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For the Press.

## DIARY.

Of the late Lieutenant E. P. Welling.

[CONTINUED.]

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CAMP NEW KELLY'S FORD, Va.  
September 12th, 1863.

Things about Kelly's Ford are very much the same as one week ago. Nothing of particular note having occurred. Sunday was a beautiful day. My duties were principally confined in looking after Co. C. At nine in the morning had an inspection of the company; found a decided improvement in the company in almost every respect; the men by a little encouragement on my part have taken great pains in presenting a better appearance. Indeed the whole regiment is much improved in this respect. It is almost surprising to see how well men can keep themselves looking while in the field. More surprising when one looks about a camp, down here in the Army of the Potomac, to observe how comfortable the different regiments make themselves with a few pieces of muslin, some poles and boughs. The men, many of them, are very industrious and quite ingenious in devising ways to provide for deficiencies. Every part of a camp is also kept with the utmost neatness. It makes no difference whether a regiment stays in camp two days or two months, you will generally find things in the same way.

On Monday went on picket at the Ford. Found little change across the Rappahannock among the rebel pickets. A few more, however, were visible, and these were bolder than I was accustomed to see them. The barbarous practice of picket firing being done away with, pickets, as posts of observation, no longer conceal themselves from view, nor evince any fear of approaching each other's lines. Quite a contrast presents itself between the men of the opposing armies. Our men, with their dark blue apparel, which at a distance looks almost black; the rebels, with their grey and butternut, which is scarcely distinguishable among the trunks of trees, bogs and fences. In this respect, I think, the rebels have the advantage, especially in the line of sharp-shooting. Our pickets are now within easy rifle range of the rebel pickets. No picket is allowed to point a gun toward the rebel lines, or in any way give indication of a belligerent character. Picket duty in nice weather is rather pleasant, there is nothing hard about it. We leave camp about nine in the morning, and relieve the picket guard at the post, and throw out a relief to relieve that on sentinel posts; the picket on post then return to camp. There is always kept at a small distance behind the line of sentinels (the pickets on post) a reserve ready for every emergency. One half of these are allowed to sleep, eat, &c., at a time, the others must be ready to spring to arms at a moment's notice. The officer of picket has a mounted orderly at hand to send to headquarters with news of anything important which may occur, and with the utmost dispatch. When things are considered a little dubious, an extra reserve is added at night. The day passes generally without anything exciting. At night, however, are many quite laughable occurrences. Some men of active imaginations, see many things to excite suspicions. Passing along my line of pickets one of the sentinels beckoned me to come to his post. I could not perceive whether each particular hair did stand on end like a fretful porcupine or not, but his voice was like "a little breath." Says he: "Do you see that bush?" "Yes," said I. "Is there not a man by it?" "None that I can see," I replied. At that instant a dark object moved very low down, as a man on his hands and knees. The thing grew very interesting. It moved from the bush, came out in the moonlight, and Mr. Kelly's, or somebody else's big black dog developed his proportions, trotted down to the

water's edge, took a drink, and trotted back as any other dog would have done. The sentinel did not wish to hear any more about dogs that night. Occasionally one hears of men who wear even first lieutenant's straps becoming somewhat nervous at a few cattle or horses roving among the bushes on the other side of the river, but perhaps it is better so, but as yet I have seen nothing while on picket to disturb me. At night, the men not on duty for the time being, wrap themselves in their blankets, and sleep much more soundly than many citizens at home, and in their beds do, while the wheel of conscription continues to roll. The officer of the picket is expected to be constantly on the alert. Everything depends on him; he must have much discretion to do his duty properly; he must not let the enemy steal a march on him, nor must he unnecessarily alarm a camp.

Tuesday morning, came off picket; found everything quiet in camp; spent the day in writing up company matters; doing company business, drilling, and other camp duty.

Wednesday morning refused duty for the first time since joining the regiment at place; was quite indisposed from diarrhea; towards noon grew better and went on duty. In the afternoon we had a review of our brigade, consisting of three regiments. A review of this kind I had only once before seen, that at Camp Millerton. It passed off well. Immediately after the review of our brigade, the First Division of our Corp, consisting of six regiments, was reviewed. Some of the regiments had received their quota of conscripts; consequently they made a very good show in point of numbers. The line was at least three-quarters of a mile in extent. In these reviews I find that the 150th compares very favorably in point of drill.

Thursday morning went on as regimental officer of the day. At one o'clock the regiment was in line ready to join its brigade and division for another division review, being officer of the day, of course I was excused. The review is said to have passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. At its close, the surrender of Fort Wagner was announced to the division. The announcement was received with three hearty cheers. Good war news is quite as favorably received among us as among the most patriotic at the north. That night our regiment was visited by some staff officers of the division, all much intoxicated, and they were more so before they departed. One of them, a quartermaster, ranking as captain, rode his horse into a sink. The horse fell and threw his rider, breaking his arm, and bruising him somewhat. When the quartermaster came to and found his arm broken, he said, "Well, by G—d, I've broken my arm over the fall of Wagner; I shall break my neck over the fall of Charleston!" Good patriotism, but the question arises whether such men are calculated to take a place like Charleston? But these fellows felt jubilant at the fall of Wagner and got drunk over the news.

Friday passed with nothing worth noting. Battalion drill from 5 o'clock until dark. In the morning cannonading could be heard plainly on our right somewhere in the region of Rappahannock Station; since learned it was a reconnaissance of our forces on the other side of the river.

Saturday opened fair and beautiful, very warm at noon day. About 2 o'clock, rising far above the sleepy Blue Ridge, could be seen a dark mass. We inhabitants of cloth houses, looked somewhat apprehensively towards it. It rose higher and higher, grew darker and darker, until it overspread the whole sky, and then came a deluge of wind and rain. And our cloth house and piney arbors? Alas! they proved to be founded upon sand. I felt my tent going. Instantly wrapping a rubber blanket about my books and papers. I bade the tempest to do its worst.

And it did. Down came poles, tent and all completely enveloping me; the rain poured in torrents: the folds of the tent seemed to carry the water right upon me, until I was completely wet through. The wind and rain abated, crawling out from under the prostrate tent, a most laughable scene presented itself. Officers and men on all sides were creeping out from under the enveloping folds of fallen and saturated tents. Wet through hats off, many of them

swearing, and all laughing at each others laughable plight. Scarcely an officer's tent was left standing, and they were all more or less wet themselves. The sun came out beautifully bright, and was welcomed with much better grace than for the past few days. Tents were soon up, everything dry, and in one hour little indication of the scene described was visible. Just before sundown General Kilpatrick rode through our camp to join his command just under the hill. This looks like some movement in the neighborhood, for several days the indications have been that something is on foot.

My health during the week has not been very good. Have had quite a diarrhoea. It still clings to me with but little abatement. Very few escape it when first coming into Virginia. If not too severe and persistent, one is benefitted by it. It often prevents fevers.

For the Telegraph.

## DIARY,

Of the late Lieut. E. P. Wellings.

[CONTINUED.]

WEEK COMMENCING Aug. 30, 1863.

Received orders from the Col. early Sunday morning to have Co. C. ready to strike tents at 10 A. M. as he had been ordered to move camp. The object of the removal being to take a more healthy position. At ten we were ready and the whole regiment took up its line of march and proceeded something above a mile farther back upon a hill. Here we laid out our new camp, and in short order the top of the hill was whitened with tents.

The shelter tents are put up in this manner: Four crotches are driven into the ground so that they are about eighteen inches high, in these are placed two poles of the length of the piece of tent. Two other crotches about six feet high are driven into the ground midway between each two of the short ones, and a pole laid across from one to the other, two pieces of shelter tent are then buttoned together and thrown over this pole and fastened at the sides to the poles placed there, this forms a complete roof. Across the lower poles other poles are laid, for a bed, being thus raised some 18 or 20 inches from the ground. Upon these pine and cedar boughs are laid, and over them an india rubber blanket, thus a very comfortable bed is made. A shelter tent is about six feet square made of very light canvass. Some of the men regardful of their comfort thatch up one end of their tents with cedar boughs. Some build little arbors in front of their tents to shut out the sunbeams. In this way our little camp was soon made to present quite a grotesque and at the same time comfortable appearance.

Our location is a delightful one, the hill upon which we are encamped is crowned by a piece of wood, this lies just back of our camp, in fact part of the camp, (the hospital department, the band and the horses and hostlers,) is in the wood. The hill slopes to the northwest, below it is the valley of the Rappahannock with its meadows and pasture fields, pieces of corn and woods. Far off in the hazy distance are the Blue Ridge mountains, so quiet and grand that one never tires of looking at them. I sometimes forget myself as I look across the country towards these mountains and think that I am again in old

Dutchess with the Catskill in view, but the sound of drum and bugle, the hundreds of tents dotting the valley below and the desolate appearance of the country quickly remind me that I am on belligerent soil and in the old Dominion.

To our left is Kelly's Ford at a distance of a mile and a half, to our right is Bealton station some five miles distant. In that direction there are more signs of civil existence; even some farm houses may be seen which keep about them an air of comfortable life—their very sight is quite refreshing. In one of them Gen. Slocum, (the commander of our corps) makes his headquarters. By Sunday night we were very comfortably quartered for troops of the army of the Potomac.

Monday was the day to muster for pay. The muster took place at ten A. M. and occupied the larger portion of the day. Everything passed off as well as could be expected under the circumstances. At night, much fatigued and feeling a little rheumatism I turned in, with an india rubber coat for covering and slept soundly.

TUESDAY, about 8 o'clock P. M. received order to go on picket with Capt. Green and some 76 men and the necessary complement of non-commissioned officers. Marched to Brigade Headquarters, and received instructions to proceed to Kelly's Ford and hold ourselves behind the breastworks as a reserve to the forces already there, the Rebels having strengthened their picket force and thrown it nearly down to the bank of the river. Arriving at the place, we found everything quiet so we stacked our arms, and leaving three men to guard them, with instructions to wake us in case of undue stir on the other side we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and slept the night away, nothing transpiring to disturb our slumbers except the dampness and chill of the night air.

Wednesday morning, found everything quiet; I noticed a few more Rebel pickets than when I was on duty before and that their lines extended farther down to the water, nothing however of a decidedly belligerent character evincing itself, at 8 o'clock we started for camp. Arrived there at nine. Lieut. Marshall was just starting for Washington, very sick with typhoid fever, bade him good bye and saw him safely started in an ambulance.

Nothing of importance, in a military point of view, has transpired during this week, ordinary camp duty being the only thing on the agenda. Brigade drills and few Battalion.

The weather some part of the time has been quite cool, especially nights.

My health during this week has not been as good as on previous weeks, owing to change of weather probably.

Saturday closes in once more, but there is little to indicate that tomorrow is the day set apart for universal rest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THINGS AS I SAW THEM.

NUMBER THREE.

I found the regiment of which I had been in search in my former two letters, on the 17th of October, 1863, at Tullahoma, Tenn. I had been absent a few days more than two months and a half, during which time there has been many changes. A few had resigned, others had been promoted, and other—some were dead. Of these last, thank Heaven! there were but comparatively few.

I need not remind the people of Dutchess county, that we left them on the 11th day of October, 1862, for if I mistake not, it was a day long to be remembered by the thousands who had assembled in Poughkeepsie to wit-

ness our departure; and although they cheered us on with waving handkerchiefs and loud voices, I knew that many of those handkerchiefs would be wet with tears not long afterwards, and the voices that the strong will had controlled until our departure, would tremble in low hushed tones before we had got to New Hamburg. From that time until the 25th of June, 1863, we certainly were one of the most fortunate of regiments. It did not seem like going to war, but like one prolonged picnic. Do any of you, my dear friends, remember to have heard any expressions of dislike, up there in Dutchess county, *because* we had met with such good luck? Do you remember having heard expressions in querulous tones like these: Why do they remain in Baltimore? Why do they not go to the front and do something? We have paid them large bounties, and expected they were going to fight, and not *play* soldier, &c. Such things were said, but I suppose they were generally said by those who had forgotten that we were regularly mustered in the United States service, and consequently subject to the orders of those outside of our regiment, and if they thought it necessary for some regiments to remain in Baltimore, and chose ours as one of them, we had no other alternative. But I hope that the most churlish of these fault finders are satisfied at last. On the 25th of June, came our marching orders, and we were to report to General Hooker at Monocacy, a distance of 50 miles, on the second day from that. It seemed like a huge thing, but it was accomplished, and we were part of the Army of the Potomac, chasing Gen. Lee. The life of comparative ease, if not luxury, the good food and warm, sheltered lodging places, had been but poorly calculated to make us successful rivals with those veterans of the Potomac army, and in that long, forced march from Monocacy to Gettysburg, we suffered beyond description. But an impudent foe had dared to invade a sister State, and we were anxious to join issue with them on the field of battle. It was a long, tiresome march, and we were weary, hungry, and footsore, day after day, but not a word of complaint reached us, as we kept our places by the side of those veterans who had been inured to these marches, and accustomed to lie on the ground and make their three meals a day, or two, or one, or none, as it chanced to be, on hard-tack and bacon. Don't know what hard-tack is? Then I will tell you. It is the worst way that ever a flour was abused. It is taken, mixed with lime water, pressed into the shape and about the size of a soda cracker, put into an oven and baked,—or "*set*," as it comes out more like *cement*, than like anything else I ever knew baked except bricks. No living man can bite a piece off one of them. I have seen men lift a barrel of flour with their teeth, and go through the farce of biting a nail in two. They can bite a hard-tack in the same way, and in no other; that is, put it between their teeth and break it. Army bacon is something that has been pork, but has been put through a process that makes it as near like salted and smoked lamp oil set away to cool, as one pea is like another. This was new eating for us, and on the start we did not relish it very highly, but it was all that Uncle Sam could or would furnish us on a march. Then came the battle of Gettysburg, and we were often glad to get even that, for several days many of us getting but what we could pick up on the ground, or forage from some dead soldier's haversack. Immediately followed the return march to the Potomac, when we marched every day as many as twenty miles and on one or two occasions over thirty, it raining every day, and of a consequence the roads were very muddy and our clothes very wet. We were not permitted to fight at Williamsport as we so much wanted to, but were hurried right on into Virginia, making our first halt on the north bank of Rappahannock. If you have closely followed my detail, you will now begin to appreciate in what

desperately bad condition we were in, to be thrown into such a climate as Virginia in midsummer, with its intensely hot days, cool nights, and miserable water. The result was a typho-malarious fever that attacked more than one-half the regiment. I will give you an instance of what fever was doing, among our enervated worn out troops. The 12th Corps at that time numbered somewhere about 10,000 men,—our regiment about 500. The sick list for the whole Corps amounted to 209, and of these our regiment furnished 157, nearly three-fourths of the whole. It was at this time that the wisdom of the war committee was manifested, which nominated our worthy and efficient surgeon. Both of his assistants were either at home or in hospital, prostrated with fever, and himself far from being entirely well, yet with a noble perseverance and exemplary fortitude did he apply himself to the work before him, and thanks to his skill and indefatigable industry, succeeded in bringing nearly all through the storm, which had burst with such fury upon our regiment, and threatened its utter destruction.

I find I have written much, when I intended to write but little of the past history of the regiment. As I said in the beginning, I found the regiment and its changes, on the 17th ult. On the 22nd we were ordered to the front, to help drive the rebels from Lookout Mountain. We marched three days, and on the third came the order for us to return and guard the line of railroad, as during the three days we had been absent, the road had been broken twice and communication entirely stopped. Be it known that upon this single line of road, the whole Army of the Cumberland depends for its supplies. For many days there came back to us the fearful words: "They are starving down in the front," but Gen. Hooker has succeeded in driving the rebels from Lookout mountain, and we have succeeded in keeping the road open. They have plenty at Chattanooga now and so long as we can keep the road from being broken, there will be plenty. During our march we crossed and recrossed the Cumberland mountains by a road ten times worse than anything I ever imagined. I know Dutchess county pretty well, and you may pick out ten miles of the worst roads therein, then simmer it down to one, and the road over Cumberland mountain will beat it by fifty per cent. We are now stationed at Normandy, sixty-two miles by rail, south of Nashville, where we guard seven miles of the road, from here "*up south*." The inhabitants (of whom I will have something to say in my next), all call it *up south*, which is literally true, as the streams all run towards the north, as we would, were "this cruel war over."

FRED FULTON.

150th Regt. N. Y. V.

Normandy, Tenn., Nov. 11th, 1863.

For the Press.

## THINGS AS I SAW THEM.

NUMBER FIVE.

Two or three times in the last two or three weeks, I have attempted to redeem my promise of writing to you every week, but they have proved useless endeavors—the ink having frozen in my pen, and fingers having found enough to do to keep warm, and let correspondence alone. The fact is, that we have just closed one of the coldest spells of weather that has been known here in the South for a great many years—"not within the memory of the oldest inhabitants." Not that the cold here has reached the extreme as it has in many or any of the places further North, but it has been so much colder than we expected to find or were prepared to receive that it has pinched us very badly, although none of us have been frozen to death, as has been reported of the soldiers at Bridgeport,

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Alabama, about 70 miles south of us, neither has there been a frozen toe or finger. The exact severity of the cold, I am unable to say, as I have not seen a thermometer in several months, but there is a physician living within a mile or two of here who is said to have one, and his is said to have been down to eight degrees below zero, the coldest morning. Some of the boys say if this is a specimen of the "sunny south," they want to go home as soon as possible, while others think the sooner we go on to the Gulf of Mexico, the better they will be pleased.

Since my last letter was written, we have had quite an accession to our regiment from men formerly belonging to the 145th N. Y. V.,—they having been disbanded on account of being short of commissioned officers: said officers having been weighed in a military balance in the shape of a court martial, and found wanting. By the way, I believe that the action of the court martial was forestalled by the President, who having heard of their shortcomings, discharged them *sans ceremonie*. The gravest charge against them, as I understand it, was that when the 11th and 12th Corps were ordered on here from Virginia, that they left their regiment and allowed them to come on by themselves. The regiment was raised in New York city, and it may be fairly supposed that their standard of morality is not any higher than the ordinary run of soldiers. The consequence of their being thus left without a head was a continual scene of drunkenness, depredation of private property, robbery and confusion. Such a state of things could not well be winked at by the authorities, and as soon as it reached the ears of Gen. Hooker, he immediately ordered them under arrest, the result of which has been the dishonorable dismissal of the officers, and the division of the men among the other New York regiments in the same corps. About 100 of them were apportioned to our regiment. This has served to increase the number of men in our regiment sufficiently to have a few more commissioned officers mustered in. It may not be generally known that for nearly a year past, we have not been allowed to have any more commissioned officers in our regiment until it numbered eight hundred men, or the maximum number necessary for each company. There have been several who have had there commissions for a long time, but could not be mustered in on account of this general order, but this new batch has served a glorious purpose with these caudate officers, and they are now supporting their yellow bars, which have been by some one, compared to great yellow worms eating down into the heart of the nation. Among these fortunate ones are the Sergeant Major, and the Orderlies of Companies B, D, and J and H, named respectively W. Wattles, A. J. Ostrom, S. Humeston, and J. Fitzpatrick. Ostrom has not been mustered in yet as 2d Lieutenant, as he has been absent, sick, for some time past, and has not yet rejoined his regiment. I am very sorry to hear fears expressed of his never being able to be with us again.

While speaking of the weather, I should have added that it has now tamed down so much it resembles more the ordinary weather of the latter part of March in the State of New York. Last night it did not freeze at all. Mud is very abundant. We have had a little snow, covering the ground to about one inch in depth. Previous to the first day of January, 1864, I did not see a snow flake,—the first December that I have ever lived without seeing abundance of them. Of course, this cold weather has made lots of ice, and it is amusing to see the young F. F. T.'s attempt to slide on it. The word *skate* is Hebrew to them, there being no such word tolerated in their vocabularies. But as far as my observation extends, I cannot see but that the whole population here, men, women and children, including the negroes, stand the cold as well

as we of more northern climes. I was much surprised at this, especially of the negro, for it is generally supposed that his capacity for enduring heat was much greater and for cold much less than the white man, but I am beginning to think that both propositions are wrong. This war is going to correct a great many erroneous opinions and prejudices of both sections of the country, and it may be not the least important among them, that it establishes the fact, that white men can endure the extreme heat as well as the black man. Why not? What is there about the black man, *physically*, that will enable him to endure more of *anything* than the white man? Some may say he is acclimated! Very well, and are not the white race acclimated also? Show me a spot on the globe too hot or too cold, or too malarious for an Anglo-Saxon to live a month, and I will show you a spot where a negro cannot live 29 days. But for fear I should step on forbidden ground if I went further, I will close with—Yours truly,

FRED FULTON, 150th N. Y. V.  
Normandy, January 14th, 1864.

For the Daily Press.

## THINGS AS I SAW THEM.

### NUMBER SEVEN.

The "expedition" of which I made mention in my last letter, was brought to a close day before yesterday, and yesterday morning Col. Ketcham and his command started to return, making Tullahoma their encamping ground for the night. From the time of starting, until every dollar of the tax had been collected, nothing had transpired of unusual import excepting that several of the small parties that had been sent out to collect forage and taxes of different individuals, narrowly escaped attack from guerilla bands, who infest every part of this state. On Sunday last, as Lieut. Bowman was returning from one of these minor expeditions, with fifteen mounted men under his command, he was informed that Capt. Broadway, with about thirty of his company of guerrillas were on his trail and very close to him. Instantly, ordering his men to dismount and concealing their horses, he placed his men in position and awaited their approach. Soon on they came and when within about two hundred yards, Bowman gave the command to "FIRE." Their leader, Captain Broadway, bit the dust—four others were wounded—and the rest fled in utter confusion. Bully for Bowman! Captain Cogswell and a little band under his command also escaped very narrowly, from a band who were on their trail, and probably only escaped them, by their being put on the wrong track, intentionally or otherwise, by a contraband. But yesterday, as they were on their way home, and within five or six miles of Tullahoma, there occurred in the party, what can only be called

### A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

The command had halted for dinner, all but two, who doubtless thought the distance so small to Tullahoma, they would ride there before getting their dinners. They had not proceeded more than one quarter of a mile, which took took them just around a little curve in the road, when the report of firearms was heard. The whole command instantly started and on arriving at the place found the bodies of their two companions, both entirely dead. Their names are GEORGE LOVEFACE, Company C, and JOHN ODELL, Company F.

The bushwhackers who had done the damnable deed, had rifled their pockets, taken their horses and left. From all appearances they had been surprised and surrounded. From the appearance of the wound, George Loveface had been shot while still upon his horse, the gun having been held so close, that



the powder burned his coat. He was shot in the back, on the right side of the back bone, the bullet entering the right lung, and not coming out. He seemed to have died without a struggle. John Odell, it appears, made as desperate a struggle for his life as he could. By some means he had got away from them, leaped a fence and had run about a hundred yards, when the guerrillas overtook and shot him. His death was witnessed by a woman in a house not far from where the murders were committed. The shot that killed Odell, entered his left lung.

On coming up to the place, Col. Ketcham immediately gave the order for pursuit and led the way himself. One party struck the trail and followed them eight miles, when they were overtaken, cooking their supper. Although every effort was made to surprise them, it failed—the pursuing party not being able to get nearer than three or four hundred yards before they were discovered, when they sprang to their horses, and were dashing off, when the command to Fire, was given and our boys poured out one volley towards them, but they were so far off, that but one man was wounded and he escaped. The guerrillas were mounted on excellent horses, while those ridden by our men, were very poor and nearly jaded out. Had the case been reversed, they would doubtless all have been captured. The band was under the command of one Dr. Childs—Bennet Childs, and it is presumed had followed them all the way from Mulberry, (the place they started from in the morning,) and had been watching their opportunity to strike and run.

The two men are now here, having arrived this afternoon in an ambulance. As we have not got any materials for embalming them, nor can get any, (having tried,) and as the road will not allow a body sent over it, unless embalmed, we shall have to bury them here.

I regret to add, that, although not strictly disobeying orders, yet their leaving the main body of the men was contrary to the advice of the Colonel in command, and several times during the day, they had been cautioned by others, against doing it,—but the advice was not heeded, and the result has been as I have written it. Each of them leaves a family up there in Dutchess County, to mourn their loss.

What action the authorities will take in the matter is not yet known, but it is hoped that the \$30,000 collected, will be now divided among five instead of three families, as was originally intended. A strong effort will be made by Col. Ketcham to have this done. In my next, I will have more to say of this guerrilla warfare as it is carried on here.

FRED FULTON, 150th Reg. N.Y.S.V.  
NORMANDY, Feb. 12, 1864

For the Telegraph.

## THINGS AS I SAW THEM.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

The record of my last letter closed on the night of May 14, and like most of stories that are "to be continued," left off just in the most interesting part. You will recollect that we were up on the extreme left of a long line of battle, some twelve or fifteen miles in length, where we had repulsed a charge made by the rebels to capture one of our batteries. In this the 150th were not engaged, but it was a reserve just back on a hill, in case they should be needed. That night we encamped on the scene of action, and during the night there occurred several rather amusing mistakes on the part of straggling rebels. One came into our lines inquiring for the 17th Alabama? "Yes," said three or four men, stepping up and seizing both him and his gun. "We can tell you just where you are. You are in the wrong pew. This is the 2d Massachusetts." "Oh, come boys, none of your fooling," says

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reb. "I want to get by roll call." A light from a neighboring fire just then blazed up revealing the blue uniforms around him. He gave one wild look as though he would break away, then giving vent to a long whistle, gave himself up muttering, "he wrong pew sure enough." There were several such incidents during the night. The next morning, unlike the past six or eight, there was no rattle of musketry to be heard—no roar of artillery—no moving of infantry; all was as quiet and serene as a Sabbath morning should be. About 9 a. m. it began to be evident that the different corps commanders were in consultation and had selected a little grove just by our camp for the place of consultation. I forget now, how many generals we saw there, but with their several staffs and body guards there was several acres of them: perhaps acres would be a better way to judge of them. First, and I believe the greatest general of them all, was Joe Hooker. Then came two riding side by side with but two arms and two legs between them, General Sickles with but one leg, and General Howard with but one arm, and following came Generals Thomas, Schofield, McPherson, Butterfield, Logan and Sherman.—These are all the major generals I remember now, but there were a host more of brigadier generals, in fact, "too numerous to mention." I am sorry to say that after looking fairly into the faces of each of them, I am obliged to say that but two of them come up to my idea of an active, determined military general. I know and daily realize that I am not much of a military man, but always form an idea of men as they pass before me. General Joe Hooker, the commander of the 20th corps (ours) and Brig-Gen. Geary, the commander of the 2d division of this, the 20th corps. And here allow me to remark, without meaning any offence to any of the names mentioned, that the first sight of General Hooker forcibly reminded me of Hon. Wm. Kelly, and General Grant reminding me as forcibly of Sheriff Swift. The pictures I have seen in the illustrated papers resemble them about as much as any other general and no more. Well, the consultation broke up about 11 a. m., and the different generals and their followers whirled away, leaving us again alone in our glory. I got into the shade of an accommodating persimmon tree, fell asleep, and about 1 p. m. awoke to see the last of the 150th piling over a hill about eighty rods away. I hastened after, saw them enter a dense wood and still hasten on. I had got but a little way into the wood when the ball opened, and you would have thought there was a hail storm going on, to have heard the bullets rattling about in the leaves and branches of the trees. The first division to which the 150th regiment belongs, had filed off to the left after entering the woods and I had followed up in the wake of the third division. I soon discovered my mistake and lost no time in getting once more on the trail of the 150th finding them about two miles to the left. Our brigade being the last brigade on the left wing of the army, and our regiment being on the extreme left of our brigade.—Those who understand the importance of a flank movement, will readily understand that this was not a position without its danger, and not without its honor also, to those who are fighting for that article. It did not of right belong to our regiment, but to the oldest regiment in the brigade—but it showed pretty plainly the confidence our brigade and division commanders had in Colonel Ketcham and his regiment. Our line of battle was so arranged that the 150th took possession of a small eminence, the right wing of it fronting on a piece of woods and the left wing fronting an open field.

After looking the position over carefully, Colonel Ketcham ordered his regiment to go to building breastworks, and we fell to with a will, pausing not until every rail, log, hog trough, bee hive, etc., (we were right in front

of a large dwelling) was used, and we had a very respectable shelter behind which to shield us from the storm which was so soon to burst upon us. Other regiments on our right took the hint from us and also fell to building breast-works, but most of them too tardily, for the storm burst upon them before they were completed.

We had but nicely completed our breast-works when a rattling fire in the woods in our front told us that their advance had met our skirmishers and soon out of the woods came the skirmishers literally running for their lives. It reminded me very much of the times when I had seen a lot of boys steal up and thrust a stick into a hornet's nest, and then run with all their might. I did not know whether it was best to laugh or tremble. They were certainly in no enviable position, for the rebels were firing at them from the rear, and besides they were in imminent danger of being shot by our own men, as the rebels were pushing right on after them, emerging from the woods very close to the last of them. But Colonel Ketcham very wisely gave the order for the men to reserve their fire. Oh! it was a grand sight to see them pour out of the woods, form in double column and advance at a quick step towards our unsupported left. When they first emerged from the woods they were not more than a hundred and fifty yards distant and they were allowed to leave nearly half that distance behind them before the order came to "fire," and as one report, five hundred muskets roared and five hundred bullets went screaming into the ranks of our enemies.— They first faltered, fell back a few steps, then rallied and poured at us an unmerciful fire from guns that outnumbered us four or five to one. Then came our colonel's order, "load and fire at will," and they did it with a vengeance.

Be it known that I am not one of those fortunate one who "load and fire" or who at such times command men who do "load and fire," but it was worth the sufferings and privations of our three years' service, to have seen that fight of three quarters of an hour, escape unharmed, and at the same time to have taken a gun and looking deliberately over its sights, single out your man and fire it, and then repeat "Just think of it. The privilege of shooting your enemy and no law to trouble you after!"

Was I frightened? Most assuredly I was, and would have run just as fast as my legs would have carried me, had it not been for pride. Pride would not let me, for there was the eyes of all the boys in the regiment to see me if I did run, and what would they say to me afterward? Judging by myself, (a conceited judgment it is said) I should say that it was pride which made a man face a storm of bullets oftener than courage. I frankly own it was so in my case, but then, I was never noted for courage. The fact is, I had no particular business up at the front, my duties being further in the rear, but was caught in the front by accident, mingled with curiosity, and pride and curiosity led me to remain. But it is not an enviable position, and when they get me

into another such an one, unless by accident, it will be after Atlanta is taken.

Well the three fourths of an hour before spoken of passed away, and with it the enemy from before us, and "lucky 150th" was the shout from every lip, for we had had none killed, and but seven wounded. And yet how unlucky, for of this number was our loved adjutant, S. V. R. Cruger, severely if not fatally wounded, he having been shot in the upper part of the left lung. I saw him as he reeled out, spitting great mouthfuls of bright arterial blood, caught him in my arms and supported him to a position where his wound could be temporarily dressed, started him to the ambulance on a stretcher, with the bullets dropping around us all the time like hail, and then turn-

ed my attention to the others as they came out. I give you a list of their names but suppose that it has already been published in your paper, as I have been too busy since the fight to write as I would have liked. Besides Adjutant Cruger, the next came Corp. George Stage, Co. E, struck just below the left eye with a ball that must have been nearly spent, as otherwise it would have passed through his head. As it was it entered about an inch, compromising life somewhat and his sight considerably. Benj. Watts, Co. E, struck with a bullet in the back of the neck, the ball being cut out below the shoulder blade. The wound is serious but probably not compromising life. Tolson Richardson, Co. B, struck in the shoulder, breaking the bone badly, making a very serious wound. Thos. Wright, Co. G, escaped with a slight wound on the top of his head.— Benj. Harp, Co. G, also a very slight wound on the side of his head. Americus Mosher, Co. K, was slightly wounded in the breast.— There were a number of hair-breadth escapes, several with holes through their clothes, hats, etc. Well, my letter is getting as long as my time will permit. That night, Sunday, May 15, they commenced skedaddling, and the next morning we were after them pell-mell. They have fought us inch by inch or mile by mile to this place. We have laid here since Thursday night, May 19, but start on again in the morning with the understanding that we are to have another real fight with them at Altoona mountains, about ten miles from here. I do not intend these let ers to be "regular correspondence" for all such have been ordered from this army by General Sherman, but just a little sketch of "Things as I saw them," that I relate to my friends through the medium of THE TELEGRAPH. Expecting to start at 4 a. m. to-morrow morning, it now being almost too dark to write, I close with, yours truly,

FRED FULTON, 150th N. Y. S. V.  
CASSVILLE, May 22, 1864.

For the first time since we left Tullahoma, we are permitted to rest a day,—if indeed we are allowed to do so to-day, for it is not noon yet, and an orderly may be around at any time, with orders from headquarters for us to march immediately. I wrote you last, a few miles south of Chattanooga, where we were encamped on the east side of Lookout Mountain. The next morning at eight o'clock, we took up our line of march again, in a southerly direction. We had not gone far before we began to see evidences of strife, and all day, we passed, slowly, over the old battle field of Chickamauga, our course taking us over that part of it, where Gen. Thomas held them in check, with the body of men under his command, while the wings of this body under command of Generals McCook and Crittenden, had been driven back in disorder. It used to be a fallacy of mine, and it may be of others, when reading of a battle field, to select in imagination some large field containing perhaps an hundred—perhaps two hundred acres, and then, follow the writer in this field as accurately as I could. If any of the readers of the Telegraph should have the same fallacy, let them dismiss it at once, for such an one would give scant room to manoeuvre a brigade much less an army. As large a town as there is in Duchess County would not be large enough for such a fight as that of Chickamauga, which I did not see, or Gettysburg, which I did see, and when, hereafter they read a description of a large battle, do not allow them to fix in their minds a "field" of less size than a large town.

But some may be curious to know what we saw in passing over Chickamauga battle field. Well, I will try and tell them. In the first place they must understand that there is but very little cleared land, it being nearly all covered with a moderate growth of trees, many, and I think, the majority of them being Yellow Pine, and the rest White and Black

Oak. For ten miles I think, along the road we passed, these trees are torn and marred by cannon balls, shells, grape and cannister shot and minnie bullets. Some places there would be an interval of half a mile or even a mile, where we would see but few of these marks on the trees, and we would think we were nearly past the scene of conflict, but a few rods further on, and evidences of the most terrible carnage would present themselves to our view. I say carnage, because in the place of trees, I imagined men, for I know that living men stood there in and around and among those trees. Some of these same trees must have been struck by at least an hundred bullets, while others a foot and a half in diameter were cut entirely off by cannon balls, while the dead branches hanging everywhere, told how violent the storm of leaden and iron hail must have raged through here. But there were other things we saw. What was once a field of battle is now a field of graves. On either side of the road as we moved on, yes, and in the road, were graves innumerable. A few were marked, but many more that were not. On one little enclosure about six feet long and five wide, we read, "Here was the line of battle of the Indiana, and here lies buried Capt. — and Lieuts. — and — and 17 privates of Co. D." I have forgotten the names of the Captain and his Lieutenants, but there they and their seventeen men fell and lie buried, all in one little grave. And this was but one company out of ten of that Indiana regiment. The nine others may not have suffered so badly, or they may have suffered worse. We had not time to trace out the line of battle to see. In other places we saw bodies, lying but a little way from the roadside, that were only partially buried. In one place we would see but a hand thrust out through the earth, another a head uncovered, another a foot, while some were scarce covered at all. Yet wild verbenas grow by the side of these graves as beautifully as I ever saw them in Greenwood. We saw no means of judging whether these were rebel or Union dead, but as our forces were compelled to make a "masterly retreat" and in something of a hurry, after a few days of hard fighting, it is fair to presume, that the dead they left behind them, were not as properly cared for as they would have been had the other side made a "draw game" of it. It will also be remembered that until quite recently, the Union troops have not had much opportunity of examining and improving the looks of things on this celebrated battle field. Three or four miles south of there we passed some women washing by the roadside, and they told us, "You ens am the just Union sogers we ens have seed go by yer." Perhaps some of my readers will think that these were black women that talked in this way, but they were not. In times past, when some of you have listened to *Niggerisms* as caricatured by Geo. Christy, or Dan Bryant, you have thought, probably, as I have done, that it was all well enough to laugh at, but was by far too exaggerated, to be anything like a true picture of the Southern negro, and it may have been and probably was, so far as wit, fun, and hilarity was concerned, for the slave as I have seen him, has been as meek, patient and enduring as an ox, with about as much life and hilarity. They all sing when they think no one is listening, but it is ever some mournful or plaintive ditty or Hymn. How they act when congregated by themselves, I cannot tell, as I have never so seen them. But for a ludicrous use of big words, — for malformation of sentences, and coarseness of dialect, the northern negro minstrel typifies the southern negro very correctly, and between the negro and the ninety and nine of the whites, I can see no difference in dialect or habit. It is this fruit of slavery, of which I complain. Instead of elevating the negro to a level of the white race, it has degraded the ninety and nine of the white race to a level with the negro.

But of Chickamauga, I was not quite done. You remember to have heard or read of some atrocities committed by the rebel troops upon some of the slain "Yankees," among the rest was the report of their cutting off their heads and setting them on poles by the wayside. I remember reading such an account, but tho't

it gotten up by some sensationist, for effect; — but our march day before yesterday, satisfied us that such reports were correct, for we found several of them still in their places. I did not see but two on poles, but numerous other poles, sharpened in the same manner and of about the same height, led me to believe they had once borne the same kind of load as the two whose burdens were still remaining. Besides this cluster of sharpened poles and their two grinning heads, we saw five or six others set about upon stumps and logs.

Yesterday morning, we got started at half past six, but marched very slow all day from necessity. News of our approach had induced the rebels to go to felling trees across our road, and as these had to be removed before the teams could pass, and as it is always a relief to infantry to have the artillery near and vice versa, we traveled very slowly until about 3 P. M. when we came to a halt on the west side of a large long hill or young mountain, called by some Pea Ridge — by others Taylor's Ridge, where we formed in line of battle, pitched our tents and have been encamped since. Our pickets occupy the summit of said ridge, and it is ~~very~~ currently reported that the enemy are on the other side. But I do not credit the report, for if they thought of making a stand in this vicinity, they would have taken this ridge and fortified it, from which they could have blown us into the air as we came up. From the best information I have been able to gather, we must have a very large army down here, more than an hundred thousand men. Gen. Hooker's Corps (the 20th) occupies the extreme right of the line, and as we belong to the 1st Division of the 20th Corps, we must be on the right of the Corps. At Tunnel Hill or Tunnel Gap as some call it, some three or four miles above here, there was a force of rebels stationed, but it is said they were driven out yesterday by Gen. Butterfield, commanding 3d Division 20th Corps. Before this reaches you I presume the telegraph will have informed you of

tinggold  
ntly our  
ticipate  
I write.

S.V.  
nggold,

For the Telegraph.

## THINGS AS I SAW THEM.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Thirty-one consecutive days under fire, and lulled to sleep (when sleep was possible) by the sound of booming cannon, for forty seven consecutive nights! Do you doubt our being tired of it? *Tired*, does not express the feeling. It is more than that. We are getting prostrated. So long have our nervous systems been drawn up to their fullest tension, that the tone is being slowly but as surely destroyed as the strings of a violin, kept continually on the stretch. The feeling of anxiety with us for so many days has worn off, and in its place has come a feeling, not of despair, but of desperation. The morning dawns — "Well boys, there is a prospect of a bloody day before us!" Not a nerve trembles — not a heart pulsates quicker, but a look ran over the countenances of the men, which seems to say, "Let it come, it will be the sooner over." Soon an orderly comes tearing up and says, (in effect) "Gen. Ruger's

compliments, and the 150th will march to the right, immediately. Right or left, it is all one to us. The 150th, not perhaps with the sprightly, elastic step of new recruits, but with the stolid, heavy tramp of veterans. After a march of two or three miles, sometimes more, sometimes less, comes the order to "halt." "Front," "Dress on the right," "Give way to the left," "Order arms," "Fix bayonets," "Stack arms." This is all done as coolly as though there were no enemy's breastworks and a deadly foe not more than two hundred yards in front of us. Skirmishers are immediately deployed to feel the enemy's line, and if found too strong to make a charge on them practicable, we commence throwing up breastworks.— Sometimes we are allowed to finish them without disturbance, and we set quietly down to see how far we can gaze into the mouth of rebel cannon, wondering whether they are charged with shot, shell or grape. At other times, when we do not attempt to drive them, they try to drive us from our position, at which game each side seems to meet with about the same success. On Wednesday, May 25, we attempted to drive them from their strongly fortified position and failed, with a heavy loss, meeting with a reception not agreeable. On Wednesday, June 23, we advanced our line a mile or two through woods over hills and through valleys, halting on the edge of a cleared field, and commenced throwing up breastworks.— Before they were half done they made a charge on us, and we had an opportunity of repaying them for the 25th ult., principal and interest compounded. They came out of the woods on the opposite side of the little field in front of our slender breastworks, in heavy force, anticipating, so their prisoners say, an easy thing of it, to either capture us, or get up a "big skedaddle." The fight lasted at near as I can judge, for two hours, with the greatest violence at the end of which time they thought it best to retire, but not so far that it was safe to venture on the field that night. We could hear their wagons running all night carrying off their wounded, besides many of their dead. A captured rebel officer admits their loss in this affair to be five hundred killed and wounded in the immediate front of the 150th New York and the 13th New Jersey, the only two regiments of our brigade that were engaged. Thus in four weeks to an hour, we paid the debt we owed them, and are now ready to open a new account. Of the bravery of our men, of the rapidity and effectiveness of their fire, of the impetuosity of the charge, of the grand repulse and the general details of this and other fights, let others write who are more familiar with military terms, while I continue to give my inside views of war and warriors.

I here give you a list of the casualties in our regiment since my last writing, to wit: Patrick McManus, Co. D, shot in the skirmish line June 15, right breast, not fatal; James Myers, Co. D, shot on the skirmish line, June 16, not dangerous; Wm. R. Phelps, Co. I, shot by a sharpshooter while lying with his regiment in reserve June 16, instantly killed. Henry Sigler and Cornelius Sparks, Co. F, both shot on the skirmish line by the same shell, the night of June 16th, both killed; Peter Maillard, Co. E, shot on skirmish line June 17, flesh wound, not dangerous; Obed Rosell, Co. A, shot on skirmish line June 19, left thumb, not dangerous; Daniel Glancy, Co. D, shot on skirmish line June 16, cutting off right leg and killing him almost instantly. June 22, Co. A, Henry Gridley, 1st Lieutenant, minnie ball entering left breast, cutting the aorta, and passing out under right shoulder blade, killing him instantly; Wm. Bartlett, Sergeant, ball wounding right hand slightly and battering itself against his breast plate. Co. E, John Sweetman, Sergeant, wounded in the head, probably fatal, although at this date symptoms are favorable; James E. Davidson, musket ball shattering right hand badly. Co. D, James Todd, flesh wound of thigh. Co. F, John Simmons of the band, left knee badly. Co. G,

Benj. Harp, right shoulder, badly. Co. I, Platt Curtiss, Corporal, head, scalp wound; George W. Holden, thigh, flesh wound; Patrick Twohey, middle finger left hand shot off. Co. A, John Hart, killed on the skirmish line, June 24.

Thus runs the record up to this date, and one day differeth but little from another. In my last letter I think I wrote you that we were gradually sliding around to the left. Since then a change has come over the programme and our corps has been gradually sliding to the right and drawing gradually in upon the enemy, until we now shoot north, towards Marietta instead of shooting south, towards it, as we did fifteen days ago. It seems to us here that we have Joe Johnson and his army in a trap, but it may be that Joe has us in the trap which would not be so nice for us. You will probably know before this reaches you, as it does not seem possible that this thing can continue many days longer. I notice that the letters of other correspondents are continually brimming over with exuberant patriotism that longs to be led to death or victory, but I believe that the true feeling is something very different—a feeling that craves rest and quiet, out of the range of shot and shell—a feeling that would barter almost anything for that kind of rest that would relieve the strain upon the nervous system for one week and allow it to regain once more its native vigor.

All the finer attributes of the mind have become so paralyzed that we see with a feeling of almost indifference, our warmest friends, our most respected companions, shot down in battle, killed or maimed, and then turn away to wonder what corps is engaged on the left, and what side is getting the best of it.

I have seen some things that I can hardly as I

when I see a man and see him die it excites me

On one of these occasions, some over, we came where there were three dead rebels which a wounded rebel officer informed us were a chaplain, his son and son-in-law. They lay just in front of the line of battle of this regiment. The chaplain was an old man with locks as white as wool. He had heard of the death of his sons and in coming to their rescue had himself been shot. Some one in search of trophies had turned all their pockets and by the side of one I found a letter, addressed to "Lieut. J. Beard, 17th Georgia," in which the writer expresses her feelings very much as a young wife would under the circumstances, and wrapped in another piece of paper a lock of hair and on the paper the following words:

"I love you—'tis the simplest way  
The thing I feel to tell—  
And if I told you all the day  
You never could hear how well  
You are my comfort and my life—  
My very life you seem  
I think of you all day—all night—  
'Tis but of you I dream."

I do not remember to have ever seen the words before, but whether old or original, taken in connection with the circumstances, they tell a tale of anguish and suffering that needs no further comment of mine; and if I may be allowed to judge by some of the private letters that it has been my misfortune to see, and from personal observation, I should say that the greatest amount of suffering endured since this war commenced, has not been on the battle field, or on the march, or with the army at all, but with those the army have left at home.— "Only for the wrong we're righting"—well, well, I must take care or I shall get to writing "treason" again, and while I think of it, allow me to abruptly change the subject and come to

#### MINNIE'S BIRTHDAY.

Thy birth day—my daughter—thy sixth birthday,  
And thy father away from home;  
He dreameth of thee and the smoke dim gray—  
Mid the strife and the roar and the gloom.



The rattle of rifles along the line  
And the depth of the cannon's roar,  
Are heard, but not feared, for my thoughts combine  
To assure me I am home once more.

Perchance, where thou art, there is music and song,  
And thy little companions are there,  
To help the gay, festival scene along,  
And pluck the May roses to wear.  
The prattle of childish gossip flies quick,  
While the little tea-table is spread—  
That old broken leaf is propped up with a stick,  
While the Birdie sings wildly overhead.

I would I were there, and of right 'tis mine  
There to be, in thy sleep to share—  
To lay me this hand on that head of thine,  
Mid the curls of thy glossy hair,  
And shout, as we dance in the mild spring night,  
Till the echo its own voice scorns.  
And pray that the birthdays may all be bright,  
That thy pathway shall bear no thorns.

But vain is my dream, for the dread shell screams  
As it cleareth the air overhead—  
While the grape and canister pass by in streams,  
Arouse me mid the wounded and dead.  
Next year, when another birthday is there,  
May there be in the land—no war,  
The sun, on no scenes of grim carnage shine—  
At thy right hand—no empty chair.

Before closing this letter allow me to relate  
a little incident that occurred at the First Di-  
vision Twentieth corps hospital, a few days  
ago, which has afforded not a little amuse-  
ment at that place. Doubtless most of you,  
like myself, will remember just enough of your  
early study of anatomy, to know that Patella  
means the knee pan—the clavicle, the collar-  
bone—the sternum, the breast bone. Well,  
one of the surgeons of this brigade, in going  
through his ward in the evening, came to a  
patient who complained of a pain in his chest,  
indicative of Pneumonia. So after writing  
the patient's name in his book and the usual  
prescription, added, "Emplastrum cantharides  
4x5 place on sternum." The next morning on  
visiting the patient, he found him much better,  
and when on asking to see the blister, imagine  
his horror to find it had been placed on the pa-  
tient where it would render it very painful for  
that soldier to sit down for several days to come.  
Dr. Cooper can you beat that? If you can I  
will try again.

FRED FULTON,  
150th N. Y. S. V.

Between Marietta and Atlanta, Ga., (C. S. A.)  
June 24, 1864.