part of Cutler's Brigade which remained in the railroad cut, and, with the aid of one cannon, opened a deadly fire upon Davis' Brigade."

General Hunt says in his Century article: "The orders not reaching the One hundred and forty-seventh New York, its gallant Major Harney held that regiment to its position, until having lost half of its number the order to retire was repeated. Hall's Battery was now imperiled, and withdrawn by sections fighting at close range, suffering severely."

Quinner's Military History of Wisconsin, page 461, says: "During the day the Sixth Regiment saved the One hundred and forty-seventh New York from capture by charging down upon the enemy."

Hall's abandoned cannon and the gallant Sixth Wisconsin have cut a large figure in the mythical "saving" of the One hundred and forty-seventh from capture or annihilation in past histories of the last twenty-five years. It has been a salient of glorious and magnanimous conduct which, *if it had happened*, should have decorated every member of that brave command with an Order of Merit. The Sixth Wisconsin was supporting Meredith's Brigade in its rear near the Fairfield Road, and not at the Seminary; and was ordered to the right to assist the right of the line held by the One hundred and forty-seventh New York. That the order was obeyed with Dawes' characteristic energy no one will doubt. While he was en route up the valley, Hall's Battery withdrew. Colonel Fowler retired his line to the rear of the McPherson House, changed front along the Chambersburg Pike, and is there joined by the Sixth Wisconsin. While this is taking place on the left, the One hundred and forty-seventh is still fighting the three regiments on the right, and held them in check until the change was about completed and Fowler established his new line. Fowler's command now consisted of the Sixth Wisconsin, Fourteenth Brooklyn, and Ninety-fifth New York. When the One hundred and forty-seventh received orders to retreat, it retired in part on the east of the railroad and a part with the colors crossed it and the Chambersburg Pike, and thence over the Seminary Ridge without meeting any mythical rescuers with their enfilading gun or any other troops. If the One hundred and forty-seventh was "saved" or "rescued" by the gallant Wisconsin boys or by the joint movements of other forces, the next historian must produce some evidence and not rely on mere assertions.

Brig. Gen. E. B. Fowler, the gallant colonel of the Fourteenth Brooklyn, writes me at a recent date and says: "Hall's Battery had been withdrawn except one gun near the Chambersburg Pike. One man fired that gun and ran. * * * I, without orders, marched to the rear of the house and changed front to face the railroad cut. While performing this movement the Sixth Wisconsin joined on the right of our line. The enemy, seeing our movement, also changed his front along the railroad cut, using it for shelter."

Now for that celebrated and sanguinary gun which has played such a glorious part in the "rescue," saving and relieving the One hundred and forty-seventh New York from being captured.

General Fowler says: "In regard to that gun you mentioned. My recollection is, that after we had passed it in our advance (from the Chambersburg Pike towards the railroad cut) one of Hall's officers brought out a limber with its men and horses and drew the gun off. Then I sent word to him to take it to the right and fire through the cut, but before he reached there the affair was over and the enemy surrendered. There was no artillery firing into or about the cut, nor did we have any assistance from artillery to aid in the repulse and capture of the enemy at the cut." When Fowler speaks of the cut he means the one at the second ridge, to which Davis' Brigade had pursued us before observing his advance.

Comrades, I have brushed aside some of the cobwebs that have obscured your history since the battle day of July 1, 1863. As it stands corrected it is a grand history; it is full of glorious and heroic deeds; and as I analyze it in all the light now before me, I claim with all candor that the steadfast courage displayed by the officers and men of the One hundred and forty-seventh New York made the capture of several hundred men of the Second and Forty-second Mississippi and Fifty-fifth North Carolina by General Fowler's forces possible, and, therefore, entitled to the same credit.

We point with pride to the record, and claim the still higher credit that by holding the right of the line like a forlorn hope, we saved the entire line from destruction and made the battle of Gettysburg possible.

Had our regiment flinched for one moment, or allowed the three Confederate regiments to have marched over the field unopposed, Hall's battery and the left of the line would have been taken in flank and rear, with results no man can appreciate. God only knows the possible result.

To the memory of our honored dead who laid life's tribute on the sacred altar of home and country we leave this monument of respect and honor from the hands of the people of the Empire State. Of those who were with us, and those who led us on the field, where are they. Generals Doubleday, Fowler, and Hofmann still live to receive our love and gratitude. Reynolds, Wadsworth, Cutler, Hall, Rice, Miller, Gary, Schenck, Van Dusen, McAssy, Mace, Taylor, and Sisson have long since answered the inevitable roll call. Turn your faces comrades towards the setting sun! Far towards the backbone of the Continental Divide, by the side of the rock-ribbed mountain, and within the shadows of the snow-capped summits of Pike's Peak, sleeps a hero for which that famed old mountain is none too grand a monument,— a true hero, a genial comrade, a

warm friend, one beloved by all, Lieut. Col. George Harney. He meets with us no more.

"Yet we see in our dreams in that shadowy region,
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,
He rides on as of old down the length of his legion,
And the word is still, 'Forward along the whole line.'"

We turn towards the South Land and view the finger marks of war in the graves of comrades dead, and raise the old tin cup of black coffee, and drink to the memory of those who never came home.

"I dreamed of our dead and forgotten,
Marked *Unknown* on the tablets of fame,
And a long line of heroes filed past me,—
Who for us gave a life and a name—
With the grace of youth, but each face was pale,
And furrowed by lines of pain;
Though lost to fame they proudly marched
As though they had not fought in vain.

"They halted for roll-call, and for each name
A ready 'HERE' was said;
I listened with awe, for the sergeants there
Were calling the roll of our dead.
'All present or accounted for:'
'A detail is still on earth,'
'To guard our flags, to mark our graves,'
'To let men know our worth.'
I awakened, startled, from my sleep;
'Our regiment, boys, is with the dead;'
''Tis the rear-guard only that's here.'"

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY ADJUTANT HENRY H. LYMAN.

The One hundred and forty-seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers, Andrew S. Warner, colonel, was raised wholly in Oswego county in August and September, 1862, and was mustered into the United States service September 22d and 23d. It left Oswego, September 27th, with 837 enlisted men for the front, and received its arms at Elmira, N. Y., on the 28th, while en route to Washington, where it arrived September 29th. Next day it marched over the Long Bridge, and encamped near Bailey's Cross Roads, Va. It soon moved to the northern defences of Washington, at Tennallytown, where the men were engaged in building defensive works and roads until November 28th.

The memory of that period, to its old members, is a most gloomy one. The camp was pleasant in appearance, but proved most destructive to health. The whole country round about had been occupied for eighteen months by soldiers, raw recruits who had no knowledge of the sanitary regulations necessary to keep their camps free from the soldier's most deadly enemy, malarial fever and dysentery. Here scores of its men were prostrated with disease, and the dead march was as familiar as the reveille. Its colonel was inexperienced in military affairs, but was a most thorough-going and energetic worker himself. Not appreciating the importance of drill and discipline, he neglected that almost wholly, and the regiment was kept for the first few weeks of its service entirely upon fatigue duty, until it came to feel that it was a gang of laborers rather than soldiers. Dissatisfaction and homesickness was a natural result.

On Sunday, November 28th, the regiment received orders to be ready to march in two hours. This, the first real march, viewed from the light of later field experience, was always very amusing. In anticipation of wintering in the defences of Washington and being a "good provider," the colonel had drawn tents, camp and garrison equipage, and ordnance stores enough for a large brigade. On receipt of marching orders, the quartermaster went to Quartermaster General Rucker and borrowed all the transportation he could, and they set out from Tenallytown with thirty-three six-mule teams heavily loaded with baggage and property, both personal and public, and still were obliged to leave ten large loads of property in camp. The writer was left in charge, with orders to guard and turn in the abandoned property. Applying to General Rucker for teams to haul the property to Washington, he was answered in language more forcible than polite: "D—n the One hundred and forty-seventh New York! they have already got all the reserve transportation of this department and gone off with it, God only knows where." Later on it was thought to be good luck if a regiment, and sometimes a brigade, secured even one wagon for baggage when on the march.

The regiment for a time did guard duty on the Aquia Creek Railroad, and at Falmouth Station after the battle of Fredericksburg. Their extravagant, luxurious tastes and mode of living acquired at Tenallytown, together with their habits of acquisition and accumulation, impaired their usefulness as guards, and they were relieved from provost duty January 1, 1863, and assigned to Paul's Brigade, Wadsworth's Division, First Corps, then wintering at Belle Plain Landing.

They had not got fairly settled in their new quarters when, on January 20th, the Burnside mud march was begun. Whatever the object may have been which General Burnside hoped to accomplish by this dead-of-winter movement, the result was disaster and demoralization to the Army of the Potomac, and a waste of men and material never fully realized by the country. The One hundred and forty-seventh received its full share of damage and demoralization from this unfortunate movement. Scores of its men were exhausted and broken down by the four days' exposure to chilling rains and the strain of poaching through the endless slough of deep, sticky mud, and on returning to camp were prostrated with typhoid fever, pneumonia, dysentery and other complaints, from which many never recovered. As a direct result of this terrible four days'

march, forty-four men died in camp at Belle Plain within the next two months. Demoralization was evinced by the resignation of the colonel, four captains, and three lieutenants, between January 25th and February 4th. Had the privilege extended to enlisted men, the list would have been larger. This circumstance was an episode in the history of the regiment which caused considerable comment and criticism. These officers were, however, good citizens, brave men and as patriotic as those who remained; in fact, had been selected and commissioned at the request of local war committees on account of their high moral and social standing at home, but were mostly too old and wholly unfitted for military life and the trying ordeals of actual war. Having found this out under the depressing strain of the mud march and its horrible results, they left the service, and their places were at once filled by younger and better men from the ranks.

Paul's Brigade was a sort of provisional brigade, and while assigned to it, it was the fate of the One hundred and forty-seventh Regiment to be, as before, constantly upon fatigue duty on the docks; and it seemed that we were to continue to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. On April 3d the regiment was transferred to the Second Brigade of Wadsworth's Division, under General Cutler, a veteran brigade consisting of the Seventy-sixth and Ninety-fifth New York, Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, and Seventh Indiana, all first-class, well-seasoned veteran regiments, with good records and able commanders. Drill and discipline now began in earnest. The command of the regiment devolved upon Col. J. G. Butler, who was from the old Third New York. He was ably assisted by Lieut. Col. F. C. Miller, Maj. George Harney and Capt. N. A. Wright, all experienced officers who had seen service. Thirty days transformed the regiment from its indifference and demoralization into one of the best organizations in the army, and within six months its reputation, military appearance and *esprit de corps* was excelled by few regiments in the army. From that on its career was an eventful and honorable one.

April 28th, with the balance of the corps, the regiment broke camp for the Fredericksburg-Chancellorsville campaign. The First and Sixth Corps were to cross and make a feint, or a real attack, if warranted by circumstances, on the enemy's right on Fredericksburg Heights. Reynolds' orders were that the pontoons must be unloaded back from the river, and carried to and put in the water quietly in the night so as to be ready to row a brigade across before daylight. Reaching the Rappahannock at Fitzhugh's Crossing at daybreak, it was found that through a misunderstanding of or noncompliance with orders, the pontoons, except about twenty, were not yet down to the river, and the enemy in the rifle pits on the south bank were making it hot for the engineers. Our batteries were unable to dislodge the infantry of the enemy intrenched on the opposite bank. Wadsworth's Division was at or near the river's edge in the sunken road, ready to cross, but no bridges laid and but few boats at the river bank to row them over. The situation was decidedly embarrassing, but General Wadsworth was not to be balked; and here occurred an incident which showed his character and courage and endeared him to every man in the corps.

Riding down the river's edge under a hot fire, he comprehended the impossibility of either laying the bridge or waiting to launch sufficient boats to

carry over a brigade without great loss of life and also loss of time, which would enable the enemy to reinforce the works opposite. Ordering more pontoons hurried into the water, he got into one himself, leading his horse in by its side and pushed off for the south side, followed by a part of the Twenty-fourth Michigan and Sixth Wisconsin, while a heavy fire was opened to hold down the Rebels in the pits opposite. It was a spectacle never to be forgotten,—that white-headed old hero standing like a statue in the rocking pontoon with the bridle of his swimming horse in his left hand, apparently more anxious for the horse than himself, occasionally turning his face towards the smoking breastworks on the high banks opposite. Ten thousand anxious men are eagerly watching and silently praying for the safety of their lion-hearted commander as he is rowed through the hissing shower of lead which bespatters the river and throws water in his face and over his clothing. Men drop at the long clumsy oars, but the boats, drifting a little down the stream, sweep rapidly across and he safely reaches the opposite bank, jumps ashore and mounting his dripping horse cheers on the valiant men who have followed him. Up the bank they go, over the pits! Up go the white handkerchiefs all along the Rebel breastworks, while cheers for Wadsworth from thousands of men of the First Corps, who had eagerly watched his brave act, drowned the roar of the batteries which covered the banks. Other troops were quickly rowed over to reinforce those who first crossed.

The bridges were quickly laid, and headed by the One hundred and forty-seventh New York, the balance of the division safely crossed to the south bank. The engagement here, called "Pollock's Mill Creek," was simply a three days' artillery fight of a very desultory character.

May 2d, the First Corps was hastily moved to the right at Chancellorsville. They arrived on that field at daybreak on the 3d, and in time to strengthen Hooker's shattered lines and help prevent further disaster.

Returning from Chancellorsville, it camped in the pine woods below Falmouth until June 12th, when, with seven days' rations, they began the Gettysburg march, which was initiated and governed by the movements of the enemy. On account of the extreme heat and irregular speed, which included several forced marches in the broiling sun and drenching rain, many men were prostrated. After crossing into Maryland and as we approached Pennsylvania, the improved condition of the country and moderating weather was very inspiring to the men.

On this march occurred another little incident which raised Wadsworth still higher, not only in the estimation of his own men, but those of the whole army. On the 28th of June the corps reached Frederick, Md. The day's march over the Catoctin Mountains had been very tiresome, and ended in a wet evening. Wadsworth's Division was halted for the night in a clover meadow of ten or fifteen acres, surrounded by a pine rail fence. Existing general orders were strict that the troops should not forage, or burn the fences of the citizens. It looked like having to lie down all night in the wet clover, in damp clothing, and without coffee. General Wadsworth could not and would not stand that. Sending for the old farmer, he asked how much was the value of the rails around that field. The farmer said he didn't want to sell them at any price, and pleaded

the general orders for protection. General Wadsworth's reply was: "I am a farmer myself; your fence won't be needed to protect the clover which is already flat and ruined; my men are tired, wet and hungry and must have coffee; your rails will be burned by either Union or Rebel soldiers in the next ten days; they're worth about \$250; here it is; take it or take your chances." The farmer took the money which the general paid from his own pocket, and orders were given to use the rails for fire. In less than three minutes every rail had left the fence, and in ten minutes a thousand cheerful fires were blazing and giving warmth and comfort to 8,000 or 10,000 wet and weary men, whose prolonged cheers for General Wadsworth fairly rent the heavens. The example was irresistible in the other corps, and in a very short time the heavens for miles were illuminated by fires fed with the prohibited Union rails. From that time on, the order was a dead letter, and General Wadsworth's rule to "first protect your men" prevailed instead.

July 1st, the regiment, together with the balance of Wadsworth's Division, was hurriedly moved from Marsh Creek, by way of the Emmitsburg Road, to Gettysburg, and went into line west of the town about 9:30 a. m., relieving Buford's Cavalry which was contesting the advance of Hill's Corps on the Chambersburg Pike. It reached the line of battle by crossing the fields from the Codori buildings to the Seminary; thence westerly down the slope to the garden fence just east of the McPherson buildings, where it was halted for a very short time; and thence moved by the flank across the Chambersburg Pike, through the hollow in rear of the position taken by Hall's Second Maine Battery, northerly, crossing the old unfinished railroad in the hollow at or near grade, faced by the left flank and moved to the west between the railroad cut and the rail fence on the north of said cut, advancing until met by the heavy fire of the enemy who were coming up the opposite side of the ridge.

The position of the regiment when it first became engaged was about six or eight rods in rear of the line of Hall's Battery and on the opposite or north side of the railroad cut, which at that point was deep. On its right and somewhat to its rear was the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York, but not connecting with it on the right. The fighting was at very short range and very destructive. After about fifteen minutes engagement, the Seventy-sixth and Fifty-sixth were withdrawn. The enemy, viz., the Forty-second Mississippi, were in the western end of the cut and covered its front, while the Second Mississippi and the Fifty-fifth North Carolina were bearing down from the north on its right, one company of which had been thrown back along the rail fence to meet them.

General Wadsworth, coming up the line from the left and observing our position, ordered Capt. T. E. Ellsworth, his adjutant general, to ride up to us, and if no conditions existed which, in his judgment, required our continuance in that perilous position, to withdraw the regiment at once, as he supposed had already been done at the time of the withdrawal of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York. Captain Ellsworth reached the line just as Major Harney was consulting his senior captains as to whether it was best to remain and take the almost certain chances of being cut off and captured, or to retreat without orders. The order was given: "In retreat, double-quick,

run." In getting off the field, no order or line was observed. Some kept to the north side of the old railroad over the second ridge, now known as Reynolds Avenue; but the galling fire of the Second Mississippi and Fifty-fifth North Carolina, who were advancing from the north, drove most of them across the cut towards the Chambersburg Pike.

About the time that the enemy, who were pursuing us in a disorganized and yelling mob from the west and northwest, had reached the second ridge and were halted to see where they were and where they should go, they discovered a line of battle at the Chambersburg Pike which immediately attacked them and advanced, causing several hundred of the Forty-second Mississippi, Second Mississippi, and Fifty-fifth North Carolina to jump into the deep cut at the second ridge for cover and defence, where they were captured by the Fourteenth Brooklyn and Ninety-fifth New York, who had been hastily moved from the front of the buildings and formed by Colonel Fowler to meet the enemy which he saw bearing down from the north. Fowler's force was also joined on his right by the Sixth Wisconsin.

After this first engagement, about seventy-five men and officers were rallied in rear of Seminary Ridge, and again moved with the brigade to the west to take up the first line, but finding it untenable on account of heavy artillery fire from the north and west withdrew and advanced northerly along Oak Ridge to a rail fence, where they soon became engaged with the troops of Ewell's Corps, assisting in the capture of Iverson's Brigade. During the last of the first day's fighting they were supporting a battery near the Seminary. In the retreat through the town, the regiment was badly broken and jumbled up, but was again rallied and assigned position in the reformed line on East Cemetery Hill, which it held until the morning of the 2d, when it was moved to Culp's Hill just east of Stevens' Battery, where it lay in the second line until 5:30 or 6 p. m.

When Ewell's evening attack was made on Culp's Hill, the One hundred and forty-seventh New York and Fourteenth Brooklyn were hurried to the right and down the hill to reinforce Greene's Brigade, Geary's Division, Twelfth Corps, where they were engaged until 9 or 10 p. m. They remained in Greene's Brigade all next day, in position on the immediate left of the big rock on which is now situate the monument of the One hundred and forty-ninth New York, and assisted in successfully repulsing the numerous desperate attacks made on that line by Johnson's heavy columns. Before 10 a. m., of the 3d, every man and officer present had fired 200 rounds and the numerous dead in their front showed with what effect.

The service of the One hundred and forty-seventh on this line has never been officially recognized in the reports of officers of that corps, and as the commanding officer of the One hundred and forty-seventh failed to make any official report, that important event in its career has never been mentioned by historians and writers of the battle, except in General Slocum's speech at the reunion of Greene's Brigade on Culp's Hill, on July 2, 1893. The prompt reinforcement of Greene's weak and attenuated lines by the One hundred and forty-seventh New York and Fourteenth Brooklyn, and their vigorous unflinching attack on the advancing enemy, whose strength and movements were only

revealed by the tongues of flame which leaped from the muzzles of their guns, undoubtedly frustrated Lee's plan of breaking through from Rock Creek to the Baltimore Pike. This night fighting in the dense darkness of the rocky forest was a feature of the battle most terrific and appalling. In advancing, no alignment could be maintained; men stumbled and fell over the rocks and over the bodies of the dead and wounded; and as the opposing forces closed in and became intermixed, friends and foes could only be distinguished by the dancing flames from the muskets.

The battle of Gettysburg was to the One hundred and forty-seventh its most notable one, not only on account of its remarkable experience at the railroad cut, but it was the field of its greatest loss. It carried to the first line of battle 380 men, of which it lost 76, killed and mortally wounded, and 144, wounded, most of whom fell during the first half hour. Of the 60 or 70 who were captured in falling back through the town, most of them returned within five or six days. No New York regiment lost a greater percentage of its men in this battle. The large and unusual proportion of killed to the wounded was caused by the nearness of the lines of battle, the distance not exceeding six to ten rods during the first half hour's fighting, as well as the fact that for some time, while on the McPherson Ridge, it was subject to a fire from three ways.

Although in the nature of repetition, I desire to recall still more definitely a matter over which there has been much discussion and dispute, viz.:

The error as to the first position of the regiment at Gettysburg, which was on the McPherson Ridge, north of Hall's Battery, and a few rods to its rear on the north side of the railroad cut. The mistaken notion as to its being located on the second ridge arose through the errors made by Colonel Bacheider in leaving Hall's Second Maine Battery, which the One hundred and forty-seventh was supporting, off his first map; then, later on, locating it on the second ridge, now Reynolds Avenue, where Lieutenant Ullman's right section of Hall's Battery fired two or three shots in retreat, and placing the One hundred and forty-seventh upon its right on that ridge, instead of at first giving Hall his proper position between the Chambersburg Pike and the railroad cut on the McPherson Ridge, which he did not do until 1869.

The ridges in question run together and are merged near the Mummasburg Road. Cutler's line, north of Hall's Battery, was in *echelon*, the One hundred and forty-seventh New York being on the right, and six or eight rods in rear of the battery, the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania next and 250 or 300 yards in the rear of the One hundred and forty-seventh, with the Seventy-sixth New York in line on its right extending to the said road.

In coming on the field the One hundred and forty-seventh did not follow the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York across the pike in the hollow in rear of the second ridge; it went diagonally across the fields, after passing the Seminary, and was halted at the garden or yard fence just east of the McPherson barn, the Ninety-fifth and Fourteenth Brooklyn going to the front and left of the buildings. The One hundred and forty-seventh halted by this garden fence from three to five minutes; then moved hurriedly along the depression or valley in rear of Hall's Battery, which was then engaged, until the left of the regiment was across the old railroad bed; then faced to the front and without waiting for alignment moved up the slope between the cut

on its left and the rail fence on its right until it met and engaged the enemy who were coming up in the field of grain on the opposite side of the ridge.

Hall's Battery was on the left of the One hundred and forty-seventh, on the south side of the cut, and six or eight rods more or less to its front.

The enemy occupied the west end of the cut, and a heavy force of their skirmishers were working up out of the cut on the western side of the slope on Hall's right flank, which was quite a distance from the One hundred and forty-seventh on the opposite side of the cut.

The left companies of the One hundred and forty-seventh at first were able to give Hall some protection; but to meet the heavy pressure from the Second Mississippi and Fifty-fifth North Carolina, which came down from the northwest after the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York were withdrawn, as well as the hot fire of the Forty-second Mississippi on its front and left, the regiment was soon compelled to give its entire attention to taking care of itself.

The One hundred and forty-seventh did not get Wadsworth's first order to withdraw with the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York, on account of the wounding of its colonel, but held on to its position after the withdrawal of those regiments, until almost surrounded. Then, upon orders which were brought by Capt. T. E. Ellsworth, it ran, pursued pell-mell by the enemy, most of the men crossing to the south side of the old railroad grading in the hollow between the second and third ridges, a very few only keeping on the north side of the grading and along in the railroad cutting through the second ridge, back towards Seminary Ridge.

The enemy, consisting of the Forty-second Mississippi on the west, and the Second Mississippi and Fifty-fifth North Carolina, who had come down from the northwest after the withdrawal of the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and Seventy-sixth New York, closely followed them, also falling into great disorder, until they reached the deep cut of the second ridge, where is now located the Fourteenth Brooklyn monument at the iron bridge, when, receiving the fire of Colonel Fowler's force at the pike, they took to the cut for shelter and several hundred of them, under Major Blair of the Second Mississippi, were captured.

A thorough investigation has established these facts, not only by the recollection of men and officers of the One hundred and forty-seventh Regiment, but by the evidence of numerous officers of other commands, both Union and Confederate, which was secured and submitted to Colonel Bacheider, by the writer, before his death. This evidence, as may be seen by his letters herewith published, convinced him of his error.

I take the liberty to subjoin statements received from the Hon. Timothy E. Ellsworth, Wadsworth's adjutant general, who withdrew the regiment from the third ridge; Col. J. A. Blair of the Second Mississippi, the ranking officer in command of the Confederate detachment captured in the second cut, which had pursued the One hundred and forty-seventh off the field until met by Colonel Fowler at that cut; Capt. J. A. Hall, who commanded the battery, the right of which the regiment was supporting; and Col. J. B. Bacheider, Government Historian of Gettysburg, who was finally convinced, by this and a large mass of other positive proof furnished, of his error regarding the first position of this regiment.

"Lockport, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1888.

"H. H. Lyman, Esq.:

"My Dear Sir — Your favors of the 10th and 24th of July ought to have had my attention sooner. Now as to your question:

"Q. Did the One hundred and forty-seventh go into position on same ridge and to the right of Hall's Battery, or were they on the ridge at the second cut some 300 yards in the rear of the battery?"

"A. The One hundred and forty-seventh and the two other regiments of that brigade were on the same ridge as Hall's Battery, and to the right of the cut as shown on your rough sketch; this was the third ridge, the One hundred and forty-seventh being near to the unfinished railroad and the other two regiments to its right along the crest of that ridge."

"Q. Do you remember whether you rode clear up to Major Harney to get him to retreat; if so, did you keep on the north side of the old railroad, and did you find us on the low ridge at the second cut, or on the ridge at third cut, counting Seminary Ridge as the first cut?"

"A. I rode substantially up to your regiment and inquired of the major what you were doing there; was told you had had no orders to fall back. I then gave them, and got out myself as rapidly as I conveniently could. In going up I crossed to the north side of the old railroad and rode directly up the ridge to about the centre of your line; you were on the ridge to the right of the cut at that time, and the only regiment then there. Afterwards I learned General Cutler's aide that he had given the order to your commanding officer, but it was found that he was wounded before communicating it. About the time that the First Brigade — in the woods — had its success there, and not long afterwards, the fight there having lulled, riding back towards the rear with General Wadsworth, the position of your regiment was observed by him, apparently the only command remaining on that third ridge, and seemingly under heavy fire. He asked me what that regiment was doing up there; said he had given orders some time ago for those troops to be withdrawn, and directed me to go and withdraw them unless there was some special occasion, which was not apparent to him, for their remaining. I rode along the second valley to pretty nearly opposite your centre and then directly up the hill."

"I shall be glad some day to go over the ground with you if you still have trouble regarding your location, and regret not having been there in July."

"Very truly yours,

"T. E. ELLSWORTH."

"Tupelo, Miss., Sept. 6, 1888.

"H. H. Lyman, Esq.:

"My Dear Sir — Yours of August 22d, to Colonel Stone, with your sketch of the battle of Gettysburg, has been referred by him to me. My recollections of the battle of Gettysburg, save of a general character, are vague and indistinct. From the time of my entrance on it, until I was a prisoner hurried to the rear, was only an hour or two. The space within my view was small. I had no time or purpose to look at the formation of the ground or the relation

of things, or the relation of anything to the compass. I have not seen the battlefield since — now over twenty-five years ago. You have the places of the two brigades (Davis' and Archer's) about right, and also the Forty-second Mississippi, Second Mississippi and Fifty-fifth North Carolina. Archer on the right, Davis on the left; the Forty-second on the right, Second Mississippi in the centre, and the Fifty-fifth North Carolina on the left of Davis' Brigade. Colonel Stone was wounded, I think, at the fence; he knows best about this. Our hard fighting was done soon after we crossed the fence. I could, I recollect, distinctly trace the line of the Union forces by the dead and wounded lying on the ground. When the line confronting retired, we *pursued for a while* and halted a moment. I was the only field officer left. After a few words with some of the men, we determined to move forward and capture Gettysburg. *In the forward march, by the time we reached a deep cut in the railroad* — for the want of officers and other causes — all the men were jumbled together without regard to regiment or company. While in this condition in the cut and while I was endeavoring to reorganize for a forward movement, we were flanked and captured. Among the men captured I am satisfied there were members of all three of the regiments. The battery and the regiments flanking us were ~~wot~~ in my view, as I now remember, while we were fighting or pursuing. The whifery must have been removed before we were captured. The men fighting ~~enemust~~ must have been fronting the fence. My opinion is that when we got into in the railroad cut, the Second and Forty-second and probably the Fifty-fifth North Carolina were one mass of men. It was easy, however, for the Union officers to believe they were all of the Second Mississippi, because I was the only field officer present, and in surrendering I, only, gave my rank and command. If I can be of service to you in this or in any way, command me.

"With my kindest regards and best wishes, I am,

"Yours truly,

"J. A. BLAIR."

"Columbus, O., July 19, 1888.

"Comrade H. H. Lyman, Oswego, N. Y.:

"Dear Sir — Your valued favor of the 12th just at hand and has been carefully noted. It is the same old story of wrong location of commands on the Gettysburg field. Bachelder for a long time, on his map, left Hall's Battery off entirely, and then put it back on second ridge, and not until we met on the field in 1869 could I get him to change it. I know there was a line of infantry on my immediate right. The first thing a battery commander would desire to know would be, how his flanks were protected; and of course I saw the infantry over there. As to their exact position, whether a prolongation of my line or a little retired, I cannot state definitely; but, certainly, not 300 yards in rear. General Reynolds, who put me in position, spoke to General Wadsworth at the moment, directing him to put a strong support on my right, which of itself would have caused me to keep an eye over there, and I there saw the line. Now, may not all this have resulted from Bachelder's having at

first believed the front line was on second ridge, where he at first placed Hall's Battery? Having found the error in case of the battery, he still left the infantry back there, out of place.

"Let reason guide you. What was the infantry placed there for? To protect Hall's Battery. That infantry line was all that there was to the right of said battery at that time, and was the extreme right of our line, with the enemy pressing the front and flank closely. Would any sane man, any corporal, have put the infantry support, in that critical period and situation, 300 yards in rear of the artillery it was to defend from a flank attack?

"You know how difficult it is even the next day after a battle to tell just how things were.

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES A. HALL."

"Hyde Park, Mass., December 21, 1888.

"H. H. Lyman, Late Adj. 147th N. Y. Vols.:

"My Dear Sir.—Your esteemed favor of late date is received. I don't know who marked the position for your monument on the field. I did not (unless marking it on the map is so considered). Of course, I am as well pleased with it in one position as another, and the fact that you were out on the third ridge would be one reason why your regiment did not get back with the others.

"Although I have written up that portion of the battle which describes the part taken by the One hundred and forty-seventh, I can and will change it, for I consider the positive statement of Captain Pierce and yourself of great value and entitled to recognition. You must not consider this an exceptional case, or that I have required *extraordinary proof* to establish your position. Such is not the case; every one must pass the same ordeal. Were I to take every suggestion about positions, confusion would prevail.

"Very truly yours,

"JNO. B. BACHELDER,

"Govt. Historian of Gettysburg."

Note.—The "extraordinary proof required," which Colonel Bachelder alludes to, consisted of letters and affidavits of over a score of officers and men of Hall's Battery, the One hundred and forty-seventh New York, and some of the Confederates, all of whom took part in the action at the particular point in question.

"Hyde Park, Mass., March 5, 1889.

"H. H. Lyman, Esq., late Adj. 147th N. Y. Vols., Oswego, N. Y.:

"My Dear Sir.—On returning from Washington, Gettysburg and Harrisburg, I have found your letter awaiting me. I have changed the "copy" of the

first day's fight in my history, and added your version, and desire to extend my thanks to yourself and Pierce *for establishing the truth*. And I now ask of you the favor of writing me a letter in the fullest detail, describing your regiment's part in the battle from beginning to end. You may present items which ought not to be lost, as your late investigations have probably given you new data.

"Yours truly,

"JNO. B. BACHELDER."

From Gettysburg, the movements of the regiment for the balance of the season were those of the First Corps, and included many long and forced marches and some skirmishing, but no hard fighting. At Haymarket, October 19, 1863, it lost a number of men captured on the picket line. It took part in the Mine Run campaign from November 26th to December 2d, losing a few, but suffering severely from cold and want of rations for the last two days.

From January 1 to May 4, 1864, it was in camp near Culpeper Court House, Va. This was the most comfortable and healthful camp ever occupied by the regiment for any length of time, and for the first and only time, its hospital had no occupants.

The First Corps having been merged and consolidated with the Fifth, we moved, May 4th, across the Rapidan and participated in the opening battles of the Wilderness, May 5th, 6th, and 7th, sustaining a severe loss in killed and wounded as well as prisoners. Colonel Miller fell severely wounded, and would have been cremated, except that he was recognized and carried off the field by officers of the Seventh Indiana who, as prisoners, were being taken over the burning ground, where he lay unconscious.

On the 6th, the gallant Wadsworth was killed on the front line with this regiment while urging on and encouraging the men, saying, "Steady, boys! go ahead; there isn't danger enough to harm a mouse!" He had hardly uttered these words when he fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Through the whole month of May the regiment was under fire nearly every day, taking an active part in the battles of Piney Branch Church, Laurel Hill, Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania, North Anna, and Bethesda Church. The work of the month of May, 1864, was the severest ever endured by the regiment, as it was almost constantly in the immediate presence of the enemy, and half the time under skirmish, artillery, or infantry fire.

Many incidents of special interest occurred which space will not permit me to mention.

General Rice, commanding the brigade, was severely wounded May 11th, in front of his command, and died from loss of blood after undergoing an amputation. Knowing that he was dying, he calmly said to the attendant: "Turn my face to the enemy," which was done as he expired, proudly conscious to the last that his back was never turned to his country's foes.

With the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3d, and the skirmish at Bottom's Bridge, June 7th, the regiment concluded its operations north of the Chickahominy. On June 16th it crossed the James River, and joined in the long and tedious siege of Petersburg, in which it was almost constantly under fire, daily losing men wounded or killed.

August 18th, with the balance of the Fifth Corps, it moved to the left and fought at the battle of the Weldon Railroad, near the Yellow House, August 19th-21st.

The regiment had a most peculiar and trying experience during this so-called Weldon Railroad raid. After the capture of the railroad, the line was surprised and the centre broken. Hofmann's Brigade, which included the One hundred and forty-seventh, was on the left of the gap and apparently cut off. Seeing its peril, Colonel Hofmann sent an aide to withdraw his command. He had to go a long distance under hot fire and only delivered his order to the right regiment, with the imprudent injunction to "Pass it down the line." This was not done; consequently but one regiment retired. General Warren from a distance, mistaking our three regiments for the enemy, opened a battery on them. They were successfully resisting the enemy in front and flank, but the shelling from friends was killing more men than the bullets of the enemy. For a few moments, until the battery was apprised of its error, our men were jumping first to one side and then the other of the breastworks. However, the failure of the staff officer to deliver his orders resulted in holding possession of the road, which was the main object of the expedition and battle. This was the second experience of the kind for the One hundred and forty-seventh, and recalled Gettysburg, where the failure to receive orders to retire from McPherson's Ridge had compelled them, at great sacrifice, to remain and continue an uneven and desperate fight, which resulted in disaster to the enemy in the loss of a large portion of Davis' Brigade, delayed and broke up Lee's advance division, gaining valuable time, and secured to General Meade the advantageous field of Gettysburg upon which to fight the great battle of the war.

September 30th, the One hundred and forty-seventh participated in the battle of Peebles' Farm, and assisted in the capture of two newly-built forts. The regiment having been used as a decoy for the enemy, lost quite a number of prisoners, but no lives.

At Hatcher's Run, October 27th and 28th, it lost none in killed, but a few in prisoners, who were captured in endeavoring to find and make connections with advancing lines. This number included Col. George Harney, a loss severely felt by the regiment. After the Hicksford or second Weldon Railroad raid, December 6th-11th, which was remarkable for the cold and suffering endured, the regiment returned and went into camp near Petersburg, where for some time nothing of importance occurred.

February 5, 1865, it again advanced by way of Dinwiddie Court House to Hatcher's Run where, on the 6th, 7th and 8th, the corps fought a most desperate battle, consisting of several engagements, the regiment sustaining severe loss. In this battle the One hundred and forty-seventh fought near Dabney's Mill, where the regiment rendered notably good service, for which its officers and men received flattering commendation from general officers. Eight of its

noncommissioned officers and men volunteered to follow Lieutenant Esmond with the brigade colors to the front of the line, where General Morrow was making superhuman efforts to advance his shattered command, which was short of ammunition, upon the enemy's reinforced lines, under a galling and destructive fire. Captain McKinley, of Company I, had the colors. Captain Coey, commanding the regiment, seized them and began to advance, when Captain McKinley, taking them from him, carried them to General Morrow, who was also in front of the line, assuring him that the regiment would follow them to Hades, if he so ordered. The general bowed and pointed towards the enemy. The effect was electrical, and the whole brigade went forward with a rush. Captain Coey was shot through the head, but regaining consciousness kept the field until the battle was won. For his part in this battle Captain Coey was awarded a Medal of Honor by Congress. Captain Joseph Dempsey, who had the right of the line and pushed his company (K) to the front and considerably in advance of the line, was severely wounded; and Lieutenant Bristol, of the same company, was killed. Captain Dempsey was commissioned Brevet Major, U. S. A., for gallant and meritorious service in this battle.

March 25th the regiment was on the road before daylight to go to the relief of Fort Stedman, which had been surprised and captured in the night, but was recaptured early in the morning. In the afternoon the division was reviewed by President Lincoln, and marched directly from the field of review towards the enemy, who had opened fire on our lines during the progress of the review.

On the 29th of March began the closing campaign, and about sunset of that day the regiment, with the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, made a gallant attack and captured White Oak Ridge with little loss. On the 31st, it suffered most severely in the tangled woods and swamp while attempting to take the White Oak Road. It took part in the famous battle of Five Forks, and from that time on was constantly on the move in pursuit of the enemy, and was on the skirmish line when the white flag went down the lines at Appomattox. After a good rest, they marched leisurely overland to Washington, participated in the Grand Review, and were mustered out of the United States service at Bailey's Cross Roads, June 7th, and out of the State's service at Syracuse, N. Y., July 7, 1865, reaching Oswego, N. Y., with 147 of the original 837 enlisted men who had left there three years prior.

The regiment had received recruits so that its total enrollment was 2,102.

LOSSES.

Killed and died of wounds or disease during service	347
Wounded and recovered	411
Captured, less those who died in prison (71)	124
	<hr/>
Total battle losses	882
	<hr/> <hr/>