

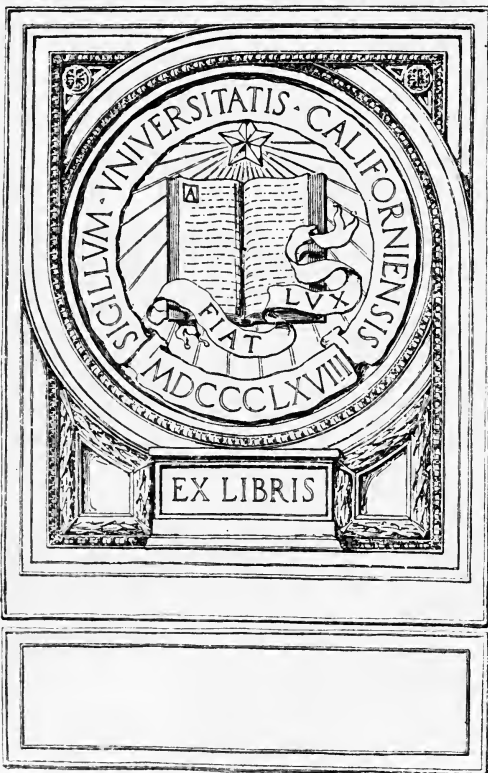
FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT

PA. V. V. I.



1861-1865

EXCHANGE



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History

of the

Forty-Fifth Regiment

Pennsylvania
Veteran Volunteer Infantry
1861-1865



WRITTEN BY THE COMRADES.

Edited and Arranged by
ALLEN D. ALBERT, Private of Company D.

GRIT PUBLISHING COMPANY
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

1912

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To the
Comrades;
Their Children,
and
Their Children's
Children

1911

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Andrew G. Curtin
The War Governor of Penna.

THE FOREWORD

This book reminds me of the manner in which we started on many an important march. Reveille at three in the morning, fall in at four, false starts and standing in line until weary and finally off at six-thirty or *later*.

In the early seventies several beginnings were made to organize a movement to write a regimental history but beyond naming officers of the regimental association and historian and collecting a few dollars for expenses the attempts died an early death.

The wife of the editor had been taught patriotism in school and at home and being resolved that her children should know of the Civil War and its battles, for years commemorated the anniversaries of those battles in which her husband had participated. On the forty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of the Wilderness she called together her husband and Comrades R. C. Cheeseman, N. A. Lucas and W. A. Roberts, and their wives, and, in response to an invitation to be present in spirit if not in person, Gen. James A. Beaver wrote a letter and appealed to the comrades in the city of Washington to take up the work of a regimental history. The meeting accepted the trust, organized the Washington Association of Survivors of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, with Brevet Major R. C. Cheeseman as president, A. D. Albert secretary, and W. A. Roberts treasurer. The association worked so energetically and effectively that a regimental reunion was called to meet in Williamsport, Pa., on March 2d, 1910. Some sixty of the surviving comrades answered roll call, and encouraged by the speeches of General Beaver, General J. I. Curtin, Judge R. G. Richards and others, and inspired by the reports of the officers of the Washington Association, proceeded to elect the officers of that organization as the officers of the Regimental Association and appointed the Secretary the editor of the history. The necessary committees were also appointed, and the work progressed rapidly and favorably, handicapped, however, by the death of Major Cheeseman, March 25th, 1910. His successor was chosen in the person of First Sergeant John B. Emery, who put all of his business success and energy into the making of the history, with good results.

The Editorial Committee met in Wellsboro, Pa., April 20th, 1911, examined manuscript, and owing to the quantity being greater than the proposed volume required, duplications and autobiographies were to a great degree eliminated.

The joint committees met in Williamsport on April 25th, and made the necessary arrangements to launch the history.

Special credit is due to Sergeant Eugene Beauge, who, besides contributing chapters of regimental history, not only furnished other necessary material for the history but also gave freely in time and labor as a member of the Editorial Committee.

In concluding I desire to thank the Ladies of the Washington Association for their untiring devotion to our interests;

Lieutenant Thomas J. Davies and Judge R. G. Richards of the Editorial Committee;

First Sergeants W. H. Musser and W. H. Mitchell, Lieutenant E. E. Myers, Treasurer W. A. Roberts, Captains L. W. Lord and Charles T. Fryberger, Sergeant Sylvester Houghton and W. L. Hershey for their zeal and patience in working out the trying details of the rosters; and Lieutenant J. J. Rogers, Sergeants Josiah McManigal and Theophilus Lucas, and J. C. Roosa, W. H. Fry and others for valuable assistance.

This book is intended as a history of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry and not as a history of the Civil War.

THE EDITOR.



THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION.

N. A. LUCAS, MAJOR R. C. CHEESEMAN, MRS. ALBERT.
W. A. ROBERTS, A. D. ALBERT.
MRS. ROBERTS, MRS. CHEESEMAN, MRS. LUCAS.



First Lieut. W. T. Fitzgerald

BATTLE SONG OF THE FORTY-FIFTH

By LIEUTENANT W. T. FITZGERALD

We are fighting for our country,
We're fighting for our trust,
We are fighting for our native land
Where sleeps our fathers' dust;
It shall not be dissevered
Though it cost us bloody wars,
For we never will give up that land,
Where floats the Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS—

Hurrah! Hurrah! for equal rights, hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for our country's Flag,
The grand old Stripes and Stars.

We know our cause is holy,
We know we're in the right,
And twenty million freemen
Stand ready for the fight;
Our bride is fair Columbia,
No stain her beauty mars;
O'er her we'll raise that grand old Flag,
The glorious Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS—

We do not want your cotton,
We do not want your slaves,
But sooner than divide this land
We'll fill your Southern graves;
With Lincoln for our leader
We'll wear our battle scars,
For we never will give up that Flag,
The grand old Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS—

And when the war is over
We'll each resume our home,
And treat you then as brothers
Wherever you may roam;
We'll pledge the hand of friendship
And think no more of wars,
Dwelling in peace beneath that Flag,
The grand old Stripes and Stars.

CHORUS—

Fort Drayton, S. C., January, 1862.

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PART I

The History



Lieut. Col. James A. Beaver

CHAPTER I—SEC. I

OUR FIRST YEAR

BY LIEUT. COL. JAMES A. BEAVER.

That was a proud moment for Company H, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, when, in response to the appeal of the commander of the army in which it served, every officer and man stepped to the front to signify their willingness to remain in the service after the expiration of their term of enlistment.

The company to which I have referred made no conditions. It simply expressed its willingness, in the most prompt and hearty way, to remain under any conditions, if, in the judgment of the commanding general, it was thought desirable to do so.

I was the first lieutenant of that company. Our captain, Dr. John B. Mitchell, a most excellent officer in every way, had a lame ankle, which prevented his exercising the company in regular company drill. He was usually in command in the battalion movements—understood them thoroughly, and was able to handle the company in an intelligent and capable way—but the details of drill depended largely upon me. I had great love for tactics, and took great pride in our company, so the extent of our company drills not only impressed the men with their number and variety, but made an impression generally as to the efficiency of the company and its superiority in drill, and, as a consequence, in discipline.

This, I think, at least from the military point of view, led to several proposals to me by gentlemen holding superior rank, to unite with them in organizing a regiment for three years' service. Among those who made this proposition was Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Welsh, of our three months' regiment. I agreed to join with him in raising a regiment for three years, of which he was to be the colonel and I the lieutenant colonel. Although perfectly ready, and indeed anxious, to remain in the service in the position which I then occupied, as long as our commanding general thought it necessary or advisable, I confess that I was somewhat relieved when, as a consequence of the halting assent of some of the companies of our regiment, directions were given that it should take up its line of march for Harrisburg, in order to be mustered out.

It is not only highly probable, but I think practically certain, that one of the chief causes of the approach of Colonel Welsh and others to me to join with them in raising a regiment for the war was the fact that I was from the same town as the Governor of Pennsylvania, and that I could probably help at least in securing authority to raise the regiment and ultimately be able, through the Governor, to influence companies to join it.

At this time, however, the relations between the War Department at Washington and the state administration at Harrisburg were not cordial, and anyone who was familiar with the strained personal relations which existed between the Secretary of War and the Governor of Pennsylvania will not be at a loss to understand this. The War Department had not only declined to accept the Pennsylvania Reserves, which had been organized under the authority of the legislature and executive of Pennsylvania, but it was understood that no regiments would be accepted unless organized and recruited under direct authority from the War Department.

In view of this condition of affairs, and of the further fact that I was personally acquainted with General Cameron, it was agreed between Colonel Welsh and myself that on our way to Harrisburg I should leave the regiment for a time and visit Washington, with a view of securing authority from General Cameron, then Secretary of War, to recruit a regiment in Pennsylvania. Accordingly, as our route to Harrisburg led over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from Harpers Ferry to Baltimore, I left it at the latter place and visited Washington, with the above-mentioned object in view.

At Baltimore, July 21st, 1861, I wrote my mother: "We are here on our way home. The regiment will go to Harrisburg to-day. I intend going over to Washington on business and will join the regiment at Harrisburg, to be mustered out. The company will expect me to go with it to Bellefonte. If I can avoid doing so I will stop at home before going there. We came by way of Harpers Ferry on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The scene of ruin and ruthless devastation at Harpers Ferry beggars description. I could scarcely have believed in such Satanic passion in men, had I not seen the results."

When I reached Washington the result of the battle of Bull Run was known there, and there was intense excitement, uncertainty, and gloom, and not a little trepidation.

One of the casualties of the battle of Bull Run was the death of Col. James Cameron, of the Seventy-ninth New York regiment, known as "The Highlanders." He was the brother of the Secretary of War. Not finding General Cameron at his office, and my relations with his family being such as warranted it, I called at his house, found him in the library, stretched upon a lounge, prostrated with grief over the death of his brother. Being ushered into his presence, and finding that my visit was not regarded as an intrusion, I was gradually led to unfold its object and, as a result, received authority, very cordially given, to recruit the regiment, of which I expected to be one of the field officers. The readiness with which this request was granted by the Secretary of War, and the friendliness manifested to me personally, were explained later when I went to ask a much greater favor on behalf of the Forty-fifth Regiment, of which I shall speak in its proper place.

On my return to Harrisburg, in an interview with Governor Curtin, I received, in writing, dated July 22d, 1861, his promise to make me lieutenant colonel of the first regiment raised under State authority. I had a verbal promise also that Colonel Welsh should be its colonel.

Armed with this double authority, I returned home after the muster-out of our three months' company, and immediately arranged to recruit five companies in Centre County. The time was auspicious. Sentiment was intensely patriotic. It was not difficult to recruit men. More men had offered themselves for the Pennsylvania Reserves than could be accepted. The three months' men were discharged and many of them were anxious to return to the service. I arranged almost immediately for two companies in the immediate neighborhood of Bellefonte, one to be recruited by John I. Curtin, and the other by William Raphale. They commenced to recruit about the middle of August. Later, Austin Curtin recruited an additional company, and Henry Stevens and J. Oliver Campbell started a company early in September, to be recruited from the southwestern portion of the county, in the townships of Halfmoon, Ferguson, etc.

Before completing my arrangements for the five companies, however, and while recruiting was going on rapidly in those already provided for, I was summoned by the Governor to go to Harrisburg, about the 5th of September, to assist Colonel Welsh in the management of Camp Curtin. On the 9th of September I was regu-

larly installed in the discharge of my duties there, my special duties, as expressed at the time, being "to muster in the troops as they arrived, to frank soldiers' letters in the peculiar manner fixed by Congress, and take command in the absence of Colonel Welsh." Later, as the troops multiplied and the office duties increased, Colonel Welsh confined himself more particularly to the duties of the office, and I had charge of all the outside arrangements of the camp, looking after its policing, after the guard duty, the installing of new companies as they arrived, etc. Within a day or two after my arrival, I wrote: "We have over 5,000 men here now and more are constantly arriving. It is becoming rather unwieldy, and we will make an effort to despatch two or three regiments this week and thus reduce the number of men and give us more room."

It was intended that Capt. J. Merrill Linn's Company, of Lewisburg, of which my brother, Jacob Gilbert Beaver, was second lieutenant, should be attached to our regiment; but inasmuch as we were to be retained in Camp Curtin indefinitely, and companies were needed to fill up other regiments, this company was later assigned to the Fifty-first Regiment, commanded by Colonel John F. Hartman. This was true of several other companies which we had intended to have mustered into our regiment.

Colonel Welsh was summoned to the command of Camp Curtin so early after his discharge in the three months' service that he had little time to personally superintend recruiting in Lancaster County, where his home was. He, however, brought one full company from his home town—Columbia—and another company not more than half filled from Maytown. The company recruited by Captain Raphile, was not full when it reached Camp Curtin, and a combination was formed, by which the Maytown squad in command of Captain Haines and that of Captain Raphile, from Bellefonte, should be united, Haines becoming the captain and Raphile the first lieutenant. This afterwards became Company B of the Forty-fifth Regiment.

The company recruited by John I. Curtin, who had served in Company H, Second Regiment, was the first company, whose ranks were filled, and it became Company A.

About the 25th of September a company recruited in Belleville, Mifflin County, where my mother resided, came into camp and expressed a desire to join our regiment. This, with the three companies which I had provided for in Centre county, and Linn's com-

pany from Union County, made the five for which I felt personally responsible; and when I had this arrangement made I considered that my contract in regard to the raising of the regiment had been fully complied with.

The union of Haines' and Raphile's, however, and the transfer of Linn's company from our regiment to the Fifty-first, left us still four companies short. Subsequently an arrangement was made by which a company composed of squads from Wayne and Tioga Counties, and three others recruited in Tioga and Potter Counties were united with those which had been in camp for a number of weeks, so as to complete the organization of the regiment and enable it to prepare to take the field. In order to effect this result, John M. Kilbourne, of Potter County, who was connected with these companies in some way, was agreed upon as the major of the regiment.

The final organization of the regiment took place on the 21st of October, 1861, which happened to be my twenty-fourth birthday. The organization, so far as the colonel and lieutenant colonel were concerned, had been fixed from the beginning; but on that day the regimental organization was completed, and stood as follows:

Colonel, Thomas Welsh, of Columbia, Lancaster County; Lieutenant Colonel, James A. Beaver, of Bellefonte, Center County; Major, John M. Kilbourne, of Potter County; Adjutant, Theodore Gregg, of Center County (promoted from first lieutenant of Company A); Quartermaster, John McClure, of Columbia, Lancaster County; Surgeon, Dr. George L. Potter, of Bellefonte, Center County; Assistant Surgeon, Theodore S. Christ, of Lewisburg, Union County; Chaplain, William J. Gibson, D. D., of Center County.

Noncommissioned staff: Sergeant Major, Harvey H. Benner, of Bellefonte, Center County; Quartermaster Sergeant, Amos Mullen, of Columbia, Lancaster County; Commissary Sergeant, Jacob S. Roth, of Lancaster County; Hospital Steward, W. Godfrey Hunter; Principal Musician, George Dyer; Band Leader, Thomas D. Grant, of Northumberland County.

The companies composing the regiment were: Company A, Captain John I. Curtin, of Center County; Company B, Captain Henry A. Haines, of Lancaster County; Company C, Captain William G. Bigelow, of Mifflin County; Company D, Captain Austin Curtin, of Center County; Company E, Captain Henry Stevens, of

Center County; Company F, Captain Charles E. Parker, of Wayne County; Company G, Captain Nelson Whitney, of Tioga County; Company H, Captain Edward G. Scheiffelin, of Tioga County; Company I, Captain Francis M. Hills, of Tioga County; Company K, Captain Ezekiel Y. Rambo, of Lancaster County.

The band, which was then allowed in regimental organizations, was composed of men recruited in Sunbury, Northumberland County.

The day following the organization Governor Curtin presented to the regiment what was known as the State Flag carried by Pennsylvania regiments, in addition to the colors issued by the United States Government. It was a United States Flag, with coat of arms of Pennsylvania in the field of blue, surrounded by the stars representing the States of the Union. The presentation of this flag was quite a notable occasion and attracted a very large crowd, as well of citizens from Harrisburg as the thousands of soldiers in camp.

The regiment left Harrisburg at noon on the 22d of October, was transported by rail to Washington, where it arrived on the 23d, and encamped a short distance from the Capitol on the Bladensburg road. It was attached to what was known as "Casey's Provisional Division," and was finally assigned to the brigade commanded by Gen. O. O. Howard, and went into camp with his brigade on Sunday, the 27th of October, the ground occupied by its camp being a part of the battlefield of Bladensburg in the war of 1812.

On the 2d of November orders were received to prepare for an expedition, leaving our tents and camp equipage, and taking provisions for six days, returning to our camp when the object of the expedition was attained.

Persistent rumors of trouble in the election, which was to occur in the State of Maryland, on Tuesday, November 5th, had been circulated and seemed to be well founded. The object of our expedition, as we subsequently learned, was to march to Prince Frederick County, in order to preserve peace at the polls. After prayers by the Chaplain, our march commenced Sunday, November 3d, 1861, about ten o'clock in the morning. The Forty-fifth was in the advance, and I had the honor of leading, with Captain Rambo's Company. We marched fourteen miles that day. I have full notes of the march until our return to camp. Whether an attempt to

prevent an election had really been intended or not it is difficult now to say. The presence of the troops undoubtedly allayed any disposition and prevented any effort in that direction. Several arrests were made, however, including one ex-member of Congress, who was taken by the troops on their return to camp and turned over to the authorities at Washington.

It was splendid practice for our men. Although we were supposed to have had six days' provisions, as required by orders, I find, at the close of the fifth day the significant remark in my diary: "Short of provisions." As a result of this, the entry for the next day, Friday, the 8th of November, reads: "Started at 11 p. m., yesterday for Washington for rations; rode all night; reached Washington about daylight this morning; had everything ready except wagons before nine o'clock; waited for them till 1 p. m.; loaded and off before 3 p. m.; met our regiment a little ways from Centreville, Company H having had nothing to eat during that day. Provisions got to camp as soon as the regiment reached there." etc., etc.

Another little incident of camp life is also noted: "Cooked breakfast myself this morning; Isaac not to be found; a perfect success; off in good time, marching in fine style and reaching our old camp home by 1 p. m. Found nearly all left at home sick; some of them sick unto death."

This last entry recalls the fact that the location for our camp could not have been worse. It was on low, swampy ground, had been camped upon previously, and was, as a consequence, full of disease and vermin. After our return to camp, on November 11th, I was appointed field officer of the day and took occasion to embody in my report the following morning a vigorous kick in the matter of our camp. My report, a copy of which I preserved, reads:

"The camp of the Forty-fifth Regiment is almost entirely surrounded by a swamp; is upon ground formerly occupied by other troops, and is entirely unfitted for a camp. The large number of sick in hospital and quarters, the general feeling of the men, and the decided expression of opinion by brigade and regimental surgeons would argue in favor of a change to more commodious and healthful grounds. The camp is filthy with vermin, and camp fever is alarmingly on the increase. Smallpox has, to a limited extent, and measles, to a large extent, taken hold of the men, and depression

of spirits and consequent neglect of duty is the result—a result of all others to be lamented and dreaded among volunteer troops.”

This protest, together with others which were made in person to General Howard by Colonel Welsh, led to a final order to make a change, but not until disease had carried off a number of our men and had taken hold of many others.

Before the orders for a change were issued, I made a visit to the Secretary of War, recalling our previous conversation, in which he had said to me very cordially that if at any time he could be of any service to me he wished I would call upon him. He then told me why he had made that remark: that my maternal grandfather had helped him financially when he was a contractor upon the Pennsylvania canal, and had always been his friend, and that he had never had an opportunity to return the kindness, and now he would be glad to do anything in his power to serve me.

I requested, in view of the sickness in our regiment, and the consequent depression of the spirits of our men, that a decided change be given us, and suggested that if re-enforcements were needed, as the newspapers said was likely, for the expedition which had previously gone to the south and had captured the forts at the entrance to the harbor at Beaufort, S. C., that we be sent there. The Secretary said he would give the matter consideration and that, if re-enforcements were to be sent there, we should have the first opportunity.

Whilst we were in the very midst of arranging our new camp, after the order for removal had been given, the orders for embarking at Baltimore for Fortress Monroe came. Whether Colonel Welsh remained behind for any purpose I am not able to say; but on the 20th of November, 1861, I made a provision return in Baltimore for the regiment, signing it as Lieutenant Colonel commanding, of which I retained a duplicate, for one-third of a day's rations for 860 men, making 287 rations in all.

The strength of the command at that time, as taken from verbal reports of the officers at the Union Relief Stations, No. 119 and 121, Camden Street, Baltimore, was: Co. A, 94; Co. B, 86; Co. C, 84; Co. D, 87; Co. E, 93; Co. F, 75; Co. G, 85; Co. H, 84; Co. I, 87; Co. K, 87; Band, 19.

There seems to have been no allowance for the noncommissioned staff, and there must have been some sick, for the provision return shows a requisition for but 860.

The next day, November 21st, I wrote to my mother: "Our regiment is just now embarking on the steamer *Pocahontas* for Fortress Monroe, 'there to await further orders.' We expect to be part of new reinforcements for General Sherman at Beaufort, S. C. It was for that favor that I applied to General Cameron, and he generally does what he promises. We will be under the orders of the commandant of Fortress Monroe and may be sent somewhere else than to South Carolina. I will write you from Fortress Monroe particulars of our trip. We got our orders to march yesterday and were ready in two hours."

The explanation of our being able to break camp and march in such a short time was that our new camp had not been pitched, and we were at the time in a transition state.

The trip to Fortress Monroe was a pleasant one and my impression is we camped upon the main land some distance in the rear of the fort.

The measles, which had been contracted in our old camp at Bladensburg, broke out with great violence here and the men of the regiment will doubtless remember the general demoralization which ensued. The weather was not very inclement, however, and the change had done us good. I am very sure we escaped what would have been a most disastrous epidemic if we had remained about Washington.

This epidemic of measles at Fortress Monroe was recalled to my attention several years after in a very curious way. In the winter after my discharge from the army, late in 1864 or early in 1865, I entered the parlor of a private residence in Bellefonte. What was known as the "Rochester knockings," supposed to be inspired by invisible spirits, was then not only the topic of conversation, but of experiment in many quarters. When I entered the parlor, a number of young ladies were surrounding a table. Before very long, apparently without any effort on their part, except the mere touch of their fingers, the table began to move. The inquiry was made in the usual way as to the person with whom the spirit, supposed to be present, wished to communicate and, after a number of others had been named, when my name was mentioned, it gave an affirmative response. After many questions, an affirmative response was given to the question "Is it one of my old soldiers?" and, after numerous inquiries, very specific, it was said to be a member of one of the companies of the Forty-fifth Regiment from Tioga County,

who had died with measles at Fortress Monroe. I do not remember distinctly whether the name was spelled out or not and if it was I do not think I ever verified it by a resort to the rolls of the regiment. When the message, which was being communicated to me, had reached the point "I leave my—" the table was violently agitated, and—I suppose fortunately for me—one of the legs broke off, and the communication was never finished. I began to get very much frightened, fearing that perhaps this old comrade was leaving his wife and children to my care. The breaking of the leg of the table, however, saved me, and I never knew whether he was agitated upon that subject or not.

You all remember our pleasant camp at Fortress Monroe and the improvement in the health of the regiment. We remained there about two weeks, and, when we left, with the exception of those who were left behind on account of sickness, there was a marked improvement in every respect.

On the 5th of December, 1861, I wrote my mother: "We have orders to move this morning; destination Port Royal. Three companies will go aboard the transport steamer *Illinois*, the balance of the regiment on board the steamboat *Cosmopolitan*. I will, in all probability, go with the three companies—A, B and C—on board the *Illinois*, on which will be embarked also the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment (Colonel Powers.)

"The paymaster visited us yesterday, leaving about \$20,000 with the regiment. The greater part of it is being sent home, and very little disposition is evinced by the men to indulge in gambling and drunkenness."

I quote the latter part of this extract from my letter with great pleasure. It was written at the time with both pleasure and pride; and it may be said now as well as any time that the disposition of the men of our regiment to care for their families and to make good use of their money was characteristic of them. They were good, substantial citizens, for the most part, alive to the duty which they owed to their country, but not forgetful of what they owed to their families while serving their country.

Take it all in all this little stop by the way at Fortress Monroe was of great use to the regiment in many ways. We had time and opportunity for good battalion drill, and the weather and climate were such that our men recovered in a remarkable degree from the measles and other ills which afflicted them at the time.

CHAPTER I—SEC. II

OUR FIRST YEAR

In South Carolina

We sailed under a cloudless sky and over a waveless ocean for the entire trip, the captain of the *Cosmopolitan* telling me subsequently that we might go to sea all our lives and never have such a voyage. Hatteras was passed during the night, but even that region, famed for its almost universal tempestuousness, was quiet and subdued. The voyage from Fortress Monroe to Port Royal was practically without incident. When the *Illinois* attempted to enter the harbor, however, on the 10th of December, being at low tide and the channel of insufficient depth, or because of the ignorance of the pilot, we went aground on a sand bar, the ebb and flow of the tide causing a continual bumping of the boat upon the bar, which suggested anything but a pleasant ending of the experience. There was not much sleep that night. Serious apprehension was in all minds, and like the vicinity of a battleground prior to the engagement, the surrounding waters were liberally dotted with playing cards. However, when the tide reached its flood, by the help of a tug or other vessel we were released and entered the harbor. The same day the companies on the *Illinois* were transferred from it to the land by means of a steamer of light draft—the *Delaware*—the *Illinois* being unable to approach the shore.

Before we landed, however, the regiment was ordered divided, and the destination of the several battalions of the regiment was fixed by General Sherman, in accordance with which Colonel Welsh and the headquarters of the regiment, with companies B, F, G, H and K, went, as designated by him, to Otter Island, a small sand island in St. Helena Sound and opposite the mouth of the North Edisto River; and Companies A, C, D, E and I were ordered to Bay Point to occupy Fort Seward, formerly Fort Beauregard, which commanded the north entrance to Port Royal Harbor, and which was nearly opposite Hilton Head Island, on which were the headquarters of the Expeditionary Corps commanded by General T. W. Sherman, in addition to the principal fortifications.

Company C was posted at a small fortification about a mile from Fort Seward. The island had been a famous ocean resort for

southern people. Instead, however, of the fine attractions and accommodations of a northern summer resort, the accommodations for visitors were simply board shanties, as we would call them—quite numerous, but lacking in pretensions to style or dignified proportions. In addition to the fortifications upon the island there were accommodations in these plain cottages for quite a colony of colored people, several hundred of whom had been gathered there for sustenance and protection.

My attention was given to making the men comfortable, which was easily done, as the weather was delightful, and a camp was very easily pitched. In addition to the army rations, which were the usual ones, sweet potatoes and oranges were plentiful, and although the latter were not of present-day quality, they helped to make some variety, and, with sweet potatoes at fifty cents a bushel, and native oysters to be had for the gathering, although of doubtful quality (being at low tide exposed to the sun), the men were enabled to give variety to their ration and lived with more than usual comfort and satisfaction. The ocean beach was especially fine and was greatly enjoyed by us all.

A few days after our arrival, December 14th, 1861, William Etian of Company A, died suddenly, probably from the excessive use of oysters which appeared above tide and were, therefore, unwholesome and really unfit for food. His sudden death and his burial, which occurred on the beach in the evening, made a profound impression upon all. The chaplain was not with us at this time, but Etian's body was not committed to its final resting place without a word of prayer, and the funeral services, far from his home and friends and with the peculiar surroundings, were especially impressive.

The life was, of course, all new to us. The mild weather, our ocean and bay fronts, the sandy soil, the mode of transportation by boat to the headquarters of the army across the bay, the presence of apparently numberless vessels of the navy and those of the merchant class for the transportation of quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores, with their brilliant lights at night, and the constant movement to and from the headquarters made the scene one of constant interest and excitement.

After the division of the regiment, in order to provide for the proper care and comfort of the men, the regular staff officers of the regiment being with Colonel Welsh at the headquarters at Otter

Island, I was compelled, as the commander of the detachment at Fort Seward, to appoint a staff of my own. Dr. Christ, the assistant surgeon, was assigned to me. Lieut. James P. Gregg, of Company D, was made acting quartermaster, and Lieut. George D. Smith, of Company I, was appointed acting adjutant. These several officers were most intelligent, efficient, and agreeable, and the relations between the commander of the detachment and his staff were always of a close and friendly character; indeed I have never known a more intelligent and efficient staff than I had during our entire stay in South Carolina.

Our mess at Fort Seward consisted of the commander of the detachment, the officers of Companies A and D and these staff officers.

Our Christmas dinner was a very remarkable achievement. I have, in the correspondence with my mother under date of 26th of December, 1861, a description of the dinner: "Our mess, consisting of the officers of two companies, the surgeon, the adjutant, the quartermaster, and myself, were all home for dinner. We had vegetable soup made from desiccated vegetables, roast turkey, rice pudding, apple pies, sliced oranges sugared, with the usual amount of substantial. True our tablecloth was part of an old tent nicely washed, and our dinner service was tin; yet I have never enjoyed a Christmas dinner more than I did that one."

There was no limit to transportation in those days, and most of us, expecting to remain in the South, had brought our Saratoga trunks and citizen's clothing. In order to make things as homelike as possible, we doffed the uniforms for the occasion, donned our citizen's clothes, and had a very homelike entertainment in all respects.

After dinner the receipt of a letter from Colonel Welsh made it necessary for me to cross the bay to Hilton Head. I changed my dress for my good uniform, had my boat's crew—five contrabands—brought out, and was rowed to the other side, about three miles distant. Had a nice little chat with Gen. Sherman (T. W. not W. T.), who was in command, transacted my business at the adjutant's office, and was rowed back by not quite moonlight, but what was nearly as good, bright starlight. On the return, my boat's crew sang, their singing being a constant source of wonder and enjoyment to us all.

Our camp of contrabands had a nightly meeting, supposed to be religious, which consisted very largely of dancing in a circle, with their hands on each other's shoulders, and singing or shouting with growing feeling and excitement, until many of them would drop out exhausted or excited to the extent of becoming uncontrollable in feelings and physically rigid.

At this post our men devoted themselves to practice upon the heavy guns of the fort, and some of them became quite expert in managing the artillery. We were allowed to use a certain amount of powder, and the discharge of the guns with blank cartridges, for a time gave both amusement and variety to the men.

We had settled down to our new surroundings and position with considerable satisfaction, with the expectation of remaining for some time. After about three weeks an order for a change of camp, of surroundings, and of duties came to us from headquarters. Instead of being on the north side of the bay, opposite the headquarters of the army, we were transferred to the western and southern sides of Hilton Head Island, with the view of picketing Skull Creek and Calibogue Sound. We relieved the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment and three companies of the Seventh Connecticut, thus making our five companies do the work which had theretofore been performed by thirteen. Our line of pickets or outposts extended from Seabrook Landing on the north, which was an important point commanding not only the Sound, but the rivers entering into it, to Braddocks Point on the south, a distance of some fifteen miles, the latter being opposite Fort Pulaski, the Savannah River and Tybee Island, and facing the ocean eastwardly. Company A was posted at Seabrook, D at Pope's plantation, I at Stoney's, E at Spanish Wells, and C at Braddocks Point. These were the points where a landing was possible, the distances between being for the most part swampy and unsuitable for the landing of troops. Our headquarters were first established at Seabrook, but by direction of General Sherman we changed them to Graham's plantation, formerly known as "Honeyhorn," a point somewhat inland, but central, and more convenient to the headquarters of the army at Hilton Head. We had a very comfortable house for headquarters, with a flower garden, vegetable garden, and fields of sweet potatoes and corn around us, which had not been removed by the previous inhabitants, so that there was no danger of a lack of food.

Dr. Christ was a most excellent purveyor for our mess, and inasmuch as no one could enter the fort without a pass from our headquarters, he had the pick of all the marketing which went to the fort, and I doubt whether any mess in the army lived more comfortably, not to say luxuriously, or had greater variety than ours. I notice, in going over my correspondence, a reference to alligator steaks, the identity of which was not disclosed until we had partaken of our dinner. The Doctor had evolved from his own culinary instincts the manner in which they were to be cooked. The steaks were rolled in corn meal and fried, so that the meat, although somewhat coarse-grained, was sweet and pleasant tasted. The animal from which these steaks were taken was seven and a half feet long and was shot the day before we dined upon him. Some of the men at Braddocks Point became quite fond of young shark's tails, and became very expert in catching shark with hook and line.

The duty in caring for the outposts of the army on the island was rather monotonous, the entire time which we occupied in this service—nearly six months—being devoid of special incident or adventure, except on two or three occasions.

I recall one alarm which was brought by courier to our headquarters in the night, but after having my Secesh pony saddled and riding to the point at which it was supposed the enemy would attack us, they had evidently abandoned their intention, having put their boats up and no sign of an attack being visible or audible. On another occasion, however, we conducted a little expedition of our own, crossing the sound, or the creek which emptied into it, and destroying a house occupied by the enemy's outposts, known as the "White House," from the upper windows of which they were able to annoy us with their firing. We failed to capture the pickets, having driven them off with some heavy siege artillery brought from the fort, but found their haversacks and canteens, and destroyed the house, so that thereafter we were spared that annoyance. We were much complimented from headquarters for the gallantry and skill with which this operation was conducted. Those of us who were in it were rather amused at the compliment, inasmuch as it was a very ordinary affair. Both the report and the compliment sounded well, however, inasmuch as very little was being done at the time in the department and this seemed to indicate that "something was doing."

On January 16th, 1862, after an illness of several weeks, at one time considered somewhat serious, Colonel Welsh came down to Hilton Head on the steamboat *Delaware* to embark on the *Atlantic* for home. I visited him aboard the *Atlantic* previous to his sailing and went to Otter Island to take command of the post there on the 21st of January, remaining there until the 17th of March, at which time I reached Hilton Head at 9 p. m., and walked to our headquarters at Graham's, which were reached at 11 p. m. There being neither telephone nor telegraph service from Otter Island, it was impossible to notify headquarters, and therefore no transportation was furnished for a ride home in the evening.

I had a very busy time at Otter Island and a variety of experiences. The Island had never been inhabited. I found there five companies of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, one company of the Third Rhode Island—an artillery regiment—having charge of the fort on the island, and a colony of about three hundred colored people on land, and on the sound the sloop of war *Dale*, an old-fashioned wooden vessel of the navy, commanded by W. T. Truxton, a most gallant officer and genial gentleman, with whom and his officers we soon formed a most pleasant acquaintance, and with whom we cooperated in various ways in the most mutual helpfulness.

Supposing that the post would continue there for some time, I began at once to make improvements. Visiting Fenwick Island and other small islands, which were nearby, and which had been reconnoitered to some extent by the navy, I found some deserted plantations, and immediately began to transfer the buildings from that island to our headquarters, first knocking to pieces and transporting in the shape of rafts a cotton house, which was re-erected. With windows and flooring from the quartermaster at Hilton Head, I made a very comfortable hospital, capable of accommodating sixteen patients. We were so successful with this enterprise that we began and completed a store house for commissary's and quartermaster's supplies 50 x 26 feet, a guard house for the accommodation of our camp guards, and a separate room for prisoners. We also built a blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, a stable, and a wharf running out beyond low water, so that vessels of light draught could come to the wharf to land their supplies. The navy

people also built a comfortable stable for the Secesh ponies which they had captured and used daily.

We also greatly improved the situation for the colored people, in recognition of which, before I left, I was honored by having a namesake called Col. Beaver Bailey. I had great satisfaction subsequently in sending to the redoubtable youngster a complete outfit of infant clothing which my mother was kind enough to send me for the purpose.

While at Otter Island a most distressing tragedy occurred, resulting in the death of Captain Rambo and Samuel A. Reighard, both of Company K. The circumstances under which this occurred were peculiar and are worthy of careful preservation. I described them at the time in a letter to my mother as follows: "Our flag is at half mast to-day and the camp full of sadness. The remains of Captain Rambo, of Company K, and one of his men have just left for Port Royal. Two days ago they started with us on an expedition, full of life and spirits. Twenty-four hours later their bodies were returned in the boat, their souls having gone to the God who gave them. As there will be many versions of the manner in which they met their death, I will be somewhat minute in detailing the circumstances. I started on Wednesday morning with a detail of members from three companies, for the purpose of reconnoitering the banks of Mosquito Creek, one bank of which is occasionally occupied by rebel pickets. We passed through its entire length during the day, landed several times, but found no enemy. At night we stopped at the plantation of a Mr. Seabrook. After consultation it was determined to endeavor to capture a rebel's picket post, which was stationed at the house of a Mr. Mattis, on the opposite side of the creek, about a mile below. I directed Captain Scheffelin, of Company H, to go to the rear of the house with 25 men and station himself on the road leading to Willtown, in order to cut off the retreat of the rebels. Captain Rambo was to advance upon the house from the front at a signal from Scheffelin, which was agreed upon. I went with Captain Rambo to make the attack. After landing from our boats, Captain Scheffelin, with a guide, started about twenty minutes before we did. With another guide we started by a different road, having thrown out two athletic fellows in front, who were directed to overpower and secure the sentinel at the door of the house. Captain Scheffelin unexpectedly met with a bridge on the way

which had been stripped of its planks. In repairing it he was detained some time. In the meantime I had stopped to instruct some sentinels, whom I had placed at a gateway to prevent any person passing. I came up with Captain Rambo's company just in time to see the flashes of a volley of musketry, and hear the bullets whistling by my head. His men became confused and disorganized. I rallied the company quickly and commenced giving the commands myself, when I heard from the other side of the ditch: 'Are you the Forty-fifth?' I answered in the affirmative, but it was too late. Captain Rambo and Samuel A. Reighard were dead, both having been shot through the heart. Two other men were wounded very badly and five slightly. Captain Scheffelin says he challenged the two men who were to go in advance of our squad, but receiving no answer, and seeing them turn back, supposed them to be rebels, and ordered his men to fire. He recognized my voice in rallying the men, and therefore made the inquiry as to our identity. I doubtless owe the preservation of my own life to a fall I received in crossing a ditch, which detained me.

"Colonel Welsh has returned, looking much better than I ex-wounded very badly and five slightly. Captain Scheffelin says he will not for some time to come. I am still commanding, but have the colonel to consult."

On reaching our battalion headquarters, on Hilton Head Island, I found that Major Kilbourne, who had been in command during my absence, was quite sick. There being no immediate necessity for his remaining, he was granted forty days leave of absence, with authority to recruit for the regiment, and left on the 27th of March.

On the 10th of April, 1862, the bombardment of Fort Pulaski commenced, and on the following day it surrendered, with 386 prisoners. Whether by reason of the surrender of the fort, or an inkling of the expedition which was then preparing for an attack upon Charleston, the rebels became very active on the mainland opposite our front. On the 21st of April we had an alarm at Seabrook which proved to be unfounded. Taking a few men and boat, I went to Pinckney Island, in order to reconnoiter the enemy's position and determine more definitely as to their intentions. We became lost on the island, however, and obtained no information, but were rather confused than helped in our estimate of what was intended. We kept up our activity in endeavoring to keep posted as to what the intentions of the enemy were. On the 6th of May I

visited Spring Island and shelled the rebel pickets on Colleton Neck, but accomplished nothing definite thereby.

On the 7th of May an order came from General Benham, the commander of the post at Hilton Head, directing me to send Company A to Otter Island. The officers and men of the company did not wish to go, and I did not wish to lose them; but the order being imperative, I had some correspondence with General Benham in regard to the matter, which seemed to make no impression upon him. Finally I suggested that as Company A had a member sick in the hospital with smallpox, it would probably be better to keep the company detached at Seabrook. General Benham was quite indignant at my not having suggested this at first, and finally consented to allow me to send Company I in place of Company A to join the regiment at Otter Island. This occurred on Thursday, May 8th, and because of the loss of this company* from the command, Company B, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, was sent to Seabrook, relieving Company A, which went to Stono Inlet, Company D going to Lower Pope plantation.

Captain Austin Curtin arrived on the 9th of April after a leave of absence. Captain Bigelow, who also had leave, returned on the 3d of May, and Lieutenant Tyson, of Company A, was granted forty days leave on the 14th of the month.

On the 21st of May, the headquarters of the regiment and companies there posted left Otter Island, going to North Edisto. This was preparatory to the advance on Charleston.

On the 2d of June the expedition against Charleston sailed from Hilton Head. Our first news from the expedition against Charleston was not favorable. Indeed it seemed to have been poorly managed from the start, and was finally abandoned after considerable loss to our troops in the battle on James Island. That portion of our regiment with Colonel Welsh united with the Seventy-sixth Regiment under his command and did creditable work.

On the 10th of June our pickets saw ten boats brought to the "White House." We visited Pinckney Island again and spent the night at Buckingham Ferry, in expectation of an attack, but none was made. The next day I went to the Fort at Hilton Head to get a gunboat to shell the "White House" on the mainland, intending to go around by Seabrook and down the sound, so as to come in close contact with the post located there. I failed to get the gunboat, but got some guns, which were brought out to an ele-

vated position opposite the "White House," which gave us good command of it. We shelled it, and under cover of the bombardment crossed to the main land with a small force and burned the buildings, as heretofore referred to.

On the 30th of June I mustered all of our own companies and two companies of the Eighth Maine, visiting each post and inspecting the quarters as well as the companies. It was a strenuous day's work, the trip from Spanish Wells to Braddocks Point being made in a boat. The other posts were visited on horseback. The next day, July 1st, I inspected another company of the Eighth Maine on Pinckney Island.

Some time after Colonel Welsh's return from the north we both applied to headquarters for a consolidation of the regiment. This was denied, however, on the ground that we had done such good work on the outposts with such a small force, and had such intimate acquaintance with the outposts and general situation, that it was considered best to keep us there. After the failure of the expedition against Charleston we received orders to encamp at Elliott's Plantation, back from the outposts, and between them and the fort at Hilton Head. On the 9th of July we went into camp in a pine woods on the plantation. On the 10th Companies B, F, G and H arrived, in the midst of a heavy rain which swamped part of our camping grounds. Company I joined us the next day, and on Sunday the regiment was all together. On the 13th we had a dress parade of the entire regiment, which was, in some respects, different from anything I had ever seen in the army. Expecting to remain in the South for some time, as we had assurance that we would, our officers had equipped themselves with full dress uniforms, and on this occasion we appeared in the dress hat, epaulets, and the complete dress uniform of that day.

In a few days we received orders to embark for Fortress Monroe, owing to the fact that the regiments that had been designated for transfer had not returned from Charleston, the vessels were waiting for the troops, and it was thought advisable, as a matter of economy, not to keep them unemployed. Our regiment was called upon to go. The authorities were specially desirous of keeping us in the Department of the South, as it was then called. The paymaster had visited us a few days before, and we were, of course, financially in good shape for the change. Indeed we were in good shape in every way, except those companies which had been in

the expedition against Charleston being somewhat exhausted. Those of us who had been on Hilton Head Island were in splendid condition. We had very few sick and had lost scarcely any of our number. I have a note in my diary, under date of Tuesday, June 17th: "Gus Wagner died at general hospital."

Our smallpox patient recovered, having been brought down to our headquarters, where he could have the direct and constant attention of the surgeon. We made a hospital out of a nice, comfortable room on the second story of a house previously used for storing corn and other grain. [Considering that there was no more risk in going to see him for me than for the doctor, I made it a habit to go with the doctor every day, observing the simple precaution of going just after mealtime and keeping a respectful distance, so as not to come in contact with the patient or his bed clothing. It made it a little more cheerful for him, and gave me some experience which I thought it was well to have.]

Altogether our experience in South Carolina was interesting and instructive. Being so near the sea we did not suffer from the heat, there being a pleasant sea breeze most of the day. Although satisfied for many reasons to leave, expecting, as we realized later, that we would be placed in circumstances where we would see much more active service and be brought nearer to our friends, we were so rejoiced in having the regiment brought together, and our camp was assuming such a pleasant and satisfactory condition, that we would have been well satisfied to remain for some time, as was the intention of the authorities at headquarters.

We embarked on board the United States mail steamer *Arago* and started about twelve o'clock on Friday, July 18th, arriving off Fortress Monroe, at 10:30 p. m., Sunday, the 20th of July after a pleasant voyage. The next day we went to Newport News to report to General Burnside, disembarking and bivouacing for the night. The next day we went into a regular camp, putting up our tents in a satisfactory way in the midst of a large encampment composed of the troops who had been with General Burnside in North Carolina, and others who had preceded us from South Carolina.

An incident of unusual interest to me was the fact that during our encampment at Newport News I had frequent delightful interviews with my brother, who was a lieutenant in the Fifty-first

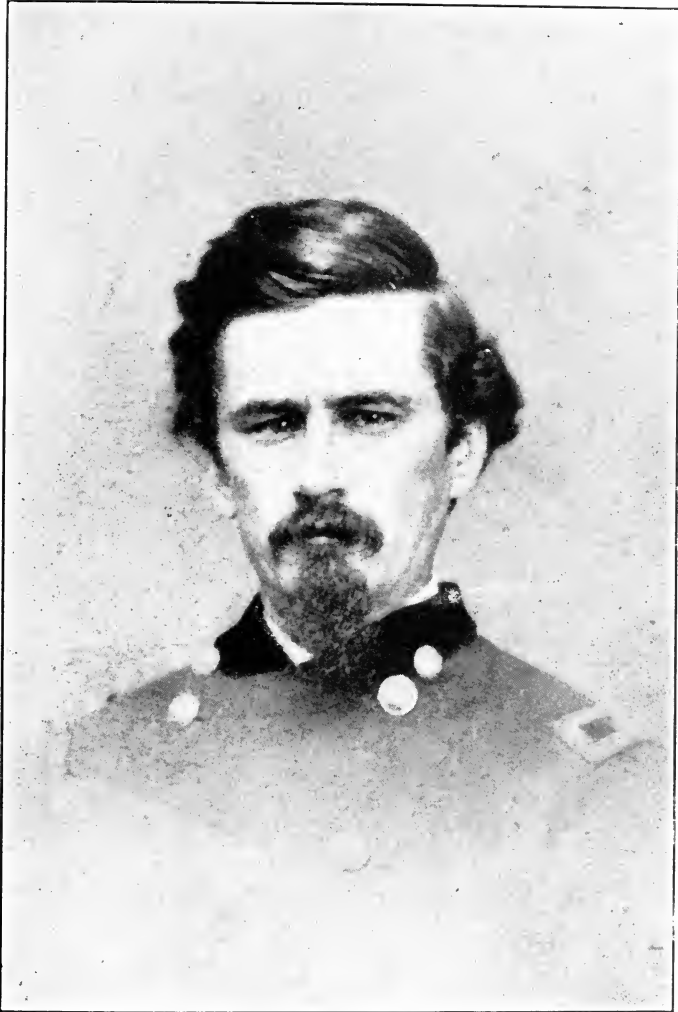
Regiment, a privilege which I subsequently appreciated more than at the time, for it was the last time I had much intercourse with him, as he was killed at the Battle of Antietam at the crossing of the bridge, on the left of our line, when in command of his company.

Our encampment at Newport News was one of quiet and hard work, in endeavoring to bring the regiment into shape. I was especially happy in having plenty of battalion drills, which was always a delight to me, and Colonel Welsh gave me the most of it to do, inasmuch as he was bringing up the business of the regiment and getting the reports and the office work in shape after our long separation. It was during this encampment that our surgeon, Dr. George L. Potter, resigned and left the regiment. Here also Major Kilbourne resigned. He had not completely recovered from his illness contracted in the South. The vacancy thus occasioned was immediately filled by the appointment of the senior captain, John Irvin Curtin, who subsequently, successively, and most acceptably filled all the highest positions in the regiment.

Our stay in this camp was less than three weeks, arriving on the 21st of July and leaving on the 4th of August. Our regiment was embarked upon the steamer *Elm City*, General Stevens and his staff being passengers upon the same vessel. While at Newport News we got rid of our extra baggage, the amount of which was something wonderful for a regiment in active service, and came down to what we realized to be very different conditions from those which we had enjoyed in the matter of transportation, being the difference between steam and water transportation, and mules on land. Our trip, however, was a short one, as we expected, realizing, as we did, that we were to become a part of the Army of the Potomac, and that we were simply organizing what afterwards became the Ninth Corps, under the command of General Burnside.

We crossed Chesapeake Bay and ascended the Potomac River, arriving at the mouth of Acquia Creek on the morning of the 5th of August. Our regiment was ordered to guard the railroad from Acquia Creek to Potomac Creek. Colonel Welsh was placed in command of the post at Acquia Creek, retaining Companies I and K with him. The balance of the regiment went to Brookes Station, some six miles out on the railroad, where we went into camp, remaining about a month.

During that time, however, in order to avoid long marches in relieving the guards, especially at Potomac Creek bridge, Com-



Colonel John I. Curtin

panies A and B, under the command of Major Curtin, were moved to that point and went into camp. While there encamped a very interesting ceremony occurred; it was the presentation of a sword to Major John Irvin Curtin by Company A.

A brass plate upon the scabbard of the sword bore the following inscription:

“Presented by Company A, 45th Reg., P. V.,
to their former Captain, now
Major John Irvin Curtin,
as a mark of respect and esteem.’
‘Newport News, Va., July 31st, 1862.’”

The sword was a beautiful specimen of skill and workmanship—bronzed steel scabbard, silver hilt, and handsome gilt mountings.

During this time there was great excitement because of the disastrous campaign under Pope. We were on the extreme left flank of the army, and in riding out one day I came upon pickets only a few miles from our camp which I at first took for the enemy, and was very much disconcerted for fear I might be taken prisoner. As a matter of fact, I was taking a ride with a young woman in whose loyalty I had not implicit confidence and rather blamed her, mentally, with having led me into a trap. However, I boldly rode forward and accosted the pickets as men of our army, and to my delight found that they were. To have turned about would have probably brought an uncomfortable volley after us, notwithstanding the presence of a lady.

Our men were scattered along the railroad from Acquia Creek to the bridge crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. Indeed one of the diversions during our encampment at Brooks Station was a visit to Fredericksburg.

Pursuing our regular tour of guard duty in caring for the railroad from Acquia Creek to Fredericksburg, there came to me a proposition, first from citizens of Centre County, endorsed by Governor Curtin, and subsequently by the captains of what was to be known as the “Centre County Regiment,” (although it had not been filled entirely from the county), asking me to accept command of it. It was a flattering proposal. Orders forbidding officers to resign for the purpose of accepting higher rank in new regiments were in existence. I was much exercised by the situation which confronted me. Having been brought in practically immediate relations with General Burnside, by virtue of my command, I called upon him, and after stating all the circumstances, he thought it was

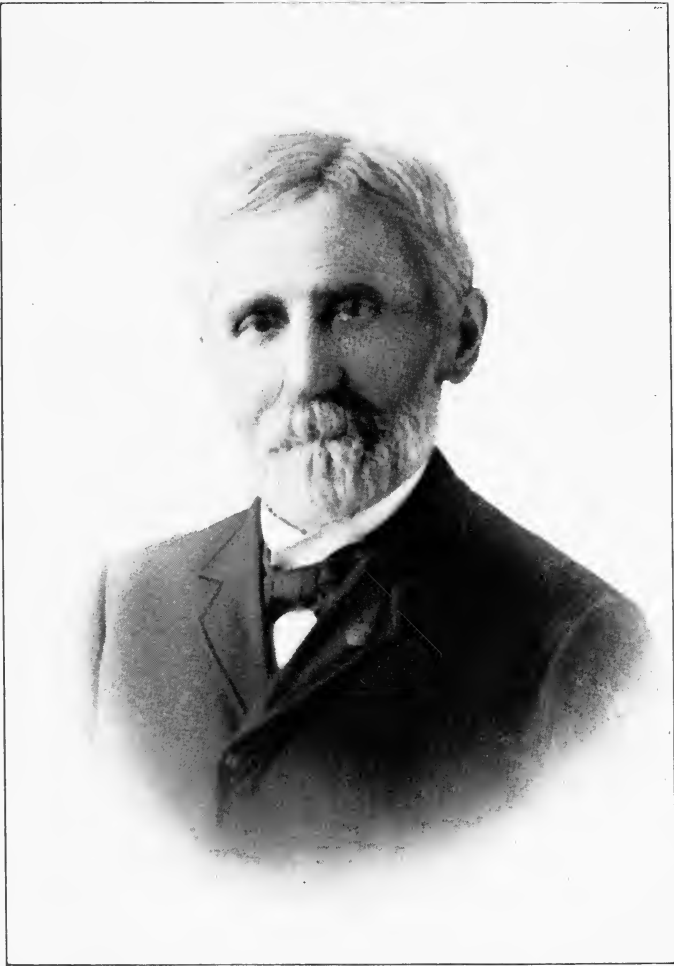
my duty to accept the promotion and take command of this new regiment. Of course it required a considerable struggle to do so. My relations with the Forty-fifth and the direct command which I had had in connection with so many of its companies, had led me to very close and intimate friendships which I disliked to sever. At the same time, my acceptance of the offer gave opportunity for promotion for others, and this was not to be lightly disregarded. I finally sent to General Burnside my resignation and he quietly accepted it, observing that it was not necessary for him to report it through regular channels, inasmuch as he had an independent command and had not yet become actually identified officially with the Army of the Potomac.

My resignation was presented and accepted September 4th, 1862. I left the regiment the next day and, within four days, was in the field with the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment, thus severing close, pleasant, and intimate relations which had made my year of service with the Forty-fifth as pleasant as any other year of my life.

The termination of my relations with the regiment did not terminate my interest in it, and I was always delighted to know of its successes, which were many, and of its uniformly gallant and heroic action throughout its entire term of service, covering the immense territory which it traversed, in the discharge of the duties which devolved upon it. Many of the friendships thus formed have remained as among the most pleasant and warmest of my life, and it was a great pleasure, and privilege as well, to be permitted to make the address at the dedication of the monument as a memorial of the services of Pennsylvania troops during the siege of Vicksburg and the battles connected with it, erected in the Vicksburg National Military Park, March 24th, 1906, by the good old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The study of the journeys and campaigns of the regiment, in preparation for this service, added to my appreciation of the work done and the gallantry of the officers and men who composed the regiment. I have no hesitation in saying, and am very glad to say, that if I achieved anything of success from the military point of view with my new regiment, which was numbered by the Governor the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, it was because of the experience I had gained with the Forty-fifth, which was the equal of the best in discipline, soldierly qualities, and service.





Sergt. Eugene Beauge
Company G

CHAPTER II

THE RIGHT WING IN SOUTH CAROLINA—OTTER ISLAND AND JAMES ISLAND

BY EUGENE BEAUGE.

Otter Island in St. Helena Sound on the coast of South Carolina, where Companies B, F, G, H and K, with Colonel Welsh in command, landed December 11th, 1861, was a barren sandbar six or seven miles in circumference. No part of the island was cultivated, and except here and there a group of stunted palmetto trees and a few tufts of wild grass, nothing would grow there, any way. At one end of the island was a swamp with a lot of frogs and a few alligators in it.

Quite an aggregation of negroes of all ages and both sexes were on the island when the regiment landed. They were fugitive slaves and gave us a characteristic, cordial welcome. "Sambo, where is your Master?" asked one of our officers. "Dunno, boss, to Charleston, I reckon." "Are all the white people gone away from here?" "Spec day be, Lord A'mighty y' or to seed 'em run when the Lincum gunboats come; couldn't see deir coat tail f'r the dust." "Ain't you afraid we Yankees will kill you?" "Golly, no! We's been spectin' Massa Lincum's sogers f'r a good while. Now we is so glad you is come."

Dancing, capering and singing as only darkies can, these simple folks gave every evidence of being glad to see the Yankees.

The coast between Port Royal and Charleston seemed to be made up of islands and islets, around and through which wound in eccentric courses numerous rivers and creeks.

These islands, however, were not all barren by any means. There is probably no better soil anywhere in South Carolina than on Fenwick, Lady's and Coosaw Islands. They were good places to go foraging. It didn't take us long to find that out. Crossing the water in row boats, details from the different companies would go to one or the other of these islands one day and come back the next with a load of plunder, such as beef, mutton, poultry, sweet potatoes, peanuts, milk, honey, canned fruit, dishes and other needful commodities. One day the boys found a case of long-necked bottles

filled with rare sparkling wine. Negroes frequently went along to act as guides and make themselves useful generally. Once our fellows tore down a house on Fenwick Island and brought back a lot of second hand lumber that came in handy to make floors, benches, tables, shelves, etc., in the tents.

We did a lot of hard work on Otter Island. A wharf, commissary building, guard house and hospital were built from timber obtained on other islands with no other means of transportation than row boats.

Fort Drayton, an earth work (or sand work rather), partially built by the enemy and blown up by the rebels when our gunboats appeared, had to be repaired and finished. This task cost us many days of hard work, shoveling and wheeling sand and driving piles. When completed the fort mounted five heavy guns and was surrounded by a solid palisade of piles driven deep into the sand with a pile-driver which, as we got tired pulling the rope raising it, seemed to weigh at least a ton.

The wharf was built on a foundation of piles driven in the same way. If I remember right the timber for the piles was obtained on Coosaw Island. And drilling with packed knapsacks on, in sand ankle deep, was very tedious to say the least. But the old colonel was inexorable; and we couldn't fool him either.

At drill time Colonel Welsh would pace slowly up and down the beach, his hands behind him, apparently paying no attention to us. But nothing escaped his eagle eye. One day a soldier left his blanket, the heaviest part of his baggage, in his tent while out drilling. But the leanness of his knapsack betrayed him. "Captain, send that man back to his quarters, have him get his blanket and see that he drills an hour over-time," roared the colonel.

Another, by substituting a pillow that inflated his knapsack very nicely, was more successful. Had the trick been discovered, however, he would have promenaded up and down the beach with a load of sand instead of feathers.

The climate of Otter Island was delightful in the winter time and a fresh breeze from the ocean purified the air and softened the intense heat that prevailed during the summer months in the interior of the state.

Water was obtained by sinking barrels into the sand, sometimes two or three deep, and then it wasn't fit to drink except when boiled or made into coffee.

Mosquitoes and gnats tormented us in cloudy weather, but our worst enemy was that little black rascal, the flea. Fleas worried us more or less all the time, but especially at night. It was no use trying to kill them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred when you hit a flea he isn't there! We never got used to them. We could smoke away the gnats, smash a mosquito and scald the "gray-backs," but the ubiquitous, elusive flea—he was too much for us.

And I wonder how many of the boys remember the big turtle we got on Otter Island. He must have weighed three hundred pounds and it was no trick at all for him to carry two or three of us on his broad back. And what a lot of fine soup he made for us on the last analysis!

The sloop of war "Dale" carrying twelve guns was anchored off Otter Island on our arrival there. Her crew were a lot of jolly, manly tars, and as the ship remained near us during our stay on the island the soldiers and sailors, isolated as they were from the rest of mankind, naturally cultivated each other's society, and the result was that the boys of the Forty-fifth and the Jack Tars on the "Dale" were the best of friends.

On the 21st of May, 1862, we left Otter Island on the steamer "Potomac," and were glad to get away. Life on the island had become dull and monotonous. We wanted more excitement. Like all green soldiers we ached for a fight. And Colonel Welsh had promised to march us through the streets of Charleston to the tune of Yankee Doodle by the middle of June or not later than the Fourth of July! The colonel was mistaken. It took the Union Army two years and nine months from that time to carry the Stars and Stripes to Charleston.

Next day our battalion of six companies—Company I having joined us from Bay Point—landed on North Edisto Island, about thirty miles from Charleston.

A considerable body of troops had rendezvoused at this place preparatory to an aggressive movement against Charleston.

On the 28th Company G put out to sea again on the steamer "Honduras" and went back to Otter Island. But not to stay this time. We dismounted the five guns on Fort Drayton, buried them deep in the sand inside the fort and for aught we know they are there yet. Then, taking the stores and ammunition remaining on the island with us, we steamed back to Port Royal, and from there on the

transport "May Flower" to Edisto again, where we arrived on the first day of June.

Instead of going ashore, however, we stayed on the boat till about nine o'clock that night and landed across the river on John's Island. From 12,000 to 15,000 Union troops were already in possession.

Monday morning, June 2d, we are not likely to forget: It was hot and sultry. By 9 a. m., our little army was in motion. A thick fog that had settled over the country during the night soon disappeared and the rays of a tropical sun had a fair chance at us. We had no water. Holes were dug in the sand from which we filled our canteens with a semi-liquid mixture that seemed but to increase our thirst. The broiling sun absorbed every bit of moisture in our throats. Speaking for myself I can't begin to describe what I suffered from thirst that day.

To encourage the men Colonel Welsh got off his horse and wading through the sand, kept alongside the soldiers and by pleasant jesting remarks helped to make us forget the heat and our troubles. About noon or a little after, we came to a well on a large plantation. The water had to be drawn up by a rope and bucket, and you can imagine what a scramble there was! I managed to get a cupful before they had drunk the well dry, which was done in short order!

Marching a few miles further we camped for the night and the next day being rainy we did not move. Night came on and still it rained. We had no tents. The wind began to blow about nine o'clock and kept on blowing harder and harder. We had to wind our blankets around us to keep them from blowing away. It rained hard all night and towards morning the air got chilly; and there, wrapped in single blankets with a cartridge box or a ridge in the cotton field for a pillow, we passed the night.

Morning came and still it rained. But we had orders to move. The roads were a mixture of mud and water that, as we marched, filled our shoes and galled our feet wretchedly. At noon it *still rained* harder if anything than before. Our clothes were soaked through and the rations in our haversacks reduced to pulp. Nothing was dry but our powder. The cartridge boxes were waterproof. Towards night the rain, having lasted thirty-six hours, abated, and the sky was clear again.

At the farther side of the island we came to a small town called Legreesville on Stono River. Here we halted and made ourselves comfortable in some vacant houses.

About this time Colonel Welsh took command of a brigade, which included our regiment, and Captain H. A. Haines of Company B being the ranking officer present, took charge of the battalion of the Forty-fifth. Two or three of our gunboats meanwhile were shelling James Island on the other side of the river, General Stevens with a brigade of infantry having effected a landing and driven the Rebels into their fortifications at a small place called Secessionville, on the east side of the island and within three or four miles of Charleston.

Our regiment crossed the Stono River to James Island, Monday evening, June 9th, on the steamer "Mattano." Having landed we marched about half a mile and camped in a field of beans that made pretty good bedding. The enemy seemed to know our location and pretty soon shells began to drop around us or explode over our heads. This was our first experience under fire, and I suspect that we did some lively dodging to avoid the shells. Colonel Welsh, walking leisurely up and down, didn't seem to mind it. "Sit still, boys; they won't hurt you; don't a man dodge till a shell hits his head!" he said to us, passing along to encourage the next company. It seemed to me, though, that if we had any dodging to do we had better attend to it before one of those shrieking monsters came in contact with our craniums!

A detachment from Companies H and I was sent out on picket some distance towards Secessionville where the enemy was known to be intrenched. Next morning, June 10th, reinforced by a company from another regiment, the pickets concealed themselves in a piece of woods near the road. The enemy soon located their position and shelled the woods, but besides making a deal of a racket and scattering limbs of trees and pieces of shells here and there, did no harm.

Our gunboats in Stono River opened fire and a brisk cannonade was the result. The shells from the gunboats passed directly over our camp and apparently but a few feet above our heads, that is, it seemed that way to us, judging from the sound they made.

About four o'clock in the afternoon a Confederate force, apparently a full regiment, made a fierce attack on our pickets. Under ordinary conditions the Rebels ought to have gobbled or de-

stroyed our little band of less than two hundred men, but they did no such thing. In the first place, with their Harpers Ferry muskets, which carried a large ball and three buckshots, and at close range were murderous weapons, our boys, keeping close to the ground, were more than a match for five times their own number marching against them in line of battle.

The boys worked their guns for all they were worth, loading and firing "at will" as fast as they could go through the motions; yet trying to make every shot count. "We fired about twenty-five rounds and completely routed them," one of the comrades said in describing the engagement. But they soon rallied and came back with reinforcements; three regiments this time, led by the Forty-seventh Georgia.

The Rebel officers exposed themselves recklessly. "Come on, boys," one of their captains said, as he stepped in front of his men swinging his sword, "A Yankee bullet was never run for me!"—and then fell in a heap mortally wounded. Another captain used different tactics: "Here are your own men; don't fire on your own men," he was heard to say repeatedly as he advanced, leading his company through the thick brush that partially concealed their movements. But the trick didn't work that time. A well directed shot killed the Rebel officer and put an end to that sort of thing.

But they kept on coming just the same. The ammunition was getting low; it was an anxious moment for our hard pressed, thin line. Fortunately, however, in the nick of time, the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Infantry and a couple of batteries of artillery—Sherman's and the Third Rhode Island—came to the rescue, and the result was no longer doubtful. Grape and canister from the artillery and the fire of the infantry finished up the job, and the fighting was over. The Rebels went back to their works at Secessionville faster than they had come out, leaving many of their dead behind them. One hundred killed and wounded would be a conservative estimate of the enemy's loss. In fact nearly that number were found upon the field, including a colonel of infantry, killed.

Our loss was 15 killed and wounded. The Forty-fifth lost one man killed; Thomas Jobe of Company H. That may seem like a big difference between the enemy's loss and our own. But being the aggressors the Confederates naturally suffered most, and we being drilled to load and fire lying down or keeping close to the

ground saved us many lives not only on James Island but in many other skirmishes and battles during the war.

When the first scattering shots of the engagement were heard, we, that is the other companies of our battalion not on the firing line, were getting ready for an early supper, each one brewing his own coffee in a tincup. I had my cup of steaming coffee in one hand and a hard tack in the other when the rattle of musketry and the hurry order, "fall in!" startled me and spoiled my supper. It was no time to eat or drink, so down went the coffee and hard tack. I suppose others did the same thing. As the firing increased to a regular fusillade, we dropped everything and jumped for our muskets, stacked close by, and took our places in the ranks.

Captain Haines in command of the battalion marched us at a double-quick towards the front. The firing ceased, however, before we reached the scene of the conflict, and a messenger came galloping back to announce the victory.

When our boys, having been relieved at the front by Companies B and K, came in with their faces and hands dirty and begrimed with powder smoke, we had to cheer them, shake hands all around, and "make a fuss." They had reason to be proud of this, their first skirmish. They fought like veterans. Not a man flinched.

Comrade Sylvester Houghton of Company I, one of the detail on the picket line, and to whom I am indebted for information as to what occurred at the front, says that about forty men from each of the two companies (H and I), were on the firing line. Lieutenant E. G. Howard was in command of the Company H boys, while First Sergeant Samuel Haynes had charge of the detail from Company I, all under command of Captain F. M. Hills of Company I.

The condensed account I have tried to give of this, our first set-to with the enemy, is mostly unwritten history, the affair being one of those minor engagements of the Civil War which the average historian passes lightly over, or maybe doesn't notice at all, yet in which, as likely as not, more heroism was displayed than in many of the big battles when the sound of the bugle and the drum, and the excitement of the conflict made it easy for men to be brave, and to die—if need be!

After this brush with the "Johnnies" it was deemed important to make our tenure of James Island more secure. So the men were set to digging rifle pits and building breast works. That sort of

thing is hard work anyhow, let alone doing it under a tropical sun in the middle of June with the mercury among the hundreds. To make things still more uncomfortable, we had no water fit to drink, and mosquitoes—big, lusty fellows—pestered us all the time, especially at night while on picket.

Many of the men were soon on the sick list, which as we had a certain amount of work to do, made it all the harder for those not excused by the doctor. When in camp, "sick call" sounded every morning at eight o'clock. "Come git yer quinine—come git yer quinine!" The call sounded exactly like that to us because we knew what it meant.

The medical staff was an important branch of the military service. The surgeon of a regiment and his assistants, to a certain extent, had the health and well being of a thousand men, more or less, in their keeping. Dr. George L. Potter was surgeon of the Forty-fifth during the first year of our service. We all remember Dr. Potter; light haired, ruddy faced, jovial Dr. Potter, as he sat on a camp stool in the door of his marquee, presiding over the destinies of the sick and near-sick, who in two ranks waited patiently for their medicine, and incidentally to be excused from duty—perhaps. And of scarcely less importance was gentlemanly, genial Hospital Steward Whitside G. Hunter, sitting at a table just inside the tent ready to deal out the doctor's prescriptions, mostly quinine and castor oil. It was a rare ailment indeed that didn't call for quinine powders or liberal doses of castor oil, the latter to be taken on the spot. Some of us still hate the taste and smell of the blamed stuff—both quinine and castor oil.

The magic letters "Ex" placed by the doctor opposite a patient's name meant that he was excused from duty for that day. "L. D." meant light duty. Nothing at all after the name meant that the "candidate" must bear his share of the heat and burden of the day—unless the captain interceded and let him off easy.

Monday morning, June 16th, a considerable force of Union troops under General Benham made an unsuccessful attempt to storm the Confederate works at Secessionville. We were not in that. Our battalion had been on picket the night before and was held in reserve within plain hearing of the conflict, however, in which our comrades of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania (Round Heads), the Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders) and the Eighth Michigan, were badly cut up. These regiments—and splen-

did regiments they were—were in close touch with the Forty-fifth most of the time during the war.

From our advance posts on James Island, by climbing trees, we could see Fort Sumter and beyond that the steeples and prominent buildings of Charleston itself. Only a few miles to the city, but a mighty hard road to travel for men who wore the Blue in those days!

During the latter part of June our forces began to evacuate James Island. The Forty-fifth must have been rear guard, and the last troops to leave the place. Wednesday, July 2d, we got aboard the transport "Ben DeFord" and steamed back to Port Royal, where our six companies landed and went into camp. On the 9th of July we marched some two or three miles to pass in review before General Williams. Our line of march was all the way through fine, loose sand three or four inches deep, which, as we plodded wearily along, arose in clouds and nearly smothered us; and although it was late in the afternoon—after four o'clock—the heat was something fierce.

Out of four hundred men in our six companies one hundred or more dropped out before the short march was over; genuine cases of heat prostration everyone.

On the 11th of June we made a happy change of location. Marching about five miles we went into camp on the southern bank of Broad River in a grove of thrifty young pines, which, if they did not change the atmosphere, at least kept the sun off from us. The place was called Elliott's Plantation. It was here that the left wing (so called) of the regiment, from which we had been separated since the December previous, joined us. You can imagine whether we had a happy reunion or not!

Lieut. Colonel Beaver, I should have said, was with us part of the time on Otter Island while Welsh was absent on leave. Beaver was a fine officer and a courtly gentleman. It was like pulling teeth to have him leave us permanently, as he did, to take command of the One Hundred Forty-eighth, a couple of months later.

July 17th orders came to load our baggage on the transport "Mayflower." We were about to move again and for once the seal of secrecy was broken. We were going North! And nothing could have suited us better than to leave the far South at that time. The tropical climate, mild and delightful in winter, had grown torrid and sickly in midsummer, especially as we got away from

the sea. And one gets tired of sand hills, salt water, alligators, mosquitoes and fleas that were so much in evidence down there. But where the shoe pinched the hardest was that for more than seven months very few of us, who spent most of our time on Otter and James Islands, had caught the first glimpse of a white woman!

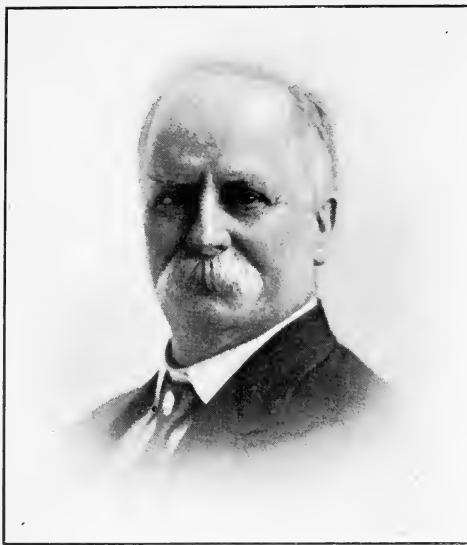
To avoid the extreme heat of daylight our march of five miles to the landing at Port Royal was made between eight and eleven o'clock that night. By noon next day we were on board the United States mail steamer "Arago." At thirty minutes past twelve o'clock, July 18th, 1862, the whistle blew, our vessel weighed anchor, and amid cheers, the waving of flags, handkerchiefs and caps, and with martial music we bid good-bye to South Carolina!

The "Arago" which before the war journeyed between the coast of France and New York, was a staunch, commodious vessel, and her commander, Captain Gadsden was a very pleasant gentleman. Soldiers on board ships, however, had a few luxuries of first class passengers. We were packed in almost like so many cattle. At night the floors of both decks, the tops of bales and boxes and every nook and corner were covered with sleeping men.

Striking boldly out into the Atlantic we soon lost sight of land. The sea was rough part of the way and many of us had occasion to lean over the railing and "heave up Jonah." The second day as we rounded Cape Hatteras, the ocean was in especially bad humor, tossing our vessel this way and that, until locomotion on deck was difficult if not dangerous for us "land lubbers."

On the whole, however, we enjoyed the journey and arrived at Fortress Monroe about noon, July 20th. Our destination proved to be Newport News at the mouth of James River, a few miles from Fortress Monroe. But that is another story.





William A. Roberts
Company K



Edward Roberts
Company F



Albert Roberts, Co. K
Drummer

THE ROBERTS BROTHERS

By W. A. ROBERTS

I enlisted August 9th, 1862, in Columbia, Pa., for "three years or during the war," and was assigned to Company K, Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. The regiment was then stationed at Aequia Creek, Va., on the Potomac River. About August 1st, 1862, a recruiting office was opened in Columbia by Captain Haines, Company B, of Maytown, Pa., and Lieutenant Charles Koch, Company K, of York, Pa., for the purpose of enlisting men for the above-named regiment. Quite a number of recruits from Columbia and the surrounding towns enrolled their names to serve in Companies B and K. In a few days we were sent to Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pa., mustered into service, and then transported to Washington, D. C., in "Pullman" cattle cars, with improvised seats, and thence to Aequia Creek by boat, where we arrived in due time. The new men were daily put through the drill, by squads, in order to become proficient in the manual of arms, etc., to compete with the remainder of the regiment.

A younger brother, Albert, aged fifteen years, enlisted in 1861, and served as drummer in Company K until the close of the war, having re-enlisted. When the regiment was granted thirty days' veteran furlough in January, 1864, another brother (Edward) enlisted, at the age of fourteen, and served as drummer in Company F, making three brothers in the regiment. He also served until the war ended. The brothers are all living at this writing.

CHAPTER III

THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN

BY W. A. ROBERTS.

On September 6th, 1862, the regiment left Acquia Creek, Va. After burning the provisions and stores that could not be removed, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy, it embarked on a boat for Washington, arriving there the same day. A detail was made from the different companies to unload the boats during the night, so we got very little rest. Next morning (Sunday) we were ordered to move, marching about five miles and camping in the afternoon. Before starting orders were given to leave all surplus baggage with the quartermaster and retain only what was necessary for a forced march and an active campaign, consisting of half a shelter tent, blanket, canteen, haversack, cartridge box and musket. (When fully equipped our baggage weighed from 50 to 60 pounds to a man.) After a short rest the regiment was ordered to march and proceeded eight miles further and camped in an orchard where we remained until evening, when we took up the line of march to a regular camp and bivouacked for the night. Tuesday we marched to Brookville, Md., a distance of 12 miles, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. Owing to the rapid marching, we got away from the provision train and rations becoming short it became necessary to do some foraging. The boys made raids on cornfields, orchards, potato patches, etc., but not having time to prepare the food properly the result was most disastrous. For instance, an ear of green corn with a sharp stick run through it, would be held over a quick fire, burned on the outside and raw within, with no seasoning, and eaten while on the march. One can imagine the effect of such food on an empty stomach. The weather was very warm, the roads dusty, and water scarce. Such was our first experience on the march from Washington, D. C., to Frederick, Md.

By the time the regiment reached Frederick quite a number were unfit for duty and many went into the battle of South Mountain in such a weak condition that they could scarcely march, but nevertheless stuck to their posts. The regiment reached Frederick on Saturday evening, September 13th. We were ordered to have everything in readiness to meet the enemy. Next day, while the church bells were ringing and several of the boys had passes to

attend divine services, and were brushing up for the occasion, the "fall in" call was sounded, and instead of attending church were ordered into line. After proceeding about five miles we came within range of the artillery fire of the enemy, the shells exploding over us, and grape and canister came hurtling through the trees, in some instances almost destroying them. The regiment was under fire about five hours, during which time our artillery was not idle. The Ninth Corps was in the advance and reached Turner's Gap about four o'clock. A and K, the two flanking companies of the Forty-fifth, were ordered on the skirmish line and soon opened fire on the enemy, who were stationed behind a stone fence, in return receiving their fire. Here we recruits received our baptism of fire, a little over a month from the time of our enlistment. Soon the engagement became general and the musketry fire on both sides was terrific. Our regiment charged and drove the enemy from behind the stone fence, capturing over a hundred prisoners. The prisoners said that our fire was so terrific that it was almost sure death for a man to put his head above the stone fence. Eight companies of the regiment were armed with Harpers Ferry muskets and the two flanking companies, A and K, with Springfield rifles. The muskets had been altered from flint locks to percussion caps, and the cartridges contained a ball and three buckshot. Their fire was most deadly. The boys said they killed at both ends. In this engagement the regiment lost 27 men killed, and 107 wounded, some of them mortally. The total loss to our troops was about 1,500 men, of whom over 300 were killed. Among the latter was the gallant General Reno.

Night put an end to the strife. Next day we buried our dead. It was indeed a sad sight. Some comrades, including the writer, visited the lines where the Confederates stood the day before. The ground was strewn with their dead. Many of the poor fellows had been pierced with two or three bullets. It was a sickening sight to see them lying there just as they had fallen and my heart went out in sympathy for them and the dear ones they had left behind. We turned away with horror, thankful that we had been more fortunate than they in escaping the dangers of the battle.

It was intended to renew the battle in the morning, but General Lee withdrew his forces under cover of the night, leaving his dead unburied. On the 16th the Confederate Army was well posted on the heights near Sharpsburg, on the western side of Antietam Creek, and on the day following the battle of Antietam was fought, in

which our regiment took part. As we had stood the brunt of the battle at South Mountain, the Forty-fifth was held in reserve at Antietam.

While awaiting orders to advance, General Wilcox rode up and inquired: "What regiment is that?" Some one answered: "The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania." He replied: "Ah, I can rely on those boys; you will be held in reserve to-day, but if called upon I know that you will perform your duty as well as you did at South Mountain," or words to that effect.

Shortly afterward the regiment was ordered to advance, crossing the Burnside Bridge, where the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel Hartranft; the Fifty-first New York, commanded by Colonel Potter; the Twenty-first Massachusetts and Second Maryland regiments met with such dreadful slaughter a short time before. The Ninth New York regiment (Colonel Hawkins' Zouaves) in full Zouave uniform, charged over the plowed field and received a terrific fire from the enemy's artillery, during which several of their men fell. After the charge we were ordered to halt in a ravine. While resting there a few moments a large shell exploded over our lines, a piece burying itself in the ground between my comrade on the right and myself.

While halting in this ravine a soldier came running down to our lines and said there was a member of Company I, Forty-fifth, badly wounded and exposed to the enemy's fire, and asked for someone to volunteer to go to his assistance. The writer accompanied him to where he was lying and found him so badly wounded that he did not wish to be disturbed. He said: "Let me lie here; I am mortally wounded." His name was John Kirkpatrick. He was shot in the abdomen and died a few hours later in the field hospital at Antietam.

Our army had a decided advantage over the Confederates at Antietam, and had it been promptly followed up, no doubt a large portion would have been captured, as they were in a demoralized condition, with supplies and ammunition nearly exhausted.

The Union losses in this battle in killed, wounded, and missing, were about 12,500. General McClellan estimated the rebel losses to be much greater.

We slept on the battlefield. Next morning, the 18th, a portion of the Forty-fifth Regiment was detailed to relieve the pickets, the writer among the number. They were stationed along a fence on the edge of the cornfield, and as our squad advanced to relieve them

received a volley of musketry from Confederate sharpshooters occupying a stone mill, just across the cornfield. Their bullets cut the grass all around us but never struck a man. [That old stone mill is still standing, and I had the pleasure of seeing it a few years ago while on a trip to the National Cemetery at Antietam. An illustration of the mill appears elsewhere in the history.] While on the picket line our sharpshooters kept up a constant fire over our heads and one of their bullets struck the ground a few feet in the rear and bounded over on my right leg, but did no injury.

After Lee's army had been defeated and driven out of Maryland the Ninth Corps went into camp at Pleasant Valley, Md., where we had a much-needed rest after our hard campaign. The following extracts from a letter written home from Pleasant Valley, under date of "Camp Israel," Saturday, October 25th, 1862, will no doubt be interesting to the reader:

"We are now in camp and there is not much of importance to write. We passed through a hard campaign the past month and are taking a much-needed rest, although the regular routine of duty is gone through with daily, in the drill, guard mount, guard duty, dress parade, police duty, etc. Shortly after going into camp the baggage which had been left in Washington when we started for Frederick came to us, and the knapsacks had been robbed of their contents. Mine contained a new overcoat, blanket, pair of pantaloons, underwear, portfolio containing writing paper and postage stamps, together with little tokens of remembrance from the dear ones at home. What the boys said upon discovering their losses would not do to put in a Sunday school lesson, and they had good cause for so expressing themselves. There is always a lot of skulkers and robbers in the rear of the army who never intended to do anything but rob, and who never get into battle. Every soldier is allowed clothing to the amount of \$42 per annum, and in case of loss, even though no fault of his, is obliged to draw a new outfit, and the amount deducted from his salary, which is \$13.00 a month in greenbacks, while gold is at a premium of \$2.80 on the dollar. The Government also allows each man forty cents a day for rations, over half of the time we are situated so that we cannot get the rations and consequently have to forage and sometimes pay double for what we purchase, provided we cannot confiscate it.

* * *

"Orders have just been received stating that the army will cross the Potomac into Virginia to-morrow, the 26th."

CHAPTER IV

THE FORTY-FIFTH AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN

EUGENE BEAUGE

It was nine o'clock Sunday morning September 14th, 1862. A thick fog which had settled over the Catocin Valley during the night had disappeared; we had finished our breakfast of roasted corn, crackers and coffee; the drum rolled and we fell in line ready to move. Considerable artillery firing had been going on since day-break. The battle of South Mountain had begun. Our column was set in motion and we were soon winding our way slowly up the hill. The sharp report of a cannon is heard on top of the hill, and a shell comes tearing down screeching through the air. Others followed in quick succession. The enemy on top of the mountain (part of Lee's army under D. H. Hill stationed there to keep McClellan in check while the Rebels under Stonewall Jackson were capturing Harpers Ferry), could discern all our movements and were making it as hot as they could for us. We pushed steadily on and presently took a by-path that diverged to the left from the turnpike, and continued on over the rough ground and wooded hill until we came to a clearing where the column formed line of battle near an old log house, the right of the line of the Forty-fifth resting on the road. It must have been then not far from eleven o'clock. The Rebels were pelting us with grape and canister and it was only by lying down that we avoided serious punishment. Between us and the enemy was a cornfield on a side hill; then a piece of thin woods and, as we found out later on, an open space beyond the timber.

Having formed line of battle, orders were given to unslung knapsacks which were piled up and a man from each company detailed to guard them. Thick and fast came the grape and canister with a swish down the road and diagonally into the field tearing up the turf all about us. Several pieces of artillery were advanced up the hill for the purpose, I suppose, of silencing the Rebel battery that was making all this fuss. Hardly had the guns unlimbered, however, when a volley of musketry and a dose of grape and canister sent guns, gunners, caissons and horses pell mell back down the road. It looked for a few minutes as though a panic

would ensue. But Colonel Welsh, who although in command of a brigade, was in the front line with his own regiment, by a few cool assuring words soon allayed whatever excitement might have prevailed among the men. Order was restored and the exciting incident passed off without serious trouble.

For several hours during the forepart of the afternoon the conflict was continued by the artillery alone. Meanwhile reinforcements were coming up and our line was being formed for the assault. At four o'clock all had become ominously silent all along the line. Not a gun was heard. The two giants were taking breath for the final tussle. Surgeons with their knives, saws, probes and bandages had taken position close by for their bloody work. A mounted officer came dashing up and spoke a few hurried words to Colonel Welsh and passed on to the left. Orders were communicated to regimental commanders and then came the long expected order, "Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms. Forward, guide center, March!" The whole line advanced. Companies A and K being thrown out as skirmishers; the line of battle swiftly and silently followed them up through the cornfield.

Major John I. Curtin, in command of the regiment, it seems intended going into the fight on horseback. His horse, however, a spirited animal, either through fear or pure cussedness, refused to jump the low stone wall over into the cornfield. The regiment was pressing steadily on, leaving the gallant major behind. That would never do. Dismounting he dropped the reins over the animal's neck and letting his steed go galloping riderless back to the rear Curtin hurried on after the Forty-fifth and soon caught up with it. Had the brute obeyed his master that day and carried him into that tempest of lead and iron the chances are that neither horse nor rider would have come out alive.

It must have been some twenty rods through the cornfield. When about half way across scattering shots were heard from the front and minie balls began to zip through the air from that direction. Our skirmishers had reached the timber and found the enemy. The firing gradually increased and our line pressed rapidly forward, the Rebel skirmishers slowly falling back, firing as they retreated. As our line emerged from the cornfield, climbing over a rail fence into the woods, the Johnnies were seen scaling the fence on the farther side of the timber. At this point a battery of the enemy located on a spur of the mountain to our right proceeded to

throw shells into the woods. These missiles made sad havoc among the tree-tops scattering limbs in all directions or plowing ugly furrows in the ground in dangerous proximity to our line. Welsh and Curtin were both at the front and seemed as cool as if on parade. By their example and soothing words such as "Steady, boys, keep cool!" they did much to allay the nervousness of the men on the firing line. During this momentary halt some of the boys seeing a few Rebels climbing over the fence beyond the woods fired on them. Others followed suit until nearly the whole regiment had fired a volley. This, of course, was imprudent as it told the Rebel artillery just where our line was advancing through the woods. Our officers were yelling at the top of their voices, "Cease firing!" One of our boys who was an old hunter and a good shot (Andrew Bockus of Company G), muttered to himself, "Don't care a d—n! I saw a Johnny!" It was from 15 to 20 rods through the woods, beyond which was a rail fence pretty well demolished by the Rebels climbing over it.

Presently the order was given by Welsh and quickly repeated by Curtin, "Forward to the fence!" It didn't take long to get there. On reaching the edge of the clearing the enemy's line of battle was discovered in a lane between two stone fences something like 80 yards across an open field. The Rebels were kneeling behind the wall nearest to our line, their own line running parallel or nearly so to ours. Only their gun barrels and the tops of their heads were visible.

The rail fence, or what was left of it, afforded some protection, but the enemy behind their solid wall still had an immense advantage. It was here that we sustained our heaviest loss. We found out afterwards, however, that the Rebels lost more men on that part of the line than we did, most of the Confederate dead or wounded being shot in the head, which was about the only part of their anatomy in sight above the stone wall. Meanwhile the enemy had a raking fire with their batteries on that part of the field. Trees and fence rails were shivered to pieces by shells and grape and canister coming from the front or at right oblique. All this time the battle was raging furiously along the two or three miles of the Union and Confederate lines. Reports of cannon, bursting shells and musketry blended together in one continuous, deafening roar. Clouds of white-blue smoke hung over the field like a thick fog, and the air was stifling with the smell of gun-

powder. I suppose we noticed these things particularly that day because South Mountain was our first pitched battle and naturally made more of an impression on our minds than the bigger and more important battles we were in later on after we got used to that sort of thing.

Between five and six o'clock the One Hundredth Pennsylvania, or "Round Heads," as we called them, came to the support of the Forty-fifth on the firing line. But the enemy's fire had slackened by that time and presently ceased altogether in our front. The Johnnies were ready to quit. Many of them were shot down while climbing the stone wall in their rear trying to get away. Our line of battle advancing at once captured a lot of prisoners, about 150, Colonel Welsh says in his official report. It was then about six o'clock. There was more or less firing in other parts of the line as late as nine o'clock that night, but the battle in our front was over and as the sun went down that Sunday evening the woods and rocks on the brow of the hill we had won echoed and re-echoed with the cheers of the victors of South Mountain.

A decided victory had been won over the veterans of Lee's army; but we paid dearly for it.

The Forty-fifth lost 136 officers and men—21 killed and 115 wounded, many of whom died shortly after. Lieutenant George P. Grove of Company A was mortally wounded and died six days later. Conspicuous among the killed from the writer's own county were Lieutenants George Dwight Smith and James M. Cole of Company I, both excellent soldiers. The fact that Colonel Welsh on assuming the duties of brigade commander, from among a score of officers selected Lieutenant Smith to fill the most important position on his staff—that of his assistant adjutant general—is sufficient evidence of his abilities as a soldier. The writer may be pardoned for referring to the death of three of his own Company, (G). Henry Fenton, a giant in strength and fearless as a lion, was shot through the heart; George Brewster, good natured and portly, with whom I chatted that morning, seated on his knapsack nibbling away at an ear of roasted corn, died bravely in the front rank of battle; Jacob Squires was shot through the head after the battle was practically over and died without a struggle.

Next morning we buried our dead. In a trench a little above the old log house referred to, wrapped in their blankets we laid them tenderly away at the front of the hill they had helped to make

immortal! The enemy's dead were also left for us to bury. The poor fellows lay where they fell, singly or piled up one across the other. We were surprised to find so many of them, especially between the two stone walls where the ground in that narrow roadway or lane was literally covered with dead bodies. Some of the severely wounded had also been left behind for us to look after.

Our Harpers Ferry muskets with a good sized ball and three buckshot, at short range, had done fearful execution.

No member of the Forty-fifth need blush for having been at South Mountain. Every man did his duty. Burnside, and General Wilcox, our division commander, complimented Colonel Welsh very highly on the conduct of his old regiment at South Mountain.

Colonel Welsh himself in his report of the battle says: "My officers and men were enthusiastic and brave. Where all are so meritorious it would be unjust to designate individuals. I will only add that the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania of my brigade and the Seventeenth Michigan of the first brigade sustained the brunt of the battle with a bravery and constancy seldom equalled in modern warfare."

Even McClellan, who had no love for the Ninth Corps, in his book, "McClellan's Own Story," page 578, goes out of his way to mention favorably the Seventeenth Michigan and the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania in his report of the battle of South Mountain. The Seventeenth Michigan, the boys will remember, was a new regiment that fought on our right and covered themselves with glory, the men exposing themselves recklessly. Their loss in killed and wounded that day was 132—only four less than the casualties in the Forty-fifth. There were three regiments in the Second Brigade, the Forty-fifth and One Hundredth Pennsylvania and the Forty-sixth New York. Official reports show that the One Hundredth Pennsylvania, or "Round Heads," lost 45 in killed and wounded, while the casualties of the Forty-sixth New York were only nine killed or wounded. Compare these figures with the casualties of our regiment and it will readily appear that Colonel Welsh was not mistaken when he said that of the three regiments in his brigade the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania bore the brunt of the battle on that portion of the line. Even then we didn't get all the credit that belonged to us.

The Correspondent of the New York Tribune, in one case at least in his report of the battle, inadvertantly or otherwise, substi-

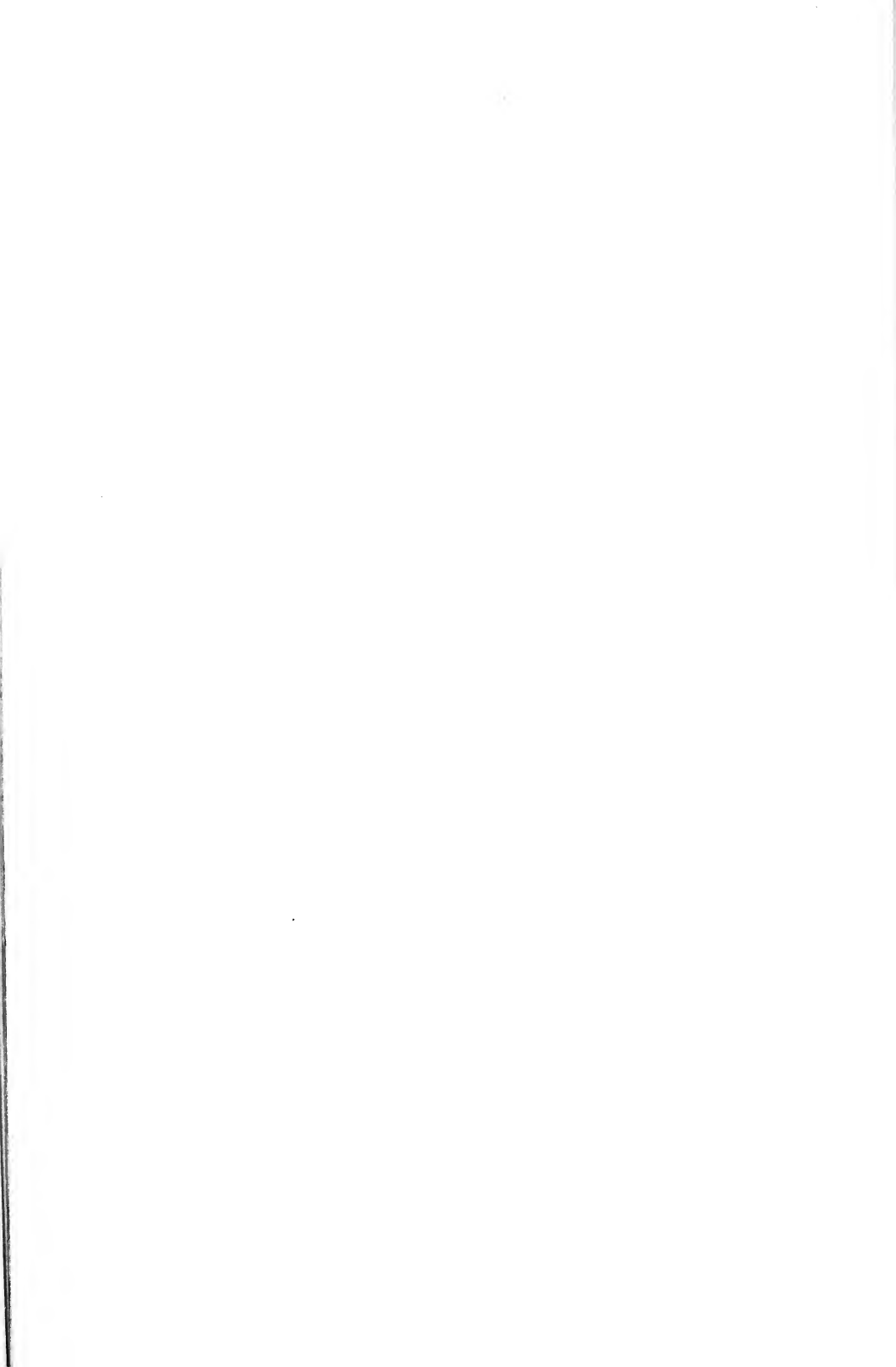
tuted the Forty-fifth New York for the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, giving the New Yorkers credit that belonged to us. The story goes that Colonel Welsh met the reporter a couple of days later and kicked him out of camp. We may well believe it, or that he gave the reckless quill-driver a tongue lashing that must have hurt worse than a kick.

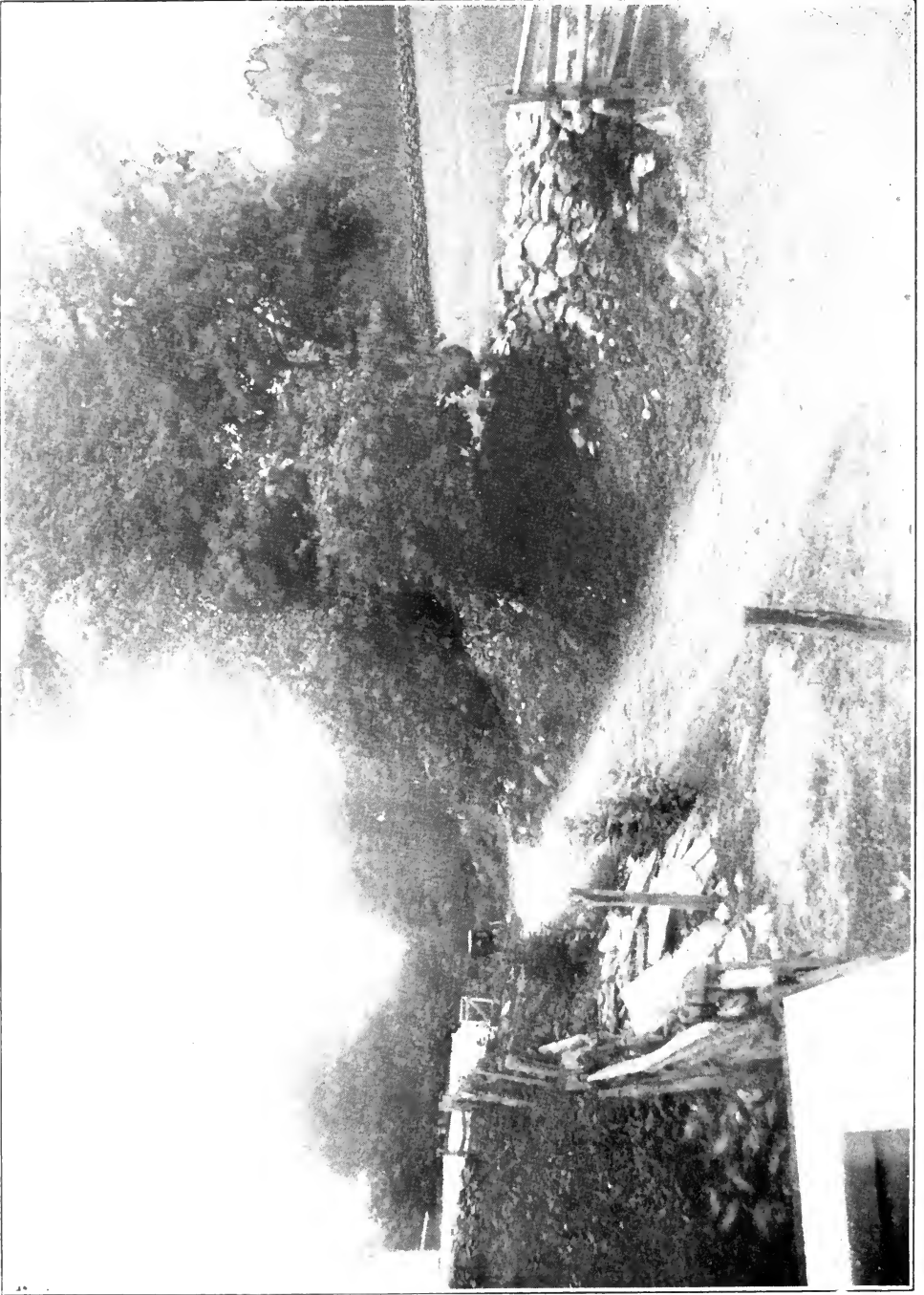
Captain E. G. Scheffelin of Company H, was promoted to major of the regiment immediately after the battle. Second Lieutenant R. G. Richards of Company G, who commanded the company at South Mountain was promoted to captain the same day. It was understood that both of the promotions were made for meritorious conduct on the battlefield. However, Captain Scheffelin resigned before his commission as major was delivered.

The writer is indebted to General Curtin, Captain Chase of Company I, Lieutenant Davies of Company G, and several comrades of Companies G and I for valuable information and pointers about South Mountain, where we lost more men killed or mortally wounded than in any other battle we were in. Not excepting the Wilderness and Cold Harbor, where the Forty-fifth won additional renown as one of the "Three Hundred Fighting Regiments" in the Union Army. This list or roll of honor, according to Colonel Fox, in his book, "Regimental Losses," the best authority we have on military statistics, includes every regiment in the Union Army that lost more than 130 men, killed or mortally wounded.

The aggregate loss of the Forty-fifth according to the same authority was 227 killed or mortally wounded during the war. So we are not at the tail end of the list of the Fighting Three Hundred by any means.

On the contrary, in a preferred list of 45 regiments, which includes "every infantry regiment in the Union Army that lost over 200 men, killed or mortally wounded in action during the war," the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania is number 18 from the top, and first on the list in the Ninth Corps.





SOUTH MOUNTAIN BATTLEFIELD.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN, MD.

Except as to the woods and timber this picture shows the locality of the fiercely contested Battle of South Mountain just as it was on Sunday evening, September 14th, 1862. The stone walls on the right and left of the "Old Sharpsburg Road," and at the edge of the woods is where the Confederates made their stand, and in dislodging them the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania had 28 men killed outright and 15 subsequently died of their wounds.

The corner of the log house, known as the "Wise House," shows on the extreme left of the picture, and under the tree near the house was the well in which 68 Rebels were buried by Mr. Wise, who was paid a dollar apiece to bury the dead Confederates killed behind the stone walls.

The picture was taken from the corner of the Reno statue.

ANTIETAM NATIONAL CEMETERY, SHARPS- BURG, MARYLAND

This picture shows a portion of the "Pennsylvania Section" in which are buried the Pennsylvania soldiers, in number more than 600, killed at South Mountain, September 14th, and at Antietam, September 17th, 1862, and of those wounded who died subsequently in the hospitals at Hagerstown, Frederick and Middletown.

The third row from the outside flag on the left and the outside flag on the right, inclusive, are the remains of the soldiers of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry who were killed at South Mountain, Sunday, September 14th, 1862.

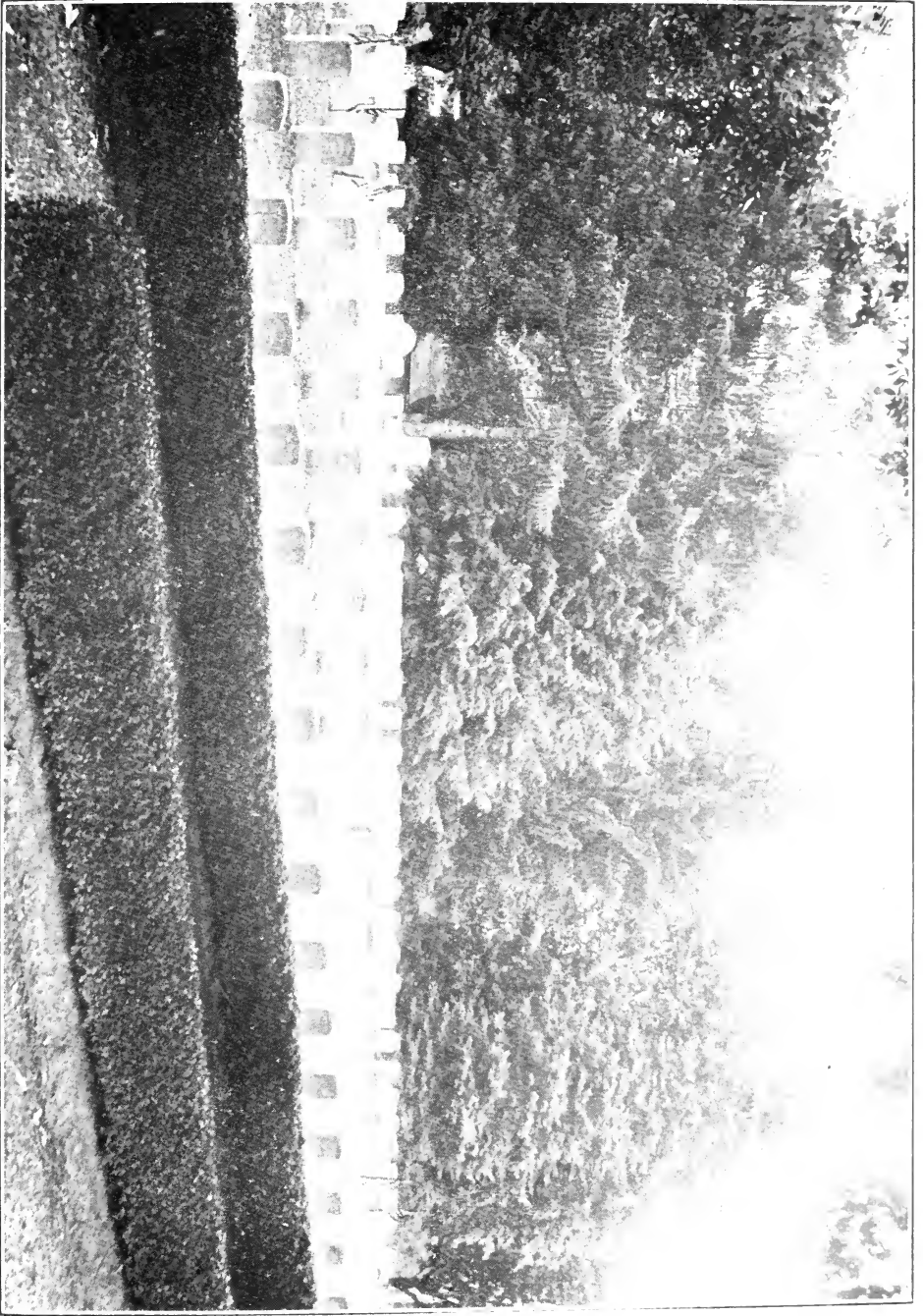
Beginning on the left with grave numbered

3870 Amos Walton, Co. B	3883 Unknown
3871 William Hunter, Co. D	3884 Unknown
3872 Robert Kerr, Co. C	3885 Unknown
3873 James Baird, Co. C	3886 Unknown
3874 Thomas Parsons, Co. C	3887 Unknown
3875 Frank Wagner, Co. B	3888 Henry Chambers, Co. K
3876 Jacob Squires, Co. G	3889 Unknown
3877 John N. Hotchkiss, Co. H	3890 George English, Co. I
3878 James Hurd, Co. F	3891 Unknown
3879 Henry Fenton, Co. G	3892 James McCann, Co. K
3880 Unknown	3893 Jacob Keplar, Co. K
3881 J. H. Glenn, Co. A	3894 James R. Tremain, Co. H
3882 Jacob Campbell, Co. A	3895 Aaron Burr, Co. H

The "Unknown" are those whose caps showed them of the "45th Pa.," but whose names and company were not indicated.

In scattered graves in the Pennsylvania Section are:

3585 Aaron Benson, Co. H	3936 George L. Bartlett, Co. G
3725 Philip B. Spotts, Co. B	4032 David Lightner, Co. E
3818 John D. Chronister, Co. E	4079 James Fields, Co. C
3901 Hiram Wilcox, Co. G	4139 Reuben Yarnell, Co. A
3914 John Ulrich, Co. E	4140 Lieut. W. P. Grove, Co. A
4142 Noah C. Morton, Co. I	



ANTHETAM NATIONAL CEMETERY

Taken from Tablet No. 64. Tablet facing west from orchard:

U. S. S.

Welsh's Brigade, Wilcox's Division.

Colonel Thomas Welsh, 45th Pennsylvania Infantry,

Commanding Organization:

8th Michigan Infantry, 46th New York Infantry,

45th and 100th Pennsylvania Infantry.

September 17th, 1862.

On the morning of the 17th, Welsh's Brigade was in reserve on the eastern slope of the ridge, on the left bank of the Antietam, nearly opposite the Burnside Bridge. About 2 P. M., after Sturges' Division had carried the bridge, the Brigade crossed and following the road to Sharpsburg, about 250 yards, formed line west of the road, gradually crossing to the east, until its right was near this point (1,000 yards from the bridge), its center in the ravine and at the stone mill and its left in the apple orchard beyond, when the attack of A. P. Hill on the left flank of the corps compelled it to withdraw to the banks of the Antietam, where it remained until the evening of the 18th.

CHAPTER V

THE FORTY-FIFTH IN KENTUCKY AND MISSISSIPPI.

BY EUGENE BEAUGE.

Forty-seven years is a good while to remember. In trying to tell the story of our experience in Kentucky and Mississippi, as I saw and understood it from the ranks as a private of Company G, I shall depend mostly on my diary and some letters I sent from the front to the Wellsboro Agitator while the events referred to were fresh in my mind.

To begin with a brief reference to our movements from the time we left the Army of the Potomac to go west will jog the comrades' memories and may be interesting to their children and grandchildren who care enough about this to read it.

Tuesday afternoon, February 10th, 1863, we left our camp opposite Fredericksburg, Va., marched about three-quarters of a mile to Falmouth Station and took the cars from there to Acquia Creek. Here we got aboard the transport "John A. Warner," and early next morning started down the Potomac, and after an interesting voyage by way of Hampton Roads, the Forty-fifth landed at Newport News about noon, February 13th. In the afternoon we marched about a mile and a half and pitched our tents on the banks of the James river, near the old camp ground, the same that we had occupied when the regiment came from South Carolina in July, 1862.

Later on we built huts of split pine slabs log-house fashion. These 8x12 shanties with shelter tents for roofing made very comfortable quarters, easily the best we had enjoyed up to that time. Some pleasant memories are connected with our stay at Newport News, although they kept us hustling from morning till night. Our daily program being something like this: Reveille six o'clock; police 6:30; breakfast 7:00; guard mounting 8:00; company drill 8:30 to 9:30; battalion drill 10:30 to 11:30; dinner 12:00; company drill 1:00 to 2:00; battalion drill 3:00 to 4:00; dress parade 5:00; tattoo 8:30; taps 9:00. And, of course, it took considerable time to clean and polish up for inspection, which, in one sense, occurred every day on dress parade besides the regular inspection Sunday morning.

It was at Newport News that we learned to go through the manual of arms to the tap of the drums. As I remember it now the drill was interesting but tiresome. At certain hours of the day nothing was heard but the tap, tap of the drum, frying pan, barrel or whatever was most convenient to make a noise. We had to keep our "thinkeries" wound up in order to remember the numbers. Some there were who couldn't remember, and I guess, every company had its "awkward squad."

On Sunday, March 22d, we received marching orders, and with the exception (so my diary says), of Companies C and D, and a small detail from each of the other companies that were left back for special duty (and joined us later on), the regiment got aboard the steamer "Mary Washington." This was early in the evening. We lay down on the deck after a while and slept soundly all night. About six o'clock next morning we started and after a pleasant voyage of 16 hours through Hampton Roads and Chesapeake Bay, our boat anchored at Locust Point opposite Baltimore at ten o'clock in the evening.

Next day (the 24th), at 1 P. M., we took the cars on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and reached Harpers Ferry about four o'clock next morning. Here we got a cup of steaming hot coffee that "just touched the spot." At six o'clock we were under way again. The scenery along the road was interesting if not beautiful. The B. & O. in that locality ran through a rough country, a good deal of the way across gullies and streams and through mountains and hills. If there was a level farm along the road I didn't see it. I don't know how many tunnels we went through. One comrade said there were 20 or more; I didn't count them.

At 4 P. M., we stopped at Cumberland, a beautiful town in Maryland, and got some more hot coffee. Riding the balance of the day, all night and until 4 P. M. next day we came to Parkersburg in West Virginia, on the Ohio river. Here we left the cars and took to water again, getting aboard the transport "Lacrosse."

Friday morning, March 27th, found us steaming rapidly down the smooth waters of the Ohio. At ten o'clock that night our boat tied up at Cincinnati. Next morning we crossed the river and landed on the other side at Covington, in Kentucky.

After some delay the regiment got aboard the cars, and riding through what I thought was the richest farming country I had ever seen, we reached Paris in Bourbon County about 6 P. M. I know

the first thing that arrested my attention was the striking contrast between the scenery down there and the wasted fields of Virginia that we had left behind. In Virginia, especially in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, where we had camped for several months, practically all the buildings, fences, timber and other land marks on the down-trodden fields had disappeared. Everything was desolation and ruin. Kentucky on the other hand reminded us of the well kept farms we had left in Pennsylvania, only the hills were not so high or the valleys so deep as in Tioga County, where I was brought up.

Another thing that we noticed right away was that the people—men, women and children—were friendly to us. Kentucky like the other border states had suffered a good deal from the ravages of war. The farmers, especially, were in mortal dread of Morgan's guerrillas who had been up and down the state several times "leaving a trail of pillage and destruction behind them." And when Bragg was driven out of the state in September, 1862, the wagon train loaded with plunder he took back with him, was 40 miles long, with 1,500 horses and mules, 8,000 head of cattle and a big drove of hogs bringing up the rear. By the way, Kentucky was a great place for hogs in those days. It was nothing unusual to see 40 or 50 running together like sheep in the same pasture, the property of an ordinary farmer.

After all these depredations it is no wonder the farmers were worried and anxious about their property. But the Union Army was not there to plunder. The Ninth Corps to which we belonged was in Kentucky temporarily as an army of occupation. Our business was to protect the people's property instead of stealing or destroying it. They seemed to understand this. The citizens showed us every possible kindness inviting us to their homes, offering to care for our sick and extending other unique and unexpected courtesies that were appreciated.

Men, women and children were constant visitors to our camp, especially at the hour of dress parade when a crowd was always present to see us go through the manual of arms by the tap of the drum without a word being spoken. This they seemed to think was something great. And it was quite a trick and took a lot of drilling to learn to do it without a break.

The couple of weeks we stayed in Paris seemed very short. The Forty-fifth camped on the fair grounds, the buildings being

ideal quarters for us. Paris, Ky., was nothing great and had no special attraction that I remember, but if I may say it here, the name itself had a peculiar charm for me; I had heard my old father talk (in French) so much about that other Paris on the banks of the Seine in "La Belle France," as he called his native land.

We left Paris on the 10th of April. A couple of hours ride on the cars brought us to Nicholasville, where the railroad evidently got discouraged and stopped. Camping about three miles from the station that night a march of 11 miles next day brought us to Camp Dick Robinson.

Located near the center of the state, Camp Dick Robinson was noted as being the first Union camp established in Kentucky, and was used as a rendezvous for our troops during the war. Colonel Welsh had been promoted to Brigadier General and was in command of "Camp Dick," while we were there. Colonel John I. Curtin (recently promoted from lieutenant colonel), commanded the regiment. This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to us. Welsh and Curtin were both fine officers. In some respects, however, they were entirely different. Colonel Welsh was a strict and severe disciplinarian if there ever was one, and frequently reprimanded the company officers under him for being too familiar with the men. His idea of discipline was that officers and men should keep their proper distance. The boys understood this and knew better than to try to be chummy with "Old Tom," as we called him—when he wasn't around.

Curtin was different. He enforced discipline all right. An officer who didn't do that would soon lose the respect of his men and play out. But when Curtin was off duty he laid aside his dignity and was "one of the boys." In modern parlance he was "a good mixer." While we respected them both we were afraid of Welsh and loved Curtin.

To show our appreciation and good will the officers and men of the regiment "chipped in" and presented Colonel Curtin with a fine horse while at Camp Dick Robinson. After dress parade was dismissed Wednesday afternoon, the 22d of April, the Colonel started for his tent as usual, but was called back on some pretext or other. The regiment in the meantime being formed in a hollow square with the officers in the center, the horse was brought in and in a few words presented to Colonel Curtin by Quartermaster McClure, "on behalf of the officers and men of the Forty-fifth."

The affair, intended to be a surprise, had been so well managed that the Colonel knew nothing about it until the horse, saddled and bridled, was turned over to him. A speech of some kind, of course, was in order. But for once the gallant Colonel lost his nerve. He could think of nothing to say. To help him out the boys gave "three cheers for Colonel John I. Curtin." Mounting his new horse Curtin rode away with the hearty cheers of the whole regiment ringing in his ears. And the incident, a very pleasant one for all concerned, was over.

The horse turned out to be a good one. Curtin rode him in all our subsequent marches in Kentucky, during the Mississippi campaign; in East Tennessee, and when Curtin commanded a brigade in the summer of 1864 the same horse carried him through the battles of the Wilderness; Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and in the engagements before Petersburg until the battle of Poplar Spring Church, September 30th, where a good share of the regiment was captured. In this battle Curtin's horse was shot dead under him and he himself barely escaped being killed or captured as will appear in its proper place in the history.

Colonel Curtin on horseback was a notable figure along the lines of the Ninth Corps during the siege of Petersburg. He was a graceful daring rider and how he used to make the dust (or mud) fly when out exercising his horse, which he frequently did while in camp.

While at "Camp Dick" we had a good opportunity to look around and get acquainted with the country as well as the people. That was before they started raising tobacco to any extent. Corn and winter wheat seemed to be the main crops in Central Kentucky during the war; although rice, hemp and grapes were extensively cultivated. From the hemp was manufactured the famous Kentucky Jean that we used to hear so much about and which most of us old-timers have worn more or less. The farm work was done mostly by negroes. These black people were very respectful to the "Lincoln Sogers," always taking off their hats when we met them.

Our brigade left Camp Dick Robinson the last day of April. My diary says we camped at Stanford that night and next day arrived at a small place called Hustonville and the day after that, May 2d, we went on to Middleburg on Green River, having marched 35 miles from "Camp Dick." The weather was pretty hot by that

time and that march was anything but a promenade. On the 11th of May we marched back about eight miles to Hustonville, the Ninth Corps being scattered from there down to the Tennessee line, guarding the territory or engaged in various active operations.

The boys will remember Hustonville as the place where the citizens to show their good will, got up a picnic for the Forty-fifth. May 19th was the day fixed for the picnic. Rumors had been flying around that Morgan's guerrillas were prowling about that locality. Anyway, we got up before daylight that morning and after cooking rations and packing up as if a long march was expected the regiment was divided in two parts and marched out a few miles on different roads. Forming line of battle in strong positions we waited long hours for something—guerrillas maybe—to turn up. At eleven o'clock we marched back to camp. It was a false alarm. Still, owing to the many rumors of the proximity of the enemy and in order not to disappoint the citizens who had taken so much pains to do us honor, part of the regiment remained in camp ready for an emergency, while most of the officers and some of the men went to the picnic in a small grove near by. One of the features of the program carried out was some lively "tripping of the light fantastic toe" on a platform built for that purpose, in which shoulderstraps and crinoline (the women all wore hoops then), were much in evidence. In fact they were the "whole push."

Among the ladies present who took an active part in the festivities were Mrs. Samuel Haynes and Mrs. Ephraim Jeffers, who were on a visit to their husbands, Lieutenants Haynes and Jeffers of Company G.

Before adjourning arrangements were made for another picnic to be held on the 22d, more especially for the enlisted men. There was no hitch this time. A table was set long enough to accommodate the whole regiment. No, I am not going to tell you what we had to eat or how much. All I remember is that after everybody was satisfied there was enough left for an ordinary banquet.

Most of the officers being on picket duty, having volunteered for that purpose, Sergeant-Major Harvey Benner was marshal of the day. Speeches were made by First Sergeant Hollahan of Company A and Sergeant Yarrington of Company D. And then Colonel Wolford of the First Kentucky Cavalry and General Fry entertained us with some genuine Kentucky oratory. It was an interesting coincidence, to say the least, that General Fry, General

Welsh (who, of course, was present), and Colonel Wolford had served together in Mexico. Referring to this General Fry in his speech said, "General Welsh was a gallant private, a gallant corporal and a gallant sergeant in the regiment to which I belonged."

I have referred to the picnic somewhat in detail because it was a unique experience for us and one around which cluster pleasant memories of wartime.

We had scarcely reached camp after the picnic when orders came to pack up. We left Hustonville about ten o'clock next morning May 23d, and camped that night near a little place called Liberty. Next day was Sunday and we rested. (Wonder why? It was so seldom that our generals paid any attention to the Sabbath.) Monday the regiment marched about fifteen miles and next day we reached Columbia, 43 miles from Hustonville. Friday, the 29th, we marched south to Jamestown through a drenching rain and over the worst roads we had seen since leaving Virginia.

Jamestown is about four miles from the Cumberland River and during the war the country in that vicinity was little better than a wilderness. Tuesday morning, June 2d, the Rebels made a dash at our pickets and created quite a little excitement. Johnny Fenn got out his drum and beat the long roll. We fell in line ready for battle, but there was no need. It was probably a reconnoitering party sent out by Morgan to feel of us and see if there were any Yankees in that neck-of-the-woods. There were, and the Johnnies retired across the river. Casualties on our side so far as we know: Six men and ten horses captured and one commissioned officer badly frightened. A few weeks after that, however, while we were in Mississippi or on the way there, Morgan with 3,000 men and six guns did cross the Cumberland river in that same locality on his famous raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. Had we remained in Kentucky or pushed on into Tennessee as we expected to do, Morgan would probably have ran up against us and the chances are that his daring raid through three states during which he cut a wide swath of vandalism, brutality and murder, would have been delayed or maybe prevented. But we couldn't be in two places at once.

On the 4th of June, two days after the skirmish at "Jimtown" our brigade, consisting of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, and the Seventeenth and Twenty-seventh Michigan, commanded by Colonel Bowman of the Thirty-sixth

Massachusetts, left camp near Jamestown and marched back to Columbia. This retrograde movement puzzled us somewhat; but we had been in the service long enough then to know that our business was to obey orders and ask no questions.

Just the Ninth Corps' luck. "A wandering corps," as Colonel Fox says, "whose dead lie buried in seven states." During the first three years' of the war, the Ninth Corps seemed to be considered what we might call an "emergency corps" to be sent here and there wherever its services were needed most. And the Forty-fifth was in the same boat long before we joined the Ninth Corps. The regiment as we all knew made long journeys by land and water; our battles were fought on widely separated fields and including the 98 poor fellows who perished in Confederate prisons our dead were buried in ten different states of the Union.

Our next stopping place after leaving Columbia was Lebanon, where we arrived June 6th. The weather by that time was very hot indeed and the dust on those Kentucky pikes, a species of limestone, was something fierce. Anyway that 55 miles from Jamestown to Lebanon came near "bushing" a lot of us. The boys will remember Lebanon from the circumstances that the paymaster came around to see us while there and gave us privates all of \$26 apiece, two months' pay. Not much to brag about to be sure; but these things go by comparison. The Confederate soldiers who worked for nothing all the time and boarded themselves (or fasted) part of the time, would have considered \$13 a month a munificent wage.

What did we do with our money? Many of the boys sent it home to be salted down for a rainy day. Some of us spent it. Henry Starr, the regimental sutler, could tell you where a good share of the soldiers' greenbacks went. With a fringe of whiskers around his rubicund face, Starr always reminded me somewhat of Horace Greeley. But they were different, these two; and, I suppose, each was useful in his sphere. Greeley wrote brilliant editorials for the Tribune, while Starr furnished us (for two prices), tobacco, writing material, butter, cheese, canned goods and other stuff that we thought we needed. Of course, we could have got along without most of these things and saved our money as the Government was supposed to furnish all that was necessary. But as the French would say (with a shrug of the shoulders), "What would you?" Very few of us had a wife and babies to support in

those days and a dollar didn't look so big to us then as it did later on, after the war. And the chances were that we shouldn't get out alive and need the money anyway. At any rate Starr got a good share of our greenbacks.

Towards night after we got our money on June 7th the regiment got aboard the cars at Lebanon (the end of the railroad, by the way), and rode through a beautiful country to Louisville. Here we crossed the Ohio river to Jeffersonville, Ind., and went from there by rail to Seymour where we changed cars and took the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad to Vincennes, still in Indiana, and after an all-day ride we reached Cairo, Ill., June 9th. Our passage through Indiana and Illinois was a continuous ovation. Men, women and children cheered and waved flags and handkerchiefs as the cars laden with soldiers went by, and at every opportunity the people crowded around us, coming into the cars, even, to bid us welcome and bring good things to eat. I mention this because it was an unusual experience for us.

Wednesday, June 10th, we got aboard the transport "Sallie List," and by 3 P. M., were going down the Mississippi, the flagship "Meteor," with Colonel Bowman and his regiment, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts on board, leading our little flotilla. Early next morning we passed Island No. 10 of historic memory. Along in the evening, Thursday, June 9th, the "Sallie List" arrived off the city of Memphis and cast anchor, it being understood that we were to stop over one day while they cleaned the boat.

As a matter of fact we went ashore next morning and stayed in Memphis five or six days, and had a good time, too. We camped on the public square, where peddlers with fruit, pies and other truck in the eating line came at all hours of the day. They seemed to be friendly all right, but I suspect that they cared more for our greenbacks than they did for us.

While in the city we showed the citizens a few tricks in going through the manual of arms by the tap of the drum. One morning the following notice appeared in the Memphis Bulletin: "The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania yesterday engrossed our attention by some of its evolutions in the manual of arms. We have never seen together a more healthy and finer body of men. Colonel Curtin, its youthful but able commander, is in every way worthy of his position. Success to the Keystone Boys!" We were always sure of an audience on dress parade while in Memphis.

Early Wednesday morning, June 17th, we were again on board the "Sallie List" and going down the Mississippi. Rumors had come back to us that the other boats which had left Memphis several days earlier had been fired upon by bushwackers concealed in the woods along the shore. But they didn't bother us any. The Mississippi was just as muddy and as crooked in those days as it is now. There were so many short crooks and turns that the joker of Company G said he expected every minute to see our own boat coming back to meet us!

Friday, June 19th, we arrived at Young's point in Mississippi and after a delightful three hours' ride on the Yazoo river the regiment landed at Snyder's Bluff about 3 P. M. A tedious march of three or four miles under a scorching sun, over rough ground cut up with ridges and gullies, brought us to where the other regiments of our brigade were camped, 11 miles in rear of Vicksburg.

Our business there was to help protect Grant's rear while he besieged Vicksburg. That is, while Grant with a line of battle 15 miles long was investing Vicksburg, we were part of another line under Sherman facing the other way—facing Joe Johnston, who with a constantly increasing army was watching for a favorable opportunity to jump on Grant's back, so to speak, and if possible, break the bull-dog grip he had on Pemberton's army shut up in Vicksburg.

So they set us to digging trenches, building breastwork, felling trees, etc., to strengthen our position. That sort of thing nearly killed us, the climate of Mississippi being so much warmer than we had been accustomed to. Johnston didn't molest us, it is true, and we had no battles to fight during the siege, but if the boys had had their choice most of them would have dropped their axes, picks and shovels and shouldered a musket. Another thing that bothered us besides the extreme heat was the scarcity of water, and what we did get was miserable stuff. Oh, how we longed to fill our canteens from the "Old oaken bucket" up in Tioga County, or patronize the copious springs in "Old Kentucky!"

But there was one redeeming feature about Mississippi. Foraging was good down there. Berries and all kinds of fruit and later on green corn grew in abundance in that locality, and being in the enemy's country we made no bones in taking what we wanted.

I was fortunate enough to get a pass one day to visit Grant's inner line of works, and spent several hours in the trenches at the

extreme front. An elaborate system of rifle pits, ditches and covered ways made it possible to move the whole length of the line without much risk of being shot. Sand bags were put on the rifle pits far enough apart for musketry. Good sized logs on top the sand bags made a breastwork high enough to afford the men ample protection. I noticed some six-footers walking around unconcerned, so with my short five feet five (the same height as General Sheridan, only, I suppose, he didn't know it,) I felt pretty safe. I borrowed a gun from one of the boys in the rifle pits and fired some shots at what I thought were Rebel heads sticking up above the works; but maybe some playful Johnnies were holding their caps up on the end of ramrods to fool me. The chances are that I didn't hurt anybody. The fact is that our men were banging away all the time.

Day and night cannonading and musketry could be heard all along the line during the siege, most of it coming from our side. The Confederates were more chary of their ammunition, having less of it to throw away. In some places the lines were so close together that clubs and hand grenades were thrown back and forth from one line to the other, so I was told, but they didn't amuse themselves that way while I was there.

The usual din and racket continued until July 3rd when it seemed to slacken. Next morning, July 4th, 1863, a day to be long remembered in this country, firing ceased all along the line.

Pretty soon news came that Vicksburg had surrendered. Did that mean that we were to have a rest and take it easy for a while? Not much. We had scarcely got done cheering over the victory when orders came to "pack up and get ready to move."

Before the surrender of Vicksburg was formally accomplished an army of 50,000 under Sherman was marching against Johnston with orders to do him up—if we could catch him. Grant's instructions to Sherman were not very explicit, but extremely comprehensive. "I want you to drive Johnston out in your own way and inflict on the enemy all the punishment you can. I will support you to the last man that can be spared," were the closing words of a letter Grant sent to Sherman on the Fourth of July, the day of the surrender.

The two divisions of the Ninth Corps under General John G. Parke, which, of course, included the Forty-fifth, took a leading part in the expedition against Johnston. Referring to my diary I

find that on Monday, July 6th, we came to the western bank of the Big Black River, a muddy stream five or six rods wide. Flowing from the banks, however, we found some springs of good clear water, the best we came across anywhere in the State. Needless to say that we drank all we could, filled our canteens and then drank some more of that water knowing it would be many a long hot day before we found any more like it.

The Rebels, of course, had destroyed the bridges across the river and it took us long hours and hard work to build new ones. About two o'clock next day we crossed the river and marched till nine or ten o'clock that night, and would have gone farther if a terrific thunder storm hadn't struck us and made marching out of the question. A darker night we never saw. That is, it was dark as pitch between flashes of lurid lightning that fairly blinded us. But the rain which came down in torrents served one good purpose. It had been a hot, dusty march that afternoon. Our canteens were empty and we were dry. Soldiers are always dry when their canteens are empty. Some caught the water in their tin cups; other didn't wait to do that, they simply tilted their heads back, opened their mouths and let the rain do the rest. "What's a big mouth for anyway?" one of the boys said as the cooling drop trickled down his throat. The refreshment we got in that way was mild for the occasion to be sure, but better than most of the water we got down there.

We filed off into a field (not far from Jeff Davis' plantation near Bolton), stacked arms, skirmished around for some wood and soon had roaring fires going. The next thing was some red hot coffee that put new life into us. It's wonderful what a cup of coffee will do when a fellow is "all in" or all out as the case may be. Coffee for supper didn't keep us awake then as it does now. With no better couch than our rain-soaked clothes and gum blankets, I doubt if many of us ever slept better than we did that night. It's no trouble to sleep anywhere if you can stand it, to get good and tired. We heard afterwards that several soldiers were killed by lightning during the storm.

My diary slipped a cog for the next two days, but my impression is that the next day—July 8th—we were bothered by a wagon train and some other troops that seemed to have the right of way and crowded us out of the road and on the 9th we didn't get into camp until quite late. About four o'clock Friday afternoon, July 10th,

our advance guard came in contact with the enemy a couple of miles from Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. General Welsh formed his division for battle. Our regiment and the Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders), were deployed as skirmishers. In our front was one of those big corn fields for which that part of the state was noted, and beyond the corn field the Jackson & Grenada Railroad. Supported by the balance of the First Division of the Ninth Corps in line of battle the skirmishers advanced through the corn field. The railroad cut in our front was a source of anxiety to some of us. Would there be a line of battle or a skirmish line behind the embankment to mow us down as we advanced? Railroad cuts were frequently used for breastworks during the war. They make the best kind of ready-to-use rifle pits. General Sherman used to say that one great difference between himself and Grant was that Grant never worried over what the enemy was doing that he couldn't see. "But," said Sherman, "that's what scares me like hell!" If any of us were as badly scared as all that comes to we made no sign but kept our places on the skirmish line just the same. Scattering shots were fired at us by the Rebel skirmishers, but not enough to stop or even delay our advance.

Some Johnnies who had been watching us from a piece of woods on a rise of ground beyond the railroad fired a few volleys and disappeared in the timber. One fellow on a white horse came out of the woods and circling around as if to show off fired a shot that landed not far from Colonel Curtin in the rear of the skirmish line. To our surprise and great relief the coast was clear on the railroad. Crossing the track the skirmish line went on up the slope towards the woods, where the enemy had disappeared, and finally halted near the State Lunatic Asylum about a mile and a half from Jackson. One of the inmates of the asylum came to his grated window and made a speech to us. I suppose the poor fellow called it a speech although we could make neither head nor tail to what he said. But he was a glib talker all right, and judging from the way he shook his long fingers at us, he must have been a retired politician!

Towards night we deployed as skirmishers again, advanced through the woods and caught up with the enemy about dark. Between nine and ten o'clock both sides ceased firing and we lay on our arms till morning within 20 or 30 rods of the enemy's pickets, part of the men being allowed to sleep.

Early the next morning we moved forward again and kept on advancing under a brisk fire until the enemy were driven into their works.

The Confederates having chosen their own ground had an immense advantage over us. They were concealed behind rifle pits in the woods. Our line was in the open just as the enemy had planned it should be. I guess the boys all thought the next thing would be to charge the rifle pits; but no such orders came. To stand up and fight, exposed as we were to the short range fire of the Confederates in their rifle pits was little better than suicide—and unnecessary.

We had been drilled to load and fire lying down and could do about as well that way as any. So, instead of standing up as targets for the enemy we got as near the ground as we could. Of course, we felt the heat more in that way. Lying down, we got the full benefit of the midsummer tropical sun that kept getting hotter and hotter as the day advanced. It was a dandy place to be overcome with the heat and the wonder is that more of us didn't get "sun struck" that day. I don't remember how long we were there, two or three hours probably, although it seemed longer than that.

About eleven o'clock the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts came to relieve us. Our ammunition was gone and we couldn't have stood it much longer in that blistering sun, anyway.

We lost one commissioned officer and three enlisted men killed: Second Lieutenant Richard Humphrey and Sergeant Lewis F. Hill of Company F, and Comrades Francis Stratton of Company H and James Navle of Company I. The great wonder among other troops was that we had been so much exposed and suffered so little loss. Without doubt our tactics of lying down on the skirmish line saved many lives in the Forty-fifth that day.

When the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts came to take our places, instead of keeping close to the ground as we were doing and as we repeatedly cautioned them to do, they were inclined to poke fun at us because we didn't "stand up and take our medicine." We knew well enough what would happen. These stalwart Massachusetts boys made splendid targets for the Johnnies all snug behind their rifle pits. We never knew how many of them were hit. I know that several were struck and severely wounded before we left the

field. Anyhow, they learned an important lesson that day and that is, that exposing themselves unnecessarily was recklessness and not bravery.

The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts was a splendid regiment. They were brigaded with us during practically their entire service, which began in the fall of 1862. A strong attachment existed between the officers and men of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts and the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania.

No attempt was made to storm the enemy's works or bring on a general engagement. Skirmish lines with proper support did most of the fighting on our side as far as we could see. Which was a mighty good thing for us. Had an assault been made there would be a different story to tell and some of us probably wouldn't be here to tell it.

A great deal of ammunition was wasted during the siege. The sound of artillery and musketry was heard day and night. Several solid shots from the enemy's batteries passed through the insane asylum wounding some of the inmates and scaring the others almost to death.

Referring to some notes made at the time I find that Sunday, July 12th, we were relieved from duty at the immediate front the Second Division of the Ninth Corps taking the place of the First to which we belonged. Sunday afternoon was comparatively quiet along the lines. Monday morning firing began early on both sides and continued all day.

At 1 P. M., on Tuesday, the 14th, a heavy detail from our regiment was sent to the front. We occupied some rifle pits, our business being to engage the enemy's attention while Sherman maneuvered to surround the city or cut off Johnston's retreat—if he stayed there long enough.

Wednesday afternoon the Confederates sent in a flag of truce, asking for a cessation of hostilities while they buried their dead. Another truce was asked for and granted the next day. So our firing must have had some effect.

On Thursday, the 16th, we were relieved from the firing line and took no further active part in the siege of Jackson.

Friday morning all was strangely quiet along the line. Jackson had been evacuated during the night. The Second Division of the Ninth Corps were the first troops to occupy the town after the

enemy left it. We took about 300 prisoners, some giving themselves up while others were "caught napping," about the houses and in the woods near by.

Jackson was a beautiful town before the war, but like many other places in the South that had been occupied by the contending armies, much of the wealth and elegance of the capital of Mississippi had disappeared. The Confederates, of course, claim that we did all the mischief; but their own soldiers showed little respect for public or private property. The chances are that Johnston's army did their full share of the looting.

A comrade and I got a pass to "do" the city for an hour or two after our troops had taken possession. The houses were practically all deserted except by here and there a faithful negro. Many of the dwellings had been ransacked and much property carried away or destroyed. Costly furniture was banged up and broken. In one house a beautiful piano had been ruined. Unfortunately there were soldiers in both armies mean enough to do that sort of thing.

I came near breaking the eighth commandment myself. Selecting a couple of books from a fine library I was foolish enough to think for a moment that I could take them with me; but on second thought I knew better. We already had all the load we could stand under and march let alone carrying any plunder. So I didn't steal anything after all. Johnston's army had so much the start of us that it was no use trying to overtake it.

Saturday and Sunday, July 18th and 19th, our brigade was busy destroying a stretch of the Mississippi Central Railroad in the vicinity of Toogaloo Station, 10 or 12 miles out of Jackson. Our orders, to tear up the track, burn the ties, bend the rails and destroy the culverts, were carried out as effectually as the time at our disposal would permit. A good way to dispose of the ties and rails at the same time, after tearing up the track, was to pile up the ties, set them afire, then lay the rails crosswise on top; the rails in this way, when red hot, bending and warping themselves out of shape while the ties went up in smoke. Another way was to take a rail, red hot in the middle, and bend it around a tree. But that was slow business and we didn't do much of it. In a couple of days we destroyed about ten miles of railroad north of Jackson, or put the road out of business, so the enemy couldn't use it again during the war. That sort of thing was tough soldiering and un-

der a blistering July sun it all but killed us. No wonder some of the boys were knocked out by the extreme heat and over-exertion and never got over it. Another thing, we had to keep a sharp look-out all the time and men enough under arms to guard against surprise by the enemy's cavalry who were prowling around, watching for a chance to make it still hotter for the "cussed Yankees."

Monday, July 25th, we left the vicinity of Jackson and took our back track towards Vicksburg, and a tedious, terrible march it was. The scorching weather was bad enough, but to cap the climax, our rations gave out. Some of the boys saved their rations—as well as their money—more carefully than others did. I remember very well of dividing my last sandwich of hard tack and raw pork with a comrade who seemed to need it more than I did. The last day of the march was the worst. I don't believe I ever felt hungrier in my life. I picked up a bone alongside the road—a bone that a discriminating dog would have passed by with scorn—and sucked it greedily, actually deceiving myself into the belief that I was getting a lot nourishment from it. And not a drop of water fit to drink did we get anywhere along that weary dusty march, that came near finishing a lot of us, until we again reached the neighborhood of the Big Black River, which seemed to be the only place in Mississippi where decent water was available—for us anyway. We were told afterward that the streams and ponds in the vicinity of our line of march had been poisoned with carcasses of dead animals which Johnston in his retreat had driven in and shot. If we filled our canteens with any of that water we didn't know it. Nobody could tell by the taste whether the water down there had been "doctored" or not. It was all such miserable stuff.

On Thursday, July 23, we arrived at and occupied our old camp near Milldale, "tired, hungry and foot-sore," so my diary says. Our work in Mississippi was done. If we ever needed rest and a chance to recuperate it was then. Our officers seemed to understand this. Anyway, drilling and all unnecessary fatigue duties were dispensed with. And to partially counteract the effects of the climate and fever smitten locality, moderate rations of whiskey were issued to the men. The officers, I suppose, helped themselves. Some of the boys liked the taste of "commissary;" to others the clear stuff was worse than quinine. My tent mate (dead these many years, poor fellow), offered to swap his allowance of sugar for mine of whiskey. The result was that for several days my

coffee had a double dose of sweetening and he seemed to enjoy his end of the deal quite as well as I did mine. Others did the same thing until the officers got on to it. Then we had to take our bit-
ters on the spot, the same as our castor oil and quinine. There was a good deal of sickness in camp. Several deaths occurred in the regiment during those last few days in Mississippi. David Hendershott of Company A, George H. Bockus, Company G, and John G. Seitz, Company K, were among the comrades who succumbed to disease, and were buried among the canebrakes of Camp Milldale.

It was some satisfaction to know that our services were appreciated. General Grant, who as we all know never slopped over or "talked through his hat," gave us this parting salute:

Headquarters Department of the Tennessee.

Special Order, No. 207. Vicksburg, Miss., July 31st, 1863.

In returning the Ninth Army Corps to its former command it is with pleasure that the general commanding acknowledges its valuable services in the campaign just closed. Arriving at Vicksburg opportunely, taking position to hold at bay Johnston's army, then threatening the forces investing the city, it was ready and eager to assume the aggressive at any moment. After the fall of Vicksburg, it formed a part of the army which drove Johnston from his position near the Big Black River into his trenchments at Jackson, and after a siege of eight days compelled him to fly in disorder from the Mississippi Valley. The endurance, valor and general good conduct of the Ninth Corps are admired by all, and its valuable co-operation in achieving the final triumph of the campaign is gratefully acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee.

Major General Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners and guidons "Vicksburg" and "Jackson."

By order of Major General U. S. Grant.

T. S. BOWERS,

Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Wednesday, August 5th, our brigade now under Colonel Morrison of the Seventy-ninth New York, (the brigade having been reorganized), got aboard the transport "Hiawatha," and after an interesting journey up the Mississippi, stopping again at Memphis to clean the boat, we arrived at Cairo about 5 P. M., August 10th.

I wonder how many of the boys remember our boat stopping somewhere below Memphis on the Arkansas side of the river to get a new supply of fuel. And how some of us got off the boat and "invaded" the State of Arkansas, while they were loading the wood. The incident was trivial and had no particular significance except that now we can tell the kids that we were in Arkansas during the Civil war as well as in Virginia, Maryland, South Carolina, Kentucky, Mississippi and Tennessee, to say nothing of our "travels" through portions of Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and the District of Columbia, mostly on foot, in cattle cars or on transports with steam calliopes playing patriotic airs for our entertainment.

At midnight, August 10th, we left Cairo on the cars and reached Cincinnati at 11 P. M., of the 12th; marched through the city and crossed the Ohio River to Covington. And here we were in Old Kentucky again! On Monday, August 17th, we left Covington by rail and next day reached Camp Parke near Nicholasville. Here the paymaster came around to see us again with his trunk full of greenbacks. How nice they looked artistically piled up, each denomination by itself!

About this time we began to feel the effects of campaigning among the bayous and poisonous swamps of Mississippi, that were more deadly to our soldiers than the enemy's bullets. Many of our regiment were taken sick with fever and ague. Some of them lingered along and died during the fall; others were disabled a long time.

General Welsh himself was stricken with fever and died at Cincinnati, August 14th, 1863, two days after our return from Mississippi. The death of Colonel Welsh (we always spoke of him as colonel although he wore the star of a brigadier general), was a painful shock to the Forty-fifth. We used to get out of patience with him, he was such a stickler for discipline and made us "walk the chalk line" many times when we thought it wasn't necessary. But behind all this was a feeling of profound respect, and an abiding confidence in "The Old Colonel." His experience in the Mexican War and in the three months' service of the Civil War was worth a good deal to us. It is no disparagement of the other officers to say that to Colonel Welsh more than to any one else is due the credit of making the Forty-fifth what it was—one of the best drilled and best disciplined regiments in the service.

It was said of Stephen A. Douglass that he could "thunder like the cataract or whisper with the breeze." The same might be said of Colonel Welsh with the breeze left out. One day on dress parade when the command, "Order Arms," was given my gun touched the ground a fraction of a second behind time. "Take care there, young man!" and I nearly jumped out of my shoes.

Another time several of us were out in quest of adventure and incidentally "applejack" (yes, it was in Kentucky), when whom should we meet but Colonel Welsh. He knew we had no business—no military business anyway—in that direction. The colonel was a man of few words. "Young men, *to camp, quick!*" was all he said. And it was enough. We could almost feel his black eyes boring into us as we hustled back to our quarters.

It was while commanding a brigade at South Mountain and Antietam that Colonel Welsh attracted the attention of General Burnside who promptly recommended him for promotion to brigadier general. Had he lived, Welsh would undoubtedly have attained a much higher command. General Welsh commanded the First Division of the Ninth Corps all through the Mississippi campaign and was highly commended by his superiors for efficiency and good judgment.

August 27th the regiment moved from Nicholasville to Crab Orchard in Lincoln County, about 30 miles from Camp Nelson on the direct road from that point to Cumberland Gap.

On the 10th of September the Forty-fifth started on its long tedious march over the Cumberland Mountains into East Tennessee. That is, most of the regiment started. A lot of us, including several commissioned officers were left back in hospital and convalescent camp knocked out by intermittent fever. Some of these joined the regiment later on, others started for Tennessee and were captured by the enemy. Others again are still in Crab Orchard filling probably unmarked graves, although we did put up rude boards with their names and company and regiment cut out with a jack-knife where we buried them.

Altogether we were in Kentucky about three months, two months before and one month after the Mississippi campaign; everything considered we had a pretty good time. In the first place our duties were comparatively light; that is, we had no heavy fatigue work to do, such as building breastworks, digging trenches and that sort of thing; but we were busy just the same. The usual

round of camp duties when not on the march gave us plenty of needful exercise and kept us down to "fighting weight" all the time. And between times when business was dull we wrote long letters and sent them home. A soldier's correspondence was an important factor in his life. The letters we got from home, if they were of the right sort, and most of them were—especially those addressed in a neat feminine hand—renewed our courage and made us better soldiers and more decent men. The mail came to us quite regularly when in camp. Bill Beaser of Company D was our mail boy. We all remember Billy Beaser. Billy had a mule and on certain days he would mount his long-eared pacer, hie himself away to brigade headquarters and come back after a while, his saddle bags fat with letters and newspapers from far away northern homes. And what a scramble there was for the mail!

Another thing that we like to think about is that we were among friends in Kentucky—a novel experience for Union soldiers during the war of the rebellion. If the citizens in the vicinity of our camps ever went back on us and reported our movements to the enemy we didn't know it. Of course, we kept a sharp lookout for Morgan's guerrillas, (Morgan's Cavalry Brigade, they called themselves), who were prowling around and might swoop down on us any fine day or dark night when we weren't ready for company—of that kind. As a matter of fact, most of our camps in Kentucky were in the direct path of Morgan's former raids.

Morgan had spies out all the time and probably knew how many there were of us and what we were doing almost as well as we did. And that explains why there were no raids in Kentucky while the Ninth Corps was there.

Another thing in favor of Kentucky was the climate. It was hot enough to be sure, but comparatively mild if we remember the sizzling heat of South Carolina and Mississippi. Our rations never failed us in Kentucky, but if we got tired of army fare and wanted something better, as most of us did occasionally if we could get it, the natives were glad to sell us a square meal of ham and eggs, corn bread and other good things. And last but not least, we had plenty of good water; a blessing that we appreciated more than ever before after drinking the rotten stuff they called water in Mississippi.

Measured by the casualties we sustained and the blows we struck the enemy, our experience in Kentucky was of minor importance.

But the regiment need not blush on that account. If we had a comparatively easy time for a little while in the Blue Grass State we made it up by strenuous campaigns in other fields during our three years and ten months service.

History tells us that of two thousand or more regiments in the Union Army only seventeen lost more men, killed or mortally wounded in action, than the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VI

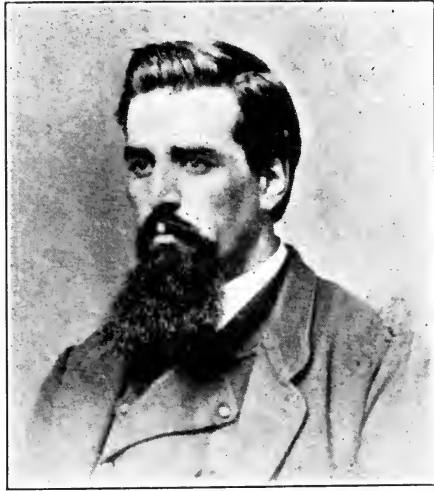
**RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNING IN
EAST TENNESSEE**

BY J. H. BUCKLEY, CO. I.

(Revised by Lieutenant Thos. J. Davies.)

In the latter part of August, 1863, the first brigade of the first division, Ninth Corps, was encamped at Camp Nelson, near Nicholasville, Ky. The Ninth Corps had just returned from its arduous campaign in Mississippi, with sorely depleted ranks, by reason of its service in that malarial district, under a semi-tropical sun, during two of the hottest months in the year, June and July. The losses sustained in that campaign and the epidemic of sickness following reduced our numerical strength to one-half of what it was three months previously. On August 31st the total number present fit for duty was 6,000 officers and men. First division numbered 2,720 and the first brigade, consisting of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, Eighth Michigan, Seventy-ninth New York and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment numbered only 600. Lieutenant Colonel F. M. Hills was in command of the Forty-fifth. About the 1st of September the corps was ordered to go to East Tennessee by way of Cumberland Gap, and we began the march on the 10th. To me this was welcome news, for it opened up a new country which I had long wished to see. In this lively anticipation I was not alone. We had had a good time in Kentucky, but as you all know, that did not make us any the less anxious to move southward.

Ten days' rations of boiled pork, crackers, sugar and coffee, added to our other luggage, made a load that a mule need not be ashamed of. The result was that as the shadows lengthened each day the miles grew longer, our loads lighter and some of that ten days' rations were sadly needed before we crossed the mountains into Tennessee. We did not anticipate the utter poverty of the country through which we were to pass. Few people were to be seen, and soon after leaving Crab Orchard we entered the "cracker" region, among the knobs, of which I had read and heard so much. These knobs or small hillocks extend in a line westward across the State to the Ohio river.



Corporal J. H. Buckley
Co. I

What few people I saw seemed to me to be a perfect production of the country, which looked extremely poor to me in every respect. Even the few "razorbacks" we saw seemed ashamed of their existence and avoided our acquaintance. I do not remember of seeing a schoolhouse in that section and general appearances did not improve until we struck the valleys of East Tennessee.

Bragg's army had a short time before retreated over the same road; else it would have been hard to conclude for what purpose we were going in that direction. Any stray traveler whom we met was eagerly questioned, but very seldom with satisfaction on our part. I well remember asking a native as to the number of Rebel cavalry that had preceded us a few days before. He said: "There was quite a smart lot of them." Anxious to get some definite number, I asked again; and with a quizzical grin, as much as to say "You are hard to understand," he replied. "Oh! there was quite a long chance of them." He looked as though I might be satisfied, and I was—that these simple people only knew how to express their ideas of numbers and distance by such indefinite expressions.

We met many refugees from Tennessee fleeing from persecution and death. They were sad and dejected, and had but little to say and less to eat. Their progress was slow toward liberty—as fast, though, as an old army mule could go, hitched to an old cart, containing the family and all their worldly possessions. As we met large numbers of these people, we began to understand what it cost to be loyal to the Union in that country, and say what you may, to me it was one of the saddest sights of the war.

We passed through Crab Orchard, Mount Vernon, London and Barboursville—little clumps of dark, wood-colored houses, with not to exceed 500 inhabitants each. At the latter place I remember some of the boys got their canteens replenished with applejack, a peculiar kind of liquor made in that section of the country, and I believe it could be recommended as a pure article.

The Cumberland River was easily forded here, after which our road was up grade toward the Gap, often leading through defiles little better than creek bottoms. The country became more rough, the hills higher and more densely timbered, and habitations scarcer. In fact, I ventured off the road only once to seek food, which already began to be scant. We had halted in the afternoon in a deep-wooded ravine. The narrow flats along were grassy and clean. It being quite early, I suggested to my chums a break for a farm

house. We took up the nearest hollow and after a half mile travel came to a clearing. No life was discernible about the log buildings, so we boldly approached the house. One of the boys was warmly, though shyly, welcomed by the lady of the house, a middle-aged matron, a young daughter and two smaller children. Her husband and son were absent in the Union Army and being also Union soldiers, we gently hinted our ability to eat something if we had it. The frequent visits of both armies had bereft her of all visible means of support so far as we could see; but she remarked that "two or three chickens were left and if we would kill one she would prepare us a meal." It took some time to scare one up. No doubt they had ample cause to be shy and wary of strangers. Bound as we were upon a peaceful errand, we had left our guns in camp, but numbers and superior stratagem soon told the story. Some biscuits were baked in a Dutch oven in the open fire-place, among the coals, and for color, taste and lightness were superior to any I ever tasted before or since. Oh, how delicious! We ate and were filled, and when we gave her 25 cents apiece for our dinners she seemed overjoyed and told us she had used her last flour to prepare us that meal. We left this neat and kind lady with her love and devotion for her family, her country and her defenders, with sad hearts but full stomachs, and sincere hopes for the safe return of her husband and son.

Finally one day the Cumberland Range broke upon our view. The top of the mountain looked bare or nearly so, of a reddish cast and stood out clear cut against the blue sky. I got the impression that it might have been a high and picturesque mountain some time, but had been pounded down with an immense maul, or stunted in its growth. The rocks seemed worn smooth by the action of the elements. They looked calmly grand, but did not frown or seem to menace.

About that time we passed a company of Indiana troops on duty. Their commanding officer drew them up at present arms as we passed, while he deliberately seated himself upon the ground at the head of his company to the great disgust of our boys who variously complimented them upon their discipline.

We ascended to the gap by a broad well graded road. We found the mountain narrow on the top rising by great slopes two hundred and three hundred feet higher on either side. The mountain was terraced by lines of rifle pits looking southward and just

in the gap were some cannon in bomb proofs having frames of wood built over them and covered with earth to the depth of two or three feet. My attention was attracted by a pyramidal stone about four feet high, which some of the boys were climbing, so they could truthfully say they had stood in three states at the same time. Its sides were filled with inscriptions showing that Virginia cornered there on the line between Kentucky and Tennessee. Virginia has here used one of the greatest powers known to science by wedging herself in between Kentucky and Tennessee, as if to crowd them off the mountain. For entertaining this preposterous notion the Old Dominion was compelled to contribute one more star to our nation's flag. As we halted a few miles out from the gap I noticed several boys going and coming from an old log house some 40 or 50 rods from the road. They reported a crazy woman as the sole inhabitant. She appeared to me the dirtiest and most utterly wretched object I ever saw. Her tongue ran ceaselessly. Her wild look, long matted hair, bare arms and feet made her an undesirable acquaintance, yet she had seen better days and I turned away with thoughts that I shall never forget, but which was brought forcibly to my mind by reading a short sketch of the late war in a recent number of the Philadelphia Press entitled, "A Stray Shot." It went on to say, as near as I can now recollect, that during the first of the war a fight took place near Cumberland Gap between Union and Confederate cavalry. A house nearby was occupied by a woman and two children, aged, respectively, four and six years. During the fight in the fields close by the children had wandered out along the fence attracted by the firing and shouting of the charging squadrons. As the Confederates withdrew the mother went in anxious search for her children. She had looked the field over without success. Darkness coming on she was wild with grief and fear. Observing a light she approached and found some Union soldiers looking for dead and wounded comrades. They gladly continued the search with her and soon the glad "Hello" was heard. "Here they are!" Sure enough there they lay cuddled close together by the fence in the tall grass and weeds fast asleep. One awoke but the other lay quiet and still and not until one of the soldiers held the lantern close did they discover a little hole in its temple where the stray ball had so quickly put it to sleep—its mate unconscious of the true state of affairs. This sudden transition from joy to heartrending sorrow was too much for the mind of the mother to bear and she became at once a raving maniac. Can it be possible

that that mother was the same we saw in that miserable hut just south of Cumberland Gap? It may be.

Among other ranges of mountains that we crossed was Wild Cat Mountain, the scene of a former battle. This mountain I considered very appropriately named, for I do not remember having seen a place so poorly finished up as Wild Cat Mountain. In due course of time we reached Tazewell, the county seat of Claibourne County. This was the first county seat I ever saw without any buildings at all. The bare brick and stone chimneys and walls were all that remained of a once pretty mountain village. I do not remember of seeing one inhabitant. It was desolation personified. By whom the place was destroyed I never knew. The country, so far as I could see, was virtually depopulated, and I believe a crow would have needed extra rations to have crossed that country in safety.

The view from the top of Clinch Mountain was magnificent. Our view extended across three counties to the southeast, Grainger, Hamblen and Cocke, whose entire population in 1860 was just about that of Tioga County, Pa.

The Smoky Mountains were just discernible in the dim distance. We looked down upon a vast forest, seemingly, which reminded me of the waves of the ocean. To the south the outlines of the mountains and lower ridges were lost to view in the smoky haze. The prospect looked forbidding indeed to hungry soldiers. Our descent was precarious but rapid. A shelving rock formed the road most of the way down. The wagons were kept upright by ropes, the men holding on and clambering along the mountain on the upper side.

One of the beautiful and sequestered streams of East Tennessee is Powell River. As we crossed on the bridge I halted to look down into its even and pebbly bottom, its clear and sparkling waters. Its steep banks, heavily wooded, effectually excluded the rays of the sun. I involuntarily thought of my fish line and looked for the speckled beauties which I have no doubt were there. Clinch River, a larger stream of cold and pure water, was forded without mishap of a serious nature beyond a few duckings and a few lacerated feet on the sharp ledge of rocks which formed a kind of apron upon which we waded across. The first and only paw paws I ever saw we found upon its banks. The tree or bush reminded me of the sumac; and the fruit looks and tastes like the banana. As we struck

the valley of the Holston the country improved. We camped near Morristown on the railroad and a hungrier lot of fellows I had not yet seen. A neighboring grist mill was raided and the boys of the Forty-fifth at least have reason to remember our first supply of flour rations in Tennessee. It was not the fault of the cooks that our flannel cakes did not lay quiet upon our hungry stomachs for the ingenuity displayed in getting that flour into an edible shape was simply wonderful. Yet the lack of seasoning and shortening had something to do with it. We learned that the wheat had grown or sprouted and had soured, making what was denominated "sick flour," which as soon as swallowed began to raise and work like yeast. Thus our stomachs became yeast jugs and not a few ran over.

Our march down the river to Knoxville was more endurable. I well remember being out one time until 1 A. M., hunting sheep by moonlight. The next day our haversacks had fattened up considerably on fried mutton.

The wide undulating flats, with their green grassy appearance, ornamented quite often by large brick dwellings, gave me a good impression of the country. The fine large springs, the adjacent and precipitous hills heavily wooded with chestnut and rock oak made it still more desirable. We passed Panther Springs, where a little old fashioned grist mill was run by its waters alone, also Strawberry Plains, the site of a female seminary. Thus we reach Knoxville, our objective point for the present and camped about one mile north of the town.

Our march of 200 miles had rendered us anything but corpulent, our cartridge box belts were taken up to the last hole, but with a liberal allowance of fresh bread, beef and pork we soon made a more presentable appearance and were actually spoiling for a fight. Our duties were light, money was plenty, foraging and sky-larking not a necessity, yet it was indulged in to quite an extent. With your permission I will relate one of my own narrow escapes, which were common to all old soldiers. I had with others a longing desire to eat some of the "garden sass" of East Tennessee. This desire grew to a necessity made stronger every day as I noticed on my way to and from Knoxville a fine looking garden enclosed by a high tight board fence in the rear of a neat looking house. Selecting a favorable night, myself and another brave and daring spirit, repaired in a quiet manner to the above locality. After a

hurried consultation we determined to attack the enemy on the rear left flank. Your humble servant constituted the skirmish line while the heavier line of battle was brought up by accomplice. Peering over the top of the fence all seemed "quiet on the Potomac." Cautiously as possible I scaled the fence and was feeling about for vegetables, not forgetting to watch the back stoop, I had ventured within about 30 feet of the back porch when I heard a slight rustling sound issue from there and presently a low growl as two large dogs moved to the front—a lively imagination making them just discernible. I shot past my comrade hissing between my teeth "Dogs." I had suddenly changed my mind about caring for any garden truck that night. At a safe distance outside my comrade joined me, where we surveyed the field congratulating ourselves upon our miraculous escape and adding to our stock of experience some valuable lessons—but no vegetables.

Engagement at Blue Springs

Finally, it was reported that a large force of Confederates under command of Major General Sam Jones were concentrating at or near Greenville, for an attack on Burnside. The menacing attitude of these forces soon cut short our stay in this pleasant camp; for at three o'clock on the morning of October 3d (just six days after our arrival), we received orders to be ready to march at 8 A. M., in light marching order, with five days' rations and 40 rounds of ammunition. Promptly at the appointed hour we marched to the line of the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad and after considerable delay (unaccountable to us), we boarded a train of box and flat cars and were soon slowly moving up the line toward Bull's Gap, about 60 miles from Knoxville, where we arrived late in the afternoon, alighted and camped for the night with the other regiments of our brigade. The next day, October 4th, the First Brigade marched four miles beyond Bull's Gap and encamped in the fields near the roadside. Here we found some of the troops of the Twenty-third Corps, who had preceded us, two regiments of General Shackelford's cavalry, and a regiment of Tennessee infantry, who reported the enemy posted in a strong position at Blue Springs, about three miles from our camp, closely watched by their cavalry pickets. We remained here until the 10th, evidently waiting for reinforcements, for the conditions savored strongly of a fight. On the morning of October 10th we marched out of this camp with

the weird music of Scotch bagpipes as an accompaniment, the Seventy-ninth New York (Highlanders) being in the lead. We marched leisurely, vacating the road several times for squadrons of cavalry to pass to the rear, and once a battery of artillery passed to the front. It was nearing noon when the sound of artillery firing in front told us the engagement at Blue Springs was on.

It was about this time that we were halted on the road to let General Burnside and staff pass to the front, and as usual, he had no use for a head covering while passing his old line troops of the first division; for we always gave him the glad welcome in no uncertain tones. The sound of artillery firing increased and our pace was quickened. We soon passed through a strip of woodland through which the road ran, filed to the left a short distance from the road and halted, with the other regiments of the brigade near by. We were left in this position till about the middle of the afternoon. Out on our front across the road (which bore away to the left here), and to the right and left, was open field, which extended to the base of a wooded ridge, distant about four or five hundred yards. Some of the troops of the Twenty-third Corps, principally cavalry and mounted infantry, with several batteries of artillery had been engaging the enemy nearly all day. The Rebels offered a stubborn resistance, holding them in check at all points. Finally, about 4 P. M., General Fererro was ordered to move up the First Division of the Ninth Corps and endeavor to drive out the enemy from the woods on his front and break the center of their line. Upon receipt of this order the Forty-fifth, led by Lieutenant Colonel Francis M. Hills, was immediately ordered forward into the wooded ridge, where we were deployed as skirmishers to cover the front of the First Brigade, relieving the dismounted cavalry on that part of the line, who withdrew silently from our front and passed through our line to the rear. We had not yet come in touch with the Johnnies and did not know just where they were, and we didn't care to have them know where we were, for we wanted our introduction to be sudden and short, knowing it would not be sweet or pleasant, however warm it might be. Thus we lay there resting quietly (and perhaps thinking seriously) while waiting for the formation of our lines in rear, and the order to advance. This consumed considerable time; but the waiting suspense was changed suddenly into quick activity about five o'clock, when the order in crisp, yet low distinct tones, passed rapidly along our line, "Attention! Skirmishers, Forward Guide—Center, Quick March." Instantly our line

pushed up swiftly through the wooded ridge and soon emerged near the summit into an open field. Still on the thin line swept up over the summit; and as we began to descend the more gentle slope beyond, we received a fierce hot fire from a strong line of the enemy posted at the edge of another big strip of woods, not much over a hundred yards distant. Our line halted and stood firm in the open, returning a deliberate fire at the partially concealed Rebels for a few moments, when above the crack of our noisy Springfields there rang out this clear command—"Forward!" which I believe came from our nervy cool-headed Lieutenant Colonel F. M. Hills, who was always found on the firing line directing his men when in action. The whole line promptly dashed forward on a run toward the enemy and before we had covered more than half the intervening space, the whole Rebel line on our front fled in confusion through the woods, pursued by our line in unbroken front, after resuming again the quick time march to preserve our alignment, firing at intervals at the retreating Rebels whenever opportunity presented. We had thus broken their center and driven everything in on our front, to and beyond the batteries on their reserve line, which we unmasked just before dark. Two of these batteries opened on us with a sharp fire of shell and canister after our line had been halted by orders from General Ferro. We were then within 250 yards of their guns. Notwithstanding this, we suffered no serious loss from their noisy cannonade; our left being well protected by woods and our right, in the open, by a ravine. We remained in line in this position all night, with pickets thrown out in front. Preparations were made to attack again at daylight, but when morning came we found the enemy had gone. The cavalry was sent in hot pursuit, with our First Brigade following suit. We followed them to Rheatown, north of Greenville, 20 miles from Blue Springs. On this march we saw much evidence of sharp maneuvering and running fights by the cavalry, cross fences thrown down, splintered and torn where stands were made, and those by the roadside bore the evidence of flying missiles delivered in running fights. This and the occasional sight of a dead cavalryman in blue or gray, told us plainly the stirring nature of the pursuit. The enemy continued its retreat to the borders of Virginia pretty well scattered and pursued by our cavalry. The Ninth Corps was ordered back to Knoxville. We marched back through Greenville to Henderson Station, where we got aboard

cars and reached Knoxville, and our old camp, in the evening of November 14th.

While here a little of the interesting history of Parson Brownlow, the fighting parson, came under my notice which I wish to relate. My chum, James E. Catlin, must have been preoccupied that day for I was alone and went into town on a new street in the western part of the town. As I approached Main street I saw a troop of cavalry, escorting a closed carriage, turn and come down the street toward me. I halted at the fence for them to pass, but as they came to a plain wood colored building a few rods from me they halted and an old man alighted. From a picture I had seen I recognized Parson Brownlow. His black servants greeted him warmly and he seemed glad to get home. I think the next day Captain Chase handed me a copy of the Knoxville Whig, wherein Brownlow informed the people of Knoxville that he had kept his promise, viz., that in just two years from the time of his banishment he would return to Knoxville and again issue the "Knoxville Whig." Brownlow was a man of strong convictions, an ardent Union man and rather belligerent withal. The strongest and most fiery epithets were hurled with all his power at his cowardly political enemies. Through the columns of the "Whig" no hell was deep enough or hot enough into which he would consign the enemies of his country, who threatened his life, arrested and confined him in his own house. Still he defied them. Kill him, they dare not, for his family would raise up to take his place. Finally he was forced to cross the Ohio making that pathetic promise which he so truthfully and almost miraculously fulfilled.

Some time after our return from Blue Springs we left Knoxville and followed the railroad south to Lenoir Station, about 28 miles from Knoxville. Here we were ordered to build huts for the winter. In one week we had completed our camp. Our huts were models of comfort. The rock oak of Tennessee could be split into boards or planks with which our officers' quarters were erected, some of them being quite artistic in design. We had settled down to real comfortable camp life; in fact we, the common soldiers, expected to stay there during the winter. We did not know that General Longstreet was even then meditating the capture of Burnside's forces, thus interfering with our well laid plans for a quiet winter. The news of his advance reached us about 1 A. M., November 14th. It was very dark and a very wet and quiet

rain was falling as the long roll sounded and the commands rang through our streets, "Pack up, pack up." Our dog tents were wrung out and hurriedly packed and I think that within 30 minutes we were in line, ready to march.

The Retreat from Lenoir

The rain continued and we were ordered to stack arms, with tomponions in guns, and await further orders. The rain increased and the forenoon passed. Finally at twelve o'clock (noon), in a drenching rain storm we marched out from our snug winter camp headed for Loudon and the enemy, then crossing the Tennessee River at Huff's Ferry below, about eight miles distant. We reached Loudon about 3 P. M., and were placed in position to support White's troops of the Twenty-third Corps, who were engaged with the enemy. As night came on our brigade marched a short distance, deployed in line of battle and remained there all night, with orders *not to sleep* as the enemy was on our front. The rain continued to drizzle all night and for our comfort we had the choice of two alternatives, lie on the soaked ground or stand up in the rain. The lowering clouds, drizzling rain and impenetrable darkness that prevailed over all no doubt prevented the enemy from disturbing us, for they were present in greatly superior numbers on our front and right. 'Twas thus we uncomplainingly worried through that miserable night.

At early dawn we began moving back to Lenoir's, preceded by our artillery, still raining in occasional gusty showers, just sufficient to keep us comfortably cool, roads terribly cut up by the passage of our artillery, and the mud ankle deep, with no choice of footing. It was Sunday, but the conditions with us were not favorable for the expression of religious sentiments and if the contrary prevailed, I think it excusable in this instance. We reached Lenoir's about 3 P. M., and the first division under Fererro was placed in position on a ridge opposite our winter camp, facing west, with a line of skirmishers thrown out to cover all approaches from that direction. About 4 P. M., the enemy's skirmishers in strong force appeared in our front and attempted to push in our advance, but were soon checked by the fire of our skirmishers and a few shells from Roemer's battery. Soon after this some changes were made in the line of the First Brigade, which placed the Forty-fifth in a woods, on the left of a road that led over the ridge westward, and

as night was closing in, the skirmish line on our brigade front, under command of Lieutenant Ephraim Jeffers, of Company G, was drawn in closer to the main line. Under these conditions we entered upon our second night of sleepless, watchful vigil, with lowering clouds overhead and the somber gloom of the woods and night enveloping us in impenetrable darkness.

About 10:30 P. M., the enemy crept up in the darkness and attempted to drive in our skirmishers, but were repulsed and quiet reigned during the remainder of the night.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 16th our division withdrew quietly from the lines at Lenoir and began the march up the Lenoir road on the way to Knoxville, marching in the following order: The Second Brigade in advance, followed by the First (ours), with the Third Brigade, under Colonel Humphrey, covering the rear. General Hartranft's division with the artillery had gone on during the night, and by morning had covered the junction of the Lenoir and Kingston roads, thus securing our line of retreat and the protection of our wagon train that preceded us.

The enemy followed us at once but showed no disposition to press us until within two miles of Campbell Station, when they began to press heavily on the rear but were held in check by Humphrey. When we had nearly reached the junction of the Lenoir and Kingston roads, Humphrey's brigade was placed hurriedly in position across the Lenoir road, facing south, to hold in check the enemy still pressing our rear from that direction, while our brigade under Colonel Morrison connected on their right, facing west, and reaching to the Kingston road, thus forming a right angle, covering the junction. In this position we became sharply engaged with the enemy for about 40 minutes, holding them in check to cover the retirement of one of Hartranft's brigades and a battery of artillery, coming in on the Kingston road, followed by McLaws' division of Confederate infantry, which was then advancing in solid line of battle from the west, with no skirmishers preceding them.

At the same time a part of Humphrey's brigade, with a volley and cheer, charged the enemy on their front, driving them back a short distance on the Lenoir road. This was the last stand made to cover the retirement of troops past the junction of roads mentioned and was very timely as well as successful. The two brigades under orders were immediately retired in good order to the new line established beyond the creek at Campbell Station, where our

brigade was placed in position on the right. The enemy consumed much time in their preparations for advance, but when they did advance, their lines soon overlapped ours on both flanks and we soon found it expedient to fall back to a still higher elevation over which the road ran, with a fine view in our front. There were no heavy engagements that night, but a steady skirmish was kept up and our lines fell back slowly. By 3 P. M. they advanced in two lines of battle a quarter of a mile in extent, I should judge. Our batteries played upon them with good effect but did not seriously impede them. The firing was brisk on the skirmish line all the time, but I don't remember of any heavy engagements that afternoon. We also got some guns in position toward night that did some damage. How we longed for night. We knew it was our only chance. By dark we were hard pressed, for I could see their lines overlapping ours. They were well around our flanks. You may imagine one narrow muddy road jammed full with a retreating army, on a dark night. Thus, more dead than alive we reached Knoxville 5 A. M., the 17th, and lay down in our places for a little rest, but before long we were busy with pick and shovel. At the end of a week our works were completed. Skirmishing and the attempt of the enemy to advance and extend their lines were of daily occurrence and sometimes were very severe. Our outer fortifications were formidable; outside the line of rifle pits, tree tops trimmed of all small limbs and piled close together pointing outward. On top of our pits were placed two logs with loop holes. In our rear were other lines of rifle pits and still back near the town our batteries on higher ground. Knoxville is situated on the west side of the Holston River and our lines encompassed it on the west. The Forty-fifth occupied the extreme left next to the river south of the town. Aside from a number of severe shellings, no fighting took place on our part of the line. Scarcity of rations was a great inconvenience. I bought bread of citizens. Toward the end of the siege we received shipments of fresh pork from the loyal people east of the river, which they rafted down the river under cover of darkness. I remember going out on picket several mornings with short rations of fried fresh pork with no salt as our entire rations for the day and night, glad to get that. Our facilities for foraging were few and extremely hazardous. One day a cow was allowed to innocently wander to our lines along the river bank. She never returned alive, but Company K had beef. So of a fine porker whose owner kept a vigilant eye upon him day and night. But one dark

night, by some strategy I never knew about, that fine pig disappeared and was never seen again by its owner, although he lived only about 15 rods in the rear of our line and his hog pen joined his house. Some ludicrous things happened on the picket line as well as in camp, of which I will relate only one. Across the river and opposite the extreme left of our picket line is a rocky and precipitous hill. Our pickets had dug pits along the line a few rods apart sufficient to screen two or three men. The flat was quite level back from the river for perhaps about 60 rods. One day as our pickets were lounging about they were surprised to hear a rifle ball whiz close to them, and bury itself in the sand at their feet. They soon discovered the enemy well up on the mountain and firing down at them at an angle of about 45 degrees. The pits close by gave them no security so they cut loose for a more secure place. A number of rods out from the river the head man piled into a hole, and as they came up each one on top of his predecessor, the last man simply shielding those under him. Contrary to the general order of things it began to get interesting for the top man. His only refuge seemed to be a large tree some 20 rods to the westward and this he determined to reach, for the Rebel sharpshooters were getting his range almost perfect. Bounding to his feet he buckled to it reaching the tree in safety. The Johnnies enjoyed it hugely, but the next day they had to retreat. Our batteries shelled them out. Our camp life was quiet. In fact we began to think that our chances were slim for getting out of Tennessee except via Richmond. This was freely talked of by our regiment and company officers, yet we had great confidence in General Burnside. Starvation or capture was actually staring us in the face. I was not surprised therefore to find that a vacancy existed in my internal commissary department that nothing would fill better than a little parched corn. I made this discovery one dark evening and immediately repaired to the stables. I was in time, the crunching of corn was plainly heard. Avoiding the darky hostlers who were gathered about the fires in an adjoining room I carefully took one or two ears from each mule or horse by reaching through between the logs. Only once was I noticed as a mule jumped back at the sight of my arm.

“What’s de matter wid dat mule dah,” exclaimed the old darkey; but as I kept quiet he again seated himself and I returned to quarters to have a real treat which the boys enjoyed with me, and no questions asked.

On the eve of November 28th we were ordered to be more vigilant. Every man was in the pits; evidently something was going to happen. We looked for an assault on our lines somewhere. During that long and dreary night just before daybreak Sergeant Catlin drew my attention to a queer pattering sound that came up from across the river. It proved to be a heavy force of Rebel cavalry picketing their horses. (General John T. Morgan with two brigades of cavalry, that afternoon, reported to General E. M. Law, who was in command of Rebel forces on the south side of the river.) It was daybreak. All was quiet in front when all at once the roar of small arms with an occasional cannon shot broke upon our ears from our right. We knew the crisis had come and I for one was busy thinking of the possible consequences. Soon the firing ceased and the news ran along the line. The enemy had been repulsed at Fort Sanders. Instead of going up to see the field as many of the boys did I took a bee line for the city to get my boots repaired for I knew we would have some marching to do right away. Longstreet's army was soon after on its way North and our troops in pursuit. The effects of the battle I got from eye witnesses under flag of truce and its details from almost every one I saw. Fort Sanders as I remembered it was an earth work, 330x240 feet, perhaps, on the top mounting ten cannon. On three sides it was surrounded by a ditch about ten feet deep from the bottom of which to the top of the fort was 20 feet and very steep. Telegraph wire was firmly strung close to the edge of the ditch and about six inches high. (See Benjamin's report.) As the front line of the enemy reached the wire they pitched headlong into the ditch. They wavered but the oncoming lines forced more over. Longstreet had hurled seven or eight of his best regiments and becoming demoralized at first at seeing so many disappear and go down on the front line I understood it was with great difficulty the Rebel officers could prevent an immediate rout. The fort swarmed with our men who with axes and bayonets fought back those who succeeded in getting near the top while others lighted and tossed hand grenades over into the struggling mass. The struggle was short. Every Rebel that got into that ditch was either killed or captured. Their loss was reported to be 800, about 200 being killed and wounded. On my way back to the regiment I saw the prisoners in a stockade. I took them to be Tennesseans for they were tall, fine looking men, many of them I understood were citizens of Knoxville and hence had a double motive for mak-

ing the assault a success. We followed Longstreet some 50 miles north when he turned upon us and we retreated several miles without battle.

Some fighting took place farther to the right in our hearing, but we saw no more of him and fell back to Blaine's Crossroads, 40 miles north of Knoxville and went into winter quarters with the country as our principal commissary. On January 1st, 1864, nearly all of the Forty-fifth re-enlisted. Our foot gear and wearing apparel was not commensurate with our needs at that time of the year. The ground had frozen to the depth of four inches and a snow had fallen. We left Tennessee with no vain regrets, for after I had thought about it for a spell I felt very well satisfied to go home and see my best girl awhile. Our homeward journey was without mishap. Some of the boys had supplied themselves with rawhide moccasins for the march. But before noon as the roads thawed out they lost all semblance to moccasins and had to be abandoned. As we reached Barboursville and encamped for the night nearly the whole regiment made it the occasion to celebrate our exit from Tennessee. However, we were all right the next morning. I noticed after we passed town a great number of new frying pans strapped to the boys' knapsacks. Two or three miles out Colonel Curtin halted the regiment while the owner passed along and gathered in his pans. That was about the last chance the boys had. The sight of a dead mule had ceased to attract our attention and under the stimulus of seeing friends and home with the help of many a canteen of apple jack, we joyfully and merrily retraced our steps toward the land of schoolhouses, churches and a people who it seemed to me were imbued with a higher appreciation of the object and aims of life and above all else more loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

CHAPTER VII

**THE ITINERARY OF THE EAST TENNESSEE
CAMPAIGN**

BY LIEUTENANT THOMAS J. DAVIES.

The following is a brief narrative itinerary of the Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, embracing all the marches and important military movements and engagements of the regiment in the East Tennessee campaign from August 25th, 1863, to January 16th, 1864, and the return home on furlough after re-enlistment. Compiled by Lieutenant T. J. Davies from daily diaries, notes and letters written at the time.

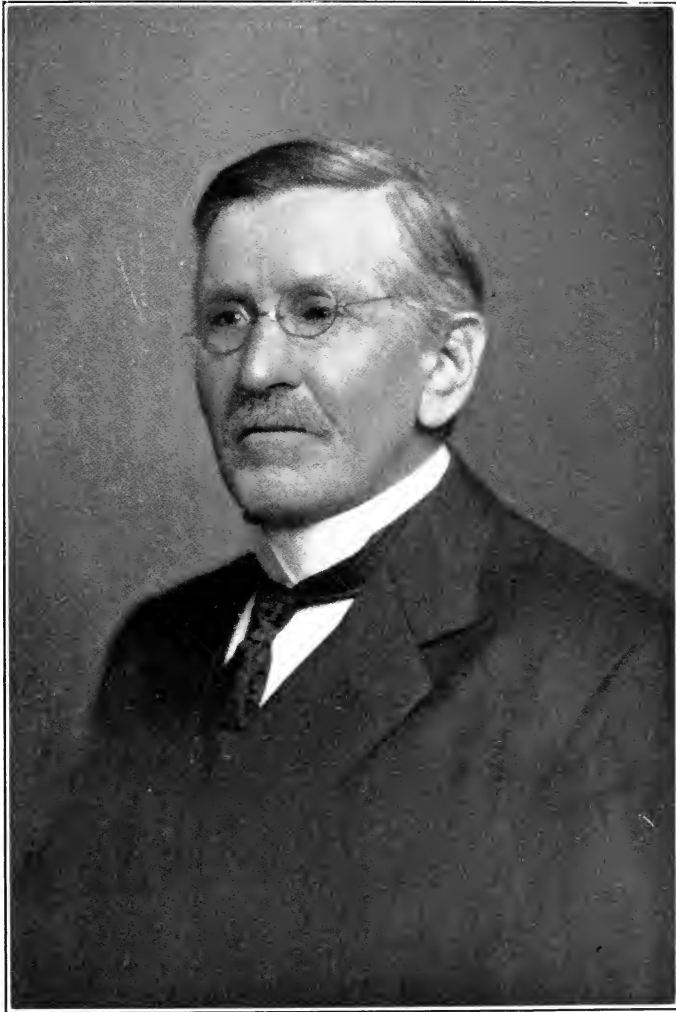
August 25th, 1863. The Forty-fifth Regiment was encamped near Nicholasville, Ky. Owing to casualties and sickness incident to the Mississippi campaign it numbered less than 200 men present for duty at that date. It was commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Francis M. Hills and was a part of the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Corps, consisting of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, Eighth Michigan, Seventy-ninth New York and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, under the command of Colonel David Morrison of the Seventy-ninth New York. The brigade numbered about 1,000, including officers, and in nearly all the subsequent movements and actions during this campaign it was directed and operated as a unit against the enemy.

August 27th. Forty-fifth marched to Lancaster, Ky.

August 28th. Marched to Crab Orchard, Ky., 33 miles from Nicholasville, and encamped there for 12 days, awaiting the assembling of the remainder of the first division and the supply train. About 65 convalescent sick joined us here, also a few who returned from furloughs home.

September 10th. The regiment started on the march over the mountains for Knoxville, Tenn., carrying eight days' rations, and 40 rounds of ammunition per man, and all our personal effects on our backs. After marching three days over hilly, rocky, miserable roads, we encamped about three miles north of London, Ky., on the evening of the twelfth; the first stage of our journey, having marched 42 miles.

September 13th. Remained in camp. Signed the pay rolls.



Second Lieut. Thomas J. Davies
Company G

September 14th. Started at 5 A. M. After passing through London met 2,200 Rebel prisoners captured at Cumberland Gap, on their way north under guard. Roads in better condition. Marched 15 miles.

September 15th. Started at 5 A. M. Marched to Barbourville, the county seat of Knox County, Ky., on the Cumberland River; distance, 15 miles.

September 16th. Started at 5 A. M. Marched up the Cumberland River ten miles to Flat Lick and encamped. Received two months' pay. Second stage of march, covering 40 miles.

September 17th. Remained here waiting for supply train to come up. Heavy rain storm came on. Rained all night.

September 18th. Still in camp. Raining, soaking everything, except our cartridges and greenbacks.

September 19th. Moved at 6 A. M. Marched 14 miles and camped. Evening cold and chilly.

September 20th. Marched at 6 A. M. Reached Cumberland Gap about noon. Encamped about one mile south of Gap. Distance, 14 miles.

East Tennessee

September 21st. Started at 5:30 A. M. Reached Tazewell, Claibourne County, by noon. Crossed Powell River, then Clinch Mountain, over rocky, shelving roads; dangerous for the passage of wagons and artillery. Encamped within two miles of Clinch River. Marched 20 miles. Posted pickets; the first on this march.

September 22d. Moved at 5 A. M. Forged Clinch River. Emerged from foothills into the Holston Valley, forded the Holston River; reached Morristown on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad at sundown; marched 22 miles; the third stage of march, covering 70 miles.

September 23d. Resting in camp.

September 24th. Broke camp at 1 P. M., enroute for Knoxville. Marched beyond Panther Springs and camped by the roadside at 8 P. M. Weather fair; roads dusty.

September 25th. Marched at daylight. Stopped an hour at Strawberry Plains for dinner. Marched 20 miles. Encamped at sundown.

September 26th. Moved at daylight. Reached the vicinity of Knoxville about 11 A. M. Encamped in woods one mile northeast of town and half mile from Holston River. Distance from Morristown to Knoxville 40 miles. Total from Nicholasville, Ky., 225 miles.

We remained in camp at Knoxville six days. The enemy were reported as concentrating in a threatening attitude at Blue Springs, near Greenville.

October 3d. At 3 A. M., regiment aroused and ordered to be ready to move at 8 A. M., in light marching order with five days' rations in haversacks and 40 rounds of ammunition per man. Promptly at 8 A. M., marched to line of railway, entrained, and were transported to Bull's Gap, about 60 miles northward.

October 4th. Marched four miles farther toward Blue Springs and encamped with the other regiments of the brigade. Remained here five days. Our cavalry in touch with the enemy; some skirmishing near Blue Springs.

October 10th. Marched to Blue Springs (about five miles). At 5 P. M., the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania was deployed as skirmishers covering the front of the First Brigade and later moved forward into action, charged on Rebel center, broke their line, drove it back a third of a mile onto their reserves in support of their batteries, uncovering the latter just at the moment we were ordered to halt by orders from General Fererro. It was now getting dark. We remained in line where we were all night. The loss of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania in this engagement in killed and wounded was 22; none captured or missing.

October 11th (Sunday.) Found the enemy had retreated during the night. We marched in pursuit to Rheatown, 20 miles from Blue Springs.

October 12th. Remained at Rheatown. Our cavalry still following enemy toward Virginia line.

October 13th. We are ordered back to Knoxville. Marched back through Greenville to Henderson Station, a distance of 16 miles, and encamped.

October 14th. Boarded cars for Knoxville. Reached our old camp near Knoxville in the evening and remained there during the next five days.

October 20th (Tuesday.) Marched at 7 A. M., southward. At noon heard cannonading in the direction of Loudon. Encamped at sundown. Marched 15 miles.

October 21st. Started at 6 A. M. Commenced to rain at ten o'clock and continued all day. Camped (near Lenoir Station), at 11 A. M., with orders to remain until next day. Marched ten miles.

October 22d. Morning clear and warmer. Moved at 2 P. M. Crossed Holston river on pontoon bridge at Loudon (on south bank) and encamped one mile beyond town at 5 P. M. Marched six miles.

October 23d. In camp. Rained all day and into the night.

October 24th. Weather clear and colder. At 2 P. M. struck tents and formed line of battle, the enemy reported advancing from the south. Remained in line till dark, but no enemy came.

October 25th (Sunday.) Cold and clear. All quiet in front. Had divine service in the afternoon.

October 26th. This morning Rebel cavalry captured a part of our supply train inside of our picket lines. A large force of our cavalry went out in pursuit.

October 27th. Heavy detail from the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania sent out to the front on picket duty.

October 28th. Marched at 4 A. M. Recrossed the Holston River over the pontoon bridge. Halted two miles from the river and remained there five hours. Then marched back to Lenoir Station. Marched eight miles.

October 29th. Morning cold and foggy. At 3 P. M. moved a mile from Lenoir Station and into a piece of woods, where we encamped for the night, and were ordered to build winter quarters there. This order embraced all the regiments in the First Brigade.

October 30th. The camp was staked out in regulation form by the proper officers. It required a full week of hard work to complete our winter cabins and the officers' quarters, and several more days to clean up our company streets and the regimental color line, where we line up on dress parade (but never did there.) We have drawn no clothing since August. This constant marching and hard work are hard on our uniforms. They are getting quite frowsy and frazzled and especially our footwear. The government brogans (shoes) that we get are good, but they are nearly worn out now. Our regular government rations has been reduced to

about one-half what we used to get out in God's good country, but there is no grumbling. Men are healthy and feeling good, expecting to enjoy our winter rest in good quarters.

November 9th (Monday.) Weather very cold with light flurries of snow and heavy frost at night. Men repairing cabins to make them warmer.

November 10th. Hard frost last night. Rebel cavalry appeared along the south bank of the Holston River where our pickets are guarding all crossings and approaches about three miles from camp. Orders issued, "No fires allowed along the picket lines."

November 11th. Regiment ordered into line before daylight, expecting an attack from the enemy; none came. Weather moderating. Afternoon pleasant.

November 12th. Detail from the regiment sent out to build approach for a bridge across Holston River.

November 13th. All quiet along the lines.

November 14th (Saturday.) Regiment fell into line at daylight. Stacked arms; then ordered to break camp, pack up and be ready to move on a moment's notice. It soon began to rain. We moved out of this camp at noon in a drenching rain storm and marched to a point opposite Loudon, thence along the road leading to Huff's Ferry, where the Rebel forces under General Longstreet were then crossing the Holston River. Were formed into line of battle about 7 P. M. (after dark), in close proximity to the enemy and ordered to keep perfectly quiet and not sleep. Marched nine miles. The rain continued all night.

November 15th (Sunday.) Roads in terrible condition, mud ankle deep. At 5 A. M., withdrew quietly from in front of the enemy and marched leisurely back to Lenoir Station, arriving there about 4 P. M., and were immediately ordered into position, with the other regiments of the First Brigade, on a ridge west of the Station, facing west. A detachment of 25 men from the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, under command of Lieutenant Ephraim Jeffers of Company G, was thrown forward to picket the crossroad leading to Huff's Ferry, and were posted two miles in advance in a gap overlooking the valley beyond. They were attacked by the enemy in force, already formed and advancing toward our position covering Lenoir Station. Jeffers immediately deployed his pickets as skirmishers and fought their advance stubbornly, retiring slowly,

holding his men well in hand. Soon after the firing commenced the Eighth Michigan Regiment were deployed as skirmishers and sent forward to support Jeffers in his brave fight. This small force with the assistance of Roemer's battery, near our battle line, which threw two or three shells into their ranks, checked their further advance, and held them till nightfall. The promptness and coolness displayed by Jeffers and his men in their determined fight against overwhelming numbers, delayed, and thus prevented, an attack on our position then only 500 yards in rear of our skirmish line. General Longstreet while personally examining our position with his field glass, from a high hill opposite, had discovered Jeffers and his pickets in the gap and immediately ordered General Jenkins to advance on our position, expecting to surprise us; but Jeffers' stubborn fight, and night coming on, prevented, that day. (See Longstreet's report, *Rebellion Records*, Series 1, Vol. 31, Part 1, Page 457; also McLaws' report, Page 481, and Col. David Morrison's, Page 355.) The enemy attacked our skirmish line again about midnight and were promptly repulsed. The night was very dark and damp, with drizzling rain. We were under arms again, this, the second night, without any sleep. Distance marched eight miles.

November 16th. At 5 A. M., (just before daylight), with accoutrements muffled, our line silently withdrew toward Lenoir Station, our skirmish line remaining to cover our retirement and watch the enemy. They silently withdrew also, and joined us on the Lenoir road, where we found the Third Brigade of our division (first), under Colonel Humphrey, in position to cover the retreat to Campbell Station. The roads were in a frightful condition after so much rain and the passage of our artillery and wagons that had preceded us during the night and day previous. We marched rapidly closely followed by the enemy. We reached the junction of Lenoir and Kingston road by 11 A. M., with the enemy pressing so hard upon our rear guard, that we were compelled to take position to check them, which was done in the following order. Humphrey's Third Brigade deployed to the right and left across the Lenoir road, facing south; the First Brigade faced west, its right resting on Kingston road, and its left connecting on the right of the Third Brigade, with the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania deployed as skirmishers on its front; the whole forming an angle covering the Junction and all approach from south and west. In this position we were fiercely assailed along our entire front. A spirited engagement en-

sued lasting about 30 minutes, near the close of which the Seventeenth and part of the Twentieth Michigan Regiments from the left of Humphrey's line, charged and drove the enemy back on the Lenoir road. This cleared our front also and gave them a decided check, under cover of which both brigades retired in good order to the new line established on the Campbell Station plain about a mile to the rear. Here the Forty-fifth was placed to support a battery. About 3:30 P. M., the battery was ordered to fall back to another position and the regiment followed and were later placed in support of Battery E, Second U. S. Artillery, on reserve line, where it remained till nearly dark when it began the night march back to Knoxville. During this day the writer, being deprived of more suitable footwear, marched five miles and fought till near the close of this engagement in his stocking feet and then was fortunate enough to secure from the quartermaster sergeant of the regiment a new pair of shoes that he carried with him, for they were the last pair of extras on hand at the time and no more came for us in that campaign. Distance marched, ten miles.

Siege of Knoxville

November 17th (Tuesday.) Marched all night last night. Reached Knoxville at 5 A. M., completely tired out. During the past 72 hours we have been continually under arms marching and fighting, or in line of battle within range of the enemy's guns, without a minute's sleep or undisturbed rest, in bad weather, over miserable roads, and in front of a largely superior force in numbers. But we have succeeded thus far in baffling Longstreet's army in our defensive retreat from Loudon to this place. We are now on reserve line in position to support our batteries, and trying to catch a little sleep or rest, expecting to be attacked any moment. Marched 14 miles last night.

November 18th. At 12:30 A. M., regiment went on fatigue duty, worked hard building intrenchments until 6 P. M. Heavy fighting out in front all day. The cavalry under General Sanders is trying to hold the enemy while we are intrenching.

November 19th. Before daylight regiment went out on picket line, relieving the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts. Picket line is intrenched; the right of our line engaged. During the night the cavalry retired from our front. The enemy is closing in around us.





Major General A. E. Burnside

November 20th. Regiment still on picket line. Raining in the afternoon and continued all night.

November 21st. Regiment relieved from picket line before daylight. Rain continued till noon.

November 22d (Sunday.) We are allowed only half rations of bread and meat. No small rations. Regiment in trenches all day and night, expecting an assault on our lines.

November 23d. Regiment changed position on line. Each regiment of First Brigade is assigned a portion of the works to fortify and defend at all hazards. The Forty-fifth has 600 yards to defend with about 200 men present for duty. The effective strength of First Brigade, November 20th, was 45 officers, 601 enlisted men, total, 646, an average of 162 per regiment. The monthly report of Company G, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers for November, dated November 30th, gives number present on duty two officers and 14 enlisted men, total 16. In the afternoon the enemy was discovered massing troops on our front in rear of their picket line. Nothing came of it.

November 24th. The Second Michigan Regiment made a sortie. Carried an advanced work of the enemy, but in turn was driven back with considerable loss.

November 25th. To-day the enemy attacked our lines on the heights on the south side of river. The side of mountain next to river is steep and sparcely wooded. From our position we could see the skirmish line engaged, could see the moving lines and the puffs of smoke from their guns but could not hear the reports. It was a novel scene, a real moving war picture set on nature's canvas, minus the noise. This was undoubtedly due to distance, atmospheric conditions and the river that intervened. No artillery was used. Not a sound to be heard where we were that would indicate the fight that was on. The enemy was repulsed and driven back.

November 26th. Weather cold. Heavy frosts. At 5 A. M., went out on picket with the detail from regiment. Slightly engaged, only firing occasional shots.

November 27th. Relieved from picket at 5 A. M. Rained at night. We are now subsisting on quarter rations of bread made from whole ground wheat unbolted (chop) and sometimes a little meat. But we manage to purloin some corn on the ear from the mules' corral to help out our stomachs, when the guards are not watching.

November 28th. Mist and fog. My messmate and I went into town to buy bread at a bakery we had heard of. Found a large crowd there on same errand. They would sell only one loaf to each man. We were required to pass in single file through a narrow railed-in passage by a window, where a pane of glass had been removed, pass in ten cents, receive our loaf and move on without stopping the line. By a simple ruse we got three loaves. For hungry men, they were a very orderly crowd. We were ordered to remain continually in the works ready at any moment to repel assault. About 11 P. M., the enemy drove in our pickets in front of Fort Sanders and the right of our line. Our pickets fell back to the works from the broken line.

November 29th (Sunday.) At daylight the enemy in heavy columns assaulted Fort Sanders and were soon repulsed with heavy loss—587 killed and wounded; captured, 226 prisoners, three battle flags and 500 stands of arms. Our loss, four killed, 11 wounded. Immediately after the repulse of the enemy's infantry at Fort Sanders I was directed by Colonel Hills to take the detail of pickets from the Forty-fifth and establish a new picket line to cover the front of our works, which was done by deploying them as skirmishers and moving forward into the woods near the old picket line. The morning was misty and difficult to see clearly any great distance. The enemy's batteries and ours all along the lines were engaged in a lively cannonade. A seething stream of hurtling shot and shell was screaming over our heads in a converging crossfire from east to west, while the flank fire of a Rebel battery on the heights south of the river is tearing down through the center of it, along our old abandoned picket line, with a crashing enfilade of bursting shells and nobody in it. It made a horribly terrifying racket, but whatever effect it had upon the lines on either side it did us no physical harm. One of the boys of Company G sat leaning against the trunk of a tree coolly writing in his diary and the following words are a part of his entry: "The artillery duel is awful. The shells are passing over my head like bees, while I am writing this." The cannonade lasted about 35 minutes, then gradually ceased after the enemy's infantry had resumed their former positions.

November 30th. All quiet on the Holston. After dark entrenched our new picket line.

December 1st. Very cold. Rations to-day a little cornmeal.

December 2d. Building abattis. Rations very scant.

December 3rd. All quiet. Very cold nights. Clothing poor.

December 4th. Two companies from the regiment sent out in the afternoon to feel of the enemy. Found them watchful.

December 5th. Enemy withdrew in the night going north. End of siege. Duration, 18 days.

December 6th (Sunday.) Resting. The losses in the Forty-fifth during the retreat from Loudon and siege of Knoxville: Wounded, 12; captured or missing, 11; total, 23.

December 7th. Received marching orders at 6 A. M. Moved at 7 A. M., without rations, in light order, leaving knapsacks and tents. Marched 12 miles. A comrade and I caught a hog that was running at large, killed it, skinned and cut out one ham. The rest went quickly.

December 8th. Started at noon. Marched seven miles and camped. Rained in the afternoon. Our advance in touch with enemy.

December 9th. Marched at 8 A. M. Regiment rear guard of the Ninth Corps. Encamped at Rutledge after a 12 mile march. Rations scarce, but the men feeling good.

December 10th. Lying in camp waiting for rations. Longstreet's army must be hungry, too. They have taken all the forage in sight. Inhabitants are mostly loyal Union men. I bought some cornmeal and sorghum syrup for my mess.

December 11th. Weather mild and pleasant. Drew a little flour, baked biscuits, ate them all at one meal. Our clothes are worn threadbare and ragged. Shoes ditto; many without any. We have one serviceable pair of cavalry boots in our mess of four. General Burnside relieved. General John G. Foster in command.

December 12th. Hungry and healthy. Men in fine spirits. We can live on one meal a day now, if there's enough of it. General Shackelford's cavalry covering our front, had a sharp fight with the enemy yesterday.

December 13th (Sunday.) Had regimental inspection this morning and divine service afterward. Rations, faith and cornmeal. Ordered at midnight to be ready to march at daylight. It rained in the afternoon; night rough and stormy.

December 14th. The enemy drove in our cavalry a short distance about dark.

December 15th. At 9 A. M., regiment deployed into line of battle. At 8 P. M., marched in retreat six miles, formed line again and remained till morning.

December 16th. At 9 A. M., marched in retreat to Blaines Cross Roads, seven miles, and formed line of battle on a rough ploughed field. The lines off on our right engaged in the afternoon. Enemy checked. It rained all night.

December 17th. Encamped in line of battle. Sharp skirmishing on our right (on the river road), this morning. Received two months' pay to-day.

December 18th. War Department Order No. 191, about reenlistments, read to the regiment. In line without shelter or proper clothing and weather turning cold. Tents and knapsacks still at Knoxville. No rations only as we forage and buy from loyal citizens.

December 19th. Cold raw wind and freezing with flurries of snow. To-day government ration, three tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt.

December 20th (Sunday.) The enemy's cavalry are on our front, but are shy. Our dog tents and knapsacks arrived to-day. All quiet during next three days. No change.

December 24th. Weather moderating. I went out with a foraging party. Secured three fat sheep and some cornmeal.

December 25th (Christmas.) Company G is feasting to-day on fresh mutton and cornmeal pudding. Many of the boys in the regiment are without shoes, but they are a jolly lot, when not too hungry.

December 26th. It began raining this morning and continued all day, making our line a very nasty place to stay in. Colonel John I. Curtin returned to the regiment to-day.

December 27th (Sunday.) Rain continued all night. Morning dark and gloomy and still raining some. After being in line of battle 12 days we are now ordered to encamp in woods nearby. It rained very hard before we got our little tents up and continued all night again. Are now allowed half rations, such as the commissary can provide.

December 28th. Weather moderating. Many of the men reenlisting.

December 29th. Weather pleasant.

December 30th. Sergeant David L. Bacon of Company G, and the writer went out foraging about five miles in the country, came to the Holston River at a ferry, borrowed the ferryman's (a darkey) rowboat, floated down stream three-quarters of a mile to a plantation on the other side, hid our boat, bought two canteens of sorghum molasses and a bushel of shelled corn of the old planter, age about 60, a good Union man. He gave us a good dinner. We backed our corn to the boat, floated down stream again nearly a mile to a mill, had it tolled and ground, told the miller to inform the darkey where his boat was, then lugged our forage across country to camp again by dark. We had to ford several creeks swollen by the recent rains nearly to our waists. This is only one instance of the difficulties we had to encounter in foraging for provisions.

December 31st. Regimental inspection and muster for pay. Weather rapidly growing cold again.

On January 1, 1864. Three-fourths of the surviving enlisted men of the Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry having re-enlisted in accordance with the conditions contained in General Order No. 191, issued by the U. S. War Department, the regiment was mustered out of service and immediately mustered in again for three years, or during the war, and thereafter from this date the regiment is officially designated and known as the "Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania, Veteran Volunteer Infantry."

January 1, 1864, was an exceedingly cold day for that latitude and the coldest in the recollection of the resident inhabitants up to that time; and for years afterwards was referred to by them, and is now, by all the surviving soldiers who served there that winter, as "the cold New Year's day." The intense cold continued for nearly five days, followed on the 6th by eight inches of snow. The ground was frozen hard to a depth of four inches. Our little duck tents pegged to the bare ground were no protection against the stinging cold that penetrated everywhere, and for many days in that camp on the bleak hillside we tramped to and fro between our little tents and a number of fires that were kept constantly replenished and burning day and night, in order to preserve the normal warmth of body necessary for a comfortable existence. These conditions continued with but slight variation in all the camps around us during the remainder of our stay there.

Under the conditions of our re-enlistment we were to have an immediate furlough home for 30 days. With a vision of home,

kindred and friends, with all that it meant to us then, continually looming up in our minds, we naturally became restless and eager to go. Colonel Curtin gave the regiment the choice of remaining until clothing and better rations arrived, or march as we were. We were heartily tired of the waiting program and voted unanimously to go at once, so on January 16th, with a scanty supply of cornmeal rations, we began our journey of 200 miles back over the mountains to Camp Nelson, Ky., the concluding march of this memorable campaign. The roads were in a horribly bad condition. When we had passed through Cumberland Gap we encountered another snow storm that came on in the night and the next day, a blustery one, the regiment marched in single file, changing companies to the front often, and all following in the one path. We reached Camp Nelson on the 25th of January. Here we drew new uniforms and had a general clean up, in preparation for home.

Thus endeth my story of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania in East Tennessee told in the simple brief manner it was chronicled at the time, the details of which I do not feel competent to portray in suitable language and would not if I could, for it is not a pleasant story with the half yet untold.

CHAPTER VIII

HOME ON VETERAN FURLOUGH

BY W. A. ROBERTS

About the 1st of January, 1864, over 400 men of the Forty-fifth Regiment re-enlisted "for three years more or during the war," thus securing for themselves a veteran furlough of 30 days at home and preserving their regimental organization. Other regiments did likewise. Notwithstanding all the hardships and sufferings they had just passed through, nothing daunted, they signified their willingness to re-enlist and fight three years more, if necessary, for the flag and the preservation of the Union. With a march of nearly 200 miles before them, over rough, mountainous roads, with rivers to ford, in mid-winter, with scarcely rations enough to keep body and soul together, and what was still worse, many of them without shoes, they broke camp on January 10th, 1864, and commenced the arduous march over the mountains via Cumberland Gap, arriving at Barboursville, Ky., January 21st. Here they received their first full rations in over four months, and were also supplied with shoes and clothes. After a short rest the regiment left Barboursville and marched to Nicholasville, where it took the train for Covington and crossed over the Ohio River by ferry to Cincinnati. Here the regiment remained a few days, anxiously awaiting transportation east. This was the third time we were in Cincinnati while in the service, and we were treated very kindly by the citizens. On or about the 6th of February we left for Harrisburg. Upon arriving at Pittsburg we received a warm welcome and a bountiful repast was prepared by the citizens of the "Smoky City." After thanking them for their generous hospitality we boarded the train for Harrisburg, where we arrived on February 8th and stacked arms. This being the capital of the State, and the place where we were organized as a regiment and mustered into the service at Camp Curtin, it was naturally expected that we would receive some consideration, and at least have a decent place of rendezvous for accommodation over night. But instead, we were quartered in a filthy old barracks and a "home guard" placed over us. Our officers soon gave the guards to understand that we were on veteran furlough, and that

they had no right to hold us. Consequently the boys scattered out and went where they pleased. My tent-mate, George W. Lehman, and myself engaged quarters at the Motter House on Market street. Next morning Companies B and K took the train for Columbia, 28 miles distant, where they arrived in due time and were accorded a most hearty welcome by the citizens of Columbia and surrounding towns who were at the depot in large numbers to meet their boys. The other companies of the regiment also went to their respective homes. It was one of the happiest of occasions to those whose sons had returned in safety; but a sad one to the parents, wives and sweethearts of those who had gone down in battle, or had died in rebel prisons from starvation and disease.

After spending thirty days' veteran furlough at home, and having a pleasant time generally, the hour came when we were obliged to say "good-bye." It was a sad parting, indeed, for well we knew it would be the last earthly meeting to many.

The Rendezvous at Annapolis—March to Washington and to the Wilderness

After reassembling at Harrisburg, the regiment, with many recruits, proceeded to Annapolis, Md., where it arrived on March 20th, 1864, and went into camp. It remained there until April 23d, following. This was the rendezvous for General Burnside's Ninth Corps. The Forty-fifth was assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps. Colonel John I. Curtin, a nephew of the "old war governor of Pennsylvania," commanded the regiment at that time. The division was composed of the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-sixth, and Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, and the Fourth and Seventh Rhode Island Regiments, every regiment having been recruited up to the maximum standard.

During our stay at Annapolis we witnessed one of the most heartrending sights that ever met our eyes—one that left a lasting impression upon our minds. It was an army of marching skeletons, just paroled from Rebel prisons and coming to Camp Parole. We wondered if it could be possible that in this day and age of civilization and enlightenment such treatment would be tolerated for a moment. Even though the poor unfortunates were prisoners of war they should at least have been treated like human beings. They

looked as though they had just risen from their graves, and the odor attending them was sickening, reminding one of the exhumation of dead bodies. It was a wonder to us how they could stand erect, let alone march, so thin and emaciated they were.

While lying in camp at Annapolis everybody had plenty of money and government rations were at a discount; consequently when we broke camp there was an oversupply in every tent. We "old vets" thought of the starvation times we experienced in East Tennessee and other campaigns, and when we saw the recruits throwing whole loaves of soft bread at each other before leaving camp, thought it proper to at least warn them that they would probably need that bread while on the march. The advice was treated lightly, with a few exceptions; but before we reached Washington city some of them were glad to accept a piece of bread from the old boys. Several of the boys thrust their bayonets through the loaves and carried them at "shoulder arms." I had three loaves on my bayonet, besides a haversack full, so I did not suffer any inconvenience from hunger while on the march from Annapolis to Washington. Of course, we shared our rations with those who had none, but reminded them of the old adage which reads, "Wilful waste makes woeful want."

The inhabitants residing along the route of the march from Annapolis to Washington certainly reaped a rich harvest in the way of clothing of all kinds, from government overcoats down to the finest of underwear of every description, besides various kinds of musical instruments, which the new men had brought from home and found too burdensome to carry. They were all right while in camp, or traveling by rail or boat; but when it came to carrying this surplus baggage on the march, besides the necessary accoutrements, consisting of knapsack, haversack, with several days' rations, canteen, cartridge box containing from 40 to 60 rounds of ammunition, and musket, it was perfectly natural for them to get rid of the unnecessary surplus, and they did, notwithstanding the fact that many of the articles cast away were valuable tokens from the dear ones at home.

We left camp at Annapolis, April 23d, and arrived at Washington on the 25th, where the whole Ninth Corps, with its new Fourth Division, composed of colored troops, was reviewed by President Lincoln, and then crossed the historical Long Bridge into Virginia.

After a three days' march the corps arrived at Bristow Station and did guard duty along the Danville & Richmond Railroad. On May 4th the corps proceeded via Warrenton Junction on its way to the Wilderness battlefield, crossing the north fork of the Rappahannock at ten o'clock in the morning and the Rapidan at Germania Ford about five o'clock in the evening, reaching the battlefield long after dark. Every soldier knew that we were about to participate in a battle, as the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry were heard long before reaching Germania Ford. The trail of the regiments preceding us was made plain by the thousands of playing cards strewn along the wayside, which they had discarded from their blouse pockets to make room for their testaments, which had reposed unopened, in many cases, for weeks, in their knapsacks. It was the general opinion that a copy of the Bible possessed a charm to resist the enemy's bullets. Later in the evening, while waiting for the coffee to boil, the brigade bands were playing popular airs to cheer the tired and footsore troops after their long and tedious march. The thoughts of the boys reverted to their loved ones, and they called for "Home, Sweet Home." As the bands responded, tears rolled down the cheeks of the veterans, and sobs were stifled with much effort. To add to the dismal effects of the situation, the whip-poor-wills and other wild night birds that inhabited this desolate region gave forth their uncanny notes when all else became quiet, which sent a thrill of horror through the breasts of the soldier boys and caused one of them to remark: "Ah, birdie, if I had your wings I wouldn't be in these 'diggings' very long." We slept for a few short hours, with our knapsacks strapped upon our backs and our muskets by our side, ready to fall in at a moment's notice. The order came to move before daylight on the morning of the 6th. Owing to the thick growth of low scrub wood, etc., our progress was slow and knapsacks were ordered off and a guard placed over them, which was a very foolish thing to do. That was the last I ever saw of my knapsack, with all its contents. Whether any of the boys recovered theirs I do not know, as Companies A and K of our regiment were ordered on the skirmish line shortly afterward, and opened the battle that day.

The first man I saw fall was Simon Sanders of Company K. He was the second man from me on the left, Frank P. Swears being between us. Major Kelsey ordered Frank and myself to go see how badly he was wounded. We both went to him and called, but re-

ceived no answer. We turned him over and found that a bullet had pierced his heart, killing him instantly. After pronouncing him dead the Major ordered us back to our respective places. As Frank and I were exposed to the full view of the enemy we expected to meet the same fate, but from some unexplained reason they did not fire at us. After resuming my position and firing three or four shots a bullet pierced my left arm near the shoulder and the Major ordered me to the rear. Just as I stepped back our line of battle came up and the engagement became general. The musketry on both sides was most terrific and the rebel bullets whistled around me like hail, cutting off leaves and branches. I walked back toward the field hospital as unconcerned as though they were so many bees. My only concern was about the poor boys who were facing that terrible fire, and whether I would lose my arm. Weak and faint from loss of blood, I came across a small stream of pure water and bathed my wounded arm. The sleeve of my blouse was saturated with blood. The application of cold water somewhat revived me and I proceeded on my way to the field hospital, probably a mile or so to the rear. The first man I met was our worthy hospital steward, Comrade James A. Meyers, who gave my wound some attention and stopped the flow of blood.

Soon the poor fellows were brought in wounded in all manner of shapes, and the doctors and attendants had all they could do amputating arms and limbs and dressing wounds. Among the number from Company K were George Gilbert, Andrew Hostetter, Reuben E. Feilis, Hillston Carrs, Thomas Kelley, Wm. H. Benson, Charles A. Deckman, David S. Edler, Samuel B. Weaver, Reuben Weaver, and others. George Gilbert was wounded in the throat and was unable to swallow. While supporting him in my arms and trying to give him a drink of water he fell back dead. The poor boys were calling for water all around me and I was kept busy carrying canteens of water from a nearby stream and administering to them as best I could with my lame arm. Probably an hour after the battle began a part of our line was driven back by the enemy, which caused a stampede and everybody who could get away did so very hurriedly, expecting to be captured. So I was left alone with the wounded and dying for a short while; in fact, I was the only one left that could have gotten away. They begged of me not to go away and leave them, saying, "Don't go and leave us, Bill." I said, "I'll stay with you, if we are all captured." Soon our troops

regained the lost ground and the scare being over the hospital corps returned. I don't blame them for trying to get away after seeing those paroled prisoners at Annapolis. It was far preferable to take the chance of being killed in battle than to be captured and starved to death by inches in a Rebel prison. I won't go into further details of the horrors of the Wilderness battlefield hospital. It beggars description. One of the "surgeons" wanted to amputate my arm, but I strenuously objected and told him I needed that arm in my business, as I couldn't very well set type with one arm, and I didn't intend to "soldier" all my life. Besides, I was entitled to some consideration, as I had stuck to my post and did the best I could while he was absent. He left me alone after that and I still have my good "long primer" arm at this writing, over 47 years after the incidents I have referred to occurred.

Next day orders came to remove the wounded to Fredericksburg, and all who were able to walk had to do so, as all the ambulances were full of badly wounded. After proceeding on our way quite a distance we were ordered in another direction, as it was reported that Mosby's guerrillas were lying in wait to capture us. Thus we marched back and forth in the hot sun, with no attention paid to our wounds, and did not reach Fredericksburg for three or four days. Many of the poor boys died in the ambulances while going over the rough corduroy roads. It was heartrending to hear their groans and cries for water without being able to relieve them. Those who were able to walk considered themselves lucky. We were a sorry looking set of cripples, hobbling along. Our wounds had not been dressed from the time we started until we reached Fredericksburg hospital, and many of them not until we met the boat of the Sanitary Commission at Belle Plains. A large number died from blood poisoning. I saw poor Pat Hamaker, one of the Columbia boys of Company B, die in the Fredericksburg hospital, and one or two others of the Forty-fifth, whose names I have forgotten. Only the worst cases were left in that hospital, which was crowded, and the remainder were sent to Washington. It was just one week from the time I was wounded—Friday, May 6th—until I arrived in and was assigned to Campbell hospital, Washington, D. C., together with Comrade Calvin Harris, of Wrightsville, and several others from different regiments. As soon as we reached the Sanitary Commission's boat we received decent treatment, had our wounds dressed, and immediately got something to eat and drink. It was

impossible to receive attention while on the march, and no one was to blame. How the boys did appreciate what was done for them by this grand organization of noble men and women. I could not, speaking for myself, realize the situation, so dreamlike did it appear. One moment in suffering and want, and the next moment, kind hands ministering to our needs and alleviating our sufferings. One would have to pass through the condition in order to fully appreciate it. Such was the experience of those who were wounded in the first and second days' battles of the Wilderness.

After arriving at the hospital I wrote the following letter :

CAMPBELL HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Friday, May 13th, 1864.

DEAR PARENTS: No doubt you have heard that the Forty-fifth Regiment has been engaged in battle and will naturally want to know the fate of your three boys and also of others belonging to your neighbors and acquaintances. * * *

When I left the regiment, at Chancellorsville, Va., last Sunday morning, Edward and Albert were both sound and well. Being drummer boys they are not necessarily exposed to the dangers of the battle, as their duties as musicians are to assist in attending to the wounded in time of battle; but they are exposed more or less, and have to endure all the hardships attending an active campaign.

Before I left I got a correct list of the names of the killed and wounded in Companies B and K, (the Lancaster County contingent), and sent it to the "Columbia Spy" for publication, so it is not necessary to give the names in this letter. Besides, I expect soon to get a wounded furlough of thirty days and will give you all the details when I get home. I wrote you a hurried letter in pencil while on the march to the Wilderness battle, but do not suppose it was received, as mail was stopped from, but not to, the army. We marched for two days, with very little rest, arriving on the battlefield on Thursday evening, May 5th. We expected to get into the battle next morning and were not disappointed. As you know the result I will close, expecting to see you soon; besides, I suppose you have read the "Spy" by this time, giving the details. My papers for a furlough home were made out yesterday, so you can look for me almost any time.

While I feel most grateful that I escaped so luckily, I can not help but express my heartfelt sorrow for the poor boys who were my comrades, side by side, who went down to death in that dreadful carnage or who, perhaps, were maimed for life. Such is the fortune of cruel, cruel war. Let us hope their precious lives were not sacrificed in vain, but that the Stars and Stripes they died for, may yet float triumphantly over a once more united country. God grant this cruel war may soon come to an end. * * *

The above was my last letter written home. I had written a letter to the "Columbia Spy" (published at that time by Mr. Andrew Rambo, brother of Captain Ezekiel Y. Rambo, of Company K, Forty-fifth Regiment, who was killed March 13th, 1862, at North Edisto Island, S. C.), giving the names of the killed and wounded in the second day's battle of the Wilderness.

A little more than a year ago I addressed a letter to Colonel Samuel Wright, of Columbia, Pa., asking him to please hunt up the old files of the "Spy," in order to get details for the history of the Forty-fifth, and also through other letters that I had written for the "Spy" at different periods. The following is Colonel Wright's reply:

"MR. WM. A. ROBERTS:

"COLUMBIA, PA., Oct. 6, 1909.

"DEAR COMRADE:—I thank you most heartily for your letter of the 1st instant. It has interested me indeed. Yours is a record to be proud of, and I am very glad that you have cared to give it to me. I apologize for reducing you to the rank of 'devil.' I hesitated over the recollection. I knew you had been in the 'Spy' office during my time; and although I couldn't place you exactly, I concluded that you had been one of my 'imps.' I am not willing to admit that this lapse of memory comes from my age—81 years in December next; but the fifty years intervening between your term of journey and the present time sufficiently accounts for the mistake. I remember having had a little reminiscent chat with you at the corner of Second and Cherry streets some years ago; and I very vividly recall the comfort it was to me to greet the Forty-fifth at Blue Springs. This was my first fight, and I was considerably concerned as to how I, a peaceful Quaker, would face the music. I found my main trepidation was lest my mare, like myself, new to 'War's

Alarms,' should pitch me over her head. I remember that I was very proud when I saw the Forty-fifth move forward through the cornfield, and heard the remarks of the Kentucky officers, whose men had been patting away all morning from behind trees: 'Look thar! Look thar! Why, they're goin' out into the open!' And you surely did go out; and I find in looking over my letters, written home at the time, that the good old Forty-fifth Regiment got the hot end of the losses, consequently must have been in the thick of the mess. It wasn't much of a *battle*, but a pretty rough *fight*, and for the reason I have given, is ever memorable to me. I had forgotten that you were among the disabled at the battle of the Wilderness. I saw Cy. Bruner carried out by Ben Clepper and another comrade. I suppose that it was after you were wounded that our line was driven back from their successful advance. Our division was put in by General Burnside, General Potter remaining to bring up part of a brigade that had gone astray in the thick growth of scrub into which we first advanced. As we reached our lines the boys were coming back in a hurry. I said to Major Kelsey: 'Hello! What's the matter with the Forty-fifth?' (I wasn't used to seeing that regiment on the back track.) He answered: 'Captain, we can't stand fire from both front and rear.' Some of the new regiments had got excited and were blazing away from their position in reserve right into friend and foe, particularly into friends. It was a nasty fight! You are certainly right. Kelsey was a good man and a brave soldier. He was among the standbys with General Potter for special duty. We always knew that when Kelsey and his men were detailed, whatever was doing would be done. His death was entirely unexpected, and I believe, unnecessary, so far as his wound was concerned. I feel certain that he and others of our best officers died from unsanitary conditions in the Washington hospitals in which they lay. He was a great loss to the regiment and to the division.

"I have no file of the 'Spy' of the date of your letters, and I doubt that it is in existence. I wrote an account of the Blue Springs fight for the paper, but I am not certain that it ever reached the office. I find no copy of it among my papers. I gave 'Campbells Station' at length, which was published. I am glad to resume acquaintance with old comrades. It was always a pleasure to me to meet the old regiment on the march or going into action, and though I was only an 'honorary' member, still I felt that I was of it.

In return for my degradation of you from 'jour' to 'devil,' you generously promoted me from Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel to 'General!' This is probably because you are part of the government, which generously permitted me to do a major's duty on captain's pay, and get square with a couple of brevets—cheap, but not remunerative.

"Again I thank you for your letter. Remember me to the comrades of your association. I hope you may succeed in getting up the history.

"Sincerely yours,

"SAMUEL WRIGHT."

[The reader will recall the incident of the meeting of Mr. Wright and myself just as the Forty-fifth was going into action at Blue Springs, East Tennessee, October 10th, 1863, which fact I mentioned in a letter written home.]

IN THE WILDERNESS

The Forty-Fifth Singing Under Fire

BY CAPT. R. G. RICHARDS OF CO. G.

It was on the 6th of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness. After a forced march through swamps and over corduroy roads during the night, we reached the battlefield early in the morning. We knew that fighting had been going on the day before; that Grant and Lee were now face to face, and that a great battle was imminent.

After being shifted from one position to another through the wilderness of trees and thick underbrush, being all the time under fire of musketry, we took our place in line of battle ready for a general attack.

We could not distinctly see the enemy's lines of breastwork, but knew that they were not far in advance of our position.

Nothing in the experience of a soldier is more exasperating or more severely tests his courage than to be in a position under fire, seeing his comrades fall around him, yet unable to return the fire while waiting for the command to attack.

Such was our experience for a time that day. But the order came at last: "Forward!" rang out all along the line, and instantly, with the light of battle on their faces, the men charged through the entangled undergrowth amid the yells and cheers of the charging columns and the crash and roar of musketry. The Forty-fifth reached the enemy's rifle pits and captured about two hundred prisoners. There we found our old foes of Longstreet's Corps whom we had met on other sanguinary fields. For some reason unknown to us the troops on our right and left flanks were forced back, which necessitated our retreat also; but soon the line of battle was reformed and again the Forty-fifth planted its colors on the rebel works, when a hand to hand conflict ensued and would have resulted in our holding possession; but to our dismay and temporary discomfiture the line on our flanks was again forced back and ourselves this time driven to retreat in disorder and confusion, amid the groans of the wounded and over the dead bodies of fallen comrades.

This was a new and hard experience for the Forty-fifth; never before had it been forced to turn its back on the foe. The suffering and confusion became intensified by the leaves and underbrush taking fire. The smoke was so dense and blinding that we could see with difficulty but a short distance. Under such conditions it seemed hardly possible to reform the regiment.

It was at this juncture that I saw General John I. Curtin, a little to my right, standing alone. I rushed to his side and asked him if we had lost our colors. He replied, apparently disheartened, "I do not know." But presently, through the smoke, we saw a flag being borne in our direction and discovered that it was our color bearer. I immediately grasped the colors, and with an energy born of the calamity, and inspired by a realization of its meaning, sang out:

"Rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally once again!
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom."

Those of the comrades nearby joined in with all their might. As if by magic the regiment reformed, each comrade took his place. The air was filled with smoke from the burning underbrush; the whistling of deadly missiles; but above all that bedlam of excitement, disorder and danger, there rose in clear and blood-stirring strains:

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors and up with the stars."

The grim ranks stood fast, ready for any duty, and at the word of command moved firmly forward, took an advanced position, held and maintained it until relieved the following morning.

Our loss in killed and wounded that day was one hundred and forty-three.

It is needless now to speculate as to what might have been the result had we failed to rally and maintain our position. But one thing was evident, had the enemy found a gap in our lines, he would probably have availed himself of it with disastrous results to our army in that part of the field.

That was long ago, but it still remains dear as then:

“The Flag of our Union forever.”

NOTE: Very briefly this is a story of the old Forty-fifth singing under fire. General John I. Curtin urged me several times to write somewhat in detail the facts and circumstances of the event, and for the part I had taken said that he would procure for me a medal of honor from the government; but I did not comply with the General's request for the reason that I then felt, as I do now, that I was no more entitled to a medal of honor than was any other of my comrades who on that day “Rallied round our Flag” and stood in that line of living valor.—REES G. RICHARDS.

BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 6, 1864.

An Unfinished Poem.

A Narrative in Verse of the Part Taken by the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania
Volunteer Infantry in Said Battle.

THOMAS J. DAVIES,

Dedicated to the Survivors.

Comrades:

Forty-eight years have come and gone,
And we are still here, journeying on,
A halting few, in a crowded throng,
That greet us kindly, as they cheer us along;
As we backward glance o'er the fading years,
With visions dim, through sunshine and tears,
Shrouded and clouded by the struggle and strife
And busy activities of our after life:—Yet
How vividly clear doth the picture appear,
As the veil is parted and the scenes draw near,
Looming up on our mental visions,
By Corps, Brigades and Divisions.
See! the blue clad boys as they march on their way
Through the fields of Old Virginia, on the fourth of May,
'Tis the grand Potomac Army, in war-like array,
Marching down to the river and across, that day,
And the old Ninth Corps, still forty miles away.
The order came at last, and they were crowded fast,
To reach the threatened front, for the fearful die is cast.
The old Confederate gray barricades the way,
In a sullen stubborn mood, determined there to stay,
And the Ninth is ordered in, on that memorable 6th of May,
To pierce the rebel center, so the fateful orders say.
In the still gray dawn of the morn, Hark; they hear the distant
 roar and boom
Of thousands then in line, grappling with foe,
In as fierce a fight as ever known to mortals here below.
With a scanty hasty meal they buckle on the steel,
And march away to the sound of the fray, no matter how they feel.
Into the forest wild, their lengthened lines filed,
Seeking the hidden foe in gray,
Through the dense grown thickets still beguiled,
For no one dare show them the way.
In the somber gloom of the forest bloom,
They are marshaled in battle array,
And the order is Forward, regardless of doom,
For they heeded it not that day.

In silence they tread and forge ahead,
Their colors flung out to the breeze.
With a comrade's touch and not a word said,
As they push through the tangle 'neath the shadow of trees;
A flash; and a roar! Some are no more,
And comrades are sinking to the earth by the score,
But the old Forty-fifth, ever true to the core,
Stands firm as a rock, 'mid the shock, and the counter roar
Of the leaden storm, that her Springfields pour
Speeds death, in each breath, as of yore.
Amid the dead and dying and wounded sore,
They strengthen their line to even the score.
And the withering blasts from the enemy's guns,
Die gradually out, to rattling runs.
'Twas thus they held and maintained their line,
With constant loss, but no count of time.
Then, gallant Curtin sang out with a shout,
"Forty-fifth forward, we'll drive them out."
With a smashing crash, a cheer and a dash,
They rushed the line in a terrible clash,
And the caldron of battle, is seething hot,
With mixed combatants and flying shot.
When the stubborn foe recoils from the blow,
And with grounded arm cry out in alarm
"Say Yank, just tell us, where shall we go?"
"Get to the rear and out of our way."
Was the answer then, for they had to stay;
And one hundred rebels, all in one mess,
Got a prisoner's pass from the Wilderness.
But their line is still there, with flanks in the air
In a very precarious condition
Without proper support to guard or care,
Far out from their position.
And the wily foe, who was never slow
To grasp a chance, to thrust in a lance,
Through the thicket rank, on front and flank
Creep up, to deliver a crushing blow.
A withering blight, from front and right
Forced the blue line back in hurried flight
To the scene of their first fierce fight
Where their fallen in death, lie low.
On this line, they rally on time,
And with discipline fine, and valor sublime
Check the advancing foe.
Then the wildwoods ring, and the song they sing
In triumphant strain, and brave refrain

That steadies up the lines and courage bring;
And the Massachusetts boys join in with a vim,
Doubling up the chorus of the grand old hymn;
"The Union forever, Hurrah boys, Hurrah,
Down with the traitor and up with the Star,
For we'll rally round the flag boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battlecry of freedom."
The Johnnies ceased their fire as the song rose higher,
But when they caught its meaning, were filled with deadly ire,
And the rifles crack again in constant snappy spite,
Until the darkening shadows, cover all the gruesome sight,
And friend and foe alike lie on the lines they fight,
Exhausted Nature claiming her own, for there's no respite.
The pickets on their post,
Peer into the dense black skirt
Of neutral ground that intervene,
With listening ear and vision keen,
And rifles poised,—alert;
Guarding the sleeping host.
And the night grows on apace,
So fraught with portent to the human race.
Oh! night of anguish, night of woe,
Where thousands of lives are ebbing out slow.
Would you know the danger a soldier will undergo
To relieve the wounded, be he friend or foe?
See, the unseen silent forms, creeping around,
Among the wounded and dying who lie on the ground
Moaning low; succoring them as they go;
A rustle of leaves, or a whispering breath,
Means a flash of rifles and instant death:
Still, on their mission of mercy all through the black night,
They are gathering them in, from the left and the right,
Feeling their way, with no ray of light:
The cry of the wounded and the prayers they pray,
Is the only sound that guides their way.
E'er the first faint gleam of morning light,
Pierces the gloom of that desolate night,
The lines are awakened to renew the fight,
With armor buckled on tight;
And with nerves all athrill, await the kill
That is sure to come, should the enemy will;
But the full light of day reveals at last,
The aggregate loss the records fix,
At just one hundred and twenty-six;
The toll of death is thirty-four,
For the foe has retired and gone away,
To battle again, on another day.
The threatened horror past;

Then the old regiment paused, to count the cost,
Numbering those present and those that were lost,
And of wounded, ninety-two more;
But this is only a tithe of the score
Required of them, e'er their battles are o'er:
And from this line that the enemy yields,
They march away to other fields.
Some other tongue or pen may tell,
Of later battles; How they fought and fell,
Following the flag they loved so well,
Into the very jaws of Hell,
With courage undaunted, and valor sublime;
Till they scarcely mustered, two hundred and nine,
Of the original thousand brave boys in line;
Till the struggle ends, with the peace it brought,
The longed for ultimatum sought;
No tongue can tell, or pen portray,
The hidden miseries of that night and day,
When the recording angel's books are unsealed,
These deeds of love will be revealed.
But the thrilling song, and the scenes of that day,
In the tangled woods, on the Sixth of May,
In our memory clings and will ever stay,
'Till the last survivor has passed away.

CHAPTER IX

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO PETERSBURG

EUGENE BEAUGE

My diary says that on Saturday morning, May 7th, 1864, the day after the Battle of the Wilderness, we sent out skirmishers and found that the enemy had evacuated their works in our front during the night. We took possession of the deserted rifle pits and stayed there until about half past one o'clock next morning when the men were roused up and hustled into ranks ready to march. Why they got us up at that ghostly hour we didn't know then and that proceeding is still a mystery as we only marched to Chancellorsville, a distance of a few miles and went into camp about 8:30 A. M., and stayed the balance of the day, busy most of the time viewing the battlefield where Hooker and Lee crossed swords a year and a few days earlier. Interesting relics such as shot, shells, broken guns, equipage and accoutrements were scattered over the field, to say nothing of bleaching bones of men and horses with here and there a ghastly human skull sticking up out of the ground. But we were not after relics just then. On the contrary we left a few relics of our own as we went along in those days. About one o'clock in the afternoon next day we broke camp and marching until 8 P. M., the regiment bivouacked by the side of the road leading to Spottsylvania Court House.

Sunday, May 10th, things began to get more interesting. In the afternoon the Forty-fifth was marched to the extreme front taking position on the left of our line. A sharp set-to between the Union and Rebel artillery, during which the Rebs got the worst of it, helped to liven things up. We expected to be attacked that night and in military parlance we "slept on our arms" in line of battle. Next morning the enemy's fortifications were in plain sight on the heights in front of us. We went at it and built some works of our own. The way we did this was to pile up some logs, rails or whatever was most convenient, then dig a ditch and throw the dirt on top of the timber, the ditch serving as a depression to stand in while every shovelful of dirt we piled up in front of us strengthened the breastworks. We did a great deal of that sort of thing in the Wilderness campaign. We got so used to it that about the first thing after stack-

ing arms, when moving from one point to another, was to build breastworks. Temporary and flimsy concerns they were, to be sure, but good enough to stop bullets; although a shell would have knocked them to pieces in a jiffy and a cannon ball gone through our "works" like a hot knife through butter. In the afternoon our regiment was ordered to the rear to establish a new line, my diary says, and ordered back to the front where we stayed. It was a cold, wet, disagreeable night, much too damp to sleep on the ground with any degree of comfort. Sergeant Rogers, of Company G, took a barn door off its hinges. It made a dandy bed—comparatively. But there were not barn doors enough to go around; so we toughed 'er through on the rain soaked Virginia soil, getting what protection we could from our small shelter tents.

Thursday, May 12th, was an eventful day in that neck of the woods. "At daybreak," my diary says, "the whole army advanced four lines deep and drove the enemy into their works" It was on the morning of the 12th of May, as we all know, that Hancock made his famous attack at the Bloody Angle or "Hell's Half Acre," as some call it; and while he was doing this, Burnside with the Ninth Corps, which of course included the Forty-fifth, was obeying Grant's orders to push the enemy with all his might on Hancock's left.

Some things in our lives we remember always, while others equally if not more important, are almost forgotten over night.

One of the things I remember is that when we got upon high ground that morning where we could look back over the territory we had passed over, dead and wounded men were scattered thickly over the fields as far back as we could see. Being a farmer's boy the scene reminded me right away of a harvest field on the old farm in Tioga County, and forsooth it was a harvest field we were on—the harvest field of Death with human forms as the ghastly sheaves!

Another incident that morning was more on the ludicrous than the tragic or sublime. A Johnny had got rattled and lost his bearings somehow and instead of going to his own men he came through the fog and bushes plump into our line, not discovering his mistake until it was too late to turn back. "Oh my God!" he said, throwing up both hands and evidently scared most to death. "Come in you ***!" Charley Terbell said to the bewildered Johnny. He promptly accepted the invitation and was the happiest man on the job when he found that nobody was going to hurt him.

We lost 13 men killed or mortally wounded at Spottsylvania. Only one fatal casualty occurred in Company G. William Downing was shot through the head and instantly killed. Downing was one of the comparatively old men of the company, probably between thirty-five and forty. A pathetic feature of his death was that he had been serving as company cook and was killed within a few hours after being relieved and ordered by the captain to take his place in the ranks.

The enemy were behind intrenchments while our troops were in the open, having had no opportunity to build pits. Our orders were to keep close to the ground to avoid the enemy's fire. Downing raised up on one knee to get a better shot at the enemy when a bullet took him plumb in the forehead. He was a volunteer recruit and had been with us but a few months. Patrick Kelley and Philander Smith, also volunteer recruits in Company G, were wounded at Spottsylvania.

For several days after the 12th we were busy strengthening our position, cannonading and musketry going on around us day and night. The weather was nasty and we suffered great inconvenience from the rainy days and cold nights. By this time we began to feel the effects of "Campaigning with Grant." We had not had a good night's rest since before the Battle of the Wilderness. Fighting and marching had been an almost continuous performance. On the 1st day of May my cartridge box belt was just right let out at full length. At Spottsylvania I took up the buckle one hole and a couple weeks later gave it another hitch. We were getting down to fighting weight all right. It rained more or less for a week or ten days while we were in the vicinity of Spottsylvania. We could get no comfortable rest. Our clothing had no chance to dry. That sort of thing is bad for the health and depressing for the average human being. No wonder some of us were temporarily discouraged. But when the clouds rolled by and the bright sun came out again it made all the difference in the world. We were ready then to follow Grant, Burnside and the rest of them wherever they might lead; or wherever they told us to go, which would be nearer right. They got us up about four o'clock, Friday morning, May 18th, and ordered us to pack up as though there was going to be something done. All we did, however, was to move some distance to the right and swing around the enemy's left flank, where we lay for several hours under a galling artillery fire during which Lieutenant Irvin, of Company

E, was severely wounded, having one leg shattered by a grape shot; and then, like the King's men in the story book, we marched back again. It seems that our business was to support an assault by a portion of the Second Corps. The assault failed.

On Saturday, the 21st, our division marched to the Po River where we found the enemy in force guarding the ford. We slept on our arms under a brisk artillery fire that night. The screeching shells were not conducive to sound sleep, but we managed to get some rest, having become partially used to that sort of thing.

The following extract from a letter of mine written in the field while the events referred to were fresh in my memory will give an idea of our movements and the situation for the next ten days:

"Leaving Spottsylvania on the 22nd (May) we arrived at the North Anna River near Hanover Junction at daybreak on the 24th. Our advance had driven the enemy across the river and gained a foothold on the other side, our sharpshooters having prevented the destruction of the bridge when the enemy were in the act of firing it. At 5 P. M., our corps crossed the river in a shower of shells, which fortunately for us were aimed too high and did no great damage."

In this connection I remember very well of seeing General Hancock on his horse just before we crossed the river. Of magnificent physique, straight as a rail, and well groomed, a flashing seal ring on one of his fingers, Hancock, then in the prime of life, was a fine looking officer. I never wondered after that why they called him "superb."

Referring to the same letter and to my diary I find that after crossing the river we formed line of battle and built rifle pits within easy range of the enemy's works, where we stayed, skirmishing day and night, expecting every moment to be ordered forward or to repel an assault by the enemy, until about 11 P. M., of the 26th, when the enemy having disappeared from our front, we recrossed the river and took up our line of march southward. Marching until about half past one next morning we bivouacked and rested until ten o'clock and away we went again and marched the balance of the day. Resuming our weary tramp about eight o'clock next morning they kept us going—stopping betimes to make coffee and maybe rest a little—until about one o'clock on the morning of the 29th, when we came to the Pamunkey River. We crossed the river on pontoons. A bloody encounter had taken place between our cavalry and Ewell's

Corps on the south bank of the river the day before. The enemy were driven back and the Union forces crossed over without serious loss.

Our regiment after crossing marched a couple of miles inland and went into camp. I remember we were short of rations that day. Nothing could be bought at any price from the natives. To use their own language "everything was all done gone." The country we had passed over however was generally under cultivation, corn and wheat being the principal crops. The darkies, who were sociable and friendly, said to us that "Bobby Lee" told them to plant their crops and he would keep the Yankees from molesting them. One thing we were thankful for and that is we generally had plenty of good water from springs or rivulets.

The roads at that time of the year were fearfully dusty. Foraging of all kinds was at low ebb. The best we could do was to make an occasional "requisition" on some planter's hen-roost or maybe make a raid among his cattle, sheep or pigs.

Next day, May 30th, we got marching orders again and left camp about eight o'clock in the morning but only went a couple of miles and then formed line of battle and built breastworks—as usual. One significant entry in my diary for that day is that "we drew rations." The term rations appears frequently in a soldier's narration. Rations are the biggest part of his living.

About one o'clock, Tuesday afternoon of the 31st, we left our breastworks and advanced about a mile in line of battle and had a brisk skirmish with the enemy. In fact, we kept on skirmishing all the afternoon, our orders evidently being not to bring on a battle. The only casualty in Company G was the wounding slightly of Sergeant T. J. Davies. A partially spent ball took him squarely on the end of the chin. Tom called the dent it made his dimple. As usual we built works where we were and slept what we could "with one eye open" that night.

June 1st my diary says we remained behind works all day. More or less firing along the line. Drew rations. The connection between our haversacks and the supply trains was established again. The locality where we were about that time was called "Camp near Bethesda Church." I have learned since that there was a meeting house by that name in the neighborhood; but candor compels me to say that I never saw it inside or out. Before daylight on the morning of the 2nd of June we moved back to our old pits, the ones we

had built on the 30th of May. Early in the afternoon the Ninth Corps moved some distance to the left. While executing this movement something happened that I have never forgotten and have thought of a great many times since. While quietly resting with stacked arms in an open field near what was called Gaines Mill we were suddenly attacked on the flank by the enemy. Our troops, partly massed, were in poor shape to resist attack. But what made a lasting impression on my mind is that no sooner had the firing and yelling announced the proximity of the enemy than our massed troops began to deploy into shape for battle, reminding me instantly of a monstrous blue snake gracefully uncoiling itself after being disturbed. I can shut my eyes now and after nearly forty-seven years see the whole performance. The attack was easily repulsed with no great loss to us.

Another thing I remember is that there came up a sharp thunder shower while we were there. I crouched down and pulled my gum blanket around me to keep my powder and other things dry, and while in that position Comrade William Penn Wood, who had lost or thrown away his gum blanket, snuggled down close to me to get the benefit of mine. As neither of us was very big the blanket answered very well for both. Next day Penn Wood, who was a genial, lovable young fellow, was killed and I have always been glad that I was able to do him a kindness—one of the last that anybody did for him.

That night some of the boys of Company I and Company K found a lot of gold and silver in a sweet potato bin in a deserted house. Some of them carried specie in their pockets all summer and until they were captured at Poplar Spring Church, when some of the Rebs—if not the rightful owners—got their money back.

In most of their marching and countermarching and the minor engagements that occurred after leaving Spottsylvania, Grant and Lee had been maneuvering for position, Grant pursuing his usual tactics of driving Lee out of his weak places and flanking him out of the strong ones. At Cold Harbor—a mere crossroads to be sure, but a place that commanded the approaches to Richmond from that direction—the commander of the Union Army was up against it, so to speak. He must either fight the enemy in his stronghold or change his plans entirely. The odds were tremendously against us and almost with his last breath Grant said he was sorry he had or-

dered the assault at Cold Harbor. The fact that we lost 7,000 men in a few moments during the assault shows what the Union Army had to contend with.

Other members of the regiment will give their version of what the Forty-fifth did or tried to do at Cold Harbor. After 47 years the chances are that no two of us will tell exactly the same story about our experience at Cold Harbor or anywhere else.

A letter I sent home from the front written a few days after the battle, says in substance, that at daybreak, Friday morning, June 3d, our brigade under command of Colonel John I. Curtin, with Lieutenant-Colonel F. M. Hills in command of the Forty-fifth, formed line of battle and advanced upon the enemy in their intrenchments in our front. The line was met by a murderous fire of musketry and grape and canister but never wavered, moving forward steadily under a deadly direct and cross fire until within less than a hundred yards of the enemy's works, when the command "halt" was passed along the line, and there, keeping close to the ground for protection, what was left of the Forty-fifth held their part of the advance line under fire all day.

In this connection, referring to the assault at Cold Harbor, a disinterested writer, author of "Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps," says:

"On the right the brunt of the battle fell upon the Ninth Corps * * * Colonel Curtin's brigade of Potter's division made a daring charge, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, carried some detached rifle pits, forced the enemy—consisting of portions of Longstreet's and Ewell's corps—back into the inner works and established itself in close proximity to his intrenchments."

Companies G and H, of the Forty-fifth fought in a ravine running partially at right angles with the enemy's line, my letter says. Down this ravine the fire of the enemy was directed with fearful effect. Company H lost heavily in killed and wounded including all the non-commissioned officers but one. Lieutenant George P. Scudder, of Company F, temporarily in command of Company H, was mortally wounded and died on the field.

Lieutenant Ephraim Jeffers, the only commissioned officer with Company G, at that time, being temporarily disabled by sickness, Lieutenant John Gelbaugh of Company K, was assigned to command the company that morning. Gelbaugh was severely wounded almost the first thing after the battle opened and First Sergeant

John J. Rogers took command of the company. Less than one-fourth of those present in Company G escaped being hit. William P. Wood was killed, Noah H. Robbins and Josiah L. Butler were mortally wounded and died in hospital. These three young fellows were volunteer recruits and had been with us but a few months. They were good soldiers. Sergeant Rogers, commanding the company, was kneeling upon the ground on the firing line with Charley Terbell immediately behind him when a Confederate bullet passed clear through Rogers' body and ploughed its way into Terbell's left knee. That missile put two good soldiers out of business. Rogers' comrades carried him to the rear where Dr. Maxwell looked him over and pronounced his case hopeless. Rogers was left on the field to die but his wonderful vitality pulled him through as his own statement printed elsewhere in this book will show. Terbell was disabled a good while and in a letter written, September, 1910, a few months before he died, he said the wound still troubled him.

Others of Company G who were seriously wounded on that part of the line were Eli Smith with loss of leg; Thomas J. Rogers, brother of the wounded sergeant, seriously in right shoulder, and Henry T. Rice and Henry N. Gile, both wounded in the hand. C. H. Rogers, John Hauber, James Dickinson, S. L. Hakes and P. P. Smith were also wounded at Cold Harbor, but less seriously.

Undoubtedly many thrilling incidents occurred on that part of the field in connection with the Forty-fifth, which others who were present will describe. My duty was elsewhere that morning as will appear presently.

Our old color-sergeant, "Joe" Reigle, was shot down during the assault that morning. Very likely some comrade who was present will give the details of that exciting incident.

We all remember that about dark on the evening before the Battle of Cold Harbor, part of Company G were detailed for picket. I remember it especially well because I was included in the detail and thought it was pretty hard luck to have to be out on picket all night after what we had gone through. But we seldom know what is best for us. Being out on picket that night may have saved my skin the next day.

In this connection Lieutenant T. J. Davies (sergeant then), who had charge of the Company G contingent, reminds me that the pickets were thrown out about 40 rods in front and deployed as skirmishers at the edge of the woods to protect the right flank of our

brigade against surprise from that quarter. We were out all night and a long, dark, dismal night it was out there on picket in the woods. Quite early in the morning, but not until the first shock of the assault was over, the pickets were relieved and we took our places on the firing line some distance to the right from where the balance of the regiment were engaged; part of the duty assigned to us being to help silence a Rebel battery by a flanking fire on the gunners. The guns were silenced and all the battery horses shot down.

I have a comparatively vivid recollection of some other things that happened there. Abram V. Gile, of Company G, another of our volunteer recruits, was shot dead within a few feet of me just before reaching the position assigned to us. A little later Allen Thompson and I were standing side by side behind temporary breastworks, exchanging shots with some Johnnies, also behind rifle pits twenty or twenty-five rods across the field, when I heard that sickening "chug" the familiar sound of lead or iron striking against flesh and bone. A Rebel bullet had struck Thompson squarely in the groin. It was a nasty wound but Thompson made no fuss. He was a quiet man with lots of grit and never said much. The boys will remember that with his round head and pug nose Allen always reminded us of a bull dog. He managed to get back to the rear and that was the last I saw of him. He partially recovered and served some time in the Veteran Reserve Corps.

For better protection and to save my own "bacon" I found a couple of solid rails and put them on top the barricade in front of me and pretty soon had the satisfaction of hearing a bullet strike the top rail directly in line with my "solar plexus." It was a narrow escape all right; but we all took desperate chances in those days. Undoubtedly that piece of wood saved my life.

Early in the evening after things had quieted down some, having had no rest the night before, I lay down and dropped to sleep, almost as soon as I touched the ground. But it was a short nap. Some artillerymen, to give the Johnnies across the field a dose of grape and canister, brought a cannon close up to where I was lying down behind the breastworks and fired it directly over my head. It didn't quite "bust" the ear drum, but it was a day or two before I could hear much of anything but the explosion of a cannon close to my right ear!

Among the mortally wounded at Cold Harbor was Major Edward A. Kelsey, of the Forty-fifth. His death, which occurred June

24th, just three weeks after the battle, was a serious loss to the regiment. Major Kelsey was a good soldier. His military career began as second lieutenant of Company F, Second Regiment, three months men, of which Thomas Welsh (our own Tom) was lieutenant-colonel. When the Forty-fifth was organized Lieutenant Kelsey was elected captain of Company K. In July, 1863, he was promoted to major and but for his untimely death would have been the logical successor of Lieutenant-Colonel Hills and commanded the regiment after Hills was mustered out in August, 1864.

The monthly report of Company G, for May, 1864, shows that on the last day of that month we had one commissioned officer and forty-one enlisted men present for duty. But that doesn't mean that that many of the company took part in the Battle of Cold Harbor three days later. Campaigning as we were among the swamps of the peninsula between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy Rivers there was considerable sickness in camp, mostly cases of malaria and bowel trouble. Soldiers—good soldiers too—were liable to be disabled on short notice and excused from duty by the surgeon. A typical case is that of Lieutenant Jeffers of our company. Jeffers was brave and never shirked a duty, yet he was taken suddenly ill and was unable to be with the company during the assault of June 3rd. The chances are that several enlisted men in the company were also excused by the doctor that morning, although no record has been preserved to that effect. Had we counted noses in the ten companies of the regiment on the firing line at Cold Harbor there might have been more than three hundred but I doubt it. There were, it appears, 16 casualties, four of them fatal, in Company G; but without the company morning reports or other official returns to refer to, no one can give the exact number of casualties in the regiment at Cold Harbor or anywhere else. Our loss at Cold Harbor has been variously given from 160 to 180 or more. Taking the minimum figure and assuming that three hundred were engaged, our percentage of loss would be 53 1-3. Colonel Fox, the best authority we have on the mortuary statistics of the Civil War, in his book "Regimental Losses," says we had 315 men engaged (probably counting some who were excused from duty) and that our total loss was 181, including 45 killed or mortally wounded and 22 missing. In this way he figures out that the Forty-fifth lost 57.4 per cent. of the number of men engaged at Cold Harbor.

In the historic charge at Balaklava, made famous by story and song, the English Light Brigade lost only 36.7 per cent., yet nobody has written a poem or a song about the Forty-fifth at Cold Harbor, nor are we making a special claim for conspicuous service that day. The fact is that our regiment participated in so many engagements where the losses were severe that nobody is making a fuss over what we did in any one battle.

Saturday morning, June 4th, we found the enemy had evacuated their works in front during the night. The first thing we did was to give our guns a good cleaning. They needed it badly enough. Guns always need cleaning after a battle. Frequently when the fighting is brisk the inside of a muzzle loading gun gets so dirty that it is impossible to use it.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they marched us off into a piece of woods a few miles to the left where we relieved some other troops. The Rebels must have located our position for they shelled us but did no great damage. Next day the regiment marched across a swamp and built breastworks. Sunday morning, June 6th, the pickets got busy in our front. Lieutenant Ephraim Jeffers of Company G, and Lieutenant D. C. Hoig, of Company I, went to the extreme front to try conclusions with the Rebel sharpshooters. As commissioned officers they really had no business out there, but both being good shots that sort of thing was rare fun for them. In a little while they brought poor Hoig back on a stretcher. I remember it as though it were yesterday. A tiny hole in his breast over the heart showed where the bullet went in. The chances are that he never knew what hit him. Hoig was a promising young officer and popular with the men. His death cast a gloom over the left wing of the regiment, especially the Tioga County boys who knew him best.

Next day occurred one of those minor affairs not important enough to attract the attention of the average historian but important enough to leave a lasting impression on the minds of those who were mixed up in it. Pursuant to orders from Colonel Curtin, Lieutenant Jeffers with a strong detail from the left wing of the regiment made a reconnoissance of the enemy's line opposite our right flank. Starting before daylight and making a wide detour to avoid attracting the enemy's attention we got around in rear of the Rebel picket line partly intrenched in an open field. One of their picket posts was in a log house in plain sight of our position in the edge

of the woods. Jeffers lined up a lot of us where we had a good view of the Johnnies outside the house sunning themselves. We gave them a volley and I can shut my eyes now and see those fellows grab their guns and skeedaddle into the house. We surprised them all right, but our position between the enemy's pickets and their main-line was more ticklish than we were aware of. After a while we heard a bugle call in the enemy's camp and the next thing was the familiar Rebel yell followed by a volley of musketry behind us. Looking around, there was a line of battle coming at us on the double-quick through the woods. No two of us agree exactly as to what occurred after that. To try to hold our ground was to be surrounded and gobbled up. My recollection is that we gave them a volley or two and then it was a case of every one for himself and the Devil (in a gray uniform) take the hind most. Which he did. Anyhow Privates Warren Munn and Stephen Nott were captured and perished miserably in Andersonville Prison; Corporal Samuel Rogers was severely wounded in the leg but managed to get away. Several of us made good our retreat by wading a supposedly impassable swamp. It was a foolhardy undertaking all around and the great wonder is that we were not all captured.

For several days after this exciting incident things were comparatively quiet in our front. But that sort of thing didn't last long.

All day Sunday, June 12th, there seemed to be a hum of preparation in camp that told us something important was brewing. We know, now, if we did not know it then, that Grant was getting ready to execute his famous flank movement from Cold Harbor to the vicinity of Petersburg. Early Sunday evening when we ought to have been going to church we got orders to move. Silently and quickly the Ninth Corps withdrew from the works in front of the enemy, leaving a strong skirmish line to cover our retreat. Lee didn't know we had gone until next morning. A rapid all night's march of 15 miles brought us in sight of the Chickahominy River. Resting during the forenoon we started again at one o'clock and marching in a southerly direction, our course nearly parallel with that of the river, we kept on at a lively gait all the afternoon. Stopping toward night to make coffee and rest a while, the march was resumed and continued until one o'clock on the morning of the 14th. Between nine and ten o'clock in the forenoon we crossed the Chickahominy at Jones Bridge.

At 1 P. M., we started across the peninsula. The weather was hot and getting hotter all the time. The dusty roads were crowded with troops and altogether it was tough marching. To partly offset this our march, especially after crossing the Chickahominy, was through the finest farming country we had seen in Virginia. Big fields of waving grain nearly ready for the sickle and orchards loaded with fruit contrasted sharply with the desolate fields in other parts of the State. As our columns advanced the growing crops were trampled down a good deal and much other property destroyed, although our generals went through the motions of posting guards to prevent that sort of thing.

About ten o'clock that night we bivouacked within two miles of the James River. Thursday, the 15th, we lay in camp all day and after our strenuous march of fifty odd miles from Cold Harbor it seemed mighty good to rest a while. My diary says we crossed the James River on a pontoon bridge between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, June 15th. The river where we crossed was about 2,100 feet wide and it took 101 pontoon boats to build a bridge across it. These boats were fastened to vessels anchored above and below the bridge for that purpose. From midnight June 14th, when the bridge was completed, until midnight of the 16th there was a continuous movement of troops, artillery and wagon trains across the big bridge; and the army didn't all cross on the bridge either. A lot of ferry boats were busy all the time taking men and material across the stream. The approaches to the river were alive with troops marching here and there or waiting their turn to cross. Drums and brass bands filled the air with martial music. Few incidents in the varied career of the Forty-fifth were more impressive and spectacular than crossing the James River between eleven o'clock and midnight June 15th, 1864.

A forced march of 25 miles—25 dusty, weary miles—brought us to the enemy's outer line of works before Petersburg about four o'clock, Thursday afternoon, June 16th. Loaded down as we were with more rations and ammunition than we usually carried, the pace on this march was too much for some of the men. I know that several of Company G dropped out of the ranks because they were completely bushed, and followed at a less strenuous pace. But so far as I know every "straggler" in the company was in his place in the ranks when his services were needed at the front.

Arriving before Petersburg, the Ninth Corps took position on the left of the Second Corps. Our brigade under Colonel Curtin was on the extreme left of the corps and the Forty-fifth on the left of the brigade; so that for once we were on the extreme left of the Union Army. About dark or a little before, Barlow's division of the Second Corps attacked and turned the enemy's right flank, our division under General Potter supporting the attack.

Before daylight next morning our division made a charge and carried two redoubts, according to my diary. Referring to this attack General Potter in his official report says: "Canteens and cups were packed in haversacks to prevent noise and orders were given to rely upon the bayonet and not fire a shot. The brigades moved promptly at 3 A. M., and rushed at once on the enemy's works, carrying their lines, taking four pieces of cannon, five colors, some six hundred prisoners and about fifteen hundred stand of small arms." This quotation from Potter's report, written a few days after the engagement, is better than anything we can give from memory after all these years.

No fatal casualties that I am aware of occurred in the Forty-fifth during this attack. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts of our brigade, who were on the front line, lost six killed and 13 wounded.

Saturday morning, June 18th, we found that the enemy had abandoned their works in our front during the night. They had retired to another intrenched line a mile or so nearer Petersburg. A general advance was made in the afternoon. The Forty-fifth was in the front line.

In the meantime one of our color-bearers, Corporal Thomas Evers, of Company D, was disabled or became exhausted, rather, and the adjutant detailed Corporal C. T. Kelley, of Company G, temporarily to fill Evers' place. Anticipating our story a short time we might say that Kelley carried the flag until a few days before the Mine Explosion when Evers took it again and carried it until the flag was sent back to Harrisburg in October, 1864.

The ground before us was mostly open and fully exposed to the concentrated fire of the enemy's rifle pits and batteries just as the Rebs intended it should be. The direction of our advance took us over the Petersburg and Norfolk railroad, which at this point ran diagonally across our front. The enemy made a stout resistance in the railroad cut. Railroad cuts were frequently used for breast-works during the war. We made several charges during the after-

noon driving the enemy before us into their works some distance beyond the railroad.

To avoid the enemy's fire over the worst places part of our advance was made on the double-quick. The last spurt of that kind we made seemed to me more like a "dead run." Used up and sore as I was from the effects of our last march, the pace was more than I could stand and I soon found myself several rods behind the regiment, which had reached a point where the lay of the land afforded some protection. The enemy's works were in plain sight and within easy musket range. I made a "charge" in which I was the "whole push" and the way the bullets cut the June grass around my feet made me think a whole regiment of Johnnies were firing at one lone "Yank" trying to catch up with his company. Maybe my size or lack of size saved my skin that day. Anyway, they never touched me.

Between five and six o'clock, if I remember the time, we were in a sort of ravine or hollow considerably lower than the ground beyond, where we knew the Confederate works to be, close by. Expecting every minute to be ordered to climb the bank and charge the works I found myself wondering how many of us would live to reach them. But this was another case of borrowing trouble. The sword of Damocles suspended over our heads by a hair never dropped. Instead of making any more charges that night we stayed where we were till after dark, then quietly advancing a short distance we established a line within about a hundred yards of the Rebel works and fortified it temporarily as well as we could in the night. Having no idea then that we were to occupy that same line forty days and forty nights, during which there was no cessation of hostilities and no uninterrupted rest for any of us.

The 18th of June had been a strenuous day for the Forty-fifth. Three of the regiment were killed and eighteen severely wounded. Corporal Charles H. Wilday, of Company G, one of the very best soldiers in the company, was mortally wounded and died July 6th following. Colonel Curtin commanding our brigade was struck in the shoulder by a minie ball and severely wounded, the command of the brigade then devolving on Colonel Bliss of the Seventh Rhode Island.

"No better fighting has been done during the war than was done by the divisions of Potter and Wilcox during this attack," General Burnside says in his report of what we did on the 18th of

June, 1864. The line we established that night was a salient nearer to the enemy's works than any other part of the Union line. Some two hundred feet in our rear was quite a deep hollow or ravine from which the ground rose sharply to our works and then more gradually to the enemy's about 300 feet farther. The hollow referred to, which was out of sight of the enemy, is where excavation started for the famous Burnside Mine, which others will describe. The siege of Petersburg began on the 18th of June, 1864, and ended on the 2d of April, 1865. The Forty-fifth was part of the besieging force from start to finish. We helped to establish the Union line farthest in advance in the first place. The regiment was actively engaged in the siege all the way through, sustaining heavy losses, as the records will show; and we were in at the death on the 2nd of April, 1865, when the Confederate works were carried by assault, the victory which the Forty-fifth helped to achieve that morning being the beginning of the end of the war.

Referring to my diary again I find that June 20th "we drew rations of whiskey." Half a gill (four spoonfuls) was called a ration. The officers probably got theirs in more liberal doses at the commissary department. Sometimes in case of "emergency" they were kind enough to sign an order for a canteen full of "the same" to be delivered to an enlisted man. If some of the boys in Company G occasionally signed Lieutenant Jeffers' name to an order of that kind nobody was ever punished for forgery on that account. Some of us, the boys said, could sign the lieutenant's name more naturally than Jeffers could himself!

As a general thing the two brigades of our division relieved each other at the front every 48 hours. At first the changes were made in the night to avoid attracting the attention of the enemy. In a few days, however, we had dug a ditch or covered way and could go back and forth with comparative safety.

The work of digging for the Burnside Mine began at noon on Saturday, June 25th. Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants and his regiment of miners, the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, who did the work, belonged to our brigade. Starting in the ravine about two hundred feet in rear of Company G of our regiment the main gallery of the mine passed under our works about 20 feet below the surface of the ground we stood on. The work of excavation and preparing the mine—or as much of it as could be seen from the outside—was done under our noses from start to finish. To distract the

attention of the enemy and prevent them from peeping over to see what was going on we kept up an irregular fusillade day and night and they gave us as good as we sent. At that distance—the lines were less than 20 rods apart—and both sides alert and watchful, somebody was shot every day. You couldn't raise a hand over the breastworks without drawing the enemy's fire.

Looking at my diary for the Fourth of July, I find that three members of Company G were wounded on the firing line during the day: Sergeant Jasper R. White and Privates Morris Smith and Peter Bellinger, all wounded in the head. As a matter of fact all who were hit in the works during the excavation of the mine were struck above the shoulders while watching to get a shot at the Johnnies through the port-holes. The chances are there were as many sore heads on the other side as among our fellows. We took chances and improved every opportunity to shoot at anything that looked like a head. Sometimes they fooled us by holding up an old hat on the end of a ram rod. Sergeant White was wounded in a peculiar manner. A Rebel bullet flattened itself against the limb of a cedar tree that stood maybe ten or fifteen feet in front of our works and glancing downward struck White on the bridge of his nose squarely between the eyes. The wound though painful was not serious. To avoid a repetition of that sort of thing, however, and because the tree was a nuisance anyhow, interfering with our view of the enemy's works, the boys decided to get rid of the tree by shooting it down! In fact that was the only way to get rid of it. We had some good choppers in the company but none of them volunteered to wield an axe between the lines in plain sight of the enemy less than a hundred yards distant. It took some time and a lot of powder and lead to down the tree; but the ammunition used made but little impression on Uncle Sam's cartridge box, especially when we consider that it took about a ton of lead to kill a man in the Civil war, so one writer says. The tree we shot down was about ten inches through at the butt.

We had gotten it into our heads that something unusual was going to happen before Petersburg on the Fourth of July and wouldn't have been at all surprised if a general attack had been made all along the line. And it was a disappointment to us that the day passed off so quietly. There were plenty of "fireworks" at the front to be sure and a few shells in the evening instead of rockets, but we had got used to that sort of thing and it didn't count.

The casualties referred to and the fact that we had plenty of ice cold lemonade are all I thought was worth mentioning in my diary on the Fourth of July. The boys had discovered a well filled ice house near the picket line but unfortunately for us in plain sight of the enemy. Some of our fellows were killed by Rebel sharpshooters while trying to get ice for their lemonade, with maybe a "stick" in it. All the same the boys took chances and frequently brought chunks of ice into camp.

Other unexpected luxuries that came to us during the early stages of the siege of Petersburg were daily allowances of pickles, dried apples, cabbages, radishes, etc., furnished by the Sanitary Commission with headquarters at City Point.

As the season advanced we suffered much from heat. The frequent discharge of cannon and a small arms day and night gave the atmosphere a sulphurous smell, reminding us of that other place (if it is a place) that we hear about so much! It was an easy matter for us to see the steeples of Petersburg from some parts of our line, and the shrill notes of the car whistle and rumble of moving trains reminded us every day that the beleaguered town was alive and doing business at the old stand. We were losing men every day. Company G at any rate was unfortunate. On the 18th of July, John Hauber was mortally wounded by a shot in the breast while filling some canteens for his comrades at a spring in rear of our works. John was one of the "humorists" of Company G. We missed his droll songs and funny jokes. A few days later Corporal David W. Reese was severely wounded, a minie ball ploughing its way around one side of his head. July 21st, Lieutenant Ephraim Jeffers was put out of business by an ugly wound in the face, that perforated his cheek and disfigured him for life.

Three days later Sergeant T. J. Davies was shot in the head and nearly killed at the same porthole where Jeffers was hit and as likely as not by the same sharpshooter. We learned afterward that some sharpshooters with globe sights on their guns had been assigned to duty opposite our part of the line on purpose to silence the Yankee marksmen who had been picking off everything that showed up above the parapet or at the port-holes in the Confederate works. Presumably other companies lost as many man as we did. Some mortar batteries planted over the hill toward Petersburg annoyed us a good deal. By careful, persistent experiments the gunners had the range perfectly. At first the fuses of their shells were too short.

They burst so high up that fragments of the shells dropped among their own men, the opposing lines were so close together. Very likely someone was on a lookout, a tree maybe, signaling the Rebel gunners the result of each shot. Anyway the shells kept dropping nearer and nearer until it kept us busy dodging them. Experience had taught us that a good way to dodge a shell when we saw it coming was to drop flat down to avoid the flying pieces if the plaguy thing burst, which it generally did. Sometimes, however, the fuse was too long and the shell buried itself out of sight in the ground without exploding. The chances are that some of those mortar shells are there now. It seems almost a miracle that nobody in the regiment so far as I know (certainly none in Company G) was killed or wounded by the artillery fire on that part of the line. Our casualties were all caused by Confederate sharpshooters. But the enemy didn't confine their cannonading to our advanced line. Every once in a while a shell would come whistling or shrieking over into our camp where we stayed while the Second Brigade was on duty at the front. This camp was in a piece of woods about a half mile in rear of the salient we occupied at the front. Like unwelcome visitors these shells, and sometimes solid shot, were liable to drop in on us most any time of the day or night. To guard against them to a certain extent some of the officers built barricades of logs near their tents in the direction of the enemy. One day a shell came over about noon or a little before making the usual fuss as though to warn us to get out of the way. On it came making a bee line for the quarters of Company G. "Which one, which one?" we could almost hear it say, and finally with a satisfied "You-u-u!" landed under the camp kettle where Jim Mickle, the company cook, was making soup for dinner. Fortunately the fuse was too long and the shell didn't burst. If it had—but it didn't, and the worst damage done, besides scaring the cook out of his wits, was to "pepper" the soup too freely with ashes and scatter the fire galley-west.

Toward the last of July work on the Burnside Mine, that we were interested in and had been watching as well as we could from the outside, stopped. They told us the mine was finished and naturally we wondered what would happen next. We had seen 300 or 400 men of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers working day and night for a month or more at that tunnel under the hill where the Confederate fort was; we had seen them carry out in cracker boxes and dump in the ravine behind us 18,000 cubic feet

of dirt, and toting in a lot of timber to build the gallery of the mine; and afterward had seen the miners carry in 320 kegs of powder (we did not count them then but knew afterward there were that many), and now we wondered what the upshot of all this would be. The "upshot," as it turned out, was all right and that's about all there was of it for us so far as any beneficial results were concerned. To others has been assigned the task of describing the explosion of the mine and the assault on the Crater afterward. The mine itself was a brilliant success. Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants of the Forty-Eighth, who conceived the idea and under great difficulties carried on the work, was recommended for a brevet by General Potter for conspicuous services in managing the mine "which was sprung on July 30th in front of the Ninth Army Corps."

The assault, after the explosion, failed, but the men who made it were not to blame. Read history and see how well they fought. All they needed was a leader—a leader who knew his business and was not afraid to be on the spot and tell the men what to do. With either Potter or Wilcox, division commanders of the Ninth Corps, in command at the Crater instead of Ledlie the chances are that we would have gone into Petersburg that morning, and not as prisoners either, as some of the boys did. General Grant, who never talked through his hat said afterward, "Such an opportunity for carrying a fortified line I have never seen and never expect to see again."

Others will tell what the Forty-fifth did or tried to do that day. Captain Gregg, who commanded the regiment, was recommended for promotion "for his gallantry and good efforts in rallying the men to defend the Crater and for his courage and daring in three personal encounters with Rebel officers each time killing his antagonist."

Many other acts of heroism were performed that day that will never be known. The lips that could tell the story are closed forever. Brave men were shot down, bayoneted and clubbed to death fighting like demons in that veritable "jaws of death and mouth of hell," which is about what the place amounted to for those who were killed or captured!

In a letter written in camp a few days after the mine disaster and which ought to be reliable, I say: "Our regiment went in with less than 200 men (including about half of that number who were left on the skirmish line and didn't go into the Crater), and lost 47, including seven commissioned officers, killed, wounded and cap-

tured. Company G lost seven out of 13. Private Philemon Sloat, one of those left in our works with Captain Fessler, was struck on the head by a piece of shell and died next day. Besides Captain Richards, Sergeant Tilden C. Cruttenden, Corporal Ebenezer Peet and Privates John J. Johnson, Charles H. Rogers and Simon L. Hakes of Company G were captured. Presumably Cruttenden and Peet were seriously wounded before being captured. Both died in Petersburg a month later. As a partial offset to this loss, in our company Corporal David E. Bowen during the mix-up in the Crater captured seven Rebels and marched them through a shower of bullets and grape and canister into our lines. "Dave" was a good soldier all right, but it looks as though there must have been "contributory negligence" on the part of the Johnnies or he never could have "surrounded" seven men and brought them in single handed as he did.

As a matter of fact many of the Confederate soldiers, especially during the last year of the war, were only waiting for a pretext or a favorable opportunity to come into our lines; knowing as they did that they would fare better as our prisoners than with their own people. Deserters from the Rebel army frequently came into the Union lines during the siege of Petersburg. With us it was different. A Union soldier, even from a selfish point of view, if he was worth his salt, would take desperate chances and fight to the last to avoid being captured and sent to Confederate prison pens to be tortured and as likely as not starved to death.

July 31st, the day after the battle of the Crater, a flag of truce was sent into the Confederate lines asking for permission to bury our dead that lay promiscuously where they fell between our works and the demolished fort. It was so late, however, before the requisite formalities were over that the truce was postponed until next morning; from seven o'clock till nine being the time specified. Promptly at the appointed hour the pickets on both sides stopped firing and details with stretchers, picks and shovels were set to work. The flag of truce was planted half way between the lines, surrounded by a group of officers of both armies. Officers and men who were there as spectators had to keep their proper distance from the Confederate works. The details, however, under Rebel guards, were allowed to gather up the dead wherever found.

The ruins of the fort had been fixed up into a rifle pit and was garrisoned with two lines of battle. Most of the garrison sat on

the parapet and seemed to be interested spectators of what our fellows were doing. Rebel officers of all grades from lieutenant-general down were strutting around between the lines, some in careless undress, but most of them in full regimentals. An officer who seemed to be "boss" and whom I took to be General Mahone, was in his shirt sleeves but had on high top boots and I think gauntlet gloves. The dead as they lay in a road, between the lines where a shallow trench was being dug for their reception, presented a ghastly, sickening spectacle. After lying on the ground nearly 48 hours, part of the time under a broiling sun, all were alike swollen and totally disfigured. It took more than a casual glance to distinguish the whites from the blacks as they lay there side by side ready for burial. The stench was horrid, poisoning the air for miles around.

At nine o'clock the gruesome task was barely finished; but the truce had expired and the Blue and Gray who for a few moments, under the white flag, had been friends, were mortal enemies again.

Both parties promptly retired to their respective lines of intrenchment and pretty soon were shooting at each other as usual.





Capt. R. G. Richards
Company G

CHAPTER X

**THE FORTY-FIFTH IN THE BATTLE OF
THE CRATER**

IT WAS ON THE 30TH OF JULY, 1864—THE PLACE, NEAR
PETERSBURG, VA.

CAPTAIN R. G. RICHARDS

Ever since June 27th, the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, composed largely of coal miners from Schuylkill County under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, had been continuously engaged in running a mine under the enemy's works, the objective point being a fort mounting six heavy guns and garrisoned by about 300 men which formed a part of the front line of the enemy's earthworks. The fort was not more than 140 yards distant from our line of breastworks at that point. The position of the Forty-fifth, when on duty, was and had been since June 18th, directly in front of the fort. By reason of the close proximity of the hostile lines in that vicinity, musketry and artillery firing were kept up each day, resulting in the loss on the average in the Second Division (Potter's), of 14 or 15 men and officers per diem.

On July 26th the mine was charged with 8,000 pounds of powder, and on the 29th all was ready for the explosion.

In the meantime General Burnside had perfected his plan of attack, which was, briefly stated, to form two columns, and to charge with them through the breach anticipated by the explosion of the mine, then sweep along the enemy's line right and left, clearing away the artillery and infantry by attacking in the flank and rear; other columns at once to make for the crest back of the enemy's works and Cemetery Hill.

In order to carry out this plan successfully, a division of colored troops consisting of two brigades under General Ferrero, was, by order of Burnside, for almost three weeks drilled in the movements necessary to familiarize them with the work to be done in leading the charge. It was a well known fact that the colored soldiers and their white officers looked forward with determination and enthusiasm to winning a signal victory and to prove themselves worthy of the honor of being selected to lead the attack against the enemy.

On July 26th, General Meade ordered Burnside to report his plan of attack, which he did.

It was not until noon of the 29th that Burnside was informed that his plan was disapproved and that the colored troops should not lead the attack, although Burnside urged upon General Meade that the white troops, owing to the constant and severe service to which they have been exposed for 40 days previous, were not in condition to make such a dashing charge as the circumstances would require, while the colored soldiers were fresh and vigorous.

General Grant afterwards, before the Congressional Board of Inquiry concerning the mine disaster, said that he believed that the charge of the colored troops "would have been a success."

I only mention these facts in justice to the memory of the gallant commander of the Ninth Corps, whose magnanimous soul had no room for envy, nor ever allowed mere prerogative incident to rank or position to cast a shadow across his path of supreme fidelity to the cause of his country.

General Meade from that time took command of the enterprise and directed that at three thirty o'clock on the following morning, July 30th, the mine should be exploded, and that the white troops of the Ninth Corps, should make the charge and gain the crest in rear of the enemy's line of works.

Nearly the entire night of the 29th was taken up in making the necessary changes and arranging the position of the troops ready for the deadly work on the morrow.

Burnside issued his battle orders to carry out General Meade's command. It fell to General Ledlie, commanding the First Division, to lead the attack and to move forward at once to crown the crest at the point known as Cemetery Hill.

Then General Wilcox, commanding the Third Division, was to follow as soon as possible after Ledlie had passed through the first line of the enemy's works, bearing off to the left flank of General Ledlie's column and make a lodgment to the left of General Ledlie's Division. Then General Potter, commanding the Second Division, was to move to the right of Ledlie's Division as soon as it was apparent that he would not interfere with the movement of General Wilcox, so that Potter could protect the left flank of Ledlie's Division, and establish a line to run from Cemetery Hill nearly at right angles with the enemy's line.

The order to General Ferrero was to move his division immediately after Wilcox's until he reached our advance line, when it was cleared by the other three divisions; then move forward over the same ground that Ledlie had covered; then pass through our line, and if possible, move down and occupy the village.

There were other dispositions of troops, but I shall not take the time, or the space to mention them here.

Such then was the plan of attack in so far as the Ninth Corps was concerned.

I shall confine the rest of this narrative of that fateful day mostly to the part taken by the Forty-fifth.

On the night of the 29th our regiment occupied its usual position directly in front of the fated fort. All night long we watched with the utmost vigilance for any signs of movement in the enemy's lines, and we were ready for any emergency.

In the dim light we could discern our troops moving stealthily into position in the hollow back of our breastworks.

All was silent in the grim and doomed fort in our front; its garrison rested in fancied security, oblivious of the mighty and cruel force underneath, which waited only the signal of a spark to leap forth with volcanic and destructive energy.

About three-thirty o'clock in the morning of the 30th, while it was yet dark, Captain Gregg, commanding the Forty-fifth, was ordered to leave a strong line of skirmishers in front of the enemy's works, and to march the rest of the regiment back to the edge of the woods, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. One hundred men under command of Captain Fessler of Company K were left as the skirmish line. Only 110 men and 11 officers were left of the old Forty-fifth that morning as we marched back to the edge of the woods under Captain Gregg.

The time for the explosion expired; all waited and watched; an hour passed; no sound from the front. The sky was reddening with the dawn; all eyes were turned toward the front; it was now four thirty-five. As we stood in almost breathless expectancy, a staff officer rode near us from the front going toward headquarters. He stopped an instant to say that the fuse was faulty, and that the affair was a failure, but as the last word fell from his lips, suddenly a heavy sound like muffled thunder was heard; the ground trembled, and high in the air rose an immense column of earth

mingled with cannon, caissons, camp equipage and human bodies; the red explosions of powder glowing in the horrid mass; clouds of dense smoke and impenetrable dust rolled from the summit, then slowly settled as if to veil the awful ruin from our view. All that was left of the six gun battery with its garrison of 300 men, was a crater 200 feet long, 50 feet wide and from 25 to 30 feet deep, with the debris of the material of what was a formidable earth-work, and the mangled bodies of its occupants.

As if to further augment and intensify the awfulness of the scene, about 150 pieces of artillery along our line simultaneously crashed their thunders and belched forth their hissing and screeching missiles until it seemed as if the vaulted dome above us was bursting asunder.

The enemy, astounded and frightened, fled in consternation, evidently expecting a like fate to the entire front line of breastwork to the right and left in the vicinity of the fort.

Ledlie's Division now advanced passing quickly over our breastworks, and charged across the intervening space into the ruins in the enemy's line.

As the men entered the still smoking chasm, the cries of the wounded among the debris, some half buried struggling to free themselves, the broken masses of earth and the yielding sand, caused the advancing line to break; the men halted, some to extricate the men from their distressing condition; some to take prisoners, and others to dig up buried guns and other materials; all this instead of moving on past the crater to the crest beyond as ordered.

In justice to the noble regiments comprising the several brigades of the First Division, it is not at all likely they knew the objective point they were expected to make, or that even the regimental commanders were so informed. General Ledlie, the responsible head of the division, was inexcusably absent behind our breastworks; all was confusion in the fort.

What General Burnside feared now became a reality; the men began to intrench themselves, there being no responsible head to lead them on. This condition of the First Division materially delayed and prevented the advance of Wilcox's and Potter's Divisions to carry out the orders of the corps commander.

Precious time was passing; 20 minutes were gone; ample time in which Ledlie's Division should have cleared the enemy's line and made for and reached the coveted crest.

Those 20 minutes were lost! irretrievably lost.

By that time the enemy had regained self-possession. Our artillery began to receive sharp and spirited response from the enemy's batteries; the men were returning to their guns and intrenchments and forming lines to resist our further advance; their rifle pits and batteries were so arranged as to make our position in and about the crater not long tenable. From the crest and from beyond the ravine to the right a terrific and destructive fire swept the ground between the ruined fort and our lines, as well as over the ruins and in rear of them. In addition was the musketry to the right and left from the breastworks.

It was under the conditions just described that General Potter's Division, of which the Forty-fifth formed a part, became directly involved in the battle. My purpose is to confine myself chiefly to that which relates to the Forty-fifth, and in doing so shall freely quote from Captain Gregg's report of the battle, dated August 9th, 1864: Ed. 40, Series 1, p. 553 War of the Rebellion.

"We marched by the left flank through the covered way to our old position in our breastworks. On arriving there I gave the command to march double quick across the field to the Rebel fort. In crossing the field we were exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's works on the right and left. The whole space was swept with canister, grape and musketry."

The ground was already thickly strewn with dead and wounded. Gregg further says:

"On arriving at the ruins of the fort, I attempted to march the regiment by the right flank across them in order to charge a Rebel battery stationed at some buildings in the rear of the Rebel works, but found it impossible to do so, as the crater formed by the explosion was some 200 feet in length, 50 feet in breadth, and from 30 to 35 feet in depth. The crest of the crater, ruined slopes and parapets were covered with dead, dying and wounded of the First and Second Divisions of the Ninth Army Corps."

As we passed out of the crater a fragment of a shell tore away one side of Theodore Eyde's face; also his eye. I immediately wrapped his face with my handkerchief, while the wounded part was yet clean and bloodless. Eyde passed to the rear in safety. On my return to the regiment some months after, I learned to my astonishment, that he had recovered from the effects of the ghastly wound. The report of Captain Gregg continues:

“I then received orders from Captain Peckham to march by the left flank and form a line of battle, under cover of the parapet in rear of the fort, in order to charge in rear of the line of their works so as to make a diversion in favor of our brigade, which was to charge forward at the moment they saw the colors of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers. At the same time I received orders from General Bartlett who had command in the ruins of the fort, to charge a battery in our immediate front. I attempted to do so with my small command, composed of about 80 or 90 men and seven officers. As we advanced, the enemy opened with batteries stationed at several different points on the right and left flanks and in front, accompanied by a heavy fire of musketry from the rifle pits, and as the other troops in the front did not advance to our support, we were compelled to fall back into the intrenchments.”

In rear of the fort the enemy had excavated a labyrinth of traverses and rifle pits, evidently for their protection from our guns, in passing into and out of the fort. One of these traverses was about four feet wide and three feet deep, the excavated material piled up on the sides, it extended about 100 feet to the rear. From this traverse branched two other traverses, one to the right about 40 feet from the outer end, and the other about 20 feet from the outer end toward the left.

Into this traverse we retreated after our charge already mentioned. Here we were mixed up with parts of other regiments, especially with the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts.

Shortly thereafter the Rebels made a charge against the fort, but were repulsed by the force on the right of our position and with considerable loss, but as we were in this traverse by the flank, by the impact of the charge we were forced back as far as the junction of the main traverse with the branch leading to the right already mentioned.

In attempting to rally the men at this point affording a wider front, I was borne to the ground. As I sprung to my feet as quickly as possible, I was confronted by a large Rebel officer, a major in rank, who placed his revolver close to my breast and demanded my surrender; with my sword in hand, we looked each other in the face for several seconds, when Captain Gregg rushed in and grabbed the Rebel's revolver. We took him and two men who stood at his back, prisoners. Why he did not fire I never knew.

Captain Gregg took charge of the prisoners then taken and ordered me to remain in command at that point.

At this time a number of the men of the regiment engaged, passed back to the crater leaving only a few of the men with Lieutenant Catlin of Company I remaining with me at the point already described. It soon became evident to us that in the branch traverse to our left, the junction of which with the main traverse was only a few feet off, were a number of the enemy and also in a rifle pit running almost at right angles with the main traverse which we occupied, not more than 50 feet away. It was from that rifle pit as reported by Captain Gregg that a Rebel fired at me, and as I immediately fell to the ground to avoid a second attempt, it gave rise to the report that I was killed.

In order to procure means to protect ourselves, I wrote on a piece of paper a request for picks and shovels, wrapped it about a stone and threw it in the direction of the fort, hoping that someone would get it and comply with my request, knowing that it was impossible for any of us to reach the fort from our position. Receiving no response, we set at work with bayonets for picks and tin cups for shovels, to construct an earthen barricade across the traverse so that we could drive the Rebels out of the branch traverse and protect ourselves in the event of another charge. The only material that we could procure had to be dug out of the side of the traverse which was of a clayish substance and very hard.

The men worked with all their might, and they were well nigh exhausted by the long continued exertions under the heat of the burning sun, and almost famished from thirst. Strong men wept, yet stood determined, Spartan-like, at the post of duty.

All this time the bursting shells crashed above our heads and the air was freighted with grape and canister; and bullets buzzed like bees.

Across the traverse from our position at the junction of the branch to the right, bodies to the number of 15 to 20 were literally piled up in a heap, directly in line with the branch traverse to our left which was filled with the enemy. Here it was men fell as they attempted to advance over the parapet of the demolished fort. I saw a colored soldier stand on that human pile of dead and wounded, fire his musket and while hurriedly reloading, was shot in the face; still loading he was again shot in the back of the head; yet load-

ing, when the third shot laid him prostrate like those beneath him; all done within the space of a few seconds.

It was now past two o'clock; we still worked with bayonets and tin cups to construct our barricade; it was desperate work. In endeavoring to level the top with a rifle, it was shattered with bullets the instant it touched the earth.

Yet determined, we hoped reinforcements would come to our relief, but before our barricade was high enough to afford us any protection there arose from behind the rifle pits in our immediate front a gray line of battle, about 50 feet distant, advancing upon us. Our position was in the extreme front of our forces. Further resistance was impossible and could only result in the useless sacrifice of the lives of the few men under my command. I sprang to my feet and was again confronted by a Rebel officer with a revolver at my breast and ordered to surrender, which I did with the others.

At the time Captain Gregg took charge of the Rebel prisoners already mentioned, he with a number of our men and officers took their position near the crater slope where they became engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy. I quote again from Captain Gregg's official report already mentioned:

"I then received orders from Captain Peckham to form my regiment and await further orders, as the negro troops were to charge the works on our right. We heard the cheering of the men as they dashed forward; in a few minutes the works were filled with negroes. A Major of one of the negro regiments placed his colors on the crest of the crater and the negro troops opened a heavy fire on the Rebels who were at that time charging the fort. In a few moments the Rebel force, headed by several desperate officers, dashed into the pits among us, when a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, both parties using their bayonets and clubbing their muskets. A large Rebel officer, who appeared to be in command of the force, rushed upon me, and catching me by the throat, ordered me to surrender, at the same time bringing his revolver to my head. I succeeded in taking his revolver from him, and after a sharp struggle left him dead on the spot. A Rebel soldier who had come to the rescue of his officer, attempted to run me through with his bayonet, but was killed by Sergeant Bacon of Company G.

“Captain Dibeler of Company B was attacked by two Rebel officers, his sword taken from him, but after a sharp contest he succeeded in recovering it and killing his antagonists.”

The report continues :

“Captain Richards of Company G, while gallantly rallying his men, was fired at by a Rebel and was seen to fall. He was a noble officer, and will long be remembered by all who knew him.”

I may be pardoned for quoting this concerning myself; it is not often given to men to read their own obituaries. I prize the good opinion of my gallant fellow officer and friend, Captain Gregg, more than I can express. Further, from the report :

“Lieutenants Van Valin, Gelbaugh, Seely, Campbell, Catlin and Eyde behaved nobly during the contest.

“In rear of the fort, Lieutenants Campbell and Eyde were severely wounded.

“During this brief contest the negroes in the crater kept up a heavy fire of musketry on the advancing enemy, compelling them to take shelter. Many of our men being killed and wounded, and the enemy pressing us hard, we were compelled to fall back into the crater in order to save our little band, while the negroes kept up a heavy fire on the Rebels outside the fort.”

About this time Brigadier-General Bartlett, a noble officer commanding the forces in the crater, but then unable to move about by reason of having broken his artificial leg, ordered Captain Gregg to act as field officer of the day with orders to rally every man to the defense of the crater.

General Bartlett having witnessed the struggle between Captain Gregg and his Rebel antagonist presented to Captain Gregg his sword, saying to him: “Captain Gregg, you know how to use it.” Captain Gregg subsequently returned the sword to the general, it having been presented to him by his old regiment, the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts. Quoting further :

“We felt confident that another charge would be made by our troops upon the enemy on our right, and our hopes were to hold the fort until the charge was made.”

Prior to this time General Burnside had been ordered peremptorily to withdraw all the troops back to our line of breastworks; of this, however, the troops in the crater were not yet informed. Continuing from the report :

“The crest of the fort was swept with canister and grapeshot from the batteries of the enemy. In the meantime the enemy opened a heavy bombardment with their mortar batteries. They had perfect range of the crater; therefore almost every shell exploded in the midst of the dense mass of men, killing and wounding many of our brave soldiers at every explosion.

“It appeared in a short time impossible to hold the fort, as our men were overcome with the excessive heat, and the negroes almost destitute of ammunition. We succeeded in getting several hundred rounds from the dead and wounded in the fort.

“The traverses around the fort were filled with the enemy, who attempted to charge into the crater, but were driven off at the point of the bayonet. * * * *

“At the hour of one o’clock, the bottom, sides and nearly all parts of the crater were strewn with dead, dying and wounded soldiers, causing pools of blood to be formed at the bottom of the crater. * * * *

“About two o’clock the loss of life was terrible. * * * * It seemed impossible to maintain life from the intense heat of the sun. * * * * General Bartlett received a note from General Griffin to the effect that the crater and other Rebel works in our possession were to be abandoned, and that he had better get out of the crater and save himself.

“The color bearer of the Forty-fifth with the color guard with the exception of Corporal Haynes, who was killed, succeeded in gaining our former position and joined the command of Captain Fessler.”

Our color bearer made a gallant fight hand-to-hand against Rebel soldiers who attempted to capture our flag and succeeded in defending it against all comers.

One of the soldiers of the Forty-fifth captured the flag of a Rebel regiment and bore it in triumph as a trophy of one of the bloodiest conflicts of the war.

Captain Gregg in the closing paragraph of his report says:

“I charged the enemy’s works with 110 men. Of that number six were killed, 22 wounded and 39 missing. Among the missing are Captains Dibeler and Richards, and Lieutenants Van Valin, Catlin and Seely. I am pleased to say that all the officers and men that were with me in the engagement are deserving great praise

for their noble conduct and bearing. Much praise is also due to Captain Fessler and Lieutenant Cheeseman for their efforts in endeavoring to rally the negroes and other troops while they were retreating back across the front line of the Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers.”

It will be seen that out of 110 men, 67 were lost; I am satisfied that of the 39 reported as missing many of them were either killed or wounded.

The Battle of the Crater ended in terrible disaster and defeat; our loss was more than 2,000 killed and wounded, besides 1,652 missing. The enemy's loss must have been very heavy.

Never did men fight with more courage and desperation, but somewhere, not with the rank and file, nor with regimental officers on our side, lay the responsibility for the disaster. It was then, as it is now when we can calmly consider the situation, evident that a splendid victory was within our grasp, but lost because of mismanagement and for want of competent leadership. Are we not justified in believing that had General Burnside's plan of battle been approved, the result would have been different?

Even as we relate in sorrow the story of the battle, we are proud of the part taken by our gallant Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, which is in keeping with its noble record throughout its whole history from first to last.

CHAPTER XI

THE WELDON RAILROAD AND PEGRAM'S FARM

AFTER "THE CRATER," BY BEAUGE.

The Forty-fifth came out of the Battle of the Crater badly crippled but with untarnished honor. One-third of its members had been put out of business or hors de combat, as the French say. Of those taken prisoners many perished in captivity. Very few of the survivors were released in time to participate in other campaigns of the regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Hills being unable to command the regiment on account of ill health and the office of major being vacant, Captain Gregg of Company F, as the ranking captain in the regiment, remained in command of the Forty-fifth after the mine explosion as he had been for some time previous for the same reason.

With Captain Richards a prisoner, First Lieutenant Haynes acting regimental quartermaster, and Second Lieutenant Jeffers absent, wounded, Company G was without a commissioned officer present for duty from the last of July until the middle of December, as will appear farther on. Sergeant David L. Bacon commanded Company G during the months of August and September, the same Sergeant Bacon, who, according to Captain Gregg's own story, saved his (Gregg's) life during the mix-up at the crater, yet owing to Bacon's modesty or some other reason he never to my recollection mentioned the incident in my hearing. Bacon and I had been boys together in Tioga County and were quite chummy in the army, especially after so many of the original members of the company were gone. We tented together when he commanded the company. "Dave" jocularly styled himself "Commander-in-chief of Company G," and dubbed me his "Adjutant General," because in my capacity as company clerk I made out all his reports and other official papers.

The Forty-fifth, or what was left of it, continued on duty as usual in the trenches opposite the demolished fort after the explosion.

Sunday, August 14th, we drew rations and next day left camp about one o'clock in the morning; marched through a night "as

dark as a stack of black cats" until about 6 A. M., when we relieved a portion of the Fifth Corps.

August 17th. Heavy firing on the right. Rebels shelled us during the night. One man killed with solid shot, says my diary.

August 18th. Repaired our pits. Rebs gave us another shelling last night.

August 19th. Got marching orders and packed up. Left camp about noon, marched five miles and deployed as skirmishers on right of Fifth Corps. Heavy fighting during the evening. We arrived in the nick of time. The Fifth Corps was being roughly handled, having lost heavily in killed and wounded, besides more than 2,000 captured, and the Rebels were in a fair way to drive our forces off the Weldon Railroad when our division and the First of the Ninth Corps put in an appearance. John L. Wilson, special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, in his "Story of the War," says in this connection: "Very opportunely, just at the time when the right center (of the Fifth Corps) had become broken and was giving away, the First and Second Divisions of the Ninth Corps, under Potter and White, came up. Although they had made a long and toilsome forced march over roads now reduced to mud by the late heavy rains, they were immediately formed and sent in on the charge; and the enemy was overlapped and turned. The result was that the contest was decided against the Confederates and the disordered lines of the Federals were soon rallied."

Next day we advanced our skirmish line and threw up rifle pits but there was no fighting to amount to anything.

On the 21st the Rebels made another desperate attempt to drive us off the Weldon Railroad, but were repulsed. The brunt of the attack was on the Fifth Corps, although our skirmishers were driven in and we were ready to give the Johnnies a warm reception behind our temporary breastworks.

The Weldon Railroad was a much coveted bone of contention between the two armies and cost both sides many lives during the summer and fall of 1864. Thursday afternoon, August 25th, the sound of artillery and musketry was plainly heard in our camp from the direction of Reams Station, where the Second Corps was engaged and lost more men that day than the Fifth Corps lost on the 19th. But our fellows kept the railroad—or enough of it so that the road from that time on to the close of the War was no good to the enemy. There was no fighting to amount to anything

in our front for some time—a month or more—after August 25th, and it seemed mighty good to enjoy a season of comparative rest after what we had gone through since crossing the Rapidan in April.

Our camp in a pine grove was, I think, as pleasant a location as we ever struck. Of course, the usual round of camp duties had to be attended to, such as drills, parades, policing, picket duty, etc., and the boys put in a good many days building breastworks until we had a fine line of fortifications; and almost wished the Johnnies would come out and give us a chance to try them. But they didn't. Our fighting was all done in the open. Anyway I can't think of a place during our entire service where the enemy attacked us behind our breastworks.

Toward the latter part of August General Curtin, having recovered from the effects of his wound received on June 18th, came to us and resumed command of our brigade. About the same time Lieutenant-Colonel Hills resigned on account of ill health. We were sorry to lose Colonel Hills. He had seen service in the Mexican War and was a good soldier. Joining the regiment in 1861 as captain of Company I he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in March, 1863, and commanded the regiment through most of the East Tennessee campaign and during the Wilderness campaign and after that until his health failed him and he was obliged to quit. Word came to us while in this camp that Lieutenant Jeffers of Company G had been mustered out from the hospital on account of wounds received in the trenches opposite the crater. Jeffers had been with us from the start and served with signal bravery and distinction all the time. During his service as a commissioned officer he frequently carried a rifle and used it, presumably with telling effect, he being an exceptionally good shot.

About 40 recruits, most of them foreigners, the German element predominating, were assigned to the regiment while in this camp. None of these was assigned to Company G.

Our camp was located about a mile from and to the rear of the Yellow House on the Weldon Railroad. And that reminds me of the Davis House about half way between the lines. It was the scene of several sharp encounters between the rival pickets. One day a cloud of dense smoke from that direction told the story. The Davis House, like thousands of others, had fallen a victim to the necessities of war.

The record shows that September 23d, Captain Theodore Gregg of Company F, was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. Why Gregg jumped the intermediate grade of major when that place was vacant and had been since the death of Major Kelsey, June 24th, is a mystery which only those higher up can explain. It is true that we used to refer to Gregg as major for some time before he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, but if he was promoted to major at all and no record made of it, it must have been done in September, because the retained muster roll of Company G for two months ending August 31st, which is here before me, was signed by Theodore Gregg, Captain, Company F, Commanding the Regiment. If our records are right the Forty-fifth was without a major from June 24th, 1864, to March 31st, 1865, when Captain John F. Trout of Company C, was promoted to that office.

September 24th, my diary says, there were cheers all along the line and a general jubilee over Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley.

Sunday, September 25th. Received marching orders and packed up. Left camp at 5 P. M. Marched until about eight o'clock and camped near Norfolk Railroad. Next morning we moved a short distance and pitched tents.

September 27th. Policed our quarters and fixed up to *stay*. At daybreak next morning got *marching* orders. Left camp at six o'clock and pursuant to orders, marched to the vicinity of the Gurley House. Next day the regiment was "packed up" and under marching orders from three o'clock in the morning but did not leave camp. Soldiers seldom know one day what they will do the next. Our business was to obey orders and ask no questions.

We now come to Friday, September 30th, 1864—a day that many of the boys are not likely to forget.

Turning to my diary I find that we left camp about eleven o'clock and marching a short distance to the left we took the Poplar Spring Church road through the woods and after going about a mile our division formed line of battle, supporting a division of the Fifth Corps while they charged and captured a redoubt and some rifle pits on the Peebles Farm, near what is called the Squirrel Level road. This was about one o'clock in the afternoon. The Rebels retreated to their second and main line of intrenchments and the Second and Third Division of our corps moved forward

in pursuit, passing the troops of the Fifth Corps, who were resting and taking it easy behind the works they had captured.

My duty was not on the firing line that day. Other members of the regiment, in their personal sketches, will give the details of what followed.

It was an unlucky Friday for us. Three regiments of our brigade: the Fifty-first New York, Fifty-eighth Massachusetts and the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, who were on the front line and composed the extreme left of the Union forces, were captured almost entirely. Attacked by superior numbers in front, flank and rear and practically surrounded, seven-eighths of what was left of the Forty-fifth were obliged to surrender or be shot down.

This engagement, called the Battle of Pegram's Farm, was the result of an attempt to extend our line to the left and get a firmer grip on the Weldon Railroad.

General R. B. Potter, our division commander, in a communication to corps headquarters under date of November 1st, 1864, relative to this engagement, known also as the Battle of Poplar Spring Church, after referring to the circumstance that the Fifty-first New York had destroyed their flag before surrendering, goes on to say: "The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers lost eight officers and 170 enlisted men out of about 200. The colors of this regiment were also torn from the staff and destroyed. These two veteran regiments, the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers and the Fifty-first New York Veteran Volunteers, as you are well aware, sustained as high a reputation as any organization in this corps for uniform valor and good conduct."

After paying a glowing tribute to the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts, which was also captured almost entirely and lost its flag, General Potter adds: "These regiments were lost by holding on too long to their positions; the order for their withdrawal could not be got to them in season."

This would be a good place to stop, but according to Sergeant J. D. Strait of Company I, who was with the colors and ought to know, General Potter was evidently misinformed about the colors of the Forty-fifth being destroyed. Sergeant Strait says in substance that after our line of battle had been attacked in flank and rear and thrown into confusion and he, as one of the color-guard, and Sergeant Joe Reigle, the color bearer, who although partially disabled by a flesh wound was still carrying the flag, became sepa-

rated from their comrades and were making their way through the brush and timber, as they supposed, into our own lines, they were suddenly confronted at close quarters by a line of dismounted Rebel cavalry. There was no time or opportunity to destroy the flag or do anything else but surrender when summoned to do so or be shot down, and that, under the circumstances, would have been a useless sacrifice. The boys evidently did everything within reason to save the flag. Of course, they might have ripped the colors up into ribbons when they found that the battle was going against us, but they hadn't given up the idea of saving the flag and were doing their best to do so when they ran up against a Confederate line of battle lying in wait in the brush purposely to intercept our men who were willing to take desperate chances to avoid being captured.

In this connection Sergeant Strait says further that the flag captured that day was the colors of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, the one we received after our reenlistment and which Sergeant Reigle carried from the time we left Annapolis in April, 1864, until the battle of Cold Harbor where Reigle was wounded and Strait himself took the flag and carried it until Reigle, having recovered from the effects of his wound, resumed his duties as color bearer on the 19th of June; Reigle carrying the flag from that time on until it was captured.

As a matter of fact Sergeant Reigle, who was a strapping six-footer and a good soldier, put in most of his time as regimental color bearer. Before carrying the new flag in the Virginia campaign in 1864, he had carried the colors we got at Harrisburg in 1861 all through our first enlistment. After that, according to Comrade Strait, who was with the colors and ought to be good authority, Corporal Thomas Evers of Company D, carried the old flag through the Virginia campaign up to September 30th, 1864; except during the four or five weeks when Corporal C. T. Kelley of Company G, served as color bearer after June 18th, as referred to in another place.

So much for the flags. Now to resume our narrative.

Colonel Curtin, who commanded the brigade, but as usual was in close touch with the Forty-fifth, did everything possible, exposing himself recklessly, to rally the men and reestablish his line, but finding the condition hopeless, three regiments of his brigade being practically surrounded, to avoid being captured he put spurs

to his horse and made a run for it. The horse seemed to take in the situation and put in his best licks to carry his master through a shower of bullets that the Rebels sent after the horse and his rider. It looked as though both would get away all right when just as Curtin had jumped his mount over a fence the horse was shot behind the ear and instantly killed. Curtin, who was young and spry in those days, went right on over the horse's head and got away almost miraculously without a scratch.

Curtin's horse was the one the boys presented to him in Kentucky, referred to in another chapter of this book. "Burnside," as they called him, was a good horse and had he rendered no other service than to save his master from capture that day he would have paid what he cost many times over.

We got decidedly the worst of it in this set-to with the enemy but the result was no reflection on the bravery and good conduct of the men. Bad management or carelessness by superior officers was the cause of our undoing. Our brigade was pushed forward too far without proper support, and the enemy, always alert and watching for mistakes of that kind, got in on our flanks and rear and gathered in the best part of three regiments, just as they captured a brigade of the Fifth Corps on August 19th under practically the same conditions.

First Lieutenant James P. Gregg of Company D, acting adjutant of the Forty-fifth, was killed. Lieutenant Gregg was a brave and accomplished officer. His death was a severe loss to the regiment. Among the commissioned officers captured were Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg commanding the regiment, Captain John F. Trout of Company C, acting major, and Captain R. C. Cheeseman of Company F, who later on commanded the regiment.

In Company G, Sergeants David L. Bacon and Jasper R. White and Privates D. H. Belcher, George R. Derbyshire, H. N. Gile, James Morse, W. J. Mickle, W. W. Peterson and P. P. Smith were captured.

In Company I, Robert S. Orr and Cornelius Saxbury were killed. Sergeant Andrew Strong and Corporal John Hancock were severely wounded, and the following named members of the company taken prisoners: Sergeant Wm. Hoffman, Corporals Malcolm A. Royce and J. D. Strait, and Privates John S. Beach, Joseph Cahn, A. C. Ellsworth, James English, Joseph O. English, Lewis

Elliott, Patrick Maney, John P. Miller, H. H. Sawyer, P. R. Sherman, H. H. Smith, John Wilkinson and J. H. Wood.

I give the casualties in these two companies because I found a record of them in a letter I sent home a few days after the battle and I know the list is correct.

Members of the regiment who had not reenlisted and whose term of service of three years had practically expired (most of those in Company G enlisted about the middle of September, but were not mustered into the United States service until October 20th, 1861), were excused from going into the fight on September 30th, 1864.

The old flag, the one we got at Harrisburg in 1861, was also kept out of the engagement at Poplar Spring Church and to the best of our knowledge was sent back to Harrisburg the latter part of October at about the same time the boys who did not reenlist went home.

After Sergeant Bacon was taken prisoner Corporal C. T. Kelley commanded Company G for some time. Kelley and I tented together while he commanded the company. I served him as faithfully as I had Bacon in the discharge of my duties as "Adjutant General" of Company G, making out all reports and other official papers. It is no disparagement of others to say that "Tom" Kelley was one of the best soldiers in the regiment. He served from September, 1861, until discharged in June, 1865, on account of wound received in action.

On October 14th, Charles Merlin of the Second Maryland Volunteers in our division was executed for attempting to desert to the enemy. The execution took place in the presence of General Potter and the entire Second Division which was drawn up on three sides of a hollow square to witness it. Several of our company were among those detailed to guard the prisoner before and during the execution. Seated blindfolded on his coffin alongside an open grave in which he knew he was to be buried the unfortunate man met his fate apparently unconcerned. It didn't take long to do the job. The officer in charge of the firing squad dropped his handkerchief as a signal, there was a volley of, I think, 12 guns (one of which was loaded with a blank cartridge), and it was all over. The poor devil fell over backward, his head striking the lid of his coffin with a sickening thud that I could hear, or thought I could hear, for several days afterward. It was a grue-

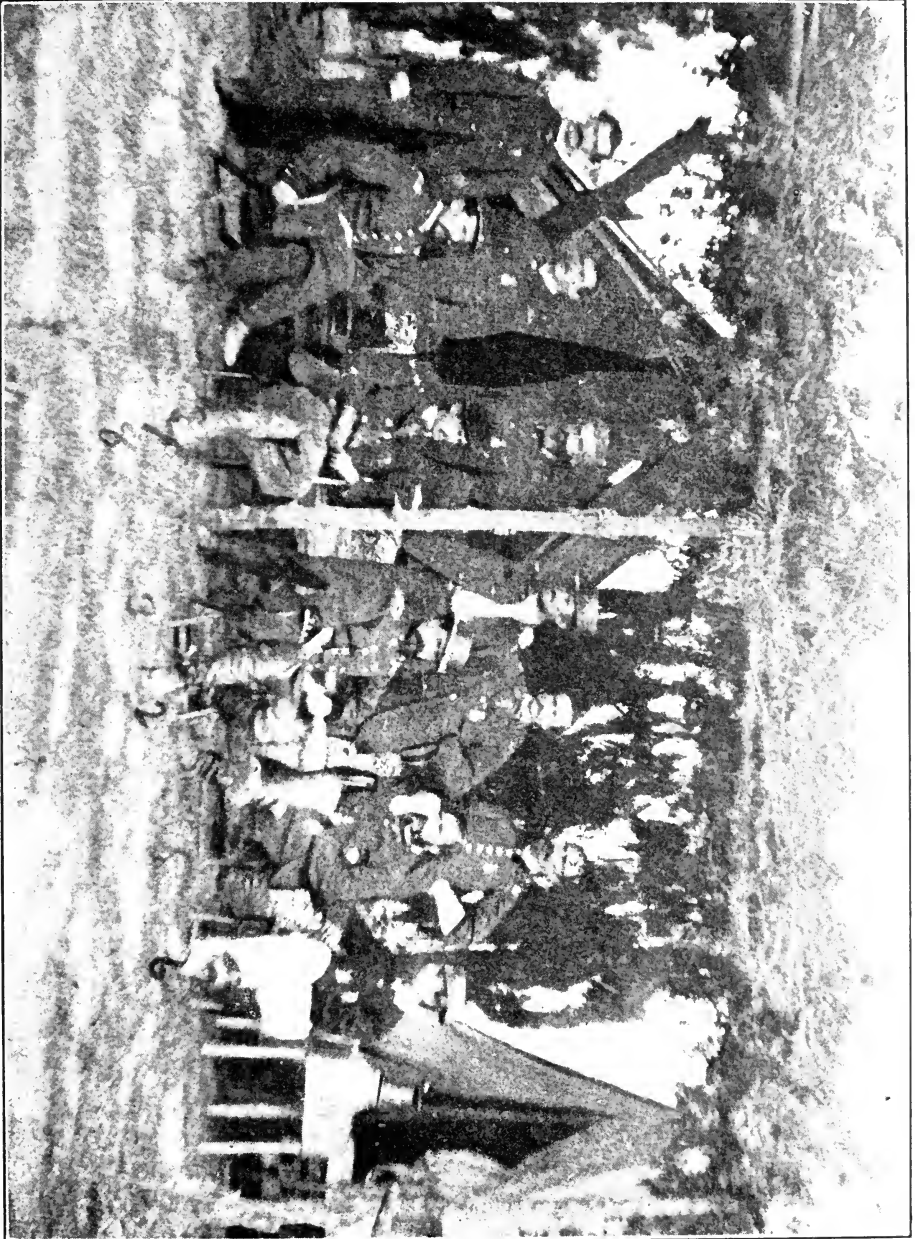
some proceeding all around. We had seen men shot and killed but not in that way. It was an ignominious fate that overtook Charles Merlin; yet a condemned soldier, if he had any sense and was worth his salt, always considered it a rare privilege to be shot instead of hanged as most condemned soldiers were.

On October 20th, Lieutenant Samuel Haynes and seven enlisted men of Company G, who did not reenlist when the rest of us did, were mustered out and went home. We were sorry to lose Lieutenant Haynes; although he had been serving as regimental quartermaster since our reenlistment and, of course, we did not miss him so much in the company as if he had been with us right along. Haynes was a good drill-master. To him as much as to anybody the company was indebted for its proficiency in the manual of arms. We all liked "Sam" Haynes. He was a big-hearted, generous man as well as a good officer.

The enlisted men discharged were Sergeant L. W. Thompson, Corporal S. R. Rogers and Privates Peter Bellinger, V. S. Culver, R. F. Patterson, Morris Smith and Joseph Willard. These comrades had served three full years and had made honorable records. As many if not more on an average were mustered out from each of the other companies. The discharge of these comrades at this time, together with the fearful losses we had sustained during the Wilderness campaign and the siege of Petersburg, reduced the old Forty-fifth down to a shattered remnant of its former self. We looked more like a company than a regiment in the fall of 1864!

October 26th. Engineers built an abattis around Fort Fisher. Troops moving to the left all the afternoon. Fort Fisher (not the one that Ben. Butler didn't take), was the name of the works we occupied.

October 27th. A strong force consisting of portions of the Second, Fifth and Ninth Corps tried to turn the enemy's right flank in the vicinity of Hatcher's Run. Our division started out early in the morning and marching a couple of miles we formed line of battle and stayed there supporting the Third Division of the Ninth Corps while it made an unsuccessful attempt to carry the enemy's works, which were stronger than had been expected. The afternoon and night were rainy and cold and altogether we had a nasty time of it. There were no casualties in the Forty-fifth. Next day, the 28th, we marched back and occupied our old stamping ground in Fort Fisher. This movement was made in an at-



General Ferrero's Headquarters Before Petersburg, Oct. 2, 1864

tempt to get possession of the South Side Railroad. General Grant says himself in his Memoirs that our troops didn't get "nearer than six miles of the point aimed for." There was not much doing on that part of the line for several weeks after that.

November 1st, the Second Division of the Ninth Corps of which we formed a part (a very small part now), was reviewed by General Potter, my diary says.

The presidential election in which the soldiers at the front were allowed to take part was held November 8th. An election board was appointed for each regiment, it falling to my lot to be one of the clerks in the Forty-fifth. The election passed off quietly, everyone voting as he had a mind to. Discipline and obeying orders did not count so far as voting was concerned. My diary says we polled 116 votes (a pretty good indication of the strength of the regiment at that time), of which Lincoln received 97 and McClellan 19. Most of the boys were for "Old Abe" first, last and all the time, but there were some who believed that the country would be better off with McClellan in the saddle at the White House as well as in the field. Looking over the published returns of the vote in the army one is surprised to find that some regiments—not many—actually cast a majority of votes for McClellan.

A few extracts from my diary will give an idea of how we passed the time during the next three or four weeks:

November 14th. Boys excused from duty to fix up quarters. The duty referred to must have been standing guard or picket or getting up wood, as that was about all there was to do at that time. In fixing up our quarters each one had opportunity to show his enterprise and ingenuity in devising means to make the place he occupied cozy and comfortable.

November 24th. Thanksgiving Day. Weather cool and clear. Had codfish balls for dinner.

On the 29th the monotony of camp life was broken by the receipt of marching orders. Leaving camp at 11:50 A. M., we marched six miles to the right and bivouacked for the night near Grant's military railroad. Next morning we occupied quarters vacated by a portion of Second Corps. This movement was made in pursuance of orders to the effect that the First and Second Divisions of our corps should relieve Mott's and Gibbons' Divisions of the Second Corps, these two divisions to take our place on the line. Why they made us swap places with the Second Corps we

never knew. It was none of our business. The arrangement, however, was satisfactory to us. It brought us near our old camping ground that we occupied during the summer before the mine explosion. The position assigned to us was in rear of what was called Fort Meikel. Not far off to our left stood Fort Sedgwick, nicknamed "Fort Hell," so called, I suppose, because Fort Mahone on the other side used to pour shot and shells into it like—like what we called it! And the Rebels gave their own Fort Mahone the sobriquet of "Fort Damnation," because we made it so hot over there with our batteries. So for once at least the two bad places were trying to destroy each other!

It took us several days to put our new quarters in shape to suit us. We built chimneys of tin cans filled with mud and chinked up the cracks in our shanties with the same material.

On December 10th we witnessed another military execution. Two men, Charles Smith and Edward Rowe of the One Hundred Seventy-ninth New York, were hanged side by side on the same scaffold. One of them, I remember, walked firmly to the gallows smoking a cigar until it was time to pull the black cap over his face. His companion in misfortune and crime (if they were guilty), showed more feeling. He tried to be brave, but the expression on his face as he looked up at the dangling rope with a noose already fixed for his neck gave him away. We understood these two young men were tried, condemned and executed for desertion and rape. The ignominy of these executions was made as conspicuous as possible to serve as a warning to other would-be deserters and criminals.

We had received marching orders the day before and about dark on the day of the execution, loaded down with three days' rations and 60 rounds of ammunition, we started out, we knew not where, and marched all night. A cold December rain and the fearful condition of the roads—the mud was ankle deep and sticky—made this one of the most tedious marches of our experience and that is saying a good deal. Arriving at what my diary says was "Stony Creek" about five o'clock on the morning of the 11th, we stayed there until two o'clock in the afternoon and started back to our old camp, without having come in contact with the enemy or knowing then what it was all about. The weather had suddenly turned cold and anyone who has tramped through freezing mud knows what we had to contend with. I shall never forget that

march of the longest 22 miles I ever saw. Had it not been that I chanced (chanced is all right, if you don't believe it, ask the boys), to have a small flask of "fermenti" in my pocket that night I am not sure that I should have tried to make camp at all but let the Johnnies gobble me up, I was that dead tired and used up. This movement in which our division participated we learned afterward was made in support of General Warren, who with the Fifth Corps, was making an extended raid across the Nottaway river, tearing up a lot of the Weldon Railroad. As a matter of fact Warren had got lost and they sent out to see what had become of him.

In his instructions to General Potter, General Meade says in part: "General Warren left here on the 7th with six days' rations. To-day (December 10th), being his fourth day, unless prevented by the enemy he should be on his return to-morrow. The great object in view is to support General Warren."

We reached camp about ten o'clock that night and my diary for next day simply says: "Regiment nearly all sick. Under marching orders all day." But we didn't go anywhere. In fact this was the last offensive movement by the Army of the Potomac in the year 1864. From that time on we settled down in winter quarters making ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances. As I look back to the winter of 1864-5 it seems to me that we had a pretty good time. Uncle Sam was good to us. He kept us well clothed and we had plenty of rations right along, including fruits, vegetables and other healthful green stuff, furnished by the Sanitary Commission.

On December 7th, First Sergeant John J. Rogers of Company G, came to the regiment from the hospital where he had been since June 3d, when he was desperately wounded at Cold Harbor. He immediately took command of the company and December 16th, Sergeant Rogers was promoted to first lieutenant and commanded the company during the remainder of our service.

As early as the middle of November batches of recruits, substitutes and drafted men, began to arrive from the north to fill up the depleted ranks of veteran regiments. They kept coming from time to time during the latter part of November, in December and the forepart of January; the last batch reaching us, I think, on Friday, January 13th, 1865. Thirteen of these were assigned to Company G, making the aggregate strength of the company 101, including prisoners of war and other absentees. The total number

of recruits assigned to Company G was 59—52 substitutes and seven drafted men. Between 400 and 500 of these substitutes and drafted men were assigned to the Forty-fifth. There were some good soldiers among them; but the majority having joined the army for what there was in it for them or because Uncle Sam had them corralled and they had to go, they were careful not to render any more service than was necessary for their own comfort and well being. Some of those fellows were past masters in the art of evading military duty. Very few of them took kindly to military discipline in any form. Some in our company were regular “toughs.” The only way to manage them was to impress on their minds—and elsewhere if necessary—that obeying orders was not the most disagreeable feature of army life. They soon got onto it that standing guard, drilling or maybe getting up wood and performing other camp duties was a pleasant pastime after being “bucked and gagged” a few hours.

Turning to my diary I find under date of January 10th, “Happy Jack tied up by Captain Cheeseman.” Happy Jack, whose real name I have forgotten, was one of the worst “pills” in the company and gave us a lot of trouble.

Meanwhile some important changes had occurred at regimental headquarters. Captain Roland C. Cheeseman of Company F, took command of the regiment December 25th, relieving Captain Lafayette W. Lord of Company A, who had commanded the regiment most of the time since the battle of Poplar Spring Church. Sergeant-Major Decatur Dickinson was promoted to adjutant November 30th, and Sergeant Jacob Meese of Company A, took Dickinson’s place as sergeant-major. January 31st following, Meese was promoted to second lieutenant of Company F and later on to first lieutenant of the same company. Corporal Homer S. Thompson of Company E, took Meese’s place as sergeant-major. December 28th Private Eugene Beauge of Company G, was appointed clerk for the adjutant and served in that capacity until the regiment was mustered out.

Right here I want to express my appreciation of the courtesy with which I was treated at regimental headquarters, especially in the adjutant’s office where my work was. Adjutant Decatur Dickinson was one of the best natured men in the regiment. He never seemed to be in a hurry and never fretted, but always managed to get his reports and other official papers out on time and in good

shape. I did what I could to help him and venture to say he never had cause for worry on account of the work in the adjutant's office in his absence, if his clerk was on deck—and he most always was.

“Cate” Dickinson's many friends will be glad to hear that at this writing (February, 1911), he is prospering “out West.”

Sergeant-Major Meese was not in the office a great while—only about a month—but he made a good record while he was there. Quiet and gentlemanly in his deportment, the only time I ever knew him to kick over the traces and be anything but sedate was one evening when he came up to headquarters and asked us to help him “wet” his commission as lieutenant of Company F. It was a reasonable request and my recollection is that we did what we could to help him out.

Homer Thompson, who took Meese's place, was a good sergeant-major, prompt and methodical in everything he did, and he was easy to get along with. We worked together six months in the adjutant's office and were good friends all the time. In fact we were better friends, if anything, when the regiment disbanded and we parted never to meet again than when our acquaintance began. Poor old Homer! I am sorry to hear that he is dead and gone.

There was not much doing on the firing line during the winter months, although some of the pickets exchanged shots now and then and as likely as not the booming of cannon would break the stillness of the night once in a while. One day a member of Company E was wounded by a stray bullet from the enemy's camp while attending roll call in front of his quarters. Another time, although earlier in the season, I think it was, a member of the regiment was cleaning his gun under a tree, whistling away, totally unconscious of danger, when a stray ball struck a limb above him and glancing downward just missed his head and entered his body between the neck and shoulder. Dropping his gun the first thing the poor fellow said after he was hit was to call for water. “Water, water!” was the burden of his cry. The wound, if I remember right, was fatal; but the point is that the first thing a wounded soldier needed and the first thing he called for if he didn't have it was water. And God only knows how many poor fellows perished miserably on the battlefield calling in vain for water to quench their consuming thirst and make it easier for them to die!

Drilling, guard and picket duty, inspections, policing the streets, polishing up guns and accoutrements, and dress parade occasionally—these we had with us all winter. Drilling was more important after the “subs” and drafted men joined us, and it took a lot of hard work and patience to teach those raw recruits the manual of arms and the different evolutions of company and battalion drill that we all had to learn in order to be good for anything as soldiers.

To go back a little I find in my diary for Friday, January 27th, “In the evening one man of each company drew cuts for a furlough for meritorious conduct. Corporal Beaver of Company K, the lucky man.” Maybe some of the boys who read this will remember the circumstance. It must have been Corporal John H. Beaver, who I am told, was a cousin of Ex-Governor James A. Beaver, who got the furlough. Furloughs were granted quite freely to officers and men at the front during the months of February and March before the beginning of the spring campaign, which everybody knew was brewing. The first requisite for a furlough was a formal written application giving some cogent reason why a furlough was desired. I made out quite a number of these applications for the boys. Usually the health or well being of some relative or dear friend was mixed up in the “reasons” why a furlough was absolutely necessary. The application was merely a matter of form and if the applicant was a good soldier and there was nothing against him the officer whose signature was required merely glanced at the paper, “winked his other eye,” wrote “Respectfully forwarded and approved,” across the back of the paper and after signing his name passed it along. The signatures of the company, regimental, brigade, division and corps commanders, if I remember right, were required for a furlough. When my turn came to ask for a furlough on the 9th day of March, 1865, I didn’t have to manufacture an excuse. My aged mother, who had become a widow since my enlistment in 1861, was in poor health and I wanted to make her a visit. Certainly. But Captain Cheeseman, who commanded the regiment would have his little joke. “More likely it’s your best girl that you want to see instead of your mother, but that’s all right,” he said, his kindly face beaming with good humor. He had been there himself and knew all about it. “Give her my love but keep hers for yourself.” I received my furlough next day and got back to the regiment about five o’clock Sunday afternoon, April 2d, 1865, just in time to miss getting mixed up in the assault on

the enemy's works before Petersburg in which the Forty-fifth participated and lost five men killed, four officers and 29 men wounded and one officer and 20 men missing, making an aggregate loss of 59. Others will describe the engagement but may not mention the fact that under date of May 29th, 1865, General John G. Parke officially recommended that medals of honor be awarded to the following named members of the Forty-fifth "who by their personal valor distinguished themselves in the assault on Fort Mahone April 2d, 1865: Color Sergeant Andrew J. Goodfellow, Company A; Corporal John Kinsay, Company B; Corporal Henry Irvin, Company E; Corporal David W. Reese, Company G; Private Edward Mills, Company I.

Lieutenant Levi R. Robb of Company H, a brave, capable young officer, was mortally wounded by a piece of shell during the assault on the enemy's works on April 2d and died a few days later.

CHAPTER XII

CLOSING EVENTS

BY EUGENE BEAUGE

Monday morning, April 3d, the Confederate works in our front were empty and we marched in and took possession. It is nothing uncommon for soldiers to cheer. We had heard a good deal of that sort of thing but never such cheers as rolled along the line that morning.

While marching to Petersburg about eleven o'clock we opened ranks to let President Lincoln with a small cavalcade, including his two sons, pass us and then there was a lot more cheering. Riding at a slow gallop through our division, guiding his horse with one hand, his stove-pipe hat in the other, Mr. Lincoln seemed very contented that morning as he bowed and smiled in response to our cheers. And no wonder! After four years of weary waiting and great tribulation the beginning of the end of the war had come. "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may pass away," he says in his second inaugural address. And now his hope was to be realized and his prayer about to be answered.

In the afternoon we marched through Petersburg with beating drum and flying colors. Negroes of all ages and both sexes were out in force to welcome us and were about as happy as they could be and did not care who knew it. The few white people we saw were quiet but manifestly sullen. They had no use for the Yankees.

This was Monday of what may be called the last week of the Confederacy, and a week of strenuous endeavor it was for both armies—Lee doing his best to get away and join Johnston, and Grant straining every nerve to head him off and capture the whole outfit, which he finally did. Sheridan with his cavalry took the lead and was at the fore front all the time. But Sheridan knew as well as anybody that it was necessary to have good backing in any kind of a fight. The Army of the Potomac, including the Ninth Corps, was supporting Sheridan in the brilliant campaign that ended at Appomattox and, of course, are entitled to their share of the credit. Part of the task assigned to the Ninth Corps, which, of

course, included the Forty-fifth, was to guard the wagon trains and picket the South Side Railroad, moving forward as the army advanced and "scouting and picketing well to the Southward," as General Parke says in his report, "to guard against any incursion from that quarter until the surrender of the Rebel Army when the Ninth Corps was stretched from Sutherlands (near Petersburg) to Farmville," a distance of about 80 miles. My diary covering the same period is rather more specific:

Thursday, April 4th, left camp 8 A. M., marched by fits and jerks until 8 P. M., and camped near South Side Railroad. Roads swampy and wet. Weather pleasant. Threw away my woolen blanket. Saw Rebel brigadier general and a lot of prisoners.

April 5th. Broke camp 10:30 A. M. Stopped at 2 P. M. to make coffee. Marched until about 8 P. M. Our regiment stationed in advance of the brigade. Heavy detail for picket. Cooks compelled to make fire under cover of banks along the railroad. Cold night. Almost wish I had my blanket now. Sound of artillery in the distance.

April 6th. Lay in camp until 2 P. M. Boys out foraging this forenoon. Got chickens and ham. Marched rapidly all the afternoon. Heavy cannonading ahead. Our regiment supporting a battery. Companies F and G rear guard for the brigade. Went into camp at 11:30 P. M., tired, footsore and used up, having marched 16 miles since two o'clock.

April 7th. Weather wet. Marched about a mile in the forenoon and camped near Burkeville. At 5 P. M., seven or eight thousand Rebel prisoners and 18 pieces of artillery came from the front captured by General Sheridan yesterday. Johnnies in good spirits but badly off for rations. Our regiment left camp to guard the prisoners. Evening sergeant-major and I worked until eleven o'clock to make out tri-monthly report. More heavy cannonading toward the front during the day.

April 8th. More prisoners came in about noon. In the afternoon our regiment escorted Johnnies to railroad station. Marched back to Burkeville and occupied the camp we left yesterday. I made out a report of prisoners, etc., at Burkeville for Major Trout, acting provost marshal.

Sunday, April 9th. Visited wounded in the hospital. Regiment left camp at 2:30 P. M. Marched about 10 miles toward

Farmville and camped for the night. Got up about midnight to put up tent. Raining hard and kept on raining balance of the night.

April 10th. Marched five miles to Farmville and established our camp on a hill overlooking the town, relieving a portion of the Sixth Corps. In the evening a couple of the boys and I called on some darkies in town and got them to bake us some genuine Southern hoe-cakes. It tasted good. At 8 P. M., the news was officially read to us that Lee and his entire command had capitulated to General Grant. Great cheering among the soldiers and ringing of bells in Farmville. The surrender of Lee's army took place about three o'clock Sunday afternoon, April 9th. The Forty-fifth was then on the way from Burkesville Junction to Farmville, probably from 20 to 25 miles away. I don't remember just when we first heard the news of the surrender, but of course it was before eight o'clock on the evening of the 10th. I have an idea that we rather doubted the report at first. The news seemed too good to be true and it was not until official notification of the event had been read to us by the adjutant that we dared to throw up our caps and yell!

I suppose we acted like lunatics. I don't know of any better way to put it than to say that officers and men alike were crazy drunk (with joy) and acted the part. All but General Grant. Grant never got excited. Some of our fellows felt so good, it seems that they just *had* to do something. Anyway we have it from good authority that the artillery went to firing salutes after the surrender, but Grant promptly put a stop to it. "The war is over," he said, "the Rebels are our countrymen again and the best way to rejoice will be to keep quiet."

During our stay in the vicinity of Farmville we got to be quite chummy with the Confederate paroled prisoners who were much in evidence on the streets after the surrender. I don't know what impression we made on their minds, but they looked a good deal better to us meekly eating our hardtack than they did coming at us full drive with loaded muskets and yelling like destruction!

As a matter of fact we felt sorry for these men, going home as they were, penniless, their only possessions the ragged clothes they wore, their lean haversacks and a load of sorrow in their hearts. And what a home-coming it was. Desolation and ashes everywhere! With buildings, fences and all land marks of their former homes gone, they say it actually bothered some of the returning Rebel

soldiers to find where they used to live. And we may well believe it.

It is easy enough for us to say that these men enlisted and fought in the worst cause for which soldiers ever went to battle and got what they deserved, which in one sense is true enough. But we must remember that most of them were just as sincere in their devotion to the Southern Confederacy as we were in our loyalty to the Union. The chances are that if you and I, my comrades, had lived in the South in 1861-5 we should have been Rebels, too!

Our fellows and the Johnnies did quite a lively business exchanging greenbacks for Confederate script; one hundred dollars of their money for one of ours being the standard quotation. At that rate they got a good deal the best end of the bargain, the Rebel scrip being practically worthless as money.

On April 13th, Captain John F. Trout of Company C, was mustered in as major of the regiment, his promotion, however, dating from March 31st.

April 16th. Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg came back from Rebel prison and assumed command of the regiment relieving Captain Lord of Company F, who had been in command since the 2d of April, when Captain Cheeseman was wounded with loss of leg. Captain Lord enjoyed the unique and flattering distinction of having entered the service as a private in the ranks and on his own merits climbing the ladder of promotion until he commanded the regiment. Not a bad record for one of the Boys of Sixty-one.

In the afternoon (Sunday, April 16th), our new chaplain, Rev. F. A. Gast, my diary says, preached his first sermon to us. As a matter of record Chaplain Gast was not mustered until May 17th. He must have been with us about a month on trial and evidently made good. In the evening of the same day rumors were rife in camp that President Lincoln and Secretary Seward had been assassinated.

April 18th. Official announcement of the death of Lincoln was read to us. The news of President Lincoln's death made a great sensation in the army. Some say that officers and men fell on each other's necks and cried like children. I didn't see anything of that kind, but I knew that some of the boys who had been through all the phases of war without flinching were moved to tears. It

was well enough for them to make a pretense of blowing their noses or brushing dirt from their eyes, but we knew better!

April 19th. Went fishing in the Appomattox. No luck. Captain Charles M. Hart of Company I, and some other officers came to the regiment from Rebel prison.

April 20th. Got marching orders. Struck tents and left camp at 10 A. M. Stopped at 1 P. M. to make coffee. Our regiment in rear of the brigade. Arrived at Burkesville at 7 P. M. Reports current that Johnston had surrendered. Boys cheered over it. Breaking camp at eight thirty next morning we marched 30 odd miles—good long ones, too, as we were getting tired and foot-sore—during that day and the next, and camped in a piece of woods about 5 P. M., of the 22d. There we met a lot of conscripts going to the front. These drafted men were going to war when we were coming back and the fighting was all over. Most of them never fired a shot in the service, yet if you care to hear big war stories some of these latter day recruits will probably entertain you better than we can.

Sunday, April 23d, we left camp at four-thirty in the morning, marched briskly until nine o'clock and halted near Petersburg. An hour later we marched through the town, drums beating and colors flying. Citizens were out in force, dressed up and going to church. We camped between the city and the old fortifications. Afternoon visited the Rebel works, including the crater, the field in the vicinity being still covered with the debris of the terrible conflict of July 30, 1864. We also made a flying visit to our old camping ground. Everything seemed natural as home to us.

April 24th. Left camp near Petersburg at six o'clock in the morning and marched to City Point. Our long, strenuous march of 82 miles from Farmville was over and we felt pretty good over it.

On the 25th we had regimental inspection. In the evening Jap White and John J. Johnson of Company G came to the regiment from Rebel prison. Next day toward night we marched to the landing and after a good deal of waiting and fussing, our regiment, the Fifty-eighth Massachusetts and the artillery of our brigade, got jammed together on board the steamer "Glaucus." Lay at anchor off City Point all night. My diary for next day says: "Journeyed pleasantly on the James. Passed Fortress Monroe at 1 P. M. Afternoon very hot on deck. Fixed up shade with our

shelter tents. Boys got to shooting ducks to pass away the time. Quite a rattle of musketry until the colonel put a stop to it. Shortly after dark anchored at the mouth of the Potomac." Next day, Friday, April 28th, we arrived at Alexandria. "Marched through the city toward Washington and camped on a beautiful green plain." Next day, the 29th, Captain Richards of Company G came to the regiment after an absence of nine months, most of the time spent in Rebel prisons. We had a pretty good time in camp near Alexandria. Soldiering was comparatively easy, but not free from discipline by any means. In proof of this my diary for May 3d says: "Sergeant — reduced to the ranks. Had his stripes torn off on dress parade after the order had been read to the whole regiment." His offense was imbibing too freely of "bug juice."

Dress parades, battalion and company drills, inspections, reviews and so forth were kept up right along to remind us that we still belonged to Uncle Sam.

On the afternoon of May 9th, Captain and Mrs. Cheeseman were in camp. We were pleased to see Rolla and his bride (they had been married but a few months.) Few officers in the regiment had more friends than Captain Cheeseman. A disciplinarian not to be trifled with, yet he was friendly and never put on airs. Add to this the fact that, as one of the boys put it, he was a "gritty little cuss," never showing his back to the enemy, and you have the secret of Cheeseman's popularity among the boys.

We made frequent trips to Alexandria and Washington although it required a pass from brigade headquarters to go outside the limits of our camp.

On May 11th, acting Hospital Steward Deming and I got a pass to visit Mount Vernon. It was a beautiful spring morning, the air fragrant with the rich perfume of early flowers. To me the trip and the visit to the historic spot that I had heard and read so much about was extremely interesting and made a lasting impression. The vault where rest the remains of the Father of His Country; the different apartments of the spacious mansion on the banks of the Potomac where Washington lived, including the room where he died, his death bed still standing; the well kept, artistically laid out flower and vegetable gardens—I can shut my eyes and see all these now after 46 years. Another thing that riveted our attention was the great key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by his friend General Lafayette. The key hung on a nail in the

corridor of the house. To see that alone would have amply paid me for the trip. We Frenchmen are interested in anything Lafayette did.

The records of Company G show that May 11th, Captain Richards was appointed brigade inspector on General Curtin's staff. We were sorry to have Captain Richards leave the company. One of ten Welsh lads who enlisted in Company G, Richards had been with us through thick and thin in all our campaigns until he was captured in the crater, July 30th, 1864. On account of his well known qualifications he was elected orderly sergeant of the company the first thing after we enlisted. A fine penman and painstaking in everything he did his reports and official papers were models of neatness and accuracy. Promoted to second lieutenant in July, 1862, and to captain immediately after the battle of South Mountain, where he commanded the company, Richards, at 20 years of age, was probably the youngest captain in the regiment. Known in the army as a young man of ability and high character, his deserved success since the war has been a matter of pride and satisfaction to his old-time comrades of the Forty-fifth.

How many of the boys remember the illumination and parade on Friday evening, May 12th, in all the camps of the Ninth Corps? Every man carrying a lighted candle, some in the muzzle of their guns, we marched around singing, yelling and making a deal of a racket. The performance ended by some of our boys going to Alexandria and being put in the guard house. There is such a thing as feeling too good.

Monday, May 15th. Three corporals of Company G got their "dander" up about something and tore off their own stripes. In the evening two other veterans got to fighting and were put in the "coop." These were all good soldiers. What they needed was something to do to work off their surplus energy. Camp life was too easy for them. They could not stand prosperity.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 23d and 24th, occurred the historic Grand Review in Washington. The Army of the Potomac came first. Being on special duty at that time and not serving in the ranks, I was there as a spectator. Standing near the Treasury Building I had a fine view of the troops passing down Pennsylvania Avenue. First came Sheridan's Cavalry led by Merritt. Conspicuous among these famous troopers was General Custer. With his long yellow hair flowing in the wind, his red necktie and buck-

skin breeches, he looked every inch the dare-devil that he was. And how Custer could ride! His horse, a vicious brute, tried to run away with him and created quite a sensation in the parade, but his master, with a few dexterous twists, soon brought him to time.

After the cavalry came the Ninth Corps, with General John G. Parke, at the head, followed by the Fifth Corps, under Griffin, and the Second commanded by Humphreys.

It was a peculiar coincidence that neither of the corps commanders who had led these veteran troops in their strenuous campaigns was present at the Grand Review. It almost broke Sheridan's heart not to lead his command on that occasion, but his duty was elsewhere. Grant had sent him to Texas to compel the surrender of the last Confederate force in the State under Kirby Smith. Burnside had been laid on the shelf since shortly after the ill starred Mine Explosion. Hancock had retired on account of wounds and Warren, as we all know, was relieved by Sheridan at Five Forks and Griffin put in his place.

The military display was something to be remembered a life time. Inspiring strains of martial music filled the air with such selections as "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "When This Cruel War Is Over," and so forth. Probably no one enjoyed the occasion better than Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg, who led the Forty-fifth, marching by company front, in the parade. Gregg, as we all know, was a good officer in his way but very excitable. We can almost hear his "Hem, hem, by G—d, Sir!" as he went storming around when things didn't go to suit him. In the absence of Captain Richards, who was on duty on General Curtin's staff, Lieutenant Rogers commanded Company G in the parade.

Next day Sherman's veterans had their innings in the big parade. Most if not all of the "Field and Staff" of the Forty-fifth went to Washington to see the show that day, leaving me in charge of the adjutant's office with a lot of work to do, and so, much to my regret, I missed seeing the picturesque parade of Sherman's legions through the National Capitol.

A few more extracts from my diary may be interesting: Sunday, June 4th. String band from the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts came over to serenade the colonel about midnight. Kept us awake about an hour. Fine music, but the boys got a little how-come-you-so on the colonel's beer before they left.

Tuesday, June 6th. Evening Thirty-sixth Massachusetts came over in a body to bid us good-by. Colonel Gregg made a speech to them which was responded to by Colonel Barker. An address by General Curtin was read. Cheers were given for Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Governor Curtin, Governor Andrew and Generals Curtin, Burnside and Grant.

The following extract from the History of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts gives their version of this farewell meeting between the two regiments:

“On the 6th (of June), all preparations for muster out having been completed orders were received for the regiment to be in readiness to depart the following day.

“That evening the regiment organized a torch light procession and escorted by the brigade band, marched to the camp of our comrades of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania. It was the last time these organizations which had been so intimately associated since September, 1862, were to meet as regiments. During the entire term of the Thirty-sixth through all the vicissitudes of its service this gallant regiment of Pennsylvanians had never been separated from it; and in every battle in which we had been engaged we had felt their strong support upon our right or left.

“After a season of fraternal conversation Colonel Gregg of the Forty-fifth delivered the following address:

“Officers and men of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers:

“‘Nearly three years of toil and blood have passed since our first acquaintance with you. Thinned in numbers we had just left the victorious fields of South Mountain and Antietam. From that day to the present in camp and on the toilsome march and in the conflict of battle you have stood side by side with us, contending for our country against treason and oppression. Your record is one of which the glorious old Bay State may well be proud; and we are sure she will ever count your organization one of the noblest she has sent to the field.

“‘Amid scenes of conflict we have learned to love and honor you; and as the blood of our heroes has there mingled together, so have our hearts been united in one fraternal bond of union which time cannot sever. With the brave men of the Thirty-sixth by our side we were always sure of hearty support and final victory; each

vied with the other in deeds of valor and trials of endurance and both shared equally the honors won.

“Together we have thus fought, together we have rejoiced and wept—rejoiced at the success of our united arms, wept for the fallen brave around us.

“Now all is changed. The white winged Messenger of Peace beckons us from scenes of conflict to once more resume the avocations of industry and domestic tranquility. You are about to leave us and return to your homes in the old Bay State. We have met probably for the last time. Here, under the folds of our colors, let us strengthen these feelings of love and affection which have closely united our destinies in the field. Let us also, in remembrance of our comrades who have so nobly fallen, and whose memory we will always cherish, pledge ourselves anew to the flag and the country we love.

“Brave and faithful Sons of Massachusetts, the victory is won! Return to your homes, and, as you recount the valor of your arms, say that the Keystone boys of the Forty-fifth, sons of your ancient sires, defended with you the liberties of our fathers assailed by rebellion and wrong.

“Comrades of the Thirty-sixth, we bid you an affectionate farewell!”

“This address was received with great applause. Appropriate responses were made by the members of the Thirty-sixth; and we returned (to our camp) late at night, with the conviction that we bore with us the esteem and affection of that gallant regiment.”

Thursday, June 8th. At 9 A. M., our regiment formed and marched to camp of the Thirty-sixth, expecting them to start for home. Orders countermanded until afternoon. At 3 P. M., the Forty-fifth accompanied by the brigade band, the non-commissioned officers carrying small flags in their bayonets, escorted the Thirty-sixth to town, where the boys of the two regiments bade each other a last fond good-by. At the landing cheer after cheer made Old Alexandria ring. Our old standby had gone! The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts was a fine regiment. They were brigaded with us during their entire service. We missed them almost as much as we would our own men. Life long friendships sprang up between members of the two regiments. If Jonathan Butterworth of Company C still lives in Worcester, Mass., I send him greeting. If he

comes my way he will get a cordial welcome and a French hug. Long live the boys of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts!

Quite a number of changes and promotions occurred among the commissioned officers of the Forty-fifth during the months of May and June, as the roster will show. But none of these changes attracted more attention than the promotion of Commissary Sergeant Jacob Roath to first lieutenant of Company B. "Jake" had been so long in the Commissary Department that we supposed he was a permanent fixture there. Anyway we had no idea that anyone could do any more than rattle around in his place. Charley Cook, his successor, was all right but we missed Jake Roath, who beside being a good fellow, was an ideal type of a Pennsylvania Dutchman. We missed his familiar, open countenance and cordial greeting when we went after rations. But more than all else we missed his inimitable "Fall in boys and get your wittles," or "Bring a vessel to get your winegar." Nobody could say that and have it sound as he said it.

My diary for Friday, July 7th, says: "Got order to be mustered out. Three cheers for that!" Next day the blank muster out rolls came. From that time on officers and clerks who had to fill out the rolls were more than busy. The boys were getting out of patience. Now that the war was over they were anxious to get home. But disbanding an army of a million men was no fool's job. It took time, and we have learned since that to pay us off Uncle Sam had to reach down in his long pocket and fork out about \$300,000,000! That doesn't mean that we all got \$300 apiece; the officers, as usual, getting the lion's share.

Sunday, July 16th, 1865. I made this entry in ledger heading letters in my diary: "Were mustered out of the United States service this morning. Good news enough for one day. Evening boys made bonfire of brush. Colonel Gregg made a speech." Our discharges, when we got them a few days later, were dated July 17th, but we were mustered out on Sunday, July 16th, all right.

Monday morning we got aboard the transport "Wawaset" at Alexandria. Arriving in Washington an hour later we remained in the city until 8 P. M., and took the cars for Baltimore, where we arrived near midnight. Slept on the streets.

Tuesday, July 18th. Left Baltimore at six o'clock in the morning and arrived at Harrisburg about two in the afternoon. Such

in brief is the itinerary of our last journey in the service of Uncle Sam.

After dinner of bread and coffee at the Soldiers' Home we marched to Camp Curtin and pitched our tents (or did we go into the barracks) for the last time.

On Friday, July 21, 1865, just three years and ten months to a day after Company G arrived in Camp Curtin, September 21, 1861, we signed the pay rolls for the last time and got our greenbacks and our "buzzards" as some of the boys called their discharges from Uncle Sam, with a Spread Eagle on them. It was eleven o'clock at night before they got through with us; but we lost no time in making our way to the nearest railroad station. We had no orders to obey then, and after nearly four years of knuckling down to authority it seemed a queer and very agreeable sensation to feel that we could go and come when we got ready. That was all right, but as my diary says, "Many a tear trickled down the bronzed cheeks of old comrades when the time came to bid each other goodbye!"

That was 47 years ago—almost. Many, if not most of the boys we parted with that day have crossed the Great Divide. Our turn will come soon. And what a Grand Reunion there will be when we all get on the Other Side and maybe form dress parade on the Streets of the New Jerusalem! Goodbye, boys, till we meet again!

KEY TO OFFICER'S GROUP

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		7	15	26	
				27	
			17		
	6				34
		14	25		
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	8	18	28		
	5	13	24	33	
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3				31	
			21		

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|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. First Lieut. A. A. McDonald, Co. C. 2. Capt. Edgar Eyde, Co. K. 3. Quartermaster William Pfahler. 4. Capt. B. C. McManigal, Co. C. 5. Sec. Lieut. Wesley Gould, Co. F. 6. First Lieut. W. K. Whitlock, Co. D. 7. Sec. Lieut. Thos. J. Davies, Co. G. 8. First Lieut. Jacob S. Roath, Co. B. 9. Capt. C. M. Hart, Co. I. 10. Capt. R. C. Cheeseman, Co. A. 11. Lieut.-Col. Theodore Gregg. 12. Capt. John M. Kline, Co. B. 13. First Lieut. W. C. Vanvalin, Co. A. 14. Sec. Lieut. Michael Heiney, Co. C. 15. Sec. Lieut. Jos. L. Hinton, Co. D. 16. Sec. Lieut. Andrew Strong, Co. I. 17. S. Lieut. Armstrong Bailey, Co. E. 18. First Lieut. Chas. H. Kock, Co. K. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 19. Capt. Chas. T. Fryberger, Co. D. 20. Surgeon F. B. Davison. 21. Col. John I. Curtin. 22. Maj. John F. Trout. 23. Capt. John Beck, Co. E. 24. First Lieut. Jas. E. Catlin, Co. I. 25. Sec. Lieut. Moses S. Mullin, Co. B. 26. Second Lieut. Jos. Funk, Co. A. 27. Sec. Lieut. Nathan Edwards, Co. H. 28. First Lieut. J. W. Meese, Co. F. 29. Capt. L. W. Lord, Co. F. 30. Chaplain F. A. Gast. 31. Adjutant Decatur Dickinson. 32. Capt. Rees G. Richards, Co. G. 33. First Lieut. John J. Rogers, Co. G. 34. Sec. Lieut. E. E. Myers, Co. K. 35. First Lieut. A. W. Harper, Co. E. 36. Capt. Luke D. Seely, Co. H. |
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The Commissioned Officers of the Forty-Fifth Pa. Vol. Inf.

SOME STATISTICS

From Fox's Regimental Losses in the Civil War.

There were 2,047 regiments in the Union Army of which 300 are classified as the "Fighting Regiments." Of the infantry regiments only 45 lost 200 or more men killed or mortally wounded in action; and of these 45 the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry stands *eighteenth* on the list with a loss of 227.

Its heaviest losses were incurred in the battles of South Mountain, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, Mine Explosion, Poplar Springs Church and Fall of Petersburg.

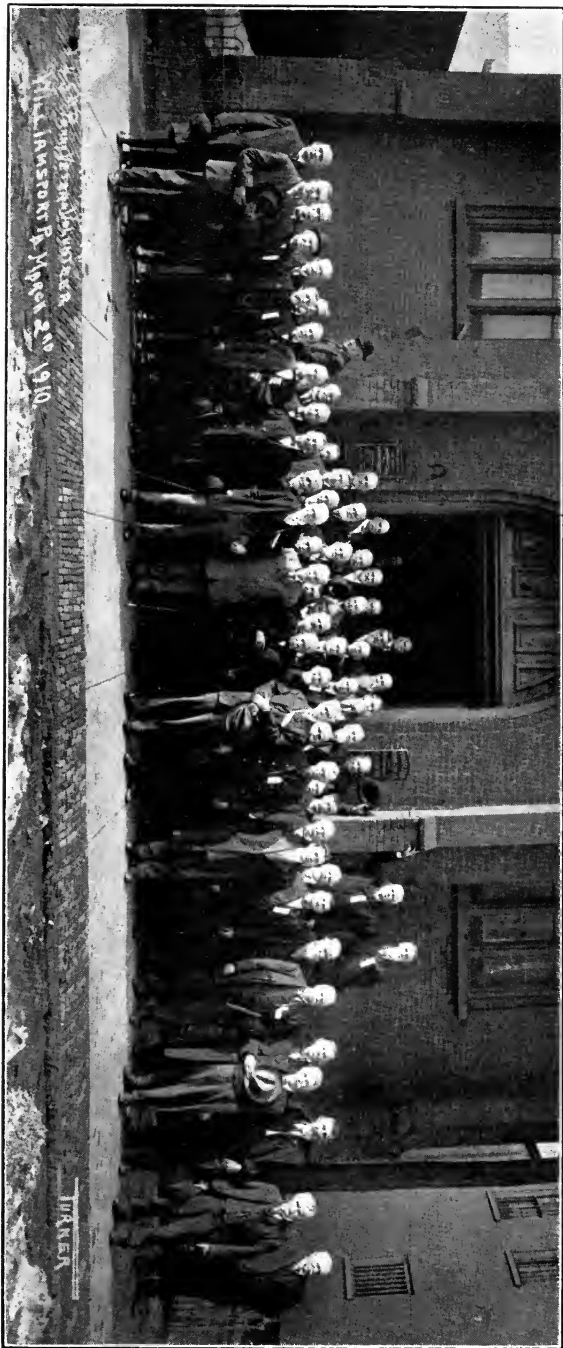
Its total loss by death—killed in battle, mortally wounded, disease and death in Rebel prison—was 479; total of killed and wounded in an enrollment of 1,960 was 873.

At Cold Harbor and at Poplar Springs Church the loss was over half of those who went into battle; and of its numbers 98 died in Rebel prisons.

In the Battle of the Crater it captured the flag of the Sixth Virginia.

Of the regiment's total enrollment, in general terms, a fourth died during the war, a half since the war, and a fourth are living January 1, 1911.

No regiment in the Ninth Corps lost so many men in action as the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania.

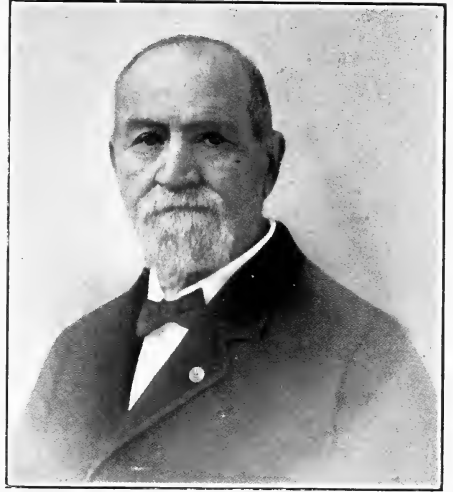


Reunion at Williamsport, Pa., 1910

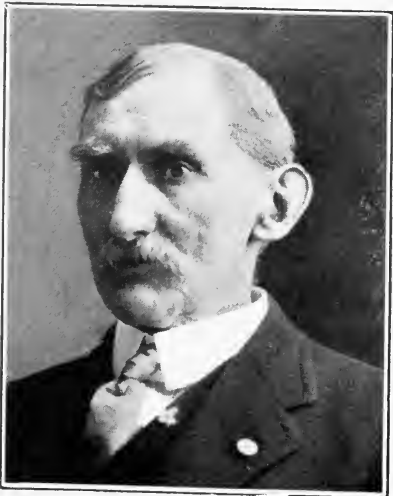
THE BAND



Thomas D. Grant
Leader



Jarid C. Irwin



Jesse Metz



G. W. Walls

PART II

Company Sketches and
Personal
Reminiscences

THE BAND

By JARID C. IRWIN.

A number of regimental bands were discharged by general order, issued September 14th, 1862. By permission the band of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers was retained until the 29th day of September, 1862, when it was discharged by order of General Burnside.

In the month of September, 1861, Leader Thomas D. Grant, Musicians Jarid C. Irwin, Edward M. Bucher, Samuel P. Bright, W. T. Blair, Jacob Feig, C. D. Wharton, L. B. Howard, Jesse Metz, J. C. Miller, Charles D. Snively, Henry Stulen, J. P. Strickland, Samuel Vanbuskirk, George W. Weaver, Philip Wetmore, Jacob Weiser, and George W. Walls, organized a band to be known as "the Sunbury Brass Band," with the intention of enlisting in the Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, as such, during the war. The band as organized proceeded to Harrisburg, Pa., and was sworn in the service and went into camp at Camp Curtin. After camping a few days the regiment was ordered to Baltimore, arrived there the next morning, and left by rail for Washington. After reaching Washington it was ordered to Fort Monroe, Va. There a light snow and a strong wind greeted the regiment as it went into Camp Hamilton. On the sixth of December it was ordered out of camp and marched to the wharf and embarked on board the transport ship *Cosmopolitan*, and proceeded out of the harbor, passing Cape Henry and Cape Charles. By this time some of the boys became seasick. On the 8th we passed Sullivan Island and Fort Sumter and arrived at Port Royal in good time and shape. We found a great many vessels in the harbor, after disembarking.

The regiment was divided, one-half starting for Bay Point, and the other, with the band included, went aboard a transport and proceeded up the coast and cast anchor opposite Otter Island, S. C. After the tide receded we proceeded to unload. We found a desolate place, a few negroes, but no buildings. There was a dismantled fort on the Point next to the entrance from the coast. It was named "Fort Drayton." It was a lonesome looking place. The sloop of war *Dale* lay in the entrance to St. Helena Sound to guard the entrance to the river. Many transports navigated the stream up and down, conveying soldiers and supplies to the different islands. There was not much amusement on the island. Fishing for crabs and hunting coons and shells took our time. There were alligators on the island and we left a few young alligators in a barrel sunk in the sand. The band did duty on these islands in South Carolina for several months.

On the 9th of June, 1862, the band arrived at James Island with part of the regiment. Here we had quite a skirmish. Captain W. W. Williams, of the rebel army, was killed here and buried within our lines. After camping here some time we were ordered to march aboard the transport *Ben De Ford*, on which was a part of another regiment, and started down the river in sight of Fort Sumter, arriving at Hilton Head in the evening. Here we found that the Forty-seventh Regiment had just left before we got off the boat, and had gone up the river to Beaufort, S. C.

July 4th, 1862, the band played the national airs, and on July 8th took a trip up the river to Beaufort, to see the Forty-seventh Regiment. We arrived there safely and were entertained by the Sunbury boys in great style.

On July 13th, 1862, the band left for Elliot's Plantation, a mile or two above Hilton Head, and went into camp, in sight of Hilton Head. A rumor was circulated that we had been ordered to report at Hilton Head, and take transportation for Fortress Monroe, Va. We started at once and went aboard the mail ship *Arago* with the regiment. There were also a number of other soldiers and officers, also some ladies and children aboard the ship. During the voyage the band was in great demand, the strangers aboard enjoying their music, particularly the music adapted for dancing. Captain Gregg and other officers of the Forty-fifth were quite liberal with the champagne they furnished the band. The guests presented the band with twenty dollars, with the following communication:

Presented by the guests of the steamer *Arago*, other than the members of the Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, who appreciate the music of the Band of the Regiment, twenty dollars. Steamer *Arago*, July 19th, 1862, at Sea.

(Signed)

D. W. SMITH,

"in behalf of the Guests."

I have preserved the original of the above communication.

J. C. IRWIN.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER "ARAGO," SUNDAY, JULY 20TH, 1862.

The band arose early this morning; there was a light rain, and the wind was blowing quite brisk. The band played the familiar hymn, "Old Hundred." The music aroused a great many of the guests, and under the inspiration of the melodious sounds joined in unison with the band, and the harmony produced brought forth many tears. The band also joined in the sacred service at ten a. m., conducted by an Episcopal minister. A lady aboard led the singing in the grand and solemn service. The ship arrived at Hampton Road in the morning and received orders to report at Newport News, Va., where our regiment went into camp for some days, and met the Forty-eighth Regiment.

August 4th, 1862. Marched aboard the transport *Elm City*, and proceeded to Fortress Monroe, thence up the Potomac River and landed at the mouth of Acquia Creek. Here we received orders to go aboard the cars, and after about five miles' ride arrived at Brookes Station, where we remained for some time, guarding the railroad to Fredericksburg.

August 13th, 1862. To-day five of the band were reported sick, among them T. D. Grant, the leader. I reported the fact to General Welsh, but the general gave orders that the band must play for dress parade, or turn in our horns to the quartermaster, and get muskets for them. The band came to the conclusion that the horns were worth more than the guns, so the trade was off, and when the time came the band was ready and reported for duty, and played "Hail Columbia" five times during dress parade. It was quite amusing and passed off as a joke on the general; but he never said a word.

We had rumors to-day stating that the Rebel General Jackson, was within four miles of Washington, D. C. To-day the road leading from Fredericksburg past our camp at Brookes Station, to Acquia Creek, is blockaded with artillery, wagons and soldiers, all on a rush for Washington, by way of the Potomac River.

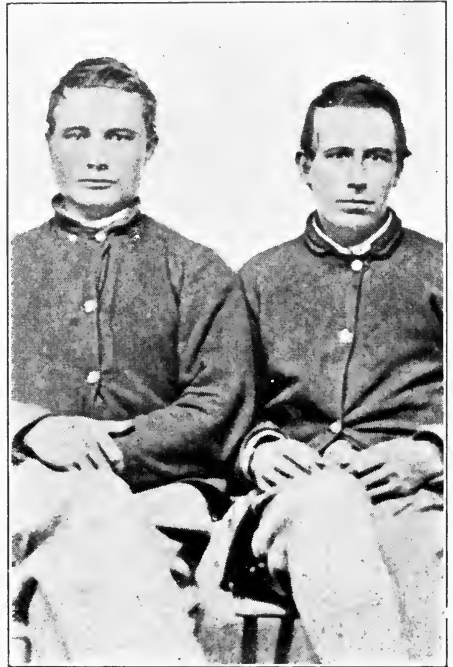
COMPANY A



George W. Emenhizer



Sergt. Theophilus Lucas



G. W. Emenhizer and Bro.

September 3d, 1862. Received orders to strike tents and get aboard the cars for Acquia Creek, to take transportation for Washington. We arrived at the creek in time to witness the great fire that destroyed the warehouse and supplies. The fire was a grand sight.

September 7th, 1862. Marched aboard the transport *Niagara* for Washington; arrived at the wharf, left the boat and marched through Pennsylvania Avenue, and some eight miles out of the city and went into camp. Resumed the march into Maryland, and passed through Frederick City in pursuit of General Jackson and the rebel army.

September 14th, 1862. Heavy firing was heard ahead. We soon came in sight of the smoke on South Mountain. Our brigade was ordered up the mountain and overtook the enemy half way up, when a general engagement took place. Our band went into action at the head of our regiment, the Forty-fifth, playing "Rally Around the Flag, Boys," and continued up the mountain opposite the corn field on the left. At that point the band was ordered out of the line by General Reno, who was killed later on. The fight was severe and the loss heavy on both sides. The rebels retreated toward the Potomac River.

September 17th, 1862. The Battle of Antietam was fought on Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, Md., and began early in the morning and continued until evening. The battle was fought with great determination. During the night the rebels retreated, leaving thousands of dead and wounded prisoners. The band was on duty at the hospital, rendering good service, and received many compliments from General Burnside and others for marching up the hill at the head of the regiment.

On September 29th the band severed its connection with the regiment and prepared to leave for home. We walked down to Sandy Hook, above Harpers Ferry, where we sold one of our horns to a New Hampshire band, and used the proceeds for something to eat. We had some trouble to get transportation to Baltimore, where we were paid off. After all our trouble in getting transportation it was secured through the kindness of that grand old soldier, Major General Burnside.

J. C. IRWIN.

Sunbury, Pa.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR

By REV. GEORGE W. EMINHIZER.

On August 7th, 1862, at the age of 19 years, I left my home, situated on the banks of Marsh Creek, near the foot of the Allegheny Mountains, in Center County, Pa.

Full of ambition and feeling very proud at the thought of being a soldier, I started for Harrisburg, arriving there the morning of the 9th, went to a recruiting officer and enlisted in the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment. On September 4th, 1862, I reported to Company A, at Brookes Station, Va. That same evening I was equipped with a full outfit, consisting of haversack, knapsack, cartridge box with 40 rounds of ammunition, and musket. We were formed in a line and

the officer in charge gave the order to load. The command embarrassed me very much, for I did not know how. I turned to my comrade on the right (F. B. Williams) and said: "Can you tell me which end of this cartridge I must put in first?" He loaded the gun for me. That night we lay on our arms. Next day we came to Acquia Creek Landing, and the same day the place was evacuated. Boarding a transport we arrived at Washington, D. C., the same day. Next day we were on the march to meet Lee's army, which had already crossed the Potomac into Maryland and was moving toward South Mountain.

I thought of the many stories the boys told me of their experiences, as they had been in the service a year. On the way to the front they expressed a desire to get into an engagement. Only a few of them had ever been under fire. I said to them, "Do you know what some of the people in Center County told me when I left home? They said the Forty-fifth Regiment would see very little fighting, as they are Curtin's pets." Just then some of the boys said to me, "Do you see those cards?" The road was strewn with them. "That means breakers ahead," and it did; for in less than one hour we met the enemy on the summit of South Mountain. It was almost a hand-to-hand conflict. If I remember correctly ten of our company were killed and seventeen wounded. Three days later we met the enemy at Antietam in one of the hardest fought battles of the war. "Curtin's Pets" were there, and in one battle after another until the bloody strife was ended at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865.

In the Fredericksburg campaign I gave out one day and my brother took my knapsack, in addition to his own, and carried it more than two miles, thus preventing me from falling into the hands of the bushwhackers. A few days later we went into camp on the old Chatham plantation, in front of Fredericksburg, where occurred a little incident somewhat amusing. Captain Trout of Company C, had with him two colored boys who served as officers' cooks. These boys caught a rabbit, skinned and cleaned it very nicely, and hung it on a little cedar sapling in front of his marquee to freeze. Of course we were not allowed to steal, but when the captain turned his face toward his tent I just "confiscated" that rabbit, and my brother, two other messmates and myself had a good stew.

Perhaps you will remember that Company B had a fine quartet of singers. I can not name them, but they were all Germans. They composed a song entitled, "Who Stole Captain Trout's Rabbit?" and when they saw the captain two of them would sing, "Who Stole Captain Trout's Rabbit?" and the others would answer, "George Eminhizer stole it," etc.

While in camp the pickets on both sides of the river were in the habit of exchanging papers. On one occasion, a member of Company B, Forty-fifth, and a member of a Connecticut battery were on picket duty. Lieutenant Kline had command of the picket line at that time and the men asked permission to go in a dug-out which they had found to exchange papers with the Confederate picket. The lieutenant did not say they might go, neither did he say they should not. They went, however, made the exchange, and on their return the dugout upset and both men were drowned. The noble, kindhearted officer got into trouble about it and was reduced. In a few months he returned to his company and was reinstated to his former rank.

The next day after the battle of Fredericksburg we recrossed the river. Several of the boys had come to the river bank and the Johnnies had come on the

other side and a conversation ensued between the two parties, John A. Daley being the mouthpiece on our side. The boasting went on with a vim. John asked one of the fellows on the other side what regiment he belonged to. He replied, "The Thirty-second Mississippi." Then the Johnny in turn put the same question to us. To this John replied: "I belong to the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania; there are quite a number of regiments here from Pennsylvania." Placing his hand on my shoulder, he said: "Here is a man who belongs to the Four Hundred Forty-fifth." The Johnny laughed and said: "Put the bone a crack higher."

Later on General Burnside was succeeded by fighting Joe Hooker, and Burnside, with his Ninth Corps, broke camp and started southwest. We sailed up the bay to Baltimore and then took cars on the Baltimore & Ohio for Parkersburg, thence by boat to Cincinnati, where we arrived in due time. We then crossed the river to Covington, Ky., and from there were transported by rail to Paris, Ky. As soon as we arrived at the latter place Comrade William Peoples and I went about a mile to a farm house and bought 20 dozen of eggs for a dollar bill in Confederate money. That was the only money we had at the time. The lady asked me if the bill was good. I told her it was sound Confederate money. She took it and let us have the eggs. Five cents a dozen was the price then. Four hours later we could not buy a dozen of eggs for less than five times that amount in greenbacks.

While in Paris we received four months' pay. The boys were talking about how they would send their money home, and Ben Musser, company cook, made the remark that he would take his money home. I guess he did, for in a few days he was missing. His home was at Curtin's Works, Center County, Pa. My father saw him, but Musser did not stay at home, and to this day no one knows what became of him.

At Cairo, Ill., we embarked on board the steamer *Sallie List*. In a few days we arrived at Memphis, Tenn. We remained at this place a few hours and then proceeded down the Mississippi River to the mouth of the Yazoo River, landing at Mill Dale, on the latter river, in the rear of Vicksburg. This was about the 17th of June, 1863. We remained at Snyders Bluff until after the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4th. Comrade David Hendershot died and was buried there. We left camp the same day Vicksburg fell and moved across the Big Black River, where we had a fight with a part of Joe Johnston's army, July 6th. Then we pushed on toward Jackson, the capitol of the State, marching through miles of cornfields and living on roasting ears and mutton principally. We reached Jackson after the battle at Halls Crossroads, on the 9th. The battle of Jackson lasted from the 10th to the 17th.

While on guard duty at the asylum during the battle a shell from the enemy's lines passed through the building, slightly wounding one of the inmates. He threw it out of the window of his room. Fortunately it did not explode and no other damage was sustained. Forty-three years after, on my return from the unveiling of the Pennsylvania monument at Vicksburg, March 24th, 1906, I stopped at Jackson, and visited the asylum. Strange to say, I learned from one of the officials that the same man was still an inmate, but they were just waiting for him to die.

After the seven days' siege at Jackson the Forty-fifth Regiment played its part with the Ninth Corps in destroying about forty miles of railroad. We were

returning to our old camping ground on the "Bluffs." On the march we passed through the town of Brownsville, Miss. Some of the comrades went into a Masonic Lodge and brought out some high plug hats. William Mahaffey and Ira C. Knoll were two of the party. These hats were somewhat expensive. They were marked "\$200." The night before that happened I lost my cap. Next day when the scorching sun began to pour its rays upon my bare head I began to complain. Will and Ira took one of those hats, cut some holes in it for ventilation, and placed it on my head. The captain spied the hat and came back all in a fluster, with drawn sword, and face as red as a turkey gobbler in August, ordering me to take it off. I told him that I had lost my cap and had nothing else to wear. Then several of the boys spoke up, saying: "George, just wear that hat until you find your cap or get another one." And I did.

A few days later we reached the old camping ground. A very short time after that we broke camp and marched back to the Yazoo River. There we boarded a steamer and proceeded down the Yazoo River to the Mississippi River and thence up the Mississippi, landing at Cairo, Ill. There were four regiments and a battery on the vessel. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment was placed beside us on the top deck.

A few days later we reached Cincinnati, crossed the river into Kentucky, and soon were on the march to Crab Orchard, where we went into camp and remained there about ten days, when orders came to break camp. We left Crab Orchard with eight days' rations in our haversacks and started on the march to East Tennessee, a distance of more than 180 miles via Cumberland Gap. After a long and weary march we finally reached Knoxville. Remaining there a few days we were ordered to Bulls Gap, near Blue Springs, where we met the foe in battle October 10th.

Just before the battle I took some canteens and went in search of water, passing the Third East Tennessee Artillery. I spoke to two boys—brothers—members of the battery. During the conversation one of them said that he would like to see his mother. I replied that more of us felt that way, but that it was wartime and the less we thought about our mothers the better it would be for us. I said: "I would have to go a thousand miles to see my mother." He replied: "I would not have to go two miles." "Well," I said, "that alters the case; if I were that near to my mother I would certainly see her." "Maybe not," he answered. "Our family is equally divided. My mother, my brother here and myself are for the Union, and my father and two brothers are on the other side, and we may meet in battle." I often wonder what became of those boys and at that time thought of the words of Christ: "Brother against brother, father against son," etc., a literal fulfillment of that prophecy.

I was wounded in the battle and sent back to Knoxville. I spent three months in the hospital, and thinking that I had been there long enough I asked the doctor in charge to give me a discharge from the hospital and let me go back to my company. He gave a short answer, to the effect that he would let me know when he was ready to send me to my regiment. I waited a week or ten days longer and then learned that the regiment was only eight or ten miles across the country, so concluded to go without his knowledge. Some four or five days after my return to the company, the officer in command, Roland C. Cheeseman, came and questioned me in reference to my getting away from the

hospital, and said that I was marked as a deserter there, but he would make it all right. I never heard any more about it.

About the middle of January, 1864, the regiment re-enlisted and shortly afterward started on its long march back across the mountains into Kentucky. It was a cold, arduous march, filled with hardships because of the long distance and awful mountains. It was almost an impossibility to get the necessary supplies to the army, but without any complaining we pushed on until we reached the other side of Crab Orchard and then went on through to Cincinnati. About the latter part of February we were paid off and received our 30 days' furlough. With glad hearts we returned to our homes and with rare exceptions, every one of the boys spent 30 of the happiest days of his life.

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, at the time the engagement had reached its crisis, the line on either side of the gallant Forty-fifth began to break and waver. Colonel John I. Curtin took the flag and carried it some distance, perhaps 50 steps forward. That brave, heroic act sent a wave of inspiration along the line.

From the Wilderness we moved on to Spottsylvania, Po River, North Anna River, Totopotomoy Creek, Bethesda Church, and Cold Harbor. George Moore, my messmate, was killed by a sharpshooter while on picket duty at North Anna River. On the evening of June 3d my brother was wounded. He was lying flat on the ground when a rebel bullet pierced his body. He was not more than ten feet from me. I talked with him for a few minutes after he was moved back a little. In the course of the conversation he gave me the assurance that if he died at that time all would be well with him. Just then the firing began to rage furiously, and he said: "George, you had better go back to the front to your place and be sure to stand by the old flag." He was sent to the Emery Hospital at Washington, D. C., and died there June 11th, 1864. I visited the spot four years ago where his body rests in the Arlington cemetery.

Other comrades will no doubt write about the assault on the lines in front of Petersburg from June 14th to 17th, 1864. I was there with my comrades and was among those detailed to carry the powder to the mouth of the crater. Four years ago, on my return from Vicksburg, I visited the crater and spent almost a day and a night in Petersburg. I went along the old lines for about a mile. Oh, what memories! How the scenes of 42 years ago came back to my mind like a panorama! How vivid and real were the many incidents which occurred! Some would arouse laughter; others would make me weep like a child. We were stationed at different points along the line from the crater to our left, and as I looked over the old ground it seemed as if these things occurred the day before.

I want to mention one experience that took place at midnight in front of what we called "Fort Hell." We were awakened from our slumbers while in our tent behind the breastworks by the thunder of the cannon from the fort. We grabbed our guns and were soon in line behind the breastworks. Most of us were in our underclothing with our overcoats thrown over our shoulders. The Johnnies had the range down fine. One of their guns sent a ball just skipping over the top of the pit behind which we were placed. We all stood and watched the flash of their guns and then dropped down behind the pit ahead of the report. Comrade Armstrong, of Company B, close to my left, would not dodge,

and laughed at the rest of us for doing so. His captain told him to dodge or he might lose his head. Sure enough, in less than two minutes, a ball struck him and took off his head.

After the final battle of Petersburg and the evacuation of Richmond we were on the march after Robert E. Lee's retreating army. For a few days we encamped at a place called Farmville, where our regiment was at the time of Lee's surrender. One morning a colored man, a slave owned by an old planter by the name of McNaught, was sent by his master to ask for a safety guard. After the boys had their fun with him and we were on our way to the plantation, I said to him: "Sam, have you any good fresh milk cows out there?" He laughed heartily and answered: "No, sar; dem Yanks am de debble; dey come out dar and kill all de cows we had but de bull."

SKETCH OF COMPANY "C"

By JAMES S. MITCHELL.

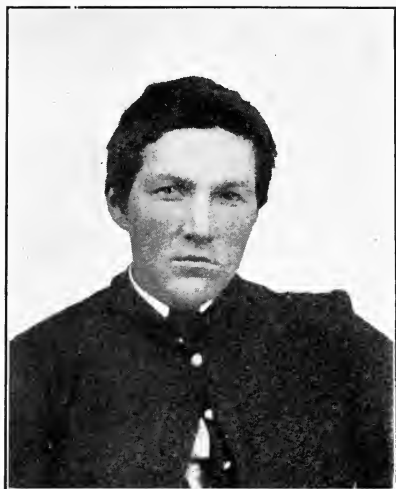
Having been requested to write a sketch of the first organization of Company C of the Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, I will say that I must depend upon my recollection of facts as I knew them over 50 years ago, though I was not a member of the company until it entered the service of the United States under the first call for volunteers "for three years or during the war."

I was a student in Kishacoquillas Seminary, which was located about four or five miles from the little town of Belleville in the beautiful valley of Kishacoquillas in Mifflin County, Pa. During my attendance at this school, about three years prior to 1861, there was organized, in Belleville, a company known as "The Belleville Fencibles," with Dr. William G. Bigelow as captain. This and similar organizations comprised the uniformed militia of the State. This company, in the Fall of 1861, was recruited to number about 90 men, and was mustered into the service of the United States to serve for three years or during the war. The place of rendezvous was Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg. Among the ten companies forming the Forty-fifth Regiment, this one was known as Company C. Its first officers were: Captain, William G. Bigelow; First Lieutenant, Jesse W. Horton; Second Lieutenant, James M. Bulick; First Sergeant, Isaac Steely, and other sergeants and corporals as were required.

Each member of the company was given a copy of the New Testament and Psalms of David, bound in one volume pocket size. I was informed that this was a gift from the ladies of the churches at Belleville and vicinity. I carried the copy given to me from 1861 to the date of muster out of service in July, 1865. I read it through more than once during the war and prize it very highly. It is now in the possession of my son, James G. Mitchell, of Topeka, Kan., who served in the Twenty-second Regiment of Kansas Volunteer Infantry in the Spanish-American war; and I trust he will be blest by observing the precepts contained therein.

About one-sixth of the company were married men. Colonel Thomas Welsh commanded the regiment, which soon went to Washington and encamped near Bladensburg on the ground where the British landed to burn the Capitol in

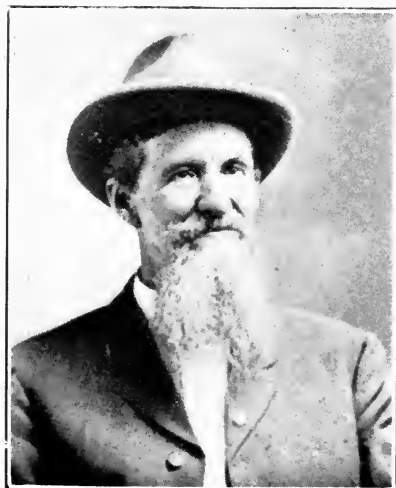
COMPANY C



Sergt. Josiah McManigal
1861



Sergt. Josiah McManigal
1910



First Sergt. J. S. Mitchell



Corporal J. A. Pressler

the War of 1812. We were at this time in a brigade commanded by General O. O. Howard, who afterwards became a famous corps commander under General Sherman. Our next camp was in Southern Virginia near Fortress Monroe. In December, 1861, we were sent to Port Royal, S. C., on the steamship "Illinois," which ran on a sand bar late in the evening, about ten miles from the harbor where we were to land. There was quite an excitement during the time the vessel stuck fast. Some prayed, some left the upper deck and went below and someone in Company E held a prayer meeting and exhorted his hearers, while others watched every movement of the sailors. The tidal waves caused the vessel to careen, and watching the swaying of the masts it seemed that the vessel would turn over and spill us into the ocean. After signaling for some time another vessel came to pull us off the bar, and as the tide was rising succeeded. While the ship was stuck fast on the bar the captain of the tug called out to the captain of the "Illinois": "How much water do you draw?" He answered, "Eighteen feet, sir." The answer bame back that there was twenty-five feet of water all around here. The ship moved into deeper water and anchored until morning, when a pilot came; then we entered the bay in safety.

The Stars and Stripes flying over Fort Walker was to us a glorious sight. In January, 1862, Company C was detached from the regiment and sent to Braddocks Point on the south end of Eddings Island, near the mouth of the Savannah River. Fort Pulaski on the south side of the river, still in the possession of the enemy, could be seen from our camp. One day a corporal, whom we named "Buscod," had charge of a squad of men near the point where Calibogue Sound connects with the river. A vessel named the "Cosmopolitan" was passing on its way to Tybee Island. He put his men in line with guns loaded and bayonets fixed; then yelled out across the water, "H-a-l-t!" The vessel kept on her way. He made several remarks, which I do not now remember very well, then yelled out again, "Halt, or I will fire into you." But the vessel was beyond the reach of a Springfield rifle. Some of the boys, who are still living, will remember several incidents which occurred during the few months we were encamped at this place. When chickens and other things were lost or stolen complaint was made to the captain, who, of course, could not find the guilty parties and rather than have the complaint carried any farther the captain generally paid the bill on as reasonable terms as he could get.

Fort Pulaski surrendered at about 2 P. M., on April 11th, 1862. Soon after this the Forty-eighth New York Regiment was placed in charge of the fort. Some time in June some boxes, shipped from New York City, to be delivered to the Forty-eighth Regiment, were left in charge of our guard at the landing to be transferred to Dawfuski Island and from there to Fort Pulaski, so that officers of the Forty-eighth could have a good time on the Fourth of July. A lieutenant, a sergeant and a private of the Forty-eighth were in charge of the signal station at our camp. I recollect that the name of the private was Tracy, and he convinced some of our boys that the signal station here had an interest in the contents of these boxes and would not get their share unless they got it now. About six or eight of our company went with him and the sergeant and made a raid on the guards that had charge of the goods and all had a jolly time. The guards were easy now and a second raid

captured all the goods and the celebration commenced right away. Any of my comrades who are living when they read this can fill in the particulars. Our captain had a great time punishing the ones who got too full or who made trouble or a disturbance in camp as a result of being only about half full. Some of the bottles had been hidden in the bushes and were found two weeks later and we had some more fun. If the Forty-eighth New York celebrated any in the same manner, they must have ordered a new supply.

In July the companies of the regiment were brought together again at Hilton Head, where on the 18th the regiment was placed on board the steamship "Arago," which landed us at Newport News, Va. Quite a number of regiments were gathered here and formed what was afterwards named the Ninth Corps, under the command of Major General A. E. Burnside. From this time to the close of the war each of the companies did its part in making the history of the Forty-fifth Regiment. In the long and tedious marches, skirmishes, severe battles, and starvation and sickness incident to camp life in unhealthy places, the boys of Company C were participants, along with their comrades in the other companies. August 5th, 1862, the regiment was sent to Acquia Creek Landing on the Potomac and the companies were distributed along the railroad leading to Fredericksburg, to guard the same while a portion of McClellan's army was being sent to the support of General Pope. About September 3d to 5th we burned the railroad bridges and the cars and army supplies at Acquia Creek Landing and went by boat to Washington, from which place the different army corps made a march to intercept Lee's army and at the same time to shield Baltimore. The armies met and the battles of South Mountain and Antietam marked the place. On the list of killed in these battles will be found these names from Company C: James B. Field, James Baird, Thomas Parsons, Robert Kerr and Charles B. Goodman, besides Lieutenant J. M. Bulick severely wounded and a number of others whose names I cannot recall at this time. After a few weeks' rest along the Potomac and a change of commanders the Union Army again crossed the Potomac and arrived at Falmouth, Va., on November 19th, 1862. Here the army was formed in three grand divisions for the purpose of crossing the Rappahannock River and capturing Fredericksburg. The Second and Ninth Corps formed the center grand division. This division forced a crossing at the City of Fredericksburg about December 11th or 12th. The pontoon bridge was completed after volunteers crossed the river in boats under fire and drove the Rebel guards from the wharf. The Union Army failed in this attempt as well as the one in January, 1863, when the roads became impassable and the army stuck in the mud. As I was sent to a hospital in Washington on December 29th, and discharged for disability on March 3rd, 1863, I was out of service till August 19th, 1863, when I reenlisted and returned to Company C and remained with it until it was mustered out of service in July, 1865. During the time of my absence the Ninth Corps was sent west under the command of General Burnside.

The Ninth Corps is next found assisting in the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., and then in driving the army of Johnston eastward through the State capitol in July, 1863. The corps then returned to the Ohio valley, and entered Kentucky; Burnside with the Ninth Corps and a division of the Twenty-third

Corps entered East Tennessee, capturing Knoxville and Cumberland Gap. In the Battle of Blue Springs, October 10th, George McMichaels of Company C, was killed.

I rejoined the company at Lenoir Station in September, 1863. About this time Parson Brownlow opened up his printing office and again began the publication of the Knoxville "Whig," which had been suppressed for two years. The first issue bore the title, "The Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator." Papers sold as high as 25 cents a copy. We thought the regiment would remain here for a while and we built comfortable winter quarters but occupied them only a few days. Longstreet's Corps on its return from Chattanooga to rejoin Lee's army in Virginia drove the Union forces back to Knoxville and laid siege to the place. We were now on double duty and less than half rations.

Some days during the siege we doubted our ability to defend the place successfully against an attacking force which largely outnumbered us. Conversation of this kind by line officers and their soldiers was brought to a sudden termination by a printed order from General Burnside, which was read to each company along the line of breastworks. It prohibited conversation between men and officers bearing on the matter of surrender and contained these words: "Knoxville will not be taken by the enemy except over the dead bodies of its defenders." This fixed the determination to do or die. Night after night was spent in strengthening the fortifications, placing of abattis and stretching of telegraph wire in front of the outer line of works. The attack on Fort Sanders soon revealed to us the wisdom in all this preparation.

Survivors who read this account will remember that rations were very slim. One day Sergeant Young, who generally drew rations for Company C, returned to us near noon with one ear of corn for each man; I noticed tears in his eyes when he said, "Boys, this is the best I could get."

A few days after the defeat of the enemy at Fort Sanders, a relief force came from Sherman's army and the siege of Knoxville was raised; then came the pursuit up the Rutledge Valley and shortly after, the night march back to Blains Cross Roads, where the regiment reenlisted for three years more. Comrades will remember how nearly naked many of us were; very few had more than one shirt and that not comfortable to wear because of graybacks. Notwithstanding all this we had lots of fun on our march from East Tennessee through the towns which lay on the route till we reached Nicholasville, Ky., where we could take cars for Cincinnati. I would like to mention many incidents occurring on this march but have not room in this article. The night before we reached Nicholasville, we received a supply of new clothing being a complete outfit for each man. We felt like new men the next morning after the night bath with soap and water and leaving every bit of the old habilaments with their unwelcome occupants alongside the little stream, while we were clad anew from head to foot in Uncle Sam's best. We stayed in Cincinnati a few days then took the train for Pittsburg, Pa., where we were furnished with a splendid supper. We soon reached home and had about forty days in Grand Old Pennsylvania.

While we were enjoying our visit at home, U. S. Grant had been placed in chief command of the Union Armies with headquarters in the field, and our corps—the Ninth—had been attached to the Army of the Potomac. When the

Forty-fifth Regiment returned to its place in the First Brigade, Second Division. Company C was also in its accustomed place in the regimental line and from the crossing of the Rapidan in the first week in May, 1864, to the surrender of Lee's Army at Appomattox in April, 1865, shared in the hardships and braved the dangers of the most destructive campaign of the Civil War.

The following is an additional list of those killed in battle belonging to Company C:

Battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, Corporals John Bice and Foster Hazlett; and Privates J. M. Caldwell and Jackson H. Price.

Cold Harbor, June 1st to 3rd, 1864, William Rose, N. L. Weiser, John McFadden, David K. Zook and John B. McElroy.

Siege of Petersburg, Jacob Ham, Lieutenant J. P. Gibboney, John W. Bailey, Ludwig Bremer.

Poplar Spring Church, Andrew Gregg, Thomas B. Scott, William Phillips.

There may have been others but these names are remembered and I place them on the Roll of Honor. To this list should be added a few of the company who died in Rebel prisons. Then comes the list of those who died from wounds and disease; then those who are crippled for life.

The Grand Review at Washington in 1865 marked the close of the period of destruction; and surviving comrades of both contending armies bade each other good-bye and returned to civil life to begin the work of reconstruction and to teach loyalty and inspire a love and veneration for our victorious banner and the principle which it represents.

Our children grew to manhood and in 1898, the sons of Union and Confederate fathers rushed to the front and stood shoulder to shoulder, and marched and fought side by side until Old Glory was again triumphant and our nation became a mighty world power.

Comrades, we are still enjoying the fruits of the victory of right against wrong, and in our declining years can feel confident that our teaching of loyalty and patriotism both by example and precept has not been in vain.

May the Star Spangled Banner always wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

MEMORANDA FROM DIARY OF CAPTAIN JOHN O. CAMPBELL OF COMPANY E

MRS. J. M. ADAIR.

September 2d, 1861. Left The Pines, Baileyville, Center County, Pa.

September 3d, 10 A. M. Arrived at Harrisburg.

October 21st. Left Camp Curtin.

INCIDENTS AT CAMP CURTIN.

Two days after our arrival Captain Stevens went home for recruits. Before he left we had decided to enter Colonel Welsh's regiment. Welsh is a most finished gentleman. Beaver, his lieutenant-colonel.

Captain Tarburton takes all officers, who are willing, to a field out of sight and gives practical drills four hours each day.

MARYLAND.

October 22d to November 19th. Camp Hale, Bladensburg, five miles east of Washington, D. C. Sent on a seven days' tramp of 160 miles to Calvert County, Md., to guard the polls. Says Captain Fessler of this march: "The officers, after a hard day's march, had to scour the country for miles to get even a water-baked Johnny cake and this invariably from the negro." Camp Casey, three miles from Washington, a few days.

November 2d. Regiment arrived at Fortress Monroe, Camp Hamilton.

INCIDENTS.

Left Washington at midnight, November 19th. Ours being an extra train we had to lie over a couple of hours every few miles. Embarked on the "Pocahontas" for 180 miles. Adjutant T. Gregg, who had for years traded on the river, told many pleasing incidents. Fine camping grounds. Five of our boys are sick. Corporal McWilliams and I have been busy for several days posting books. Here comes paymaster. All glad.

December 6th, 1861, at 3 P. M. Forty-fifth steamed off from Fortress Monroe for Port Royal, S. C. Says Captain Fessler: "Six inches snow when we left Fortress Monroe. Three days later we landed at Hilton Head and found flowers in bloom—orange trees loaded with fruit."

Colonel Beaver with five companies are detailed to occupy Fort Seward, on Bay Point, Hilton Head Island. He has the three captains, Curtin, Biglow, Hill and myself (Lieutenant Campbell). Hill and I were shifted from the "Cosmopolitan" to the "Delaware" last evening (December 9th), drifted down the bay alongside the "Illinois" and took on board Companies A, C and D. Are now moving off amidst the cheers of Zouaves on the "Illinois." They lay beside us at Camp Hamilton.

December 24th. Company E has been sent to St. Helena Island to guard United States cotton agent, Colonel Noble, who is collecting cotton to send to New York. These isles are rich in cotton, sweet potatoes and negroes. There is one isle between us and the main. The company is divided into seven squads. Extremes twenty miles apart. My headquarters, Dr. Jenkins' plantation, Ed. Salisbury, Colonel Nobles' clerk, and I mess together.

January 6th, 1862. To-day went to Bay Point to hand in weekly report. Colonel Beaver not there. Met some boys of Company D, who had been left behind to bury a dead comrade. They said Beaver had yesterday received orders to go to Skull Creek with his whole command. We had received no word.

January 8th. Visited Colonel Beaver. Received orders to gather our men and be ready to embark at any moment for Skull Creek.

SKULL CREEK, SPANISH WELL'S PLANTATION.

Spent six months here, extreme south point Hilton Head Island. Are on picket duty. Have two stations, one at the landing in front of our quarters, the other on Calibogue Sound, three miles distant. Have three men at one, four at the other. A commissioned officer visits the pickets between ten and twelve each night. Northern friends wonder how we spend time. We are under orders to drill four hours daily; then come daily orders from headquarters to be acted on

forthwith. Routine of sending out pickets, foraging for beef, etc. Then perfection in tactics requires continual study. Keeping affairs of company abreast of demands fills every moment.

February 7th. As I was writing, an order was handed me to go to the main under cover of night, with picked men to learn the strength of a Rebel picket in the rear of Bluffton. Fifteen men, including Beck, myself and "Steve," colored guide, pulled off an hour after dark with muffled oars, rowed about six miles, landed one-half mile beyond picket. "Steve" led us across a cotton field to the rear. We crept up cautiously to the buildings, then into them, but could not raise a Rebel. By moonlight we examined the premises and found evidences of horsemen having been there. When we reached Spanish Well's at 11 P. M., found Major Killbourne, Captain Curtin and fifty men who had intended to go with us but were too late.

March 24. "Oriental" yesterday brought Corporal Dick Bailey and four recruits, Deters, Ewing, Road and Alley. Am now drilling these fine new boys. Same day was ordered to throw out a strong picket to catch two spies. Eighty-three men were patrolling the beach. A boat is on the water. No spies seen yet. Left Port Royal July 18th, 1862.

VIRGINIA.

July 18th, 1882. Came from Hilton Head on the "Arago." All seasick during the two and one-half days' voyage. I ate but one meal on the water. At Fort Monroe, Colonel Welsh was ordered to report to Burnside at Newport News. Are now two miles up the James. Lay out last night. Several Pennsylvania regiments here.

July 28th. Still at Newport News.

August 1st. "Father is dead and you want me to come home on furlough. Simply impossible. Since coming here six officers of this regiment have resigned."

ACQUIA CREEK, VA.

Left Newport News yesterday, August 4th. Troops in fine condition. We are guarding the railroad. Left four, including Beck, in hospital at Newport News.

BROOKES STATION.

August 12th. The valleys here are mere cracks between little hills shocked up laughably. Innumerable women and children stuffed into the cracks.

August 14th. Dr. Gibson arrived last night. Says the hospital boat from Fort Monroe collided with another last night going down with over 100 sick. Hope our boys were not among them. Ague chills are shaking us here.

HAREWOOD HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 9th. The orderly and I were left here as the regiment passed on to Maryland. He has dysentery, I fever—the dregs of ague.

September 15th. We are now able to walk some. Yesterday heard Mr. John B. Meek preach on the grounds.

MARYLAND.

September 22d to October 16th, 1862.

September 22d. Haynes and I came up with the regiment yesterday at Sharpsburg; walked from Frederick to Middletown. It was full of wounded. Lightner, Johnny Chronister and Ulrich were shot through the lungs, and Corporal Schall in shoulder. I wrote letters and did what I could for the poor fellows, then passed over battlefield of 14th. The Forty-fifth had occupied a field covered with small lots surrounded by stone fence behind which the enemy fought. All along the lines the ground was covered with clotted blood. Saw where the 28 dead of the Forty-fifth were nicely buried.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

October 8th. Our division (Wilcox's) left Antietam yesterday. We crossed a high ridge and are now two miles below Harpers Ferry. Lieutenant Beck has gone home for 20 days on sick leave. Since leaving the hospital unsuitable food has caused indigestion and diarrhoea. I am in a bad shape to be busy making out papers for killed, wounded and other absentees.

POINT-OF-ROCKS, TWELVE MILES BELOW HARPERS FERRY

October 14th. As we lay in camp near Harpers Ferry last evening we were ordered to march in 15 minutes. Camp equipage and all personal effects were left scattered around, the infirm to guard them. Stuart's cavalry having dashed into Pennsylvania, there were fears they would burn Frederick, Md., a Union city of some eight thousand population. We reached Frederick about midnight, guarded the approaches and lay down about one o'clock to freeze till morning; when we found the citizens much surprised at their town being so well guarded when they had not dreamed of danger. At sundown we were loaded on cars, run back to Point-of-Rocks, marched out two miles on picket. At eleven lay down in a thick wood while it rained hard on us till daybreak.

Captain Fessler writes of his effort to head Stuart: "Part of the way we were on forced march. Night overtook us in a dense forest. Rain fell in torrents. It was decided to bivouac till morning. We laid overcoats on the ground, lay down on them, but soon were numb and cold in pools of water."

VIRGINIA.

October 23d, 1862, to March 11th, 1863.

Old Virginia, October 29th. Last Sabbath morn our brigade left camp. Marched down river about six miles to Berlin, crossed into Virginia on pontoon bridge. Marched three miles on Leesburg pike, and encamped. Lieutenant Beck came up with us at Berlin. At this date Beck writes: "At Berlin I found Captain Campbell in a tent with Captains Gregg and Richards, Lieutenant Haynes and Scudder and Quartermaster McClure. Rain poured in torrents, night pitchy dark, blowing furiously. Ropes gave way, pins drew out. Captain Campbell sprang to his feet, grasped the center pole, at top of voice cried, 'Fasten the corner pins,' but in the darkness neither corners nor pins could be found."

November 8th, 1862, near Warrenton, Va. Still moving south. Last three days passed through poor country. Have two inches of snow. Sabbath, Rev. Brown, chaplain, 100th Psalm, 2 v., preached. He read an order from General

Wilcox calling upon regimental commanders to have special prayers offered during the day for the continued success of General Burnside and his officers, this to be carried out whether on the march or in camp.

Camp Tribulation, November 12th. Very short rations. Some eat parched corn, others insist on grumbling. Fessler writes of this period: "Late in October we were ordered from Pleasant Valley, Md., to cross Potomac to force General Lee to give battle, or fall back beyond the Rapidan. Food scarce. Near Warrenton, Va., our camp was called 'Camp Starvation.' Dr. Christ writes, 'Our troops suffered much from short rations.'"

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

November 19th. Have made the circuit and arrived about where we were ten weeks since. One night at White Sulphur Springs, a branch of Rappahannock, then after ten-mile march stopped on line of Orange & Alexandria Railroad. The last three days all spent marching. The Rappahannock is now between us and the city of Fredericksburg. City occupied by Rebels. Lee's army here.

From notes at this time from Captains Campbell, Beck and Fessler we learn that on December 12th the Forty-fifth was marched across the Rappahannock on pontoons and posted near Fredericksburg. During the four days' engagement the regiment was vigorously shelled from a Rebel fort, but made no attack. In the night was placed in front the Rebel fort for a charge at day-break, but orders for retreat came and this was silently effected during the night over the bridge covered with clay.

Under different dates from November 25th, 1862, to February 15th, 1863, Captain Campbell writes from Falmouth, Va.:

"Comfortable in winter quarters, though to stand erect in their huts 'they must arrange in line of battle in the center.' Delightful visitors from the One Hundred and Forty-eighth lying near, also from old homes. Gratitude for dried fruits sent from homes. Sudden changes from bitter cold to bitter warm same day. Restlessness of troops because of inactivity, though history shows that the greatest part of any army's time is spent in camp.

February 15th, 1863. On the evening of the 10th the Forty-fifth embarked on "John A. Warner." Left dock at five next morn and moved slowly down the Potomac. Our nautical encyclopedia, Captain Gregg, gives all necessary information concerning dangerous places. He is a good book of reference.

Newport News, March 1st. Troops in fine spirits. The change from Fredericksburg to this place would revive the most desponding. Busy drilling. Brigade drilling has been introduced.

KENTUCKY.

March 11th, 1863 to June 11th. Left Newport News March 22d on board "Mary Washington." Reached Baltimore same night. On the 23d in cars moving toward Relay House. On the 24th in mud at Harpers Ferry, each man scrambling for his bread and coffee, on through Martinsburg; at Piedmont, supper by candlelight. Breakfasted next morn at Grafton, W. Va. At Parkersburg on the Ohio went aboard the "La Crosse."

Paris, Ky., March 30th. Are now in a low green valley on the old Kentucky shore. Magnificent is the only word to describe the country. Our Lancaster County men are silent seeing how far this land surpasses their own in beauty and in fertility. With the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts we are protecting the town and extensive bridges. Loyalty predominates but there are some excessively bitter Rebels—principally among the gentler sex. Senator Davis lives here. He wants the leading Rebs shot and rabid women sent to military prison.

April 15th, 1863. Camp Dick Robinson, nine miles from Danville, Ky. Our brigade is here. General Welsh in command of division which is scattered over the county. Came on railroad to Nicholasville; marched remaining 15 miles through awful dust. At close of dress parade McClure in a neat speech presented Colonel Curtin with a fine bay horse bought by the regiment. Utterly confounded the Colonel began, "Gentlemen, I—Gentlemen, I—" when three loud cheers relieved him. April 26th. Oh! that we could move on and relieve East Tennessee, whose citizens are being driven out by hundreds. More than half a regiment of refugees are in this single camp. They report absolute starvation in many parts.

Middleburg, Casey County, Ky., May 8th. We don't seem to be doing much, yet we are keeping the Rebs out of Kentucky after having driven them out. We frequently hurry up and off to meet Morgan but have not yet met him.

June 10th. For the last month have been constantly marching and scouting, resting only a day at a time. Often jump up and prepare to fight Rebs before breakfast, but after a hard day's scouting have nothing for our pains. Starting from Jamestown, near Cumberland River, we marched over 60 miles in 51 hours. Reached Lebanon and took the cars for Louisville 65 miles distant. The Ninth Corps has been sent to Grant at Vicksburg, Miss. I am glad to leave Kentucky. Her neutrality has poisoned her patriotism. Few unconditional Union men to be found here.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI ON BOARD "SALLIE LIST."

June 11th. We are bound for Vicksburg. At Louisville were served with hot coffee, ham and bread. After many car changes reached Cairo, the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, at 11 P. M., on the 9th. Met with a royal reception through Indiana and Illinois. The best the land could afford was pressed upon us. Reaching one village at midnight, the boys asleep, ladies surrounded the train crying, "Wake up, soldiers, and take our provisions." The whole brigade was on board, yet no lack of good things. At Cairo lay on the street under showers till morning. At daylight the Forty-fifth embarked on the "Sallie List." Left Cairo, that mud-hole of creation, at 5 P. M. Am disappointed in the "Father-of-Waters." It is crooked, muddy and dismal compared with the beautiful James. Passed Island No. 10 at daybreak. At 4 P. M., have just passed Fort Pillow.

Tanny's Point, June 19th. Reached this place at 9 this morning. Vicksburg is five miles from us in a direct line.

July 6th. We are lying in the woods in sight of the Big Black almost opposite Haines Bluff. Have not written since landing. Our work has been

too hard. Felling trees and entrenching in this hot climate is not play. The reinforcements have all been employed entrenching against Johnston.

MISSISSIPPI.

July 15th, 1863. I scarcely know how to commence this. We have no camp, no shelter, no bedding. Soon as Vicksburg fell we left our entrenchments and went in pursuit of Johnston. Crossed Big Black on 7th, moving toward Jackson, the enemy retreating before us. Friday, 10th, at 3 P. M., the Forty-fifth was thrown forward to skirmish for the brigade. Moved directly toward Pearl River. At dark we were facing the city on the north side. At night rested at lunatic asylum on the top of which the flag of the Forty-fifth took the place of a Rebel flag. Saturday morning advanced driving the enemy before us. Within one-half mile of town planted batteries. Musketry firing briskly all day; four killed, one dozen wounded. Lieutenant Humphrey, Company F, was killed. At 4 P. M. our division was relieved and sent to the rear to rest. Tuesday, 14th, again sent to front to remain 48 hours. Just as I wrote the last line a ball from the enemy struck a sapling, glanced off and hit Homer Thompson on the jaw.

From further letters from Captains Campbell, Fessler and Beck we learn that Johnston slipped out of Jackson the night of the 16th of July by crossing Pearl River. After capturing 200 or more prisoners and tearing up 20 miles of railroad, on the 20th the Ninth Corps began the retrograde movement. Heat oppressive. Many lay down by the roadside and died. Grant ordered Vicksburg and Jackson to be inscribed on the banners of the Forty-fifth.

August 10th, 1863, 9 A. M. Our regiment has just reached Cairo on board the "Hiawatha." The Mississippi campaign is ended.

KENTUCKY.

Camp Nelson, near Nicholasville, August 22d, 1863. The Kentucky troops are moving toward East Tennessee. Our Corps will have to recruit in health before moving. Chills and fever abound. We are favorably situated. Good water. Are abundantly supplied with vegetables by the citizens. General Welsh died suddenly some weeks since. Captain Hicks, his adjutant, now commands the division.

CRAB ORCHARD.

September 3d. We halted here after a march of 30 miles on the 27th ult. Troops in much better health.

September 13th, near London, Ky. We are moving toward Knoxville, via Cumberland Gap. Left Crab Orchard, the 10th. Our first day we marched through country whose springs were most unpleasant with sulphur. Second day crossed a mountain and forded a branch of the Cumberland called Rock Castle River. Third crossed a barren tableland. Are over 100 miles from Knoxville. All the boys with us are in good health. Left some sick at Crab Orchard.

SHORT FURLOUGH.

While the Forty-fifth was near the line between Kentucky and Tennessee a detail from each regiment was being made out to be sent to their respective states for recruits. Says Colonel Curtin of the Forty-fifth: "Captain Camp-

bell, you are about the only officer of the Forty-fifth who has not been home since enlisting over two years since. Will you not take a detail? Many of your company have also been home." The Captain replied, "I have an invalid sister I would like to see, otherwise I would greatly prefer being with the regiment." Unexpectedly he received orders to take a detail. He, after reaching home, said, "We wheeled about for a backward tramp of over 60 miles to railroad, again forded that river, crossed that mountain and that country with its unpleasant sulphur springs." After something over four weeks' furlough, part of which was spent in Philadelphia recruiting station, he started for the regiment and on November 14th, 1863, again writes from Crab Orchard, Ky.: "Arrived here last evening. Met my men at Pittsburg. Messrs. Bailey and Musser, who are going for the bodies of relatives, have much trouble getting the coffins through. I find Halderman, Will Campbell and Sam Crider here."

November 19th, London, Ky. Reached here through much tribulation. Mr. John Musser, who has likely reached home by this time, can tell of the perplexities of himself and Mr. John Bailey. Friends there will never realize what Mr. Bailey endured on this trip. The roads are so narrow, so worn down water can't drain off. Mire mixed with mule flesh, so deep and strong, stench is horrid. Wagon trains can make but six or ten miles per day. All trains in the rear are ordered to halt. Those between this and the gap ordered back. We are pushing to the front on foot. One hundred and sixty miles before us. Make about 16 per day. Army mail is carried on pack mules.

November 22d, 1863. Barbourville, Ky. We are 28 miles from Cumberland Gap. Parson Brownlow, Horace Maynard and other prominent East Tennesseans are here in exile. The enemy between the Gap and Knoxville. We can't get farther than the Gap. Choose to remain here. Our party consists of Rev. J. R. Miller of the Christian Commission, Mr. John Bailey, Lieutenant Hart and myself. The boys fell in with a wagon train. Hundreds of refugees from Tennessee are in this region. A lawyer told me that men had hid from Rebel conscription, their wives hung by the neck to compel divulging their hiding places. Some had yielded. The men were then shot and the women left hanging.

BARBOURVILLE.

November 25th. Mr. Bailey started home yesterday. We go forward this morning.

CUMBERLAND GAP.

November 26th. Arrived here at three P. M., to find that the statement of open way to Knoxville is incorrect.

November 29th. Cold morning. Last news from Burnside still gloomy. He is short of rations. So are we. A little Indian meal foraged in the country, a smell of coffee and sugar, some fresh beef. Colonel Curtin and Lieutenant Goodfellow are here. We are all on duty under Wilcox.

TAZEWELL, TENN.

December 3d. General Foster came to the Gap on 30th, ult. Next morning troops moved to this place. The army is living from hand to mouth. The citizens are almost destitute. Starvation stares them in the face.

BLAINES CROSS ROADS, TENN.

December 18th. I left Tazewell alone, the other officers being on duty. Overtook the regiment 30 miles northeast of Knoxville. Had made quite a circuit to avoid the enemies' scouts. Found we had five wounded around Knoxville. Orderly Dad Simms, Caleb Gates, Josiah Crider. The last three have died. We fell back to this place as the enemy pressed us heavily. The wagon train containing my trunk was captured. I had my best suit on, which was not quite so good as the old one. Will Campbell and Reuben Halderman were with the captured train. We hear they escaped. As to the captured wagon train, we glean from other letters, mainly Beck and Fessler's, that it contained 100 pounds of sugar, 60 pounds of coffee and a large amount of provisions ordered by officers of the Forty-fifth. One who escaped from it said he saw Captain Campbell's coat sold four times.

REENLISTING AND HARDSHIPS.

Under date of December 24th, 1863, Captain Campbell writes: "Some fifty or sixty have signified a willingness to reenlist. This thing of sitting with aching eyes over smoky campfires, on half rations, almost naked from head to foot, does not encourage reenlisting."

January 3d, 1864. "The color company (E) was the first to secure reorganization by a three-fourths enlistment. This reenlisting will be considered by the Rebels as a victory over them. As I have charge of the reenlisting of the regiment am too busy to write often."

Of this period Dr. Christ writes: "Officers and men suffered for necessities—food for days, fresh beef without salt and parched corn. Many had no shoes, stockings, blankets or overcoats, yet this winter was severe. Never were troops more tried. Government hardly to blame. Under all these circumstances. January 1st, 1864, 426 men out of less than 500 of our noble Forty-fifth reenlisted for three years more. Shall never forget the hardship crossing Cumberland Mountains in midwinter. Blood from many a poor boy's foot stained ice and snow. Every one was a hero."

Fessler writes: "After reenlisting we started on a 200 mile march with one pint of flour per man. Thought we might as well starve trying to reach home as remain where we were and starve. After a week in Cincinnati we hied to our homes, to all that name makes dear to man, to forget for a time war's fearful ravages."

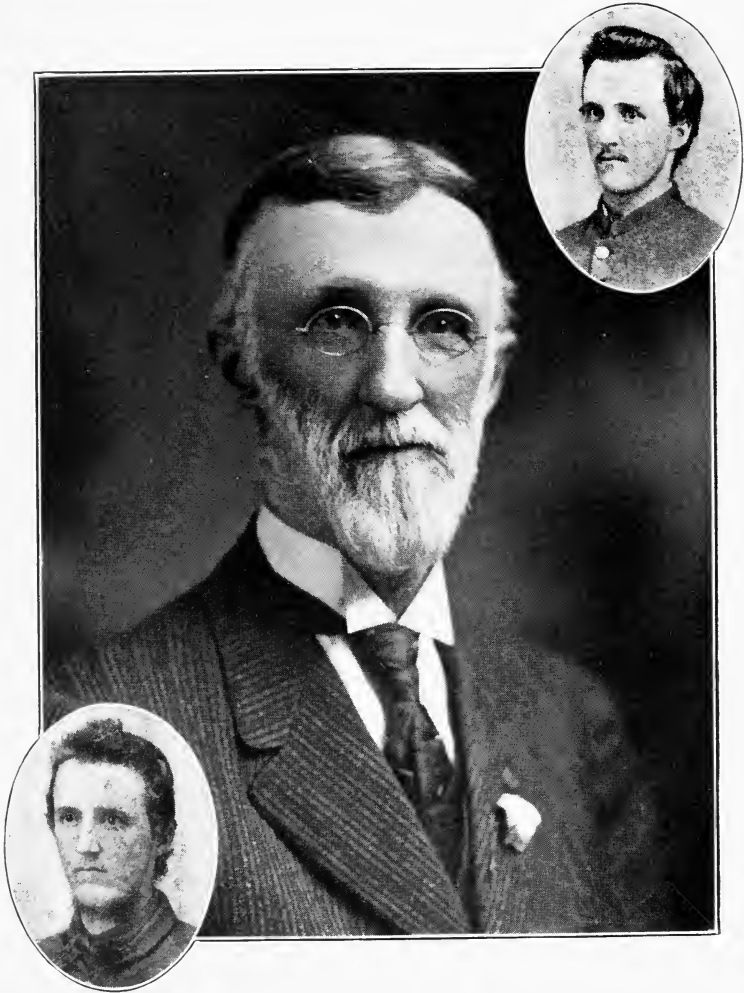
Beck writes: "When on January 16th, 1864, we began the homeward march, Captain Campbell took charge of all the regimental papers and the sick."

February 10th, 1864. Many boys of Company E reached their homes in Center and adjoining counties on veteran furlough for 30 days. Early the following March the regiment reassembled at Harrisburg. Soon left for Annapolis, Md., where the corps reorganized under Burnside before the Virginia campaign. April 27th the corps encamped at Fairfax, Va.

February 28th. Again on the march, through Centreville, waded Bull Run, encamped about twelve miles beyond it.

May 4th. Marched eighteen miles.

May 5th. Started at 5 P. M., crossed the Rappahannock at 8 P. M., Rapidan,



W. H. Musser
Company E

4:30 P. M. Crossed both streams on pontoons. Encamped after 20 miles of march. From letters of Lieutenant Beck, Drs. Maxwell and Christ we glean:

Resting a few hours after march on the 5th, the heavy cannonading of night attack in the Wilderness roared around. At 2 A. M., May 6th, the Ninth Corps moved to the front and "occupied the center of the fiery flaming field of the Wilderness." "At 1 P. M. the Forty-fifth received a shower of leaden balls from concealed Rebels—learned they were on their knees 100 yards from us." Lieutenant Goodfellow was the first killed, next Halderman and Beck, Company E. "Colonel Curtin, grasping the colors from the color-bearer, dashed to the front. At the same moment each captain dashed to the front of his company. As we were sweeping all before us Captain Campbell turned facing his men and cried, 'Rally Round the Flag,' when he fell mortally wounded."

A SHORT HISTORY OF COMPANY E

FIRST SERGEANT W. H. MUSSER.

In attempting to give a history of the doings of Company E of the Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry from the time of enrollment, on September 2d, 1861, at Baileyville, Centre County, Pa., to the time of the final discharge at Harrisburg, July 21st, 1865, is at this late day, an undertaking which I am hardly capable of fulfilling; but having been appointed by the Historical Commission of the Forty-fifth to do so, I will try to obey orders, which is the first duty of a good soldier. When the company was organized, Henry Stevens, a Mexican War soldier and a farmer, was elected as its first captain, and John O. Campbell and John Irvin as first and second lieutenants respectively. It went at once to Harrisburg and reported at Camp Curtin. Armstrong Bailey was elected first sergeant and Joseph Reigle regimental color bearer, as Company E was selected by the field officers as the color company of the regiment. Joseph Reigle was the tallest man in the regiment, and he proved to be one of the most patriotic men. He was a great reader of history and a first-class soldier. Company E consisted mostly of farmers' sons, and laborers employed at and about the Pennsylvania Furnace, Centre County, and from the northwestern part of Huntingdon county. Thomas Welsh, of Columbia, Pa., was placed at the head of the regiment, and received our colors from Governor Andrew G. Curtin on the 21st of October, 1861.

We left Camp Curtin and went to Washington, D. C., by rail, and from there to Bladensburg, Md., and encamped on the dueling grounds of the fighting men of former days. This proved to be an unhealthy place. Many of the men were prostrated with chills and fever and our field officers made complaint to the Secretary of War, when we were soon ordered to go south. At this place the writer was appointed by Captain Stevens to the position of first corporal of Company E. At this camp (Camp Casey) we were brigaded with other regiments, and General O. O. Howard was appointed our brigade commander. The first week in November, 1861, we had our first taste of hard marching. Our brigade was sent to guard an election on the peninsula lying between Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River. We marched about 60 miles in three days, leaving portions of the brigade at small towns on our route. The third day Company E was selected, together with a company of cavalry, and marched about 12 miles farther to guard the last polling place on the peninsula. On the day after

the election, November 7th, we started on the return, on the 10th arriving at our old camp at Bladensburg. This march proved to be a hard one, the weather was bad, rain part of the time, the roads were deep sand, much sickness ensued. I myself lost several toe nails on account of wearing light boots; this taught me to wear none but the easiest army shoes. Having received marching orders on November 19th, we struck tents and left quite a number of the regiment sick in camp to be sent to the hospital. Corporal John Campbell and Private David Lightner were among those left. Francis A. Weston, of our company, died here on November 13th. We went to Baltimore by rail, thence on the old steamer "Pocahontas," down Chesapeake Bay and landed at Fortress Monroe, on November 21st. Then marched to camp along Hampton Roads. On the 28th of November, at this place, Captain Henry Stevens resigned on account of ill health and the company elected John O. Campbell captain, and Sergeant John Beck as first lieutenant. On December 4th, 1861, the paymaster visited us for the first time and gave us two months' pay, but on account of a blunder of some person I failed to get my pay, being not as yet sworn regularly into the United States service. This was my first lesson in red tape. I was sworn in, as I thought, solid enough on September 11th, at Harrisburg. But putting the cart before the horse I was sworn into the United States service before the State service. I might here state that I joined the company on September 11th, at Harrisburg, having had a taste of army life from April 20th, 1861, to August 1st, 1861, in Company H, Seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, and being well acquainted with Captain Stevens and some of the men of the company, I chose it for a three years' service. During the month of August, 1861, I was at home, and took the notion of preparing myself for teaching school the coming winter, having attended Pinegrove Academy for several years and left it to fight the battles of our country. I returned to the same school, but feeling it my duty to my country and flag my attendance at school was of short duration, hence my enlistment at Harrisburg. On December 6th, at Fortress Monroe, we struck tents, got on board the steamer "Cosmopolitan" and next morning found us on the broad Atlantic going south, and on the 10th we landed at Fort Beauregard, in Port Royal Harbor, S. C.

We had a very pleasant trip, and on this our first day in the "Sunny South," Companies A and E had the pleasure of our first bath in southern waters. From this time until December 31st, we had charge of the negroes of the island of St. Helena, in gathering in the cotton left on the island and shipping it north, the white people having all deserted when our troops took possession after the capture of Port Royal in November.

Some time in January, 1862, Company E was sent to Hilton Head and settled down on the plantation at Spanish Wells; here we encamped very pleasantly until about the 1st of July, when the regiment was called together and encamped near Seabrook Landing until the 8th of July, when we were ordered north to join the Army of the Potomac. The eight months we spent in South Carolina was what we might call Sunday soldiering; our hardest battle there was with gnats and mosquitos, and we only now and then saw one or two of the enemy, miles away on other islands. For some time after we arrived there we picked oranges off the trees, and sweet potatoes were still in the sand where they grew. We could catch all the fish we wanted with hook and line and the last three months we were there we had all the green corn and all the watermelons we wanted to eat. Of course the two latter were private property belonging to the colored

people. Some we paid for and some we did not. The great majority of these people was strangely ignorant and very few of them knew of any other island than the one they were raised on. Hilton Head Island, where we were then encamped, was about seven by fifteen miles. The melons were large and the patches were full. More than once I heard this expression among the colored people, "Great God, wot a Yankee kin do; dey walk troo de patch and de melon hang to dere feet." The melons lay in deep furrows and while some of the Yankees were walking through the patches talking to the owners the melons would naturally hang to their feet as their feet were entangled among the vines. Some of these people could not understand where all the soldiers came from. We told among them that up north we could plant the seed, raise soldiers in the spring, and in the autumn we could drive them out of the fields in regiments. We could get fresh meat on other islands by going across and killing it. Our soldiering was picket guard duty from dusk to daylight and in day time stopping all passing boats and demanding passes. This body of water was called "Calibogue Sound," an arm of the sea. The water was deep enough for ocean steamers. The sound was from one mile to one and a half miles wide. Sometimes small boats would run past us by keeping close to the opposite shore. Some parties did not wish to be hauled in and lose time by showing passes, so at one time the writer was on guard in front of the camp of Company E, when a good sized boat with six or eight oars, run past, not heeding the call of "Boat Ahoy!" So we shot across their bow before they turned and came over; the boat contained, besides six or eight men at the oars, several officers of a New York command. Their bow struck bottom about twenty feet from land and the ranking officer reached in his pocket and held out his pass and the following dialogue took place:

OFFICER. "Come and examine my pass."

GUARD. "Bring or send it to land, please."

OFFICER. "I am not obliged to wade out to hand it to you."

GUARD. "Neither am I obliged to wade out to see it; send one of your men with it."

OFFICER. "I will not."

GUARD. "Then you cannot proceed."

OFFICER. "Men push off."

GUARD. "If you do so, you will be shot;" and the guard proceeded to reload his gun. Then the officer sent one of his men out and the writer looked at the pass and pronounced it all right.

OFFICER (talking to guard.) "Do you know to whom you are talking?"

GUARD. "I do not."

OFFICER. "Well, I am General ———, of New York."

GUARD. "General, I am glad to meet you; and do you know who you are talking to? You are talking to Corporal Musser of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania."

By this time most of Company E were gathered on the beach looking on and were much amused in listening to this dialogue. The officer, seeing one of our sergeants in the crowd, called to him, asking him to go to camp and tell his captain to put Corporal Musser under arrest, but the corporal was not arrested.

While in camp at this place we lost the youngest soldier in our company, Stewart Cronister. While in bathing he was taken by the undertow and was drowned. His body was afterwards recovered and buried under a pine tree on the Spanish Wells plantation.

While here three of our company, Christian Ellenberger, John W. Rider and John G. Rider were discharged for disability and sent home. About the 1st of July the different companies of the regiment were called together and opened a new camp on Hilton Head Island, near Seabrooke Landing. After drilling and having dress parades for a week or ten days we were ordered north and embarked on board the steamer "Arago," and in due time landed at Newport News, Va. Here we had a beautiful camp on the banks of the James River. In the beginning of August we embarked on steamers, went up the Potomac, and landed at Acquia Creek on the west side of the river. We encamped at Brookes Station, several miles from the river. A part of the regiment guarded the Fredericksburg railroad for some miles. While at this place our lieutenant colonel, James A. Beaver, left us and went to Harrisburg to take command of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment.

About the last of August the second battle of Bull Run was in progress. We marched back to Acquia Creek Landing, after burning the railroad bridge at our camp and all buildings at the landing.

I celebrated my twenty-first birthday at this camp, on August 20th, 1862. After burning and destroying all buildings at Acquia Creek Landing, on the 6th of September we embarked on a steamer and came up the Potomac to Washington. From Washington we marched to Frederick, Md., in light marching order, and met the enemy at South Mountain on Sunday, September 14th. This was Company E's baptism of fire. The first member of our company killed was Corporal John Bell, and among the mortally wounded who died a few days afterward was David Lightner, our violinist, and one of our best men. John Cronister, a brother of Stewart Cronister, who was drowned in South Carolina; John Uhlrich, and Corporal Harry Schall, and quite a number of others were slightly wounded. Among the latter was the writer. No one need ask any questions about it. It was pronounced by a reporter of the Philadelphia Inquirer, "wounded severely." After spending a few days in a temporary hospital in Middletown and assisting W. H. Fry to Frederick City, he being severely wounded in the scalp, the writer then being tired of temporary hospital life retraced his steps and the next night, all alone, he slept on the South Mountain battlefield. The next morning, at the foot of South Mountain, near Boonesboro, he ate breakfast with a number of teamsters, after which he resumed his march and by the way of Antietam battlefield and Sharpsburg, he rejoined his regiment that evening near the Antietam iron works. At the latter battle, September 17th, we lost, instantly killed, one of our best and noblest corporals, Thomas B. McWilliams. He was killed near Burnside Bridge.

While in camp at this place I had the pleasure of seeing President Lincoln at the headquarters tent of General McClellan. The 6th and 7th of November we encamped in what we called "Starvation Hollow." Some quartermaster's blunder was the cause of all this, as we were not more than 45 miles from Washington, and were unnecessarily starving so near our base of supplies.

From this place we crossed the Potomac and marched overland to opposite Fredericksburg. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th and 14th, we were under fire several times, but our company escaped without any casualties. On the march from the Potomac to Fredericksburg we suffered some days for want of rations. We were in camp on the hills opposite Fredericksburg, took part during this time in the "Stuck in the mud" campaign and on February 12th, 1863, we went by rail to Acquia Creek Landing and by boat down the Potomac to Newport News again and encamped on the banks of the James River.

While in South Carolina we were drilled in the bayonet and skirmish exercises, and in this camp we were drilled in the manual of arms by the tap of the drum. This drill was gone through in 106 different movements, and in a short time the regiment became proficient and made a fine appearance. From here we made one of our much-talked-of movements, by being transferred to the west, by steamer to Baltimore, thence by rail over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Parkersburg, Va., on the Ohio River, thence by steamer to Cincinnati, and by rail again south to camp Dick Robinson, in Kentucky. Here Colonel Welsh was promoted to brigadier general, and Lieutenant Colonel John I. Curtin to colonel. In this camp we had a pleasant time for a few months, but about June 1st, General Grant, having invested Vicksburg and asking for reinforcements, our division of the Ninth Corps was ordered to his relief. We marched across to Louisville, crossed the Ohio on ferry boats and went by rail to Cairo, Ill., via the Ohio & Mississippi railroad, by steamer down the Mississippi River and up the Yazoo and landed at Haines Bluff in rear of Vicksburg. From this time on until the 3rd of July we worked with pick, shovel and axe, building fortifications and breast-works, digging rifle pits, facing to the rear, watching for General Johnston and his army to come to relieve the Rebel army, which was besieged in Vicksburg.

After the surrender of General Pemberton and his army on the Fourth of July, 1863, we advanced in the direction of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, situated about forty-five miles northeast of Vicksburg. By the 10th and 11th we closed in on the city from all sides except on the east on Pearl River. After skirmishing more or less until the 17th, in the morning we found the enemy gone. We stayed here a few days, destroying railroads and government buildings, then returned to our old camps in the rear of Vicksburg, and on the 4th of August we embarked on a steamer on the Yazoo River at Haines Bluff. The Ninth Corps received the thanks of General Grant acknowledging our valuable services during the Vicksburg campaign. It was a severe campaign for all of us. The malaria of the Mississippi low lands, the scarcity and bad quality of water, the severe marching and extremely hot weather, dry and dusty roads greatly impaired the health of the command. The writer for the first time since enlistment, in April, 1861, was one of the many afflicted with chills and fever, every other day. Our general, Thomas Welsh, here contracted disease from which he died at Cincinnati on the 14th of August, 1863. We landed at Cairo, Ill., and returned by rail via Cincinnati, down into Kentucky to Crab Orchard, camping for some time there. In the beginning of September we started to march across the Cumberland mountains to East Tennessee via Cumberland Gap. The writer, with others, having had malaria since our Vicksburg campaign, started on this march, but took chills and fever and was compelled to stop and spend the night there all alone, and the next day returned to Crab Orchard, Ky. Here about 1,500 of our division

were left in a convalescent camp in charge of a surgeon. William Ellenberger, Samuel Crider and Corporal Jacob Ward of our company were here also. The latter died October 1st, 1863. I applied to the surgeon in charge of our camp for permission to cross the Cumberland mountains. With four others of our regiment, having received two days' rations and a good supply of quinine and two months' pay, we started on October 10th for Tennessee. We traveled by ourselves and camped when tired. The second day of our march we captured a cast-off army mule and compelled him to lug our baggage. After marching for 16 days we arrived at Morristown, Tenn., on the East Tennessee & Virginia Railroad. There we discharged our mule and procuring transportation from the provost marshal of the city, boarded a freight train and found the regiment in camp at Knoxville. The regiment was engaged on October 10th at the Battle of Blue Springs, and Corporal Richard Bailey, of our company, was wounded and died at Knoxville on October 18th. He was one of our best young men. While on the tramp from Crab Orchard, Ky., to Morristown, Tenn., a distance of 120 miles, sixteen days marching, we had only four days' government rations. We started with two days' rations and received two more from a quartermaster enroute to Tennessee. We lived well, had plenty; we had corn, apples and one day we had the good fortune to capture a good sized hog, corn bread and sorghum, (Kentucky and Tennessee molasses made out of corn stalks), with now and then purchasing some biscuits. My chills and fever left me in the beginning of this march, surrendered to quinine, but returned in the spring of 1864 at Harrisburg. On about the last of October we left camp, marching down the valley of the Tennessee River and went into camp at Lenore Station, about 25 miles southwest of Knoxville. Here we were ordered to build winter quarters, which we did, and after being snugly fixed for the winter we struck tents. General Longstreet came up from Chattanooga, aiming for Knoxville, and on the 17th of November we were attacked at Campbells Station and had quite a lively skirmish until dark. We lost Josiah Crider, of Company E, mortally wounded as we were on the retreat. The writer was with him until the last, but was compelled to leave him in the hands of the enemy. We then marched all night and at daybreak arrived at Knoxville, very much fatigued. We lay down to sleep but our rest was of short duration. Wagon loads of picks and spades were given us, engineers marked a line for rifle pits and we stacked arms and went to digging. Our brigade commander, Colonel Morrison of the Seventy-ninth New York Highlanders, came along and watched us digging and exclaimed, "Boys, you must be treated well," and it was but a short time when buckets of army whiskey were carried along the line for our use. In a short time we had fairly good rifle pits thrown up and at about eight o'clock in the morning our outposts were attacked by the advancing enemy. Our cavalry skirmishers were engaged all day. General Sanders was killed on the skirmish line. Our main fort, situated on the northwest corner of our lines, was named after him.

The following ten days we spent strengthening our lines. More or less skirmishing was going on every day. We had very little time for rest and were on about one-fourth rations and towards the last, one ear of corn to a man for 24 hours. Company E was on the left of Fort Sanders supporting Battery Noble. On November 29th our lines were attacked at break of day. The main assault by the enemy was made on Fort Sanders. Our army was hungry enough to be out of humor and consequently in a fighting humor. The enemy was badly used up in less than 30 minutes and retreated in disorder, leaving

their dead and wounded in our hands. By December 6th the enemy was in full retreat, moving to the left and around us and up the valley towards Virginia, we in pursuit.

Thus ended the campaign in East Tennessee and we settled down in camp at the foot of Clinch mountain at Blaines Crossroads between Morristown and Knoxville. Company E lost in this campaign Richard Bailey, Caleb Gates, Matthias Krider, Wesley Simms, Perry Funk and James Bailey, the first three died of wounds and the latter three of disease. At this time we were sadly in need of clothing and worse off for rations. On January 1st, 1864, 426 of the Forty-fifth Regiment reenlisted, thus securing to themselves a 30 day furlough. Among the mountains about Clinch River in mid-winter with scanty provisions and worn-out clothing and quite a number nearly bare foot, it became a question with us whether to remain and wait for rations and clothing or take up the line of march and forage on the way. The latter was chosen. Many of the men provided themselves with rawhide moccasins of their own make for the trip over the mountains of Kentucky. An example of heroic endurance and patriotic devotion to the flag worthy of imitation was manifested in the conduct of the men on this march of about 160 miles across the mountains by way of Cumberland Gap to the nearest railroad station, Nicholasville. With only a quart of meal and a little meat to each man and no certainty of finding more on the road, it required a patriotism as earnest and a purpose as fixed to patiently endure hardships and privations as to achieve victory in the face of the enemy. On the 17th of January the regiment began this perilous march.

The few men who did not reenlist were transferred temporarily to the Seventy-ninth New York. On the 18th the writer while passing through Cumberland Gap lost the sole of one of his shoes and was obliged to walk in his stocking feet through mud, snow and slush. We encamped late that night in woods by the side of the road; the rain during the night turned into snow and sleet and the next morning we found ourselves covered with three or four inches of it. I borrowed ten dollars from a comrade and remembering from last fall that we would find a small store near our camp I started a few minutes before the regiment and bought a pair of light boots, the only pair that would fit me in the whole outfit. They cost me \$8.00. Think of it! New boots to march in, yet it was the best I could do. After eight days more of marching we arrived at Nicholasville, Ky., and received rations and clothing. Marching in new boots caused blistered feet, therefore where blisters would appear I would cut holes in the boots. By the time we arrived at the railroad my boots were more holes than anything else and were exchanged for army shoes. Here we boarded cattle cars and the next day we arrived in Cincinnati. We received our \$100 old bounty and pay due us and boarded a train for Harrisburg, Pa., where we arrived on the 8th of February and in due time we were granted a furlough of thirty days.

The thirty days among our dear ones at home were quickly spent and the 9th of March found us back in Camp Curtin with many new recruits and ranks well filled up. The writer was detailed with nine others of the Forty-fifth for recruiting service and when the regiment left we remained in Camp Curtin. I was on detached duty in charge of squads of recruits, delivering them to their commands, some to New York City for regiments in the South, some for Nashville, Tenn., for the Southwestern army, and in August was detailed to the quarter-

master department and assisted in issuing clothing and supplies to the Pennsylvania regiments which were organized in Camp Curtin during the autumn of 1864.

On or about the 1st of November I was ordered to the front and was granted a five day furlough to go home to vote, after which I returned to my place in Company E in front of Petersburg, Va. Oh, what havoc war had made in the last eight months in our ranks! When the Forty-fifth left Harrisburg in March it numbered almost 1,000 men, and I found on November 11th only 73 men and one officer, all told, by the morning report of the regiment and nine men and one officer all were left of Company E. During these eight months of my absence Company E lost 13 men instantly killed, ten died of gunshot wounds, and ten died in southern prisons. Among those killed was our captain, John O. Campbell, one of the grandest officers in the regiment; a God-fearing Christian whole-souled man.

Corporal John Campbell was killed July 30th by a cowardly Rebel after he had surrendered in the crater. But the same Rebel was instantly run through with a bayonet by John G. Heberling of our company and killed. William H. Buck, Joshua Hirst, Reuben Halderman, Sergeant William S. Koons, Robert Ewing and Henry Ellenbarger were among the killed. Among the captured were Lieutenant John Beck and First Sergeant Armstrong Bailey. Lieutenant John Irvin lost a foot. Many others of our company were killed, wounded or captured. In December we were moved to the right and directly in front of Petersburg and camped alongside of and near Fort Hell. Here we built pretty fair winter quarters, camp regularly laid out in company streets behind a low hill and partly sheltered, but now and then spent balls lit in our camp during the winter. One of our substitutes, Jerome B. Kelley, was seriously wounded by a spent ball a few days after being placed in our company and was taken to the hospital. I have never seen him since, but was called on by the Pension Department some years ago for an affidavit for his benefit. I was able to give date and particulars by referring to my diary.

Here during January, February and March our ranks were filled up with drafted men and substitutes. In February I was promoted to sergeant and acting first sergeant of the company. We might say that we were under fire continually and doing picket duty in the ditches about one-third of our time. David Love of our company was wounded while on picket duty and was sent to the hospital and discharged on account of said wound.

I am able to relate here the most miserable 24 hours of the four years I spent in the army. I went with a detail of our company to the rifle pits and it rained and sleeted nearly all of those 24 hours. Our rifle pits were only about five feet, six inches in depth. I being almost six feet in height, I could not straighten up except by exposing my head to the fire of the Rebel pickets. No place to sit down on account of the mud and water in the bottom of the rifle pits, all this time was spent in a stooping position, walking back and forth, firing now and then in the direction of the enemy. Those 24 hours spent there I can never forget, but such was war. On April 2d we were in our last battle, in the general assault along the whole line. Company E lost in this assault John G. Goss, seriously wounded, and Sergeant William Bell and William Zeigler as prisoners. Our regimental commander, Captain R. C. Cheeseman, lost a leg. The next morning, April 3d, the enemy was gone and

we marched into Petersburg. With our lamented president, Abraham Lincoln, among us, the last time I saw him. From this time on we were in chase, following the fleeing enemy to Farmville, Va. While in camp on the 9th General Lee surrendered his army at Appomattox Court House and the work of carnage was over.

The writer finds it a rather unpleasant duty to attempt to go into detail and give an accurate account of what transpired during his time in actual service. Space is too limited to allow more than a brief sketch of our experience during that uncertain period of our life's history. Those who exchanged homes, friends and comfort for the fatigues of the march, the terrors of battle and the pains of death, went not as men against men, but as principle against principle, doctrine against doctrine, and faith against faith.

It is charged by some, who possibly had a warmer side for that section lying south of the Mason and Dixon line than the one north, that the War of the Rebellion was a fratricidal war; and so it was in a sense, for it was brother against brother, yet the object was not merely to establish the supremacy of one flag over all others; one flag representing a code of principles. There was no desire to shed blood, to kill each other, to cause the fair land both north and south to be moistened with the tears of widows and orphans. This to any soldier was a shocking thought, yet above and beyond it all he read his duty stamped in living letters. The chill of horror suggested by thoughts of carnage was promptly dispelled by the thought that the honor of the government had been defied; the supremacy of the stars and stripes derided; and the sacred traditions of liberty and independence decried. It is true the bloodiest of wars has caused desolate homes, vacant chairs, fatherless children; and the one flag, representing as it does the grandest principles in the political economy of the world, floats supremely and without a rival. Its fair folds cleared of the stain of slavery and its field of stars widely extended.

It is true that hundreds of thousands died in the struggle, but it was that millions that were and millions yet to be, might breathe the soul-nourishing air of freedom, and develop into a heroic and independent manhood. It was a sacrifice that others might live.

I will now pursue my sketch briefly confining myself to the facts as they existed at the time of the surrender of Lee's army. Our brigade commanded by Colonel John I. Curtin was located at Farmville, Va., about 30 miles from Appomattox Court House. Consequently we were not aware of the surrender until the next day, April 10th. Naturally there was much rejoicing among the troops. Some of the boys went wild and in the excitement the writer met with a serious accident. The Company E axe was thrown in the air and it happened to cut me across the heel of my left foot, putting me out of active service for about four weeks, in consequence of which I had a free ride on an ambulance and on a wornout Virginia railroad back to City Point; my first ride in an ambulance during the war.

The regiment marched back. Our rejoicing was of short duration, for the next painful news was of the assassination of President Lincoln which cast a gloom over the whole army. We were soon on board an old transport and arrived at Alexandria the next day and encamped on the hills back of the town.

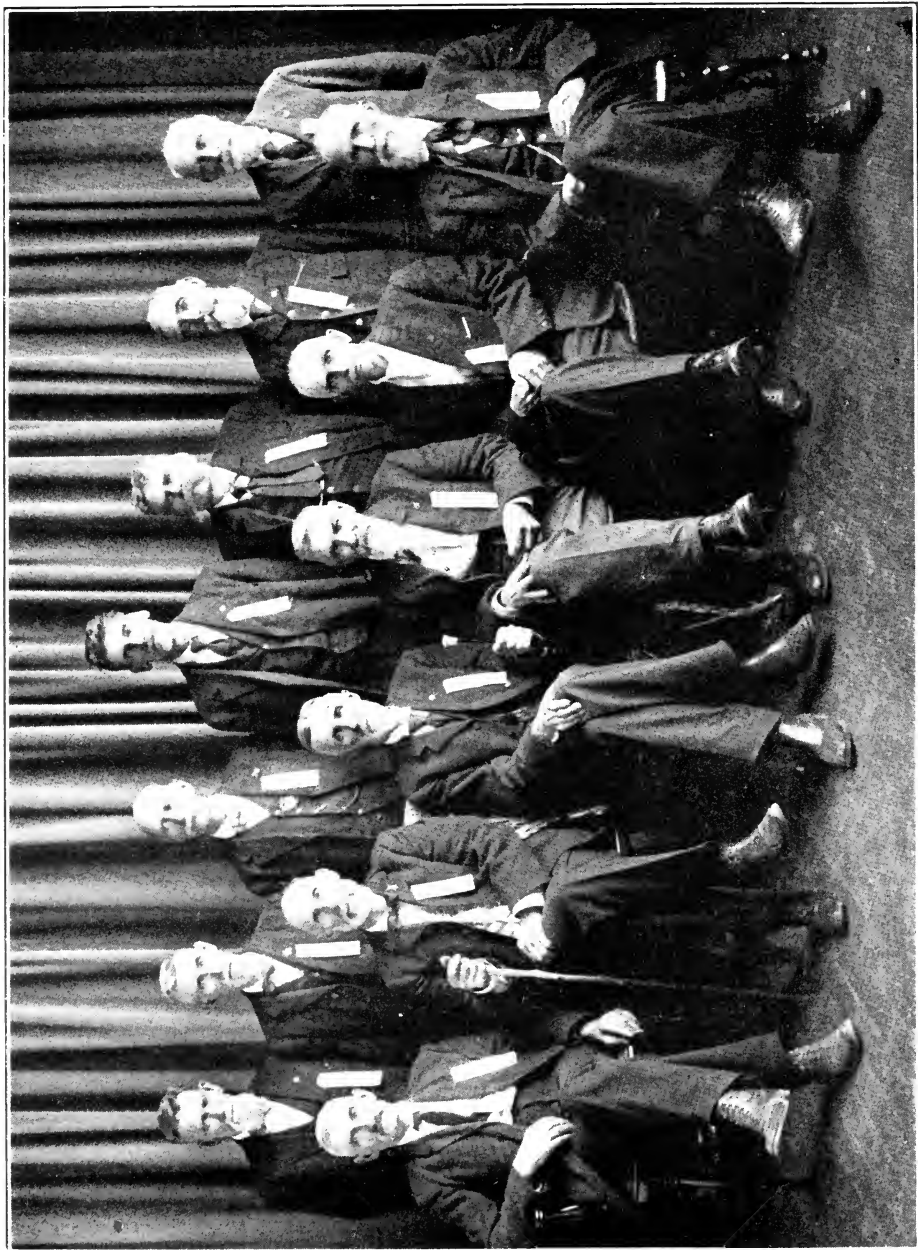
The next 90 days were spent pleasantly, very little doing, our ranks were filling up from paroled prisoners and others who had been absent sick.

On May 1st I was promoted to first sergeant of Company E and in June I was granted a 15-day furlough. After spending those 15 days pleasantly at home I returned and we were then busy preparing our muster-out roll and I also took part in the grand review at Washington. While at Alexandria in camp and in need of new footwear I thought of buying a pair of light boots, but being short in finances, I called one of our substitutes, Jacob Summers by name, a German from New York City, knowing that he had money, and asked him for the loan of ten dollars until pay day and offered him my due bill. "Yes, sergeant," says he, "I will loan you fifty dollars," and he handed me a fifty-dollar bill, but not wishing to have that much we went to the sutler and had the bill changed, received ten dollars and gave him my due bill until pay day. I went to Alexandria and bought a pair of boots, paying eight dollars for them. The next morning Jacob Summers was among the missing and I have never seen him since and at this late day I am still afraid of meeting Jacob Summers with my due bill, demanding pay for same with compound interest. Quite a number of our substitutes and drafted men did the same at about this time; got tired waiting to be discharged, walked off and went home. Some years ago one of them wrote to me and asked me for an affidavit in order to have the charge of desertion removed so that he could receive pension. I granted the request.

In the beginning of May, Captain John Beck and Lieutenant A. S. Bailey returned from prison. Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Gregg also returned about this time and took command of the regiment and on July 16th we were mustered out of service by Lieutenant Rose of the Fifty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers. On the 17th we took the cars for Harrisburg, arriving there on the 17th and went once more to Camp Curtin. We were paid off on the 22d of July and our discharges dated the 21st of July, 1865. My last morning report of Company E showed present three officers and 63 enlisted men. I cannot tell the number living at this time, as I do not know the whereabouts of so many of our substitutes and drafted men. The total number of officers and enlisted men in Company E from September 2d, 1861, to July 21st, 1865, were 190. Our losses during this time were as follows:

Number killed in battle.....	17
Died of gunshot wounds.....	17
Died of disease	11
Died in prison	9
Drowned	2
Discharged, account gunshot wound.....	10
Discharged for disability	30
Discharged at expiration of first enlistment.....	5
<hr/>	
Total	101

I believe this statement to be correct, as I have compared Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers with my diary kept during the war. We might have had a few losses in the summer of 1864, from the Rapidan to Petersburg of which I have not been correctly informed. I can truly say, and often have said,



Henry Irwin David Love William H. Fry George M. Marks Theophilus Bratton David B. Allen Joshua R. Phetsant
Wm. H. Poorman John C. Hoberling Wm. H. Musser Geo. W. Loner John S. McCurdy James T. Mayes

at campfires and reunions that to take my service in the army from 1861 to 1865 as a whole, I enjoyed it, yet I experienced trials and hardships so that many times I wished I could spend the night in my father's barnyard with the cattle around the straw stack. But I always tried to look on the bright side, if there was at all any bright side to look at. I refer to all my comrades living to say that it was very seldom I was down-hearted. In my boyhood days I was taught music; I loved it. Some five or six of our regiment organized into a glee club and one of the alto singers was a member of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers. We often met in the summer of 1863 while in Kentucky and did much singing, but the Vicksburg campaign played havoc with us. The one from the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts died on the march from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss., very suddenly from sunstroke and the writer was laid out by an attack of malaria. Then in the summer of 1864 our bass singer was killed in the crater in front of Petersburg, July 30th, and Dr. Yarrington of Company D was also incapacitated in this campaign. In the spring of 1865, while at Alexandria, Va., we tried to reorganize with new blood but did not meet with much success. We of Company E rejoice to know that in a measure we have kept up our organization. Shortly after our return home we were called together by the noble citizens of the west end of Center County and the northern part of Huntingdon County for a grand welcome home. We had such leading men and women as the Clemsons, the Goheens, the McWilliams, the Glens and many others whom I could name, who all stood by us during those trying times of the war. I remember in the winter of 1862 and 1863, in front of Fredericksburg, Va., they came to see us and brought us a four-horse wagonload of good things from home for Company E. For John Goheen nothing was too much of a task to undertake for our comfort. Our old captain, Stevens, had us hold a reunion at his home, Comrade W. H. Fry had us at his home once at Pinegrove Mills, our lieutenant, Amos Harper, had us once at his home in Philipsburg, Pa., and on September 2d, 1909, the writer was honored by the annual reunion at Bellefonte. Some of the company brought their wives and we spent a very pleasant time in Bellefonte. Thirteen of us came together and had our picture taken in group, (see group). On August 20th, 1910, 12 of us spent the day very pleasantly at Baileyville picnic and helped in the preparations to erect a monument to our old company on the grounds where the company started from on September 2d, 1861. Since our last meeting three others have died: Jefferson Force died October 20th, 1910, at Pine Glen, Center County, Pa.; David Love died on the 23rd day of April, 1911, at Bellefonte; John G. Heberling died on July 2d, 1911, at Pinegrove Mills, Center County, Pa.

As the writer looks back over those 50 years as a young boy still in his teens, unthinking of the world, not thinking what was in store for him or what he was about to face, he donned his blue uniform and swore allegiance to the United States against all enemies or oppressors whatsoever. No imagination could have possibly conceived what that boy was about to experience, what paths of danger and hardships he was about to traverse. Standing to-day on the sundown slope and looking back over the bewildering course we have followed since that day when Fort Sumter was fired upon, no one can help being lost in the wonder of it all. It is only with the greatest difficulty that we can comprehend a part of it; much as we may strive we cannot take in all that came to us and our comrades and those around us, and to our nation in the half

century which has elapsed, our highest and deepest feeling must be amazement over the "mysterious ways in which God moves His wonders to perform;" so that, looking back to what we have accomplished by our fidelity, our suffering and the hardships which we endured, we can rejoice to know that our country was saved, the union of states is complete, and on account of our sacrifices we have the best and grandest country on the globe. So let us live that our last days may be our best days, and let us all strive to be ready to answer when the last roll is called that we may receive the plaudit, "Well Done."

FORMATION OF COMPANY F

CAPTAIN L. W. LORD.

The larger part of this company was recruited at Equinunk, Wayne County, Pa. About 20 were recruited from Tioga County by George P. Scudder, and 15 came from Delaware and Sullivan Counties in New York State. 1

In the first week of August, 1861, Charles E. Parker, of Equinunk, Pa., went to Harrisburg, Pa., and obtained permission from Governor Curtin to raise a company of volunteers for the war. He came home wearing an army forage cap and immediately began recruiting.

The patriotic citizens of Equinunk had contributed money and purchased an American flag, fife and drums, so we started with martial music. On the 2nd day of September the first 22 men were enrolled. After a few days Captain Parker took the first squad to Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pa. The writer, who could play the fife, and N. D. Guile, the drum, remained behind to drum up more recruits. Soon Captain Parker returned and on the 17th, all that had enlisted since the 2nd, started for Lordville, N. Y., the railway station one mile distant, with our music in the lead. As we were passing a gang of railroad fence builders one of their number, Daniel Thomas, threw down his tools and joined us, saying: "I can't see the boys go without me." William M. Nelson, a prominent citizen of Equinunk, who has served several terms in the Pennsylvania legislature, accompanied us to the station and sent us off with a patriotic speech.

We arrived at Camp Curtin the 18th, and our first night in camp is still remembered. We had A tents and with half of a dirty army blanket lay on the ground without any other covering except our clothing. We had come out of feather beds at home and the contrast could be felt. Captain Parker returned to Wayne County for more recruits. George Scudder, formerly of Equinunk, enlisted 20 men in Tioga County and joined our company. He was commissioned second lieutenant, and George S. Redfield, a physician of Equinunk, first lieutenant. While in Camp Curtin the writer acted as orderly sergeant and attended sergeant's drill and school of instruction, and what he learned there of Captain Tarbutton was of great benefit to him during the four years of service.

Our company was attached to Colonel Thomas Welsh's Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment and called Company F. A part of the company and regiment were mustered into the United States service on September 21st by J. W.



Captain L. W. Lord, Co. F.
1865

Piper. Soon Captain Parker returned with more recruits and the regiment was mustered into the United States service October 16th by Lieutenant Gansevoort. The enlisted men of our company had no voice in the selection of its commissioned officers; it was understood by them who the officers were to be. An election of noncommissioned officers was held while in Camp Curtin, resulting as follows:

James E. Woodmansee.....	Orderly Sergeant
Richard Humphrey	Sergeant
Henry Lord	"
Depuy Teeple	"
Morris Eldred	"
Albro F. Hill.....	Corporal
Daniel C. Warren	"
Isaac W. Cole	"
John W. Hughes	"
Jasper E. Edwards	"
Linus Demander.....	"
Andrew Frazier	"
George Osterhoudt	"
James H. Guile	Musician
John D. Palmer, Jr.	"
John M. Chandler	Wagoner

When John D. Palmer was enlisted he was too young to be accepted as a private. He was large for his age and it was understood at the time he should carry a musket, as he knew nothing about music, and the writer, who could play a fife, was detailed as musician. The company and regiment, after being mustered into the United States service, received their clothing and after a few days, their arms and equipment. Just before the regiment started for Washington, the writer was detailed on recruiting service and sent to Wayne County, Pa., and while waiting in the capitol for transportation had his first conversation with Governor Curtin.

The regiment went to Washington and was reviewed by General McClellan and then marched to Bladenburg encamping on or near the old dueling ground. Our camp was called Camp Casey. The writer returned to Washington with recruit Lewis M. Purdy, about November 2d, and after some difficulty and delay found the camp. The regiment had been sent to Prince Frederick, Md., a distance of about 60 miles, to guard election polls, and was away when we reached camp. Captain Parker's remarks in the monthly return of the Company for November, 1861, said: "The company with the regiment on November 3d, marched 27 miles, carrying arms, knapsacks and rations. In a few days we returned to camp. On this march our boys had their first taste of unripe persimmons. Our regiment was attached to General O. O. Howard's brigade. Lieutenant Scudder of Company F was detailed as aide to General Howard, who was a very pious man and would get down on his knees and pray audibly in the presence of his brigade.

On the 17th of November we moved from Camp Casey to a location two miles from Washington. Lieutenant Scudder was relieved from detached service and reported to his company for duty, the regiment having received orders to

go South. On the 19th we broke camp and went on cars to Baltimore. On our way Private William H. Gifford of Company F became very sick.

At Baltimore the company went on board the steamer "Pocahontas," a boat used for carrying coal. Our quarters were down in the hold below the water line—black, damp and dirty. The vessel groaned and creaked and we feared she would sink, notwithstanding we spread blankets down, and being tired, fell asleep, forgetting all danger. We arrived at Fortress Monroe the 21st and marched to Camp Hamilton.

On November 24th, William H. Gifford died of typhoid fever in the hospital at Fortress Monroe and was buried the 25th with military honors on the main land north of the Fort. On December 4th the regiment was paid by Major Oakley for September and October. Company F sent by Adams Express to Equinunk, Pa., \$457.50, and to Hancock, N. Y., \$225.50. While in Camp Hamilton the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment arrived, Colonel White commanding and each company of the Forty-fifth made coffee for the corresponding company of the Fifty-fifth. On December 6th we went on board the steamer "Cosmopolitan" and started for Hilton Head, S. C., arriving the 8th. On the 10th, after taking in tow five large launches, each launch containing a large cannon, started with Companies F, G, H, I and K, on board for St. Helena Sound, 20 miles north; on arriving opposite the sound, we anchored for the night. On the 11th we ran in, anchored at Otter Island, and went ashore. There was no wharf, but a smooth sandy beach extended out into the water. The officers' horses were unloaded by taking away a section of the gunwale of the vessel, bringing a horse up in front of the opening and two men shoved the horse overboard. The horse would go under water, come up and swim ashore. We found the old ship "Dale" and the gunboat "Isaac Smith" in the harbor. The Confederates had built a fort on the island, but when Hilton Head was taken by the Union troops they bursted their cannon in the fort and abandoned the island. We knew it as Fort Drayton and Company F placed a guard on the fort, relieving the marines from the ship "Dale."

The island was barren—nothing but sand, some tall pines, swamps, alligators and negroes. There were about 200 of the latter. Colonel Welsh came with this part of the regiment while Lieutenant Colonel James A. Beaver and Companies A, B, C, D and E, landed on Hilton Head Island. The regimental band came with us, and when it began to play every darkey, old and young, began jumping up and down, keeping time to the music. The island seemed to be alive. The colored population kept increasing coming down the rivers during the night time in dug-outs, and nearly every morning there would be new arrivals. One young woman was brought into camp with an iron around her ankle, with a short piece of chain attached. Zillard Minard of Company F, a blacksmith, filed the band off. In a short time the colored people were colonized about one mile from camp and huts built for their accommodation.

Our trip from Camp Hamilton had been very pleasant, the weather being fine. We were out of sight of land part of the way and saw the sun apparently rise and set in the water. Some of the boys were seasick during the trip but were all right after landing. A bath in the Atlantic was enjoyed after our sea voyage. Company F, on December 15th, started up the Ashepo River on a scouting expedition in one of the launches which could hold 100 men. After

going about five miles we landed on Fenwick Island and found it deserted by the inhabitants who had left cotton, sweet potatoes, horses, cattle, sheep and swine. We returned to Otter Island bringing sweet potatoes to Colonel Welsh.

On December 21st Companies K and F formed a camp on Fenwick Island under command of Captain Rambo of Company K. We scouted all over the island which lay between Ashepo and South Edisto Rivers, and separated from the main land by Mosquito Creek. From the upper end of the island we saw Confederate pickets on the main land across Mosquito Creek. They occupied a house as a signal station. On the island were several plantations and there was also a cotton gin and a well of good cold water. We remained on the island doing outpost duty, living on sweet potatoes, fresh pork, and lean beef, until January 29th, at which time we returned to Otter Island. Private Lewis M. Purdy of Company F, died January 3d, 1862, and was buried on Otter Island.

First Lieutenant George S. Redfield was detailed on recruiting service January 13th, and went north. One company of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Regiment had been brought to Otter Island to mount the five guns which we had brought from Hilton Head. On February 5th work was begun on the Fort building a stockade around it, and for this work a detail was made from Company F of four men to hew timber, four men to do carpenter work and 11 men to drive piling.

On Washington's Birthday a salute was fired from Fort Drayton, also from the vessels in the harbor. Private Amos Slocum of Company F, died of apoplexy on March 21st, and was buried on Otter Island.

Captain Charles E. Parker resigned on the 24th; and on the 26th Adjutant Theodore Gregg, a Mexican War soldier, was promoted to captain of Company F, and after taking command appointed the writer company clerk. The steamer "Planter," which was run out of Charleston Harbor by the colored engineer during the dinner hour, made the first stop at Otter Island and was sent to Hilton Head.

We received our mail from Hilton Head, 20 miles distant, by rowboat, with four or six colored men at the oars. Water was procured for coffee at Otter Island by digging a hole in the sand about five or six feet deep and sinking a barrel with both heads out. The water was very brackish. On April 6th Company F was ordered to Fenwick Island, and on the 14th First Lieutenant George S. Redfield resigned, and Second Lieutenant George P. Scudder was promoted to his place. Orderly Sergeant James E. Woodmansee was promoted second lieutenant and Corporal Nathan D. Guile promoted to orderly sergeant. Sergeant Guile wrote a peculiar hand, nearly perpendicular. One morning he made out a list of sick and took it with the sick to the assistant surgeon, Theodore S. Christ. The doctor looked at the list a moment and then exclaimed: "I can't read music."

On Fenwick Island we occupied some buildings near a cotton gin not far from Mosquito Creek. A gunshot at night was the signal for the company to form under a large white oak tree near our quarters. One night a gun was fired on the picket line. The company at once fell in and soon all the pickets came running to the large oak tree. Private Becraft came also with end of first finger of right hand shot off. Another night while at this place our pickets heard a noise in a building near the mouth of Mosquito Creek, and one of them

fired at what he supposed to be a man. The firing brought the company and the pickets under the large tree. We soon heard the tramp of feet, and Lieutenant Scudder went forward challenging, "Who comes there?" The answer revealed Colonel Welsh with an armed company as escort. They had come from Otter Island and expected to find us napping or not on the alert. Mosquito Creek is well named; at night our pickets were compelled to cover their faces and hands for protection from mosquitoes. Each soldier was provided a mosquito frame to sleep under.

The white inhabitants had all left the island. On May 20th the company was ordered to Otter Island, and the next day the five companies went in launches to Edisto Island. After landing we marched eight miles and encamped six miles from General Wright's headquarters, which place we reached on the 22d and remained until June 1st.

On June 2d we crossed the North Edisto River on the steamer "Planter" and encamped on Johns Island. The rain fell for three days, the tide rose high and overflowed our camp in the night, and we were compelled to seek higher ground. On the 5th we marched 12 miles in the rain across Johns Island, arriving at Legreeville on the Stono River at night. Here we first saw Confederate prisoners; two were brought into camp.

On June 9th the steamer "Mattano" landed us at Grimball's plantation on James Island. The next day Company F went on picket quite near the enemy, who in the afternoon attempted to capture some of our pickets, but was repulsed. Their commander, Captain Williams, was mortally wounded and captured; he had seven wounds and died soon after being captured. Captain Hills, with Companies H and I, rendered good service, and saved our pickets.

The battle of Secessionville occurred June 16th, and our battalion was in General Wright's division, under fire but not engaged. We remained on James Island until July 2d, when we went on board the steamer "Ben Duford" about 10 A. M. and arrived at Hilton Head at 4 P. M. On July 9th we were reviewed by General Williams near Fort Walker. It was a hot day and several men dropped in the ranks from the effects of the heat.

On July 11th we moved camp to Elliott's plantation, four miles from Hilton Head. Companies A, B, C, D and E joined us on the 12th, and the regiment was united once more. The next day being Sunday, all attended services by our chaplain. We received pay while here to July 1st, and on the 17th received orders to go north. We marched to Hilton Head and encamped on the long wharf, and on the 18th the regiment went on board the steamer "Arago," and left the wharf at 12:30 P. M. The weather was mild while passing Cape Hatteras, and on the 20th we anchored at Fortress Monroe and the next day landed at Newport News, Va., where we saw the masts of the "Cumberland," which had been sunk by the "Merrimac," sticking out of the water.

Second Lieutenant James E. Woodmansee of Company F resigned the 22d and started for home. On the 4th of August we embarked on board the "Elm City" and landed at Acquia Creek, Va., the following day. On the 6th we went on cars to Camp Wright at Brookes Station. This was a delightful camp with plenty of shade and good water. On the 3d of September we went to Acquia Creek, and after burning all the buildings, embarked on board the steamer "Express" for Washington, D. C. We marched through Washington on the 7th on

our way to meet General Lee, who with the Confederate Army, had crossed the Potomac into Maryland. On the 13th we marched through Frederick while our drum corps played Yankee Doodle. We marched through Middletown on the 14th and up South Mountain, and became engaged with the enemy near the place where General Reno was killed. Colonel Welsh commanded our Brigade and General O. B. Wilcox the Division. Lieutenant Colonel John I. Curtin commanded our regiment which was armed with Harpers Ferry muskets, carrying a large ball and three buckshots and in close action were very destructive. In the terrific battle Company F lost Private James Hurd, killed, and Captain Gregg, Orderly Sergeant N. D. Guile, Sergeant Depuy Teeple, Corporal Isaac W. Cole, Privates James Kennedy and Wesley Gould, wounded. The regiment lost 136 men killed and wounded. There were 21 or more dead of our regiment buried in a trench under a large chestnut tree in a field just back of the battle line. During the fight our drum corps was under the chestnut tree mentioned, near the temporary field hospital. A large limb was cut off by one of the enemy's shots and fell on the bass drum. During the thickest of the fight General O. B. Wilcox sat on his horse like a statue while the shots of the enemy cut the rails of the fence behind him into slivers. He had sent his aides to places of safety. The enemy was driven from the crest of the mountain, leaving the dead unburied. The next day we marched toward Antietam Creek over the battlefield in our front, and we often stepped aside to avoid the dead bodies of the enemy that by this time had turned black. We halted near Antietam Creek and remained until the 17th. On the 16th a reporter for the New York "Tribune" came to Colonel Welsh's headquarters, and the colonel kicked him out of camp. In the "Tribune" of the 15th our regiment had been reported the Forty-fifth New York instead of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, and Colonel Welsh was very angry.

On the 17th we were moved toward the left to support a battery on the east side of Antietam Creek. Late in the afternoon Colonel Hartranft's brigade forced the now famous Burnside Bridge. Colonel Welsh's brigade was the second one to cross. We formed in line on the west bank of the creek, under a steep hill. Then we charged forward from hill to hollow where we would rest for a short time, and then forward again until we came near the old mill. General Stonewall Jackson arriving at this time from Harpers Ferry with his corps, the regiment was compelled to fall back to Antietam Creek where we remained until the 19th. When we were crossing the bridge the enemy's grape shot was ripping the covering from the battlements on either side of the bridge. One member of Company H was wounded soon after crossing and was carried on a stretcher back over the bridge to the field hospital, and while recrossing the bridge the man on the stretcher was struck by a piece of shell that exploded overhead. One of the most ghastly sights we beheld during the war was at this field hospital. A heap of amputated arms and legs thrown together, as many as 100, produced a feeling of horror.

We remained quiet on the 18th. Our regiment lay at the mouth of a ravine extending up to the old mill mentioned before, and all day long some one kept firing down this ravine from the old mill. On the 19th we advanced through Sharpsburg. The enemy had gone, crossing the Potomac while the Union Army lay quiet on the 18th. The battlefield was covered with dead men and horses.

The Confederates did not stop to bury their dead. In passing the old mill we took the miller prisoner. He was an old man and we having no proof that he did the shooting, he was set at liberty.

In the Battle of Antietam, Company F had Sergeant Wesley Gould, Corporal Loren A. Webster, Privates Ellis P. Hotelling, Daniel C. Warren, Austin Rice and Obadiah Palmer wounded, the last two each lost a leg. We encamped near Sharpsburg until the 26th when we moved to Antietam Iron Works. Company F left a detail at Sharpsburg to help bury the dead. After the Battle of Antietam our regimental band was mustered out of service. On October 7th we marched over the mountain into Pleasant Valley and encamped.

The Thirty-sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers joined us here and were attached to Colonel Welsh's brigade. The regiment on October 11th went by rail from Knoxville, Md., to Frederick, to intercept the Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart, who had crossed into Maryland. We arrived in the city during the night, and when the citizens woke up the next morning they were not a little surprised. General Stuart avoided the city of Frederick this time. We returned to Pleasant Valley on the 15th, having marched from Frederick.

We broke up camp on October 26th, crossed the Potomac at Berlin, and marched through the rain to Lovettsville, Va. The next day Company F was detailed on picket duty. On the 29th we marched to Waterford where the muster and pay rolls were made out. We then marched along on the east side of the Blue Ridge through Philomont and Rectortown near Manassas Gap; then through Orleans to Waterloo where we arrived on the 7th and remained until the 15th. We then started for Fredericksburg in a race with the enemy. They were on the south side of the Rappahannock, and we were on the north. We marched through Sulphur Springs, Warrenton Junction, Elktown, and arrived at Falmouth Station opposite Fredericksburg on the 19th. Company F was detailed to picket duty. We out-marched the enemy, but had no bridge to cross the river. The pontoons did not arrive for several days. The Battle of Fredericksburg commenced December 11th. One hundred cannon on the north bank of the Rappahannock River opened fire. Not a house in the city could be seen all day owing to a dense fog. On the 12th the regiment crossed on a boat bridge opposite the city which had been laid under fire by the Fiftieth New York Engineers in the early morning. Several bullet holes had been shot through the boats and some men were working with bandages over their wounds. The regiment was stationed in the city near the river. There was heavy fighting on our right and left during the 13th. Our regiment was under fire but not engaged, only three men in the regiment were wounded. We recrossed the river at midnight of the 15th. The bridge was covered with boughs to prevent any noise made by our artillery and ammunition wagons being heard by the enemy. We returned to our old camp where we remained until February 10th, 1863, when we went to Acquia Creek and there boarded the steamer "John A. Warner" and started down the Potomac on the morning of the 11th, and the next day anchored in Hampton Roads. They were a jolly lot of boys on this trip.

On the 13th we landed at Newport News and began building log cabins for winter quarters. Colonel Welsh was promoted brigadier general on the 15th, and Lieutenant Colonel John I. Curtin to colonel. On the 20th snow fell one foot deep, and on the 22d we broke camp and went on board the steamer "Mary

Washington," which took us to Baltimore, Md. From there we went on cars to Parkersburg on the Ohio River and then were put on board the stern wheel steamer "La Crosse," and steamed down the Ohio to Cincinnati. We crossed the river to Covington, Ky., by boat as there was no bridge. General Grant's father was postmaster at Covington. We went via the Kentucky Central railroad to Paris, Ky., and encamped in the fair grounds on March 28th.

Paris is the county seat of Bourbon County, a prosperous town in the midst of a good agricultural section. We found the people kind and loyal. Provisions were plenty and cheap; butter 15 cents a pound and eggs ten cents per dozen, and everything else in proportion. We received four months' pay on the 1st of April, and with plenty of money and provisions cheap, Uncle Sam's rations were at a discount. We went on cars to Nicholasville on April 10th and marched to Camp Dick Robinson, arriving the 11th. Camp Dick Robinson is a delightful place, in a grove of large trees, the surface level and an ideal place for a camp. While here the officers of the regiment presented Colonel Curtin with a horse.

A. Girod, the fifer of Company A, could play the guitar, so the officers subscribed money to buy one. An ambulance was provided and four of the drum corps went to Danville and secured a guitar. While we were looking around Danville some ladies of the woman's college beckoned us over to the building, invited us in and introduced us to the principal. We were shown around the buildings, and before the school was dismissed, taken into the school room. A lady presided at the piano and when a signal was given the scholars all arose and marched out keeping step to the music. After dismissal the young lady played and sang for our special benefit. We learned that some of the teachers were from Massachusetts and informed them that the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment was at our camp. The next Saturday they drove to our camp to see friends they had in that regiment.

At Camp Dick Robinson we found a number of refugees from Tennessee. One old man, Mr. Markham and his two daughters, had been forced to leave their home in Tennessee. One of the girls had a large scar on her neck made by a Rebel bayonet. The officers of our brigade contributed a purse for this family. Mr. Markham placed his two daughters with friends and started back with us to Tennessee, carrying a Burnside rifle. Before leaving Camp Dick Robinson Company F boxed up their overcoats and sent them to Cincinnati. Our muster and pay rolls were made out the 29th, and on the 30th we broke camp and marched to Stanford, 17 miles. It was a very warm day and every soldier had his knapsack well filled. At the first stop for rest the boys began to unload, casting their superfluous clothing in the road. Two men passing in a buggy were completely covered, horse and all, with clothing and blankets.

On May 1st we marched to Hustonville. Company F hired a farmer and team to haul its knapsacks. On the 2d we marched to Middleburg and returned to Hustonville on the 11th. At this place we had a delightful camp in a shady grove. On May 19th the citizens gave the rank and file of the regiment a picnic, supplying tables well loaded with good things. Our officers did picket duty during the day. The officers were entertained in the evening with refreshments and a dance. It was quite a contrast between our soldiering here and the

soldiering we did later in front of Petersburg. We were visited here by Colonel Wolford of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Colonel Fry, the man who shot Zollicoffer. Each delivered an address.

On May 23d we marched to Liberty and from there to Columbia, and on the 30th reached Jamestown. The inhabitants called it "Jimtown." We were encamped on a hill near the town, and one morning early a company of Confederate cavalry dashed past our pickets and came in sight of our camp. The long roll was sounded and the enemy discovering our camp, made haste to get away. One of their number was captured, his horse having been injured.

We soon received orders to go to Vicksburg, Miss., and started on June 4th. Marching through Columbia and Campbellville, we arrived at Lebanon the 6th, and received two months' pay on the 7th.

We went by rail to Louisville, crossed the Ohio River, and took cars north to Seymour, Ind., where we changed cars and went west to Sandoval, Ill., and then south, reaching Cairo in the night. All along the route people came from both sides of the railroad to see the troops pass. The weather was fine, and we sometimes rode on top of the cars. The young ladies along the road had prepared bouquets with cards attached, having names and addresses requesting the soldiers receiving them to write. After our arrival in Mississippi many of the boys wrote to girls in Indiana and Illinois.

One day in East Tennessee an officer came to our camp who said he was Captain Jack of some Indiana regiment who had just escaped being captured near Cumberland Gap. He asked for Captain Trout, who at that time was on picket duty away from camp. So Captain Jack said to me: "Tell Captain Trout that he is corresponding with my sister in Little Washington, Ind."

At Cairo Company F and the regiment went on board the steamer "Sally List," and started down the Mississippi River, reaching Memphis, Tenn., the 11th. We went on shore and encamped near the city. Our duties were light, so we practiced the manual of arms by the tap of the drum, no commands being given. On the 17th we started on our journey down the river, and stopped for the night at the mouth of White River, Ark. The next day we ran to Lake Providence, and tied up for the night. On the 19th we touched at Young's Point, La., and then ran up the Yazoo River to Haines Bluff, Miss., landed and marched to Milldale, where we encamped.

Two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps had been sent to Vicksburg to protect General Grant from a rear attack by Confederate General J. E. Johnston, who was gathering an army to relieve General Pemberton, so we were placed in rear of Vicksburg, where we dug rifle pits and built breastworks facing east.

On July 4th, with the news of the surrender of Vicksburg, we received orders to pack up and marched eight miles toward the Big Black River, which we crossed on the 7th and marched in the rain until 9 P. M. Between Vicksburg and Jackson we passed Joe Davis' plantation and halted to rest opposite the house. (Mr. Davis was a brother of the President of the Southern Confederacy). Several soldiers went into the house which had been deserted by its occupants, and found books and other things scattered over the floor. One soldier was playing the piano and others were looking at their reflection in the large mirrors. After proceeding a short distance Lieutenant Scudder, who had been reading a

book while resting, found that he had left his blouse. He sent one of his company back to get it, saying to him, "Don't set that house on fire." After the man, with the blouse, joined us our attention was called to a volume of black smoke in the rear, and looking back we saw Davis' house in flames.

The weather was extremely warm, the men carrying only one-half of a shelter tent, a rubber blanket, canteen and haversack. Water was scarce and difficult to get. The enemy had driven cattle in places where there was water and shot them, making the water unfit to drink. The inhabitants had taken everything from the wells along the route, so we tied strings together and tied a cup or pail on the string to get water from the wells. One woman was very bitter against the Yanks. She said "Lee is giving it to you 'uns in Pennsylvania." None of us thought that General Lee was in Pennsylvania. How this woman knew we could not tell. It took two weeks for letters from Pennsylvania to reach us. Our mules, after going into camp, often would cry for water so that sleep was almost impossible.

Sometimes we marched until midnight as the evenings were cooler. Alongside of the road was a rail fence with stakes and riders. While marching at night we often passed soldiers stretched out on top of the riders eight feet above the ground with their haversacks for a pillow and covered over with their rubber blankets. They were out of the reach of snakes and other reptiles. On the 10th of July we passed the insane asylum, and when about three miles from Jackson a line of battle was formed. Our regiment was formed in front as skirmishers and drove the enemy about two miles. On July 11th our regiment was still on the skirmish line. Sergeant Richard Humphrey had been promoted to second lieutenant of our company. He had shoulder straps on his blouse and used a bayonet in place of a sword. During the day Sergeant Lewis F. Hill of Company F was severely wounded in the shoulder resulting in his death on the 14th. Lieutenant Humphrey went back to a house in the rear of the line where the drum corps was, to get some of them to carry Sergeant Hill to the hospital. The writer went with Drummer J. H. Guile and two others, out to the skirmish line. We placed Sergeant Hill on a stretcher and started for the rear. Lieutenant Humphrey passed on to the front, expecting to find his company, and talked with me as he went forward. While Lieutenant Humphrey was absent from his company the regiment received orders to move by the right flank. Six companies on the right of the regiment received the order and obeyed while the four companies on the left remained in their places, not having heard the order. This left a gap where Company F had been when Lieutenant Humphrey went to the rear. Our skirmishers had been pressing the enemy back all day, and the lieutenant no doubt thought the company and regiment had advanced and so went forward. He came to an open space in the woods, near the enemy's pickets, which were behind a low bank, and some trees, and was shot in the forehead and killed instantly. On the 14th a flag of truce for two hours was announced, and Lieutenant Scudder and the writer went over to the enemy's lines and talked with the major of a Mississippi regiment, who said that a dead body lay between the lines, and that the man might have been captured as he was apparently unarmed and alone. We went to the dead body, found it to be Lieutenant Humphrey, and procuring shovels, dug a trench alongside the body, pulled it in and hastily covered it while the pickets of the enemy stood only a short distance

away watching us. The truce having already expired we made haste to our lines, and firing immediately began.

Jackson was evacuated on the 17th and we started for the city. A board marked with name, company and regiment was placed at Lieutenant Humphrey's grave. We marched into the city and placed our regimental flag on top of the State Capitol, and then marched 12 miles north toward Canton.

On the 18th we destroyed the railroad at Tugalo and burned the station. We marched back to Jackson on the 19th and the next day started for Vicksburg. We reached the Big Black River and crossed on the 22d. Savillion Davall of Company F, who was sick when we left Jackson, died in an ambulance and was buried on the west side of the river. We arrived at our old camp near Milldale at noon of the 23d, having marched 15 miles since morning. A large number of the regiment were sick with chills and fever.

About August 1st orders were received to go north. On the 4th we marched to the landing, and on the 5th our whole brigade, including Durell's Battery went on board the side wheel steamer "Hiawatha" and started up the river in the evening. We arrived at Cairo, Ill., on the 10th; then went on cars at midnight and arrived at Cincinnati, O., on the evening of the 12th. We crossed the river to Covington, Ky., and went into camp, and on the 18th received two months' pay.

George Schermerhorn of Company F had been detailed as teamster in division quartermaster's department (Captain Austin Curtin), and was present and signed the pay roll on August 17th, but when the company was paid he could not be found. Captain Gregg sent his pay to his wife at Equinunk, Pa. The man has never been heard from since. It is thought that he was murdered in Covington, Ky. While we were encamped near Covington, Brigadier General Thomas Welsh died in Cincinnati, O., on August 14th, 1863. We broke camp and went on cars to Nicholasville and encamped for a few days, and while at this camp Private John Campbell of Company F died and was buried in a churchyard at Nicholasville, Ky.

We soon resumed our march through Camp Dick Robinson and Lancaster, arriving at Crab Orchard on the 29th. On the 10th of September we marched to Mount Vernon, Ky. The citizens had raised the American flag with the blue field down, and after we had passed Colonel Curtin sent back word to reverse their flag. We marched through Wild Cat, crossing the Rock Castle through London and Barboursville to the Cumberland River where we received pay for July and August. Before reaching Cumberland Gap we met about 2,000 Confederate prisoners who had been captured there. On the 20th we marched through Cumberland Gap, then through Tazewell, Tenn., and crossed the Powell River on a bridge. We waded the Clinch and Holston Rivers and marching through Morristown, we reached Knoxville the 26th.

On October 3d we went on cars to Bull's Gap, and marched to Blue Springs or Midway Station, where on the 10th we fought and defeated the enemy under command of "Mudwall" Jackson. Christopher Teeple and Zephaniah Worden of Company F were wounded in the engagement. We followed the enemy through Greenville, Tenn., where we saw Andrew Johnson's tailor shop. We returned to Midway Station, took cars to Knoxville, and on the 20th started for Loudon.

At Louden, on October 31, Company F was detailed to go to Lenoir's steam sawmill for the purpose of sawing lumber for a boat bridge. Company F furnished all the mechanics required, except two engineers who were sent from another regiment. We began work at the mill on November 1st. There was a forest of large pine trees on the property, which were cut down and made into logs; ox teams were pressed into service to haul the logs to the mill, where they were sawed into plank for the bridge.

A feed mill was attached to the sawmill which was used for grinding corn and feed. The nearby inhabitants brought small grists of corn to be ground into meal. Captain Gregg placed the writer in charge of this mill. One day an old man came to the mill with a bag of corn and insisted on having it ground while others who had preceded him should wait. He was informed that he must wait his turn. The writer learned from Captain Gregg afterward that the old man was Mr. Lenoir, the owner of the property.

The bridge, 800 feet long, was finished on the 13th and laid across the Tennessee River. General Longstreet had been sent by General Bragg to drive General Burnside out of Tennessee. Longstreet had crossed the Tennessee below Louden, so the bridge was destroyed and Company F ordered to join the regiment below Louden.

Lieutenant Scudder had been detailed assistant provost marshal of First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps, and Captain Gregg of Company F had left the mill a few days before with an ox team load for Knoxville. So Company F was in command of Orderly Sergeant A. D. Campbell. After leaving the mill on our way to join the regiment General Burnside passed, and taking us for stragglers, did some scolding. We did not answer the general but kept on and joined the regiment below Louden. The enemy was crossing the river below and we were ordered back to Lenoir Station. The roads were very muddy and the wheels of the artillery (Lieutenant Benjamin's 32 pounders), sank so deep in the mud that the soldiers took hold of the traces to help pull them out.

At Lenoir's Station the regiment formed in line of battle on the crest of a ridge, and sent out pickets, which soon came in contact with those of the enemy, which was heard during the early part of the night forming camp on the opposite side of the ridge. During the night our regimental quartermaster destroyed books, provisions and everything that would prevent haste, and just before daylight the regiment started for Knoxville with the enemy following closely. We made a stand at Campbells Station and held the enemy until night, and then under cover of darkness retreated to Knoxville, where at day light of the 17th Company F was sent to support the Second New York Battery at the Seminary. The next day we made holes for rifles in a large brick house on the west side of town, owned by a Mr. Powell, who claimed to be loyal and expected to be remunerated by the U. S. Government. The next two days we were on the skirmish line near the river below the city, and between the lines some distance to our right stood a house occupied by Rebel sharp shooters whose shots annoyed our troops. One evening after dark the Seventeenth Michigan charged and drove them out setting the house on fire, and while the house was burning the enemy shelled our lines.

During the siege we were put on quarter rations. Our bread, made of bran, was black and heavy, and as we could buy but little food of the citizens we sometimes went hungry.

All the trees had been cut down in front of the line of breastworks, with their stumps left about two feet high, and telegraph wires stretched from stump to stump in every direction.

On November 29th a picked division of Longstreet's men charged on Fort Sanders at daylight, and was repulsed with heavy loss, while the Union loss was light. Our regiment was some distance to the left of this fort and was not engaged. The writer went over to the fort after the engagement and saw numbers of Confederate dead laying among the wires stretched to trip them. It was a very cold, frosty morning and nearly all were bare-footed. A truce was obtained to bury the dead and exchange prisoners, and during this truce two picket lines were shaking hands and exchanging pocket-knives and tobacco.

On December 5th the enemy withdrew from our front, and we followed them the 7th, arriving at Rutledge on the 9th. While in Knoxville we were on short rations, and when the boys got out among the farmers they did not spare pigs or sheep, and some would come into camp with a quarter of a pig or sheep on their bayonets.

Reuben Schnarr of Company F had been detailed as miller and sent to a mill near Cumberland Gap, and was captured by the enemy on the 14th with J. B. Emery of Company I, and others, and died in Andersonville, Ga.

We fell back to Blaines Crossroads on the 15th and encamped. While at this camp our commissary ran out of coffee, so we procured wheat from a farmer, roasted and used it as a substitute. While at Blaines Crossroads the regiment on January 1st, 1864, reenlisted as veteran volunteers. All that were present of Company F reenlisted except five, and four of them were temporarily transferred to the Seventy-ninth New York Regiment, and Morris Eldred, too old to reenlist, was allowed to go home with the company. From Christmas until after New Year's the weather was very cold, and as we had no opportunity during the siege of Knoxville to get clothing, quite a number were without shoes. Some of the boys without shoes brought raw hides to the old shoemaker, Morris Eldred, and asked him to make shoes of them. He told them that he could not make shoes of raw hides. A number of the boys made moccasins out of the raw hides, for on our march over the mountains we found them left along the road the first two days. After the moccasins fell off their feet they must have marched barefooted through snow and ice, but they were on their way home, and the thought of home kept their spirits up.

The regiment started from Blaine's Crossroads on January 16th with joyous feelings to march 200 miles over mountains and rivers before reaching a railroad. The weather had moderated by this time and we saw men plowing their fields as we passed. Along the road, as far as Cumberland Gap, lay dead horses and mules, so thick that we were seldom out of sight of one or more, and Colonel Curtin had difficulty in getting his horse to pass them.

We marched through Cumberland Gap on January 20th, and after passing over the mountain, went into camp at its foot. We built a large fire alongside of a fallen tree and lay down with our feet to the fire, covered with our woolen blankets. We slept well and woke up the next morning to find ourselves covered with about one foot of snow which had fallen during the night. After breakfast the regiment started on the march in Indian file, and marched to Nicholasville.

Ky., where we took cars to Covington. We made out our muster rolls in the hotels of Cincinnati, and were paid about the 4th of February, each soldier having from \$200 to \$300 in his possession.

We went on cars to Harrisburg, Pa., where we left our arms and equipment on February 9th, and received veteran furlough for 30 days, each soldier going to his home where the time was spent in visiting friends and neighbors, and recounting our experiences during two and one-half years in the service of Uncle Sam.

At the expiration of the veteran furlough, the company returned to Harrisburg, March 9th, 1864. On the 10th Lieutenant Scudder, Corporal W. H. Neer, and Isaac Chamberlain and the writer were detailed on recruiting service by order of General Burnside. Isaac Chamberlain went to Tioga County and the others to Wayne County. The regiment went to Annapolis, Md., where it remained until May 1st.

N. D. Guile of Company F died April 12th in hospital at Annapolis, and his body in charge of his son, J. H. Guile, was sent home.

The regiment with the Ninth Corps went to Washington and was reviewed by President Lincoln. It crossed the Rapidan to the Wilderness, where on May 6th Company F lost Private A. J. Hopkins, killed; Sergeant J. T. Brazie, Corporal Jonas Kilburn and Privates John Mooney, C. W. Parker, Joseph W. Blough, Wm. Young, John F. M. Barfield, Samuel Christner, wounded. John D. Palmer was wounded on May 17th. The regiment was engaged with the enemy at Spottsylvania May 12th and lost Privates Lyman H. Saxon, Henry Burkheiser, James Kennedy, John Otto and James S. Rock, wounded. The latter died of his wounds June 9th. Lieutenant Scudder, Corporal Neer and the writer were relieved from recruiting service on May 1st and went to Philadelphia to settle our accounts. It was necessary for Lieutenant Scudder to go back to Wayne County to get the oath of allegiance of the landlord where we boarded. This delayed us some time and after settlement we went on to Washington, and from there to Fredericksburg, Va., where we visited the hospitals and saw a large number of our wounded from Spottsylvania and the Wilderness. We had in our party Lieutenant Scudder, Sergeant Gould, Corporal Neer, Drummer J. H. Guile, Private James Kennedy and L. W. Lord of Company F, Sergeant J. B. Emery of Company I, and a number of others of different regiments. We joined the company May 26th on the "North Ann." Upon joining the company the writer took a musket and went into the ranks. We crossed the Pamunky the 29th and marched to a place near Bethesda Church, where Company F went on picket the 2d of June. Lieutenant Scudder was put in command of Company H, there being no commissioned officers of that company present. On June 3d the Battle of Cold Harbor commenced early in the morning. Company F was ordered to the line of battle and was sent to the right of the regiment, and later still farther to the extreme right of the line in a grove of timber where we had oak trees for shelter. Some of the enemy were concealed behind buildings in a field, and would shoot at us from the corner of the buildings, their shots mostly going over our heads, and as soon as they saw our smoke, would dodge behind the buildings.

We were some distance apart, yet our shot cut the corner of the building, as we ascertained the next day. While behind a tree the writer saw smoke arise some distance to our left, and fired a shot or two in that direction. Soon the writer heard something rattle and looking down found a bullet hole through a

quart cup hanging to his haversack. Soon another shot from the same direction struck the roots of the tree. A third shot went through his blouse which caused him to hug the tree a little closer. Some of the boys to the right began firing at this same Johnny, and made it so hot that he jumped up and ran to a safer place.

The line of battle on our left was in an open field, the enemy's line being on the farther side near the woods. The Confederate General Ewell's Corps was in our front, and the two lines being some distance apart, fought this way nearly all day. Late in the afternoon we were ordered to join the regiment which was some distance to our left, and we found it a hot place, near the spot where Lieutenant Scudder had been killed. Here the two lines were only a short distance apart, and as soon as it grew dark, and the firing ceased we threw up breastworks. On the morning of the 4th we found the enemy had withdrawn from our front during the night, leaving their dead partly buried and also one of the caissons of the Twenty-second Virginia Battery between the lines. Company F lost First Lieutenant George P. Scudder, killed, and Corporal Francis Seeley, Privates Mason K. Whipple, Moses Merrick, Wheeler O. Merrick and Michael Mooney, wounded. While on picket duty June 7th, Christopher Teeple of Company F was wounded in the hand, causing the loss of two fingers. About June 1st some boys of our regiment visited a vacant house near our camp and found buried in an outhouse and cellar several hundred dollars in gold and silver. It was mostly silver and would have filled a peck measure. After this battle we marched toward Whitehouse Landing, and thence to James River, crossing the Chickahominy on Jones' Bridge, and on the 15th we crossed the James River on a pontoon bridge, and then marched all night toward City Point, reaching the front on the 16th. We were in Colonel Curtin's Brigade and General Potter's Division. Captain Gregg of Company F commanded the regiment.

At about three o'clock the morning of June 17th the company, regiment and division, charged on a Confederate redoubt near the Shand House, capturing four guns, 650 prisoners, about 1,500 muskets and four stands of colors. On June 18th the regiment charged across the Norfolk Railroad, where Privates John S. Shafer and Henry Thomas of Company F were wounded. We passed on to lower ground and were under cover.

On the 19th of June the writer was detailed clerk at regimental headquarters. Captain Gregg of Company F had been in command of the regiment since June 7th. On June 21st, Orderly Sergeant A. D. Campbell was promoted to the rank of second lieutenant of Company F and commanded the company.

Sergeant Wm. H. Childs of Company B, a fine young man of good habits, had been promoted to a lieutenancy in Company F, but had not been mustered. On June 22d the writer was sent out to the picket line by Lieutenant Colonel Hills, who was on the sick list, to get from adjutant Calvin S. Budding some papers to enable Childs to be mustered as lieutenant of Company F. Captain Gregg, who was in command of the pickets, and the adjutant were lying down in a pit about seven feet square and two feet deep for protection against the bullets of the enemy that were constantly flying through the air. The two lines of pickets were only a short distance from each other and each protected by a low bank of earth. As soon as the captain saw me he said: "For God's sake, get down." I dropped into the pit and looking up saw Sergeant Childs standing on its edge looking at the two picket lines which ran through an open field. He was told to

get down, but before he had time to do so a bullet struck him and he fell dead on the edge of the pit, and the writer in order to get out safely, was compelled to crawl over his dead body. Why he had followed me out to the picket line was a mystery to all.

From June 22d to July 30th the regiment did picket duty nearly every other day on the front line opposite the Confederate fort which was being mined by the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment of our Brigade. A short distance in front of our breastworks stood a cedar tree about one foot in diameter, and the bullets of the enemy often striking its limbs would glance and wound our men. Captain Richards of Company G suggested that it be shot down. The fire of our men was concentrated on one spot on the tree for a day or two when it fell.

A shaft was dug down to the mine just behind our breastworks and a fire kept at the bottom to create a draft for the purpose of ventilating the mine. A small fire was kept up behind the breastwork at the top of the shaft, where the smoke came up; also other fires along the line to deceive the enemy who could see our every move, as the lines were not far apart at this point. The breastworks were covered with bags of sand with small openings between to fire through, and often the enemy would shoot into these holes and wound our men. Corporal Nathaniel Bloom and Private Henry Lord of Company F were shot in their faces through these holes, and every day that we occupied the front line our men were wounded.

Our camp and headquarters were in a wood where the regiment camped when not on the front line, but were not out of reach of the enemy's bullets, as occasionally a shot came into our camp. One day our sutler, Henry Starr, came to our camp and remained over night sleeping with the writer under a shelter tent, and in the morning we found a bullet hole through the tent just about one foot above our bodies. This being too near the Johnnies for the sutler, he went back to City Point.

When this camp was established we dug a well, placing a guard over it, and on the 24th of July, Private Reuben Bailey of Company F, while getting water at the well was shot, the bullet passing nearly through his body and was cut out of his back by the surgeon.

One day in July, while at this camp, Macaiah Scudder, a young brother of Lieutenant Scudder, who was killed on June 3d, came to visit friends he had in Company F. "Mack," as we called him, was employed by Wheelock, a sutler, and occasionally came to see us. This day the company was on duty on the front line opposite the mined fort, so Mack and the writer went out to the front line, and while there one of the sergeants loaded his gun for Mack to fire a shot at the Johnnies, which he did and was answered by a shot which went between him and the sergeant, very close to both. We returned to camp, Scudder having the satisfaction of firing a shot at the enemy who had caused the death of his brother.

A few days before the explosion of the mine, a detail from each company of our regiment was made to carry powder into the mine. On July 30th the mine was exploded. The fuse was lighted before daylight but failed to go off, and after a half hour had expired, two men of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteered to ascertain the cause. They found that the fuse had gone out, and after relighting it, came out and soon the explosion occurred, but valuable time had been lost.

The artillery opened fire a half hour before the advance was made by our troops. When the explosion occurred, the enemy on either side of the mined fort fell back from their line, but before our troops charged their line, they had returned to their places, and as our troops advanced, gave them an enfilading fire from right and left. Captain Gregg, who commanded the regiment at the time, said in his report: "The effective strength of the Forty-fifth Regiment was 210 men. I left 100 men on the skirmish line under command of Captain Fessler of Company K, and marched the remainder back to a wood." After the explosion, the regiment charged across the field under a severe fire from right and left, Lieutenant A. D. Campbell commanding Company F, was shot in the elbow of right arm, while leading his company, and Orderly Sergeant Gilbert Vanduser had one eye shot out. Sergeant Francis Seeley and Corporal George W. Hains of Company F were killed in the trenches beyond the crater of the mined fort, where there was a hand to hand fight with the enemy. Corporal Wheeler O. Merrick and Private Flynn of Company F were also wounded in this fight, and Captain Gregg ran a Confederate officer through with a sword.

About 2 P. M. the remainder of the regiment fell back to our old line. Captain Gregg says in his report: "I charged upon the enemy's works with 110 men. Of that number six were killed, 22 wounded, and 39 missing. Among the missing are Captain Dibeler, Captain Richards, and Lieutenants Van Valin, Catlin and Seeley." He further says, "All the officers and men that were with me in the engagement are deserving of great praise for their noble conduct and bearing."

The monthly report of Company F for July, 1864, shows 20 enlisted men present for duty, 42 absent, sick and wounded, one prisoner of war and six on detached duty.

In this engagement Corporal Frank Hogan of Company A captured the flag of the Sixth Virginia Confederate Regiment, and received a medal from the Government. We remained in this position until August 19th when we moved to the left and occupied the front line near the enemy. On August 31st the regiment was occupying the front line near the Weldon Railroad. After the explosion of the mine Company F was left in command of Sergeant Wesley Gould, and in August, Lieutenant William K. Whitlock of Company D, was put in command of it. Some time in September our camp lay behind substantial breastworks running through a grove of timber near the Yellow House.

General Grant and staff came riding through our camp and looking at the timber said, "You will have plenty of fire wood for the winter." In a few days we were on the march. Company F received 23 recruits on September 25th. While Captain Gregg was in command of the regiment, our boys called him "Major." On the 29th of September he was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the regiment, and Lieutenant R. C. Cheeseman of Company A, to captain of Company F. Twenty-eight of Company F had petitioned Major Gregg that the writer be made captain of the company. On the 30th of September the regiment marched to Peebles farm and became engaged with the enemy about 4 P. M., but were flanked on the left and compelled to fall back. They rallied twice and fired but were flanked again by the enemy's cavalry, which captured Captain Cheeseman, 22 enlisted men of Company F, and a large number of the regiment, including Lieutenant Colonel Gregg and Major Trout. Privates John Braithwait and Wil-

liam H. Kain of Company F were killed and Private Baman Williams of Company F wounded.

On the morning of September 30th, when the regiment received orders to march to the left, Sergeant Major Jacob Meese and the writer were sent by Colonel Gregg back to the wagons to get the blank monthly returns and other papers. After we returned and while trying to find our regiment, we went to the front until the bullets flew so thick that we with others fell back to a safer place where we found two or three members of Company F, who informed us that the larger part of the regiment had been captured. We gathered the stragglers together and those who had escaped being captured, and the next morning the writer was placed in command of the pickets of our regiment. We were on the picket line two days and nights, and near the enemy's lines where we saw them relieve their pickets. They would place men from different states on the same post. They could not trust the men from North Carolina or Tennessee, so one or two men from a South Carolina, Georgia or Mississippi Regiment were left on each post to prevent desertions, as we could tell by the difference in their uniforms.

Some of the old officers that did not re-enlist nor go into the fight with the regiment were still with us and remained until the expiration of their term. The writer had been commissioned first lieutenant of Company F and as soon as there was an opportunity was mustered in. Our camp was on the front line near a tall pine tree used as a signal station, and after Fort Fisher was built, a tall lattice work tower was built for the signal corps. All who did not re-enlist as veteran volunteers, were mustered out of service October 20th and started for home.

Quartermaster Haynes had turned over to the writer his camp, clothing and garrison equipage, and the adjutant his office, so the writer was regimental commander, quartermaster and adjutant all at the same time. At the end of each month there were five different returns to be made out, and having been company clerk for a long time and three months clerk at regimental headquarters, he had no difficulty with his returns.

At the time the writer became commander of the regiment, every company was commanded by a sergeant or a corporal. Sergeant Joseph Funk had command of Company A, Sergeant Boggs of Company D, Sergeant Kelly of Company G, and Corporal Jonas Kilburn of Company F. Commanders of other companies I do not recall, but they were good men, and the regiment having been mostly captured with some killed and others wounded, the sergeants of the different companies got their company records in good shape, so that every man in the regiment was accounted for, and the pay rolls and monthly returns for September and October were correctly made out. On October 31st the writer was inspection officer and his report will be found on the muster rolls of every company.

One day there was to be a review of the brigade. The writer went to General Curtin's headquarters and requested him to send an officer to conduct the regiment on the review. He said: "Oh! You can do it." So the writer obeyed orders and conducted the regiment on this review. A large number of sick and wounded had returned to the regiment from hospitals, so in numbers we made a fair showing. The majority of the regiment were veterans and could

pass in review as well with sergeants in command as commissioned officers. Every company except A was in command of a noncommissioned officer on this review.

About the last of October our first quartermaster, Lieutenant McClure, was delivered in my care, under arrest. He occupied a cot in my tent and was allowed the liberty of the camp, and when general election day came, the regiment being small, only one polling place was appointed for the regiment. McClure was selected as judge, and two inspectors appointed, both political parties being represented, so every soldier had the privilege of voting as he wished and none were influenced by their officers. The picket line of the enemy was not far away, and several times during the day we heard them cheer for McClellan, but that did not have much influence on our boys, as only 19 votes were polled for McClellan in the regiment.

We broke camp November 28th and marched to the rear of Fort Rice where we remained until April 2d, 1865. On December 10th our regiment was ordered to attend a hanging of two men of the One Hundred and Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers, whose crime was deserting to the enemy. Many of the recruits who had recently joined us shed tears. The same day we received four days' full rations and in light marching order the regiment fell in about 5 P. M., and marched 20 miles on the Jerusalem plank road to Nottaway River to assist the Fifth Corps, said to have been cut off by the enemy. We returned to camp at 4 P. M., the next day, not having been engaged. Company F received 22 recruits during December, 1864.

On December 17th the writer was promoted to captain of Company A in place of Captain W. W. Tyson, who was mustered out October 20th.

Captain Cheeseman of Company F returned to the regiment December 25th from the prison pens of the South, and being the ranking officer present, assumed command of the regiment.

After January 1st, 1865, there were two recruits in Company F, who a short time before, had belonged to a North Carolina Confederate Regiment. They proved to be good soldiers, willing to do any camp duty, but asked to be excused from doing picket duty on the front line, as their old regiment lay in our immediate front and if captured they would be shot. They were excused from this duty.

Second Lieutenant A. D. Campbell of Company F was discharged December 15th, 1864, on account of wounds received July 30th in the elbow joint. The surgeons at the field hospital wanted to amputate his arm but he begged so hard to save it that they removed five inches of bone, including the elbow joint, saving the arm and his life.

While at this camp the writer was placed in charge of a detail to dig a covered way from Fort Rice to the picket line. This work could only be done after dark when the enemy could not see us, and while we were at work the pickets on both sides kept up a desultory firing all through the night. We dug in an oblique direction toward the picket line, setting up on the side of the trench next to the enemy willow baskets called "gabions," and filling them with sand from the trench which ran zigzag toward the line. This covered way, as it was called, enabled us to go to and from the picket line with orders, hot

coffee or to bring back the wounded without being seen by the enemy. Several times during the winter the writer was detailed brigade officer of the day and part of his duty was to visit the picket line in front of the brigade once each during the day and night. This duty was attended with some danger, as there was almost constant firing between the two picket lines during the night, which were within talking distance of each other opposite Fort Sedgwick, called by our boys "Fort Hell." It had been agreed by both sides that there should be no firing done while the pickets were being relieved, and each side relieved their pickets at the same time about 4 P. M. One day the writer being on the picket line as brigade officer of the day, while the pickets were being relieved, saw a squad of about 30 Union pickets march across the open field toward the front line in plain sight of the enemy's artillery men, stationed on a rise of ground some distance in the rear of their line. These artillery men fired a shrapnell which struck one of the men in the head and exploded leaving the body headless. The shell was filled with iron balls which scattered in all directions and wounded a number of men. A surgeon was sent for and a stretcher to carry one man severely wounded, to the rear. The last time the writer served as brigade officer of the day in front of Petersburg, 17 men deserted the enemy's lines during the night and some of them brought their guns.

On February 1st, Sergeant Major Jacob Meese was promoted to second lieutenant of Company F: On the 18th of February the writer was detailed on court martial duty. Court was held in Fort Davis and no soldier was shot by the order of this court, but a lieutenant of the Seventh Rhode Island Regiment was dismissed for cowardice.

On March 25th the attack on Fort Steadman, a short distance to our right, brought the regiment into line in our quarters where we remained until after daylight.

Captain Cheeseman of Company F and Captain Lord of Company A, jointly made applications to the Secretary of War to be transferred to their original companies and were so transferred by special order No. 143, Extract No. 59, A. G. O., Washington, D. C., March 24th, 1865, and each went home with the company he enlisted in. April 1st about 50 men of the regiment were on the picket line in front of and to the right of Fort Rice, and at dark the writer received orders from brigade headquarters to take Companies F and G and reinforce the pickets on the front line. There had been heavy firing all day on the extreme left and the enemy's pickets in our front being unusually quiet, the impression prevailed that a large part of the enemy's troops in our front had been withdrawn and sent to their right. My instructions were that at a certain signal we were to mount the breastworks and go over to the enemy's line. This undertaking if carried out would have required courage as the enemy might have been "playing 'possum." These instructions were imparted to the pickets who were ready and willing to obey orders.

Lieutenant Meese was in command of Company F, but who was in command of Company G or the old pickets on the line I do not remember. The pickets believed the enemy to be still in our front. To find out the men were ordered to load and give them a volley, to which there was no answer, but

a second volley brought a reply but nothing like the challenge we sent them. We did not get the signal to charge but before daylight received orders to join the regiment, and upon arriving at the camp found the regiment had gone to take its place in line for the charge on the enemy's works. The men were told to make coffee while the writer would try and locate the regiment. While going toward the front, to the left of Fort Rice through some fallen timber, the works were assaulted and the shot from the enemy's guns tore through the air and fallen timber with terrible noise. The writer hastened back to his command and found them in line ready for orders. By this time it was getting daylight and we started for our main line to the right of Fort Sedgwick. By the time we reached our line soldiers were carrying large shot across the field in their arms to load the two guns that had been captured and turned on the enemy, who had fallen back to a second line. Supposing our regiment to be directly in front where we could see Union troops occupying the captured line, we marched across the field by the right flank and came to the captured line to find a part of General Hartranft's division of new Pennsylvania troops. We learned after the battle that our regiment was some distance to our left near the Confederate Fort Mahone. We deployed to the right and left along the works and after fighting a while, about 15 of us mounted the works and went over. We found no enemy in our immediate presence but were exposed to the fire from the second line.

We found a black glazed cloth satchel, which they in their haste had left. It contained a white shirt which Private John H. Gow of Company F put on regardless of flying bullets. In the satchel was the company book of Captain Rogers, Company A, Twelfth Alabama Regiment, containing the names of his company and amount of clothing charged to each man; one pair of shoes, \$12.00; a pair of pants, \$10.00, and other things in the same proportion. It soon became too hot for us and we began to get over the works to the safer side. Philip Kriner of Company F was killed, and six of the company captured before they could get out. Charles Lebold of Company F was killed later in action, and five of Company F wounded.

Some time in the afternoon General Collis came up from City Point with a Zouave regiment, and before dark our line was strongly reinforced and it was evident to all that if the Confederates did not evacuate Petersburg during the night it would be forced to surrender in the morning. On the next morning, April 3d, we found the regiment, and as Company H had no commissioned officers present, Lieutenant Jacob Meese of Company F was put in command.

Captain Cheeseman of Company A, who commanded the regiment, when it went into action, was shot in the knee, causing amputation of the leg. The writer being now the ranking officer present, assumed command of the regiment. Petersburg was evacuated by the Confederates during the night of the 2d, and the morning of the 3d the regiment with the brigade started to march into the city but before going far were ordered to move to the left of the road to allow President Lincoln and party to pass. The President had his hat in his hand and looked pale and haggard. Before we reached the city the colored population came out to meet us with broad smiles on their faces and "God bless the Lincum Sogers" from their thick lips. As we passed through the city, white women were sitting on their verandas dressed in black with handker-

chiefs to their eyes, thus the feeling of the two races were in great contrast. During the winter our regiment had been filled with recruits to over a thousand strong, and we marched through Petersburg with flags flying and drums beating. During a halt for rest we received news of the fall of Richmond and we made the city echo with our cheers.

Pardon the writer if at that time he should feel a little pride, having enlisted and served nearly three years as a private soldier and now commanding the veteran regiment as it marched through the streets of Petersburg.

We passed through the city and turning to the left began the march after Lee's army toward Burkville, Va., arriving there at 10 P. M., the 6th. Major John F. Trout having been released from Confederate prison joined the regiment when between Petersburg and Burkville and assumed command. At Burkville a large number of the regiment was detailed to guard 7,000 or 8,000 Confederate prisoners. The Confederate General Ewell and his corps had been captured near Farmville, Va., and among the prisoners were sailors from the gunboats at Richmond. Major Trout had just returned from confinement in a Rebel prison pen and had no love for the Confederates, so the writer was placed in command of the guard around the camp of the prisoners, who were furnished with rations by our commissary, and after two days were started toward City Point.

On the 9th of April we started for Farmville, at which place we arrived on the 10th and encamped near town on a plantation belonging to a Mr. Richardson, on which still stood the old slave whipping post. We were told that the elder Richardson had been a cruel and severe master to his slaves; that one day in the field a slave was mowing with a scythe, and for some reason the master struck him, when the slave suddenly brought his scythe around and disemboweled his master.

Some of the officers occupied the Richardson mansion, sleeping in the parlor and other rooms where pier mirrors reached from floor to ceiling. There was also a piano in the parlor and our chaplain, F. A. Gast, could play it well, so we enjoyed music as well as shelter. Our boys that were captured in the attack on Petersburg, April 2d, returned to the regiment the 10th. They were nearly starved and had been on the march ever since their capture.

Two of the Richardson sons were officers in the Confederate service, and soon after the surrender of General Lee's army, they came home and stood around but had nothing to say. A number of colored people occupying a house adjoining the Richardson mansion had been slaves of the Richardsons, and two of them had for some time desired to get married, but had had no opportunity. One day our chaplain united this colored couple in wedlock and the writer witnessed the interesting ceremony. As soon as we arrived at Farmville, farmers from all around came to our camp asking for safeguards. The writer rode out to three different plantations and placed one or two safeguards at each house. A part of the writer's duty was to visit these safeguards each day, and having a good horse to ride the duty was not unpleasant. Lieutenant Colonel Gregg returned from the Rebel prison pens while we were at Farmville and took command of the regiment. The colonel and the writer rode out together one day to visit the safeguards. At one house we found sev-

eral young ladies, and one of the young ladies and her mother being afraid to stay in their house, which was isolated from their neighbors, had come here for safety but had left their piano which they now desired to get. So the colonel and the writer went with two darkies and an ox cart and brought the piano, and while the older women were preparing a good dinner the girls sang and played, all of which we enjoyed.

While visiting the safeguards at the house of a Mr. Price, who had a fine looking daughter, the writer was often asked to dine with the family. Mr. Price said he blamed General Lee for leaving Richmond. He said some of Lee's men came ahead of the army who took the best horses and other things they wanted, and then came Lee's army which took more of his property, and after them the stragglers who helped themselves. After them came the Union army and their stragglers, so he had not much left. War is just what General Sherman said it was, and no one knows what war is except those who have lived in its tracks or who have participated in it.

The writer has seen a large forest of valuable pine trees disappear in two months, even the stumps were afterward cut down and used for fuel. Hay and straw stacks would disappear in a very few minutes after a brigade went into camp and a long line of rail fence would go walking to every camp where a fire was needed to cook coffee, although the colonel had told the boys to take the top rail only, but every rail was the top rail to the next soldier and no order was disobeyed.

When the news reached camp of General Lee's surrender old soldiers would shake hands and cry like children for joy. They knew then that the war was over and that they would go to their homes and would not be called back to the tented fields or the open trenches.

But the saddest news was that of the assassination of President Lincoln received April 15th. We at first could not believe it. A gloom was cast over the whole army when the news was confirmed, for the best and greatest President of the United States to be thus murdered was indeed sad, especially to the soldiers who loved him.

On April 20th the regiment started for City Point and stopped near Petersburg the 24th to take a last look at the mined fort where we saw bones of our dead comrades sticking out of the ground in several places. We marched to City Point, went on board the steamer "Glaucus" on the 27th and arrived at Alexandria, Va., on the 29th. We marched to the rear of Fort Lyons and went into camp. We had left behind the trenches and breastworks, the battlefields where comrades were wounded, and we had left our dead comrades who fell at our side. We were going home after the war had ended to meet our friends who would welcome us with open arms. But sad indeed would be the friends of our comrades who were buried in the trenches and unmarked graves of the South.

The Court martial of which I was a member reconvened on May 8th in a house situated in the rear of our camp.

On May 22d the regiment marched to Washington, D. C., and encamped for the night east of the Capitol, and on the 23d marched down Pennsylvania Avenue in the Grand Review. In this review the writer commanded his com-

pany which reached across the street from curb to curb, and after passing the reviewing stand the command of the company was turned over to First Lieutenant Meese and the regiment returned to camp near Fort Lyons. Second Lieutenant Jacob Meese was promoted to first lieutenant of Company F on May 21st. About the last of May Sergeant Wesley Gould of Company F, who was captured on the 30th of September, 1864, and had been discharged at Annapolis, Md., came to the regiment on a visit. A lieutenantcy had been left vacant for him, and he was told he could still have the place. He decided to accept it and was commissioned second lieutenant of Company F from civil life. On June 12th, 1865, the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment, which had been brigaded with us for a long time, was mustered out and started for home, and our regiment escorted them to the wharf at Alexandria and gave them a good send-off. They had been with us more than two years and thought whatever the Forty-fifth did was all right. They were spoiling for a fight until they went into Fredericksburg; there they were under fire and had a few men wounded but that was enough to cool them.

On July 17th the regiment was mustered out of service and in a few days was on its way to Harrisburg, Pa., where muster-out and pay rolls were completed, final returns made out and arms and equipment turned in. Company F having its rolls and returns finished, was the first company paid July 21st, the officers being paid July 25th by Major Moore. After being paid off we returned to our homes as private citizens and were welcomed by having parties and dances given in our honor. The discharged soldiers had money and spent it freely and before long weddings took place, for had not "The girl I left behind me" waited until "The war was over?" The writer remained single until 1870, and as he could not marry a soldier, married a soldier's sister.

All found work of some kind and none remained idle. The great question had been settled. The Union had been preserved and all settled down to peaceful pursuits.

Of the 222 who belonged to Company F during its term of service, ten were killed in battle; four died of gunshot wounds; 17 died of disease and wounds; nine died in Confederate prisons; three officers resigned; one officer was promoted to lieutenant colonel of the regiment; one officer promoted to captain of Company A; twelve enlisted men transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Regiment; ten enlisted men transferred to Company D, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers; four enlisted men transferred to Company C, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania; four enlisted men wounded and transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; two enlisted men never joined the company; two enlisted men captured and joined the Confederate army to keep from starving; 12 enlisted men mustered out after three years' service; three enlisted men absent sick at muster-out of company; 14 enlisted men deserted, mostly substitutes; 56 were discharged for disability and wounds; 58 were mustered out at the close of the war. Only ten of the original company were mustered out with Company F at the close of the war.

The comrades are passing away, our ranks are getting thinner and soon blossoms and the flag we love will be planted over our sleeping places by our

children and our children's children, and may they gather inspiration in the act and thereby be made better citizens and patriots.

Good-bye, Comrades, may God bless you, is the wish of L. W. Lord, late Captain, Company F, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

Denver, Colorado, November, 1911.

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL HAYNES, COMPANY G

BY MRS. JANE W. HAYNES.

Samuel Haynes was born at Oxford, Chenango County, N. Y., June 30th, 1834. He received his education from the common schools of that county. In early manhood he was sent to the pine woods of northern Michigan for his health and was engaged in the lumber business with an uncle until his health was restored.

Three years later he was engaged in the same business in Lycoming County, Pa., and was in that business when the Civil War called for volunteers to put down the Rebellion. He was pilot on the Susquehanna River taking several rafts of lumber to market at Marietta, Pa., and when passing Harrisburg heard the tumult occasioned by the arrival and disposal of recruits. As soon as he could dispose of his lumber at Marietta, he returned to Harrisburg and enlisted as a private in the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry (three months).

He then came to Wellsboro and helped to raise and drill Company I, of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Mustered into service October 21st, 1861, he was orderly sergeant of that company until the Battle of James Island, S. C., June 10th, when he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant of Company G and served in that capacity until April, 1864, at which time he became acting quartermaster for the regiment and filled that place until the expiration of his term of service, October 21st, 1864.

After the close of the war he again entered the lumber business for a short time but later became employed on the Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, from Buffalo to Pittsburg, and from Buffalo to Olean and Oil City. He served 31 years on that road, the last 20 as supervisor of a division. He died October 13th, 1898, in Oil City, Pa., honored by all who knew him and beloved by those who were dear to him.

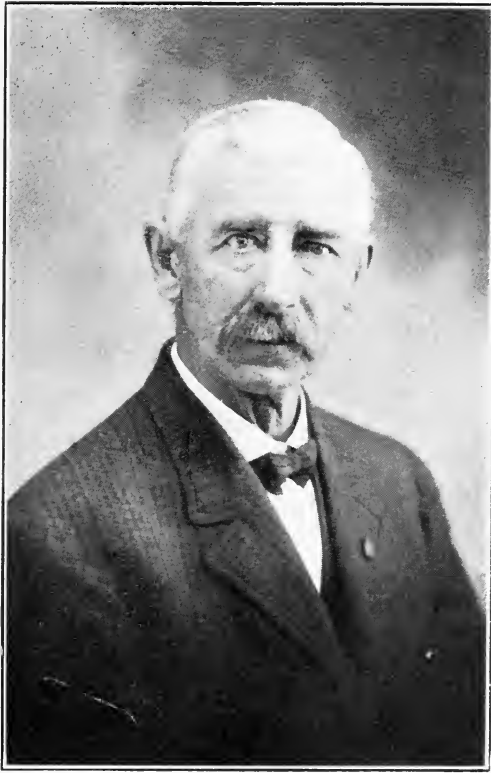
Extracts from letters written to his wife by Lieutenant Samuel W. Haynes:

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., November 24th, 1861.

We left Camp Casey last Monday for a new camp two miles nearer Washington and when we had everything about the camp in "apple-pie order" received marching orders about noon for Fortress Monroe, to be ready at one-thirty. Several tremendous cheers and yells greeted the Colonel's announcement of the news and every man was ready by the appointed time. The cars to take us were delayed and we did not reach Baltimore until ten next morning.

We embarked on the steamer "Pocahontas" and just before dark the steamer began to move and we were soon under way down the Potomac past Federal Hill, which is fortified and looks fierce enough to scare anybody; and down

COMPANY G



Sergt. T. C. Kelley



First Lieut. J. J. Rogers



First Lieut. Samuel Haynes

past Fort McHenry and the lighthouse on the point opposite, whose beacon light shows the entrance to the harbor and we are on the broad bosom of the Chesapeake Bay. A thousand men were packed on and inside and some 300 or 400 remained on the upper deck with the great canopy of heaven spread over them for an awning. Jim Cole, Decatur Dickinson, Phil Wetmore and myself fixed up a fence on deck to keep some of the sea breezes off, "put up the bars," and laid down and slept, but not as warm as we could wish.

We landed at the dock here about 6 P. M. Some large ships of war lay at anchor as we passed the fortress. We then marched to our camp, about a mile from the dock. We heard heavy firing last night in the direction of Norfolk. Emissaries of Jeff Davis, Esq., are all around us a few miles distant and our pickets are attacked frequently. I saw General Wool as we marched to our camp. He looks old, is a light, spare built man and has always had the reputation of being the best military man (next to General Scott) in the United States. The village of Hampton, which the Rebels burned down some time ago, (all but one house), is about a mile away and in plain sight. The house was the residence of ex-President John Tyler.

Monday morning. The regiment was turned out this morning for inspection of arms, accoutrements and quarters and we have just come in.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

Write soon and direct to Fortress Monroe, Co. I, Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

BAY POINT, S. C., December 11th, 1861.

We are really "Away down south in Dixie." Last Thursday at Camp Hamilton we received marching orders again and it seems that the Forty-fifth Regiment is to keep moving and it may happen *yet* that we will see fire fly and bullets, too.

Friday we embarked on the steamer "Cosmopolitan" at Fortress Monroe and at 4 P. M., cast loose from the dock and moved out to sea. Passed Cape Henry lighthouse at sunset and were fairly out to sea for the most of us.

Sunday morning we were outside of Charleston Harbor and could see our blockading fleet laying off the harbor. At noon we were in sight of this harbor (Port Royal). We had taken a pilot aboard and at 4 P. M., were laying quietly at anchor in the midst of the great fleet, ships of war, transports and vessels of all kinds and sizes. We remained on the boat Sunday night. Monday morning orders were received from General Sherman, who commands this department, to divide the regiment. Companies B, F, G, H and K have gone to Otter Island in command of Colonel Welsh, the band having gone with them. The balance of the regiment, Companies A, C, D, E and I are here on Bay Point in charge of Fort Seward. The fort on the other side is now Fort Welles. This is the place where our fleet had the engagement with the Rebel forts. Fort Welles was called Fort Walker and Fort Seward was called Fort Beauregard. There are plenty of Secesh relics around here—trunks, boxes, cannon shot and shell and many marks of the recent fight. Palmetto trees growing here remind us that we are really in the Palmetto State, the hot-bed of the Rebellion.

I have seen many things that were brought here from Beaufort, which was a fine town but is now occupied by Union soldiers. I saw to-day some books from Beaufort, among which was a lady's album, with many pieces marked 1827 and 1828, an old souvenir, but now in the hands of a northern Yankee.

Men are running around in their shirt sleeves, sweating and wading in salt water. It does not seem like December and so near Christmas.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

NORTH EDISTO, S. C., May 23d, 1862.

If "change of pastures makes fat calves," our company will get fat surely. We left Otter Island day before yesterday, on an old steamer and landed at this place, which is 20 miles nearer Charleston. The whole detachment at Otter Island came along, leaving that place without garrison. The sloop of war "Dale" lies in the stream to command the channel. The balance of our regiment (four companies) is still on Hilton Head but will probably be here soon. Many of our boys were sea-sick on the trip.

This is a nice country and shows signs of wealth and prosperity. Large estates, splendid buildings, niggers, etc., are some of the indications.

The mail is to leave in a few minutes and I must close.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C., June 7th, 1862.

On Sunday we crossed over to Seabrook Island. Monday the rest of our regiment, all the force stationed at Edisto, came. About noon we found them and marched with the column. We were without tents and one night it rained as hard and as much as I ever saw in six hours.

We arrived here day before yesterday and haven't had enough to eat since last Sunday to hurt a man's dyspepsia or give him the gout.

This place is on Johns Island on Stono Inlet and only five miles from Charleston. I can not estimate our force but there is a good show of gunboats in the stream. They took their places last Monday.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

GRIMBALL'S PLANTATION, JAMES ISLAND, S. C., June 18th, 1862.

I write now simply to let you know I am well, for you will probably hear before this reaches you of the battle of Monday on the Island.

The Forty-fifth Regiment was not in the attacking party but was stationed as a reserve and to support the batteries if necessary. All we had to do was to dodge the shot and shell, which flew uncomfortably thick about us for a while. Our men did not take the Rebels' position, but retired in good order after firing had ceased on both sides. I can give no estimate of the loss in killed and wounded.

The regiments that suffered most were the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, Third New Hampshire, One Hundredth Pennsylvania and Seventy-ninth New York.

Solon S. Dartt died yesterday at Edisto Island of fever.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

[I knew Mr. Dartt well, he was a fine man and left a good wife and children in Tioga County. Mrs. Haynes.]

HILTON HEAD, July 5th, 1862.

I received notice from Colonel Welsh a few days ago of my promotion from orderly sergeant of Company I to first lieutenant of Company G, to date from the Battle of James Island. This was very unexpected to me for I was in arrest a few days before and didn't think the old chap would give me any show at all.

The Union forces began evacuating James Island on the 1st of July. We arrived here on the 2d and by this time all of our men have left the Island and nearly all have come to Hilton Head.

The amount of the matter is just this—The Battle of James Island was a miserable calculation and our generals found a "hornets' nest." They were not satisfied to build batteries and shell them out but they must storm the batteries and take them at the point of the bayonet, but we found them too strong and well entrenched and 700 gallant men are killed and missing on our side. I have seen sights and heard sounds that I never want to see or hear again. Really the price paid for the restoration of the Union never can be appreciated by those who stay at home.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER "ARAGO" AT SEA, July 19th, 1862.

On the 17th we got marching orders, struck our tents and marched to the fort. Yesterday we came on board the ship and left Hilton Head at 12 o'clock noon. We are destined for Fortress Monroe. I am not sorry that we are leaving South Carolina for the weather has been "very hot" for the last two weeks. This is a fine ship and we are having a fine trip.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

BROOKS STATION, August 14th, 1862.

Two companies of our regiment, I and K, are at Acquia Creek. The rest of us are at Brooks Station on the United States Military Railroad, about half way between Brooks Station and Acquia Creek, guarding the railroad. We have the most comfortable camp we have had since we left Mrs. Stoney's mansion at Hilton Head, S. C.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

SHARPSBURG, MD., September 20th, 1862.

[This is copied from a letter when Lieutenant Haynes was on his way to the regiment after being sick and in Harewood hospital at Washington. Mrs. Hayes.]

Our regiment has been badly used since I was with it. Last Sunday at the Battle of South Mountain or Blue Ridge it lost 134 killed and wounded. I saw the place to-day where 28 were buried in a row on the battlefield. They are buried as nicely as possible and each grave is marked plainly with a headboard. Poor fellows! Dwight Smith and Jimmie Cole lie together and the first tears that have started from my eyes since my mother died fell on their graves. They were indeed the most intimate and truest friends I had in the army and fell at their posts, fighting like true soldiers and brave men. Henry Fenton, George Brewster and Jacob Squire of Company G; George English of Company I, and

Gillett Holiday of Company H, were all the boys I was acquainted with and embraces all of Companies G and I, that were killed, but there were more of Company H whose names I do not recollect.

The Forty-fifth was in Wednesday's fight at Sharpsburg, but did not suffer severely in the battle.

Lieutenant R. G. Richards was made captain of Company G the day after the battle for gallant conduct in the field and he earned the promotion bravely.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

WATERFORD, VA., November 1st, 1862.

On the march from Pleasant Valley to Fredericksburg.

Yesterday was general muster day. I have been busy making out Company I's rolls as they were out on picket.

The Pennsylvania Reserves passed here to-day going toward Leesburg. I saw L. Truman, Cale Fenton, John Morgan, Ned Roughton, Charley Dodge, Loren and Dan Foster and many others from Tioga and Lycoming Counties.

There has been heavy firing all day in a southwesterly direction.

We have had orders for two nights past to be ready to march or fight at a moment's notice.

We were the advance the first night here and our company was sent out for picket. I got a good breakfast with a nice Quaker family. There are some really good Union people here, who are very hospitable and the good woman who gave me breakfast and dinner would say as she passed the good bread and butter and honey: "Won't thee take some more?" and I said, "Yes, ma'am," until I was full.

Eton Jones of Company I died about two hours ago very suddenly and will be buried here.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

On the march from Pleasant Valley, Md., to Fredericksburg, near Rectorsville, Va., November 5th, 1862.

I wrote you from Waterford on Saturday last. Sunday morning we marched from there and camped near a little town called Philemont, making about 15 miles that day. We were then nearly opposite Snicker's Gap in the Blue Ridge. On Monday afternoon we marched about ten miles passing through Unionville, where our cavalry and artillery had had a skirmish the day before, our men driving the Rebs, and encamped opposite Ashby's Gap. Yesterday we lay quiet in camp but early this morning, received orders to be ready to march at sunrise, and have marched eight miles and are now opposite Manassas Gap, close by the Manassas Gap Railroad. We are about 40 miles from Berlin on the Potomac, 60 from Washington by railroad, 30 from Manassas Junction and 25 from Fort Royal.

Since we left Waterford the character of the inhabitants has been "secesh" outright. Our boys have "appropriated" any quantity of turkeys, geese, chickens, hogs, sheep, honey and any other articles of food they could eat. Uncle Sam's "greenbacks" were refused and for payment consequently very many Philadelphia "fac-similes" of Confederate notes were issued to the respectable "F. F.

V.'s," and all sorts of shinplasters taken for change. This afternoon nearly all the regiment was out foraging and my pistol brought in a fine hog. Every man has "flesh stuff to eat" and about 20 have horses and mules, for all of which, "May the Lord make us truly thankful."

There never has been a movement made since the war commenced, that I understood so little as the one going on now and I don't know what is going on in any other part of the army or what this means or if it means anything.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

ORLEANS, November 7th, Noon.

Yesterday we broke camp, marched across Manassas Gap Railroad, through Salem to Orleans. We made nearly 18 miles. The night was cold and we had no tents. To-day it has snowed since 8 o'clock and still snows but we have our tents up and are doing first rate. Prospects for picket to-night.

November 8th. Instead of picket we marched five miles and are on a branch of the Rappahannock River. Richards and I have ten blankets and straw when he can get it.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CARTER'S RUN, VA., November 16th, 1862.

In camp at Carter's Run, near Waterloo, Va. For the past five days hard-tack has been lamentably short and the boys have been reduced to the necessity of eating popped corn, wheat shorts and of grinding corn on a grater to make "slap jacks" to supply the temporal wants of their mortal systems, but to-day our visions (and bellies, too) were greeted with the sight of the much coveted "tack" and all goes well again. Some of the men actually said: "Instead of our starving the 'Butternuts' out, the impudent rascals had surrounded us (on one side) and were starving us out."

The removal of General McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac has caused a great deal of talk. Many deeply regret it but all join in the hope that under our new leader (Burnside) we may be more successful in the cause of Union and right. He has the confidence of all the officers and men with whom he has already come in contact and he has prestige bright, beside his bald head, checkered shirt and bob-tailed horse, to carry him through the great tribulation.

I heard to-day that we were to march to-morrow for Fredericksburg.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,

December 18th, 1862.

We are back again in our old camp opposite Fredericksburg and to tell the truth I am not sorry but on the contrary very glad that the Forty-fifth Regiment came off without losing a man. The papers have given you a better general account of the battle than I can but I will give you a sketch of our own immediate movements.

On Thursday morning the bombardment commenced. Our line was formed at 8 A. M., in a large field near our camp. We remained near the stacks all day

and returned to our camp at night. During the forenoon the firing was terrific. One hundred and fifty cannon combined to destroy the town and smother the Rebel batteries.

Friday morning our line was formed again and marched directly across the river and formed at the lower end of town. Our regiment in advance of the division, with skirmishers in front. We remained in this position all day. During the afternoon the Rebels trained two batteries upon us wounding two men of our regiment slightly. Several of other regiments were killed or wounded. There was a little firing in front between the skirmishers but no engagement.

Saturday morning our division moved down the river and formed the connection between Summer's and Franklin's Grand Divisions. We occupied this position with very little changing until we were withdrawn to this side of the river. The fighting back of the city was awful and our loss must have exceeded the enemy's very much. It was kept up at intervals until late in the evening. After dark the roar of the cannon, the rattle of musketry, the yells and cheers of the men, the streaks of vivid fire issuing from the guns, made an impression on our minds never to be forgotten and was most painful to hear and behold. On the left where the reserves were engaged it was the same thing over again but was more distant from us.

Sunday was very quiet. So was Monday. On Monday night our whole immense army recrossed the Rappahannock without the loss of a gun, wagon or man except a few stragglers and skulkers who had hid themselves to get rid of fighting and were thus left to fall into the hands of the merciful (?) Rebels. The crossing and recrossing of our great army over such a river was done in the most masterly manner and I consider it a great feat.

The position of the Rebels is so strong that they have a great advantage over us even if their numbers are greatly inferior to ours and I think Burnside did a wise thing in withdrawing his army from such a slaughter house to try some other spot.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., February 6th, 1863.

The Ninth Army Corps has marching orders for Fortress Monroe to embark as soon as possible and report to General Dix for orders.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

NEWPORT NEWS, February 17th, 1863.

We started from our old camp opposite Fredericksburg last Monday and came to Acquia Creek after dark and embarked on board the steamer "John A. Warner" the same evening and started for Fortress Monroe next morning. Tuesday night we lay at anchor in the mouth of the Potomac. Wednesday we reached Fortress Monroe. Next day we came to Newport News, disembarked, marched here to our camp, near where we were last summer, after we came from South Carolina. We are near the James River and the boys are all busy building log cabins. Already quite a town has sprung into existence.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD., March 22d, 1863.

Last Thursday I was ordered to Washington for officers' baggage which was stored there and to bring it to this place. Our division is moving again. It is to report to Baltimore and then go on cars, where—I don't know—probably Kentucky or Tennessee. I left Fortress Monroe, Thursday evening, arrived here Friday morning, went to Washington same day and came back here yesterday and am now awaiting the regiment. The first brigade has arrived; ours will probably be here to-night or to-morrow morning.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

PARIS, KY., March 29th, 1863.

I did not have time to write you again from Baltimore for the regiment arrived at Locust Point, Monday night, and I was busy all the time until we left. We went on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Parkersburg, Va., on the Ohio River below Wheeling. We were 48 hours on the cars, through very rough country west of Cumberland and passed through about 30 tunnels, two of which were a mile long. We reached Parkersburg Thursday evening and embarked on board the steamer "LaCrosse" for Cincinnati. We reached Cincinnati Friday night but did not go off the boat. Yesterday we crossed the river to Covington, Ky., and came here by railroad, the Kentucky Central. The distances from Newport News are nearly as follows: Newport News to Baltimore, 190 miles; Baltimore to Parkersburg, 389 miles; Parkersburg to Cincinnati, 300 miles; Cincinnati to Paris, Ky., 76 miles, all of which put together makes quite a journey.

We are quartered here on the fair grounds, all the men in buildings and officers in tents. The Ninth Corps is scattered all over the state. The Twenty-ninth Massachusetts is with us. I believe we are here to prevent raids, a good business if the raiders keep far enough away.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

ON BOARD STEAMER "SALLIE LIST," CAIRO, ILL., June 10th, 1863.

After bidding you good-bye at Seymour, Ind., on the 8th, we were on the cars until last night at 12 o'clock and came on board this boat about three this morning tired and awfully dirty. From Seymour to Cairo the country is mostly prairie but many fine little towns are growing up along the line of the railroad. The inhabitants welcomed us with many demonstrations of joy and with many substantial in the eating line, for which we were all truly thankful.

Do you want a description of Cairo? In the first place, mud, knee-deep, then steamboats, gunboats, wharfboats, officers, soldiers, niggers, citizens and railroad cars; hotels, restaurants, whisky shops, clothing stores, some dwelling houses, a great deal of confusion, calliope playing, bells ringing, the Ohio River one side, the Mississippi the other. Lastly mud, deeper than the first.

P. S. Mud and Cairo.

We are going down to Memphis or Vicksburg, I don't know which. Troops have been going forward for a week, very fast and many of them.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

MEMPHIS, TENN, 1863.

There is a marble bust of General Jackson standing in the park in this city. On the side of the block on which it stands is the saying of his:

"The Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved."

The word "Federal" is almost obliterated. It was done by some secesh before the city was taken by our forces.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CAMP NEAR SNYDERS BLUFF, June 27th, 1863.

We are now down at Vicksburg with Grant's army on both sides, one line in front of Vicksburg and the other from the Yazoo to the Big Black. The siege is progressing slowly but awfully sure. Day before yesterday our men blew up part of one of their forts, the highest one they had along the whole line. They then made an assault, drove the Rebels out and now occupy the work. The mine was loaded with 2,700 pounds of powder and you may imagine the dirt flew and Rebels too. Our regiment is digging rifle pits and cutting down timber in order to defend any attack from the rear. We get no news here. Hear nothing but the reports of guns and mortars, live in a cane brake and have blackberries and plums for dessert.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

(From the original letter.)

CAMP OF THE FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS, NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS.,

July 5th, 1863.

Sound the trumpet and blow the Hewgag; smite the huzzy-fuzzy, beat the tomtom and permit miscellaneous things to rip generally!

Because why? Vicksburg has fallen, and great was the fall thereof. Yesterday morning General Pemberton surrendered unconditionally to General Grant and our forces occupied the city.

That was all the celebration we had for the Glorious Fourth and that was enough.

We marched about four miles toward the Big Black River yesterday afternoon and are now laying in the woods without tents or blankets.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

TEN MILES NORTH FROM JACKSON, MISS., July 18th, 1863.

[This is from the second letter after the fall of Vicksburg. Mrs. Haynes.]

I have not written you since July 5th for we have marched nearly every day since. We crossed the Big Black River and marched to Jackson a week ago yesterday. Our regiment skirmished up within a mile from town, lay all night in the skirmish line, next morning advanced a short distance, but upon coming on the Rebel force, and the fire becoming too hot to advance further, we had to stop. We lay there until after noon, when we were relieved.

James Naval of Company I was killed; Sergeant Carvey of Company I, shot in the leg; Stratton of Company H, killed. No casualties in Company G; Lieutenant Humphrey and Sergeant Hill of Company F, killed. A few others on the right of the regiment were wounded but not severely. Yesterday morn-

ing the city of Jackson was found to be evacuated by the Rebels and our force took possession.

Our division marched at 12 o'clock due north and are now ten miles from where we started. Where we are going, I can't tell. I haven't had but one shirt since the 19th of June and had that washed once. I am well and nearly all the boys are. The news from the North is very cheering.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CAMP NEAR COVINGTON, KY., August 14th, 1863.

I was sick a couple of days before we marched to Jackson and didn't feel well for some time after we got back. That is not strange for that heat, dust and fatigue was enough to kill an imp of darkness and many men did die along the road from sunstroke and exhaustion but none from our regiment. We have a good many sick in hospitals, however, in consequence.

We embarked at Snyder's Bluff last Thursday on board the steamboat "Hiawatha." There were on board the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, Twenty-seventh Michigan and Benjamin's Battery of Regulars, in all 1,702 men, 95 officers, 250 horses, six 20-pound guns with their caissons, etc., making in all a "right smart" load. Our trip up the river was without accident or incident but most mortal hot and we arrived at Cairo on Monday morning after braving the dangers of the big muddy "Father of Waters" for four long nights and three longer days. We disembarked, loaded on cars and started at 2 A. M., Tuesday, passing over the same route we went as far as Seymour, Ind., so on to Cincinnati, where we arrived Wednesday night.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CAMP NEAR NICHOLASVILLE, KY., August 30th, 1863.

The regiment moved last night to Crab Orchard leaving 150 here sick, mostly with fever. I have been very sick with chills and fever but am so I can walk around again. Bill Willard is doctoring me with potatoes and onions.

General Welsh died in Cincinnati very suddenly a few days before we left.

We are three miles from Nicholasville on the pike. SAMUEL HAYNES.

NEAR BARBOURSVILLE, KY., December 22d, 1863.

[This was written after Lieutenant Haynes had been home on sick leave and was returning to his regiment.—Mrs. Haynes.]

We left Crab Orchard and have been ever since getting this far, about 50 miles. At this rate we may reach Knoxville some time next year. The roads are awful—hills, mountains, rocks and mud on to the end. I saw Captain Curtin, Billy Bell and Charles Terbell to-day as we passed through London. They were going to Camp Nelson for supplies. I saw some boys of our regiment (Company E), who were with the train which was captured by the Rebels between Tazewell and Knoxville. Charley Hart, John Emery, Amos Mullen, Johnny Miles and young Wilcox of Company H were taken prisoners with the train. Wilcox was slightly wounded. Colonel Curtin and Colonel Bowman are with General Wilcox near Tazewell.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 24th, 1864.

The Ninth Army Corps has moved towards Washington. The orders were sudden and the whole concern left, I suppose, for the Army of the Potomac. I am here to attend to the transferring of tents and extra baggage, as we could have but two wagons to a regiment, and shall start from here this afternoon to catch the regiment.

Direct to Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, as we are not in the First Division any more.

[Lieutenant Haynes was acting quartermaster from this time until the expiration of his term of service, October 21st, 1864.—Mrs. Haynes.]

KETTLE RUN, VA., May 2d, 1864.

The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers are now encamped at Kettle Run, about a mile and a half from Bristow Station, where the Pennsylvania Reserves were all winter.

I left Annapolis the next afternoon after the regiment marched and rode nearly all night. I passed the camp in the night and reached Bladensburg the next morning at daylight. We passed through Washington the next day (Monday) and were reviewed by President Lincoln from the balcony of Willard's Hotel.

We crossed the river and encamped two miles from Alexandria. Tuesday we laid still. Wednesday we marched to Fairfax Court House, passing through Centerville, over the Bull Run field, Manassas Plains, etc. Thursday we arrived at Bristow and Friday came here.

We are very well situated here but will not be so very long, as we are under orders to march at the shortest notice and to keep constantly on hand six days' rations. The headquarters of the Ninth Corps are Warrenton Junction for the present.

I have not received the things you sent me and I want them badly, especially the tobacco for I am "done played out" and there is famine in the land of the Forty-fifth Regiment.

I wish you would send me a New York paper occasionally, as I haven't seen one for a week.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

THREE MILES SOUTH OF FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Sunday, May 15th, 1864.

We left Kettle Run May 4th and marched to Bealton Station on the 5th. Crossed the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station and same day crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th our corps moved out to the Wilderness and commencing fighting about noon. The fighting was desperate in the extreme and the loss to the Forty-fifth on that day was 17 killed, 120 wounded, and five missing. Lieutenant Goodfellow was killed on the field, and Captain Campbell was shot through the bowels and died two days later. They were both very good men, and I feel their loss very much. Captain Chase was shot through the shoulder. Two or three other officers were wounded slightly. Company G had ten wounded, none mortally.

On the 7th and 8th we lay at Chancellorsville. On the 9th we moved toward Spottsylvania Court House. On the 10th the corps crossed Mine Run. On the 11th our brigade was engaged in the morning, the loss of our regiment was about 50 killed and wounded—no officers. The loss to this time has been mostly from sharpshooters.

The regiment lays about nine miles from here, as the wagons were all ordered back to this place, but I have been out to the front every day until to-day.

The boys are in good spirits but they are having a hard time. I can not mention all the boys of Company G who are wounded but recollect Dan Williams, George Derbyshire and Nick Culver. A few others were slightly wounded. I shall go out again to-morrow. I have seen awful sights about the fields and hospitals; more than I can tell you.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

NEAR MECHANICSVILLE, VA., June 5th, 1864.

I was out last night with Captain Curtin to the line of battle, which is about three miles from Chickahominy and ten from Richmond. Our brigade was engaged yesterday forenoon and the Forty-fifth suffered terribly. The loss of the regiment is nearly or quite 200 men, one-half of those engaged. It was awful fighting but our men drove the Rebels and held their ground. They were in the front line last night and were to be relieved this morning but as we left at daylight we did not see the regiment. We were at Colonel Curtin's headquarters and got the news.

I dread to speak of the casualties and do not know all. Lieutenant Scudder was killed and was being buried last evening when I was out. He had just been back from a visit to his home. I saw him when he returned to the regiment one short week ago and now the poor fellow is gone. What a blow to his people when they hear the news! Major Kelsey received a severe flesh wound. Only one killed in Company G, a recruit named Wood from Blossburg, and 18 wounded, Charley Terbell and Eli Smith among the number. Wright Redington is severely wounded. Decatur Dickinson and John Emery all right so far. I shall go out again to-morrow and then I can give you more information about the killed and wounded.

Our army has been almost constantly under fire for the last 30 days and the end is not yet. When will it be? I believe this campaign is destined to be the death blow to the Rebellion and also the death blow to many thousands of brave men.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, June 6th, 1864.

We are fourteen miles from White House Landing and four or five from the Chickahominy River.

More sad news. Colonel Curtin was out to the line to-day and brought word that Lieutenant Hoig was killed to-day while on the skirmish line. Poor fellow, he was a good officer and as brave as a lion.

Goodfellow, Campbell, Scudder and Hoig gone besides so many brave men. How many more brave and noble hearts must be silenced before this war is ended? Truly, the cost of preserving the Union is great. Is it too great?

SAMUEL HAYNES.

WHITE HOUSE, VA., June 12th, 1864.

We came here from the front two days ago, to send away extra baggage, etc. I am told this place is to be evacuated and a change of base made to the James River.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CITY POINT, VA., June 27th, 1864.

I think that it has been as hot here the past week as any time I saw in Mississippi last summer, but thank the good Lord I hear drops of rain on the roof of my tent.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CITY POINT, VA., July 2d, 1864.

Major Kelsey died at Washington of his wounds. He was a conscientious man and a fine officer.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

NEAR CITY POINT, VA., July 10th, 1864.

John Hauber of Company G was killed the 8th of July. The Rebels made an attack on our lines but were easily repulsed, our loss being very slight.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

NEAR CITY POINT, VA., August 4th, 1864.

[Lieutenant Haynes was acting quartermaster of the Forty-fifth when this was written.—Mrs. Haynes.]

You have read before this of the Battle before Petersburg and in front of the Ninth Corps on Saturday, July 30th. I have neglected to write, mainly because I dreaded to say anything to you about it. Not because our noble old Ninth Corps and our regiment did not maintain the brilliant reputation which they had previously gained by severe marching and desperate fighting in seven States of the Union, but because of the casualties, which have laid many a noble man in his last resting place, but not unwept nor unhonored. The fort was blown up at 4:30 A. M., and was a complete success. Earth and timbers, guns and limbers, graybacks and all the rest went up 300 feet or more in a sheet of flame and smoke, caused by the explosion of four tons of powder placed 20 feet beneath. It was the most terribly magnificent sight I ever witnessed.

You can learn more concerning the other parts of the army from the papers than I can tell you. I will tell you a little of what happened to the Forty-fifth. Three officers, Captains Fessler and Trout and Lieutenant Cheeseman and 80 men were left in our old pits (which are about 100 yards from the Rebel fort) for a skirmish line. The balance of the effective men (about 90) charged with our division into and through the fort. Sixty-seven of the 90 are either killed, wounded or prisoners. They were in the Rebel works some five hours and only left after two peremptory orders had been received to return to our own line. The fighting was hand to hand and beats anything I ever saw, heard or read of. I take the statements of officers and men who were in it. Eleven officers went in and four came out unharmed. Captain Gregg, Lieutenant Gelbaugh, Lieutenant Bailey (Company E) and Lieutenant Wheelock of Company

K are O. K. Lieutenant Vanvalen of Company A, Captain Dibeler of B, Captain Richards of G, Lieutenant Seeley of H and Lieutenant Catlin of I, are in the hands of the enemy. They are not known to have been either killed or wounded, only failed to make their escape. Lieutenant Campbell of F and Eyde of K, are in our hospital badly wounded. I very much fear that Captain Richards is killed. Gelbaugh is the last man who remembers seeing him just as a Rebel had a gun pointed at Richards' head. Gelbaugh's attention was called to another Rebel on the point of shooting him, but one of our men killed the Johnny before he had a chance to fire.

I wrote to Mrs. Richards but did not tell her all these circumstances but led her to suppose he was taken prisoner. I couldn't tell her he was killed. I was afraid it would kill her. If it is true, she must know it sometime, but I don't want to be the one to tell her.

Captain Gregg came down with me day before yesterday and took supper with me. He did some big fighting in the Rebel pits on Saturday. He killed the Rebel officer who led the charge. The Rebel caught Gregg by the throat and placing a pistol at his head demanded him to surrender. Gregg said: "You impudent scoundrel, how dare you ask me to surrender?" and wrenched the pistol out of his hand, knocked him down with it, drew his sword and ran him through the body and left the sword in him. Then Gregg said: "You ——, I guess you are my prisoner now."

Dave Bacon shot the Rebel who was in the act of stabbing Gregg with his bayonet. In fact they all fought as men never fought before in the war, niggers and all. Every man who was in the fight bears testimony to splendid conduct of the darky troops. Those who were not in say, "the niggers ran away."

SAMUEL HAYNES.

CITY POINT, VA., August 12th, 1864.

[In which Captain Gregg and Lieutenant Haynes call on General Grant.—Mrs. Haynes.]

Day before yesterday, a barge at City Point, which was loaded with ordnance and ordnance stores, blew up from the accidental explosion of a shell, supposed to be at the time. The destruction was awful. Shot, shell, shrapnell, grape, canister, boxes of cartridges, timbers, etc., flew high in the air and in every direction tearing down the wharf and several buildings, killing probably 100 men. I was at the division hospital, near the front, at the time and heard it plainly and thought an ammunition wagon or caisson had blown up not more than a mile away, when in fact it was eight miles.

Yesterday afternoon Captain Gregg and I called on General Grant at his headquarters at City Point. Gregg was bound to see him and insisted on having me go with him. The sentinels didn't want to let us go in, I suppose on account of our rough appearance. We neither had shoulder straps, vests nor shirt collars on; our pants were stuck in our boots, we hadn't been shaved for several days and altogether presented a very unmilitary appearance and not exactly the thing in which to appear before the lieutenant general commanding the Armies of the United States. Gregg swore some awful oaths that he had most urgent business with the General and the sentinel let us pass. We rushed in, took off our hats and Gregg opened his battery. I ex-

pected that we would get kicked out or be ordered in arrest but Gregg was equal to the occasion. He introduced himself as one of Grant's old soldiers in Mexico in the same regiment (the Fourth United States Infantry) and then introduced me.

General Grant politely asked us to be seated; then he and Gregg rehearsed their old campaigns and "fought their battles over again." We stayed an hour. Gregg talked to General Grant very much as he would to me. The General expressed himself very much pleased to meet Gregg and when we were leaving asked us to call again. I don't think I will call again unless I have some business. General Grant asked Gregg many questions about the members of their old regiment and about the fight of July 30th before Petersburg.

SAMUEL HAYNES.

ON GUARD

The moon displays her icy smile
And stars their sentry keep,
No sound disturbs the silent air
Along my lonely beat;
But thoughts of home so far away
And friends who smile reward,
Are dear unto the soldier's breast
Upon his midnight Guard.

One glance back to my native hills
Along the glades and streams,
Reminds me of my boyish days
And long, long summer dreams,
While musing 'neath some trysting shack
The hours were dear to me,
Contentment spread her happy wings
From care and anger free.

Once more I see the cottage home
Shadowed by creeping vine,
My aged Father standing near,
A Mother's hand in mine;
While gathering tears from eyelids start,
Her arms around me threw,
She pressed me to her aching heart,
And bade her boy adieu.

And one whose form and constancy,
I never can forget;
The stolen interviews are passed
But I remember yet;
When she forsook her village home
To be a soldier's bride,
A haughty Father's anger
And all the world beside.

And when rebellion sounded forth
The clarion notes of war,
When from the walls of Sumter
They tore the Stripes and Stars;
"Go, guard your country's Flag," she cried,
"Our homes and liberty,
And when you're on the battlefield
My prayers shall go with thee."

But Hark! what sound approaches,
Disturbs the silent air,
Still nearer, "Halt! friend or foe
Answer, who comes there,
Advance, and give the countersign,
There's death in your retreat,
For I am bound none but a Friend
Shall cross my lonely beat."

"Relief!" the Corporal's stern reply,
The countersign is right,
"Advance, now sentry to your post,"
One trick the less to-night.
"Quick forward march!" from post to post
And Morpheus will reward
The Comrade who an hour or two
Has stood his turn on Guard.

—W. T. FITZGERALD.

Camp Casey, Washington, D. C., 1861.

COMPANY G AT CAMP CURTIN AND CAMP CASEY

By EUGENE BEAUGE.

Company G, known at first as the "Charleston Rangers," was organized on the Village Green in Wellsboro, Tioga County, on Wednesday, September 18th, 1861. The original members of the company were mostly young fellows from the vicinity of Wellsboro, a large proportion of them farmers and farmers' sons from Charleston township, most of them between the ages of 18 and 25. "Uncle Joe" Willard was the oldest man in the company. He was 47. Charley Terbell at 16 I think was the youngest. The company was recruited by Nelson Whitney, himself a Charleston farmer, who was unanimously elected captain when the organization was effected.

Friday morning, September 20th, we met at Whitneyville, where the captain lived, and rode from there in wagons to Troy, Bradford County, a distance of 25 miles. Many of us had never been away from home to amount to anything and naturally there were some sad faces and moist eyes as our native hills receded from view. But we soon got over that and really had a jolly time on the way.

Our destination was Harrisburg and the remainder of the journey from Troy to the State Capital was made by rail. It was about three o'clock Saturday morning when we arrived at Harrisburg. Then and there began our experience as soldiers. Instead of going to bed, as gentlemen who travel are supposed to do, we were told to make ourselves comfortable (?) on the pavement near the station or wherever there was room to spare.

Shortly after daybreak we proceeded to Camp Curtin, a large level field enclosed by a high board fence, something like a country fair ground, about a mile from the heart of the city. The first thing that attracted our attention and our appetites was breakfast. Sitting on the lap of Mother Earth with outstretched legs for a table we made our first meal in camp. A pint cupful of steaming hot coffee, a liberal chunk of boiled beef on a tin plate, a couple of slices of soft bread and an onion comprised the bill of fare. A greasy soldier seemed to have general charge of the culinary department but we had a cook of our own in the person of Uncle Joe Willard. He could beat them all. Later on Uncle Joe was assigned to special duty as chief cook at the field hospital and rendered excellent service.

Camp Curtin was a lively place in those days. It seemed to be full of young men, some strutting around with new uniforms on, others like ourselves in citizens clothes. In the forenoon especially everybody seemed to be doing something or going somewhere. Drilling by regiments, companies and squads was going on all over the field. One fellow I remember was marching between two soldiers with fixed bayonets, presumably to the guard house. Another was doing penance astride the big cannon in front of headquarters.

One commissioned officer, in a smart uniform, tall, graceful and straight as a rail, especially attracted my attention. He was in charge of a squad of soldiers taking a couple of fellows where they evidently did not want to go. I overheard the young officer say something about a few sharp bayonets being a most convincing argument and concluded he must be a lawyer. And he was. Moreover, that young man later on made his mark. We all know him. His name is James A. Beaver.

The afternoon was more quiet. Most of the men seemed to be taking it easy, lolling around or amusing themselves playing ball, checkers, cards or maybe writing letters. Having been brought up to work every day I wondered how Uncle Sam could afford to feed and clothe all this crowd and not keep them busy. By and by I wondered that soldiers could stand so much and live!

Late in the afternoon we formed in line near the surgeon's tent and as each one answered to his name we stepped inside where a young fellow with shoulder straps and brass buttons told us to "strip." The doctor examined us carefully from head to foot, finally requiring each candidate to perform certain gymnastic stunts to test his arms and legs. Having passed examination, Major John M. Kilbourne (later on attached to the Forty-fifth) mustered us into the State service on the same day. It was not until the 14th of October, however, that Lieutenant H. S. Gansevoort of the regular army administered an oath that made us Volunteer Soldiers of the United States. The oath in each case was practically the same, concluding with the startling clause, "For three years or during the war!" From that time until finally discharged the Government

had an iron grip on us, and to those of us who reenlisted and stayed with the company from start to finish, it meant a period of three long years and ten months. But we had counted the cost and took our chances, knowing well enough that enlistment then meant business. The war had just begun, with every indication of a long, bloody struggle. Few periods of the Civil War were more gloomy for us than the fall of 1861. No bounties or other inducements to enlist were in sight. Thirteen dollars a month and "found" was all there was in it for us that we could see.

I have never forgotten our first night in Camp Curtin. Not that there was anything particularly remarkable about it, but the experience was new and made a lasting impression. It began to rain about dark and kept it up the greater part of the night. The quarters assigned to us were rickety, leaky old barracks, with nothing inside but the bare walls and the floor sopping wet with the rain that came down through the roof. Of course we had no bedding of any kind, not even a blanket that night. But as most of us had not slept a wink the night before and were "all in" from the unusual excitement of the last few days, the boys were in good trim to sleep most anywhere and probably would have rested all right on the bare, wet floor if it hadn't been for the infernal racket of the cars that seemed to be in perpetual motion, the locomotive whistle getting busy every time we shut our eyes. The trouble was there were no railroads in those days in the neck of the woods where most of us came from and we were not used to that sort of thing. Later on we got many a good night's rest riding on cattle cars, no matter how much noise they made nor how rough the road. But if sleep was denied us that night we had lots of fun. Something had to be done to pass away the time and if some peppery stories were told, a few spicy solos rendered and maybe a cuss word thrown in now and then, I am sure the Recording Angel, knowing what was coming to us, made no entry in the Big Book against us. Our experience was probably the same as that of all raw recruits. We soon learned to take things as they came and feel thankful it was no worse.

Meanwhile we got our military trappings as follow: Clothing—overcoat, blouse (short coat), trousers, cap, flannel shirt, two pairs cotton drawers, two pairs of socks, shoes and blanket; camp equipage—knapsack, haversack, canteen, pint tin cup, tin plate, knife, fork and spoon. Arms and accoutrements—gun (Harper's Ferry musket), cartridge box, belt and plate.

Our duties in Camp Curtin were not strenuous enough to hurt anybody, although they kept us busy most of the time drilling, "policing" the streets and standing guard. Drilling was an agreeable pastime at first. But when we had to practice the manual of arms with a gun weighing 15 pounds and go through the manœuvres with accoutrements on and likely as not a packed knapsack—they did this to get us used to wearing the blamed things—well, we did it because we had to. Cleaning or policing the streets was a sort of drudgery but no one ever hurt himself doing it. We did picket duty on the different roads leading from camp and at the gate, more to pick up stragglers found wandering around without a pass than anything else. No one that I know was ever court martialed, however, for being caught in that way, although the culprit might be kept in the guard house for a change.

The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry was organized about the middle of October. Three companies, G, H and I, and part of Company F, were from Tioga County. This paper, however, has more especially to do with Company G. Our first commissioned officers were Captain Nelson Whitney, First Lieutenant W. T. Fitzgerald and Second Lieutenant John J. Reese. Captain Whitney was jolly and clever and we thought a great deal of him, but like many other volunteer officers he had had no experience in military affairs. Lieutenant Fitzgerald had been in the three months' service and knew more about tactics and discipline than all the rest of us put together. He was the drill-master of Company G. Fitzgerald had a penchant for poetry and wrote (or writes rather, as he is still living) some very clever verses. We called him "The Bard of Company G." Big hearted and generous, Lieutenant Reese, a Charleston boy and charter member of the company, was a good officer and popular with the men, but all he knew about war was what he picked up after he joined us.

As near as can be ascertained there were 95 officers and men in Company G when the regiment was organized. The non-commissioned officers were:

SERGEANTS.

First	Rees G. Richards
Second	David Wilcox
Third	W. L. Reese
Fourth	Jerome Scott
Fifth	Ephraim Jeffers

CORPORALS.

First	L. W. Thompson
Second	J. R. White
Third	D. L. Bacon
Fourth	W. W. Owens
Fifth	Delmar Wilson
Sixth	V. S. Culver
Seventh	R. E. Smith
Eighth	D. A. Evans

Evans was sick in a hospital when the company was mustered into the United States service October 14th and went no farther than Harrisburg with us, being discharged a few days after we left Harrisburg, which explains why his name does not appear among the Corporals on the roster, although he had been duly appointed while at Camp Curtin.

Monday morning, October 21st, 1861, we got our first orders to pack up and get ready to move. The "loading up" process was interesting at first, but soon got to be an old story. First came the cartridge box and belt; then the haversack with three days' rations of hard tack and cooked meat, followed by the canteen filled with water. Anyway, that's what the "non-coms" and privates carried in their's. Last but not least was the knapsack. A soldier's knapsack was a very important part of his kit. In it he carried his blanket, a change of clothing, shoe blacking and brush, a portfolio with writing material, and anything else he cared enough about to lug around. All this with our ponderous Harpers Ferrys made a load as heavy if not as valuable as a pack peddler's.

The regiment being formed in line on the parade ground Governor Curtin came forward and formally presented to us, through Colonel Welsh, our colors, a beautiful banner bearing the Stars and Stripes. The Governor made a neat little speech, the concluding words of which were spoken loud and distinct enough to be heard along the whole line: "Return in honor or not at all;" eloquent words that made a lasting impression and nerved us many times to endure and to dare rather than disgrace that noble sentiment—and ourselves.

With light hearts and flying colors we marched out of Camp Curtin, giving three hearty cheers for "Andy" Curtin as we passed headquarters, where the Governor and other officials stood. We left Harrisburg on the cars about dark. Daylight next morning found us far down in Maryland, plunging along through a rough country thickly dotted with limekilns. Arriving in Baltimore early in the afternoon we marched through the city with flying colors, beating drums and guns at a "right-shoulder shift" with fixed bayonets. Citizens were strung along the sidewalks on both sides the street, apparently interested in our appearance. A thousand strong, our officers all with us, every man spick and span in his new uniform, our guns and accoutrements carefully polished, the Forty-fifth was then at its best. Never again was our regiment in as good shape and as fair to look upon as when we marched through Baltimore on the 22d of October, 1861. Here and there the Stars and Stripes waved from a door or window and a few ladies fluttered white handkerchiefs toward us. Aside from that the enthusiasm of our reception in Baltimore was conspicuous by its absence. Anyway we fared better than the Sixth Massachusetts, when four of their number were killed and twelve wounded on these same streets on the 19th of April previous.

At Washington, our next stopping place, we got a more substantial welcome. Almost the first thing that attracted our attention at the National Capitol was a long, low building with the words "Soldiers' Rest" over the entrance. The name was suggestive and inviting and the colonel lost no time in marching us inside, where we stacked our guns and got a good meal of bread, corned beef ("salt horse" the boys called it) and hot coffee. These Soldiers' Rests established in the principal cities of the North where soldiers were likely to pass were great institutions. Most of the Union soldiers at one time or another were cheered and made happier by a loaf of bread, a cup of coffee or a night's lodging without money and without price at these "Rests for the Weary" as we called them.

After a good night's sleep on the floor of the "Soldiers' Rest," we started out in the morning to explore the city. The public buildings we had heard so much about of course were especial objects of interest. I remember that a squad of us while "doing" the Capitol Building climbed up the winding stairs to the unfinished dome. What I saw from there made such an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten it. After 49 years I can shut my eyes and see it now. To a country boy who had read a little but had never been away from home to amount to anything the panorama spread out before us from that dizzy height was one of the things worth living for. At our feet lay the Capitol of the Nation. Farther away the blue waters of the Potomac, sparkling in the morning light, flowed leisurely by. Across the river Arlington Heights, made jagged and rough by its long line of forts, with the Stars and

Stripes waving to and fro in the breeze, loomed up grandly in the distance. A very faint outline this of the picture spread out before us on that beautiful October morning in 1861!

The same day, October 23d, we marched a few miles out of Washington to Camp Welsh and on the 27th the regiment moved to Camp Casey near Bladensburg.

Tents had been issued to us, before leaving Washington, big enough to accommodate eight men comfortably and ten or twelve upon a pinch. I remember very well what a fuss we made pitching our tents the first time, using many such expressions as our wives hear when the time comes to put up that stove pipe!

How many of the boys remember the grand review held at Bailey's Cross Roads the day after our arrival at Camp Casey? Part of the Army of the Potomac was there. Several regiments besides our own at Camp Casey, commanded by General O. O. Howard, took part in the review. We had not seen so large a body of troops together before and the manœuvres of these soldiers, marching and countermarching in perfect alignment and keeping step as one man to the tap of the drum; the waving banners and long lines of polished gun barrels and gleaming bayonets—all this was very beautiful and left an impression not to be forgotten over night. Such was the romance and splendor of war; the stern reality came later on. Of course there was a good deal of "fuss and feathers" about the review and a good deal of cheering for the reviewing officer, General McClellan, who was then at the height of his fame. It is natural for soldiers to cheer for something or somebody and these same troops, or many of them, cheered just as loud for Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant later on as they did for McClellan then.

The famous Prince Frederick march, which others will describe, was made from Camp Casey. The expedition started Sunday morning, November 3d, and was gone about a week. Among others left sick and unable to go were Moses Thompson of Company G and myself. Moses stayed in the captain's tent, while I was in a sort of field hospital.

Moses Thompson died November 10th, the same day, if I remember rightly, on which the regiment returned from Prince Frederick. The death of Moses Thompson was the first to occur in Company G, except that of James Franklin, who died November 9th in a general hospital. There was a good deal of sickness in camp by the middle of November, mostly cases of pneumonia, catarrh, measles, diarrhœa and fevers, brought on by exposure, bad water and the low vitality of the men. Not every day but often enough, the sound of muffled drums and the Death March were heard in Camp Casey. There is something so peculiarly solemn and mournful about this Death March that having heard it once, especially if at the burial of one we love, it is almost impossible to forget the plaintive melody. Coming to a sick man with shattered nerves it makes him think the bottom of things is dropping out! I have been there myself and know how it is. But if music is powerful to depress it is also potent to charm. Among the regiments at Camp Casey was the Fourth Rhode Island. This regiment had a splendid military band that frequently gave an open air evening concert that could be distinctly heard all over the camp, and

it was affecting to see the sick come out with their pale faces and emaciated forms to hear the Rhode Island band play "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia" and other lively pieces. That sort of thing was better for them than medicine.

Being sadly under the weather myself most of the time at Camp Casey my recollection of the place is anything but pleasant. November 19th we got orders to pack up and be ready to move. At last I could say something in favor of Camp Casey. It was a good place to leave!

Marching alongside the railroad late in the afternoon we stacked our guns and waited long hours, in fact until near midnight, for the cars to come along. It was bitter cold. We put on our overcoats and built roaring fires, which helped some, but it would be stretching it a lot to say that any of us were comfortable.

An agreeable surprise awaited us in Baltimore next morning. The citizens actually treated us with a delightful luncheon of bread and butter and cheese and after a long restriction to government rations that sort of thing tasted mighty good. Our journey from Baltimore down Chesapeake Bay in the transport "Pocahontas" was very pleasant. Traveling by water was something new to most of us and I suppose the boys enjoyed it. Sickness, however, spoiled the trip for me. The only incident of note I can recall is that a school of porpoises seemed to be following in the wake of our vessel and were in sight most of the day. Swimming in line, like a company of soldiers, as they did, it was fun to watch them churn the water and by their snuffing and blowing fill the air with clouds of mist and spray. To me the antics of these fish were very interesting.

Saturday, November 23d, we landed at Old Point Comfort, or Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of the James and York Rivers. Most that I remember about this place is that they put me in a hospital tent where I stepped into a puddle of water every time I got out of bed. Later on a couple of soldiers carried me up to the third or fourth story of the old Hygeia Hotel, then used as a general hospital. Typhoid-pneumonia, measles and neuralgia didn't quite finish me but left their mark which the lapse of 49 years has not entirely effaced. It was not until January 12th, 1862, that I got aboard the transport "S. R. Spaulding" to join the regiment in South Carolina.

ORGANIZATION OF COMPAY H.

Company H of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry was organized at Tioga, Tioga County, Pa., September 18th, 1861, with E. G. Scheiffelin as captain, E. G. Howard as first lieutenant, R. H. Close as second lieutenant and L. D. Seely as orderly sergeant. The boys that started for the war that day, as I remember, were all boys that were born and brought up in the country.

I will give the names of the men in the company and will mark those that were married with the letter M, and the others were S:

John C. Roosa, S; Joel E. Smith, S; B. C. Hynes, S; M. Gillett Holliday, M; Cyrus Mann, M; William H. Dunham, M; Aaron Benson, M; John H. Hotchkiss, M; Robert A. Lovejoy, S; Nathan Edwards, M; N. R. Shappe, M; Daniel Church, S; Rodolphus Fuller S; Reuben Daniels, S; Van R. W. Bal-

lard, S; Nelson Hackett, S; Charles Walton, M; George W. Tremaine, S; Ira Odel, S; H. F. Odell, M; H. Calvin Colney, M; Deruyter Avery, S; Thomas Dingman, S; Thomas M. Jobe. S. The latter was the first man killed by a Rebel ball on James Island, S. C., June 10th, 1862.

We had a number of men die before we got in battle. The Prince Frederick march killed two of the strongest men we had in the company. They were Walter Ballard and Nelson Hackett.

We had more men who went from near Tioga:

George Sawyer, M; Harvey Sawyer, S; Lewis Sawyer, M; James Soules, S; James Meyers, S; James Lovee, M; William Utter, M; William R. Gee, S; V. B. Holliday, M; Hiram Pickering, S; Clark Ames, S; George Couch, S; Levi R. Robb, S, one of the best soldiers wounded at Petersburg, Va., with a piece of shell. He lived one week and then died. He was wounded in the arm at Cold Harbor, the 3rd of June, 1864, and I gave the fellow that wounded him his discharge.

Lieutenant George Scudder of Company F commanded Company H in that battle until he was killed, about the third round after they opened fire. He said the orders were not to fire until we received orders. I said that I didn't care, that I came out for that purpose and when a man steps out to shoot us and I have a good shot, I will take it orders or no orders. I got knocked out, in about five minutes after Scudder was killed, with a ball through my right lung, so I did not help take Richmond.

We had so many changes in officers that I can't tell where all come in or how some of them got in. After Scheffelin got to be major or acted as major, a man by the name of Edgar F. Austin was captain.

L. D. Seely commanded the company after the Vicksburg campaign and we got back to Kentucky. Sixteen of us were left back there to guard the Hickman bridge on the Little Kentucky River. Austin was with us there and when we received orders to join the regiment, Levi Robb had command and we never saw Austin afterwards. L. D. Seely was a good officer and the men all liked him.

After we got to Harrisburg a good many more joined the company from Tioga County. All were from Tioga County with the exception of two, William E. Parker from Ralston, Lycoming County, and Daniel Mix from Tompkins County, N. Y. The latter deserted us at Paris, Ky., with another man by the name of Stephen I. French. After we reenlisted and came home, we took back with us a number of recruits. Two of them were noble boys and boys that had the fight in them. Elliot A. Kilbourne, Major Kilbourne's son, only 15 or 16 years old, was one. He was wounded at Spottsylvania, Va. When carrying him back, he cheered for the old flag, and said: "Boys, don't ever give up until you whip them." The other boy was William R. Gee. In the Battle of the Wilderness he had his big toe shot off all but a little skin. When he took off his shoe, I said: "Go back to the rear." "No," he said, "you do it up, I am not going to leave the company." I bandaged it the best I could and he staid and marched right along with us. At the time the fort was blown up at Petersburg, he was excused from duty with a felon on his hand but he

said he was going with the rest of us and did go and was taken prisoner and died in old Wirz's hotel at Andersonville.

There were others just as brave as those boys, I suppose. Gee was my cousin but I don't know that I was as brave. One more good boy who was killed, one of the first lot, was Frank Stratton. He was killed at Jackson, Miss. The next one was William E. Parker, who was captured at Campbell's Station, Tenn., and died at Andersonville. There were others killed at South Mountain, Md. Joel E. Smith, Aaron Benson, J. N. Hodkiss, Aaron Burr, M. G. Holliday, James Tremaine and David French. At the Wilderness we lost three men. Isaac H. Sherman was killed. Levi Robb and I found him after the battle. Clark Ames was also killed there. William Utter died at Andersonville. Several were wounded. A new recruit, William A. Mosher, was hurt very badly. Cyrus Mann died at Camp Dick Robinson after the Vicksburg campaign. There were others that I do not think of.

Those who were killed at Cold Harbor, the 3d of June, before I was knocked out, were Griffin Palmer, Thomas Dingman and a man by the name of H. F. Bowen, who was a recruit. Robert Martin was wounded and taken to Washington with me and died three or four days afterwards.

What I have penned here has been from memory as I lost both of my diaries when I was knocked out.

JOHN C. ROOSA,

Company H, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

ORGANIZATION OF COMPANY I

Company I, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was recruited and organized in Tioga County.

F. M. Hills having served under General Scott in the Mexican War took the initiative in the work by writing a letter to Governor Curtin asking permission to raise a company of infantry and in reply received the following communication:

HARRISBURG, August 19th, 1861.

F. M. HILLS, Wellsboro, Pa.

Dear Sir:—

The smallest number of officers and men for a company of infantry is 83. If you raise a company you will inform me when you are ready to move to this point when an order for transportation will be furnished you and you will be subsisted on arrival.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) CRAIG BIDDLE,

A. D. C.

The next act that there is any record of was a meeting held at Liberty, September 10th, to be addressed by Dr. W. W. Webb and other speakers. This meeting seemed to have been a failure as there were no enlistments from that part of the county.

About this time recruiting commenced in earnest in Delmar and the north-western portion of the county. Meetings were held in school houses and churches which were usually filled to overflowing.

Captain Hills was very active in the work as the muster roll shows that 48 out of 60 that went from there were credited to him.

About the 25th of September a sufficient number having been enrolled to assure the raising of a full company, the time was fixed to start for Harrisburg, which was the 27th, and on the morning of that date every one of them was on hand and ready to go but owing to the bad condition of the roads caused by the heavy rain of the night and early morning and dearth of conveyances the move was postponed until Monday, the 30th.

During the interim we were quartered at the hotel of David Hart, which stood on the corner of Main and Queen streets where now stands the residence of Carl Bernkopf. The first day a meeting of the company was held in the court house and the following company officers were elected: Captain, F. M. Hills; first lieutenant, G. D. Smith; second lieutenant, G. M. Ackley; first sergeant, Samuel Haynes.

The most of the time was occupied taking our first lessons in military drill with Sergeant Haynes as drillmaster, who having served three months at the beginning of the war, proved himself to be very proficient in that capacity.

Some of the boys went home to spend Sunday but the most of them stayed in Wellsboro, not caring to repeat the scenes of a few days before when they took final leave of their families and other dear ones.

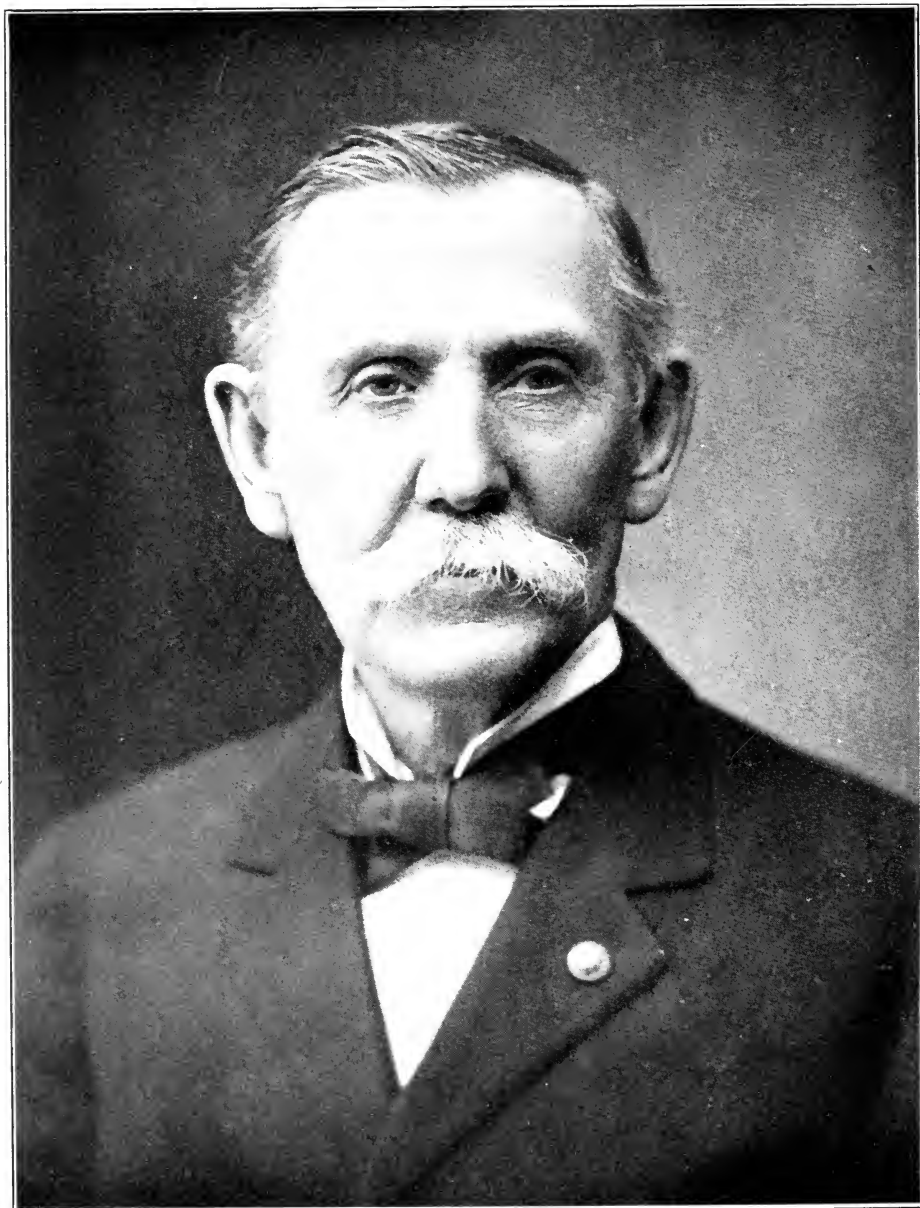
Monday morning found the boys all on hand ready for the trip overland to Troy and when all were aboard, the word forward march was given and we were off amid the shouts and good wishes of the people of Wellsboro.

Nothing of particular interest occurred on the way and we arrived safely at Troy about 5 P. M., and an hour later got on board the cars and were soon on our way to Harrisburg, where we arrived about two o'clock the next morning. There was no place for us to sleep except on the floor in the depot, which was not very inviting to those who had slept on feather beds, so we put in the time as best we could until daylight came to our relief when we fell in line and marched to Camp Curtin. The first thing we did was to draw our rations and through the courtesy of Company G we cooked it at their quarters. After partaking of our first army rations we were assigned our quarters and when night came were in our own tents.

Soon after our arrival at camp details were made and sent back to recruit so as to fill the company and the muster roll shows the following named members have been credited with assisting in the work: G. M. Ackley, G. D. Smith, R. I. Reynolds, Josiah Emery, Samuel Haynes, O. H. Andrews, A. C. Ellsworth, J. D. Strait, E. B. Garvey.

Those engaged in recruiting were very successful as the muster roll shows that on October 16th there were 95 officers and men accepted after examination by the surgeon and one rejected.

At this time we all were quite anxious to know to what regiment we were going to be assigned. We had seen Colonel Welsh, who was then making up his regiment, and he had made a very favorable impression on us, therefore he was our first choice for our commander and on the 18th a note to Captain Hills stating that his company was assigned to the Forty-fifth Regiment in place of Captain Lyons' company was received with a cheer.



Eph. E. Myers. 2nd Lieut., Co. K.

Having now received our arms and accoutrements we came out full fledged soldiers and on the 21st of October were lined up on the drill ground when Governor Curtin presented the colonel with the regulation flag, and said to him, "Bring it back in honor or not at all."

About noon we boarded the train and were soon on our way to Washington, where we arrived the next day, and now begins the history of the regiment, which is told by others much more competent to perform the task than myself.

SYLVESTER HOUGHTON.

THREE YEARS' AND FIVE MONTHS' EXPERIENCE OF AN ORANGE RECRUIT

BY EPHRAIM E. MYERS.

During the winter of 1861 and 1862 the country was in a state of great uproar. Our small village was worked up to the highest pitch of excitement. There were in Newtown, Lancaster County, probably a dozen young men, who generally met in an old shoemaker's shop to talk war and play checkers. At that time we thought six months would end the war.

On February 25th, 1862, a number of us village and country boys were in the shop. Someone suggested that we go to Columbia, about three miles away, and enlist. Colonel Welsh had opened a recruiting office at that place. Five of the boys went, namely: Andrew Hostetter, Jacob W. Kling, who were from Donegal Township; Benjamin F. Divit, Samuel E. Myers and Ephraim E. Myers from Newtown. I was the only married man in the squad; I left a baby boy five months old, namesake of Colonel Ephraim Ellsworth.

Colonel Welsh succeeded in recruiting a number of young men from Columbia and the surrounding country. We were sworn into the State service February 25th, 1862, and mustered into the United States service two days later. The regiment we had joined was then stationed on various islands in South Carolina. As we had big ideas of feasting on oranges and had boasted of it, we were humorously dubbed "The Orange Recruits."

Early on the morning of the 28th we took cars for New York City, and a happier lot of boys you never saw. We sang all kinds of songs; one rings in my ears to-day:

"If you belong to Gideon's Band,
Oh, here's my heart and here's my hand."

About noon we boarded the vessel which was called the "Atlantic." I knew nothing of sickness and felt sure I would not get seasick but along about dusk I began to feel squeamish. As we neared Cape Hatteras, it was rather dangerous on deck, so we went into the hold which was full of grain sacks and baled hay. I lay down on a bale and about every time the vessel rocked my stomach turned. A sicker man never was. Distressed as I was, I had to laugh at some Germans. Large waves broke continuously over the deck. One of the hatch holes being open water dashed down upon us. The Germans began to pray powerfully and cried out dismally, "Mein Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott!"

There were not a dozen of us, other than the sailors on board, who were not sick. The colonel was among the sick. Our appetites were totally gone; the rations we had we could not eat. The sailors said we had made very little headway on account of the storm. It took us about three or four days to reach Port Royal, S. C.

After we made port, we remained on board some time before we landed. The high wind was driving the sand on the mainland in regular clouds. After landing we remained several days at Port Royal. We walked out into the country reconnoitering for oranges. We found a few trees, but the fruit unpalatable. We were greatly disappointed. We met a number of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Zouaves, quartered at Port Royal, some of whom were from Lancaster County.

We left there about the 11th of March and arrived at Otter Island on the morning of the 12th, the same morning that Colonel Beaver arrived with Companies K and H. Captain Rambo was brought to our camp a corpse.

Landing on Otter Island we were attached to Company K. After Captain Rambo's death (killed when Company H, by mistake, fired into Company K), First Lieutenant Edwin Kelsey was promoted captain. He was well liked by the boys. While on Otter Island we did guard duty and drove piles around the fort. We also did picket duty on Fenwick Island, which was several miles north of Otter Island. The principal enemy we had to fight was the sand flea; he was a terror, attacking by night.

I ate my first South Carolina blackberries on April 25th. They were of the dewberry variety and very plentiful.

While on Otter Island we made frequent visits to different parts of the island, which was the home of the alligator. Capturing alligators was our delight. One day a squad of the boys was out reconnoitering for them. We found one; he was soon dispatched with an ax and measured in length six feet two inches. This gave us a chance to eat alligator meat. It tasted much like fish, only a little strong. A large sea turtle was also caught on the beach. It weighed about 300 pounds, contained 125 eggs ready to lay and innumerable small ones. The turtle made all the soup the boys wished to eat.

From Otter Island we went on scows to North Edisto Island and thence to Johns Island. It was May but the weather was cold, and I shall never forget one night I spent on picket duty on Johns Island. It rained continuously; our guns were rendered useless. I said "Boys, if we can stand this, we can stand any other kind of hardship that may come to us." After marching across Johns Island we stopped at a small village called Rutledge; we were without rations. Our captain bought a preparation to make coffee, but the coffee was not fit to drink. We were next sent to James Island; we remained there some time.

On June 10th, 1862, we undertook to capture Secessionville and were defeated. From this place we returned to Port Royal and remained there probably two weeks or more. About the middle of July we received orders to go north again. We landed and went into camp at Newport News, Va. We had fine quarters. Mrs. Welsh, the colonel's wife, paid him a visit. She was much inter-

ested in camp life; she intently watched the boys come with their black tin cups for coffee.

Card playing was one of the standard amusements. One day the colonel, passing down our company street, heard Brannon, one of the boys, say: "Spades is trump." The colonel pushed the tent fly aside and looking in saw who it was. Not long after a guard took Brannon. He was put to digging a sink. While busy at his work, the colonel came along, remarking, "Spades is trump," and added, "hereafter when you play cards you must make less noise." Private John Elder died July 29th, 1862, of typhoid fever.

We remained at Newport News until the 10th of September, when we broke camp for our campaign through Maryland to South Mountain and Antietam. The Battle of South Mountain was fought September 14th and the great Battle of Antietam, September 17th, 1862. On the march to South Mountain I gave out, but got as far as Middletown, Md. From the hospital I could see the firing of cannon up on South Mountain. I was taken from Middletown to the hospital at Baltimore and remained there until after the Battle of Fredericksburg. It was some time in February, 1863, I rejoined my company.

One day at Falmouth I was on picket duty along the Rappahannock. There were probably five men on the post with me. Johnnies were on the opposite side of the river, about 100 yards off. As the pickets were on friendly terms, the Johnnies proposed exchanging tobacco for our coffee; to which we agreed. Three of the Johnnies then got into an old boat and came across, leaving their guns behind. When within 15 or 20 feet of the shore, they said: "Now, Yanks, be honest." I said: "Come on, you will be all right." They landed and the exchange was made. I asked one fine looking young man among them what regiment he belonged to. He said he was from Mississippi. I said to him: "Here we are friends, probably an hour from now we will be shooting at each other." They made their stay short as this kind of treaty-making was contrary to all military rules.

We left Falmouth, Va., the latter part of February, 1863, for Acquia Creek, where Company K and the regimental headquarters were stationed. We remained there several weeks. Other portions of our regiment at this time did guard duty along the railroad running from Acquia Creek to Fredericksburg.

The latter part of March we broke camp at Acquia Creek. We embarked on a boat, the name forgotten, for Baltimore, where we took cars over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for Cincinnati, O. It was a long journey and especially uncomfortable as we were riding in freight cars, with rough board seats, packed so full there was no room to lie down. The scenery through which we passed was wildly grand and the journey throughout one of thrilling interest to us all.

On this trip we passed through Point of Rocks, Berlin, Sandy Hook and Harpers Ferry, all familiar places. The country grew mountainous as we advanced. We passed through ten or more large tunnels before reaching Parkersburg on the Ohio River, where we embarked on a steamer and had a very pleasant trip to Cincinnati. On April 1st we crossed over to Covington, Ky., where we took cars for Paris, the county seat of Bourbon County. The county, one of the finest in the state, was famous for fine bred horses. We encamped in the fair grounds. We remained a short time at Paris. On one occasion the

regiment was called to dress parade. The regiment went through the manual of arms by tap of drum. This drill, in which we were expert, was something entirely new to the citizens of Paris, of whom a large number were pleased spectators.

On or about the 8th of April we broke camp and took cars for Nicholasville, Ky. We reached there late in the afternoon. The next morning we resumed our way. I shall never forget that 15 miles march to Bryantsville. We reached Camp Dick Robinson in the afternoon; it had been occupied by General Bragg, who quietly vacated it upon the approach of our troops.

About April 30th we left camp Dick Robinson and passed through the towns of Lancaster and Stamford, arriving at Hustonville, Ky., about May 24, remaining there a few days. The Union citizens of Hustonville gave us a splendid dinner. While at this place an incident occurred which caused a great deal of fun and laughter. One day several of us took a walk. I captured two black snakes alive. Holding both of them in my right hand with their heads between my fingers and their bodies coiled tightly about my arm, we started back to camp. In one of the tents was Simon Sanders. I opened the fly of his tent and said, as I pushed the snakes toward him: "Simon, how is that?" He yelled like an Indian, "Myers, get out of here, or I'll kill you." Without taking further notice of me, he jumped out of the rear of the tent and ran as if the daddy of all snakes was after him.

From Hustonville we passed through Middleburgh, Liberty and several other towns, but finally on June 6th we reached Lebanon, Ky. There we took cars for Louisville, where we crossed the Ohio River to Jeffersonville, Ind., remaining there until about the 13th of June. On the 14th of June we embarked on a steamer and started down the Ohio for Vicksburg, Miss.

A ridiculous incident occurred on the 15th day of June. One of the boys bought a large catfish, which were plentiful in the Mississippi. He stuffed a deck of cards into the fish. When he cleaned it he found the cards. This excited the boys, who flocked around him; each wanted a card for a memento to send home. If I remember correctly I selected the king of hearts. But the joke was too good to keep. It finally leaked out of the joker and the boys did not keep the cards.

Our trip down the big river was a very pleasant one. We arrived at the mouth of the Yazoo on the 16th of June. We went up that river to Milldale, where we landed and marched to the rear of Vicksburg. We remained there watching General Joseph Johnston, who it was understood, intended an attack on General Grant. General Pemberton surrendered to General Grant on the Fourth of July. There was great rejoicing at the fall of Vicksburg and defeat of General Lee at Gettysburg.

Hardly had the news of the surrender become known before orders came to break camp. General Sherman commanded the army which started out to capture or destroy Johnston's army. Johnston had fallen back to Jackson, the capitol of Mississippi. There had been some fighting between Vicksburg and Jackson. Our Company K was provost guard at General Welsh's headquarters, hence we had no fighting to do. We did some foraging on our own account and an incident occurred on this line which I will relate.

While on the march a short distance beyond the Big Black River, Thomas Kelley and myself, while foraging came to a farm and fine residence occupied by several cultured ladies and some negro servants. We found in the yard a colony of bees. The form of the boxes was odd, 12 inches square at the end and about three feet long, closed at the top. Kelley was afraid of bees, so I grabbed a long box hive, running with it over my shoulder into a deep woods close by which skirted the field. We built an oak leaf fire, knocked off the top of the box and smoked the swarm down into the lower part of it, tearing out the rich upper combs. We squeezed our canteens full of honey. Leaning the box against a tree we hurried to rejoin our rapidly moving column. The honey did not last long, soldiers are always ready to share their provender with comrades.

Brother Samuel and Andrew Hostetter ran away from Company K and joined Company I of our regiment, in order that they might get into the next fight.

July 17th was the time selected to make the general attack along the whole line around Jackson, but General Johnston was not there on the morning the attack was to be made; he had retreated that night, leaving in our hands some prisoners.

The Ninth Corps returned to the rear of Vicksburg and there we remained for some time. A great many of the regiment were taken sick here. General Welsh was taken down with the black fever. On or about the 4th of August we broke camp and proceeded to Milldale Landing. On August 5th, about 3 P. M., the regiment marched aboard the fine steamer "Hiawatha" in company with the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, Twenty-seventh Michigan and the regulars of Battery E. All night of the 5th the boat moved slowly north on the Mississippi. Being heavily laden her crowded condition made it a very tedious journey for all. Late in the afternoon of the 6th the boat passed Columbus, Ark.

August 7th, all day, we were moving slowly up the river and at sunset stopped about 20 minutes at Helena, Ark., for provisions. We arrived at Memphis on the morning of the 8th, the men were landed on an island a short distance above the city, where they remained while the boat was thoroughly cleaned, and at 5 P. M., we reembarked and were off again. August the 9th was Sunday; in the forenoon divine services were held by our chaplain.

Monday, August 10th, 9 A. M., we arrived at Cairo, Ill. Late in the afternoon our regiment was transferred to cars of the Illinois Central Railroad. We rode all night, all of next day and late in the evening reached Vincennes. At noon, August the 12th, we arrived at Cincinnati. We crossed the river to Covington, Ky., and found quarters in some barracks.

Friday, August 14th, at Cincinnati, our dear General Welsh died. Several of us went over to see him. When I looked upon him I wept like a child, for I loved him as an officer. He was a great friend of Company K, we were his provost guard and recruited by him in his own town. His body was immediately sent home to Columbia under a detail from Company K.

Monday, August 17th, the regiment took cars and after riding all night arrived again at Nicholasville. Thence we marched once more into Camp Dick Robinson. About August 28th we again broke camp for a long march into East

Tennessee. We passed through Crab Orchard, Barboursville, and several other small towns.

On our march to Cumberland Gap we met the Confederate General Frazier and his command, captured at Cumberland Gap by the Twenty-third Army Corps. There were about 2,200 prisoners. We saw General Frazier riding in an ambulance. Our march to and over Cumberland Gap was very rough and hard. We passed over the mountain about September 20th. The view from the top is grand, three states come together here, so that we could see into Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee at the same time. On the very top there was a fine spring of water. On the Tennessee side of the mountain flows Yellow Springs, a very large stream. Continuing our march for East Tennessee we passed through Tazewell, a considerable town. We crossed the Clinch and Holston Rivers by fording. The current was pretty swift but not deep; I got across without a ducking, but some of the boys were not so fortunate. We arrived at Morristown, September 22d, and continued our march to Knoxville.

Our next move was retrograde. We stopped at Bulls Gap on the way to Blue Springs. There we went into a two days' camp. Before the boys had guns stacked, cotton-tails were running in all directions. I never saw so many wild rabbits at one time as I did there. Every one was anxious to catch a bunny. We caught a great number by knocking them down with sticks and stones. They certainly tasted good to us.

The Battle of Blue Springs occurred October 10th. As we were nearing that place we met some of our cavalry. We remarked to them: "The Johnnies must be pretty near as the cavalry is coming back?" In the afternoon Company K deployed as skirmishers; since the death of General Welsh we were no longer provost guards. Our company moved forward and drove the Johnnies, the line of battle following close behind us. We continued to drive them through the woods until called to a halt. Looking down through the woods, we could see them and shot at them while they were reforming. Charging us they came up close to where I was standing behind a tree and halted. I fired at them at short range. Our skirmish line then fell back a short distance to let the line of battle advance. The twenty-seventh Michigan was in line of battle ready to receive the Johnnies at our old place on the skirmish line, but the Johnnies came to a halt and fell back. Company K had no killed or wounded. The Battle of Blue Springs was only a skirmish compared to some of the fights we got into later on, of which I intend to give my personal experience.

Company K in the evening and during that night supported a section of one of our batteries. We could see the lights of the Johnnies moving about through the night. We were much disappointed the next morning to find they had disappeared, retreating toward Virginia. The pursuit was started at once and pushed hard. We followed them all day. Citizens told us as we pushed along the road that the Johnnies told them, "The Yankees are so close behind and in such numbers we fellows could have stirred them with poles." We marched about 19 miles on this chase, going through Greenville, Andrew Johnson's home, and continued as far as Rheatown, where we encamped.

October 14th we took cars for Knoxville. October 19th or 20th we broke camp and marched to Loudon, about 30 miles southwest of Knoxville, on the

south bank of the Tennessee River. An attack by the enemy threatened from that quarter. From October 22d to October 28th we encamped on the south side of the Little Tennessee River. On the morning of the 28th the regiment marched back to Lenoirs Station, about 23 miles southwest of Knoxville, and halted for the night. On the following day orders were received to establish a permanent winter camp near Lenoirs. Never was such an order more welcome. The place selected for the regimental camp was a thrifty young oak grove near the little village. We built rude but comfortable log houses, roofed with tent cloth, all the time thinking what good times we would have during the winter. In this camp it dawned on me that a soldier has a conscience, but he is not always aware of it. I was reputed an honest man at home and in my company, but I stole an axe while at Lenoirs. It happened in this way. George Fisher, nicknamed "Fannie," another companion and myself took a stroll one evening through the camp of the Twenty-seventh Michigan. I saw an axe on the company woodpile. Axes in our camp were scarce; I picked this one up, slipped it under my overcoat and walked along without concern until I delivered it on the chopping block of Company K. I have never forgotten this act and have ever felt guilty.

While in camp here my brother, Samuel, who was a great forager, killed a fine hog one night and brought it into camp. It was shared among the boys, but it was cooked and eaten without salt. Too much salt produces scurvy, but fresh hog meat without any salt has nothing among laxatives to equal it.

But our plans for a quiet winter were broken up by a sudden change into an active military campaign. On the morning of November 14th, orders were issued to break camp and bread rations were served. The bread was carried around the camp by a number of the boys on the cloth of an old rotten shelter tent. The ground was muddy and sloppy. The weight of the bread caused the cloth to break, the bread falling into the mud and water. It was soaked and in bad condition, but it was gathered up and distributed. Being soggy, of course, it took less coffee to soften it. A hasty breakfast followed. Forming our line we stacked arms and awaited further orders.

The meaning of all this is not so dark to us now as it was then. Lieutenant General Longstreet, who was in command of the best corps in Bragg's Army at Chattanooga, had received instructions November 3d to move his command against Burnside. His instructions were to "drive General Burnside out of Tennessee," a thing easier said than done. He had about 15,000 men besides General Wheeler's cavalry, perhaps 5,000 more. This force of Longstreet was close upon us. General Burnside ascertained that Longstreet had now reached the Tennessee River at Hough's Ferry, a few miles below Louden.

During the night of the 15th of November we were in the woods lying in line of battle ready to meet an attack. It was unfriendly weather, the heavy rain having made the ground very wet and cold. That night Joseph McLane came to me and cried; he was terribly nervous and afraid the Johnnies would attack us. I assured him there was no danger. We had pickets out in front and if they did come we would give them a warm reception. The night passed without attack. The next morning we left for Campbell's Station. After marching some distance McLane could not keep up. I spoke to him and advised him to do so,

or the Johnnies would capture him and told him that some of our boys were even then firing at them, not far in our rear. But McLane helplessly fell behind and was captured. He died in Andersonville prison.

Some of our troops were sent ahead to hold Longstreet in check. He was moving by another route, the Kingston road. The Thirty-sixth Massachusetts and Eighth Michigan were holding him when we came up, Company K deployed as skirmishers. When we got to a rail fence we could see the Johnnies lying low down in a field in a hollow only a short distance from us. We instantly opened fire on them; they jumped up and fled like so many sheep. The Johnnies who had been following us were at this time in the woods on our right. We were that close to them I heard a Rebel officer call out: "Forward! On there! Give it to them!" The Second Michigan were holding that skirmish line. I said: "They won't drive the Second Michigan very fast." It was considered one of our very best fighting regiments. We fell back to the rear of Campbells Station, where General Burnside had chosen a position for holding the Rebels in check. Captain Fessler and several of us were sitting on some rails watching the Rebel movements. I noticed a puff from one of their cannon and in a moment I saw the shell coming and called out: "There she comes!" It passed just over our heads sounding like a gigantic pinwheel.

General Burnside held Longstreet in check until evening, then we started back to Knoxville. We marched all night arriving early in the morning. The left wing of our regiment extended to Holston River, Company K being on the extreme left. We were employed building breastworks and doing picket duty. In front of our strong line of works we had strung heavy wires, stretched 10, or 12 inches above the ground, wrapped around tree stumps, thus connecting stump to stump. The principal fighting was done at Fort Sanders. Here we suffered a great deal more from shortage of rations than we did from bullets.

Longstreet attacked Fort Sanders on the morning of the 29th. The wire entanglements proved a great aid in checking the advance of the Rebels. But they succeeded in reaching the ditch in front of our fort. The Confederate loss was very heavy in front of Lieutenant Benjamin's battery of the Ninth Corps; he had triple shotted his guns. Lieutenant Benjamin actually took shells in his own hands, lighted them and tossed them over the parapet into the crowded ditch. "It stilled them down," he modestly remarked. One of the Rebel brigades in reserve now came up in support yelling, and the slaughter was renewed. The ditch was filled, but several Rebel flags were bravely planted on the parapet, but "The Highlanders," the Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers, swept them off with their muskets and also those who attempted to scale the parapet. The men in the ditch, at last convinced of the hopelessness of the task they had undertaken, surrendered.

These prisoners represented 11 regiments and numbered nearly 300 men. Among them were 17 commissioned officers and over 200 dead and wounded, including three colonels. The body of Confederate General Humphrey was found near the ditch, while the ground in front of the fort was strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded. Over 100 stands of arms and three battle flags fell into our hands.

Our total loss in the engagement was eight men killed and five wounded. In view of this remarkable victory, we need not wonder why the song was written in honor of it:

“The Yankee fire and Burnside wire caused them to stumble
Head over heels into the ditch, like bullfrogs, they did tumble.”

I recall a little incident that occurred while on picket duty in the woods near Holston River. On our way out to the post I noticed a small shoulder of an unpickled hog. I picked it up and smelt it. I dropped it again. Brother Sam coming behind, grabbed the shoulder, cooked and ate some of it. We were very nearly starved. Parched corn was our principal ration and that was scarce. We often picked up scattered grains under the mule troughs. For several days we received only a small piece of bread baked of bran, which we could not eat without first frying it in our skillets.

On the night of December 4th General Longstreet withdrew his lines around Knoxville, crossed the Holston and moved up the north bank of the river, toward Morristown, Tenn. His retreat was discovered by the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment of our brigade. On or about the 7th of December we followed after Longstreet, but were so very weak that we could hardly get along. We went slowly. We continued our march on the 8th and 9th, reaching Rutledge. On December 15th we fell back to Blaines Cross Roads. We remained there until January 16th, 1864, when we reenlisted as veterans. Our rations were again very short. Corn chop was considered a rare luxury at 25 cents a quart. Being mid-winter we suffered severely from cold, as we had nothing but shelter or dog tents. In order to keep warm we built large log fires, there being plenty of wood. One of the boys found an old Dutch oven near camp; we cleaned it up the best we could, then mixed up a batch of corn chop and baked it in the oven. I tell you it tasted good. Hunger does a great deal.

We were all happy when we got orders to leave for our homes, January 16th, on 30 days' furlough. I remember how I loaded myself down with corn chop (on the outside), which was about the only rations we could get. The roads were muddy, which made marching in our weakened condition very exhausting. It had been a season of much rain.

One night we encamped in some timber. There were three of us together. One was “Fannie” Fisher and the other I think was Jacob Kling. We made our bed about as comfortable as we could on our gum blankets and crawled under our woolen blankets, always covering head and feet. Whenever we got tired lying one way, which was spoon fashion, the command was “about face.” This same night it snowed about an inch but we were so hardened that we did not mind it.

I suppose it took, as nearly as I can remember, 10 or 12 days to reach Crab Orchard, Ky., which was about 150 miles from Blaines Cross Roads. We next marched to Nicholasville. There we took cars for Covington, Ky. We crossed the Ohio River to Cincinnati. There we received and read our mail. I received at least three or four letters which rejoiced and wonderfully revived me. The last lot of letters from home had brought me the distressing information, that by the time I received the letter my wife would be no more; that she was dangerously ill with typhoid fever and Dr. Rohrer had despaired of her life. It was

under strain of the thoughts this news had produced that I made the long journey. Soldiers can only know what such feelings mean and will fully realize the depth of my joy when the next letter read: "Your wife is well again."

We remained at Cincinnati for several days. Then we took cars for Harrisburg. We were all a happy set of boys. We remained at Harrisburg for several days as we had to make out our reenlistment papers. This delay was a great trial to me. Being rather handy with my pen it fell to my lot to help Captain Fessler make out our papers. After the papers were made out we started by railroad for Columbia.

We were met by an immense crowd of people, anxious to see the boys of Company K and Company B, which was also recruited in Columbia. I certainly felt happy, all of us did, to be "at home" after an absence for some of us, of two years and more. Those of us who originally belonged to the "Orange Recruits" had been just two years away.

Andrew Hostetter of Donegal Township, a brave soldier, was met at the station by his brother who drove us out to our homes in the country. I lived at Newtown. Knowing that I would be at home that evening the house was filled with people.

Although our furlough was only for 30 days we had a good time while it lasted. The ladies of Columbia gave Companies K and B a grand reception and dinner, which was very much enjoyed by them. A great many of the boys who attended that dinner never lived to come back from the war. Many of our brave fellows fell in the battles of the campaign of 1864.

Our veteran furlough of 30 days expired on or about March 15th, 1864. Company K received quite a number of recruits. If I am not in error the regiment was recruited to the full quota of 1,000 men. Some of the recruits were quite young, 17 to 18 years old, and proved to be very good soldiers. When we left Columbia for Harrisburg there was a large crowd of people to see us off, and many tears were shed by our wives, sisters and parents. But we boys only laughed in return for these; military service had hardened us in some things. Knowing full well that the campaign of 1864 was to be a hard fought one, that General Grant and General Lee were to lock horns with each other, we were eager to get back. We all know that General Lee was hard to defeat on his own grounds, and the boys had great confidence in General Grant. Grant was called the "Bull Dog Fighter," but let me say, it was in my opinion, our superior numbers that defeated Lee. As we had to be the attacking party, Grant's strong point as a general was he made every man fight. He did not take one division or one corps into battle and hold the balance in reserve (which was done by many of our generals in the early part of the war); he made every man in the army fight, even cowards. We left Harrisburg the latter part of March for Annapolis, Md., where the Ninth Corps was reorganized. Our camp at Annapolis was fine. Our quarters were excellent. Our principal duty was company and regimental drill.

On April 13th the entire corps then in camp was reviewed by Generals Grant and Burnside. The day was delightful and as the generals rode in front of the long imposing lines they were greeted by cheers, strains of martial music

and the waving of tattered and blood stained banners. The enthusiasm of the men was unbounded. This was the first time that I saw General Grant.

The destination of our corps was still a mystery. On the evening of April 22d the command was ordered to be in readiness to march, and before daylight of the 23d the happy camp was broken up. The corps took up its line of march, not toward the Harbor of Annapolis, but in the direction of Washington. The day was very warm and before evening many overcoats were left behind along the road. We arrived at the outskirts of Washington about noon and halted on New York Avenue for the command to close up, as we were to give a marching salute to the President and General Burnside, who were to review us from a balcony of Willard's Hotel. The streets along our line of march were densely packed with people. After the President had reviewed us we passed over Long Bridge into Virginia. Many a brave man felt that he was crossing Long Bridge never to return. Grim resolve and cheerful devotion were the lessons of the hour.

On Wednesday, April 27th, at ten o'clock in the morning the brigade left Alexandria to follow the divisions which had been advanced toward the Rappahannock. After a fatiguing march of 16 miles we encamped that night three miles beyond Fairfax Court House. The next day we went into camp at Bristow Station, passing over the historic ground of 1861—The Battlefield of Bull Run.

On the morning of May 4th all doubts as to our destination were removed; we were bound for the Wilderness. At daylight of the 5th the command was in motion, and at about nine o'clock we crossed the Rappahannock on a pontoon bridge.

The speed of our march did not abate until the Rapidan at Germania Ford was reached. We passed over the river on a pontoon. The regiment was now south of the Rapidan and upon halting we had an opportunity to look about. We learned that the entire army had crossed the day before; the Fifth and Sixth Corps at Germania Ford; the Second Corps and the supply train of more than 4,000 wagons at Ely's Ford, six miles below.

We encamped that night in some timber, not far from the front. Between one and two o'clock we were aroused and before three o'clock moved toward the front. I remember counting the guns that morning before we started; there were 81. As we were moving toward the enemy at Wilderness Tavern we passed a field hospital where lay many wounded of our brave boys of the Sixth Corps, who were engaged in a fearful battle on the 5th. Some of the men standing around said to us: "The Sixth Corps was cut all to pieces." Of course, we paid very little attention to that remark, as we thought perhaps they were cowards looking on the dark side of the battle. We moved forward to a brick house, the one to which General Jackson was taken after he was wounded at Chancellorsville; we halted a short distance from the house. After loading guns we moved to our right a short distance on a narrow road leading through the pines. Here we stood facing south in the direction we expected to find the Johnnies.

Before we deployed as skirmishers we piled our knapsacks, our best clean clothing being in them. I detailed George Seiple and Augustus Weigand to guard them, little thinking when we left them it would be the last time that we

would ever see our knapsacks. Company K being a skirmish company we deployed, moving cautiously through pines and underbrush. We had not gone very far when we saw one of our boys in blue lying up against a pine tree dead. I suppose he had been killed in the fight of the previous day. We did not take time to examine his marks for what company or regiment he belonged. We kept moving steadily and cautiously forward. Looking to our right we saw General Burnside and his staff ride into a small field. When he reached about the middle of the field the Johnnies opened a battery on him. He wheeled about and in double quick time got out of there. I thought when I first saw him that he was watching our line advance. We continued to go forward until we reached a small run called Wilderness Run; the boys tried to ford it the best they could without getting wet. When we had crossed the run we moved to the left a short distance and halted a little while. Sergeant Reuben E. Fillis and Private Thomas Kelley of our boys were wounded here. Our skirmish line moved again toward the left a short distance and then forward. We had gone but a very short distance when we came upon a squad of Boys in Blue; if I mistake not, they had no guns. We did not take time to ask them where they belonged or why they were there but kept moving forward. We went but a short distance when we found Johnnies in the woods. We halted and got behind some of the large oak trees. The company moved to the left a short distance and then forward, but three of us remained at our first position behind the oak trees and continued to fire. The Johnnies were not slow to return our fire. They seemed to be moving from tree to tree toward us. I remember that one of their bullets came very close to my head.

The line of battle which had followed close behind the skirmishers now passed us. I said to them as they went forward, "Boys, the Rebels are right in front of us." After the line of battle had passed I said to my two companions, "Boys, come on, we must hunt up our company." They had formed a close attachment for the trees and hesitated, being reluctant to leave them but finally we started. We went about 100 yards to our left and forward toward a point on the battle line where we supposed the Forty-fifth was engaged. At that particular time a hot fight was going on along our whole line. As we approached the position of the Fifth Corps (which was on the right of the Ninth), the musketry firing was so intensely fierce that I said to my two comrades, "My, oh my! I don't see how in such fighting anyone can be saved."

As we went forward we met David Edler, one of Company K, limping back; he wanted me to help him to the rear. I replied, "No, you will have to get back yourself; we are needed at the front." Just then we were overtaken by brave Colonel Griffin, who was going toward the firing. He saw us and sternly commanded me in these words, "Sergeant, get forward there or I'll take those stripes from you." I answered, "Colonel, we have been cut off and are going forward to find our company." He went on. I can record in this place that Colonel Griffin when he threatened thus did not know that he was addressing one of the sergeants of that gallant old Forty-fifth Veteran Volunteer Regiment of Pennsylvania, whose fighters were at that moment in the midst of one of the most heroic engagements of the Battle of the Wilderness. As we came close to the rear of our firing line I heard my brother, Samuel, call to me in a glad tone (he had thought I was killed or a prisoner when he missed me from the com-

pany), "Eph, get in behind one of these trees; the Johnnies are as thick out there as flies." I took his advice and stood near him. While in this position I noticed close by me one of Company A's boys on his haunches behind a tree firing. I was looking at him as he was reloading; I saw him fall, shot through the head.

The order "Forward" rang along the line. The whole line sprang toward the enemy's line of works, capturing them and a number of prisoners. In this charge I saw Captain Campbell, an officer of Company E, fall mortally wounded. When it was found that our post on the line was too far in advance, we were immediately ordered back to our first position. I shall never forget the splendid bravery of Captain Campbell. As he fell with a mortal wound on his body he beckoned us to come on. We could not hear what his orders were, but his actions spoke louder than words.

When we regained our old position the firing practically ceased. While standing behind the line a minie ball passed so close to my ear that my head dodged violently wrenching the muscles of my neck painfully. I grabbed the sides of my head with my hands. General Curtin, who was near me inquired, "Sergeant, are you hurt?" "No, but I was terribly scared just then," I jokingly replied. The 6th of May, 1864, during this fight had been extremely hot; the boys all suffered from heat and the want of water; there was no water in those woods. Many of the boys fell out of ranks, remaining a short distance in the rear, in a state of either total or great exhaustion.

Captain Fessler, a dear and brave officer, who at this writing is no more, dispatched me to go back and bring forward all of the boys of Company K, as a general attack was to be made again at six o'clock. When I got back to the line again I took position behind a big tree. (The Eighth Michigan in the fight had gotten mixed up with our regiment in the woods.) While there I saw one of the Michigan men suddenly interlock his arms across his breast and heard him cry out pitifully, "Oh, Company D! Oh, Company D! Help me!" He was taken to the rear, supported by his companions. I also saw in his direction my brother, Samuel, and Billie Benson a few steps away, behind the same tree, firing as we all were, industriously. A minie ball from the Rebels struck the side of their tree and glancing off hit Billie in the shoulder. He fell backward kicking up his heels comically. It was serious business but I actually laughed. He, too, wanted help to the rear but I told him, "No, Billie, it's too dangerous, jump up and run," which he did with great spirit. The firing was sustained continually with varying intensity.

Colonel Griffin went out to reconnoiter during one of the lulls in the battle. As he passed me I said to him, "Don't go out, colonel, the Rebels are thick out there." He paid no attention but he was not out very far nor very long until he wheeled as if an idea had struck him and he came back on a run. As he again passed me my thought was to say to him, "Don't run, colonel, or I will take that eagle off your shoulder." Griffin had good judgment. He knew just when it was proper to use a fine pair of legs.

Simon Sanders of the Black Snake episode and Peter Brady were among the killed. The wounded were numerous, as the list will show. About sun down the fight was over and we at once began to erect temporary breastworks; there

was no time for anything of this kind during the day. The company cook brought us coffee. After haversack rations we settled down to a watchful rest, for nobody was allowed to go to sleep that night. During the whole night we heard moaning on our front. The next morning some of the company went out and found behind a log Private George W. Gilbert of Company K. They brought him into the lines. As they carried him mortally wounded past me I said to him, "George, keep up good courage, you will be all right." But he replied, "No, I am going to die." He also told the boys who brought him in that he had gone too far out in advance of the line, and that he had been hit by a stray shot from our own guns. He told us also that there had been Rebels with him out there all night but that they had left in the morning. George W. Gilbert of East Prospect, York County, died about nine o'clock that same forenoon. A brave soldier was he.

On the morning of the 7th we advanced to the line from which the Rebels had retreated. Behind their defenses Company K was lucky in finding one of its skillets which had been captured from Seiple and Weigand the day before. George W. Derrick was in charge of the pioneer corps whose duty it was to find and gather the dead. He dug a long ditch in the woods about three feet deep and wide as the length of a man. After wrapping our dead in blankets, they were tenderly laid side by side without any ceremony (our chaplain at that time was with the field hospital), and then they were covered over. Every one of the graves was marked with a cracker box lid for a head board, on which was penciled the name, company and regiment. Killed, Privates Simon Sander and Peter Brady. Mortally wounded: Hilston Carrs, Andrew Hostetter and George W. Gilbert. Wounded: Sergeant Reuben E. Fillis, Privates William Benson, Thomas Kelly, Charles A. Deckman, Reuben Weaver, George W. Findley, David S. Edler, W. A. Roberts, Henry Fitzkee, Calvin Harris, George F. Seiple, Samuel Sumpman, Samuel B. Weaver. Missing: Augustus Weigand.

May 8th toward noon it became evident that a new movement was contemplated; we began to fall back without any apparent reason; we were not pushed by the enemy. About one o'clock we marched to the rear and halted near a road while the rest of the brigade was withdrawing and concentrating. We then moved rapidly to open ground near the old Wilderness Tavern, where the Ninth Corps was already massed. Our immense artillery and ammunition trains were then moving past our rear in the direction of Chancellorsville. We remained at the tavern until dark. As soon as the trains were on the road we were ordered to follow them.

The march that night up to ten o'clock was very tiresome. We would move a short distance, then halt; march and halt again. We finally lay down by the roadside for the night. At daylight we resumed the march. At nine o'clock we reached Chancellorsville and halted in an open field at the intersection of the Gordonville Plank and Orange County roads. Here stood the ruins of the house used by General Hooker as headquarters during the great battle fought one year before. All around us were traces of the bloody struggle. We remained quietly at Chancellorsville during the entire day. The Fifth and Second Corps had moved on the Brock road toward Spottsylvania. The Sixth Corps was with us.

May 10th was clear and intensely hot. The burning sun drove us from the open fields to shelter of the woods. We lay there during long and tedious hours

listening to the sounds of battle on our right and under orders, "Be ready to move at a moment's notice."

On the 11th we moved to right from our advanced line facing Spottsylvania Court House, into an open field near the Harris House. Here we remained under fire for more than an hour, exposed to the full fury of a drenching rain, which caused the men to shiver with cold. Rubber coats and blankets proved no protection. The whole army was soaked to the skin. Late that afternoon we moved back to our original position in front of the court house, probably a half mile or more away. I shall never forget that night. As we had no place to lie down but on the wet ground, we got very little sleep.

Early next morning we formed into line of battle and moved forward a little to the right of a road running toward the court house. We did not move very far when we came in contact with Rebel pickets. They were driven in. We advanced through an open field a short distance, when we reached a woods. We pushed forward through the brush, driving the Johnnies before us. While making this movement, I remarked to the boys upon the character of the firing on our right. I said, "I don't believe those fellows are putting in all their powder." The reports sounded like firing with half charges. But I found out the next day when we got on that part of the line that there had been no half charges there. The field was strewn with dead and wounded Johnnies and some horses. One Reb who was brought in from that field made the remark in my hearing, "You Yanks were not satisfied with shooting me once; you shot me two times while I was lying out there." This was a saucy fellow. Shot up as he was, he was a radical of radicals. That singular sound in the firing was produced by a blanket-like condition of the atmosphere which enveloped the battle.

Halting our line we kept up a continuous fire. A short distance in front we saw a line of Johnnies moving to our left. They could not see us in our position and were marching as though they had no thought that they were near our line. When we had watched them a while I said to Captain Fessler, "Let us fire on that column," but the captain felt sure they were a part of Hancock's captives and said, "No, don't fire." We could have mowed them down. Had we done so the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts would not have been outflanked or taken by surprise as they were, and the lives of many of brave Major Buffum's men sacrificed. This column of Rebels was playing a daring trick on our officers. When they came close to the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts they acted as though they were actually going to surrender, but when about ten yards off opened a murderous fire. As our company adjoined the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts on their right, we observed them falling back and cried to them, "Don't run!" I know not whether they heard us, but as they made a most gallant rally we believed at the time that it was our encouragement that helped them to do it.

During this time our regiment kept up a continuous fire on the Johnnies in our front. Our loss was slight as we were lying down concealed by the underbrush. We had one killed and three wounded. Killed: John Heffner; mortally wounded: Corporal Dennis Digman; wounded: George McGill and John Eisher.

Our line charged and drove the Rebels back. When halted we threw up temporary breastworks, behind which we remained under arms six days and nights, with strict orders not to remove so much as a cartridge box. We were

held there from May 12th to May 18th, entirely without shelter even as to tents and allowed to cook nothing on the lines. The cooks brought us our coffee from the rear; it was a dangerous place for them and a good many of them lost their lives on this line.

On May 14th, while looking out over our breastworks I noticed a Rebel not very far away. I said to the boys, "Look out there. Do you see that Johnnie?" I hardly had the words out when a minie ball passed over us. To several of the boys I proposed, "Let us go in front and play sharp shooters." John Beaver, Brother Samuel and myself made up the squad. Crawling out beyond our pickets we got behind trees and commenced plugging at the Johnnies. We had not been firing very long before a bullet hit "Knotty" (Brother Sam) in the arm. I helped him to the rear as far as I was allowed to go. (There was a line in the rear beyond which you could not help a comrade.) We did no more sharp shooting that day, but got back behind our works. We had no orders to go out there; it was just a prank. We wanted extra excitement. Samuel was sent to the hospital.

On the 12th I saw First Lieutenant Daniels of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts killed. His head was pierced by a sharp shooter's minie ball. He had charge of the skirmish line and had been firing at the Johnnies a long time.

On the evening of the 18th we moved to the rear. Our next left flank movement was toward the North Anna and the Pamunkey Rivers. On or about May 23d we crossed over the North Anna and drove the Rebels a short distance. We erected some breastworks in the woods and I remember that it was a very dangerous position. There was a terrible storm coming up. Thunder, lightning and the roar of cannon made it an awesome place during all that afternoon and evening. An appalled or affrighted feeling seemed to exist among the men so that none of them wanted to go on picket duty at this place. I have never learned why this was but certain it is there was a singular manifestation of superstition among the men. In all my relation with campaigns I never saw anything just like it before or since.

The next morning we recrossed the North Anna River. While resting on the opposite side after crossing, Generals Grant and Meade, with their staffs, passed near us. It was the first time I saw Grant or Meade on that campaign. The army commenced to move once more to the left. When the boys found out that another movement was to be made, they began to cheer and were in high spirits. "Another flank movement," they called to each other. Let me say here that a forward movement was what the boys wanted. They never wanted to turn back. The boys were just like Grant; they felt like fighting it out. There was very little fighting until we arrived at Bethesda Church.

On June 2d, 1864, four or five of our boys, Joseph Lease, John Beaver, Peter Gardner and Simon Hogentogler, as a squad of foragers hunting hams, found a lot of buried gold and silver, principally Spanish coin, buried in the cellar of a small country house. Noticing fresh ground on the cellar floor, they suspected concealed treasure and dug for it. Sure enough, they uncovered after digging, a strong box filled with shot bags of coin. The party secured a good portion of the money before the rear guard drove them forward to their command. Joseph Lease stated to me a few years ago that they did not have time to get all the

money, and it was his belief that the rear guard under Captain Roath of Marietta, got the balance.

The amount was thought to be about \$3,000; whatever it was, I shall never forget the excitement created when the fact became known along the line of our breastworks.

I helped the boys to exchange some of the silver for greenbacks, at rate of one dollar in silver for one dollar and twenty-five cents in greenbacks. I was kept pretty busy as a money exchanger for a long time.

It then fell to my lot to divide and distribute the balance of the money after the men tired of exchanging silver for greenbacks. I remember very well that we had 52 enlisted men and only one officer, Captain A. J. Fessler. I gave each man four dollars, and when I got around there was still some left. I started on the second round and gave each man two dollars. After I had finished the dividing up, John Beaver said to me, "Here, Myers, take this for yourself," and presented me with a handful of silver.

While on picket at this place I had a bad scare, the worst of my army life. It was a shock so sudden that for the moment I was much rattled. Unawares to the picket, a pair of howitzers had been dragged noiselessly into position behind the picket line and opened fire. The terrific boom, the rush of air, the concussion, the feeling that my cap and head had blown off, was a queer one.

Orders now came to move by left flank. At 1 P. M. we moved about two miles—a soldier can only guess at distance. As soon as the Rebels discovered that we had vacated our works, they followed up closely, watching us like hawks. I recall my admiration of the Fourteenth Brooklyn Zouaves skirmishing ahead of us. Their brilliant uniforms made me think, "You are surely bright targets." And it was so, for they soon came back at a pretty lively gait.

We were in line of battle ready for the Rebels, but they came to a halt in their pursuit of the Zouaves. General Burnside now rode between us and the Zouaves; it was here he uttered the words, "Well, they didn't quite catch me."

While here in line of battle a spent cannon ball from a battery came running along the ground toward us. It was a graceful thing, the unconcerned way our boys side-stepped right and left to let it pass through and without a word close up the line again. A little later a battery firing at us obliquely sent a rifled shot which struck the ground about 20 yards in front, and then ricocheted beautifully; we watched it skim and sail off along the line for a half mile or more.

We were overtaken during the afternoon by a heavy rain. The ground we occupied was near Bethesda Church on the historic field known as old Cold Harbor, and which several years before had been a part of McClellan's famous "Seven Days." We were occupying generally a part of his old works. Toward evening we were moved a short distance to right and rear of our day line. The ground of our new position was water soaked; we spent a miserable night in an open field dozing on fence rails.

It has been necessary to refer often to a sort of hammock or bed in the mud made of rails. I will explain to those who in after time may read these lines that this kind of bed was made by spreading rails on the ground. They were generally pine in that country and of the same size and shape as found in the worm

fences of Pennsylvania. They were rough, sharp and hard, but I cannot tell who first invented them. I can say nothing except that we turned the soft side up and lay down lengthwise upon them, glad to keep out of water, using our blankets, and they were scarce, for covering. Most of the men had no blankets that shivering night; in such case they used the sky or sat up and walked round by turns to keep warm.

Early next morning Company K deployed as skirmishers going through a swamp. Captain Fessler commanded the left of the line; I had charge of the right. Before we reached the swamp we were fired upon and Private Frank Carroll was mortally wounded. Beyond the swampy ground on a slight elevation stood a small house and some outbuildings full of Johnnies. I ordered the line forward; with a cheer the boys ran up and surrounded the house. The thing was all done so quickly the Rebels could not do much execution with their rifles but Howard Vache was mortally wounded. We captured the whole squad of Johnnies.

I continued going forward with a part of the skirmish line; the rest of our boys remained with the prisoners and held the house. As we advanced, looking a little to my right, we saw about 200 yards off a Johnnie standing in his rifle pit. If I am not mistaken there were three others with me. Said I, "Boys, make ready." Counting three we fired a volley; the Johnny disappeared. We had scarcely shot when a hot minie scraped my body. I said to the boys, "They have got a flank fire on us." I entered an outbuilding and gave attention in direction of some breastworks which were about 200 yards to our left. Every time we saw a shovel full of dirt thrown up, we would fire at it; this was done to keep the Johnnies down. While I was in the shed Comrade Kling, who was outside, called to me, "Myers, get away from that window; there is no protection there." I had looked out and seen a dead Johnny lying near the building.

Not far off was a road; when we reached it we took position behind some rail piles. Looking toward our left and over the low Rebel breastworks, which were only a short distance away, I saw a Johnny battery run into position. At first I thought it was one of ours, as some of the artillerymen wore blue coats. This battery took a position at the apex of an acute angle on their line. I noticed that we were not in direct range of their guns as they faced them toward our main line. I said, "Boys, shoot down those gunners and horses as quick as you can." The command was instantly executed and as we had a flank fire on the battery I assure you we made it hot for them. I have no recollection of their firing more than one shot at us and that went through the captured house behind which Captain Fessler's line held position. It was exciting indeed to watch those gunners, who though driven from their battery made heroic but vain attempts to crawl close to the gun carriages and attach ropes, that they might draw them away. We did not have force enough to advance and capture this battery but I realized at the moment more tremendously than words can tell, the possibilities of doing so. If we had only had a regiment at that place with us we could easily have broken through and captured that line. Late in the afternoon one gun was sent as far as the house to support us, but did not go into action. It was my impression at the time, and I will ever have it with me, that what we came upon so suddenly there that forenoon was an accidental discovery and a surprise to the Rebels.

I remained behind the rail pile but a short time. I noticed several large poplar trees closeby; I got behind one of them and continued firing. The Johnnies got sight of me and it was not very long until one of their bullets grazed my pant leg below the knee. A little later on a second ball struck me above the knee, causing a flesh wound; as it passed through my skin I felt a sharp pain just like a knife cut. I called to Comrade Kelley, "Bill, I am wounded but intend to stay here until I have shot my cartridges." After my cartridges were all gone I went back behind the house, where I found Captain Fessler and General Curtin. I pulled up my pants and saw that a bullet had only cut the skin. Whereupon I said to Captain Fessler, "I am not going to the rear for that." Taking a fresh supply of ammunition and tucking a child's petticoat I found in the house under my blouse, against my gun shoulder, as a buffer, I started off ready for duty again.

Beyond the house a little distance was a picket fence and close by the outside of the fence grew a large cherry tree. Elias Arbogast and I took possession of the tree and fired from behind it. Arbogast shot from the one side and I from the other; I was a left-handed shot. Again the Johnnies caught sight of me and gave me a pretty close call, sending a minie through the waist of my blouse. This was the fourth and last ball that hit me during the day. Arbogast and I continued to fire from the cherry tree all afternoon, our guns bruising us cruelly. Our guns had become violent kickers and we had no time or chance to clean them. The firing ceased at night.

I was generally an even-tempered soldier but during the day's fighting at the cherry tree I was made mad by a profane blustering fellow from some other regiment, who had taken a position immediately in my rear behind the fence. Once in his excitement he leveled his gun close up to my ears and banged away. I thought my head was cracked; my ears rang and roared. Indeed I was so much shocked or stunned I was almost deaf. I reprimanded him fiercely. He paid no attention to me, made no reply at least but continued to talk to himself, soundly cursing the Rebels as he repeatedly ran back to load behind the house and ran out to fire again.

In this battle our losses were severe. Company K lost two killed, Moss and Kahoe, privates; and 16 wounded, out of 52 men and one captain, a loss of 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. I will state that personally I fired more rounds on this particular day than in all my army record put together, and I believe the others of our company did likewise. The regiment lost, if I am correct, 160 killed and wounded. Among the latter was brave Major Kelsey, formerly captain of Company K. Captain Fessler was slightly wounded by a splinter when the cannon ball, I mentioned, passed through the house.

During the night the Johnnies fell back. In the morning we went to their works and looked at the place where we had shot up the battery. We found the guns gone but they had left a caisson. We counted 55 dead horses where it stood and realized then more fully the effect of our flank fire and the havoc we had played among them, much blood in the trenches showing that the North Carolinians, who held them, suffered severely. Their line being entrenched, they had us at great disadvantage; we had no protection other than rail piles, a house, a few large trees and an orchard. Our offset to their advantage consisted in

covering them with a flank fire. The left of our regiment occupying the woods was more protected, but it had been subjected from morning to night to an incessant direct fire.

While we were looking over the battery ground, I said, "Kling, let us go to the rifle pit where we shot our volley at the Johnny." When we got there and looked in, lo and behold, there stretched out lay our Mr. Johnny, shot through the neck; whether our party had killed him is a question. This fight was called the Battle of Bethesda Church.

In talking with General Curtin many years after the war I inquired, "Why was it, General, that our skirmish line was not supported in its attack on that battery at Bethesda and the Rebel line broken up?" He replied that in his opinion, "It was not then any part of General Grant's design to break through the Confederate line, but to hold them tight in place."

On June 4th we fell back again to Cold Harbor. On the 7th a part of our regiment was on picket duty. Company K was in timber on the extreme right of the line resting on a swamp. I was in charge of the right of Company K. Alonzo Stonecypher was sent about 50 yards forward, as a vidette; Company G had also put forward one of its men for the same purpose. A large field adjoined the woods; in the field was a small house. The vidette from Company G soon came back reporting a lot of Johnnies behind the house. Lieutenant Co. G said to me, "Sergeant Myers, what do you think about creeping up on them?" I replied, "All right, I am in for it." Turning to my men I said, "All you boys that will volunteer to go up and fire into those Johnnies, come on." A dozen or more of Company G and K men went with us. The house stood on a considerable rise. We sneaked up to it as close as we could. We saw them plainly behind the house having a jolly time together. They did not dream Yanks were close. When we were all ready the ringing command, "Fire," was followed by a loud volley. Of all laughable skedaddlements! They paused a moment as if to think, and then humping themselves jumped wildly in all directions. We put a second round into them. By the time they had run some distance they got their wits together and tried to rally. They then returned our fire, but shooting down hill over-shot us and did no harm. This escapade was fun for us but I want to tell you we stirred up a hornet's nest by it.

My vidette, Stonecypher, still out in the woods, the moment he heard our fire took a notion it was time to come in and did so without delay or ceremony. He reported "great numbers of Johnnies out there." "How do you know?" I asked. "I heard their tin cups rattle," he said. I pooh-poohed this, "What you heard was the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania getting water over at the spring on the other side of the swamp," but I knew better. I went out to the place where Stonecypher had been to see for myself. As I was looking through the woods I saw the Johnnies coming about 100 yards off, and they were coming. I was behind a tree getting ready to aim at one I had noticed slip behind a tree in my front. Casting my eyes around to the right I saw another Johnny about 30 yards off stealthily moving toward me. He did not appear to see me. He was searching the woods with keen eyes toward our line. I could only see a part of his body as he peered over a bushy edge of the slope; he was down hill from me but I turned from my first man and took dead aim on him. I fired. He disappeared, sinking down.

I was in a dangerous place and took no time to examine the effect of my shot but got back to our men at a Stonecypher gait. After rejoining the squad I stood behind a pine tree which grew near the edge of a narrow strip of timber on the sharp verge of the hill or bank which ran down to the swamp. While there looking to my right toward the swamp I saw four Johnnies crouching along toward us intently listening and on sharp watch; they did not see us. As quick as I saw them I said, "Lieutenant, look down there. Do you see those Johnnies trying to get around us?" We both fired at them. They wheeled and started for the woods. I got a second shot at them, which they returned. Their aim was true; the bullet hit the tree I stepped behind. While occupied with these fellows in this exposed position, a loud Rebel yell came from our left and rear; then we knew a charge on our pickets had been made. We were in a bad fix, almost certain to be cut off.

I had seen the others getting out of there and thought I was the last to go but in this I was mistaken. Corporal George Stape, Alonzo Stonecypher and Dennis Collins remained too long in the rifle pit and were captured. As I ran back I snatched a red handkerchief hanging on a bush. Bullets were zipping, clipping leaves and branches all around me.

Respecting the Rebel I had seen sink down in the woods, I must relate that Alonzo Stonecypher, who after capture had been a long time with the Rebels, told me many years later, "Myers, do you know that you killed that Rebel you shot at when on picket at Cold Harbor, June 7th?"

Following this last attack on our pickets a number of Company K fortunately escaped by a short cut through the swamp. Captain Fessler's squad took another route and escaped only by the skin of his teeth. Houtz, Kelley and myself kept close along the edge of the swamp and at some distance came to a corduroy bridge which we crossed. As we approached the bridge running, we came upon some Union men there who seemed to be uncertain of their movements. They saluted us with a rasping, "Oh, you cowards! What are you running for?" I replied in heat, "If you are so brave, why didn't you come out and help support us? Wait a minute here and you will have a chance to see why we run."

After consulting with these fellows we decided to go back over the bridge and reconnoitre up in the woods. We saw no Johnnies and returned. Following the other side of the swamp, we rejoined our regiment. The part of Company K that waded the swamp stayed all night with another command, reaching the regiment next morning.

We remained here five or six days, when we were ordered by left flank, to a point near the James River, where we stayed until the pontoon bridge across the James was completed. Then came orders to move. The bridge was 2,200 feet long.

On the evening of June 15th we crossed over and moved toward Petersburg. It was a terrible night's march; a great many of the boys fell out. About midnight our company cook, Peter Strickler, complained to me that he was overloaded, that in addition to the camp kettles, he had to carry sugar. To lighten his load, I called the boys together and told them that each should take what sugar he wanted. The boys helped themselves; the balance was left behind. I

could not drink sweetened coffee, black coffee being my drink, and whenever I had a chance I filled my canteen with it.

We continued our march all night. Next morning, when we halted to get breakfast, it was found that the regiment had dwindled to about one-half its number; the fagged boys came straggling along later. After breakfast we started. It was hot and dusty. We had not gone far before we heard cannon booming. This stirred the old Forty-fifth's fighting blood and made us eager to get where we could help "capture Petersburg." Everybody was in for that, but we found plenty of time to learn that it was not an easy job to take Petersburg. This old town on the Appomattox was the home of some of the best families in Virginia, who were bravely determined upon their defense of it.

The march this day was hard. It had been forced because we were badly needed at the front. Approaching Petersburg we met some negro troops guarding Rebel captives. As we passed them they said to us, "There am only a few pots left to take yet." (Colored troops always called Redans "pots.") About 6 P. M., our regiment arrived in front of the town. I call it behind the town. We held a position in the woods southeast of the Norfolk & Petersburg Railroad, opposite a fort which I think was the one afterwards known as "The Crater." As soon as we got in place our cook went to boiling coffee. Just as it was ready to dish out came an order, "Fall in." It was hurry of course but I managed to fill my canteen and took time to wrap my skillet in my shelter tent, and flung the roll across my shoulder and breast. I thought at the time, "If a minie ball hits this skillet it will glance." When all was ready to move we were ordered to the right. We had not gone far in that direction when Captain Fessler gave orders, "Close up, boys." I repeated his command. That instant a cannon ball hit a tree and passing through, it struck me on the left leg above the knee. It was a spent shot or that would have been the last of "Sweaty Myers." Its force, however, threw me 10 or 15 feet. I landed on my back, down and out. Four or five of the boys carried me some distance to the rear. At first I thought my leg was broken, but it was not.

It now grew dark. I said, "Boys, go back to the company." They told me two months later (when I had returned from the hospital), that they did not go back that night.

The boys had laid me down in the woods. Our hospital steward, a sympathetic man, James A. Meyers, was always on careful look-out for any of us whenever the regiment went into action. He found me lying up against a tree, still holding on to my canteen of coffee. The ambulance took me to the field hospital. There was another poor fellow in the ambulance with me, who had been hit on the shins just as I had been. He suffered as I did from what the doctors called a "painful contusion."

I remained in the hospital a few days, limping around. On June 18th I saw General Curtin brought to the field hospital wounded. We had been under continuous fire from the time we crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford, until June 16th, the day I was wounded.

Having begun to feel anxious to get to some general hospital I was sent to Annapolis. Mrs. Myers, and Brother Samuel, who was home on a furlough, came from Lancaster County to see me there.

I remained in the hospital about six weeks then started for the front once more. I arrived about August 15th, as near as I can remember, and had a chance to do some firing at the Rebels in the Crater. It was certainly a dangerous place. We had to keep close behind our breastworks and both sides maintained continuous firing. Many of the Forty-fifth boys were killed and wounded at this place.

The regiment was next moved a short distance westward into "Fort Hell"—the Rebel name for Fort Sedgewick. The Yanks of this fort and the Johnnies in "Fort Damnation" (Fort Mahone), seemed on better terms than those on the crater line.

At the time the spent cannon ball hit me I was acting as first sergeant. Sergeant Charles Koch succeeded me. One day Captain Fessler came to me at "Fort Hell" and asked me if I had charge of Company K again. I said, "No, I do not know that I am to act as Orderly." "Yes, you take charge of the company," he said. I at once set about making for myself a complete roster of the Company. Shortly after this had been done, Sergeant Koch came to me and said, "Myers, you are detailed to go on picket." I said, "Sergeant Koch, it will fall to your lot to go on the picket line this morning." His was a look of blank surprise. Then I said to him, "Koch, before we go any further, I will call Captain Fessler who will state how the case stands." When the captain came, he said, "Koch, Myers has been promoted first sergeant by order of General Curtin for conspicuous bravery at Bethesda Church." I felt good and of course Comrade Koch went with the detail to picket. The next day he felt a little sore and took his own way to relieve it, but his bruise wore off and we were ever afterward good friends. I made it all right, as will appear later on, when I made a way for his appointment as first lieutenant, and I took second place.

Many things happened to us at "Fort Hell." Our pickets and the Johnnies, as I have said, were on good terms; the two lines were very close. Whenever the Johnnies intended to open batteries, they would call out from their pits, "Ho! Yanks! Crawl into your holes, we are going to shell." It didn't require a second notice. I remember well on one occasion a Rebel battery opened on us after dark; we all ran out of the bomb proofs to our places behind the breastworks, ready to resist a charge. The officers had fully advised everybody to "keep heads down." Comrade Armstrong of Company B forgetting himself and looking over the works, a shell struck him in the forehead. The shot that hit him was pointed like a minie ball and split his head to the nose.

One of the most beautiful sights of war was witnessed by us at night when the armies shelled each other. A great game of ball it was. The spheres weighed 50 to 100 pounds each. With a screeching howl they came in great up curves from mortars behind the lines. There was no umpire. How the batteries played with each other! We could see the shells start; the blazing fuses lit up their arching courses like rockets and as they passed back and forth they presented a spectacle unequalled for terrible grandeur. It was one never to be forgotten. These shells generally landed in our rear where they bursted with frightful report. We got so used to them we always watched for the night performance with delight.

On or about August 19th we broke camp for another move, the Weldon Railroad being our objective point. When we reached our new position our left connected with the Fifth Corps. Although the Fifth Corps had done great work capturing the railroad, several days before we got there, our regiment did not get into any severe fighting.

The night of the 19th was very disagreeable. It had rained the whole day and with the enemy immediately in our front we were not permitted to build fires. Our company was in woods in line of battle on constant watch ready to receive attack. The next morning we moved forward quite a distance without meeting any Rebels. After securing the Weldon Railroad we established permanent line of formidable works. Our principal occupation here was strengthening defenses and picket duty. The camp, sheltered by these defenses and the woods, was known as "Camp in the Pines;" it was a charming location. An unusual ration was issued to the men in this camp; whiskey was served once a day for two weeks as a "precaution against malarial fever." I had no occasion to take either the whiskey or the fever.

During this period we had uninterruptedly two enemies to contend against. General Mahone was in front; myriads of graybacks on our rear. It would be difficult to say which of these fellows gave us the most annoyance. Old soldiers understand well how it was that on such a continuous campaign as General Grant maintained from the Wilderness to Appomattox, and the amount of work he kept us doing, it was impossible to keep clean. Grant's veterans and the grayback were inseparable.

While stationed at Camp in the Pines we had on the whole a good time. Early every morning a part of the company would man the works and prepare to meet any sudden attack; this was kept up from August 20th to September 30th. There was one man, a coward, in our company who continually found fault with the army and manifested sympathy with the Rebels. This thing became a bore to us boys. One day I said to him, "Blank, if you favor the Rebels, go over and fight for them, or shut your mouth; if you don't, we will take you to the picket line and make you go."

On September 30th we again received orders to move by our left to Poplar Springs Church, near the South Side Railroad. We halted in some timber or woods near Poplar Springs. While lying at a short rest there cannon balls began to fall pretty close to us. Whereupon this same coward crawled behind a rotten stump. I said to him, "Do you for one moment think that old stump will stop a cannon ball?" He mumbled, but kept to his stump.

While going to a point where there had been severe fighting, we passed a squad of Johnnies and a breastwork that had been captured by the Fifth Corps. Late in the afternoon our company was deployed as skirmishers in a woods covered with underbrush, so thick we could hardly get through. We had not gone far into the thicket when orders came to rejoin our regiment, which was going to the front over open ground on our left. We rejoined the regiment on the edge of a woods at a fence which enclosed a large field. We were ordered over the fence. While forming in the field, I said in the hearing of the coward, "Boys, if — attempts to run back I will shoot him." He took the hint and did not run.

In order to straighten our line and properly face it to the enemy, our objective point being a fence row at right angle to the line we held as we came out of the woods, the regiment had to make a right half wheel. Executing this thrilling movement midway in the field, the boys gave a great cheer and rushed forward. I have often thought since what a mistake that cheer was as it instantly drew upon us a heavy and destructive fire. General Curtin's horse was killed under him. When we were about 50 yards from the fence I was hit by a bullet and went down. As I fell John Beaver, one of my mess mates, thinking me killed, said, "There goes Myers!" I had bought a silver watch from Beaver several months before. He told me long afterwards that he thought of the watch as soon as he saw me fall and intended to get it for my friends, rather than leave it for the Johnnies, but he was kept too busy fighting to do so. The boys reached the fence.

Where I lay the bullets dropped thick and fast all around me, and as I could do no fighting I took my blanket, which was in a roll, and placed it in front of my head as some slight protection. Along the fence row grew some large trees. I could see Captain Fessler and John Enny, my other mess mate, behind a huge oak firing. John Enny was killed and Captain Fessler wounded in the thigh at this tree.

Our line now hard pressed was broken on the right; the regiment had to retreat and leave me behind. I will always remember calling to them as they went back past me, "Don't run, boys." In a short time the Rebel line came up, sprang over the fence and passed me as I lay on the field. To them I said, "Don't shoot; I am wounded," and asked them to help me to the rear. They said to me, "No, we can't leave our ranks. Crawl to the rear." I saw a fine looking officer with sword in hand pass close; some of the Johnnies told me his name was General McCrea. This was a North Carolina regiment. They had not gone far in pursuit when they came back.

As best I could I crawled to the fence and got over it among the Johnnies. I did not know at that time that Captain Fessler had been wounded or that John Enny had been killed, nor that they were both near me while I was lying among the Rebels. It was now getting dusk. Not far off I noticed four or five men in United States uniform, without guns, running toward the Rebel rear. I was astonished to hear them shout to the Confederates, "Give it to them; you've got them now." I shall never forget the fierce indignation I felt as I lay there helpless, hearing men wearing the same uniform as myself, encouraging the enemy. My heart never felt like that toward any living creature since and I never want it to do so.

Some of the Johnnies offered me of their biscuits; they treated me kindly. An officer, whom I asked to let his men take me to the rear, replied roughly, "What did you come down here to fight us for?" I thought it best to keep quiet on that subject. Finally they brought a stretcher and started to the rear with me. By this time it was dark. Our battery had fired several shells, which fell near where we were, but it soon quieted down and firing ceased entirely. Two men carried me to the rear. They had a great time getting me back; it was swampy ground they carried me over. One of the Johnnies lost his shoe; it stuck in the mud. They set me down and hunted the shoe until they found it.

Finally they got me out on a road where there were others of our wounded. I thanked those two men for the way they stuck to me and my stretcher, and should it ever happen that I capture a North Carolina Confederate in Pennsylvania, I will treat him well on their account.

It was a dreary night with me. The ground was very wet. Along about ten o'clock reaction set in and I suffered great agony for several hours, when the pain in my wound suddenly left me. Somehow I found out that Captain Fessler was lying a short distance from me. I said to a Johnny, "Please tell that captain to come over here." They brought him over and laid him down alongside of me; this made me feel something better. I was using my haversack for a pillow; it was full of rations. In my restlessness I would sometimes sit up. Finally when I lay down again I found it gone. Some hungry Johnny took it. They tried to buy my shoes.

Some time after midnight an ambulance came. They put Captain Fessler in. As they lifted me I fainted. When I came to I was lying on my back in the road where they had left me for dead. When near morning they found me alive, they took me to their field hospital. When we reached it I expected to get into a comfortable place, but I was disappointed. There was with me a young boy, probably 18 years old, who had a severe wound in his leg. In the field hospital, or rather on the outside of it (everything was out of doors), we had to make ourselves as comfortable as we could.

While there, I met a fine looking Confederate major and several doctors. One was from Baltimore. He saw that I had a watch and said, "Sergeant, I will give you three hundred dollars Confederate money for your watch." "No, but if you will give me fifty dollars in greenbacks, you may have the watch," I said. He did not buy it. He kindly warned me though to be careful when I got to Richmond or they might take it away from me. The Confederate major asked me many questions in regard to our army; he wanted to know what had become of General Hancock's Corps. To this I replied, "Major if you knew how much of the line Hancock is holding now," pointing in the direction of our line, "you wouldn't ask what had become of him." I further told him that General Hancock had relieved our division when we came to attack them. The next question he asked me was, "Well, how about that 500,000 draft?" "Major," I said, "if you could see the numbers of men rolling into the rear of our line, you wouldn't ask me another question about that." Then I asked him how he got his wound. He told me, "I was in command of a regiment of about 200 men and made an attack to retake our line." I said to him, "Major, you were very foolish in trying to retake those works. There might have been several thousand men in them."

The wounded boy and I were given a few rails to lie on at the hospital. It made a pretty tough bed but in the army we hunted the soft side of things. I gave a Johnny my fine gold pen for a small old blanket. Really they did the best for us they could; they absolutely had nothing. Seeing this to be a fact it made us satisfied. During the night it rained very hard and we were wet to the skin. The next day the doctors took the boy away to amputate his leg. His patient willingness deeply touched me.

When the doctor came to my place he said, "Sergeant, I would rather have taken your leg off than that boy's." I said, "Oh, no, doctor, I would not allow

you to take my leg off, as I may be able to give you another rally with it before this war is over." Quite a number of old Johnnies, none less than 60 years of age, standing around heard me say this. When the doctor had gone I spoke to them, "You all look to me as if you had families. Are you not tired of this war?" "Yes, we are; we would be satisfied with peace on any terms," they said. I then remarked, "Men, this war will last 20 years if the South does not give up." I began to see how things were going in the South.

While in the hospital the Confederate major held frequent conversations with me. One day an elderly southern lady, sitting a short distance off, called out to him, "Major! Major! come away from that Yank. You are all the time talking to him." The fact is the major and I took mutual pleasure in each other.

One day I noticed a Johnny filling his canteen with powder. I said to him, "Why are you filling your canteen with powder?" His answer was, "I intend to send it home so that I will have some to go hunting after the war." I said to him, "Well, Johnny, I am fond of hunting too." He looked up cheerily and said, "Come down, Yank, to see me after the war is over and we will have a good time hunting together." He was a North Carolinian.

The same day the boy, whose leg had been amputated, and I were put into a wagon and taken to the railroad. He was consigned to a field hospital near Petersburg; I was sent to Richmond. On the road, which was terribly rough, the poor boy suffered intensely. He cried pitifully the whole way, but such is war. When we arrived at the railroad I was loaded into a freight car with a lot of Johnnies. While enroute to Richmond I said to a young man dressed in blue, "We seem to be about the only Yanks on this car." "If you think I am a Yank, you are very much mistaken; I shot a Yank and took his clothes," he said with a matter of course air.

As we passed along, looking off toward the right in direction of our lines, I saw General Butler's look-out, a big frame tower. Oh, how I did wish I was over there on that look-out. We arrived at Richmond in the evening. I was taken out of the car and laid on some planks along the railroad tracks. After a while an old citizen came along and saluted me with "Ho, Yank, you are good for the war," meaning I was done up. "All right if I am," I replied as good naturedly as I could. Remarks of this kind generally made a soldier surly, but this did not affect me. In a short time an ambulance took me to a hospital, one better equipped than at Petersburg. It was full of sick and wounded. The nurses in it were of our own men. I was there probably four or five days when an order came for exchange. The method of exchange was this: one day our names would be enrolled for exchange, and the next morning when called we would be marched out to the exchange boat.

Queer things happen. One of our men died on the very day his name and mine were enrolled. Next morning his name was called. As he did not answer, it was called a second time. Then I heard one of the nurses near me answer "Here" and he fell into line with me, and passed out without detection. When we were safe aboard Uncle Sam's boat he said to me, "I am a happy man."

We were put aboard a Rebel transport at Richmond, which took us down the James River to Butler's Dutch Canal. I was surprised to meet Captain Fessler on the boat; glad we were to see each other. Taken across a neck of land

at the Dutch Canal in a United States ambulance and put on board a boat, we arrived at Annapolis. One of the Company I boys helped to put me on a stretcher and I was taken to Ward C in the Annapolis hospital.

There were quite a number of wards and they contained many sick and wounded. Upon entering all soldiers were stripped and given a bath before assigned a cot. The cots were as clean as a new pin.

As soon as I could I wrote from Annapolis telling my wife that I had been "wounded in the middle third of my right leg, the small bone being shattered and several of the tendons shot off," as the doctor described it. My wife and father came down shortly to see me. At this time I did not know that John Beaver, who saw me fall in the fight at Poplar Springs Church, had written to my wife that I was "among the missing." He told me afterward that he really thought me dead. A few days before they started for Annapolis a report also reached home that I had died. It was a terrible shock to her but she came down.

At the upper end of the ward the nurses stood. My father, a most difficult and modest man, was slow in asking for me, but Mrs. Myers spoke out, "Is there a soldier by the name of Ephraim E. Myers here?" They said, "Myers? Myers?" hesitatingly. It was a trying moment, but finally they answered, "Yes, he is here; come along."

My cot was about midway down Ward C. There were two rows of cots with an aisle running through the center. I can describe minutely and with calm thought all other incidents in my war story, but for the moment in which I met my wife I have no words. My father and she remained with me a few days. I was fortunate, inasmuch as my wound never gave me much pain. I did not distress her with manifest suffering, but she saw and heard other things that touched her deeply while she was there.

It was a pitiful sight to see our poor men as they came to the hospital from Rebel prison pens. It was horrible; they were skeletons, starved, contorted with scurvy and sick unto death. They had to have their heads shaved, so full of vermin were they. No one knows or will ever comprehend the suffering these went through.

When I had been at the hospital a while I was detailed clerk to take the names of the poor fellows brought in from Rebel prisons. It was my duty to make a record of name, regiment, company and home post office address. A very large number of men from these prisons died at the hospital. It was also my lot to make out a card giving full description and complete information of them. In this work I was called up at all hours of the night. A great many visitors came to my tent, making inquiry regarding brothers, sons or relatives. I remember one young man who called on me for information respecting his brother. Just a moment before I had made out a dead card in the name of the man he wanted. I was sorry to inform him that his brother was in the dead house.

Daily almost I saw three or four ambulances, each carrying from two to six corpses, start at the same time for the National Cemetery; the dead march was always played to the grave. I tell you, my dear reader, old veterans and young patriots, those were sad times. As I see them again all so vividly while I tell of them my heart swells and aches.

On November 4th, 1864, an election for president of the United States was held in the army camps, hospitals and on battle lines, the separate states being accredited with the vote of their soldiers in the field. In hospitals all those who could not walk to the polls were carried there. At our voting tent I saw my captain carried on a stretcher to vote. It was the first time we had met since the day on the boat when we were exchanged. It was a happy meeting. He was discharged on November 21st, 1864. We didn't meet again until 29 years after the war was over.

I continued in the hospital office, employed as stated, until after the holidays, when I was taken to the hospital at Baltimore. We were there a month or more and were next sent to the Cuyler Hospital at Germantown, Pa. There I received a 30-day furlough and started for Mount Joy. I could cripple along with the use of a cane and had a pleasant time while at home. When my furlough expired I returned to Cuyler Hospital.

About this time great excitement broke out at the front. General Grant was making his final attack on Petersburg. News of the movements was eagerly sought through the Philadelphia Inquirer, the leading war newspaper in Pennsylvania. I was clerking at the hospital when word came that General Lee had surrendered. What a time there was! I was inexpressibly aroused. I could scarcely remain at my work in the hospital, so anxious was I to go to the boys at the front.

I left Philadelphia on or about April 13th and passed through Washington on the 14th, the very night that President Lincoln was assassinated but I did not know of it then. Arrived at Alexandria, we took boat for City Point. Passing Fortress Monroe on or about April 16th, we observed our flag at half mast. We knew that meant that some prominent person or general had been killed. The Fort signaled us that President Lincoln had been assassinated. Oh, how unspeakably sad we felt! The very sky seemed enveloped in gloom. On the way up to City Point we notified everybody we passed of the awful news.

From Fortress Monroe to City Point, we were mixed up with a tough lot of characters. I was impressed more than once from what I saw that the last days of the war must have brought to the ranks a ruffian element that was not seen in the earlier days of the struggle. I thought with bitterness, "Has the crop of good men been harvested and are the nubbins being hauled in?"

While asleep one night on deck somebody stole my cap. I had to pay a soldier on board, who belonged to another regiment, two dollars and a quarter for an extra cap. I didn't pay him cash, I bought on trust and never saw my creditor after we landed. I don't know his name but if he is in the land of the living and reads this account, upon assurance of his identity it will be a joy to pay him the long over-due bill, with interest to date.

I arrived at City Point about April 17th and was there put with others into a place called the "Bull Pen," until arrangements could be made to send us forward. The "Bull Pen" was a disreputable place and under rigid guard; it contained all kinds of soldiers, criminals and honest men. If a man had anything of value about him he kept it shady. To my disgust I was compelled to remain in the pen several days, when a squad of us was sent on foot toward

Petersburg. The distance was long. I was unable to finish the march. My wound, which had never healed, tormented me; I played out.

Fortunately I met Comrade Washington Hershey of Company B who had charge of a wagon train coming back from the front. Observing my condition as I lay by the roadside, he invited me to return with him. I gladly accepted the offer and was put into an army wagon. In due time we arrived at City Point and I remained with Mr. Hershey and the train for several days, waiting for the arrival of our brigade, which we knew was on its way from Appomattox.

On the 24th the brigade arrived and went into camp where I was stationed. On the night of the 26th, we went on board the "Vidette," and the next morning started down the James River, passing Fortress Monroe. On the 28th we arrived at Alexandria. Marching through the town, we went into camp behind the city in left front of Fort Lyon. We remained here until discharged. Although discharged July 17th, I was not paid off until July 25th, when I reached Harrisburg; my pay was at the rate of one hundred and twenty-nine dollars per month from June 8, 1865, the date of my commission as a second lieutenant.

While at Alexandria my wound annoyed me more and more. One night returning from a variety show, I found a splinter of bone protruding. Before the doctor arrived next morning I had it pulled out. This was the last piece of bone that came from my leg. My wound healed permanently thereafter and it has never inconvenienced me since, though at times, as I grow older, I feel a peculiar numbness in that locality.

While at Alexandria a big event came off at the National capitol, "The Grand Review of the Army." It has always been a regret to me that when the order came to attend it, my wound compelled me to remain behind in camp.

I wish it was possible to express my feelings and make plain our experiences when we started homeward from City Point. Sunshine and shadows seemed to play with us. We knew that the war was over, Lincoln dead, Lee surrendered, and that we had impressed four years of vigorous young manhood on the battles for our country. We had hoped and prayed for the end of strife; we were overjoyed that we had won the victory and the end had come; as comrades, we were attached by devoted ties, we loved one another; we were dissolving old associations.

It seemed to me that to be without a musket and with no more camps or campaigns to look forward to, we would be out of an occupation and without a commission. Settling down to routine daily employment in slow shop and store was not favorable to our habits of life; we felt kind of lost. Our world of thought and action was breaking up; our accustomed ways in four years of singular existence seemed forsaking us; we were going home of course to friends and scenes we had kept alive the while in our hearts, but after all home life would not be the happy-go-lucky army.

Illustrative of the fact that we had acquired some peculiar habits, domestic and otherwise, I cannot make my meaning plainer than by stating an absolutely true anecdote.

In Lower Chanceford, York County, was a good old mother who had three sons in the war. When it was over they came back to her safe; her heart was very glad and proud. Their comfort was her constant thought. Every morning

early she would quietly open their room door and peep in at them. It distressed her to find the three boys lying on the floor, her soft sweet feather ticks untouched. She could not understand it, nor could she stand it any longer, so one morning as she looked in upon their slumber she aroused them with these words, "Web! Dave! Jack! What are you doing there on that hard floor?" Opening their drowsy lids, staring at her, they replied ruefully, "We can't sleep in no darn bed, mother."

On or about July 21st we departed from Alexandria on a steamboat, going up the Potomac, and arrived toward evening at Washington. We walked from the boat across open flats or vacant lots to the Pennsylvania Railroad. We had to wait an hour or more for transportation. When the box cars came, there was no order in our getting aboard. Every man helped himself. Some went inside, but I climbed up with others on top. As our train did not run very fast and had every kind of detention along the road, the state capitol was not reached until about noon next day.

At Harrisburg we went to Camp Curtin, where I remained until paid off, July 25th. As I had not held my second lieutenant's commission for a period of six months, as required, I was not included among the officers who received "one hundred and fifty dollars extra compensation for services."

Of my army accoutrements the only things I brought out of service were a woolen blanket, overcoat, sabre and Springfield rifle, which I converted later into a smoothbore.

Our two days at Camp Curtin were uneventful, being nothing but a repetition of regular camp life, except there was no guard mount. We had liberty to go and come as we pleased, for nobody could have been induced to desert just before pay day.

As soon as we were paid off we took passenger cars for Columbia. On this trip we paid our own fares, an odd thing for us, as Uncle Sam had attended to our railroad tickets for almost three and a half years.

When we pulled into Columbia the people from town and country round presented a fine picture as they swarmed about the station. When the train stopped we could not do much but watch excited wives and sweethearts, old fathers and mothers, little brothers and sisters, all gleefully clapping their hands. How they did rush in eager love hither and thither, seeking their own!

Oh, it was good to look upon the faithful friends who had come to greet and welcome us home!

It was a glorious summer evening. We had a happy three miles' walk to our native village and entered Newtown just as the day drew to a close.

At last I had rejoined my family in the dear old place which first knew the "Orange Recruits," and from whence more than three years before they had gone forth to bring back, let us hope, somewhat of pride and honor.

Years have slipped away. An old man's story of a young man's adventure has been told. I want only to add that in my age I am blest with health, family and friends, and devoutly thank my Creator for safe passage through many dangers.

EPHRAIM E. MYERS,

York, Pa., May 4th, 1910.

Second Lieutenant, Company K.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL F. M. HILLS

F. M. Hills was born in Hebron, Conn., June 15th, 1829. His military career commenced at the age of 17, at which time he enlisted in a company that was being recruited by Captain James Caldwell at Newton-Hamilton, Pa., which company afterward became Company M, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, and marched from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, a distance of 300 miles; was engaged in the battles of National Bridge, Chapiltepec and the taking of the City of Mexico, and was discharged in May, 1848, by reason of an injury received in the latter engagement.

F. M. Hills came to Wellsboro in 1856, and was engaged in business until the summer of 1861, when in response to the President's call for more volunteers, he made the attempt to raise a company, devoting his whole time and energy to that purpose, and was so successful that on the 30th day of September, 1861, he left Wellsboro for Harrisburg with about 60 men.

He was commissioned captain by Governor Curtin and sworn into service October 18th, 1861, for three years or during the war.

The company now became Company I of the Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel Thomas Welsh.

The first engagement in which the captain participated was on James Island, S. C., when with a portion of Companies H and I, he repulsed a regiment known as the Georgia Tigers.

A few days later Captain Hills received a letter from Lieutenant Colonel James A. Beaver, which speaks for itself:

"HEADQUARTERS OUTPOSTS,
GRAHAM'S, S. C., June 22d, 1862.

CAPTAIN—

I have been very much gratified in hearing the account of the heroic conduct of Company I, as also of Company H, in the late important movements on James Island.

I feel peculiarly gratified with the conduct of Company I because I had been so intimately associated with it for so long.

I have not changed my opinion of it, however, in the least, for I had always regarded it as second to none in the regiment for material and it was rapidly improving in drill and discipline before it left here.

The intelligence of the death of Sergeant Dartt, which I have just received through Lieutenant Gregg, pains me exceedingly. He was a brave and faithful officer and will be much missed in your Commissary Department.

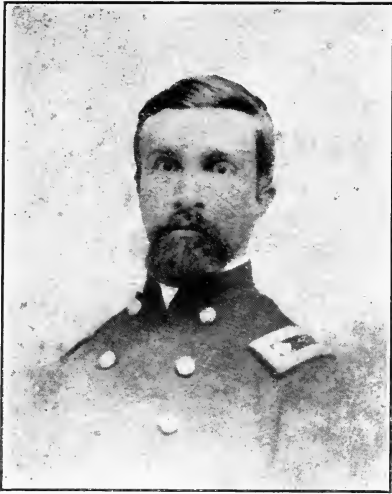
Please remember me to Lieutenant Ackley and the boys.

Very respectfully yours,

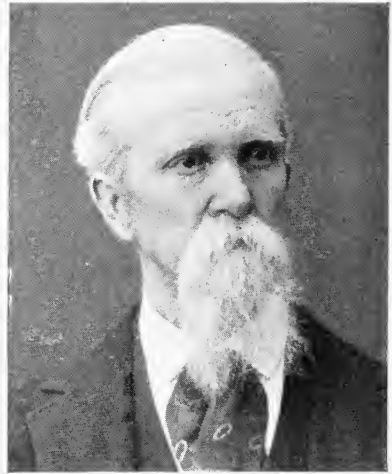
(Signed) JAMES A. BEAVER."

Captain Hills was also engaged in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg subsequently, and of many others.

He was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry by Governor Curtin, March 1st, 1863; went with the regi-



Lieut. Col. F. M. Hills



Lieut. Col. F. M. Hills



Charles Heverly



William A. Roberts
1859



Chaplain Frederick W. Gast

ment to take part in the siege of Vicksburg, and commanded the regiment in the battles of Jackson, Campbells Station, siege of Knoxville, Blue Springs, Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor.

He was disabled before reaching the front at Petersburg and up to that time was in every battle and skirmish in which the regiment was engaged. He resigned about September 15th, 1864, on account of disability, and returned to Wellsboro, Pa., being engaged in buying horses for the government. In 1865 he removed to Titusville, and in 1872 went to Kansas, where he soon became one of the most useful and prosperous citizens of the community in which he resided. Now while he is waiting for the summons to the last roll call he can lay down his armor with the consciousness that he has nobly performed his duty both as a citizen and a soldier of this Grand Republic.

A CHAPLAIN'S REMINISCENCES

By CHAPLAIN FREDERICK A. GAST.

When I was asked to contribute a chapter to the history of the Forty-fifth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, I naturally hesitated for a while to accede to the unexpected yet flattering request. My term of service was brief. At the time I entered on my official duties the four years' Civil War was rapidly nearing its close. The great battles, in which the regiment played so prominent a part, and by its gallantry won for itself such imperishable fame, had, with a single exception, all been fought and had already become a matter of history. I had no share in the glory. I was not even an eye witness of the regiment's most brilliant achievements. What light, then, could I cast upon the record of its courage and bravery? What added interest could I lend to the story?

And yet, when I reached the front, the future still held in reserve one very important, because decisive battle, which resulted in the retreat of the enemy and the utter collapse of the doomed Confederacy. It was the fight before Petersburg, April 2d, 1865—the last in which the Forty-fifth was actively engaged. After the surrender of Lee, just one week later, there came the long wait of well nigh four months before the regiment was mustered out of the service. It was a time of well earned rest, after the severe and bloody combats of the preceding years—a time which, marked by no thrilling military events, filled the hearts of those who had survived the perils of battle and disease with a deep, ardent, often impatient longing for home and the joys of a reunited family. It would be strange, indeed, if these closing months of the regiment's career furnished its chaplain with no incidents worthy of brief mention. In fact, after the lapse of 45 years, many reminiscences, partly pathetic, partly humorous, recur to his mind; it seems fitting, therefore, that as the last and only surviving chaplain of the regiment, he should give expression to some of these, though they may only serve to throw a sidelight on life in a military camp.

At the outbreak of the War of Secession my father had five sons the youngest of whom was then but a school boy, making his preparation for entrance into college, the remaining four entered the army in defence of the Union. If he had had a hundred sons, and they had come to him in succession, saying, "Father, with your free consent, I wish to go to the war and give my best service to my imperiled country," he would not have withheld one of them, but have said to each: "Go, my son; do your duty, whatever may befall." And I verily believe that, though born in Germany, and brought to America when ten years old, he would, if it had not been for his already advanced age, have shared with his sons the privations and dangers of the war, willing, in the language of St. Paul, to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

About the close of the year 1864, or the beginning of the next, Dr. W. Scott Yundt, assistant surgeon of the Forty-fifth Regiment, came home on leave of absence. The family residence was in Blue Ball, about three miles east of New Holland, Lancaster County, where I was then pastor. We met on several occasions, and in one of our conversations I casually mentioned my unsuccessful endeavors to enter the service of the army as chaplain. He then informed me that the chaplain of the Forty-fifth had resigned in January, 1864, and that during the entire year no one had been appointed to fill the vacancy. He had no doubt, he said, that if I desired the position it could easily be secured for me.

In the second half of February I received, quite unexpectedly and much to my surprise, an official communication from Harrisburg, Pa., informing me that I had been appointed chaplain of the Forty-fifth Regiment of Veteran Volunteers of Pennsylvania, and had been enrolled February 17th. The appointment coming thus unsolicited on my part, I decided, after due reflection, to accept, and at once entered on such business as was absolutely necessary to be attended to before I was ready to join the regiment.

At length, however, everything was ready and on Monday, March 27th, I set out for Baltimore, where on the following afternoon I took the boat for City Point, the base of supplies and operations of the Civil War. To me the trip down the Chesapeake Bay was a novel experience. To enjoy it to the full I kept my place on deck, for the evening was mild and the moon shone bright in an almost cloudless sky. Yet there soon stole over me a feeling of loneliness. The boat was crowded with officers and men on the way to their respective camps. They were talking, laughing, and singing, but in all the noisy throng there was not a single face I could recognize, nor a voice that did not sound strange. I realized the truth of what has often been remarked, that one never feels so much alone as when in a crowd of unknown people.

But while the first half of the night was calm and beautiful, sometime after midnight there arose a terrific storm. The waves were lashed into fury, dashing against the boat, causing it to rock violently. I slept quietly during the greater part of the storm, but when I awoke towards morning I felt a dreadful sensation of nausea. I could hardly lift up my head. It was a mild attack of what Mark Twain in his "Innocents Abroad" calls the "Oh My's!" I have never ceased to smile at the recollection of my first thoughts on awakening, "O,

how can I eat breakfast with this recalcitrant stomach?" But soon after landing at City Point the disagreeable feeling passed away. Whether I ate anything I cannot remember, but I know that I took the first train for the nearest station to the camp of the Forty-fifth.

On nearing the station, another, but less ridiculous question presented itself to my mind: "How can I ever find the camp of the Forty-fifth among the numberless camps extending for miles over the homeless and treeless hard-trodden ground?" I knew not its distance nor even its direction. But my perplexity was soon relieved, when on leaving the train and making known my difficulty to a knot of soldiers, a young man belonging to a New Hampshire regiment, told me that he knew where the camp of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania lay and would willingly take me there, as he was well acquainted with some of its members. I was glad to have him for my guide, for he was an entertaining, as well as communicative companion. We trudged leisurely along until we reached the rear of Fort Sedgwick, nicknamed "Fort Hell," when I heard a loud whizzing noise above our heads. I asked my young friend what it was. He said that it was a Whitworth bolt sent by the Rebel fort in front of Fort Sedgwick, which had been shelling the enemy at intervals all day, and that this was the first response. That was my initiation into army life. The missile fell at a comfortable distance behind us and wrought no harm. So I thought: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." On inquiring of my pleasant guide, how Fort Sedgwick got its name, "Fort Hell," he said that a Rebel once asked, "What do you call that fort," and was told "Fort Sedgwick," to which he replied: "it is 'Fort Hell', for it's playing hell with us."

Fort Sedgwick was situated at a distance of perhaps half a mile or less west of Fort Rice, in the immediate rear of which the Forty-fifth was encamped. As we approached our destination I naturally felt a slight trepidation of heart. A new and untried field of labor lay before me. There was but one individual in the regiment, Surgeon Yundt, with whom I had any acquaintance. What was the character of the men with whom I was about to become associated more or less closely for a longer or shorter time? Would our relations be harmonious and pleasant? In such circumstances as I was then placed, the mind is always sure to feel some degree of uneasiness. This feeling, however, soon passed away. My impressions on coming into contact with the chief officers of the regiment were very favorable. I found them gentlemanly in their bearing, respectful and courteous, more than ordinarily intelligent, friendly and companionable. And these impressions were strengthened as I gradually made the acquaintance of the other officers. It was different, of course, in the ranks, which were made up of men of different nationalities and languages, as well as of various degrees of education and breeding. Some came of families of high respectability and culture; others belonged to the lowest stage of society. Occasionally you would meet a college graduate serving as a private soldier, but oftener you would come across men so illiterate that they could neither read nor write. Yet I cannot recall a single word or act of disrespect to which I was at any time subjected, even by the most ignorant and roughest characters.

It was Wednesday afternoon, March 29th, when I arrived at camp where Surgeon Yundt met me; and as, fortunately, I knew him, I did not feel like an utter stranger. He at once introduced me to others, and so the circle of my

acquaintances growing larger day by day I soon knew the names of most of the officers who were with the regiment at that time. Others, among them Colonel Gregg and Major Trout, with a large number of privates, were then prisoners of war, and were not released until the surrender of General Lee.

That first evening in camp Major (then Captain) Cheeseman invited me to accompany him to the picket line. Perhaps, in the kindness of his heart, he thought in this way to make me feel less lonely and more at home amid my novel and strange surroundings. In the course of our conversation I gained a true insight into his noble character, the correctness of which was confirmed by subsequent events. He was large hearted, tenderly considerate, and as modest as he was brave. He was not one of those boasters who were ever "spoiling for a fight," but who, when the battle was on, preferred a safe place in the rear, rather than advance on the foe. He was not ashamed to tell me, and it was no derogation from his bravery, that he never went into battle without fear and trembling; for he never came out without being more or less severely wounded. There was that in his personality that attracted me strongly, but unhappily our intercourse lasted only a few days.

Sick call was regularly held in the morning after breakfast. It was the hour when all who were either really ill, or as sometimes happened, only pretended to be, with a view to escape military duty, presented themselves before the surgeon and stated their complaints. He inquired carefully into each case and prescribed the course to be pursued by the patient, sending the more serious cases to the hospital, where they could be better cared for than in camp. Having been informed that the chaplain's place was with the surgeon, as there might be need for the services of both, I was present at sick call for the first time, perhaps on Thursday, the day after my arrival, but more probably on Friday. Surgeon Iddings was in charge, Surgeon Yundt attending to the hospital cases. Both were competent physicians, and both came from Lancaster County; Yundt from the eastern section, Iddings from the southern, settled by Scotch-Irish, Presbyterians and Quakers. It was then, as it is now, the most intelligent part of the county. Iddings and I were most closely associated. We occupied the same tent. He was of Quaker origin, though not himself a Quaker, and sharing, as he did, much of the culture and refinement of that peaceful people, I found him an agreeable and estimable companion. He with his associate, Yundt, have both passed into the Great Beyond.

Sick call afforded an excellent opportunity to witness a display of human nature. There both the good and the bad side of man were often strikingly revealed. A few occurrences before and during the last fight at Petersburg may be of interest to the reader. It should be premised, however, that the picket lines were then in close proximity; and from the time it became dusk the enemy began and kept up throughout the night a constant firing to prevent the frequent desertions to the Union lines. Besides, there was a wide-spread expectation that a general assault was about to be made along the entire line of the enemy.

Now there are always in an army some men utterly lacking in physical courage. An impending battle fills them with uncontrollable fear so that there is hardly anything they will not do to escape the stern necessity of confronting the enemy's guns. At my first attendance on sick call with Surgeon Iddings, a pri-

vate of this sort presented himself. "Well, my friend," said the doctor, "What is the matter with you?" Extending his left hand he showed the fore-finger minus the first joint. "Well, how did this happen?" he was asked. "Well, doctor, I'll tell you exactly how it was. You see I was on picket duty last night, and as I am suffering with a bad diarrhoea I was obliged to go to the rear, and while I was doing no harm to anybody, a Rebel minie ball came whizzing along and shot off the tip of my finger." "Yes, but I see your hand is blackened with powder; how do you account for that?" "Well, don't you think the Rebels use powder as well as our men. It was the minie ball did it." "Not a Rebel ball sent from that distance," said the doctor, "you inflicted the wound yourself." And so he was sent back to his tent to suffer the consequences of his cowardice and folly.

On Sunday morning, while the Battle of Petersburg was raging, the sergeant brought from the front a typical Irishman. His was a truly laughable case, and notwithstanding the bloody scenes that were being acted so near us, it was impossible to restrain at least a smile. To the surgeon's question: "Well, what ails you?" he replied: "Och, docther, Oi'm so sick." "What is your complaint?" "Oi have the diarrhoea so bad; Oi can hardly shtand it." Seeing that he was only "playing off" and that there was nothing really the matter with him but his dread of Rebel bullets, the doctor went on asking him as to various other diseases he might possibly have. "Have you not the rheumatism too?" "The rheumatism, you say? Begorrah its so bad Oi can hardly kape on my legs." "And how is your hearing?" "Hearing is it? Oi can hardly hear the noise of a musket shot." "And haven't you a bad breath?" "Och, Bejabers, they can't come within a yard of me." And so on, until it seemed to me the doctor had well-nigh named all "the ills which flesh is heir to." And lo! the Irishman had them all, and in the most aggravated form. As the result of his diagnosis Dr. Iddings said: "Sergeant, take this fellow to the front, that the Rebels may shoot him dead and so put him out of his intolerable misery." He went away muttering to himself, and his mutterings were doubtless curses on the hard-hearted surgeon.

The cases I have just mentioned were of course very exceptional. It must not be supposed that the soldiers of the Union army were generally of such a cowardly type. Indeed not infrequently one would meet a case that exalted one's opinion of human nature. That same morning, a little later, a German came up, who in reply to the surgeon said he was very sick. That fact was at once evident to the physician's eye. "I see you are. But this is a very important battle. A decisive victory now will probably end the war. Every soldier then who is fit for any duty at all must be at his post. But I am not going to order you to be taken there. I shall let you decide the question for yourself. If you conscientiously think you are too ill to take part in the battle this day you may go quietly to your tent and I will attend to your case; but if you think you can be of any service at the front, then go and take your place in your company." "Vell, den, doctor, I dinks I go." And like a true hero he went facing death.

The fight, the last in which the Forty-fifth Regiment participated began along the lines of the Ninth Corps on Saturday, April 1st. If my memory serves me right, it was about an hour or two before midnight. At all events Surgeon Iddings and I had retired and were asleep. Unknown to us, Major Cheeseman had been called to a council of war, and on his return, he came to our tent to

tell us that he was about to lead out the regiment to battle; but finding us asleep he, in his kindness, concluded, as he afterwards informed me, not to wake us, knowing that we would be roused soon enough from our slumbers. And we were. The awful roar of artillery along the whole line for miles was enough to wake the dead. Of course, we rose, hastily dressed and going out of our tent, stood under the open sky where for hours we watched the shelling—a beautiful sight, if you can detach it in thought from the terrible destruction it works, and is intended to work. We were a small, but intensely anxious group of nocturnal watchers, comprising the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, stationed at the regimental headquarters—Surgeons Yundt and Iddings, Adjutant Dickinson, Quartermaster Phaler, and Commissary Sergeant Roth—and of that group the only survivor of that night of storm and stress beside myself is Adjutant Dickinson, who in his old age, I doubt not, still preserves his native dignity and gracious smile.

The battle continued the remainder of the night and with an occasional lull, throughout the next day, Sunday, until toward evening the firing gradually slackened and finally ceased. It is no part of my task to describe the progress of the fight and the splendid gallantry of the Forty-fifth. That must be left to others who were competent eye witnesses of the events. The chaplain is a non-combatant. His place is not on the battlefield, but at the regimental headquarters or in the hospital. There is a partial exception in the case of Catholic chaplains, some of whom are needed on the field to administer the sacrament of Extreme Unction to those dying in the Catholic faith.

One scene, however, my eyes beheld which impressed me with deep sadness. At a time when the Union lines were being driven back and were in great need of support, a train from City Point brought several regiments of fresh troops, who, forming their lines in the rear of Fort Rice and hastily entering the field of battle, rushed forward to the front to be received by the deadly fire of the foe. With a sinking of heart I thought within myself: "how many of those brave men, now so full of life and vigor, will, before the rising of another sun, experience the agonies of death, or at least the sufferings of severe wounds!"

Later in the day I received my first call as chaplain to a painful duty. Early in the morning of the 2d of April the Forty-fifth was moved from Fort Rice to the left of the brigade in front of Fort Sedgwick; and later Major Cheeseman, while leading the regiment in a bold attack on the Confederate Fort Mahone in the face of canister and grape shot, was severely wounded in his right knee and taken from the field to the hospital, from which he sent me a message requesting that I should come to him as soon as possible. Fearing he was dying, I set off at once, and by rapid strides soon reached the hospital. He met me with a friendly smile. He told me briefly and modestly how he had been wounded. There was not a murmuring word over his misfortune; not even a moan of pain. He seemed to have no thought of himself; his only consideration was for his dear wife, that she might not be unnecessarily distressed. In his anxiety he begged me to write to her immediately, breaking the news gently, anticipating if possible the reports of the papers, lest she might believe he had been killed. I promised to comply with his request. Comforting him with cheering words as best I could, I returned to camp and at once wrote my letter. It was a letter that would bring

both sorrow and joy; sorrow, because her husband had been wounded; and joy, because the wound would not prove mortal.

I often wondered, especially on the recurring anniversaries of the bloody, but victorious battle in front of Petersburg, April 2d, whether that letter had reached its destination and accomplished its purpose. Not until nearly 45 years had elapsed did I ascertain the truth. In a letter written to me by Major Cheeseman, November 23d, 1909,—the first I had received from him since we parted long, long ago, never to meet again on earth—he says: “My wife and I have often thought of your kindness when you wrote to her apprising her of my severe injury. She will never forget your kindness to me at that time, and requests me to tender you her kindest wishes for yourself. Your name will ever be fondly mentioned in our home.” It was a very trifling service, which it was my duty as chaplain to render, and which most persons, after the lapse of well-nigh 50 years, would probably have forgotten, and I quote his words only to show how to his kindly, generous soul, the insignificant fact of writing that letter was magnified out of all proportion to the merits of the deed.

Early in the morning of the 3d the advance skirmishers discovered and reported that the enemy had evacuated his works during the night, and that General Lee had fled with the remnant of his disheartened troops. These glad tidings strengthened the belief and encouraged the hope, that the end of the terrible four-years Civil War was near at hand. The victors were soon in full pursuit of the foe, with the Ninth Corps, to which the Forty-fifth belonged, in the rear, as it was stationed at the extreme right of the Union lines. We were delayed at the entrance to Petersburg, and as I rightly judged, the delay would be of considerable duration, I concluded to embrace the opportunity for visiting the hospital and seeing how our brave but unfortunate major was progressing.

I had not proceeded far on my way, when I heard a tremendous hurraing by the multitude of soldiers on the road to Petersburg, and on looking ahead, I saw two men approaching on horseback. It was evidently they in whose honor these joyous acclamations rent the air, and my curiosity being excited, I found on inquiring that it was Lincoln and his son. When they passed by they were only several yards away from me, and I have never ceased to be thankful for the privilege of gazing upon the face of that noble martyr of immortal fame, especially as only 11 days later he was stricken down by the hand of an assassin who will be an object of loathing and abhorrence to the end of time. Here he was, entering unattended yet fearless, a city of the enemy, which only a few hours before had been abandoned by a defeated and desperate army. After a brief pause I resumed my walk to the hospital, where I was glad to find the major awake and as comfortable as possible in such circumstances. During the night his leg had been amputated. He said that in the morning, when he had regained consciousness, he felt for his wounded leg where it ought to be, and it was not there. Then he first realized the extent of his misfortune. Commending him to the Heavenly Father, who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, I bade him adieu in a few cheering words, expressing the hope that his wound would soon heal. And, indeed, being a man of good habits, he rapidly recovered, nor was it many weeks before he rode into camp amid the loud cheers both of officers and privates.

While yet at the hospital, announcement was made that the battle had resulted in a glorious victory to the Union arms, and that Lee, having abandoned his fortifications in the night, was in full flight with his shattered army. It was the harbinger of the complete collapse of the Confederate government and the promise of the near advent of the much longed for peace. The effect of the news on the unfortunate patients was something marvelous. The scene presented was one never to be forgotten. All who had retained sufficient consciousness to comprehend the situation—some of them mortally wounded and others already in the first agonies of death—aroused themselves to murmur, however faintly, almost with their last breath a "Praise God." It was a glorious *Te deum laudamus*, the utterance of patriotic hearts, glad to know in their last hour on earth of the triumph of the cause to which they had sacrificed their lives. To me no *Te Deum*, though sung in the grandest cathedral, by the most skilled of choirs, could be more impressive than the simple, quiet utterance from those dying lips, a "Thank God."

Passing out I beheld a scene of a widely different character: a soldier stretched out upon an operating board, one surgeon administering the ether, another working about the bloody, wide-gaping wound; the patient, meanwhile (unconsciously, of course), uttering the most horrible, blood-curdling oaths. Turning aside from these dreadful sights and sounds, my eyes beheld in a corner a miscellaneous heap of various amputated members of the human body, carelessly cast aside. The whole scene was the most gruesome I had ever beheld. I could not help inwardly exclaiming: "O, the horrors of war; especially of civil war!"

With a feeling of relief I turned away and hastened to the regiment to begin my first march, which was made in two stages with an interval of some days during which we were encamped at Burkville. We advanced, however, only as far as Farmville, which lay, I believe, at a distance of about 12 miles from Appomattox Court House, where the surrender of General Lee took place April 9th. Just outside of Farmville there stood on elevated ground a fine mansion, which gave evidence of having been the abode of wealth, refinement and culture before the war. At the time of our arrival it was unoccupied by any members of the family. The master, Mr. Richardson, a true Southern gentleman, was, with his brother, as we learned, in the Confederate army; his sister was married and lived in Richmond; only the colored servants remained behind. Naturally the staff officers, with some of the captains and lieutenants, took possession of it and made it their headquarters.

There, from the porch of that mansion as my pulpit, I preached to the regiment for the first time. It was Easter Sunday, April 16th, before sunset.

The day before the Battle of Petersburg, a private soldier came to me, holding in his hand a small package nicely wrapped up and carefully secured, with the address to which it was to be sent plainly written. It would seem that he had a vague, uncomfortable feeling of his impending death in the coming fight. He requested me to take charge of it and in case he should fall, send it according to the directions given; but if his life should be spared, he would see me again as soon as he could after the return to camp and reclaim his package. I told him I regarded his wish as a sacred duty and would faithfully comply with his request. Our lives are in the hands of an infinitely wise Father, and without His will not a hair of our heads can fall. I sincerely hoped he would come out of the battle

alive, and be spared to his family to share with them many happy years. And he did; and I soon had the pleasure of returning to him what, in a solemn hour, he had entrusted to my care. I know not what it contained; it may have had little intrinsic value; it may have been only a lock of his hair; but how the widow and her fatherless children would prize that memento as an inestimable treasure, reminding them, how in his last hours on earth his thoughts were fixed on them and his love was faithful unto death.

After supper Captain Lord (who, as ranking captain, was in command after Captain Cheeseman was disabled), and myself concluded to walk into the town. We had gone but a short distance of perhaps 100 or 200 yards, when we saw soldiers in crowds rushing towards us in the wildest excitement. The assassination of President Lincoln, on Good Friday night, April 14th, had just been made known. The effect of that announcement was something appalling. He was at that time the idol of his country and of the army; and it was not an easy task to restrain the men in their mad frenzy, as with stern faces and set teeth they rushed on, threatening to kill every Rebel, burn down their houses and barns, and create wide-spread havoc and devastation. From all the surrounding country men came to headquarters in great alarm, humbly begging for a safeguard to protect their lives and property. It was a pitiful sight to behold aged, gray-headed fathers, telling in deep distress, with big tears rolling down their cheeks, how they had learned too late the true character of Lincoln, who they could now see, was the sincere friend of the South. Of course, safeguards were given, and on calm reflection, the furious passion of the Union soldiers soon subsided.

It was at this time, when we were encamped at Farmville that Colonel Gregg and Major Trout returned to the regiment after having spent many months in the South as prisoners of war. They were received with hearty greetings and shouts of joy. The colonel was a man of fine military bearing, strict in discipline, but not harsh in enforcing it. Indeed, his heart was as tender as a woman's and his feelings easily moved. He was very popular with the men under his command. They admired his undaunted courage which they had witnessed in many a hard-fought battle. Of a genial, social disposition, full of kindly humor, he gathered around him a circle of delighted friends. He was not without faults, but in my close intercourse with him, I learned not only to admire him as a soldier, but also to love him as a true-hearted man. He died in Washington, July 4, 1878. The major, too, like his superior officer, Gregg, was and deserved to be, a favorite with the regiment. As he still survives, I trust that, in spite of the burdens and sorrows of life, he still retains something of the old time merriment and love of innocent fun he so often displayed amid the darkness and gloom of the Civil War.

About the same time Mr. Richardson returned from the Confederate Army to his home. He was the owner of the large plantation on which stood the fine mansion occupied as regimental headquarters during our stay at Farmville. I could only pity him as I tried to imagine his feelings on again entering his deserted home; the bitterness and depression of mind with which he realized the utter destruction of the bright hopes that animated his southern heart as he went out from its halls to the war; the sadness of soul when he remembered them as the scene of many happy social gatherings of dear friends, some of whom were now sleeping in a soldier's grave; the inward rage with which he saw their dese-

cration by the footsteps of the once despised, but now victorious Yankees. But if such were his real feelings he made no open display of them. The war was practically ended, and he had the good sense not to seclude himself and mope in solitude, nor yet in sullenness to hold himself aloof from the officers of the regiment. Never of a merry spirit, he was always courteous in manner. He was a skilled chess player, as was also Colonel Gregg. They sometimes played for their amusement far into the night, while others followed with interest the progress of the game. And while this was going on in one room there was often music in another. We found in the mansion an excellent piano in good condition, and as there were a number of fine voices in the regiment, they sang at times well known hymns and patriotic songs, accompanied on the piano by the chaplain.

During my term of service I was never consciously in danger, except on one occasion. It was necessary for me to go from Farmville to Burkeville, a distance of about 18 miles, to be mustered into the service. When I first joined the regiment, and while we were yet at Petersburg, I had gone for that purpose several times to division headquarters, but always found the proper officer absent for one reason or another. No other opportunity presented itself until we were encamped at Farmville. Then one bright morning I set out on my journey on horseback alone, never doubting I could find my way without a guide. Unfortunately, however, after traveling a considerable distance, I saw that I had lost the direct way and was on a corduroy road to the right. Retracing my steps to the broad, beaten track, I rode on for a number of miles, when to my surprise I discovered that I had again gone astray. But, reflecting that the road I had entered by mistake must lead to Burkeville, I concluded to go straight forward. As I was riding along in a quiet way, never dreaming of danger ahead, I saw a number of men with guns in their hands about to enter a wood at a distance of a quarter or, perhaps, a third of a mile to my right. The war was virtually closed and Lee's army disbanded, but small guerilla parties continued to roam about and keep up an irregular warfare. They were desperate men, maddened by the irretrievable ruin of the cause for which they had sacrificed their all. Had I encountered them on the road, or had they noticed me before their entry into the wood, they would have thought I was one of the "accursed Yankees," and as I was in citizen's dress with only a military cap, they would have recognized me at once as a chaplain, and suspected that I carried money about my person—which was indeed a fact, for I had a considerable sum hidden in a belt around my waist. It might in that case have gone ill with me. I thanked God for my escape and hastened on my way. When yet about three or four miles distant from Burkeville, I met some Union officers with field glasses, reconnoitering the country for scattered hostile bands, and from that time onward to the end of my journey I felt a pleasant sense of security. There I sought and found, James A. Myers, hospital steward of the Forty-fifth. In the course of our conversation, I told him of my adventure and he informed me that, coming alone, I had been in great peril, for the country was overrun by guerilla bands. He entertained me that night and I shall always cherish pleasant recollections of his kindness on the occasion of my visit to Burkeville, as well as on some other occasions. The next day, after a refreshing sleep, I set out on my return to Farmville, which strange to say, unlike my journey the day before, was made without a single incident impressed on my memory.

One event worthy of mention occurred during our short stay at Farmville. There was a grand wedding at which the chaplain had the high honor of officiating. Mr. Richardson had just returned when a colored gentleman, looking somewhat serious, approached me and said: "Mr. Chaplain, will you marry me?" On inquiring who he was, he informed me that he was a servant on a neighboring plantation. "And who," I asked, "is to be the happy bride?" He answered: "One of Mr. Richardson's colored servants." "Well," I said, "Mr. Richardson is now home, and I will ask him whether there is any reason why you should not be married. If he says there is not, I will marry you with pleasure." In an interview with Mr. Richardson I stated the case to him. He said: "Marry them, of course. There is no reason why they should not be married, or rather, there is a great reason why they should be." And then, exposing one of the terrible evils connected with slavery, he added: "they should have been married years ago, for they already have several children."

After reporting to the groom the glad result of my conference with Mr. Richardson, we arranged for the time and place of the marriage ceremony. No invitations had been extended to members of the regiment, nor cards issued for a grand reception after the nuptial knot was tied. But such a splendid occasion could not be kept secret. Many of the officers insisted on being present. Some even avowed that the chaplain must conform to ancient custom and kiss the bride. Indeed, I trembled to undertake my part, usually so pleasant, on that special occasion, lest from my sense of humor I should ignominiously break down in the midst of the service. They came and took their places in the rear. I stood a little in advance with my back toward them, that I might not see the faces of those mischievous boys. Then the door opened and in came two couples, but unfortunately they knew not in what order to arrange themselves. To my right stood, first, the bride, then the groom, to my left, the bridesmaid and lastly, the bridegroom. I was puzzled, not knowing which was the bridal pair, and which their attendants. "Are both couples to be married?" I was compelled to ask. "No," was the answer, coming from the couple at my left, who pointed to the couple at my right, "Jist dem two." I could not see behind me, but I could hear a slight titter. It was a bad beginning of a solemn ceremony. And there stood the bridal pair, a sight to behold. The groom was arrayed in the uniform of a Union soldier, and was awfully conscious of his dignity and grandeur. The bride appeared in an old, ill-fitting, but once rich dress, probably a cast-off dress of a former mistress. One could hardly refrain from smiling. In the circumstances it was necessary to make the service as short as possible, and no sooner was the service ended and the "amen" pronounced, than the colored lady friends of the bride threw themselves upon her, half a dozen at a time, hugging her and almost weighing her down to the floor; and so, the unfortunate chaplain, whatever his desire, and very much to the regret of the white guests, lost his opportunity for kissing the bride.

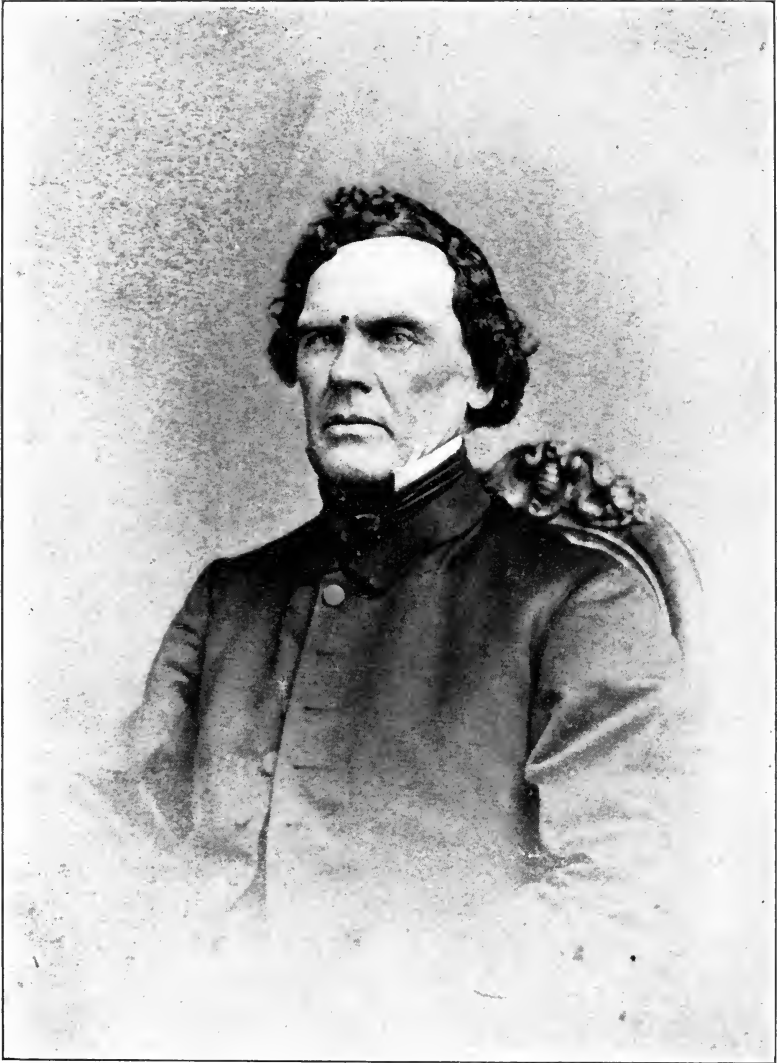
The regiment had been but a brief time at Farmville, when it was ordered to march to City Point and there take the boat to Alexandria, near which it lay encamped till mustered out of the service. The four-years' war was ended; peace had been won, though at a terrible sacrifice; the return homeward was begun. Life at Alexandria became very monotonous; only the routine duties of camp life were performed. Occasionally the tedium was broken by a horseback ride to

Mount Vernon, the residence and place of burial of George Washington, or by a boat ride to the city of Washington to visit an old college chum, General B. F. Fisher, then at the head of the Signal Corps Service. There were no longer such thrilling events as when the regiment faced the enemy. But before the Union Army was finally disbanded, a glorious spectacle was presented to the gaze of the rejoicing nation—a spectacle unsurpassed, unless by an ancient Roman Triumph in honor of a victorious general, yet without its gorgeous pomp, its conquering hero crowned with a wreath of laurel, its display of the spoils of war, and its captive kings and princes bound with chains. In this American Triumph, if such it may be called, there was not a single feature designed to humiliate a conquered, yet honorable foe.

It is not necessary to inform the reader that this last crowning event of the War of Secession was the Grand Review of the Union Army in Washington, May 23d and 24th, 1865. The Eastern troops were reviewed on the first day, the Western, the day following. It is not easy to form even a faint conception of the vast multitude of officers and men in line on that memorable occasion. In those two days more than 250,000 veteran soldiers passed the reviewing stand, marching company front, on Pennsylvania Avenue, the broadest in the city of Washington, from about nine o'clock in the morning till about five o'clock in the afternoon. What a magnificent pageant was presented to the world by those brave heroes; who had gone through many of the bloodiest battles recorded in history and brought out of the civil conflict the most glorious victory for the Union! As they moved on in one solid column amid the tremendous applause of a grateful and admiring people, and bore aloft their bullet-riddled flags, often rent into mere shreds, many a spectator felt constrained to stand, bare-headed, in solemn reverence before the emblem of the nation and its gallant defenders.

I speak as an outside, but deeply interested observer; for indeed, I was not with my regiment in the grand review. Having been quite unwell for several days, I requested Colonel Gregg, as a great favor, to relieve me from the special duty of the day which in his kindness he readily did. And so I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of beholding the entire grand display, so inspiring to the patriotic heart. At the same time I lost a much coveted opportunity for seeing General Grant. While we were encamped at Burkville, a number of us under the guidance of Captain Lord went to his headquarters for that purpose but were doomed to a cruel disappointment. The general, only an hour or two before, had set out for Appomattox Court House to receive the surrender of General Lee. At the grand review, the ever modest commander-in-chief instead of riding at the head of his victorious army, occupied a place on the reviewing stand with the President and his Cabinet, the Supreme Court and Congress, and so I was never so fortunate as to catch even a passing glimpse of that great general, whose fame will be immortal in the annals of history.

But, as if in compensation for my loss, I received an unexpected but pleasant surprise. Early in the morning of the first day, May 23d, when tens of thousands were flocking into Washington from far and near, I encountered many friends from my home city of Lancaster, Pa., from whom I learned that my father had come with them to witness the grand review. Of course, I was on the watch for him the whole of that day, but it was not until the close of the



Chaplain Gibson



James A. Meyers
Hospital Steward, 45th Regiment Penna. Vols.,
October, 1863.

afternoon, as we were about to return to Alexandria for the night, that I had the good fortune to meet and greet him. We took him with us to camp, gave him a soldier's supper and furnished him with the softest bed we could find; but the softest bed was too hard a bed for him, and I fear he found little or no sleep that first night of his spent in a soldier's tent.

But it is time to bring this paper to a close. There are yet other reminiscences I should be delighted to record, were I not mindful that I have no right to occupy too much of the reader's attention with incidents in the chaplain's quiet activity, after the war was already ended and the regiment awaiting its happy return home. I have never regretted my short term of service as if it was a culpable waste of life. It gave me a new and richer experience of life, afforded a deeper insight into the varieties of human character, filled me with intense hatred of the awful horrors of war, and kindled in my soul an unquenchable yearning for the day, still perhaps in the far distant future, when war shall be forever banished and universal peace be established among the nations of the earth. And, in closing, I would express the hope, that at the end of time, when the battle of life shall have been fought and the final reveille been sounded, the comrades of the Forty-fifth may awake from the sleep of death to the peace and joy of eternal life.

REV. F. A. GAST, D. D.,
Professor Emeritus of the Theological Seminary,
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MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT

At the time of organization of the regiment at Camp Curtin the Medical Staff was composed of George L. Potter, of Bellefonte, Pa., surgeon, and Theodore S. Christ, of Lewisburg, Pa., assistant surgeon. W. Godfrey Hunter was promoted from private Company A to hospital steward, November 26th, 1861.

Dr. Potter, who was a well educated, capable medical officer, resigned from the service August 1st, 1862. Assistant Surgeon Theodore S. Christ succeeded Surgeon Potter, his promotion dating from August 4th, 1862.

Charles S. Styer succeeded Dr. Christ as assistant surgeon, with muster dating from August 1st, 1862. He was a competent officer, well liked by the men and officers and remained with the regiment until promoted Surgeon United States Volunteers, January 12th, 1863.

Robert R. Wiestling joined the regiment as second assistant surgeon, his muster dating from August 13th, 1862.

Dr. Wiestling was present and on duty during the Battle of South Mountain, September 14th, 1862, was taken sick and went to hospital with typhoid fever. Being broken in health he resigned from the service February 22d, 1863. Dr. Wiestling gave promise of making a useful medical officer and his loss was regretted.

W. S. Yundt was mustered as assistant surgeon, February 23d, 1863, and resigned May 18th, 1865. Dr. Yundt was a genial man and soon made many friends in the command. He was capable as a medical officer and should have been promoted to surgeon on the resignation of Surgeon Christ. Unfortunately, however, Governor Curtin could not be induced to accede to the recommendation for promotion of Dr. Yundt, which was strongly urged by Colonel John I. Curtin and others, and instead, after the war and the field service were ended, promoted a stranger to hold the position for the few remaining weeks, thereby depriving Dr. Yundt of an honor which was justly his due. Naturally, the doctor resigned.

John K. Maxwell mustered as assistant surgeon, March 3d, 1863.

Dr. Maxwell was a man with a strong personality; somewhat older than the majority of the officers and men, and with difficulty adjusted himself to his position as second assistant surgeon. He was, however, an efficient medical officer and honest in the performance of his duties. He was severely injured near Milldale, Miss., from which he never fully recovered. He resigned August 27th, 1864.

The vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Assistant Surgeon Maxwell was filled by the appointment of C. Edward Iddings, who was mustered out with the regiment July 17th, 1865.

F. B. Davidson, who entered the service August 12th, 1864, as assistant surgeon, Second Pennsylvania Cavalry, was transferred and mustered as surgeon of the Forty-fifth, dating from May 27th, 1865.

Of the noncommissioned medical staff, Hospital Steward W. Godfrey Hunter was mustered out in September, 1862, to accept promotion as assistant surgeon of another regiment. The vacancy thus occasioned was filled by the promotion of James A. Myers, a private of Company B, to be hospital steward, the date of his warrant being September 22d, 1862. Steward Myers remained in this position until May 26th, 1865, when he was discharged by special order of the War Department at Alexandria, Va.

H. D. Deming, private Company G, was promoted to fill the vacancy and mustered out with the regiment.

Unfortunately, the work of writing a regimental history was from various causes delayed, until now after a lapse of more than 45 years, the writer being the only survivor of those of the medical staff who followed the fortunes and participated in the work of our dear old regiment, is called upon to prepare as well as he may something of its medical history. This could have been done so much better by one or more who are no longer with us that I have approached the task with great reluctance. I am, however, doing the best that I can to place on record from the little data at my command and from memory something which I trust may have some interest to the few members of the regiment who survive and possibly to the posterity of those who followed the flag of the Forty-fifth.

Of the work of the Medical Department in the early days and while the regiment was in South Carolina I have no personal knowledge. During this period it appears to have been largely confined to the ordinary routine among the sick, there having been no engagements in which any considerable number were wounded; nor had there been any extended experience such as is acquired only when operating in connection with armies in movements and facing the enemy. So that when the troops under command of General Burnside became a part of

the army under General McClellan there was much to be learned by the Medical Staff. Our regiment on reaching Washington, September 6th, 1862, became a part of the Army of the Potomac and as such participated in the Battle of South Mountain, September 14th, 1862. In going into this fight the surgeon and both assistants were with the regiment. This seemed to be considered the proper place for them. However, when the musketry fire opened and the air was full of uncomfortable sounds, Dr. Christ soon realized that—to use his own words—“It is to — hot here;” turning to the assistant surgeons, he ordered them to attend to the temporary dressings of the many wounded, sending them a little way down the mountain to a little log house where he established our field hospital. This was not entirely out of range, but on the whole better suited to the work that was in hand, and work it was, for our boys were hard hit. The loss in our regiment alone being about 140 killed and wounded.

The scenes in and about that little log house I cannot describe, but there is one impression gained there and on many subsequent fields that remains with me, and that is with what uncomplaining fortitude the boys bore their sufferings. Patiently they awaited the attention that was so necessary, and patiently and without a murmur they met the advance of death.

Our next engagement was three days later at Antietam. Here while the fighting was terrific and the losses of our army great, it was the great good fortune of our regiment to escape with a comparatively small list of killed and wounded, yet there was plenty of work for all.

In October, while encamped at Pleasant Valley, Md., there seemed to be an outbreak of itch about regimental headquarters. Remedies were asked for and used until one day Sumner Pettus, one of the hospital attendants, engaged in washing underclothing for Dr. —, called my attention to a condition which explained the outbreak of itch, as supposed, but which was nothing else than a host of the soldiers' friends or enemies, as you choose, the gentle and close sticking “grayback.” Result, no more medicines but an order from headquarters for a general wash up. Boys, do you remember the day when your only suit was hung on the bushes along the creek to dry while you sat in the sun?

Considering all the exposure of this campaign, the general health of the regiment remained good. There was but one death in camp from disease until after reaching Fredericksburg; this was at Waterford, Va.

At Fredericksburg, during the great battle of December 12th, 1862, the field hospital of the division was located in the court house. Here was performed an operation in conservative surgery which at that time was new to us. Surgeon Cogswell of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts by resection removed a considerable portion of the bone of the upper arm, which had been fractured by a ball, thereby saving the arm. The man was one of our own, whose name I have forgotten. His recovery was rapid. During the siege of Knoxville this same surgeon by resection removed a considerable portion of the lower jaw of one of his men. This was a case of comminuted fracture. This man also made a good recovery.

From Fredericksburg to Newport News, during our stay here, there was a smallpox scare, resulting in a general order for vaccination. It was something to see the first sergeants bringing their men by companies each with a bared arm

to receive the virus. There were a lot of sore arms but no smallpox in the regiment. More than a year later at Petersburg, Va., Quartermaster Sergeant J. Hall Musser developed the only case we had. Prompt isolation and a stay of a couple of months in a tent far away from any others and Musser showed up good as new and can to-day answer roll call for himself.

From Newport News to the Blue Grass of Kentucky, a good climate, good water and good food meant that the hospital had but a few patients. But then came the call to Vicksburg. Joe Johnston was threatening Grant's rear and the old reliable Ninth Corps must go. The good pastures of Kentucky were exchanged for the swamps of the Yazoo, filled with malaria and congestive chill. Then began the fight with disease; hospitals filled and many sick in quarters, taken down with chill in the morning, dead and buried by sundown was the record in some cases.

When Vicksburg was about to fall Sherman with his own and the Ninth Corps was sent after Johnston, each regiment of our corps leaving its regimental hospitals filled with sick in the various regimental camps scattered over miles of the Milldale country. The medical officers accompanied the troops. The writer was left in charge at our camp with 55 sick. The situation was strenuous and a call for help resulted in the sending back of Dr. Maxwell with orders to assume charge of and concentrate the various regimental hospitals.

In order to carry out his instructions Dr. Maxwell, accompanied by the writer, started on a tour of inspection, riding in an ambulance. After visiting the camp of the Seventy-ninth New York and starting homeward, the night pitch dark after a thunder storm, the driver losing the road, the ambulance was upset, resulting in the serious injury of Dr. Maxwell and the breaking of three of his ribs. From this he never fully recovered, although with a signal devotion to duty he continued in the service for a year longer. His ultimate end was undoubtedly hastened by this occurrence.

At last came the welcome orders to ship our sick and prepare to leave the Milldale valley of death and go up the river to Cairo by boat. On reaching here a large number of new cases were transferred to the hospital boat, then by rail to Covington, Ky. The seeds of disease sown in Mississippi still pursuing us, another lot of sick was sent to hospital, thence to Camp Park and here the sick multiplied until, when the regiment left for Crab Orchard the hospital in charge of the writer contained 155 patients. Here, also, was the only case of diphtheria which we had in all the years, resulting fatally, as did a number of cases of malarial fever. When ordered to rejoin the regiment the most serious cases were sent to the general hospital at Camp Nelson, the others in ambulances and on foot going to Crab Orchard. Hardly had we reached there when marching orders for East Tennessee came. Reveille at 3 A. M., and march at daylight were orders for September 10th. Again our sick boys had to be left behind, this time in charge of Maxwell. A number of the sick of the Mississippi campaign died in the general hospital, others were discharged for physical disability and a number who had recovered and were enroute to rejoin the regiment were captured on the Clinch Mountain in East Tennessee. Many of these died in Rebel prisons.

After a wearisome march the command entered East Tennessee by way of Cumberland Gap. Here under the influence of a good climate the boys recuper-

ated and were ready for the hard campaign which was before them. November found us in winter quarters at Lenoirs Station on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad. From these comfortable quarters the advent of Longstreet drove us. Then the skirmish at Lenoir and retreat to Knoxville with the hot little fight at Campbells Station on November 16th.

Dr. Christ was now surgeon in chief of brigade, with Dr. Yundt in charge of regiment. The retreat to Knoxville proved disastrous to the medical department in the loss of both brigade medical wagons, with all their much needed stores. Our loss proved our enemy's gain and doubtless many a poor Johnny profited by it.

The siege of Knoxville was now on, with our hospital established in the court house. Day by day the list of wounded increased and day by day our scanty store of medical supplies became less until it became necessary to wash old bandages and use them again, repeating the operation from time to time. Disinfectants, excepting a little bromine, we did not have. Notwithstanding all this and with the main court room lying full of wounded men, we had but one case of gangrene and that was fatal. Operations, major and minor, were of daily occurrence. Finally the climax came when Longstreet assaulted Fort Sanders, November 29th. Then came the streams of wounded Johnnies who all received the same care and attention as our own wounded. They were simply wounded men requiring help.

In recording the names, etc., of the enemy's wounded, I found one who had been brought in on a stretcher. In reply to my question, he said that he was wounded in both legs below the knees. An examination showed no injury, but simply red marks where he had struck the telegraph wire obstruction in front of the fort, plunging headlong among the dead and wounded in the moat. His imagination had done the rest. A somewhat surprised man was turned over to the provost marshal as a prisoner, while one of his comrades remarked, "Yes! If it hadn't been for that damned telegraph wire, we would have got you," and maybe might have done so.

With the disappearance of Longstreet there was little for the medical department except ordinary routine. The homeward march in January, 1864, after reenlisting was made by men who represented the physical cream of the old regiment, and had little need for the doctor.

The opening of the campaign of 1864 found us bringing up the rear of the Army of the Potomac in its march to the Wilderness. With it, but as yet not an integral part, the Ninth Army Corps went into the Wilderness fight, with the medical department not well prepared for active field service, so much so that after the fight had opened and the writer was ordered to report to the surgeon in charge of field hospital for duty, there was only the officer himself to be found and the organization was made subsequently as best it could be. However, it was done, and the hosts of wounded cared for, from this time until the end, almost a year later. There was to be no let up and night and day the work went on. As the long day of May 6th was drawing to a close our hospital was located in rear of the Sixth Corps, the ground lying full of wounded men. Of a sudden an uproar in our front arose and back came a demoralized brigade. Over us they went and we were between the lines. It was uncomfortable and gave

promise of a Rebel prison. Two of my attendants, Jim Stonecypher of Company K, and Van Buren Holliday of Company H, volunteering to stay with me, remained until all were ordered within the lines and the wounded rescued.

At Spottsylvania the medical department was handicapped by a lack of shelter from the cold rain, hundreds of wounded lying exposed to the elements. At Cold Harbor or Bethesda Church the field hospital was shelled out of three different locations.

After many privations Petersburg was reached. The siege commenced here with a good base of supplies and plenty of material, division hospitals were set up, the wounded and sick well cared for and from time to time sent to the depot hospitals at City Point, and thence to the north. Dr. Christ was now surgeon in chief of division, Dr. W. R. D. Blackwood, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, having succeeded him in charge of brigade.

Dr. Maxwell resigned in August, Dr. Iddings succeeding him and Dr. Christ resigned in October, leaving a vacancy unfilled, as before stated.

These resignations were a distinct loss to both the regiment and the service. They were both experienced and capable officers.

At last came the final assault on Petersburg, where Captain Cheeseman, commanding the regiment, lost his leg and Lieutenant Robb was killed. These casualties at the end seemed doubly hard with home in sight.

Petersburg fell; then the chase after Lee; the surrender; back to Alexandria, then Johnny went marching home to Harrisburg and his final discharge.

In conclusion, I wish to say that wherever the regiment went, or whatever duty it was called to perform, its medical staff was there, always ready for service and winning for itself a recognition from the higher authorities of the Medical Department of the army.

Reader, if you find in what I have written something told that will commend itself, I am content.

JAMES A. MYERS,
Hospital Steward.

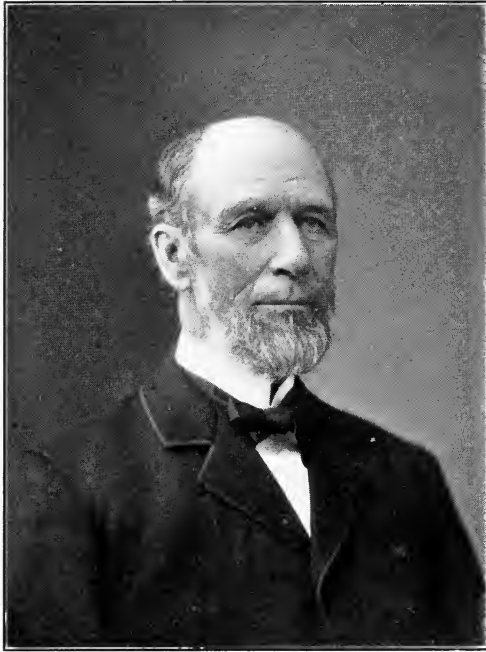
SURGEON FRANCIS BARKER DAVISON.

Francis Barker Davison, M. D., major and surgeon, was born July 8th, 1827, at Thompson, Conn. His grandfather, Daniel Davison, was a soldier in the War of 1776 and his father, Rufus Davison, in the War of 1812.

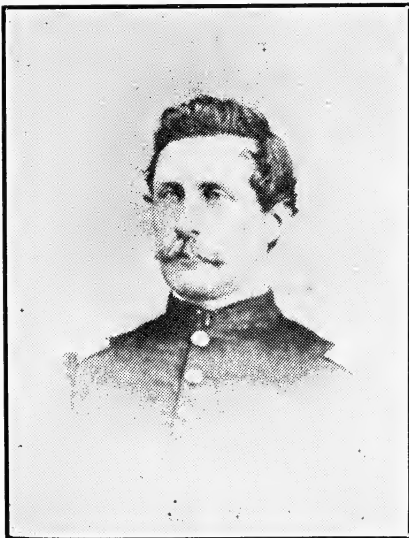
Dr. Davison was in New York City buying goods when Fort Sumter was fired upon by the Rebels, and participated in the excitement of that occasion. He was in the recruiting service for the inspection of recruits in Camp Curtin at Harrisburg in August, 1862.

On August 18th, 1864, he was commissioned as assistant surgeon of the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry.

March 29th, 1865, when the Army of the Potomac commenced its last and grandest movement, the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry remained southeast of Petersburg on the flank of the Ninth Corps, and reported to General Parke. Dr. Davison was in Fort Sedgwick, April 2d, during a lull in the bombardment where he had his best view of General Parke. At 2 A. M., April 3d, Petersburg



Surgeon F. B. Davison.



Lieut. Col. Theo. Gregg



Surgeon Theodore S. Christ



was evacuated, and only a few hours afterwards, he rode with several officers into Petersburg following President Lincoln, who rode horseback, with his son, Tad, riding at his side. This proved to be the last time he saw Mr. Lincoln. About April 10th, the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry was detailed for guard duty at General Meade's headquarters at Burkeville, Va., and on the march to report, met General Ewell and his corps, including four other generals recently taken prisoners by Sheridan, and on arrival at Burkeville heard the sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln.

General Meade with his headquarters, of which the Second Pennsylvania Cavalry was a part, started, May 1st, on the march for Washington, D. C. The band played "Home, Sweet Home," which more than ever before cheered every heart. The leading event of this march was the review in Richmond. Dr. Davison rode the fine bay presented to him by his army friends, which he finally took to his home in Pennsylvania. The next noteworthy occurrence was the grand review of the armies, May 22d and 23d, at Washington, D. C.

On May 27th Dr. Davison was promoted and commissioned to rank as major and was appointed surgeon of John I. Curtin's Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment, into which he was mustered, and in which he was very happy, and with which he was discharged July 17th to 24th, 1865. In this regiment Colonel Theodore Gregg was breveted by the President for bravery at the mine explosion, and General James A. Beaver (afterward Governor of Pennsylvania), was promoted from this regiment.

Surgeon Davison now returned to private life and the practice of his profession.

He is a member of the Lackawanna County Medical Society, was its president in 1886, and was a member of the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania, and of the American Medical Association, of Nicholson Lodge, No. 438, F. & A. M., and of Post No. 85, G. A. R., at Glenwood.

One day as we escorted a Massachusetts regiment, just discharged, to a boat at Alexandria, the driver of a wagon crowded the regiment before the house where Colonel Ellsworth was assassinated. Colonel Theodore Gregg drove the driver and his team upon the sidewalk. I was fearful Colonel Gregg would put his sword through the driver as he did the Rebel major at the crater.

F. B. DAVISON.

HORRORS OF REBEL PRISONS

JAMES F. DEUEL.

To give you something of an idea of my prison life I must commence with my enlistment in February, 1864. I was enrolled to fill up the Old Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, a veteran regiment. Therefore, you see I was soon at the front. Trace the history of this regiment during the period of time from the last of February until September 30th, 1864, and you will have some idea how a boy of 20 years of age must have felt on finding himself a prisoner of war. (My capture as you will see occurred before Petersburg on the 30th of September.) We had drawn five days' rations early in the morning and had been marching all day until we entered the fight. By some maneuver the Rebs had gained our rear before we were aware of it and about four o'clock in the afternoon we found that we were surrounded and forced to surrender. After our surrender we were marched back to their rear and robbed of our rations and all our loose clothing. They took my hat also, but they served others worse than they did me. It soon became dark and with the darkness came the most terrible rain storm that I ever experienced. The darkness was stygian and the rain poured in torrents. Amid the terrible storm—tired, weary and hungry, for we had not tasted food since morning—we were ordered to march five miles on to Petersburg and to Lee's headquarters. When we arrived it was near midnight of that never-to-be-forgotten night of horrors. We were ordered to wade a canal with the water up to our armpits and take up our quarters on an island. This island was a low, wet strip of land just large enough for the men to stand on, for we were then 10,000 strong. There without rations, cold and wet, we stood the rest of the night amid the driving storm. Morning came at last but no relief. Through the entire day we stood there shoulder to shoulder and the storm went on. This was on Saturday night. Night again shut us in amid the roaring waters that beat upon us. Not room enough to sit or lie down, wet through and chilled by the storm, our sufferings beggar description. All through that second night of misery we remained on the island without relief. Again the morning came, the Sabbath morn; but Oh, how strangely different from any Sabbath we had ever known! Let me pause here, my comrades, to say that not one of us who saw that morning dawn can ever tell the same without a feeling of that nameless horror which filled our hearts that day, while 'neath a southern sky, amid rain and storm, we stood waiting our unknown fate. About noon the rain ceased, but not until four o'clock was there any change. Then our persecutors began to build a small bridge across the boiling waters. Directly we were ordered to pass, five at a time, to the mainland, register our names, give up whatever valuables or money that we still possessed and draw rations. These were the first rations that we had received since we entered the Rebel lines. It consisted of three small, hard crackers. At first the boys were frightened, and thought this time they would lose everything, but we soon saw that we could manage. Be it understood here that the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania had just drawn pay and nearly every one of the boys had from one to two watches, besides rings and other articles of value which they had managed to

keep through the first search. In the darkness it was probably carried on more by thieves than any one else. Our lack of overcoats, knapsacks, etc., through these long terrible nights and days, was due to camp thieves and the lack of protection, which we should have received. But to return to the second search, which was not a scientific one. When we were searched we were allowed to return to the island. After they had satisfied their desire for unholy gain (or in other words after they had finished the robbery), they managed to let the water off from one side of the island. On one side was a canal, and the water was let off sufficient for us to wade back to the city of Petersburg. With the water up to our armpits we found it a rather difficult task, but Yankee grit and resolution succeeded at last and we gained the shore. In this condition we were ordered to form four abreast and march through the streets of Petersburg with mounted guards. We were put to double quick marching from street to street for exhibition, until not a man in the whole number but reeled like one drunk from sheer exhaustion. When we could march no longer our Satanic oppressors placed us in an old tobacco house with the roof torn partly off by shots from our guns. With this remark—"they hoped now the whole thing would be blown away with our d— Yankee guns," which remark I believe was made in dead earnest. But to return. Here without anything to eat but those three wormy, hard crackers and no water whatever, wet through from our recent exposure and but the naked, dilapidated old building to keep us warm, we spent the first night that we were privileged to lie down within the Rebel lines. We welcomed the cold, hard boards, as we had never welcomed the best beds in our far-distant, Northern homes. Morning came and our sufferings became intense. We received no more rations—neither water. Packed in that inhuman manner in the old building without care or attention we were left until Tuesday towards night. Then we were again marched out and taken to a slope or hill about a mile from Petersburg, to await transportation to Richmond. We lay on that hill the most of the night and arrived at our destination early next morning, it being only 20 miles distant. At Richmond we went immediately to Castle Thunder, a large stone building opposite Libbey prison. The Rebs placed me with a good many more on the third floor where we were waiting, anxious to know what would come next, when a darkey appeared at the landing and began to beat a drum. Not knowing what was wanted we waited further developments, but we did not wait long before we were aware of what was wanted. Some Rebel officers made their appearance and began to assail us with one of the most brutal, horrible harangues of cursing and swearing which I believe possible for a gang of villains to produce and the outcome of the whole thing was for us to form in line, two deep, lengthwise of the room, take off all our clothes and lay them in front of us on the floor without delay, while that Rebel gang went through them. But first as many of us as would give what we had left to the officers should be registered and when we were exchanged they, those Rebels, would return them again, which promise in every case they failed to remember or wholly ignored. Quite a number gave them what they had, but were forced to strip with the rest and submit to this inhuman search. We were obliged to stand with arms folded and see them cut our clothes to pieces and take everything that we had, in many cases taking our good clothes, leaving us a few miserable rags. When they were satisfied they left us to dress. I had taken my watch, having broken the main

spring so it would not tick, and put it in the toe of one of my socks; just sticking the toe in my shoe. It looked so natural that it passed inspection and I saved my watch, while others had their clothes half cut to pieces in the search. Let me state here that Castle Thunder, I believe, had been an old tobacco factory before the war. The room in which I was placed was about 30x70 feet without any furniture whatever, but the smooth, hard floor and naked walls. Its large windows were barred up and down each with seven iron bars, but with all it was comparatively clean. Here also we were much crowded, giving us little chance to lie down or rest. We had no access to the lower floors and I do not know how the boys fared there at this time. We stayed in Castle Thunder until towards night, but received no rations whatever. We were then taken out and placed in Libbey Prison. While passing from Castle Thunder to the prison, some of us managed to buy on the streets of passersby some corn bread, for we were starving; for which cause we were again searched at Libbey Prison. This search was carried on in precisely the same manner as at Castle Thunder. Finding that we must go through with another inhuman robbery, I dug a hole in my little loaf of bread and put my watch inside and plastered it over with mud. It again passed inspection. Libbey Prison was extremely dirty and filled to overflowing. It also smelt very bad. This prison had stalls and alleys, was firmly fastened by iron bars at the windows and withal was the most doleful, weebegotten place one could well conceive. We remained in this abode of horrors until the next day, when we were again on the wing. We were ordered out in the streets, before we left Richmond, bound for the far South. We again drew rations that consisted of a round ball of corn bread, ground cob and all and so hard that they immediately received the name of solid shot. We then marched to the train and were packed in cattle cars about two-thirds as large as our common cars in which the United States Government usually put 40 men—and they made them take 80. The tops of the cars were so low that I could not straighten up or stand erect. We were packed so tightly that I could not move an inch either way, and with the door locked we nearly suffocated, to say nothing about our weariness. Here let me explain that the railroad in that part of the country in 1864 was a single track with switches. All the Rebel supply trains were from the South, coming mostly from South Carolina at that time, so we were obliged to sidetrack and wait for hours in order to let them pass. This made our journey more tiresome than it otherwise would have been and only on the third day towards night did we reach Danville. Here we unloaded in an open field and drew rations. This time it was good corn bread made from clear, nice Indian meal; and we enjoyed it. We also obtained water here and an hour's rest from our tedious journey. When I think of it now it seems like a green spot in a desert or a light in darkness. At dusk we were again crowded into those horrible cars and proceeded on our weary way—on, on we knew not whither. Our next stop was made at Greensboro, where we were sidetracked, and by begging and praying we succeeded in getting the car doors unlocked to let in air while we were waiting for the coming train to pass. We also obtained water. Here we saw Jeff Davis as they had had a great mass meeting nearby and he had been speaking to the people. They hailed him almost as a god and seemed to be perfectly united and confident of success. Probably our appearance just at this particular occasion helped on their enthusiastic glee, but

be as it may they seemed to think they were sure of ultimate success and thought themselves capable in the near future to carry the war to the North and thus relieve the suffering South from the carnage and terrible devastation of the conflict. We remained here for a few hours and then were again locked in from the outer world and sent on our weary way. Nothing of note occurred unless it was our unknown sufferings which can never be described until that great day when the robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue, and God, Himself, shall reveal the secret things of earth. But to return. Time will not stand still and at last we arrived at Salisbury, N. C., after a journey of five days, having tasted bread but once and getting water but twice. During the time such privations as this in our previous worn-out condition had a telling effect but we had only commenced our misery as you will ere long see. When we arrived at our destination we were unloaded and marched through Salisbury and thence to prison which was to be our home for five long months. It had once consisted of an old cotton factory, worn and dilapidated and dismal enough to all appearance, but now when the influx of prisoners was so great they had added an open stockade. This had no water privilege and no shelter from the inclement weather which was then coming on. Half naked as we were we had no protection by night or day, only as we dug holes in the ground and crawled into them like wild beasts. Our rations were one-half pound of hard corn bread made from corn ground cob and all mixed with sorghum seed. This with less than a pint of pea soup so filled with bugs that where we drew for 100 men the top would be covered. I should judge that it was made from peas, bugs and water in about equal parts, without salt or pepper. I suppose that the Rebel government calculated we should have the above named bill of fare every day, but the officers often suppressed our rations and we went day after day without even this.

Then our number began to decrease rapidly and the mule team took from the stockade every morning our beloved comrades; not one by one, but by the score. They were thrown into a common woodrack, or rigging just as you would load a wagon with four foot wood, and took them from among us. We begged that they might be buried and they finally consented to let our own men bury the dead if they chose and for which service they allowed those that did the work an extra ration such as I above described. This they did more because they were obliged to, that the men might have strength to perform their task than for any other reason. And accordingly, surrounded by a strong guard we performed those last sad offices, the best that lay in our power. They were laid in trenches side by side without shroud or coffin or even a friendly blanket. They sleep in their unknown graves far away from home and loved ones who may never know their sad fate nor ever come to shed a tear beside their silent resting place. "Yet 'tis holier ground, their lowly bed where sleep the consecrated dead, than field where Liberty hath bled beside her broken battle blade." Now as I think over the miseries of those dark hours I shudder and my thoughts become insupportable. Oh, comrades, little can you who have been baptized with us in one common baptism of fire on many well-fought battlefield; ah, little can you imagine our misery and woe in those dark days. Kneeling beside a dying comrade, stretched on the cold damp earth, no friendly campfire near to warm his cold emaciated limbs; for by this time not one of our number but

looked as if his skin was drawn over a few sharp bones. Their hair hung loose over the shoulders and their eyes were sunk into their heads. This and our tottering footsteps told too plainly the story of our wrongs in this dire condition in mid-winter in North Carolina without tent or blanket. We could only draw one stick of green wood eight feet long to every 100 men. This was so meager that it could be of little use under these circumstances. As I was saying the comrades were dying by hundreds and we begged for shelter so hard for the sick that they allowed us to occupy some old buildings that stood in the stockade. They had probably been the tenant houses, attached to the cotton factory, part of which was used as officers quarters, but which were now empty. Finally they gave us three of those old buildings for hospital purposes which I will now describe. We had a few miserable old blankets given us. These were so filled with vermin and filth that they were scarcely less loathsome than the miserable old buildings. Even the boys themselves, who had had but little water to drink and none at all with which to wash, were covered with body lice or "graybacks" as we called them. But some will say that we might have kept rid of them. How? The stockade was alive and even the ground (it being a loose sandy soil), was one living mass of creeping graybacks. Now, this hospital in this modern bastille had no beds, just little bunks or small places filled with straw. We had no lights allowed us but there was an old fashioned fireplace in each of those little places. Here we placed our little wood which served us for all the light we had. But this place, void of all the necessaries which makes life bearable, was far better than the open stockade. And thus time wore on. It was then the tunneling began, and in earnest. I will not attempt to describe how we worked at this. Shut off entirely from the outside world we were bound in some way to send the tidings of our fate to our government at home in the firm belief that we should receive relief. But it was of not much avail. The Rebels said Old Abe would not exchange, and they could kill us faster in the prison than they could in the field, at the front. Towards the last of January we received two tents to every 100 men. The tents, one of which was a wall tent which would hold 16 men, and the other a round tent which would hold 25. Thus you see but half our number had shelter, and we were obliged to change off, alternately sleeping in holes in the ground. Our tent was a round one in which 24 men could lie down with their feet to the pole in the center. One would lay on top and work down in. When we turned over we were obliged to get up and turn at once. It was nothing uncommon for us to lie down at night to sleep and during the silent hours, when none but God was near, for the Angel of Death to enter our tent and bear away our suffering comrades to that shore where sorrow never comes. Many times I have seen five out of the 25 found dead in the morning. Gone without a murmur; dying as they had lived. In this way Comrade Joe Seymour, of Lawrenceville, Pa., died on the night of February 3d, 1865. A brave and noble soldier; a true and faithful friend. Four others died the same night in our tent. We wept not, for they had gone where they would be persecuted no more. 'Tis true they would never see the dear old North again, but they had entered the happy tenting ground. Though they sleep that sleep that knows no waking they are safely housed and but a little while and we shall all be there. On the 5th of the same month Comrade Carl Chatmen, also of Lawrenceville, became seriously ill. This young man was my bosom companion,

and to-day the tears unbidden start, when I remember his unhappy fate. Previous to this I had sold my watch for \$400 in Confederate money which proved to be worth one cent on the dollar, but it was something. In the stockade was a kind of sutler shop where we could buy salt for a dollar a pint in Confederate money, also a sort of ginger bread, which looked very much like a boot tap, with a sweet taste and in our starved condition we considered it a great luxury. I never saw any such article of food anywhere else. This and little onions we could buy for one dollar a piece and upwards. We could get tobacco in quite large quantities for one dollar in Confederate money. At that time I did not use tobacco; I never had. But Carl, dear noble Carl, did and it seemed he could not live without it. So when my money ran out I cut the buttons off my coat and sold the buckles off my suspenders, and in fact everything I could sell to buy his tobacco and our other necessaries.

I had a new suit when I was taken and so did my companion, Carl. Mine I succeeded in saving with the exception of my hat, and hatless I went for over six months. They took Carl's coat and shoes, leaving him an old gray jacket or blouse coat and a pair of worn-out shoes in their place. Poor boy, how my heart bled for him. The only son of wealthy parents, never having known a want, not accustomed to the hardships of life, how nobly he bore our common misery, seeking to cheer us, striving to lighten every burden. But alas! He also sickened and on the 5th we had him taken to the hospital. I went with him. I begged as a boon that I might. There by that poor pallet of straw, striving to relieve his misery I watched for three long days. But he knew it not. God in His mercy had drawn a veil over the squalid misery which surrounded him. In fancy he stood in his own native land, while he lived again the hours of his boyhood, but the scene changes and he sleeps. The gathering pallor warned me that the change is near. Closely I listened for each murmured word. It comes at last. He calls my name and says: "Shall we be hungry on the other shore? Dear Comrade, take my head upon your breast and let me fall asleep. Death hath no terrors and the grave no gloom. Don't weep but gently hum the tune I love so well, 'Goodbye, my boy, remember all is well.'" Closely I held his head upon my breast and feared to speak long after the notes of my song had died away. But he, my noble Carl, had passed away from earth. Without an outward sign he fell asleep, e'en like an infant on its mother's breast. I felt that our loss was his infinite gain.

This was on the 8th of February, 1865. My space will not allow, neither is my pen adequate, to tell you one-half of what we suffered in that loathsome prison pen. Out of all the men who went in 5,550 were buried there in unknown graves. They sleep peacefully, awaiting the resurrection morn. This did not include any but our own number, for over 6,000 Union soldiers died while we were there and were buried in a little more than five months. At last when our doom seemed sealed and fate with its shadowy wings seemed to settle down upon us, we one morning awakened to the fact that we were not forgotten. From the little gate in the lower part of the stockade two Union officers entered. At first we could not believe our own senses and many a bony hand was brushed across the eyes of its emaciated owner as we once more beheld the uniform worn by our country's defenders. With tottering footsteps we gathered closely, and with bowed heads we listened as those men proclaimed

to us that the hour of our deliverance was near. God bless them! They said but little for tears choked their utterance when they beheld all that was left of our once strong and noble braves. But this they told us. Think of it, my Comrades; some of our boys who had succeeded in tunneling out had apprised our government of our situation. Not deeming it policy to exchange they had gotten permission of the Rebel government to send us relief in the way of tents, blankets and overcoats. In fact, all kinds of clothing that we should need. This they forwarded on to Salisbury in the early part of the winter. But not until the last of January did we receive any part of it and then only part of the tents. The greater part of what was sent they used for their own soldiers. When the officers came there remained but one blanket to every three of us and a few coats and blouses. These had lain there while most of the boys were covered with a few miserable rags not near sufficient to hide their emaciated frames, without reference to warmth or comfort. To make a long story short the officers distributed what remained to the most needy and with cheering words left us, and but for the relief they had brought, we in our dazed condition, certainly would have thought we had been dreaming. Time passed on until three or four weeks longer without much change until one night we were drawn up in the stockade and told that we were to be paroled the next morning. We were to draw five days' rations. This was two loaves of wheat bread something like ourhardtack and about as much as our boys would draw for two days' rations. That with a quarter of a pound of fresh pork was what we drew, and it was the only wheat bread I saw in the South. We did not sleep much that night. How could we? Early next morning we were again drawn up in the stockade to listen to the reading of the parole and told that we must sign it at Goldsborough. After the reading we that could crawl were marched out with a guard in front of us. There was no need of one elsewhere, for our faces were set as a flint northward. Thus we proceeded on our first day's march to Greensboro. At first I was obliged to walk with two canes and tottered like one bent with the infirmities of age. We went but a short distance that day although we strained every nerve to go as far as we could. Perhaps we got five miles from Salisbury. We camped at night in a piece of woods without tent or blanket, lying on the cold damp earth, but we had good fires and were on our road to liberty. This brought sleep to our eyes and we murmured not. Towards morning it began to rain and get colder. This was in March and when we awoke the earth was covered with ice, the streams swollen and the bridges gone. Thus again our condition was deplorable. After we had gotten warm by a good fire and eaten some breakfast we felt better and concluded to proceed. We soon came to a place where we must cross the swollen waters of a stream. The Rebels told us the bridges were gone for 15 miles each way and we must cross on a kind of a railroad bridge over a deep place. You could not call it a bridge and still it formed a passageway. It was something like our trestle works, only the ties were about four or five feet apart. This bridge, if you may call it such, spanned a chasm 125 feet deep, so we were told by the Rebs. It was filled at the bottom with enormous great sharp rocks around which the boiling waters of the swollen floods rushed with terrific roar. The bridge from bluff to bluff was something over 200 feet, covered with ice from the recent storm. It was impossible to walk and the only way to do was to crawl across on the stringers. This was slow and tedious. Weak as I was I knew I

could never reach the other shore, unless the ice thawed off, so I sat down to watch. I think that without doubt one of every 12 fell into the flood below and was forever lost. About noon the sun and the incessant crawling had dried the rails and I knew I must make one great effort to cross. With my mind made up I started. How I hung to those rails! Slowly I approached the center of the bridge, not daring to turn my eyes either way, I strove with all the powers within me to gain the other shore. Just at that moment we heard the whistle of a coming train, and to add to our terror, our unfeeling guards began to curse and swear for us to get off the track or be run over. To be sure it was a single track and they were coming whistling and puffing right into our faces. I thought they would not dare to run onto the bridge on their own account, and if they did I would not drop from the track thus to allow them to scare me to certain death at this point. Three fell from the track in front of me, but I dared not even look after them for fear I should follow. The train came up close and stopped; the Rebels kept howling and cursing, but I reached the shore safe with a number of others, and the train passed on. That was a happy moment. I can never tell my feelings of joy at the moment when I first stood on shore.

Finally all were across and we of the Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania concluded to shirk for ourselves, to find our own way to Greensboro in time to take transportation with the rest of the command for Goldsborough, where we were to get our parole. Accordingly we set off. The first day we came to a patch of flat turnips. The turnips had not been gathered and being of enormous growth we helped ourselves to one apiece. It was all that we could carry and we then proceeded to darky shanties nearby. We had reached the railroad again and we found that this station was called Thomasville. By this time we were about 300 strong. We spent the night with the negroes and kept shady. Early next morning a train stopped at the little station, which consisted of an empty blacksmith shop and two or three empty houses, a water tank, etc. The train was switched and the engine moved off taking with it all the trainmen and guards. We investigated and found it was a supply train coming from the South going to the front. It had on board 140 Union officers, prisoners of war, taking them to Goldsborough to be paroled or exchanged. They told us that a down train had jumped the track a few miles away and the engine and guards had gone to assist them. Seeing our condition they told us to help ourselves, and we did. We carried away most of the sugar, molasses and sugar cured hams, bacon, etc., that they had on board. We worked hard taking our stuff to the shanties until we heard the whistling of the returning engine. Then we made good our escape. We expected to be followed but our officers told the Rebs that we were 1,000 strong and all armed, and that they had better not follow us. After blessing us with all the curses imaginable, they went on.

My captain, L. D. Seely, was one of the prisoners on the train from which we took our timely supplies. After the train had gone we returned to the shanties, the darkies cooked and we ate and rested. Oh, how we enjoyed ourselves! We took no thought of the morrow in our supreme content, and I believe that those two or three days that we spent with the darkies at Thomasville, saved our lives.

Knowing that the main line must be nearly to its destination we thought we must make a start. We found that a long train of box cars would stop at

Thomasville for wood and water on the night of the third day about ten o'clock in the evening. So we hid behind the tank and along the opposite side of the track. When the train stopped we climbed on top of the cars, keeping very still and lay down. We were lucky and were not discovered as it was very dark. In a short time it began to snow and we were covered up. We rode all night in this way and in the morning arrived just in time to fall in with the rest and draw rations, the main line having got in the night before.

Oh, but those Rebels were mad because we stole our ride, but it was of no use; we had beat them once. Nothing more occurred worthy of note until we reached Goldsborough at about five o'clock the same day. We went into camp about a mile from town and the next morning signed the parole. Towards night we were marched out and lay waiting until near midnight when we were again on our way. Next day we reached our lines, ten miles below Wilmington. I cannot describe to you our feelings when we were so warmly received in General Sherman's camp. Picture a poor, way-worn, straggling few, leaning on canes with bent and tottering steps, eyes deep sunk, worn and wasted forms, hair long and disheveled reaching far down over our shoulders; whiskers wild and unkempt! Suffice it to say we seemed dissolved in thankfulness when we once more rested our weary heads beneath the dear Old Flag. But little remains to be said. Thus ends the most bitter page of my life's history, with those my prison days.

JAMES F. DEUEL,

Caton, Steuben County, N. Y.

Late of Company H, Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

MY EXPERIENCE IN LIBBEY AND SALIS-BURY PRISONS

BY ALEXANDER DUNCAN, COMPANY C.

I enlisted at Norristown, Pa., on the 30th of July, 1864, the day of the burning of Chambersburg and of the explosion of the mine at Petersburg. This was a sad day for the North. I joined the Forty-fifth in the latter part of August in the lines south of Petersburg and a little east of the Weldon Railroad. Captain Gregg was in command. I was attached to Company C of which B. C. McManigal was captain.

Nothing of importance occurred until the 29th of September, on the evening of which day we pulled out from the lines and marched in an easterly direction for about five miles, then camped for the night. Next afternoon we retraced our march of the day before and continued going west until we reached the Squirrel Level Road and then turned south for a short distance, halting in a piece of woods about a half mile in width. At this time a part of the Fifth Corps was engaged in attacking a line of earthworks about half a mile south of where we were halted. In a short time they captured the works, together with about 100 prisoners and two pieces of artillery. When we halted we were told to rest but not to leave our ground. On the word "rest," Jacob Gear, my rear rank man, sat down on a small knoll and I went about two paces farther

and lay down. In about a minute afterwards the Rebels fired their last shot from the earthworks which were being stormed. The shot came along just above the heads of the men, who fortunately, were sitting or lying down, until it reached Jacob Gear. It was then inclining towards the ground. It struck Gear on the back of his head. Passing onward it struck another man, breaking his leg and then struck the ground a few feet further. We lifted Gear from where he had fallen and finding that he was still alive, he was assisted to the rear for surgical aid. I saw the shot which struck him; it was conical in shape and about 18 pounds in weight. That he was not instantly killed was owing to the fact that he was leaning with his back against the knoll and with his head inclined. He wore a soft felt hat and the shot cut a hole in it about four inches in length. I examined the hat and gave it to him before he was led away. It may be doubted whether any one else during the war, survived a blow on the head from an 18 pound cannon shot, but Gear recovered after a few months in the hospital.

Just after this incident we fell in and marched off, passing the captured prisoners and the earthworks. We went in search of the enemy who had retreated. Their position was found at last and preparations were made to attack them. We formed a line of battle, advanced through a piece of woods, sprang over a fence at the edge, charged across a large field and dropping down behind a fence on the far side, opened a heavy fire on the Rebels. After this had continued for about 20 minutes, a panic occurred among the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, who were in line on our right. They fled along our rear and the panic spread along the whole line to the extreme left and there was a stampede to the rear. The color sergeant of the Forty-fifth stood his ground and Colonel Gregg and other officers succeeded in rallying about 70 of the men in line with the colors. We opened fire again but in a little while, Colonel Gregg, finding that we were quite unsupported and that the enemy were closing in, said: "Boys! it is no use, let every man look out for himself!" This we proceeded to do without delay but in vain. In less than one hour we were all prisoners. I was captured by some of Wade Hampton's cavalymen just at dark and marched to the place where the prisoners were being collected and placed under guard.

It was now dark and nearly all of the prisoners had been brought in. I heard Colonel Gregg trying to console the men. "Boys!" said he, "Keep a stiff upper lip, all will be well with us yet." The Rebels now came among us and helped themselves to our hats, overcoats, blankets and everything they fancied, after which they marched us off to Petersburg, where we arrived at or about midnight and were placed on an island in the Appomattox River. I laid down under a tree but it soon began to rain and continued to rain until the afternoon. The Rebels then helped themselves to anything we had left over from the plunder of the night before, so that soon we had nothing but the clothes we wore. When I saw what they were doing, I looked around and seeing a Rebel soldier, who was looking on, I showed him my blanket and asked him to give me some bread for it. He went away and soon came back again with a pound loaf, for which I gave him my blanket. After they had finished searching us, we were marched into a large brick building near by and kept there until the next afternoon. We suffered greatly as there were so many of us that there was not

room for all to lie down and the floor was in a filthy condition from long use without cleaning.

At about 3 P. M., we were turned out of the building, marched outside the city to a field and waited there until about 1 A. M., when a train of freight cars came along and took us into Richmond. We were placed in a large brick building and remained there until the afternoon. We were then searched carefully for any money still in our possession and a promise was made that any money that we gave up to them would be restored to us when we were paroled or exchanged. Some rations were then issued to us, after which we were marched outside the city, put on board a freight train of box cars and started for Salisbury, N. C. In each car were 60 prisoners, besides four guards who sat at the doors, which were kept open for ventilation. There were also a number of guards on top of the cars. We were so crowded that we could not lie down. We had to stand up or else sit on our heels. We reached Greensboro, N. C., next evening and remained there until the next forenoon, sleeping on the ground in front of the court house during the night. We resumed our journey by train and at 8 P. M., October 5th, arrived at Salisbury and entered the prison.

I slept under a tree during the night and in the morning inspected the place which was to be my home for the next four months and eighteen days. I found that about eight acres were enclosed with a high board fence. There were seven wells of water in the enclosure but no pumps or other means of getting the water except by letting down a tin cup tied to a string and as the wells were near to each other only a small quantity of water could be gotten from any one of them. There was one frame and one brick building which were used for hospitals. Besides these there were a few small brick buildings, one of which was used for a bakery and one as a morgue. About 20 oak trees were in the enclosure. Rain fell the day after our arrival and from that time the nights were chilly and sometimes very cold, so as we had no shelter, overcoats or blankets, we could get scarcely any sleep except in the daytime when it was warmer.

After we had been about three weeks in the prison without shelter and with no prospect of getting any from our gaolers, I held a consultation with eight other comrades of Company C and the result was that we decided to dig a hole in the ground, put a roof over it and fit it up as well as possible for a dwelling place. The hole we dug was about 7x12 feet and the depth three and one-half feet. We raised one side about two feet higher than the other, so as to give the roof a slope. We made the rafters of fence rails and branches of trees and these we covered with brush. On top of the brush we put six inches of blue clay. In the center of the lower side of the roof we built a fireplace and chimney. At one of the lower corners of the roof we left a hole large enough to enter and go out. Having finished our house, and it took about six weeks to do so on account of the difficulty of getting rafters and our lack of tools, we moved into it. The furniture consisted of a dozen bricks, which served us as seats by day and pillows by night. The heavy and cold rains had now set in, lasting one or two days at a time, flooding us out of our house sometimes, in spite of our bailing. As soon as the rain ceased we would scrape the mud off the floor, put on a fire, when we had any fuel, and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

I will now give the names of the eight comrades who occupied the house with me and tell what happened to them :

John Bovel, a Scotch sailor, got work in the bakery and having enough to eat survived the imprisonment; James Flannery and Michael Brophy, Irish Roman Catholics, went out of the prison to a camp which was in charge of a priest and I saw them no more; George Rodis, a musician, whose home was in Philadelphia, died in December; Charles Burns, an Irish sailor, no home, died in December; Michael or Patrick Regan, a shoemaker, home in Philadelphia, died in December; Joseph Taylor, an Englishman and machinist, had a wife and children in England, died in January; John Murphy, a veteran, had been wounded in the Battle of Antietam, died in February.

The death of these comrades was due to the privations of life in the prison. We never had enough to eat and on two occasions were 48 hours without food.

An exchange of prisoners having been agreed upon about 800 of us were marched out to the railroad track about 100 yards from the prison gate to take the train to Richmond. It was on the 22d of February. We waited there all day but no train. The weather was very cold and night was coming on. The officer in charge of us, seeing our pitiable state, had some old tents brought out and making us lie down on the frozen ground, in rows and close together, spread the tents over us and so we passed the night. In the morning, John Murphy, who had lain beside me, was unable to get up, so they carried him into the prison and there he died. The train came about 11 A. M., and we got on board. The cars were box freight and we were packed in almost to suffocation. I got out as soon as possible and climbed on to the roof of the car and laid down, using the brakeman's foot board for a pillow and so I made the trip to Richmond. It rained or sleeted nearly all the time, about 44 hours. The train moved slowly and stopped often. We reached Richmond at daylight on the 25th of February. Twenty-eight men died during the journey. We were put into Libbey prison and I staid there until the 13th of March.

On the morning of that day, about 800 of us went down the James River on a steamer to Varina Landing, where we went ashore. An escort of our own cavalry was on hand and they accompanied us across the neck of land to where the steamer "New York" was awaiting us. We arrived at Annapolis the next forenoon and went ashore. The spectators were horrified at our ghastly appearance. I remained at Parole Camp five days and having gotten a hot bath, new clothes, two months' pay and a furlough for 30 days, went to Philadelphia. On the expiration of my furlough I rejoined the Forty-fifth at City Point and continued with them until we were paid off at Harrisburg, July 22d, 1865.

I have omitted many things of great interest and have been as brief as I could in narrating some of the events which I witnessed during my connection with the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. I have a vivid recollection of Salisbury prison and of the state of affairs there during my unwilling stay in that dreadful place and I feel grateful to the kind Providence who watched over me and restored me to liberty again.

MY EXPERIENCE IN PRISON LIFE

By E. W. McELROY.

September 30th, 1864, was a beautiful day. We broke camp in the morning, marched around considerably and finally came to Pegram's or Peeble's Farm, where we lay on our arms, watching two white horses flying to and fro. At last a quiet "Fall in" was given and we charged the enemy, doing good work at first, but the tide turned. It seems our left was not connected and quite an opening existed. I shall never forget when I looked down a hill and what I supposed to be reinforcements were the Johnnies in our rear, and as I supposed, all around us. So we gave them all we could until our ammunition gave out, after which we broke. I managed to get into an old blacksmith shop with other comrades, Colonel Gregg among us. The Colonel broke his sword into pieces. The Johnnies closed in on us and a captain commanded the colonel to surrender, when Colonel Gregg replied, "I am a colonel. G— d— you, I will surrender to my equal." And he did, saying, "There, colonel, is my belt and scabbard. I lost my d— old sword." A short time after our men who had not been surrounded returned and made things lively for the Johnnies, drove them back, capturing the ground we had lost, but we were hurried to the rear. In this fight the regiment lost every commissioned officer it had, except Lieutenant John Gelbach of Company K, and he happened to be sick and did not go in or I suppose he would have been with us. I know of none left of the regiment, but the regular detail and the canteen detail, one of which lives today in our midst and every now and then I make a demand for my canteen.

We were run up to some kind of a pen alongside of a mill race until next morning, Sunday, where we could look down into Petersburg and see the people going to church. It occurred to me that those people were going to their church to pray to God for the success of the Confederate arms and at our homes our people were praying to the same God for the success of our cause. In my mind the Lord could not answer both.

An incident occurred on our way to the city. Passing along the road there happened an old couple coming from a small brick house standing back to the left. I said to the old gentleman, "Daddy, you got the whole Yankee army." The old gentleman replied, smiling, "Yes, my Lord, worlds and worlds of them Yanks."

October 2d. We left Petersburg in the morning. We marched as near as I can tell about two miles to the railroad, where we took the cars for Richmond, arriving about midnight. We were marched to Pemberton prison, where we remained until next day.

October 3d. We were counted out like hogs or sheep by the hundreds, taken to another part of the building where we had to disrobe as naked as the day we were born, our clothing lying before us. The thieves, or whatever you may call them, would take all our money, watches or whatever they wanted, and if you had a garment, haversack, hat, cap or anything they wanted, they took it, giving you a receipt for the same. This receipt I still hold. George

B. Haynes of Company B and I got wind of what was going on and we hung back and decided to destroy our money. All new legal tenders. So we concealed some little about us where they failed to examine. The balance we tore up into our caps in bits not larger than your finger nail and emptied same out of the third or fourth-story window, so that its falling resembled a snow squall. In a few minutes some of the officers (and among them a deserter from our army) came up in our room and offered \$100 in gold to the person who would tell who tore up the money. Comrade George B. Haynes, I think, tore up five, not less than four new twenty dollar notes; I tore up four and Surgeon Robert Carroll tore up five tens. Is it any wonder it snowed on the pavement below? So after we were all put through a thorough search we were transported across the street to Libbey, where we received our first ration of corn bread in Rebel-dom.

October 4th. Marched from Libbey over the river to Manchester. Took the cars for Danville. On the cars all day and night.

October 5th. Arrived at Danville at about 10 A. M. Changed cars for Greensboro; arrived at 6 P. M. Marched about a mile in the country. Went to camp for the night. Raining and cold and no shelter. All our dog tents and blankets were taken at Richmond.

October 6th. Took the cars at Greensboro for Salisbury via Milford. On the road all day and night. Arrived at Salisbury on the day of the 7th at 2 P. M.

October 7th. Marched out to camp. No tents nor shelter of any kind except the old factory and nine other huts afterward used as hospitals for our sick, and they were full at that time. On our arrival we were greeted with that old familiar yell, "Fresh Fish!" "Fresh Fish!" We had quite a reception and had many questions to answer. The day was fine.

October 8th. In camp at Salisbury, conversing with the older prisoners as to where and how we were taken. Received our rations, which were fair to commence. In the after part of the day there was a sudden change in the temperature and no blankets or shelter. Considerable suffering.

October 9th. Still in camp. Received our rations. Still cold and miserable with high winds.

October 10th. Still in the prison. Received our rations. Weather more moderate.

October 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. No changes. Weather fair and warm. Received our regular rations.

October 15th to 28th. Weather was fine. Received our regular rations each day.

On or about October 15th, 1864, I saw a lieutenant of a New York regiment have in his hands a shirt he had washed and was in the act of hanging it upon a peach tree fully 15 to 20 feet from the dead line, when one of the "young bloods" shot him through the heart. I think the "blood" got a furlough.

October 17th, 1864. On this day I ran the guard line that was between our officers and the men of rank to make arrangements for a break for liberty when someone let it out and that same day they took the officers out and sent them back to Danville, Va., where they were kept until exchanged or paroled.

October 29th to 31st. Rainy and cold weather. Received our rations, but short.

November 1st. Clear and warm. Our rations were a small piece of raw meat, no bread. Many of the older prisoners sick and many dying.

November 2d. Our rations consisted of a little soup and very small piece of meat. No bread. Weather good.

November 3d. Weather fine. Received a small ration of meat and bread: Considerable talk of parole and exchange. The muggers made an attack on some "Fresh Fish" but they all escaped punishment. The Rebs promise protection.

November 4th. The weather fine. Nothing to eat until after dark when we received bread. More depredations by the muggers and more talk of exchange. Sick list growing and many dying.

November 5th. Weather fine. For our rations we received a little soup and one-half pint flour. Half of the boys had nothing to receive their flour in so those who had caps pushed in the crown from the outside. Others used their blouse shirts. Some had cans and many had other ways. No doubt the reader would like to know how they baked their flour. I will tell you how we did it. In a division there were supposed to be 1,000 men. In each division there were ten squads; to each division one quartermaster sergeant to each squad. We received our rations from them. Some few of us had an old tomato can. The cans were in use in rotation. We would put the flour in the can and water with it until we had a paste as we make at home. We would make fire of old railroad ties, the wood of which was cut and made fine without the use of an ax. We would make fire over a hole dug in the ground. The fire would make the hole hot. At the same time we would make a cake of mud large enough to cover the hole. We would draw the fire from the hole and take our cap and fan the ashes and dust from the hole; pour our paste into the hole, cover it with our mud cake, draw the hot coals over the top watching it very closely. As soon as the mud cake that was put on top would puff up the bread would be done and better than any pound cake you eat at home. Ask any of the boys who were there. As I told you, we had no ax to cut our wood, I will tell you how we did that. Every person has seen railroad ties taken out. In them you will find some spikes. When you examine you will find that they are on the wedge order at the point. These we first had to get loose and out of the ties. When we had them out we could use a stone for a sledge and split all the ties we got and that was not many.

I will tell you how I remained fat through my whole prison life. First we never saw a grain of coffee and as I was one of my mother's seven boys I longed for coffee. In prison we used to go out with two guards to the creek for water, having a flour barrel with holes through it and a pole so we would get the only pure water we got in the pen. In going to the creek we had occasion to pass a woods and the road was cut quite deep through the woods. On a hill there the acorns would roll down in the gutter. These acorns looked inviting and I asked the guards to allow me to gather some and they did so. When I got to camp I was no time in roasting my acorns for coffee. I then had no bread so I boiled them, but had no salt to put in them. But I had my coffee and boiled

acorns and I worried them down, but you can imagine it was a bitter dose. But let me say to you, reader, I knew my uncle did feed them to his hogs and the hogs got fat on them. Now, under the circumstances, what would you have done—eat the acorns or starve? I ate them and they did the work for me and toward the last I ate them raw and I still live at 73 years, but at this age I have changed the bill of fare, but I believe as I believe in God that the acorns pulled me through.

Now, my reader, there are few that may credit what I say and more there is none but the one who endured prison life who can. Now, what would you think if I would tell you that the sergeant of the squads would carry the rations of one hundred men? This you would not credit. Ask any comrade that was there and he will swear to it. I will tell you what the sergeant had in his pack on his back. One hundred pieces of raw tripe just from the bullock, never washed. Each prisoner received a piece of raw tripe about the size of an ordinary man's hand for a day's ration. I will now tell you how we would manage to eat it. We would take our ration of raw tripe, wash it nice and clean, then make two mud cakes and put the tripe between and stick in the coals and when the mud ball would burst we would pick off the hot clay, keep up a constant blow on the tripe and it would peel as white as snow. Then our drawback was no salt. This one thing had we had in abundance would have saved many a poor soldier's life. Salt and vegetables were what we needed most of all.

November 5th. Rain set in in the evening and it became very cold.

November 6th. Still cold and raining. Received soup and raw tripe. I worked on detail to build coffins but this detail was sent into stockade as there were no more coffins used, allowing all to be buried without coffins except Free Masons. They would receive coffins. In the beginning of our confinement they used plain rough board coffins but our men were dying so fast the coffin business was all canceled. They did take coffins for a time, just to make a show for humanity's sake to take the bodies out, then dump the bodies in the holes and take the same coffin back for another until one of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts boys and I discovered the game and reported the same to Major Gee, who was in charge of the prison. He was not slow in running us back to the stockade.

November 7th. Cloudy and rainy. We received our rations of soup and flour.

November 8th. Cloudy and rain but warmer. Nothing to eat but a little raw tripe. We held a sham election and had quite a time. Considerable interest was taken. Abraham Lincoln and General George B. McClellan were the nominees. It was quite interesting and there was a close contest, McClellan having a little the best of it. We had some colored soldiers in the stockade. The colored men all voted for Lincoln and this did not suit the muggers, who were a mighty rough set of men—cut-throats from all over the country, mostly from New York. From what I learned of them they lived on the top of the pile and none but their gang could enter their quarters. They operated on all batches of "fresh fish," as the newcomer was called. These men would go through them, plunder and take everything they had. They could get anything they wanted from the Johnnies because they had plenty of United States greenbacks. Many of this

class bought their freedom when they got in tight places. Some of them were tried by court martial and sentenced to be hanged when the Rebel authorities interfered and took them from the stockade, promising to hang them in sight of the prison. That was Major Gee's promise but when he got them from us and out of the stockade that was the last we ever heard from them. They had money enough to buy their freedom that they robbed our poor soldiers of.

November 9th. Still cloudy but warm. Received our long looked for bread with a relish.

November 10th. Warm and beautiful but nothing to eat. Great talk of the election but all quiet.

November 11th. Clear and warm. Received full rations, the first in 15 days—that is, *full* rations.

November 12th. Clear and warm. Received our full rations. Plenty of talk of parole and exchange.

November 13th. Stormy and cold. Received one-half rations.

November 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th. Clear and warm. Received our regular rations.

November 19th. Raining, blowing and sleeting, breaking immense limbs off the trees. Received a ration of corn and wheat bread, mixed cobs and all. No sign of parole.

November 20th. Raining and very cold. Sleeting and still breaking trees. Received a ration of bread and small piece of meat. First meat in nine days.

November 21st. Still raining and very cold. Received a ration of cornbread and soup.

November 22d. Still cloudy with snow sprinkle. Received a ration of cornbread. No sign of parole or exchange. Making preparations to break prison; awaiting the removal of the young bloods of boys of 16 years who would rather shoot a Yank than a rabbit. I cannot say but it was supposed to be a regiment. They were ordered to the front. Our information was received from the very old men that did guard duty that they were to be removed very soon and sent to the front. To explain—these old men who did guard duty were old and feeble and unfit for marching. Some of them were Union at heart and different times would divide their rations, consisting of bacon and cornbread, with us, which was much better than our own. The raw bacon tasted better than chicken today.

On this day Major Gee and escort marched through the stockade seeking Yankee recruits, offering \$300 in gold to any Yankee that would take the oath of allegiance to become a Johnnie. Many fell in line to get the \$300 in gold offered them and to save their lives from starving, but alas, none of them received the bounty. I have since seen two of those that went out. They stated their treatment was some better than the stockade, but that none ever saw the bounty, but that they both successfully deserted and got through to our lines with the aid of colored people (slaves). Their names I have lost but they belonged to a Connecticut regiment. These rounds of the Johnnies making the offer of \$300 in gold for all Yanks who would take the oath were a daily occurrence. The money in gold was carried on a tray, carried in the front and any comrade who was there will vouch for all I say.

November 23d. Clear and beautiful. Received one-fourth ration of rice, soup and bread.

November 24th. Cloudy but warm. Received one-fourth rations. Soup and bread. Our leaders in session all day making arrangements for the break. The "young bloods," as they were called, were packing up to go to the front. In all parts of the prison the boys were packing up and fixing their possessions, fixing something about their clothing, more especially their shoes—those who had shoes. Those that had none—one could see them tearing pieces of old haversacks, old pieces of gum and wool blankets, tying the pieces on their feet and preparing for a long march. All in good glee. The "young bloods" were sent to the railroad, but no transportation was ready.

November 25th. Clear and warm. Received one-fourth rations of bread and soup. All was going quietly along when the signal was given and all the boys who had tents began tearing them down. The relief guards were passing and a raid was made upon the 16 guards and quite a fight was on for the possession of the guns, but we drove the Johnnies out of the stockade. The old guards were on the stockade. Some of these old men threw their guns and accoutrements in to us and some opened fire, so in all we had about 25 muskets and carried everything before us, stopping to raid the bake house, and out of the stockade we went, in what I would call a southeasterly direction. Some of the ladies of Salisbury shouted to us as we went, "Go it, you poor fellows." Some to the reverse shouted, "Go on, you d— Yankees, you will soon get what you want," and here to our great surprise the young bloods were still lying at the railroad. They were soon on our trail and opened fire on us, killing outright 23 and wounding 57 that I know of. We were all in confusion and when driven back into the stockade I saw Major Gee and a long slim doctor stand on a platform on the inside of the stockade near the main entrance and shoot for fully an hour after we were driven back, wounding a number and killing two. These bloods did plenty of shooting. I was on the detail of our men to gather up the dead and wounded is how I learned as to the number. None of the dead or wounded were brought back into prison. The wounded were taken to the hospital close outside the stockade. The dead were all taken out to the cemetery and buried. I never saw any of the wounded again and am sure more than half died as some were mortally wounded. One poor comrade begged me to kill him and end his suffering.

It might be interesting to the reader to know the outline of the stockade, Salisbury Confederate prison, was a triangle-shaped piece of ground with about a ten-foot fence of tight boards all around it. On the outside was a walk all around the stockade about hip high. On this all the guards walked their beats. On the inside there was a ditch dug and the earth was thrown inside. This was called the dead line. Any one of us who put a foot on that line was a dead man. In each corner of the triangle-shaped pen the Johnnies had a brass howitzer field piece, from which they fired a number of shots of all kinds of scrap iron. One would think they would have killed all in the stockade, but we lost no time in getting into our holes in the ground that served us as tents and were bombproofs.

November 26th. All very quiet in the pen. Clear and warm. Received a full ration of bread and meat.

November 27th. Cloudy. Heavy weather and rain in evening. Received our rations of bread but little soup.

November 28th. Clear and warm. Received one-fourth ration of bread and soup. All quiet.

November 29th. Clear and beautiful. For our rations we received a small piece of raw tripe and a one-half ration of soup. Recruiting going on in full bloom. Twenty-seven in line. Benjamin Kemerly of Company B was taken very sick and taken to the hospital.

November 30th. Recruiting going on. They only take ten at a time out of stockade. Received small loaf cornbread. All quiet.

December 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th. Beautiful and warm in morning. Clouded up and had cold rain. Still recruiting. Received cornbread and sorghum.

December 7th. Cloudy and rain. Received our rations of cornbread and soup.

December 8th. Clear and warm. Received bread and soup.

December 9th. Cold, raining and sleeting, breaking large limbs off the trees. Received our rations. Wet bread and soup.

December 10th. Still raining, sleeting. All very quiet. Received our rations.

December 11th. Moderate and thawing. George B. Haynes, of Company B, sick. Received our rations.

December 12th and 13th. Warm and muddy. Received our rations.

December 14th and 15th. Clear, warm and beautiful. Received our rations.

December 16th. Cloudy but warm. Received our rations.

December 17th. Cloudy but warm. Received our rations of wheat bread and soup.

December 18th and 19th. Rainy but warm. Received our full rations of wheat bread. Much talk of parole and exchange.

December 20th, 21st and 22d. Cold and growing colder. Received our regular rations, wheat bread and soup.

December 23d. Clear and very cold. Received one-half ration of wheat bread and soup.

December 24th. Christmas eve. Thinking of the many pleasures of home. Received our daily rations. Cornbread and soup.

December 25th. Christmas. Clear and cold. Received our rations. Wheat bread and soup. So for our Christmas dinner we had crust bread coffee, soup and bread. Received from Dr. W. Howerton, who carried a Union heart under Rebel clothes, a newspaper in which we read much encouragement. The doctor told us we would soon be paroled. While he meant it well it was long coming. I was suffering with bone break and rheumatism.

December 26th and 27th. Rain and warm. Nothing new. Received our rations.

December 28th. Rain all day. Received our rations of bread and soup.

December 29th. Clear and very cold in morning but moderated to pleasant by noon. Received our daily rations of cornbread and soup.

I would just here say that if any person outside of a prisoner of war would tell you how the dead were handled and how the sick were treated you would not wonder at the death roll of Salisbury, N. C., where between 17,000 and 18,000 Union soldiers were buried between 1861 and 1865. I will now tell you how our comrades were treated in the hospital at Salisbury, N. C. In our stockade was a large cotton mill, I think four stories high, known as No. 1. Then there were ten or twelve small houses or huts, one story and attic, one room up and one down, with great fireplaces in each. These buildings were used as hospitals, dead house and some for the sergeants of squads, so the beds for our sick and wounded were on the floor. The washboard on the floors served as a headboard and a three by four as a footboard, placed about six and one-half to seven feet from the washboard. In here there was rye straw for a bed and I will just say that there were few to enter who went out alive.

I will tell you now how they handled our dead. When a soldier died he was carried to the dead house and should the soldier have any good garment on him that would be taken off, as a rule none replaced and many a poor comrade went to the grave as naked as when born. When the dead house was full the Johnnies would come in with a pair of mules, load up as you would cord wood. I have seen 21 go out in that shape at one load and in that load was my comrade James Chambers from my own town and of Company K.

There was but one doctor for all the sick. His name I have already mentioned. It was Dr. W. H. Howerton, with whom I became very intimate, and I will again say he had a Union heart beneath Confederate clothing. Many times he would bring me bacon, onions, tobacco and other things that he could carry in his long frock-tailed coat. I corresponded with him up to the time of his death. That I mourned him as I would my brother is true, for he was as good as he could be.

December 30th. Clear and very cold. Received our daily rations. All quiet. Newspapers speak of the coming of Sheridan.

December 31st. Rained and snowed all day. Received our rations. Sat up to welcome the New Year but no one had a watch and did not know the time. Some of the guards shot and I hollered out to the Johnnies and asked in the darkness what time it was. The answer came back, "The New Year has just stepped in."

Sunday, January 1st, 1865. Clear, warm and beautiful. We received our full rations and as a dessert we received a gill of sorghum. So we had for our New Year dinner toast bread, molasses, rice and turnip soup and crust coffee.

January 2d. Clear and cold. Received our rations, but no news of parole or exchange.

January 3d. Morning fair but started to rain in the early evening. Received our daily rations. Plenty of talk of exchange.

January 4th. Clear and warm. Received one-fourth ration of soup, corned beef and bread.

January 5th. Clear and beautiful. The whole pen was out on the skirmish line searching for "graybacks." Received our bread, soup and small piece of meat. Martin Eshelman was admitted to No. 9 hospital.

January 6th. Rained all day but warm. Received rations.

January 7th. Clear and beautiful. Received full rations. There was news in the prison that Charlotte, N. C., had been fired and a great loss sustained by the Confederacy; fired by the Yanks.

January 8th. Jackson day celebrated by the Johnnies. Clear but very cold.

January 9th. Cloudy but very warm. Much talk and confusion among Johnnies and our boys but nothing official. We received the largest rations in three months of meat, soup and bread. Commenced raining at 8 P. M.

January 10th. Rained hard all day and night. There came a terrible cyclone which did great damage outside but did us no harm. The thunder and lightning were terrific.

January 11th. Clear and beautiful. Received our daily rations.

January 12th and 13th. Clear and beautiful. Received our daily rations. A large fire broke in Salisbury, destroying two blocks. Rumors to the effect that some of the detailed cigarmakers did it, while others say it was Union people living there; no arrests that I heard of.

January 14th. Clear and beautiful. The great fire seemed to interfere with our rations, so we got nothing to eat at all. Rumors say it was done to force men to join the Confederate army. Recruiting going on at a lively rate and a good bunch of boys went out.

January 15th. Clear and beautiful. Received one-half rations. Bread.

January 16th. Clear and warm. Received one-fourth rations. All quiet in camp. Nothing going on except skirmishing for graybacks.

January 17th, 18th and 19th. Warm and beautiful. Received regular rations. All quiet. In conference with many others in reference to digging tunnels, but to no point.

January 20th. Cloudy and cold. Received one-half rations. Six of our number concluded to dig out from under No. 9 hospital. All of our number sworn to secrecy and death to traitors. E. W. McElroy, Company B, Forty-fifth; S. G. Turner, Twelfth United States; Robert Monk, Thirty-ninth Massachusetts; A. G. Cassel, Fifty-first New York; Henry Griffith, Company K, Forty-fifth; John Marks, unknown, but I think from Massachusetts.

January 21st. Still cold but fair. Received our regular rations. As near as can be guessed we dug 60 feet. Received our implements from Dr. Howerton. Some old files and two fire shovels and an old bayonet. All the earth was put down in old well and on dead line. All work at night.

January 22d. Rained all day and night but warm. Received our full rations. The night was a good night and all went nicely in our work in tunnel, only Turner got fast and we had quite a time, as a good sized stone dropped on him and we had to do all quietly, but finally we dug the hole larger to get Turner free.

January 23d. Still raining hard but warm. Received one-half rations of cornbread and rice soup. Robert Carroll and Benjamin Kemerly of Company B went out on parole to make cigars for Dr. Howerton. The doctor told us to bear up that exchange was near.

Tuesday, January 24th. Clear and cold. Received full rations of wheat bread, soup and meat. The Johnnies ordered a recount of all prisoners to prevent flankers from repeating. Still digging.

January 25th. Clear and very cold. Received our full rations. Dr. Hower-ton brought me a newspaper showing the conditions offered by Confederate commissioners to our commissioners. The Johnnies offered to exchange white man for white man and parole all over, but would not recognize the black man, they having more prisoners than our people had. So it seems from their side that there was no agreement reached as our people wanted man for man, white or black. Pushing our digging day and night. Keeping all of the earth taken out in daytime to be put away at night.

Thursday, January 26th, 1865. Very cold and blustery. Received full rations. All quiet and digging going on nicely. We could hear the Johnnies shouting above us and knew from our measurements we were not quite where we wanted to break ground. Our engineer, Mr. Turner of the Twelfth United States Infantry, said, "Boys, we will wait until to-morrow and measure again."

January 27th. Clear and very cold. Received our daily rations. Our tunnel completed. Mr. Turner broke ground. All who were in Salisbury prison will know we broke ground to the left of the frame hospital facing the same from the pen. We broke ground under a large pile of brush. It seemed to us as if Providence favored us, for we could have struck no better spot. We all went through to try it and put our heads out of the hole but very cautiously. To give the reader an idea—At one end we made the hole large enough to turn around to go back, but while digging we went in head foremost and came back feet first. After consultation, as the weather was very cold, we decided to wait a day or so for better weather before attempting to escape, knowing our suffering would be great.

January 28th. Still very cold and stormy. Received our regular rations. All quiet along the line and we decided to go out that night. We ate our soup and a little of our bread, topping out with acorns that we boiled. That night when all was still—I suppose midnight—we went out, Comrade Turner in the lead, myself second. We had decided to get to a given spot beyond the town where we would meet. Going through the outskirts of the town in twos we got together but were very cold. We walked all night and when day was breaking we lay under the bushes and undergrowth until the sun came up. You can imagine it was welcome for we were nearly frozen. We lay there in the sun on the morning of the 29th eating what we had and while eating we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs. We all crawled a little farther back, when along came a detachment of cavalry and a hot looking lot they were, but with our hearts in our mouths we lay as still as mice and they rode by within 100 feet of us. They had hounds with them and went on by to a running stream. They watered their horses and two hounds—that I thought were as large as their horses—crossed the stream and went on. What we feared was that the dogs would take our trail, but luckily for us the dogs never crossed it. Beyond this stream was a road and we got water from the stream and lay there that day. Some sleeping and two on guard. After a while we were again on the alert and I believe I held my breath. We again heard the sound of hoofs and to our agreeable surprise along came two negroes with a pair of oxen. We hailed them when we saw

they were unarmed. "Hello, Sambo, where are you fellows going?" One of them answered in surprise, "My Lord, Marsters, what are you? You ain't Yanks, is you?" We told them to speak low and that we were, and the darkies told us that we were in a dangerous place. They said we were close to Bradley Johnson's, and a lot of officers were there at that very moment, cursing and swearing and fighting. We asked them if they had any bread and the older one said, "We ain't got much but we will give you what we's got," and they gave us a loaf of cornbread and two caps full of whole corn and told us when they came back from the store they would give us as much corn as they could. We went to the other four and sat down to a feast there in the sun, for it had gotten warm, and we here waited for the blacks to return from the store. They told us that down at the store they went among some other slaves and we got a sack of corn. They told us that over at the store all the white people said that the Yanks were coming sure and they were burning everything as they went and that all the Yankees in the pen would be moved. The darkies directed us as best they could and we lay in the bushes, seeing nothing alive during the day except ourselves. We had plenty of good cornbread and water. When night came we started again and marched all night traveling as we supposed in a southeasterly direction. We wandered until day began to break. We were pushing for a woods or where we had some protection. Day was coming fast so we saw some bushes and as it was day we had to stay right there and lie right there, and to my surprise in this cluster of bushes along this stream of water I met Samuel Eppler of my own Company B. He escaped through our tunnel the night before we started and he went alone. From exposure he had become sick and as he was from my own company I did all I could for him. Day was coming on fast and not knowing what to do and he too sick to march we talked the matter over. He decided to stay there over night again and in the morning go out on the open road and give himself up and go to a Reb hospital. So I left Sam as he said I should go with the boys with whom I had come, as he could not march. We were all talking and Mr. Turner thought we had better make two groups. We had just completed our arrangements when we again heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and the rattling of side arms, and all at once we were surprised for a scouting party blundered through the bushes to water their horses. One of the horses trod on the foot or leg of poor Eppler and the pain I suppose was too great, for when they discovered Eppler they put their hounds on us and they rode up and down the stream and captured every one except Comrade Turner and I never saw or heard of him since the morning or rather evening of January 30, 1865. We had to carry Eppler in turns over to Bradley Johnson's headquarters. There they put him in an ambulance and we afoot and took us right back to where we came from. I asked permission to stay with Eppler that night and they allowed me to stay with him. At midnight he died and I lay down aside of him until morning, when they took him with others out to the cemetery, now the National. When the Johnnies had him on the dead wagon I saw the guard cut the buttons off his blouse, take his cap and then take the blouse off of him. Chances are he was buried naked. They then put me back into the same old pen and as all new arrivals get the salute of "fresh fish" I received the salute. All the same I soon found my other comrades and that afternoon I made an inspection of the tunnel and found everything just as we had left it.

Where Comrade Turner got to is a queer thing. That neither the Johnnies nor dogs captured him is a mystery.

January 31st. Clear and beautiful. Received our rations. An order came that all the colored men should be taken out of Salisbury and sent to Columbia, S. C., after which I met Dr. Howerton. He brought me a paper and two onions. He told me not to go out again as we would soon be exchanged as the blacks were now removed. I went out with the news and we formed in a large group and sang all the patriotic songs we could think of, marching all through the pen. We sang, "Give Us Back Our Old Commander, Little Mac," "Star Spangled Banner," "John Brown," or anything we could think of. We raised such a commotion that many of the ladies of Salisbury came out to hear the boys, so some fellow started, "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree" and Major Gee and some other long slim Christian commenced to shoot and did shoot. I could not say how many were hit because I did not go out as I knew I would surely get it.

February 1st, 1865. Clear and beautiful. Received our full rations. All sat around talking of the news of parole or exchange. All quiet along the line.

February 2d, 3d and 4th. Warm and beautiful. Received our usual rations. All quiet and in good glee.

February 5th. Cloudy and warm. Received our usual rations. Dr. Howerton brought in the news. Said Jeff Davis was skedaddling. I took the news out among the boys after the doctor had retired and we fell in line and the singing was immense. The crowd of ladies was greater. We sang until after dark but Major Gee did not shoot any more.

February 6th. Cloudy but warm and pleasant. Received our daily rations.

February 7th. Cold, rainy and sleeting all day. Much talk of the meeting of commissioners of ours and the Johnnies. Received our usual rations.

February 8th. Clear, warm and thawing fast. The pen nearly dry. Much better hopes. All the boys cheerful. Received our regular rations. Dr. Howerton reports the Yanks approaching rapidly.

February 9th. Clear, beautiful and warm. Received our daily rations.

February 10th. Clear and beautiful. Received our regular rations. The boys all singing and in good glee. Twenty-three dead hauled out.

February 11th. Clear and very cold. Received our rations. Things growing brighter every day.

February 12th. Cloudy with little rain. Excitement still growing. Received our regular rations.

February 13th. Clear and beautiful. Excitement growing but nothing to eat but acorns.

February 14th and 15th. Clear and beautiful. Received one-half ration.

February 16th. Cold and stormy. General Bradley Johnson came into prison and made a speech and told all to cheer up that we would all be sent home inside of ten days. We received our daily rations. The boys cheered Johnson and started singing and marching.

February 17th. Still cold and stormy. Received our rations. Excitement running high.

February 18th. Orders came into prison posted all around to be in readiness and the bakers were ordered to bake bread as fast as they could. There was plenty of flour for bakers. Boys shouting, singing, gay and happy.

February 19th. Clear and beautiful. Baking going on as fast as possible. All the boys packed their little effects. Singing all day long. Received plenty of bread and a little soup.

February 20th. Still warm and beautiful. All gay and happy. To move as soon as transportation can be gotten. Received all we could eat of bread, meat, small ration of soup and molasses.

February 21st. Cloudy and rain in afternoon. All gay and happy. The boys did not mind the rain. Cannonading off in the direction of capitol, Raleigh city. This set the boys wild and cheer after cheer went up. The old men doing guard duty would laugh heartily and when opportunity afforded would wave their handkerchiefs. Received all we wanted to eat.

February 22d. Clear and beautiful. Early in the morning cannonading could be heard toward Raleigh. Dr. Howerton told us it was General Thomas' command, so they sent in three or four wagons of bread, piled it up in the stockade and we could take all we wanted. Then came orders for all that could march to fall in line and an escort with them to march to Greensboro. All that possibly could went, plenty falling by the way. Dr. Howerton requested me to stay back and see after the sick, so I remained. I received a number of new wool blankets, sent to us from our government. In fact, I had more than I wanted.

February 23d. Clear and beautiful. I had all the sick transferred to the old factory, where we, through Dr. Howerton, had them as comfortably fixed as could be under the circumstances. Had all we wanted to eat.

February 24th. Still clear, warm and beautiful. I was, as were all that were left back, placed on parole of honor and went in and out of the city at will. Conversed with many old people who wished the cruel war was over. We had all we wanted to eat but so many poor comrades were past eating. The first night in Prison No. 1 seven died. One of the number was a colored soldier and as they were of strange commands to me I could not get name nor command, but they were taken out more decently than the others who had died there.

February 25th. Rained hard all day and very cold. Still in old No. 1 pen. About nine o'clock I got orders to be in readiness, so we went out to the depot, lay around all night until the next day. I was the last man to leave the stockade.

February 26th. We took the cars at Salisbury for Greensboro. Arrived there about eight o'clock a. m. We were marched out into the country, the sick left in the cars until morning, 10 a. m., February 27th, when we marched into Greensboro. Took the cars at Greensboro that afternoon. Marched out to fair grounds, camped over night and until afternoon of the 28th. Marched into Goldsboro, took the cars for Stony Point Station and were turned over to our people. I am sure that was the happiest moment of my life; tears streaming from the eyes of every prisoner and of our comrades who received us; then the hallelujah began; thousands of our men asking questions about some dear one. First question was, "Where were you boys?" After hearing, "Salisbury;" "Why, I had a father or brother there." "Did you know so and so?" Some were there and others

had answered the last roll call. So on we marched along to a camp ready for us, our ambulances taking the sick into this camp prepared for all there on the banks of Cape Fear River. We were taken in charge by those good people, the Sanitary and Christian Commission. After receiving all we wanted to eat and drink I strolled about to see if I could see any comrade I knew. There is where I saw the first of the Two Hundredth Regiment and the first one I ran against was Sampson Nunimaker of the Two Hundred and Third. The next was Captain S. E. Wisner of the Seventy-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers and next was Lieutenant Paris Rudisill. The three named were all from my native town, Marietta, Pa. None of the three knew me, but I knew them. The reason was that I never had my hair cut or was shaved in my confinement, but when I spoke to them they knew my voice and I say it was a happy meeting. Lieutenant Rudisill remarked I looked more like a buffalo. Those that could and would march started for Wilmington, N. C., but many took transportation on the boat via Fort Fisher. There we were compelled to wait for high tide. This is how we saw Fort Fisher. We got into Wilmington, March 2d. On our arrival at Wilmington all was quiet. We saw plenty of sham monitors drifting around in the river front. This I was told answered all purpose to draw troops to the front and our men I am told got in the rear on the Johnnies. On our arrival at Wilmington we were a horrible looking set of Yanks and one would say alive only to move along until we came to where there were troops that had their guns stacked. Our boys were wild at sight of them and on hearing that our men had a lot of prisoners in the jail and other pens our boys made a rush and secured the guns, accoutrements and ammunition and were preparing for a charge and massacre of the Rebel prisoners when some of our officers pleaded with them to desist. After considerable persuasion they again returned and stacked arms. We were at liberty to go where we liked in and about the city. We lay at Wilmington for three days and finally they got the boat "California" and started for Annapolis. A rough sea about Cape Hatteras made us all more sick and there was a sickly set in that hull and on deck. At last we arrived at Annapolis, Md. There we were all cleaned up. If we had any trinkets they were taken from us. Our names, company and regiment were recorded. We were then sent into an old tent and stripped to the skin. Next we were sent to the bath houses and all of us received a thorough cleaning up and painted with ointment and all received good clean clothing and underwear from the Sanitary and Christian Commission. We were all sent or taken to the barber shops. I was sitting waiting for my turn when I happened to look into a mirror and I turned both ways right and left to see if anything else was looking into the mirror, when to my great surprise I did not know myself. Then I thought of Wisner, Rudisill and Nunimaker and thought to myself, no wonder they did not know me when I did not know myself. Finally my turn came for the chair. I took a good look at myself and said to the barber, "Now, by G—, isn't that the ugliest thing you ever saw." The barber laughed and laughed and said to me, "Be quiet if you do not want to be cut." So finally I got both crops off and after another good coat of ointment I bade farewell forever to my old associates, the graybacks that had kept me moving many times and when I arose from the chair I took another look in the glass again and again thought, "Well, if that is the same thing that looked at me before I am beat—that red faced boy."

We then went into Parole Camp. We were there for three days, awaiting transportation and our pay. We received three months' extra pay, clothing, money and commutation money. While waiting there I witnessed the most affecting scenes I ever saw in camp or elsewhere. We would sit around in groups making our arrangements for our furloughs home. The camp was full of citizens of both sexes. Every minute or so some one would ask of you, "What prison were you in?" "Salisbury," I would say. "Oh, soldier, I had a brother, a father, husband, there." So if I knew anything about them I would answer, or if I or any of the groups about us did or did not, so if we knew nothing there was weeping and pitiful lamentings for the poor brother, poor father, or husband. I tell you, reader, there were more red eyes there than I ever saw in my life. Now and then some friend would find one of his loved ones. Then there were shouting, praying and singing. Two others and myself concluded to hide and got way back under the barracks when an old gray-headed man saw us crawling under the barracks and he crawled under to us. We could not refuse answering the old man and we went out into camp, and found his son. Now, I will tell you it was a great happening. All hands used our handkerchiefs. The old gentleman's name was Haynes, of Maytown, Lancaster County, father of George B. Haynes, of Company B, Forty-fifth Regiment.

During this meeting they began giving us what we never looked for—three months' extra pay, our clothing and commutation money. We all were fixed up and started next morning, all singing, gay and happy and if ever there was a happy crowd we were. We made Baltimore ring and everywhere we went things were open to us. I arrived in Columbia on the 17th of March, 1865, and as there was no bridge we were ferried across the Susquehanna from Wrightsville by Captain Joe Black. The water ran over the top of the bridge piers and there were no cars running to Marietta, so we had to take the pike and when I got to Marietta the water ran down Front Street. People were running boats on the street.

The following is a true statement of the comrades that died at Salisbury, N. C., from October 7th, 1864, to February 26th, 1865, of the Forty-fifth Regiment of the Pennsylvania Infantry, as I have them in my diary; there were some that I did not get. I will just say that I do not have one name of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry that went out and took the oath to the Confederacy as many others did:

NAMES OF THE DEAD.

Henry Souders, Company F, died October 4th, 1864.
Abraham Boyer, Company A, died November 1st, 1864.
Conrad Soder, Company F, died November 9th, 1864.
Albert Bryan, Company H, died November 17th, 1864.
Alfred T. Whitney, Company F, died November 19th, 1864.
William Dunlap, Company A, died November 25th, 1864.
Henry Hurman, Company F, died November 26th, 1864.
Willis J. Mickle, Company G, died December 3d, 1864.
John Lyons, Company D, died December 16th, 1864.
William Gearhart, Company E, died December 11th, 1864.
Albert Lyons, Company F, died December 18th, 1864.

- William B. Glenn, Company E, died December 22d, 1864.
Jerome Seymour, Company H, died December 23d, 1864.
Benjamin Glenn, Company C, died December 24th, 1864.
Jacob B. Eshelman, Company B, died December 24th, 1864.
Charles Cartright, Company E, died December 25th, 1864.
Isaac Metcalf, Company F, died December 25th, 1864.
William Cahill, Company H, died December 27th, 1864.
Isaac Chamberlain, Company F, died December 28th, 1864.
Charles Burns, Company C, died December 28th, 1864.
Michael Regan, Company C, died December 29th, 1864.
John Otto, Company F, died December 29th, 1864.
Samuel L. Eppler, Company B, died February 1st, 1868.
John More, Company K, died January 1st, 1865.
George Slack, Company C, died January 4th, 1865.
James Chambers, Company K, died January 8th, 1865.
Joseph Taylor, Company C, died January 8th, 1865.
Charles Lamberson, Company K, died January 9th, 1865.
Martin Eshelman, Company B, died January 11th, 1865.
John S. Beach, Company I, died January 12th, 1865.
Charles A. Deckman, Company K, died January 13th, 1865.
Henry P. Griffith, Company B, died February 3d, 1865.
George E. Fergerson, Company H, died February 5th, 1865.
Daniel B. Harpster, Company E, died February 8th, 1865.
Tyler Rittenhouse, Company B, died February 9th, 1865.
Samuel H. Myers, Company E, died February 11th, 1865.
Dennis Ryan, Company E, died February 14th, 1865.
Joshua L. Brown, Company B, died February 15th, 1865.
Charles F. Starks, Company C, died about February 27th on the route home.

LIFE IN PRISON AND HOSPITAL

J. B. EMERY.

At the request of the Historian of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment Veteran Volunteers I will endeavor to write an article detailing my experience while held as a prisoner by the Confederates during the Civil War.

I can give dates and occurrences with accuracy from the fact that I am in possession of a diary kept by myself during my imprisonment, excepting a short time while too ill to write.

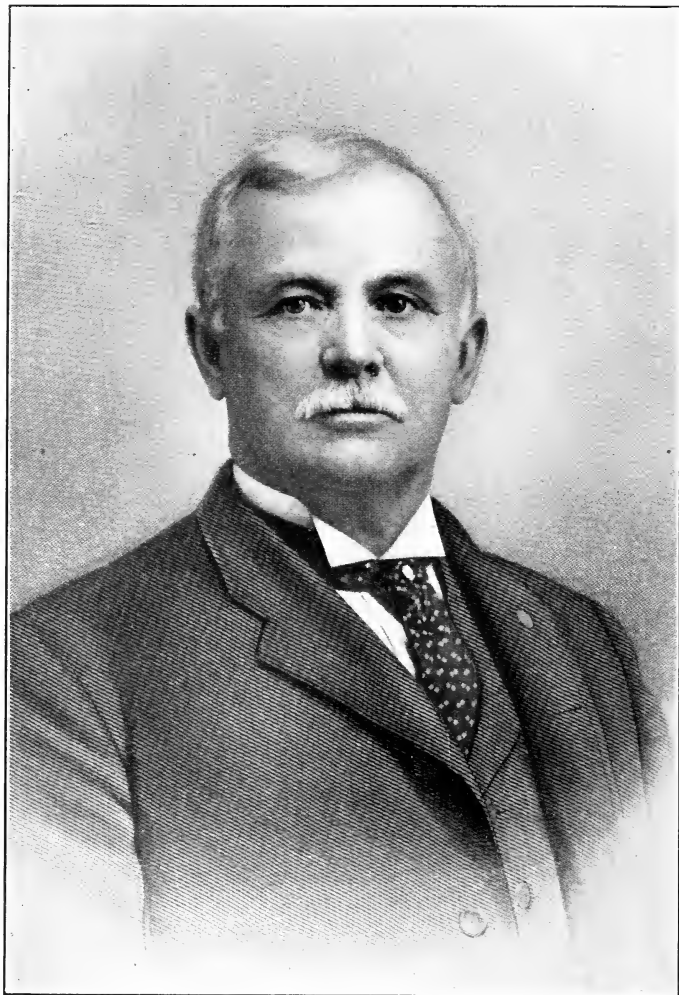
Monday, September 14th, 1863, while at Linn Camp Post Office, Ky., a detail of the following persons was made and sent to Pennsylvania for the purpose of bringing conscripts, otherwise drafted men, to our division. This detail consisted of Captain Campbell, Company E; Lieutenant Hart, Company I; Lieutenant VanValin, Company A; Quartermaster Sergeant Mullen, Company K; Sergeant Hollahan, Company A; Jesse Wilcox, Company H; John Bailey, Corporal Joseph Bailey, Company E, and myself. We marched to Nicholasville, Ky., and took train for the East. This detail was ordered to return to its command early in November, not having secured the quota of conscripts for which it was sent. We, or rather a part of the detail, reached Cumberland Gap, Tenn., on the 25th of November, and were there detained as we were unable to proceed to our regiment because of the siege of Knoxville by General Longstreet's command. November 30th the troops at Cumberland Gap were advised of the raising of the siege and on 1st of December marched to Tazewell enroute to join their various commands. We of the Forty-fifth accompanied a lot of Ninth Corps convalescents under Captain Banks of the Thirteenth Kentucky Regiment of United States troops.

On the 13th of December orders were received to move toward Flat Gap of the Clinch Mountains. We left Tazewell in company with a wagon train of 22 wagons loaded with sugar and coffee for General Burnside's command. Only a portion of our party was armed. We marched till late in the afternoon and encamped at a point near a gap in the mountains where there was encamped a regiment of new troops from Indiana. As we had passed a camp of Union cavalry a short time before we reasonably supposed we were on safe territory.

Now commences my prison experience. Shortly before dark while we were preparing our supper General W. E. Jones' brigade of Virginia cavalry, evidently on the lookout for this supply train, moved to a point back of a low ridge near us, and sent Colonel Wicher's battalion of Thirty-fourth Virginia, dismounted, to charge us.

Three others and myself were sitting around our small camp fire when first shots were fired. One went through my cup of coffee. I copy following from diary:

"About 20 of us had guns. We stood and fired till they overpowered us, and of course took us prisoners. Corporal Wilcox of Company H was shot through the hand and one man of Fifty-first Pennsylvania through the shoulder. Twelve of the Forty-fifth were taken prisoners. They marched us all



First Sergeant John B. Emery.
Company I.

Enlisted January 1st, 1862; captured by Confederates in East Tennessee, December 14th, 1863.

Prisoner of war at Richmond, Va., until April 16th, 1864; paroled and went to hospital in Baltimore, April 18th; to Convalescent Camp at Annapolis, Md., April 25th, and to the regiment, May 25th, 1864, at North Ann River, Va.

Promoted to corporal September, 1862; to sergeant in 1863, to first sergeant October 20th, 1864, to date from September 7th, 1864; to first lieutenant of Company G, October 2d, 1864. This commission was declined by Sergeant Emery for the reason that there were good sergeants in Company G who had reenlisted when he was a prisoner of war and these men deserved promotion.



night. Captain Burke's Company of Twenty-first Virginia was in charge of us. The man who captured me took my watch, pocketbook, haversack and overcoat and cursed me because I didn't carry a jackknife. I had a small 'poke' of coffee and one of sugar in my haversack and asked that I be permitted to keep them as they had gotten our train and would find plenty in the wagons. I didn't retain them."

I find that I did not record, nor can I remember, the names of all the comrades captured with me. Lieutenant Hart, John Miles, Jesse Wilcox, H. W. Smith, Sergeant Amos Mullin and Sergeant Hollahan were among the number.

The skirmish was hot for a little while. There were several small log buildings at the point of attack, and Wilcox and I were behind one of them firing. As three Confederates were running to get under cover of another building I aimed at the one in the lead who had not seen me. One of the three sighted me and raised his gun on me. We fired simultaneously. I nearly "got" my man. During the night of the capture, while seated around a camp fire, I spoke of the circumstance. One of the guards spoke up and said, "I should say you did—look at my cheek." I had cut the skin over his cheekbone.

During our first night's capture one of the guards stole Lieutenant Hart's cap. The matter was reported to Captain Burke who at once instituted a search, recovered and returned the cap to Lieutenant Hart thus proving himself a soldier.

On the 15th we marched till noon when we received some cornmeal and a very small piece of meat per man. Lieutenant Hart and I baked our meal on a board and roasted the meat on coals.

On the 16th we each received a pint of flour and a half pound of meat, marched to Mooresburg and were quartered for the night in an old warehouse. On the 17th John Johnson of Company I, Forty-fifth, and two of the Eighth Michigan were added to our number. On the 18th further additions were made by Kaufman of Company F, one other of the Forty-fifth, ten of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, and 66 others. We reached Rogersville on the 19th and were packed like sardines, in a bank building, where we each drew seven small biscuits. Weather exceedingly cold. While still here on the 20th some of the loyal East Tennesseans wanted to bring in some food to distribute among us. General Vaughn issued an order forbidding it. No rations issued to us on this day. My diary notes the following: "Beginning to get lousy." We drew six small biscuits per man on 21st. On 22d, record in diary says, "Drew about one pound of bread and a half pound of boiled beef in the evening. I paid one dollar in Confederate money for four ears of corn to parch. On 23d we left Rogersville under guard of a part of the Thirty-eighth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. Drew two biscuits per man to-day. Other prisoners were added to our crowd making about 200. Marched 15 miles on 24th and spent the night in a church at Kingsport. The 25th found us 16 miles nearer our destination quartered in the Jefferson Seminary, and the 26th we reached Bristol, the main street of which is the dividing line between Virginia and Tennessee.

We were encamped here in a piece of oak woods for two and one-half days without shelter of any kind in a drizzling cold rain. Our treatment by our guards on the march from where we were captured to this place was very good,

but our rations were very scant, being really less than half the usual amount or weight. There was no salt in the bread and none given us for our meat and the bread to be made by us out of the flour and meal issued.

The afternoon of the 28th we drew some rations and were loaded into second class cars and at 10 P. M., started for Richmond. We were packed in so close that not half of us could get seats.

During the war a large number of loyal East Tennesseans enlisted in the Federal Army and I am told they made excellent soldiers. Hundreds of mountaineers "hid out" in the mountains to prevent conscription for the Confederate army. At times they would visit their homes for supplies and to meet their families. On our march towards Bristol an affecting incident occurred. Our guards halted us near a small farm house. While there, some of the guards searched the house and found the head of the family in hiding. He was brought out and told to get in line with us—the intention being to turn him over to the Rebel conscription officers. At the bars near the house his wife threw her arms around his neck and two small children clung to his legs, the wife begging the guards not to take him away. Her appeals and screams were of no avail.

On the 28th we started for Richmond. Our trip was without incident worthy of mention. On the 30th we reached our destination, the goal the Union army had been trying to reach for many months. I have always very much regretted that I was not present at its triumphal entry at close of the war. On our arrival the privates and noncommissioned officers of our party were taken to Scott's tobacco factory—the officers being placed in Libbey Prison.

This factory was several stories high filled with Union prisoners. Near the center of it there was an open hatchway down which was thrown all sorts of slop and dirt. Corporal Wilcox and myself were located on the lower floor, along the center of which there was no flooring but instead a stinking pool of dirty water, etc. On the wet slimy flooring along the sides we were located, our heads, when sleeping, being toward the wall and our feet on the edge of the pool.

On the 30th we drew some corn bread and a little beef. Corporal Wilcox whose hand had received no medical attention since he was shot on the 13th was removed to the hospital, at least the guards said he was to be taken there. His wound was in a horrible condition and smelled to the skies. He died in the hospital. I gave him all the care possible during his trip from point of capture. At one time on our march to Bristol I saw an opportunity to escape but did not embrace it because I thought Comrade Wilcox, my blanket mate, needed my attention.

On the above date at noon we were each given a small piece of cornbread and fresh beef and at night a little soup.

January 1st, 1864. I with many others was sent to Belle Isle, in the middle of the James River, opposite Richmond. In casting lots for Belle Isle or hell—give me the long straw for the latter. I am sure it would be healthier and pleasanter. From this time until my release from prison I thought it prudent not to mention in my diary all the cruelties practiced at our prison camp fearing if it were examined it would be taken from me. From above date until my release I will give practically all the contents of my diary, injecting a few remarks now and then.

We found on Belle Isle a very large number of Union prisoners quartered in old tents—too old and worn to be of service in the field, the larger part of them very leaky. I can never forget the appearance of these men. Those who had been longest confined were emaciated, dirty and lousy, and many of them too sick to get out of their tents. Many were suffering from frozen and frosted feet.

For convenience in issuing rations and to prevent "repeating" our boys were divided into squads of 100, in charge of a Union sergeant, the squads being subdivided into messes of 20. When rations were issued the sergeant drew them, divided them into five lots. Members of each mess would stand with their backs to the ration. The sergeant would point to a pile and ask, "Who takes this?" This plan pleased all parties as it was entirely fair.

January 2d. Did not get out of bed except to get my ration of cornbread and soup or rather swill. Weather extremely cold. I was quartered in an old Sibley (circular) tent with 18 others. My "bed" consisted of the ground with a piece of shelter tent made of twilled muslin between myself and it.

January 3d and 4th. No record made in diary.

January 5th. Rained a little to-day.

January 6th. Snowed in the afternoon. Weather extremely cold. Ration a half loaf cornbread and one or two ounces of beef. No salt in bread or beef.

January 7th. Nothing occurred worthy of note.

January 8th. Laid in bed all day trying to keep warm. Drew two or three sweet cakes, extra from the United States Sanitary Commission.

January 9th. Weather somewhat warmer. Drew a fourth loaf of cornbread in morning and a small piece of bacon in the evening.

January 10th. Drew rice soup at night.

January 11th. Weather pleasant but very nasty under foot.

January 12th. Drew a fourth loaf cornbread and one ounce of beef for dinner. Bread and bean soup for supper.

January 13th. Pleasant to-day. Rice soup for supper.

January 14th. Quite pleasant. Rations same as usual.

January 15th. Rice soup for supper.

January 16th. Drew no meat to-day only one pint of rice soup and a piece of cornbread.

January 17th. Same rations as yesterday. Two or three hundred new men came in to-day. All have to lie in the streets—no room in the tents.

January 18th. Drew a half loaf cornbread and a little soup. Rained at intervals all day. I am getting thin for want of something to eat. Five hundred new prisoners came in to-day. All are compelled to lie in the street.

January 19th. Drew a half loaf bread. Men dying every day.

January 20th. Rations to-day, a half loaf cornbread and a little bean soup.

January 21st. Everything goes on as usual. Rations as ever—hardly sufficient to keep a mouse. Weather quite pleasant for the season.

January 22d. Warmer to-day. Rations a half loaf bread and a little rice soup.

- January 23d. Bean soup and cornbread drawn to-day.
January 24th. Bean soup and bread to-day.
January 26th. Smaller rations of bread and no soup.
January 27th. Drew a third loaf cornbread twice to-day.
January 28th. To-day received a loaf of bread and a small piece of fresh meat.
January 29th. Same rations as yesterday with the addition of some rice soup.
January 30th. Rained hard in the night.
February 1st. Very muddy and disagreeable in camp. Rations of bean soup and bread.
February 2d. I was sent over to Richmond to Alabama hospital number 22.

For some time before this date I was ill. The cornbread diet gave me severe heartburn and had reduced me in weight so much that I could walk but a few steps at a time. I did not wish to go over to the hospital but was finally induced to do so by the sergeant of our squad.

The soup furnished us was very thin—no salt and only slight evidence that meat had been boiled with it. Many days, as you may observe in record of diary, nothing but this soup was issued. I speak of a loaf of bread—this was very small in size.

On our arrival at the hospital, myself and others, including H. W. Smith of Company B, were assigned to a room in which were about 30 cots nearly all occupied. Eight of us were compelled to lie on the bare floor and use such covering as we brought with us from Belle Isle. I had no covering of my own. A comrade shared a lousy blanket with me. I asked the ward master, who was, by the way a Northern soldier named A. S. Patrick of Brooklyn, N. Y., how long before we could get cots. He replied, "It won't be long, men are dying every day." He was right. In about five days eight bodies had been carried out.

I secured a cot next to Comrade Smith. From this date to April 16th, 1864, I kept no diary. I was too sick for several weeks to do so. I was in the hospital for about one month. During this time many men died and their places were promptly filled by others. The prevailing trouble was chronic diarrhoea. The food given us here was small in amount and damnable in quality, the greater part of it being cornbread without salt and made from corn, ground cobs and all and baked hard on top and bottom and heavy in the middle.

This diet was more fatal than the bullets of the enemy as it produced aggravated diarrhoea. Many of the patients became so sick they could not eat the bread nor anything else furnished, the result being they became gradually weaker and weaker and finally died, having literally starved to death.

Comrade Smith in his last days became delirious and would very often call for something to eat, although he had several pieces of cornbread hidden under his pillow. I could eat more than I got. Smith had no sooner breathed his last than I crawled out of my cot and secured his uneaten bread. Of the 14 of our regiment taken prisoners December 14th, ten literally starved. Amos Mullin, Lieutenant C. M. Hart, John Miles and myself survived, Miles dying immediately on his arrival home.

I made inquiry after my release and was informed that we were the only survivors of the list. Later I became somewhat better. A clerk was needed in another hospital so Wardmaster Patrick recommended me to the surgeon in charge, Dr. Sims, and I was taken to this hospital, the name of which I have forgotten, and given a clerkship in the office, where I found three other Yankee clerks, viz. Lieutenant Robinson of an Illinois regiment, A. S. Palmer of New Jersey and Sergeant John W. Flintham of Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry. My duty was to assist in keeping the death register, etc. From this time on I had enough to eat, such as it was and consequently gained gradually in strength.

While in this hospital I saw many pitiable sights. Every morning the dead wagon would be drawn into the court yard to the dead house and loaded with those who died the preceding day or night and the number was not small. Many deaths from dry gangrene from frozen feet were recorded, probably frozen on Belle Isle. In the month of March there were recorded 293 cases of chronic diarrhoea, 250 of which were fatal. Nearly all of these men came over from Belle Isle on stretchers; some could walk with assistance. They were starved down to mere skeletons.

A few days before the 16th of April the clerks were ordered to make out in triplicate, parole sheets, a list of such prisoners as were considered convalescent and were to be sent down the James River for delivery to our flag of truce exchange boat. I assisted in securing the signatures of the men. On the afternoon of the day before our departure I added my name without consent of the hospital steward, to the parole sheets hoping to get away without discovery. I was detected in the crowd when the names were called, and ordered to return to the office. I broke down and shed tears, begging the steward to let me go. I was weak but still strong enough to tell a good healthy lie or two. I gave him a line of talk about my mother being a widow and that father had died since I enlisted and that I wanted to go home and help support the family. This melted the steward who interceded with Surgeon Sims and I was allowed to go.

We were loaded into ambulances, taken down to the river and loaded on the Rebel exchange boat, which very carefully picked her way down the river past the bombs and mines laid to protect Richmond from Yankee gunboats, and after pulling alongside the steamer "New York," our flag of truce boat, we were taken aboard the "New York" on which waved the glorious Star Spangled Banner. I looked around and saw iron cots with clean linen and blankets, smelled good old Government Java coffee, looked up and took another good look at the flag and then cried like a baby. On the 18th we reached Baltimore and I was sent to Patterson Park hospital. On 25th of April I was sent to Annapolis to Convalescent Camp, and on 25th of May reached the regiment at North Ann River.

Now a few words about the treatment accorded our prisoners on Belle Isle and in the Richmond hospitals. The winter of 1863-4 was an unusually cold one entailing untold suffering for our men. At the time of capture in nearly all instances the overcoats, and in most cases under my observation, the blankets of our men were confiscated, now and then one being retained; I should say about one in four blankets were left us.

In our tent previously mentioned, there were 18 men. At night we laid spoon fashion for mutual warmth; when one turned, the whole bunch was compelled to.

Many of our party had very sore hips, their bones having almost pricked through. At my location I had a couple of small holes dug in which to plant my sores.

There was a bank thrown up around the camp on top of which the Rebel guards were posted. On the inside of the bank was a shallow ditch about eight feet wide. Our men were told not to enter this space under penalty of being shot. Many men were shot for an infraction of this rule, and for alleged impertinence and various other excuses.

When the new recruits, or "fresh fish" as we termed them, arrived, many of them were compelled to lie in the streets without protection from the cold, the result being that a good many deaths occurred from exposure, etc. No wood was furnished for fires except in say three or four instances when a small stick about two inches square and 18 inches long was given each prisoner. Several times I whittled my sticks into shavings and after pounding up some bones I had saved built a fire and made some-called soup, as I had gnawed the bones before, all the nourishment I procured was a few globules of fat. Narrow lanes boarded up about eight feet high on each side were built from the camp to the river. As the fence neared the river the lane widened and extended out into the water. Narrow plank walks extended out to open and very crude water closets or sinks.

Now and then a dog would stray into our camp, but never strayed out. It would be caught, killed, skinned and eaten. More than once I saw a Yank peddling small slices or pieces of dog meat and calling out, "A slice of good fresh meat, ten cents in money, or a dollar in Confed," meaning Confederate money. Once in a while a man could be found among us who had managed to save a little money from his captors. In such cases he could arrange with the more honest guards to secure edibles from outside the camp. I was dead broke when captured.

In the hospitals very little medicine was given our men, possibly on account of scarcity of same caused by the blockade or other reasons. Personally, I don't think so. While working in the office I had access to a couple of daily papers published in Richmond. I read in one of them a sentence like this: "We here in Richmond are doing more to end the war than they are in the field;" evidently referring to the excessive mortality in the hospitals, and prison camps.

The treatment of prisoners by the Confederacy is a somber and enduring stain upon her record. Admitting the plea of her limited resources, yet much—very much—might have been done to prevent or alleviate the horrors of her prisons.

Ample room, good water, plenty of wood to keep the men warm would have cost nothing. There were many localities in the South remote from the field of the operation of our armies where all those could have been provided. The prisoners themselves, under proper guard, could have built comfortable huts for their own shelter against the elements.

The cold, the exposure, the bad water, the crowding, the unspeakably filthy lack of the most rudimentary sanitation, probably had almost as much to do with the frightful mortality as the bad and meager rations. Moreover the South was not as poor in food supplies as is sometimes thought and Sherman's large army on the march to the sea found abundance for its subsistence.

It was want of system quite as much as want of means that caused the Confederacy to fail in properly subsisting its own army and so woefully treating her prisoners. Whether the latter arose from want of means or system or simple insensibility to their privations, the fact remains.

Even in the retrospect and under the mellowing influences of 47 years after, it is difficult for me to speak in any degree of moderation of those prison pens, and they will ever be remembered and regarded by those who suffered there and by those whose loved ones died there as places of indescribable misery and horror.

If the South had not the means to care for her captives, then rather than subject them to the conditions prevailing in her prisons the dictates of humanity, even amid the bitterness of war, should have impelled her to parole them until duly exchanged and what was done cannot be justified, and impartial history will neither condone nor forget it, and Andersonville, Belle Isle and other spots are dark chapters in the Nineteenth Century history of a Christian land.

Nicolay and Hay in their life of Lincoln in a chapter treating on prisoners of war say, "The spirit of the times, the circumstances of the case which made those horrors possible are gone forever. The readers of the present day could not make the proper allowance for them and the naked story of those who came alive out of Libbey, Belle Isle and Andersonville would awaken either incredulity or a feeling of resentment which is undesirable to excite."

FROM COLUMBIA, S. C., TO KNOXVILLE, TENN.

CAPTAIN R. G. RICHARDS

Asylum Prison Camp, about five acres in area, was a part of the grounds belonging to the State Asylum, situated in Columbia, S. C. The prison was enclosed by a very high board fence, near the top and outside of which was a platform, all round, on which the guards walked their beat, night and day.

Between 500 and 600 Federal prisoners—all commissioned officers—were there confined, subsisting on cornmeal and sorghum. The diet through the long months was varied only to sorghum and cornmeal. Some of the prisoners were provided with shelter, others were not; those of us who had been taken into that camp from the Richland County jail in the City of Columbia, in most cases, had no shelter from about the 1st of December, 1864, until the beginning of February, 1865. Lieutenant James E. Catlin of Company I and myself had stuck together from the hour of our capture in the Battle of the Crater, July 30th, 1864, until my escape February 16th, 1865. We were among those who had only the ground for a bed and the sky above for covering, until the first part of February, 1865, when in some way we got possession of sufficient canvas for shelter. Lieutenant Catlin was a part of the time in the hospital with a very serious attack of pneumonia. Many a night I watched over him when he was delirious and apparently unconscious of his surroundings. He was convalescent, however, when we left Columbia.

How to escape was always an interesting theme of conversation among the prisoners, and many and devious were the plans suggested and undertaken. Some were successful. For instance, one night it was quite dark, and wood was brought into the camp, several guards marching in with the negro carriers. A prisoner got a long slender stick of wood, and stood with it at shoulder arms. Bringing up the rear of the guard he marched out in company with the other Johnnies, who were also carrying their guns that way.

But the monotony of that miserable existence was broken at last. On the 14th day of February, 1865, we heard in the distance the booming of artillery. We knew what it meant. Sherman was approaching. The sound was music to our ears. We sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and cheered with our might the cannon's roar. But we were soon told, "Yous' Yanks must stop that or we'll open our guns on you." And sure enough the port-holes were opened and we plainly saw that the guns were ready for deadly work. While our demonstrations of joy were not so hilarious after that, they were just as intense; and it was plain to be seen on the countenances of the guards and their officers that they realized the tables were turning.

That night we were all ordered to be ready to march in an hour and a half. That did not take us long, as we had nothing to get ready. We were always ready. The night was dark, cold and rainy, and when the head of the column reached the railroad depot we had to stand in our places in the rain for two hours. We were then ordered to about face and march back to camp. The people of Columbia had become panic stricken and had taken possession of the

train to escape from the city. On returning to prison, although armed guards every 20 feet or so were on either side, several of the prisoners got away. One I now remember, Captain Rourke, an artillery officer, dashed out between two of the guards, leaped the fence and was gone. One of the guards in astonishment said to the other, "Jim, did yous' see that a'r Yank jump?" "Yes, he jumped like h—ll, didn't he?"

At four o'clock the following morning we were again marched to the depot and packed like sardines in box cars, with an armed guard at the door of each car. Near one end of my car a large hole had been broken through the floor, and through it could be seen three or four small pigs sniffing about under the car. One of the prisoners emptied the crumbs from his haversack on the ground for the pigs. He then reached down, caught one of the piglets by the snout, butchered it, and divided it among us as far as it would go. It was done so silently and skillfully that the guard at the door never knew or suspected what was being done. When the pig attempted to squeal several of us had a spell of coughing. When 'all was over and the pig was in our haversacks, every little while some of us would grunt. Finally the guard asked, "What is the matter with yous' Yanks?" then said, "I must have a car of hogs on my hands."

Finally the train started for Charlotte, N. C. Our car was so crowded that we all had to lie down at the same time. We called it "spoon fashion." About midnight the engine ran off the track and was disabled. In that condition we remained until morning. I find the following account in my diary: "I could not sleep; it was too cold. February 16th, Thursday. An engine came to our assistance, and away we started for Charlotte. We were issued a cracker and a little piece of pork. Arrived at Charlotte a little after dusk, and remained in the car all night. We suffered a great deal for want of room. February 17th, Friday. This morning before leaving the cars for camp, an order was read to us to the effect that a general exchange (of prisoners) was agreed upon. But it is considered a canard; we have heard so many rumors of the kind."

I did not believe the exchange order was true, and determined to escape from prison if possible.

We were placed in a field near a large tract of woodland, and perhaps a mile from Charlotte. Guards were placed around our camp in the usual way. About noon of that day, February 17th, I went up to one of the guards, who was an elderly man, and said, "You see it is going to rain. I don't want to be compelled to lie in the mud. We have no shelter. Won't you let me go into the edge of the woods and gather some brush and leaves of which to make a bed?" Hesitating a little, he asked me if I would be sure to come back. I said of course I would. (Here I plead guilty to a little prevarication.) He then said, "You can go out tha'r, but don't go too far." I said, "All right."

I did go out and gathered some brush and leaves, and continued to gather leaves until on the 16th day of March when I reached Knoxville, Tenn.

It was necessary of course to go some distance in the woods to find 'the right kind of brush and leaves. When far enough to be beyond musket range, I ran as far as I could. Whither I knew not. When I stopped to get my breath, a sensation of utter loneliness and of strange unrestraintness came over me. For over six months I had been a prisoner, all of which time, look where I would, an

armed soldier clad in gray marked the line beyond which I dared not go; but now I was out in the wide world, alone and a stranger in an enemy's country, hundreds of miles from where I could lie down in safety or see a friend, other than those I had left in yonder prison camp.

But very soon Adjutant Muffly, who had also escaped, came in sight. Together we moved on, until we came to a small stream over which lay a fallen tree; as we passed over we heard men coming in our direction. Immediately we got behind a large log and watched, thinking we were being pursued. When they approached near enough we recognized them as escaped prisoners like ourselves. Our meeting, as may be imagined, was a cordial one. They were Adjutant James L. Hastings, Seventh Pennsylvania Reserves, (brother of the late Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania), and Lieutenant Richard Cooper of a New Jersey regiment. The four of us at once sought a place of hiding, which we found near enough to the public road to ward off suspicion, and far enough therefrom not to be heard by travelers. There we discussed and determined our plan of campaign. Westward was the course, Knoxville, Tenn., our objective point. It was also agreed between us that each one in his turn should procure food and information, and if discovered and taken in the enterprise the others were to leave him to his fate and themselves escape, if an attempt to rescue him would result in the recapture of the others. We were to travel at night and conceal ourselves during daylight. We each cut a stout stick of wood for weapons.

Lieutenant Cooper, whom we all called "Dick," cut on the bark of his stick, "Death to Dogs." Our circumstances and preparation brought to my mind that up-start climbing Alpine Heights, of whom Longfellow sang, and thus expressed it to the others:

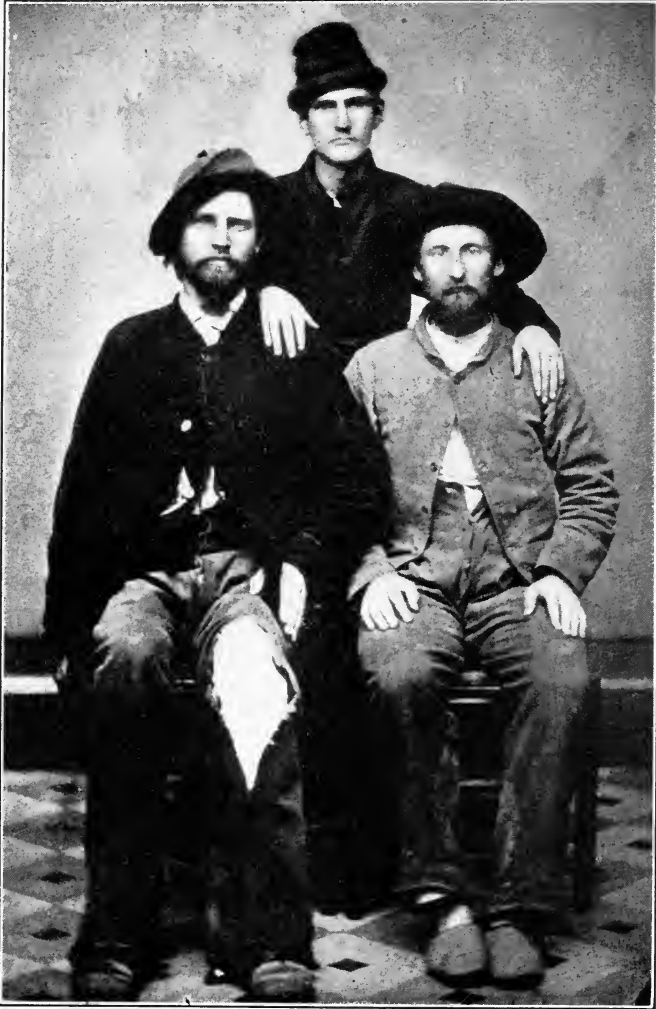
"The shades of night were falling fast
As o'er the muddy roads there passed,
Four Yankees, bearing each a stick,
On one of which was cut by Dick,
'Death unto Dogs.'

When darkness came we started on our journey full of hope and determination to reach our goal. Our haversacks were empty, so it became necessary to replenish them as soon as possible. After a few miles of travel we saw negro shanties. I think Cooper volunteered to go first. He knocked lightly at the door, which was partly opened. A voice from within asked "Who da'r?" When Cooper saw it was a black face he said, "Yankee." Immediately the negro said, "Good Lor' Massa, how dun' ye get here without dem dogs gettin' ye? Any more out da'r?" "Yes." "Well, we heard dat some Yankees got ter way from Charlotte to-day, and massa's been watchin' de' barn, fear dey would steal de' hosses. Come in hea'." Soon Cooper returned to us accompanied by several negroes, who brought corn pone and bacon enough to last us a whole day, for which we paid them seven dollars in Confederate money. After telling them the general direction we intended to go, they said that we would have to cross the Catawba River; then one of them proceeded to give us directions (it being understood that it was our purpose to avoid public roads.) "Do yous' see dat star over dar?" (pointing.) "Yes." "Well, you go for¹ dat star to a place" (describing.) Then "Do you see dat" (still pointing.) "Yes." "Well, yous' go

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The Escaped Union Prisoners

- (1) Lieutenant Richard Cooper, N. J. Inf.
- (2) Adjutant John L. Hastings, Seventh Pa. Res. Inf.
- (3) Captain R. G. Richards, Co. G. 45th Pa. Inf.

for dat star and yous' will get to de bridge, but watch out, they dun lik'ly be watching for yous."

We bade them all goodbye and started, keeping our eyes steadily on the first star. Through the brush, climbing over fallen trees, sometimes crawling under them, picking our way as best we could over the stony ground, often over our shoe tops in water, we reached the place from where we were to go for the other star, and finally arrived at the bridge across the Catawba. Cautiously we crept along. Luckily the guard had left his post, and we passed over unmolested.

By this time Lieutenant Muffly, who was not strong physically, was showing signs of exhaustion. On his feet was an old pair of women's shoes which after our experience that night were literally torn to pieces, and his feet were very sore. We came to a high rail fence. Hastings and Cooper had gone over it, but poor Muffly in attempting to climb over fell back exhausted. With my help he tried a second and a third time but could not make it. He begged me to stay with him. Hastings and Cooper were going on. It was nearing daybreak. To stay meant my giving up the escape and being recaptured. I could not aid him in any event, so with a sorrowful heart I bade him goodbye, and advised him to go to the house nearby and give himself up. I soon caught up with the others.

It was now time to find a place of concealment. We went a distance into the forest and laid down, "spoon fashion," to rest. We were soon asleep. About ten o'clock I awoke. Three dogs were barking at us. I also heard chopping not far away. Upon waking my bed-fellows they too at once took in the situation. We crawled up to the brow of the hill and saw a white man at his work near by. Quietly we passed down the hill, into a ravine, and with accelerating steps got farther into the forest and remained the rest of the day.

That night it was very dark, and we went cautiously along the public road. We heard a negro approaching, so stepped aside into the woods. He came on and in a stentorian voice was preaching a sermon to an imaginary congregation, for he was alone. As he came opposite, Hastings hailed him. To say that the preacher cut short his sermon is to put it mildly. That voice out of the darkness so terrified him that for the moment he could not speak, but later said: "Who is dat?" Hastings said, "Yank." Then came the exclamation: "Dear Lor' Massa, God bless yous!" After a little conversation he said that a white Union man lived not very far away, by the name of Beasley. We followed him to Beasley's but found he was not at home.

We again got on the "Big Road," and after traveling several miles we reached the plantation of a Mr. Broadway. One went to a negro shanty, and after making himself known was told, "Good Lor', Massa, don't go no farder. My Massa' he heard dat the Yanks dun got away from Charlotte, an' he's just gon' ahead with his gun for to geard de bridge. We hasn't much to eat; Massa's berry hard on us." Another negro in the house said, "Come with me, I'll gib you something to eat." So we followed him through the darkness; the way was long, painfully rough and steep, but at last our guide said, "Now, you hide behind dat bush, and I'll fetch yous something." Shortly our dusky friend returned with hoe cake, white bread and a little butter. He also brought a shirt and a white cotton coat. In presenting the shirt he said with a great deal of earnestness, "I neber wore em, Massa, it am a new shirt." Cooper gladly and grate-

fully accepted the shirt, but the *white* coat would not answer our purpose, so we declined that, although we were suffering from the cold because our clothes were thin, much worn and ragged.

Our friend then piloted us for five miles in a way to avoid the guarded bridge, we so narrowly escaped. He then directed us (astronomically) how to proceed. "You follo' dat star (pointing), and you will come to where two roads jine; yous take the right-hand road till yous come to de railroad; dar in de shanty yous will fin a great big fat darkey; he is de watchman and has a great big stove in dar, so yous can get warm; him's all right. He'll tell yous how to go to Lincolnton."

We followed the directions of our friend, and we struck the junction of the roads. When we reached the railroad, sure enough there in his shanty was the "great big fat darkey," and he was all right. After getting well warmed by the red-hot stove we pursued our course as directed by our big and jolly informant until daybreak, then concealed ourselves in the angle formed by two fallen trees and close to the bank of a small stream.

This was Sunday morning, February 19th. The day was fair. About noon while we were engaged in ridding ourselves, as best we could, of things loathsome and ravenous, that infested our clothes, (things which were inseparable from and unavoidable in our prison experience), an armed Confederate soldier came in our direction and in the way we had come. He crossed the little stream a short distance above us, and passed down on the other side, not more than 15 feet away. We all watched him most intently, but fortunately for us all, he did not see us; his eyes did not turn in our direction. Utterly oblivious of our presence he passed on unconcerned whistling a tune, whether the "Bonnie Blue Flag," or "Dixie," we did not notice; we were not interested in the tune.

Greatly amused over the incident and thankful for our deliverance, we at once changed our base of operations.

That night we took the railroad track until reaching a station about six miles east of Lincolnton. A locomotive was close at our heels when we neared the station. We went into the edge of the woods that skirted the railroad, and from behind the trees listened to the soldiers who got off the train. When the train started we followed and reached the outskirts of Lincolnton about midnight. There was great excitement in the town, and apparently at the depot, government stores were in great haste being loaded on the cars. We were inclined to believe that some of our forces were in close proximity.

Through briars and bushes we flanked the place, careful to keep at a respectful distance from the houses. At last just before daybreak we got into communication with colored people on the Kensler plantation and were invited to go into one of the houses. In short order and without any request, we were supplied with corn pone and bacon. Several of the colored colony came in and among them an old patriarch. His head was almost white. Isaac was his name. He talked almost incessantly, and we were glad to listen. He could read and always carried a Bible in his pocket. He told us about the people and the cause of the war. He knew about the great battles, which side had won, etc. Among many other things he said, "Befo^l de war, young Massa Kensler asked me if I thought the government could, under the constitution, coerce a State. I said, 'I know

nuffin about your constitution, Massa,' an' taking my Bible from my pocket says, 'Dar is my constitution.' 'Dat am all right,' says Massa, 'but we are going to have an awful war, and the Yanks am coming down here. Now, Isaac, which side does you think am going to win?' I said, 'I don't know nuffin about dat, Massa. Yous know more than I does. But in dat ar' constitution of mine in a certain chapter of Daniel and such a verse it says, 'De king of the North and the king of the South shall war against each other, an' the king of the North shall destroy the king of the South.' Dat's all I know about it, Massa.'"

But in the midst of his talk he said, "Massas, it am gettin' daylight; yous had betta' go an' hide in de woods, and 'bout ten o'clock I will bring a white man to yous." We said, "Isaac, we do not want to see the face of a white man here. We can trust you colored people, but not the white men." Isaac said, "Him's all right, Massa, I knows him." Having confidence in Isaac, we permitted him to bring the white man to us. We were at once taken to a place of concealment. About 10 o'clock on the 20th day of February, as we were shivering with cold and wet to the skin—it had rained all morning—Isaac came and brought with him a Mr. J. H. Marsh, a loyal white man, who proved a real friend in need. Mr. Marsh brought with him cornbread and onions, and a bottle of brandy which was very acceptable as we were chilled to the bone.

According to arrangement that night when it was dark Mr. Marsh brought with him a Mr. Ballard, and they took us across the south branch of the Catawba River to Oakville (or Confederate Laboratory.) Mr. Marsh manufactured liquor for the Confederacy there. When we reached Oakville the lights were out until we turned in at a gate, a door was opened, and then we met Mrs. Marsh. I shall never forget her sweet, pleasant and genial face. She extended to us a warm welcome. She was a real Massachusetts woman, born and reared in the "Old Bay State." She was a credit to the commonwealth of her birth, and justly proud of her noble lineage. A table, with scrupulous cleanliness, was spread with all that would have tempted the appetite of an epicurean. It is easier to imagine than to express our feelings of gratitude and appreciation as we sat there, recipients of such genuine and gracious hospitality. Think of us; escaped prisoners from a Rebel prison-pen, with roast turkey and all that roast turkey implies, spread out so daintily and plentifully before us.

On that subject all I have to say is that we did not lie down hungry that night, and the evidence of our keen appetite wonderfully pleased our fair hostess. After our repast we were taken for quite a distance to an old grist mill and were introduced to several members of the "Loyal League," (we were not asked for our credentials before admission.) The league consisted of 40 members in that vicinity. They loved the old Flag of their fathers and gloried in its history. They venerated the name of Abraham Lincoln.

On our return about midnight to the Marsh residence, and after a pleasant conversation with our host and hostess, we were taken to Mr. Marsh's barn. There in the mow among the cornfodder we made our bed. Mr. Marsh kept his mules in the barn, and when feeding the mules he brought corn for them in a basket. It was plain to anyone passing on the outside that he was feeding his mules, because one could hear him throw the corn into the manger! But if one were inside the barn, he could also have seen that the contents of the basket were

not all corn. When the mules got their share, the basket was conveniently passed up to us, and in it we found our provender also.

We remained in the neighborhood of Oakville until the 26th of February, a part of the time in the barn of a Mr. Wizewell. While there Mrs. Marsh got a negro blacksmith to make a knife for her son. The blade was made from an old file, the handle all in one piece, and the back forming the spring with one rivet. She intended it for me. I have it still; a precious souvenir of the days spent in Oakville. We were also given \$35 each in Confederate money and some plug tobacco to help pay our expenses.

We concluded to pass ourselves off as exchanged prisoners belonging to the Confederate army, having been in prison at Camp Chase, O., and on our way home to East Tennessee on furlough. Accordingly we prepared papers to that effect. I assumed the name of R. G. Allender. I do not remember the names assumed by Hastings and Cooper. I have the original document before me.

Richmond, Virginia,
February 22d, 1865.

To all whom it may concern—

R. G. Allender, a corporal of Captain Wm. S. Hunter's Company I, First Tennessee Infantry, aged 27 years, 5 feet 8 inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, and by profession a farmer, is hereby furloughed for 30 days (being a paroled prisoner), to visit his home at Jonesboro, East Tenn.; then to report to his command at Dalton, Ga., or wherever it may be, or be considered a deserter.¹

Subsistence has been furnished to said R. G. Allender up to this date.

By order of Secretary of War,

S. COOPER,
Ad't and Inspector Gen'l.

(Endorsed.)

Corporal R. G. Allender, Company I, First Tennessee Infantry has a furlough to visit his home in Jonesboro, Tenn."

Charlotte, N. C., February 23d, 1865.

Permission is granted Corporal R. G. Allender, Company I, First Tennessee Infantry, to pass to his home in Jonesboro, Tenn.

Wm. I. Hoke, Colonel Commanding Post.

The Hoke signature was nearly as good as the genuine. Mr. Marsh had shown us several of Colonel Hoke's own.

We made a written statement concerning the loyalty of Mr. Marsh, and the protection afforded us by him, signing our names officially, as we did for several of our Union friends. I also wrote a letter which purported to have been written by sister Mary, (I had no sister by that name), in Jonesboro, Tenn., which I had received while in prison with the Yanks in Camp Chase, O. Among other news the letter stated that Tom Smith and Mary Jones were married, describing in some detail the wedding, and that father had raised right smart of corn, and a few molasses.

I was quite familiar with the geography of East Tennessee, and of the dialect and customs of the people (having been there with my regiment through all of the campaigns under General Burnside), and so posted Hastings and Cooper where to claim their places of residence, and some things they could say if occasion required it. Generally for that reason it devolved upon me to act as spokesman for our party.

Mr. Marsh had given me a Rebel jacket, which replaced my blue summer blouse. So far as our clothes were concerned we could pass off for either Yank or Johnnie. It was all the same.

On the night of the 26th of February three ordinary looking "Johnnies" sallied forth on their way to the Blue Ridge Mountains. The roads were very muddy. We trudged on until morning and now concluded to risk traveling some in daylight. A tributary of the Catawba had to be forded. It was only about three miles, as we understood, and having gone some distance we concluded to ask a woman which road to take. She said, "The left-hand road." We traveled several miles and then discovered that we were about five miles from the ford. We went back and again took the wrong road and finally found ourselves six miles away. However, that night we reached the ford about ten o'clock, and as it looked to us, we were fortunate in not reaching it in daylight as the people living on the bank at the ford were rank Rebels.

The stream was swift but we plunged through, and went about four miles farther; and then laid down in a barn for the night.

The next morning, February 28th, we were told that the river at the ford was so high we could not cross it. The following day, March 1st, it was still raining, but we nevertheless started about noon to reach the Catawba River, which we did late that night. About a mile before reaching the Catawba we passed through the village of Morristown, and as it was very dark, we were unmolested. When we reached the river we at once made preparations to cross by taking off our clothes, intending to hold them up out of the water. I have often wondered what possessed us to undertake this. We would have been as likely to succeed in wading the Mississippi as to have forded the Catawba that night. Hastings, the magnificent fellow that he was, being the tallest, took the lead, but before he had gone ten feet, the water was up to his armpits, while before him dark and deep moved the mighty flood, at least 300 feet to the opposite bank. Hastings got back safely and told Cooper and I not to venture. His admonition was unnecessary after what we had seen.

It was still raining. We then went along the bank of the river thinking that we might find a bridge to cross. At last we came to the abutment of a bridge but the bridge itself was gone. Near the bank was a large tree, and under its spreading branches we laid down to rest. It rained nearly all night. When daylight came we saw three straw stacks in a field about a quarter of a mile away—just one apiece. Each made a hole in his respective stack big enough to crawl into, and then pulled the straw down in front. We described it as pulling the hole in after us.

We hoped from our place of concealment to catch sight of a colored man, but none appeared. About midday we had become so chilled that our chins trembled and we shook all over like aspen leaves. It was very cold and our clothes

were soaking wet. We felt that if we remained any longer we would surely perish. Thus driven, we determined to make a bold strike for relief. Going to where a house stood on the opposite bank we called as loud as we could for some one to ferry us across the river. We did not have long to wait. A man rowed over and asked us who we were. We told him that we were exchanged prisoners going home to East Tennessee. "How did you get here?" was the next question. Had he stopped there we would have been a little puzzled, but before we answered he asked us if we had come in on the train. We answered, "Yes," "Well," said he, "You must have come here mighty quick because the train only whistled a little while ago." We had not heard the train or our answer would probably have been a little different. We told him we were in an awful hurry.

He questioned us no farther but told us to get into the boat, which we did. Across we glided. We offered him some tobacco for his trouble (we had been supplied with a small quantity of the article, for such use, by our friends in Oakville). He answered, "No, I'll take nothing. You have suffered enough from those ar' Yanks in prison. Take the left-hand road to that big brick house yonder and they'll tell ye the way to Lenville Ford." "Thank you," and "good-bye," we answered, and away we went, but not by way of the "big brick house."

Shortly we came upon three or four negroes engaged in piling up brush in the woods, who surprised us considerably because they seemed to doubt our story. They didn't believe we were Yankees. Finally we seemed to convince them and then asked them why they doubted us. They said, "Because a short time ago some men dun come along he'a and tell us they be Yanks, and asked us which way they should go. We dun tells 'em and dey'den said they were not Yanks at all. And Massa' dun give us an awful whipping for it."

They then told us of the nearest and less public way to Lenville Ford.

We had gone but a short distance when in crossing the road we were intercepted by a squad of Confederate cavalry. There was no hiding now. The officers commanded us to halt. "Who are you?" "Exchanged prisoners, sa'h, going home to East Tennessee," (with the accent on the Tenn) was our reply. "What army do you belong to?" "Hood's army, sa'h." "Where is Hood's army?" We gave him such information as we thought would please him best, although little did we know about Hood's army, or its whereabouts. "Where were you in prison?" "In Camp Chase, O., sa'h." "Well, don't stay home too long, good-bye." "Goodbye, sah's," and we gladly hurried on in the rain until we reached a place near Lenville Ford where we rested for the night.

Next morning, March 3d, we took up our line of march. Our feet were very sore and bleeding. We had no socks but the ones we had on, and they were stiff with mud. We limped considerably at the start, but when limbered up, as we call it, we got along better.

Lenville River is a rapid mountain stream, and by reason of the continuous rains, the current was very swift and strong. At the ford it was waist deep. We were compelled to get long poles to brace against, to avoid being carried down stream. Hastings and I managed by hard struggling to get across, but Cooper, the lightest of the three, was carried off his feet and landed on a rock in midstream. He managed to get back and on his second attempt succeeded in crossing.

We now began the ascent of Lenville Mountain and reached the summit about 2 P. M.

I notice my diary mentions somewhat in detail the magnificent scenery which we beheld as we stood there viewing the beautiful and sublime panorama which met our gaze. When we had descended almost to the base of the mountain on the western side we were again met by a squad of Confederate cavalry. There was no way to escape so we boldly kept the road. "Halt, who are you?" was the salutation. Here we were subjected to a rigid examination. I acted as spokesman, as already stated, on account of my familiarity with East Tennessee. The other two put in a word occasionally by way of emphasis, and to establish our "good faith." For instance: When I was asked where I lived in East Tennessee, Hastings would answer, unasked, for himself, and Cooper likewise.

The officer finally seemed satisfied that we were genuine "Confeds," and that we were going home on furlough. He then imparted to us a valuable and interesting piece of information. Said he, "You are going up the Blue Ridge. Now let me tell you that you will have to be mighty careful. There are a lot of fellows living in those mountains who call themselves Union men. But they are nothing but Yanks. If they find you out you are dead men sure. Yes, they'll kill you." We thanked him for the information and assured him that we would be mighty careful. At his urgent request we promised to return soon to our commands as the army was pressingly in need of men at the front.

As we were going on our way felicitating one another on our cleverness and success, and on the bright prospect of finding friends in the mountains, we saw only a short distance away, three armed men standing in line across the road; one a noncommissioned officer. They were evidently prepared for emergency.

Apparently unconcerned, we walked up to them, and were peremptorily commanded to stop.

The sergeant plied questions. We answered. Each told him his company, regiment, and army corps; also about our experience in Camp Chase; where our homes were in East Tennessee, and how long it had taken us to get to that place from Richmond, Va. To our astonishment, pointing his finger at me he said, "I believe you are a Yankee, sa'h." I immediately and emphatically resented the "insult." I told him that I had not fought for my country in so many battles to be called a Yankee. That I would not stand for it from him or any one else. I became belligerent and said, "I've got my papers here to show you," and was pulling them out of my pocket, when he said, very coolly yet firmly, "Never mind your papers, sa'h." He then asked us if we were going up the mountain. We said, "No, that we were going into that house (which was near), to get something to eat." "Well," said he, "I reckon we'll go in there too." We did not ask for their company. It looked dubious. We felt that there was going to be trouble sure. The house was the residence of a Mr. Wiseman, who we had been told was inclined to be a Union man. It was a long log house with two front doors, as is common in that country.

We went in at the farther door, and all sat down before an old fashioned log fire. After chatting a few minutes I went into the other part of the house through the other front door, and was invited to take a seat at the fire. It was Miss Wiseman who spoke. She was a young woman with a good and kindly

face. She said to me, "You look very tired, sa'h. Are you sick?" I said that I was tired but was not sick. Then said she, "Let me make a little warm drink for you, it will do you good." I gladly and thankfully accepted.

While she was preparing the warm drink at the glowing log fire, we talked about the war and the condition of the country. I asked her if our people were not getting mighty tired of the terrible war. She said that a great many felt that way about it. As our conversation progressed I became pretty well satisfied that she was not very much of a Rebel. We finally agreed that the war ought to cease, and that the South would never succeed in dissolving the Union. We became quite friendly. Realizing that our little party was in desperate straits, I resolved to take the risk of asking Miss Wiseman's assistance.

I said to her, "If I were to confide to you a secret which did not involve a crime, but which if disclosed might cost me my life, would you betray me?" She replied very emphatically that she would not. I believed her and said, "I am going to tell you such a secret and will do it with the utmost confidence in your honor as a lady." I then said, "We are three escaped prisoners trying to reach the Federal lines in East Tennessee." She expressed much surprise. I then asked her how we could avoid the Confederate guards who were in the other part of the house. She smiled and said, "You go right in there and tell them who you are." But I replied, "That would mean recapture." She said that if she had thought that would be the result she would not have advised me so. I said, "I believe you. I know you would not deceive me." She answered, "They are all right." With perfect confidence I went to where the guards and my companions sat at the fire. Hastings and Cooper looked discouraged and dejected, as though they had not a friend in the world.

I stood there a minute, then said deliberately and distinctly, "Sergeant, why don't you take off that gray uniform and put on a blue one?" Hastings and Cooper looked up at me in wild dismay. As they afterwards told me, they thought I had lost my mind; was crazy. But before either had time to speak I continued. "Yes, Sergeant, you love the old Flag and the government of your fathers better than you do the Confederacy and its stars and bars. Why not come with us and fight under the Stars and Stripes, the glorious emblem of Liberty and Union? The stars and bars, you know, stand only for dis-union and the right to own niggers." The sergeant looked up half smiling and said, "It is all right, boys. Those are about our sentiments. I thought you were Yankees. We will do you no harm." By this time we were all on our feet shaking hands. It was like a love feast.

I believe it is Will Carleton who says:

"To appreciate Heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell."

We remained at Wiseman's over night. At his request we gladly gave him what he called "protection papers;" substantially a statement in writing duly signed, setting forth that Mr. Wiseman was a Union man; that he and his family had treated us kindly, and that they should be protected against all harm to themselves and property by the Federal forces, in the event that they reached the premises of Mr. Wiseman.

I might state here that the protection papers given to our friends answered them to good purpose. In about six weeks after we passed through that part of North Carolina, General Stoneman at the head of our cavalry penetrated at least as far as Lincolnton. Mr. Marsh wrote me November 5th, 1865:

"General Stoneman captured this place about six weeks after you left. They put me in charge of it. We have part of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Indiana Infantry here at present."

The letter is still in my possession.

On the following morning, March 4th, we began our journey up the Blue Ridge Mountain, accompanied by two of the "Confederate guards." After traveling about three miles one of them left his gun and accoutrements and joined our party to the end, and at Knoxville enlisted in a Tennessee regiment. We called him "our galvanized Rebel." He enjoyed the title like the rest.

Our party numbering four reached the Foe River that afternoon, but we failed to ford it. The river was so deep and swift that we had to travel around the bend and over the mountains. We reached Childsville that night. Here we met a fellow who said he was a Yankee, and that his name was Samuel A. Tilden. We believed he was a genuine "bounty jumper" from our army. There were more of that sort called "Tories," who under the guise of being Northern men, robbed, harrassed and abused peaceable citizens simply because they were in sympathy with the South. A real simon-pure "B. J." would revel in that brand of patriotism. The Tories were disliked and discredited by the real Union men of the mountains.

On the 6th of March, on our way to Crab Orchard, we saw the snow-capped summits of the majestic Roan and Yellow Mountain peaks. The country¹ was rugged and primitive. The scenery was beautiful, but as Josh. Billings said, "while such scenery was grand, it wouldn't raise no corn." And so it looked to us.

By the 7th we were joined by Sergeant Patterson Young, Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, of Bakersville, Mitchell County, N. C., who was home on furlough. Sergeant Young was one of the men who at Greenville, Tenn., killed General Morgan the famous raider.

I find in my diary that the sergeant delayed us because he had to see his sweetheart before starting that morning. Ten miles was a small day's journey.

That night we were all concealed in the barn of Mrs. Carver, as there was a rumor that a band of 300 Rebels was within 14 miles of that place. Mrs. Carver had five sons in the Union Army.

The rumor was still afloat on the 9th. We came in sight of several men carrying rails, who seeing us, began to run. Our calling to them that we were Union men was of no avail. The 9th was a hard day's march. Over the mountainsides, steep and stony, we passed, until we reached the home of Mr. O'Brien, an old Pennsylvanian, 83 years of age. He was of the stern old Scotch-Irish type. Venerable, yet vigorous, mentally and physically.

Before leaving on the following morning, March 10th, Mr. O'Brien called us all in for family worship. He read a portion of the Scriptures, and we all sang an old familiar hymn; then knelt reverently while Mr. O'Brien prayed. His

prayer was from his heart. He implored his Heavenly Father that those in rebellion against the government might be speedily overthrown; and that the union of the States might be preserved. He prayed in our behalf, and for those in our distant homes. That prayer touched a tender chord in our hearts. That day we made several miles, and reached the home of William Parks.

By the 11th of March we reached the last mountain barrier between us and East Tennessee. It was a hard, steady climb until about 3 o'clock P. M., when we reached the summit of Big Butte, said to be the highest peak of the Smoky Mountain range. It was intensely cold. We thought our ears were frozen.

From the top of that towering, majestic peak, we beheld the broad, beautiful valley of East Tennessee; and in the distance, like a low lying cloud, we discerned the outlines of the great Cumberland Mountains; while the silvery Holston, Chuckey and Clinch Rivers flowed between.

In descending to the Valley of East Tennessee, we fully realized that we were approaching the most dangerous and perilous part of our journey. Here friends and foes were about equally divided, and the intensity and bitterness between the opposing sides, concerning the war, knew neither compromise nor mercy. Sergeant Young, our guide, was now as ignorant of the way and people as ourselves.

That very night we lost our bearings and rambled about in the forest until about nine o'clock, when luckily we met a Mr. Overhultz, a Union man, who gave us a little to eat. It was the first mouthful since morning. We kept on our way about five miles farther, when some of our party being tired out, we laid down to rest until daylight. That day over the rugged mountainous country we traveled about 32 miles.

March 12th, early in the morning, and keeping in the woods we traveled about five miles, when we concluded to get something to eat, if possible.

While the rest remained concealed, Hastings cautiously went to a house nearby. He saw two women in the house but no men could be seen. His conversation with them soon disclosed the fact that they were not Rebels. He then made known to them our presence, and signaled for Cooper and myself to come to the house. The woman had two brothers who were then hiding in a cave in the woods not far from the house. Soon the two brothers, tall and lank, made their appearance. We all took a "snack" to appease our appetites and with the two brothers who led the way we went to their hiding place. The rest of our party got their breakfast at Mr. Overhultz's (who was a hospital steward in our army), then joined us in the cave.

About 10 o'clock that morning, two young ladies, Misses Jerusha and Minerva Woolsey, living near and having heard of us, came to our hiding place. They expressed great fear concerning the dangers that surrounded us. They said that Dyke's guerrillas were scouring the country, and thought their camp was not far away; but said they would find the camp, and let us know about it. They were the daughters of a loyal Tennessean, who as an officer in our army was taken prisoner, and as they said, "Starved to death on Belle Isle, near Richmond, Va." In about an hour both of them returned, having discovered the guerrilla camp.

When it became sufficiently dark that night, and we were ready to move on, those splendid girls came again. They were greatly excited and deeply concerned for our safety. They said, "We cannot let you go by yourselves. We are afraid that you will be captured and that means that you will be killed. If you will permit us, we will guide you so as to avoid the guerrilla camp. We have a brother living about five miles from here, and in the direction you should go." We said we could not permit them to risk their lives, because if we were discovered and taken, their fate would be like our own. They said they knew that, but would not willingly let us go without them. They took the lead about 300 feet in advance. It was understood that if they discovered danger ahead, they would lift their bonnets. Both wore gingham bonnets.

As we neared their home the mother came out to see us. I shall never forget her expression: "I do not know you, but my daughters tell me that you are Union soldiers, making your escape, and that you are gentlemen. I am willing that my daughters shall help you; but if you betray them, remember I'll follow you to the end of the earth!" We assured her that her confidence in us was not misplaced, and that we fully realized and appreciated the sacrifice she and her daughters were making in our behalf.

On we went, across fields and over fences. We traveled in single file, and as nearly as possible each one placed his feet in the tracks of the one before him. We had gone perhaps a mile or more, when down in a hollow to our right, and near a dwelling house, a number of dogs barked most furiously. Just then the rear man (who was a negro, having joined our party recently to fight for Uncle Sam), came running up to me trembling with fright. Said he, "Lor', Massa', they's right after us. I dun see 'em! I dun see 'em! Dey is right after us, Massa!" At once I ran forward to the young ladies, and begged them to leave us and save themselves. They said, "No, we will see what becomes of this;" firmly and undauntedly there they stood ready for any emergency. In the meantime Sergeant Young whipped out his revolver, the only firearm in our party. We all stood at his side fully expecting trouble. We had no reason to doubt the colored man. He, however, was mistaken but the scene was fearfully realistic for the time.

Soon we came in sight of the guerrilla camp, pointed out to us by our fair and faithful guides. We passed to the right and into the woods. Finally, about midnight, we reached the log house where the brother lived. After expressing to our fair benefactresses our unfeigned gratitude for their kindness, and our unbounded admiration for their heroism and courage, we bade them a reluctant good-bye.

On again we marched for 15 miles until daylight.

March 13th. This morning we got our "snack" at Mr. Raider's, and concluded to go a little farther by keeping in the woods, guided, with her mother's consent, by a little girl about 12 years of age, to the place of a Mr. Johnson. But after going a short distance we found it too perilous to proceed farther, and had the little girl bring Mr. Johnson to us in our place of concealment. Mr. Johnson was related to the then Vice President Andrew Johnson. He gave us a great deal of information regarding that part of the country. Among other things he said that the day before, only a short distance from where we

lay, Dyke's guerrillas had gone to a house occupied by an old man and his wife, naming them (but whose names I have forgotten), known to be Union people; took their money and valuables, shot the old man dead, and struck the aged wife over the head with the butt of a gun, and there left them.

I well remember when I reached Washington, D. C., I met at the Old Kirkwood Hotel, on Pennsylvania Avenue, a Tennessee officer, who said he was from that part of the state through which I had passed. I related to him the story as told by Mr. Johnson. Noticing that the man seemed wonderfully affected, I asked him what was the matter. With uplifted right hand, he said, "As true as there is a God in Heaven, Dyke will die when first he and I meet. That old man was my own uncle."

We employed Mr. Johnson to guide us on our way that night. He took us through a section called the "Nobbs." We had heard during the day quite a lively skirmish between our cavalry and Dyke's guerrillas, and that night passed over the battleground. Dead horses and other evidence of the skirmish were found lying around. It was a little inspiring. Things were getting hot.

About three o'clock in the morning, having reached the home of a Mr. Benjamin Blazer, our guide left us to return home. We paid him \$15.00. Our Confederate exchequer was now getting very low. Here we rested until daylight.

March 14th, we again ventured (by keeping away from the public roads) to travel in daylight until about five o'clock P. M., when we came in sight of Nolichucky River, called the Chucky for short; a beautiful stream, which at that point, was about 200 feet wide and very deep. Cross that river we must; but to ford it or swim across we could not. At last, as we stood in the woods surveying the ground, we saw that a broad field about a quarter of a mile wide lay between us and the river; and that a dwelling house stood near the bank on our side. We assumed that those who occupied that house must necessarily have means of crossing the stream. There was but one thing left to do, and that was to make a dash for the river past the house, and risk finding a boat of some kind. As fast as our strength permitted, we ran towards the river, passed the house, down the bank and there, to our inexpressible joy were two small boats, each supplied with oars. Across we rowed with all our might, reached the other side, clambered up the bank, and ran far enough away to be beyond rifle shot, if discovered.

Here we stopped to rest, our strength almost exhausted. The others lay on the ground while Hastings, Cooper and I sat on a log, looking in the direction of the river. Soon I turned my face in the other direction and saw in the distance from a high pole, a flag floating. At first I could not determine what flag it was. I kept silent, hardly able to trust my eyes. At last I felt sure that the Stars and Stripes floated from that flag-pole. Without saying anything, I nudged my companions and pointed. They at once recognized it. We said not a word, but bowed our heads and wept like children. We could not speak. It was Old Glory floating in all its majesty and beauty, and under its ample folds we were safe at last.

The Fourth Tennessee Regiment was encamped there, and when we reached the camp we received such a welcome as only old soldiers can give. The best the boys in blue had was ours to eat and drink that night.

After two days more of tramping through the mud we reached Knoxville about five o'clock in the afternoon of March 16th, 1865. Dirty, ragged and tired, we reported to the provost marshal, who directed us to the army hospital. There we were each supplied with a large tub of clear water for a bath; and fresh, clean underwear. O, luxury of luxuries! And then a clean soft bed to sleep in. Our cup of joy was full and running over.

On the following day, dressed in our old clothes, we had our "picture took." We thought we looked quite respectable. Hastings used to tie his trousers around his legs with strings, but discarded the strings when we had our "picture took." I had on a pair of hospital slippers; my old brogans, for which, be it remembered, I paid a hundred dollars in Confederate money a few days before leaving Columbia, S. C., were too muddy and worn for so nice a picture. Cooper, the inimitable Irish mimic, brave and big-hearted, wore the same disreputable looking cap as when I first saw him in the woods near Charlotte.

Thus my story ends.

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

CAPTURE OF THE FLAG OF THE SIXTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY

We had been notified the night before that the mine would be sprung in the morning. Early on the morning of July 30th, 1864, the regiment was formed and at the break of day the explosion took place. We moved forward in a column of fours and when we entered the enemy's works we found a large funnel-shaped hole, very steep and 18 or 20 feet deep. The men dug foot holds so they could stand and see over the side of the works. Owing to the shape of the ground the men of the different companies got mixed so that there was no order. Some men of the different companies, along with myself, went into a pit to the left of the fort. The Rebels kept throwing shells and exploding them over the works, killing and wounding many of our men.

While in this pit the Rebels came along a ravine, to the right of the fort, and swung round until they got in front of the fort and with fixed bayonets made a rush for the fort. When they got close enough we opened fire on them and kept it up until they got within a couple of rods of the fort. We made it so hot for them that one of their officers pulled out his handkerchief and shook it in the air. Some one on the fort called out, "Cease firing, they are going to surrender!" As soon as we ceased firing on them they gave us a volley and came right on and then the fight began in earnest. Hand to hand we fought them and made prisoners of them. Someone shot the color bearer and I took the flag, tore it off the staff and rolled it up and put it in the bosom of my

shirt. The Rebels were sending reinforcements to their men and as no one came to our assistance we got back into the works, where the other troops were. I heard the major tell our color bearer to take the flag and go to the rear, and he told the men if any of them wanted to leave to go as they were going to surrender the works. As my term of service expired on the 16th of August and knowing the reputation of Andersonville, I concluded to take the chance of getting away. Many of our men were wounded in trying to escape but I escaped unhurt.

Here I want to pay a tribute to the Sixth Virginia Infantry. Notwithstanding they lost their colors, men who would charge through a fire like the one we gave them are worthy of the name of soldiers in the full meaning of the term.

I regret that the lamented Major Gregg is not alive to tell the story of that fearful battle.

FRANK HOGAN.

No. 220 A. West, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A FEW INCIDENTS OF THE LATE WAR

By O. B. SMITH, COMPANY B.

I enlisted the 15th day of February, 1864, running away from home. My first initiation was the 6th of May, 1864, at the Battle of the Wilderness. During the charge in the afternoon on the enemy, Longstreet's Corps was driven quite a distance, as you remember. We were going down to the creek to fill our canteens, when a Rebel soldier, who was wounded in the abdomen, asked me to give him a drink of water. Returning from the creek with my canteen full, I raised his head and saw that he was not long for this world. I gave him the drink of water. "Is there any way I could aid you?" I said, knowing well there was not, and he replied, "No." I am not superstitious but I think it carried me through the campaign of 1864 without a scratch.

Another incident which occurred at Cold Harbor. On the 3d of June, 1864, Joseph Walton, Company B, had served within a few days of three years. The poor fellow came to me as we were forming and said: "I do not feel like going into this engagement." Knowing that he was a brave fellow and had lost a brother (Amos) at Antietam, the 17th of September, 1862, I advised him not to go in. He replied that it would reflect on him if he did not. The order was given to advance over the open field. We charged up to the line to within 80 yards, our company covering an angle of a battery of about six guns. It was not long before we silenced the battery with a loss to our company of 14 wounded and two killed. Poor Joe fell, as nearly as I can remember, about ten o'clock that day and I picked up the ball that killed him. I handed it to Captain Dibeler and said: "Do you want this?" He looked serious and replied, "No."

John Hilcher and I were the only two men on our knees. The Captain told me to get down and I replied: "Let me alone!" Hilcher was shot in the head and his brother was killed on the 12th of May at Spottsylvania, both struck in the left eye. It was getting quite serious and so I took the captain's advice.

I was firing at a man who exposed himself on the Rebel works from behind a big oak tree. We exchanged three or four shots at each other and they were coming pretty close, one through my sleeve, one through my forage cap. I spoke to Lawrence M. Small. He was the only man in the company who had a knapsack. "Lawrence, throw your knapsack here, quick," I said. I made a breastwork of it and it was fortunate that I did for the ball went into the knapsack. I said to Lawrence: "Load both guns and I'll fire them." The Rebel did not know that I had doubled up on him and when he exposed himself to look for the result of his last shot, I let go and got him. But they got me at last as a prisoner of war.

On the 30th day of September, 1864, near the Weldon Railroad they broke through the Forty-eighth New York Regiment, composed mostly of foreign substitutes, and then every man for himself. Major Cheeseman, the color sergeant and I all got together. We were behind an old abandoned log house. The major commanded the sergeant to step out into the road and rally the colors, thinking our own men were firing on us. It happened to be the Rebels. We abandoned our place then and went to the left. Major Cheeseman was wounded in the neck and also captured. They took us to Petersburg, to Richmond (Libbey) and then to Salisbury prison, North Carolina. There they commenced to starve us. I soon saw that the rations we were getting would not sustain life and I commenced to scheme.

The guards were from 60 to 75 years old, not fit for active service but could do garrison duty. I noticed that they had their clothes fastened with thorns and strings instead of buttons. Knowing these were products of the North, I got busy. I went to one of the guards about nine o'clock at a reasonable distance from the dead line. "Johnny, how are you on the trade?" "What have you got?" he replied. "Buttons." "How many?" "Two dozen, what will you give me in return?" "Hoecake, sweet potato pie, meat, tobacco and Confederate script." I met him when he came on the next relief with the supply and I had my package of dirt clods and pebbles, representing the size of about two dozen buttons. "Lower the commissary and here are your buttons." I threw them up so that he could not catch them, although they fell on his side. He told me that he saw where they fell and would get them in the morning when he got off duty. I carried this on for about two weeks until they commenced to find my packages. One night I went out to the guard and said: "How are you on the trade?" He did not reply and thinking the old fellow was hard of hearing I jumped the dead line and repeated my question. He answered me: "Get back there you ——, I'll give you dirt clods and pebbles." I got back.

OTIS SMITH,

Company B, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RECRUIT

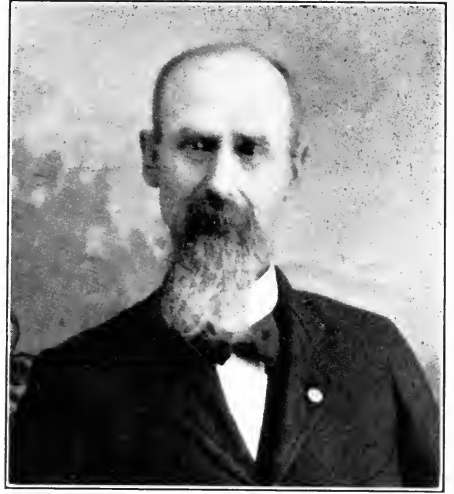
After a term of service in the South Atlantic Squadron, U. S. Navy, at the siege of Charleston and on blockade duty along the coast of North Carolina and South Carolina, I was discharged at Philadelphia in November, 1864, on account of the expiration of my term of service. After a week or two visiting home folks I determined that I would again enter the service and see the war through, as many of us who had been there were satisfied the end was not far off. I enlisted in the army for infantry service and was assigned to Company E, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, then holding the lines in front of Petersburg. At the same time there was quite a number of other recruits assigned to this regiment which had experienced severe service during the summer in the Wilderness, Cold Harbor and blowing up of the Mine in front of Petersburg. In these engagements the losses had been very heavy.

I found, on becoming better acquainted, that many of the recruits, like myself, had experienced previous service and it did not take much training to make them effectives. Some had seen service in other regiments, others in the Confederate Army and some in the navy. To make up the complement there were a few drafted men who filled the quota from Northern Pennsylvania.

One of the naval men, by the name of Woods, was a shipmate of mine in the South Atlantic Squadron. He was a good fellow and a brave soldier, but, like most all mortals, he had a weakness. His was strong drink in the face of which he was powerless as a child. He would divide his last dollar or risk his life willingly for a friend. He never shirked duty and always did his share of service in the trenches, in the attack or on the march. He was well up to the front in the attack on Petersburg, on the long forced march after Lee to Appomattox, and in the return to Petersburg, City Point and Alexandria, where he would have been mustered out and received an honorable discharge from the army as he did from the navy, if it had not been for his weakness for strong drink. It came about in this way. The Government was behind with the pay for the men for a good many months, orders were allowed on the sutler for a certain amount per man for extras, and no more. Woods did not take long to use up the credit due him and soon was thirsty for more. I had better control of my appetite and did not draw on the sutler for the amount I had liberty to, and Woods thought he would take advantage of this circumstance to assuage his uncontrollable desire for drink. He forged a request purporting to be from myself to the captain, John Beck, for an order on the sutler for whatever credit I had due me at the time perhaps about \$10. At the time this was done, I was enjoying a leave of absence visiting some friends in the Fifth Corps. I am sure he intended repaying me when he received his money from the Government. Captain Beck in the meantime found out about the transaction and ordered him to explain which he, of course, could not do satisfactorily. Remorse so effected him that he deserted and went back to Philadelphia, and so far as I know never got an honorable discharge, or his record righted with the Government for services well performed. I am not a teetotler, but what a lesson this is on temperance!



W. J. Arthur
Co. E



Sergeant Sylvester Houghton
Co. I



Charles B. Sofield
Co. I

James Swain (alias Ferrel), another recruit and tent-mate had served in a Louisiana regiment of Confederates and made a good soldier for us. I will relate an incident in connection with this comrade, which happened in the early spring in the month of March, 1865, at any rate it was just before the attack by the Johnnies on Fort Steadman in which the Johnnies got badly worsted, losing a great number in killed and wounded and nearly 2,000 prisoners. Our lines were very close to those of the Johnnies. On our front one could easily cast a stone from our breastworks into those of the Johnnies' advanced line. When the air was still and no firing on the lines conversation in an ordinary tone of voice could be carried on between the opposing forces who occupied the picket lines. It was one of these very still nights that Jim Swain and myself, along with some others, were occupying one of the advanced picket posts on duty and, as was customary, one man would keep a lookout over the breastworks while the other occupants of the post would keep a little fire to warm their feet and hands.

Both armies were made up of all callings in life, especially was this the case in ours. One comrade, who was the son of a minister of the gospel from Pittsburg, whose name I cannot now recall, was also an occupant of the post on this particular night. The Rebels during the early morning were unusually jolly for some reason for which I cannot now account unless it was like the boy who passed a lonely graveyard on a dark night and whistled to keep his courage up. They had a few good singers among them who gave vent in song and awakened absent memories. Now a love song, then the "Bonny Blue Flag," or something on the order of "I'll lay ten dollars down and bet them one by one that Longstreet will do this, that, etc." The love or sentimental songs, our boys would applaud to the echo but the political song would be answered by our boys with jeers, or in silence. Some one to our right along the lines who could awaken the welkin with his dulcet tones would intersperse a song at appropriate intervals which was treated by the Johnnies with the same courtesies that our side meted out to them. This fun was carried on with but slight intermission until the day began to dawn and we had about all the fun we wanted. There was a quiet intermission. The spirit at this moment moved Comrade James Swain to attune himself and offer his contribution which he did in splendid voice and tones that must have been heard clear over and into the city of Petersburg. "Handsome Mary, the Lily of the West," I am sure was known ever afterward by the boys who held the line for a mile either way. Just as the last strains died on the still air some Johnny in the shade of Fort Mahone shouted in loud stentorian tones, "Oh, you damn old black Jim, I thought you were dead. What in hell are you doing over there on the Yankee side? We thought you were killed at Vicksburg? God damn you, are you fighting us?" It was needless to say it was black Jim Ferrel, all right. Jim made no reply; for the custom at the time was, if one deserted and was caught serving in the enemies' ranks, to punish by meting out the death penalty, as all will recollect who were in those parts during the stormy times.

Jim Swain, alias Jim Ferrel, was a dark complected Irishman by birth. His mother, of whom he was very fond, lived in Meriden, Connecticut. Some years previous to the war, he left home and went to California to seek his

fortune. Not finding gold as plentiful as he thought he ought, he had drifted over into Texas and from Texas to New Orleans, La., where he invested his savings in a hotel. The war breaking out soon after caught him and he was unable to dispose of his property. Against his better judgment, as he often told me, he joined the Rebel army and was with them until the fall of Vicksburg, where he was taken prisoner, sent to the North and confined. At the first opportunity he enlisted in our army and was sent to the front at Petersburg where his lot was cast with the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He made a good soldier, served to the end of the war and was mustered out with the regiment at Alexandria, Va., along with the rest of us receiving an honorable discharge. My folks, who lived in Camden, N. J., soon moved to the West and I went with them. The comrades mentioned I never have seen or heard from since we were disbanded and I think they must have crossed the Great Divide and joined the silent majority. The veterans of our company were splendid fellows and men with whom it was a pleasure to become acquainted.

If I might be permitted to specialize to my mind at that time Major Cheeseman, who commanded the regiment in the general attack on Petersburg, April 2d, 1865, and who lost his leg gallantly leading the van, and Captain Beck of our company, with whom I had the pleasure of corresponding after the war, when he went to Kansas, were ideal soldiers, fearless in battle and square and honorable in other matters.

W. J. ARTHUR.

Late of Company E, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.
Oklahoma City, Okla., February 21st, 1910.

NEVER ABSENT A DAY

I joined and helped to organize the Scott Guards early in May, 1861, which afterwards became Company E, Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and called into United States service September 2d, 1861. I served continuously, never absent a day, and was discharged December 31st, 1863, at Blaines Cross Roads, Tennessee.

Reenlisted same day, came home on 30 days' furlough. Returned to the command and continued to serve in the same until September 30th, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church or Pegrams Farm, Va., where I was shot through the shoulders. The ball entered my right shoulder, fracturing the same, cutting my throat, passing under the spine, fracturing the same, and came out on top of left shoulder. This after a service of three years and 28 days with company and regiment, never absent a day. I was wounded on Friday evening, lay on field partially paralyzed until Monday evening, when our men came up and drove the Confederates back. The Rebels took me with them; on Tuesday they took me to Petersburg; on Wednesday to Libbey, Richmond, Va. There I had the first care for my wounds. They did bring some cornbread around on Tuesday at Petersburg, but my throat being cut I could not eat it. At

Libbey they gave me about a tea cup of beef tea twice a day until my throat healed up, then they put a few grains of rice in it.

I was exchanged in November, 1864, came to Annapolis, was there a few weeks, then sent to Baltimore. In January, 1865, I was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps Company I, Eleventh Regiment. Was discharged from that command July 30th, 1865, at Plattsburg, New York.

Company I, Eleventh Regiment Invalid Corps, was at Washington during the grand parade, but I did not see much of the parade as we were on duty at United States Prison, where Dr. Hood and Mrs. Suratt, the Lincoln assassins were. We had been down at Point Lookout, Md., guarding Confederate prisons. After the grand parade we were sent up North to Plattsburg, N. Y., where I did my last soldiering.

All I missed of the Forty-fifth service was a little bit of the last winter at Petersburg and the march up to Washington. I marched with the regiment between 5,000 and 6,000 miles, rode on railroad and steamboat 6,000 or 7,000 miles, total 12,000 or 13,000 miles. I was always afraid. I never was so scared as I was the day we blew up the fort in front of Petersburg, when the Confederates took hold of some of our men and shot them there behind the fort. They slipped in between us and the fort while we were out on a charge. I was taken prisoner there, but got scared, picked up my gun again and got away over into the blown-up fort. I was detailed to go for water. Haven't taken the water up yet.

JOHN G. HEBERLING,
Company E, Forty-fifth Regiment,
Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers.

TWO BOYS OFF FOR THE WAR

BY IRA ODELL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Company H was raised in and around Tioga, Tioga County, Pa. Its first captain was E. G. Scheffelin. The company did not start away all at one time, a few men being taken at different times to Harrisburg. These men were mostly from Farmington, Middlebury, and other parts of the county, so this gave two boys, both somewhat under 16 years of age, who had not the consent of their parents to go to the war, a chance to see what they could do, in order to get in the mixup between the North and the South.

While working for James Beebe, one day they learned that on a certain day Captain Scheffelin, would leave Tioga for Camp Curtin with some recruits. So the boys worked until noon and got their dinners and then the problem was how to get to the train. The nearest and best road to take was blocked by both their parents living near it. Consequently they started over the old log road and other by-ways for Lawrenceville some six miles away. It was a rush journey for they had only two and a half hours to make the run in. They were some distance from the station when the train pulled in but they managed to

get aboard all right and the first man to greet them was the captain himself, who was glad to have the boys along for it would help to fill up his company. It then lacked a number of men of being full. But here something seemed to worry him. The father of one of the boys had already joined the company and was then in camp. But this boy was so anxious to go that the good captain said he would take him along and if the father did not want him to enlist he would send him back home again.

Those were two happy boys who were taken on that afternoon train from Lawrenceville for the capital city of the State as would-be soldiers. This was their first car ride and they certainly enjoyed it. The good captain treated the party royally on the way, stopping at Elmira about midnight for supper and at Williamsport for an early morning meal. The train reached Harrisburg about noon and the order was given, "Fall in!" What did they know about that command? But it was soon explained to them and away they marched for Camp Curtin.

The boy whose father was at that very instant on duty near the entrance gate was not thinking that he would so soon see his son come marching into camp and when he did he was dumbfounded but did not seem angry but urged the boy to go back home. But the action of the father made the son braver; so he told his father that he would stay and that he should go home and take care of his mother and the little ones. This settled it and father and son both remained and the next day the two boys were examined and pronounced fit to stand and be shot at, and father and son were soon drilling side by side and learning what soldiering was likely to be. With hundreds of others they learned the art that made the old Forty-fifth one of the best drilled as well as one of the best fighting regiments that was in the field.

The day soon came when we were to leave Camp Curtin for the front. That grand governor, Andrew G. Curtin, came into camp and gave us a flag tendered with one of his good Union speeches that made us all feel as though the war would not last long after we got down there. The train came up along the canal and we all boarded it and soon were off with the crowds cheering, and reached Washington the next day near nightfall in a heavy rain. After partaking of some coffee and salt horse served in the old Baltimore & Ohio station we marched out near Bladensburg and went into camp.

For some time while we were here we had only camp duty to perform but November was near and the election close at hand between the Union and Non-union parties of Maryland, so it fell to the lot of the Forty-fifth to go to Prince Frederick. It was a long wet march and caused a number to fall sick among them the boy whose father was with him and who became his nurse on the way back to Washington.

Shortly after the return of the regiment to Washington marching orders were received and the regiment joined the movement against the islands near Charlestown, S. C. The sick boy, who had the measles, was left behind and did not join his company again until they had landed at Otter Island. Nothing of much importance occurred here, but the early spring of 1862 found us crawling a little nearer Charleston Harbor. Finally we reached James Island where Companies H and I got a little touch of what real war was likely to be. This

happened when a brigade of Johnnies came at them in full force but they never gave ground and the brigade left behind one Rebel captain who was very angry at the Yankee boys for detaining him and he indulged in the most picturesque swearing we ever listened to.

But another day was coming and that soon when we went for them in good style but like the brigade that went for Companies H and I we came back. In this little fuss the father, who had nursed the son, got hurt and in turn the son nursed the father. This was of short duration for the father went to the hospital and the army moved back to Port Royal and soon came back North. There the army helped against the invasion of Maryland and the old Forty-fifth as a regiment saw its first fight at South Mountain, where it drove everything in front of it. Here for the first time we saw some of our old schoolmates fall upon the battlefield.

About this time the father was discharged from the hospital and took part in the engagement. The son's chum was also active in all this movement and we had no better soldier in our company than O. P. Webster. Another brave boy, who was always in the front rank, was my bunk mate, John C. Roosa, now of Webb Mills, N. Y.

The writer of this narrative was the boy nurse and he followed the fortunes of the very best regiment that was in the army up to June 3d, 1864, at Cold Harbor, where he had one arm knocked off. John C. Roosa was shot through the breast at the same moment. My father, Henry F. Odell, only lived a few years after the war and died and is buried in the National cemetery at Milwaukee, Wis. Those two boys were O. P. Webster and Ira Odell.

Forty-six years after the battle of Cold Harbor finds my old comrade, who ran so hard with me to get a train loaded with recruits for Captain Scheiffelin's company, a resident of Fitzgerald, Ga., and myself a citizen of Richmond, Va., that old Rebel capitol that cost us so many long and hard marches and so much fighting. Comrade Webster was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness and I have never seen him since. He recovered from his wound and returned to his company at Petersburg in time to take part with the old Forty-fifth in the closing scenes of the war.

I was shot at Cold Harbor and suffered the loss of an arm and after a few months in the hospital was discharged and sent home, which at that time was at Nelson, Tioga County, Pa. I have visited most of the old battlefields in company with the men who fought on both sides and all agreed on the many brave charges made by both sides and claim that the credit for it all belongs to the American soldier.

A great number of Confederates are living here and a number of Union boys but with us the war ended when Generals Grant and Lee came to terms and I hear but little against the result. Few would wish it different. Of course there are always a lot of stragglers of an army, who saw little or no fighting who are not satisfied, but the men who stood in the front rank at all times and heard and felt the minies, grape and shell, shake hands as brothers. I often visit the camps of the United Confederate Veterans and were I some great hero I could not be treated better. In fact I can count among my best friends, both from a social and business standpoint, some of the men that fought

us so hard during those war-time days, each for the cause of his side and as one old fellow, a Rebel, expressed it to me the other day, though he claimed to have been in 50 battles, he was glad when it was over and Old Glory was saved and that it is at the top now and "Long may it wave over the land of the free and home of the brave," were his finishing words.

So we old boys are putting our little experiences down on paper for the eye and study of our children and children's children, so they may learn what it cost to save our country and the part their fathers and grandfathers took in it, for that is the only object for which this is written. Monuments in memory of the men who defended the cause of the South are going up all the time and this is as it should be and whenever any of the Union boys come down to unveil a monument to their dead, they make ready to give them a hearty welcome and pledge that if it takes all of the force of the State of Virginia, such tokens of respect for the dead Union soldiers shall be preserved for all time.

The action taken lately by the North toward the dead Confederates, who died and are buried on Johnson Island, is spoken of here in a Christian spirit just as it ought to be for there was bitterness and hatred enough between the North and South. It is good reading for us to see in the "New York Tribune," the following:

"As memories of the sufferings of the war and of the passions which they engendered recede, the North and the South can do more justice to each other's sincerity and heroic endurance. Each section can welcome the placing on its soil of memorials to those who fought in a rival cause. They do credit to a common sense of devotion and commemorate incidents and events which belong to our common history."

In reply to this the "Times Dispatch," a daily of this city says in part:

"To all this we say 'amen.' There was sorrow enough and suffering enough and passion enough during the war without reviving any of it in this day and time. We can believe as firmly as we ever believed in the justice of our cause and can still regard without bitterness the men who fought against us. We can cherish our own altars and worship at our own shrine and can remember that the other side has its heroes which it loves and reveres. The South has in recent years gladly welcomed Northern visitors who came on pilgrimages of love to unveil monuments to their dead comrades, to erect memorials to brave men who fell on Southern fields and to revisit the scenes of their own heroism. There are Northern monuments on practically every Southern field and the Southern people who gaze at them know that they are worthy monuments to honorable foes."

It is a satisfaction to us old fellows, who stood the brunt of battles and the hardships of the camp and march, that we have lived to see all the bitterness forgotten and that we can grasp the hand of our old foes in brotherly love on the very same fields that we fought on during the Civil War.

Now if our children or the children of those men who made the Forty-fifth the marching and fighting regiment it was, should read this and feel glad that the part they took in that was brought before them by that little history of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, written by themselves, the writer of the above will be more than proud that he was one of that number.



First Lieut. J. J. Rogers
Company G

JOHN J. ROGERS

John J. Rogers was born in Llanon Carmarthanshire, South Wales, April 18th, 1835. Emigrated to America, December, 1859, and located at Cherry Flats, Tioga County, Pa. When the War of the Rebellion broke out he enlisted September 18th, 1861, in Company G, Forty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, as a private and later was promoted to corporal, sergeant, orderly sergeant and lieutenant. In July, 1863, during the Mississippi campaign at the siege of Jackson he was prostrated by sunstroke for which he was treated in quarters, and while in Kentucky in the month of August he was taken sick with typhoid fever and sent to the hospitals at Nicholasville and Crab Orchard. December 30th, 1863, he rejoined his regiment at Blaines Cross Roads, Tenn., where he was discharged by reason of reenlistment, as veteran volunteer in his old company. A furlough of .30 days was granted him at the expiration of which he rejoined his regiment at Annapolis, Md., where the Ninth Army Corps, rendezvoused for reorganization in March, 1864.

At Cold Harbor, Va., June 3d, 1864, he was severely wounded, supposed mortally, and was set aside by the field surgeon for burial, and his grave dug, the impression being that he could not survive. He received a gunshot wound through the abdomen, the ball entering near the center of the body, just above the waist line, coming out close to the spine, where it comes in conjunction with the hip bone. While lying upon the ground, four men came up to him with the express purpose of carrying him to his grave, but to their surprise, they found him alive. They asked him if he would like to go to the hospital, and he replied, "Yes." They sent for an ambulance into which he was placed and taken to White House Landing, arriving there the next afternoon at 4 o'clock. There he was carried to the upper deck of a ship and laid upon the floor. On the way down the Chesapeake Bay a storm came up, which caused the captain of the boat to put to shelter and anchor for the night. While waiting for the storm to cease, Lieutenant Rogers became very much annoyed by something crawling up his back. After struggling for some time to get his hand near the wound, he finally succeeded, and bringing his hand back before his vision, found that he had a handful of maggots. While in this position, a lady came on deck and asked, "Where are the doctors and nurses?" Without any answer she turned around and went down to the deck below. Soon the doctors and nurses came rushing on deck, and one of them removed his pants, shoes and stockings and threw them overboard. He was left there, covered with a gum blanket. The ship arrived at Washington the next evening, the sixth of June. He arrived at the hospital at 10 P. M. The next morning the doctor came and ordered him to be removed from the tent hospital to Ward No. 18 Harewood hospital, where he had his wound dressed for the first time since he was wounded. The doctor ordered for him a teacupful of beef tea once a day, and his wound to be dressed twice a day, leaving nature to take its course. He was for several weeks under treatment in Harewood hospital, while all the excrement of the body passed through the lower orifice of his wound. Was under treatment in hospital in Washington and Philadelphia about six months. While

in Philadelphia hospital, the doctor wanted him to take his discharge, but he declined on the ground that he was not able to earn a livelihood, and not having any relations or friends in this country, he thought he would give them another chance to finish him. He asked the doctor to send him to his regiment. He rejoined his command at Petersburg, Va., December, 1864. The following day General John I. Curtin tendered him a commission as first lieutenant, to rank as such from October 19th, 1864, which was a pleasant surprise to him. As the captain was in prison, Lieutenant Rogers served in command of his company to the close of the war. He was present and fought with the company in the following engagements: James Island, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, siege of Vicksburg, siege of Jackson, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Ann River, Cold Harbor, siege of Petersburg, Va., assault on works and capture of Petersburg, and at Appomattox. Was mustered out of service with his company at camp near Alexandria, Va., July 17th, 1865. He returned to Charleston, Tioga County, Pa., and after two years was able to resume his occupation as mason and stone-cutter. He now resides at Wellsboro, Pa.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH JOHNNY REBS

BY WILLIAM H. WATROUS, COMPANY I.

We were ordered to Port Royal in December of 1861, did picket duty on Hilton Head and Otter Islands during the winter and early spring of 1862, when we were ordered to James Island. After a hard march of about five days we arrived on James Island about midnight, tired and sleepy. As I recollect it 60 of Company I and 40 of Company H were immediately ordered out on picket. We marched out about one mile to the edge of timber bordered by a thicket of bushes and second growth young timbers. One or two others and myself were advanced about a quarter of a mile farther, one in a place, as videttes. Everything remained quiet during the night and till well along in the forenoon next day. Captain Hills came out where I was and talked a while with me and had gone back some distance when I discovered a Rebel regiment coming forward rapidly. I immediately commenced firing and falling back slowly. The captain called to me to fall back faster or I would be taken prisoner. I continued to load and fire as fast as I could till I reached the main picket line. Almost the same time the Rebs showed themselves out in the field on our left, where another body of pickets of about 100 had been stationed, but they were then running back toward camp without firing a gun, excepting that one of them looked around and having his gun over his shoulder fired right toward us. By this time the Rebs discovered us and ran back to the edge of the thicket and some of them fired lengthwise of our line. Then we began firing so rapidly that they afterward reported the whole Yankee army was in front of them. The firing continued about a half hour, when the Rebs fell back to their main line of support and we had a short rest to wash out and cool our guns which had by this time become too hot to handle. In about 20 minutes a full brigade came

on to attack us again. We received them with a very rapid fire which lasted about another half hour, when they were so badly cut up that they left their dead and wounded on the field and hurried back to Charleston, leaving us in undisputed possession of the field with many killed and wounded on our hands. A few days later we received a copy of a Rebel paper, called the Charleston "Mercury," saying their loss was 84 killed and wounded.

I must also state in reference to the fight that a Pennsylvania regiment came up to the picket line and did excellent service on our right flank. This might have been the cause of the sudden Rebel retreat. I think the regiment that came to our assistance was the Seventy-sixth.

The killed and wounded were all in front of our little band of 100 men. We fired one volley standing and dropped close to the ground, where we remained all through both engagements. This was the cause of our wonderful escape from total destruction. I think we had only one man killed in Company H.

After the battle we were relieved and marched back to the camp only to be feted to the best the camp afforded. After a bountiful dinner I took up my gun to clean it when the old colonel came along and told me to let my gun be for someone else to clean. He wanted us to go where we pleased and enjoy ourselves. Our colonel was so pleased he could not keep still but went to everyone who took part in the battle to hear what each one had to say.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By J. H. STRICKLER.

Joined Company K, September 16th, 1861, at Camp Curtin, Pa., enlisting as "high private" (original canteen number being No. 39 from the right.) Having served in the company and regiment until our return to starting point my service history would be Company K's.

My first experience under fire was at North Edisto, S. C., which was over so quickly none of us seemed to have time to get scared or excited, although in the short time we had Captain Rambo and Corporal Richards killed, Privates Wagner and W. H. Richards mortally wounded, and Privates Vache and Smith wounded, but not seriously. If my recollection serves me rightly in all it cost us nine in killed and wounded, but it had a tendency to make us "kids" stand up and take notice. In other words it taught us what we could expect in the future and *we got it* in our next experience, James Island, S. C.

All the old boys left will remember our march across St. Johns Island in the heavy sand, heat and storm to Stono Inlet and our transfer by boats to James Island; our nights in the pits while the double-ender "Powhattan" lying in the inlet, to our rear would, from her Columbiad amidship, at intervals of about ten minutes, send her regards toward Charleston in the shape of an 11-inch shell. But being young and inexperienced we rather enjoyed the fire-works.

Our next skip was to Newport News, Va., arriving there a few days after the Merrimac-Monitor fight, thence to Washington and our march to the

South Mountain and Antietam troubles. After resting in Pleasant Valley a short time we crossed the Potomac at Berlin, taking up our trip to Fredericksburg. Remember that our trains did not keep up and being out of rations, we were compelled to take an extra hole or two in our waist belt, but then we got used to that in time. Our experience on the other side of the river will no doubt be told in the history of the trip, although, if I recollect rightly, we were very quiet on our return about midnight. No clanking of bayonets against tin cups, for, as our drummer boy said, "It would not be healthy." But we were not molested.

From Fredericksburg we were sent on a special train of iron Pullmans to Parkersburg, W. Va., down the river to Covington, Ky., and out to Nicholasville. From Kentucky two divisions of our corps under General Parks were sent to reinforce Grant at Vicksburg, we going up the Yazoo to Milldale Landing to watch "Mr. Johnston" of the Confederates, who was endeavoring to raise the siege.

On July 4th commenced our march to Jackson, Miss., at which place we had quite a scrap, after which we were again sent back to Kentucky and shortly after started on our march to East Tennessee, via Cumberland Gap. Our first introduction was the Blue Spring affair, and if you remember the cavalry skirmished with the enemy until the afternoon, when the infantry advanced. You no doubt recollect the difference in the sound, their carbines sounding like Chinese fire-crackers, the Harper Ferry muskets like artillery. We lost some good men but we started the Rebs for Greenville, to which place we followed. Campbell Station came next, then the siege of Knoxville, which lasted some 11 or 12 days. Our regiment held the line from the left of Fort Sanders down to the Holston River. I, with Comrade Hostetter, was in the same "Gopher hole" on vidette picket in front of the fort for 48 hours, in a continual down-pour of rain, and it being the month of November it was not pleasant, especially so as our cooks were delayed in bringing our meals, on account of our friends on the other side having an unpleasant way of firing at anything in sight. Being surrounded our cracker line was broken. I remember going on picket with four corn cakes, the size of a pension silver dollar, but twice the thickness, which we apportioned, one for breakfast, dinner, supper and the other for lunch at 12; but then we had plenty of water.

After the siege we went to Blaines Cross Roads, where we reenlisted. Comrade Lieutenant Myers, my shelter tentmate, can tell you of the cornbread, or pone, as he called it, which we made and cooked in a Dutch oven. As for the recipe, all that I can think of was that we used lye made from hickory ashes to raise and a little salt to season, but it was grand chow. After our 30 days' furlough we rendezvoused at Annapolis, Md., and from there we marched across, joining the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness. As it was too much of a fight others with more literary ability will describe our share of it. In the last charge of the day Comrade Brady was killed by my side. From there on until we reached Petersburg it was continual marching and fighting. Then it was fighting till the wind-up, April 2d, 1865.

In our charge on Fort Hill, April 2d, the writer was unfortunate enough to get in the way of a bullet that struck him on the left side of the head and

which placed him off duty for five or six weeks in the hospital at City Point. President Lincoln a few days after the surrender visited the hospital and shook hands with all the wounded, so that in part I was recompensed for the wound.

Of all the long nights, the most disagreeable one spent in the service was the night we first established our line at North Anna. There was a break in the line to our left and Captain Fessler detailed a sergeant to advance to the front and left 100 yards, but the detail being sick, it fell to my lot. The down-pour was steady all night and from the rear we could hear the wagons bringing the wounded from our left. Of all the groans and yells I ever heard it was that night. At the first break of day yours truly was only too glad to get back to the line.

Comrades, with all the hardships, we had a goodly sprinkling of fun. On a hard march again would you laugh to have one of the boys sing out, "This is damn rough on us farmers' sons."

This is written hap-hazard from memory and may in part not adapt itself as you saw it, but then remember that it happened over 45 years ago. Still I love the "Old Boys" of the Forty-fifth and why should I not, as they are my *ideal* men.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN

BY W. A. ROBERTS, COMPANY K.

Extracts from a letter dated:

WATERFORD, LOUDEN COUNTY, VA.,

Friday, November 7th, 1862.

DEAR PARENTS:

My last letter was dated from Camp Israel, in which I stated that the army was under orders to cross the Potomac River into Virginia. The next day, October 26th, we crossed at Berlin, Md., on pontoon bridges, and had a very disagreeable march all day, in a cold, drenching rain, lying down at night on the wet ground, our clothing thoroughly saturated. The boys made a raid on some strawstacks, pitched their "dog" tents, and tried to make themselves as comfortable as possible. During the night the storm raged with such violence that the stakes pulled out and the tents came down, giving us an extra bath, with little or no rest. Next day the weather cleared up. We remained in camp a day and then proceeded to Waterford, Louden County, where we remained a few days. Company K was detailed to do provost duty in the town until orders came to move. We were quartered in an old building, in the rear of which was a long flight of steps, the last one being broken. In descending, this step gave way, causing me to fall and sprain my right ankle so badly that in less than an hour I was unable to stand upon it. Two comrades assisted me to a hotel across the street. The kind lady of the house made a bed upon the floor. By this time my foot was so swollen that my shoe had to be cut off, after which she made a hot poultice of clay and vinegar and applied it. This soon relieved the

pain and reduced the swelling; but I was unable to walk, except with the aid of a crutch, for several weeks.

Next day the regiment received marching orders, and a number of the boys who were taken sick from the exposure and hard marching of the few days previous received certificates from the doctor to remain in Waterford until able to rejoin the regiment. Temporary hospitals were established in two of the churches, but the boys preferred to remain in private families, where they received home-like treatment. Just think of us "Yankees" being treated so kindly in an enemy's country. We expected to find everybody armed with a gun, waiting to give us "cold lead." A strong Union sentiment prevails in Waterford. There are a great many Quakers residing here, and their religious tenets forbid them engaging in warfare. However, two companies of cavalry were organized in Waterford and surrounding towns—one Union and one Confederate. These two companies met in battle a few weeks ago, and after severe fighting, in which several were killed and wounded on both sides, the Union men were compelled to surrender. The Union forces only numbered about 16, who were intrenched in the Baptist church, while the Confederates numbered between 60 and 70. The church is full of bullet marks. There are three churches in Waterford—a Quaker, Baptist and Methodist, the two latter being used as hospitals. The Union men have all been exchanged and are at home. The Confederate troops keep themselves scarce while our troops are passing through. In the fight just mentioned brother was arrayed against brother, neighbor against neighbor, and churchman against churchman.

My kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wine, are staunch Union people. Mr. Wine belongs to Captain Means' Loudon Rangers. They act as a home guard and also as a guide to our army while passing through this section. * * *

Brother Albert met with a serious accident while we lay in camp at Pleasant Valley, and came near losing his eyesight. He gathered a lot of cartridges and poured the powder into an empty sardine box. He then got a coal of fire and carried it between two sticks, when it fell into the powder before he was ready and while his face was directly over the box, with the result that his hair and eyelashes were singed off and his eyes filled with the burnt powder. He was in the hospital several weeks and it was thought that he would lose his sight, but he came out all right. No doubt he is with the regiment. * * *

Orders have been received to send all convalescents who are able for duty to their respective regiments, and those unfit for duty to be sent to Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, Va. I am still unable to walk any distance on my injured ankle, so am classed among the latter. * * * After fully recovering I was sent to the regiment, then stationed on the Falmouth side of the Rappahannock river. Soon after rejoining an order was read to the different regiments on dress parade, as follows: "We will move on the enemy's works on the morrow and every man will be expected to be at his post and do his duty," etc. During the night a terrific wind and rain storm came up and the order was countermanded; so it remained "all quiet on the Rappahannock" a while longer. The pickets of both armies were on speaking terms, and while walking their respective beats, on opposite sides of the river, entered into conversation with each other, something like this:

Johnny: "Say, Yanks, when are you coming over again to try to take Fredericksburg?"

Yank: "Oh, we'll be over there one of these days."

Johnny: "Well, we'll give you a warm reception. Say, Yank, have you any coffee to trade for tobacco?"

Yank: "Yes, I guess so."

Johnny: "Now, Yank, be honest."

Yank: "Say, Johnny, have you any butter?"

Johnny: "Yes, lots of it."

Yank: "Then grease yourself and slide into the Union."

An old boat would put out from each shore, meet in midstream, and a satisfactory trade made. "Mum" was the word as to the movements or strength of either army. The penalty of giving any information was death. We also exchanged newspapers—the Richmond "Despatch" for the Philadelphia "Inquirer," and other Southern and Northern papers. None of them contained anything but advertisements, all the news, especially relating to army movements, having been carefully cut out. An advertisement that appeared in the Mobile (Ala.) "Advertiser" of April 16th, 1861, when President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 troops, read as follows:

"75,000 BLACK COFFINS WANTED—Proposals will be received to supply the Southern Confederacy with 75,000 black coffins. No proposals will be entertained coming north of Mason and Dixon line.

"Direct to JEFF DAVIS, Montgomery, Alabama."

This ghastly joke showed the temper of the Southern political leaders at the outbreak of the rebellion, but they changed their opinion before the close of the war. It would have been an utter impossibility to supply enough coffins to give decent burial to the poor fellows who lost their lives during the terrible conflict. Thousands upon thousands received no burial at all, but were left as they fell, their bleached bones being gathered up from many battlefields long after the close of the war, and buried in graves marked "UNKNOWN."

* * * * *

CAMP OPPOSITE FREDERICKSBURG,
Sunday, February 8, 1863.

* * *

Just got back to quarters, having been on picket duty. It rained and sleeted and was one of the most disagreeable nights we pickets ever experienced. We have been out four nights recently. Two were pleasant, but two were unfit for a dog to be out.

The Ninth Corps is under marching orders, and judging from rumors is about to leave the Army of the Potomac. * * *

Just received orders to break camp and expect to go into winter quarters at Newport News. Will write you from there.

NEWPORT, NEWS, VA.,
Wednesday, February 11th, 1863.

* * *

We are now encamped at Newport News, on the banks of the James River, in comfortable quarters. As soon as the camp was put in order we went to drilling. We had squad drill, company drill, regimental drill, battalion drill, roll-call and guardmount in the morning, and dress parade in the evening, so were kept on the move from the time reveille was sounded, about five o'clock in the morning, until tattoo, nine o'clock in the evening, when all lights were extinguished and every soldier in his tent, except those on guard.

Colonel Welsh gave strict orders against card playing. One evening while passing through one of the streets he overheard one of the boys say, "What's trump?" The answer was "Clubs." He quietly pulled the tent flies open and peeked in, remarking, "Well, boys, are you amusing yourselves?" He sent a corporal's guard shortly afterward and had them all put to digging trenches with spades and picks, as punishment. Then he strolled around to where they were at work and said: "Well, boys, how do you like your little game?" *Clubs* were trump a little while ago but now *spades* are trump." The boys thought this a good joke but they never allowed themselves to be caught again.

The "fall-in" call is being sounded; must get ready for drill, so will close for this time.

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THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN

CAMP NEAR PARIS, KY.,
April 1st, 1863.

* * *

Since my last letter to you we have traveled over 1,000 miles and are now in the central part of Kentucky.

On Sunday, March 22d, we left Newport News and embarked on board steamboat for Baltimore, where we arrived Monday night, the 23d. The following morning we took cars on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. After traveling about 400 miles by rail in box cars with improvised seats we reached Parkersburg, W. Va., on the Ohio River. Here the regiment embarked on steamboat for Cincinnati, a distance of over 300 miles, where we arrived after a 24 hours' ride. It was dark when we reached Cincinnati, so we remained on the boat all night. * * * The following morning we were landed in Covington, on the Kentucky side of the river, and after partaking of our usual rations of hardtack and coffee, were drawn up in line of battle and ordered to load our muskets. It was rumored that Morgan's guerrillas were threatening this section of Kentucky, and that the rebel citizens of Covington intended to raise the stars and bars. The flag didn't appear, however, and everything passed off quietly. At Covington we took cars on the Kentucky Central Railroad, and after a pleasant ride of 80 miles arrived at Nicholasville, the terminus of the

road, and from that point marched to our present camp in the fair grounds near Paris, the county seat of Bourbon County. Although situated in the central part of the State, there is a strong Union sentiment, and our troops are very hospitably treated by the citizens. Every evening large audiences from Paris come to witness the regiment on dress parade. We go through the manual of arms by the tap of the drum—106 motions in all. All credit is due to our brave and noble Colonel Welsh for the high proficiency the regiment attained in the manual of arms and maneuvers, as well as discipline. * * *

CAMP DICK ROBINSON, KY.,
April 16th, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS :

Since my last letter home our regiment has left Paris and is now at Camp Dick Robinson. This is a very pretty camping ground and has been used for that purpose ever since the outbreak of the war. Just now we were interrupted by the glad call of "Here's a mail!" In it was a letter dated April 8th, and it gave us great pleasure to hear from the dear ones at home. Nothing affords us soldier boys more pleasure than getting letters from home containing good news. The poor fellows who fail to get a letter are terribly disappointed, for it is hard to say when the next mail will arrive, as we are constantly on the move.

General Welsh arrived here last Sunday with the star on his shoulder, having been promoted from colonel to brigadier general. He is well and looks the true soldier. The boys gave him three cheers of welcome and congratulated him on his promotion. He says he is "bound to stick to his regiment—the boys who helped win him his laurels by their bravery and good conduct, and that he will go home with them when the war is over." Adjutant Budding also came with him, looking well.

Some prisoners were brought in to-day, among them a New Yorker who happened to be in the South when the war broke out. He is a very bitter rebel and says that just as soon as he is exchanged he is "going back to fight us d—d Yankees until we are licked." All the same he was glad to accept a portion of our rations, as were also the rest of his poor, half-starved comrades.

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THE MISSISSIPPI CAMPAIGN

SNYDERS BLUFF, NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS.,
Thursday, June 25th, 1863.

The whole Ninth Corps is now in Mississippi, encamped about ten miles from Vicksburg. We arrived here a week ago after a journey of two weeks, mostly by steamboat via the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. The distance traveled was about 1,800 miles. We were eight days on board the steamboat and about six days on the march and by rail. The Ninth Corps was sent here to prevent General Joe Johnston's army from coming to reinforce General Pemberton's army in Vicksburg. The place is being bombarded night and day,

with but little intermission, and while I am writing the terrible booming of large siege guns and mortars intermingled with the smaller guns, is heard. We have this place well fortified, and should Johnston attempt to attack us he will meet with a warm reception, as there are about 50,000 men here, besides General Grant's army at Vicksburg. * * *

Before leaving Kentucky for Mississippi the citizens of Hustonville gave the regiment a dinner. It was gotten up in true Kentucky style, and the boys were waited upon by the charming Kentucky belles of the town, wearing red, white and blue aprons, and all were made welcome and to feel at home. This occasion was one of the bright spots in a soldier's life, and reminded us of the good old picnics we enjoyed at home.

The next day we received marching orders, expecting to go to East Tennessee. After a three days' march through the heat and dust we arrived near Columbia, Ky., a distance of 45 miles from Hustonville. Here we encamped for a week, when we received orders to go to Vicksburg, Miss., and we accordingly marched to Lebanon, Ky., that being the nearest point to the railroad. After a hard day's march we arrived at Lebanon. Here we received two months' pay and then took the train for Louisville, 66 miles distant. Company K had been detailed to do duty at headquarters and had to remain in Lebanon two days after the regiment left. Very little money was sent home, as a long steamboat journey was anticipated, and we all remembered how we had suffered for lack of something to eat on the trip from Newport News, Va., to Paris, Ky., under the same circumstances. We remained in Louisville one day and the boys had a good time generally. At this writing we are making up for it. Money is of no account here, for there is nothing to buy. Such is soldier life in an active campaign—either a feast or a famine.

Now, to go back and give you some of the details of our voyage down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers: From Louisville we went to Portland, about three miles distant, which is opposite New Albany, Ind., crossing the Ohio River to the latter place. Here we remained a day and embarked for Cairo, Ill., and thence down the Mississippi River. The journey from Kentucky to Mississippi occupied nearly two weeks, eight days of which we were on board boat, arriving here a week ago. The voyage was not unattended with danger. Several of the boats containing our troops were fired upon from shore by rebel guerrillas, who infest both sides of the river, and several men were killed and wounded. The boat on which our regiment embarked was not fired upon. We had a number of rebel prisoners on board, which accounts for this. Gunboats accompanied us through the most dangerous portions of the journey. Only one landing was made during the whole trip from Cairo to the mouth of the Yazoo River, and that was at Memphis, Tenn. Before leaving the Mississippi River every man was ordered to fill his canteen with water from that stream, as the water from the Yazoo River was unfit to drink, and we were going into a country where good water was scarce. Never in all our campaigns in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and other States, have we suffered for water as we have in Mississippi. Holes have been sunk in the ground at different points many feet deep to obtain drinkable water, and nothing has been found but poisonous seepings. We have actually drunk water from stagnant pools, which was refused by the horses and mules. Many of our men have died

in consequence; in fact nearly all have succumbed to disease contracted by the foul water. I always took the precaution to have a bottle of good hot Jamaica ginger, and never took a drink without putting a few drops into the water. A large hogshead of uncooked sauerkraut stands in the camp, to which all the boys have access. It is amusing to see them reach in with their dirty black hands, grab a handful and eat it, dirt and all. They enjoy it immensely.

We disembarked at Milldale Landing, a point on the Yazoo River, and are encamped on Snyders Bluff, as the date of this letter shows. This locality abounds in reptiles and poisonous insects of every description, especially mosquitoes, which so torment us at night, together with the intense heat, that we get very little rest. How long we will remain in this unpleasant situation depends upon the fall of Vicksburg. General Welsh said yesterday that if Vicksburg was surrendered by next week the Ninth Corps would probably be ordered to Pennsylvania to help defeat Lee's Army, as we see by the papers that he (Lee) is threatening that State again. We drove him out of Maryland in September, 1862, when he attempted to defeat our army and invade Pennsylvania, but made a failure of it. It is the general opinion that this last movement will prove a worse defeat than the first. * * * Will close for this time, and hope to be able to say in my next letter that Vicksburg has been captured.

P. S. Since I last wrote you our regiment has been changed from the Third to the First Brigade.

* * * * *

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS,

Snyders Bluff, Miss., Friday, July 24th, 1863.

Since my last we have experienced some severe service and several of the boys of Company K, myself included, have been afflicted with chills and fever for the past week. There have been a great many deaths in the different regiments. George Lehman, John Beaver, Jacob Myers, and other Columbia boys, have been sick, but are now on a fair way to recovery, as we are getting our daily rations of quinine. Brother Albert (Rollie) met with an accident on the 3d of July. He was swinging on a grape vine, when he lost his hold and fell about 15 feet into a ravine, breaking his right arm near the wrist joint, and otherwise injuring himself. Dr. Horace L. Ludington, the brigade surgeon, dressed his injuries, and he has been in the hospital ever since. I understand he is improving rapidly. * * *

It is impossible to describe our sufferings since my last letter to you. Of course you have heard that Vicksburg fell on the 4th of July. The same day the Ninth Corps and all the other troops in this vicinity made a forced march after Joe Johnston's army. It was one of the hottest days we experienced during the Mississippi campaign, and in a short while it was hard to tell whether we wore blue or gray, so thickly had the dust settled upon our clothing, which was saturated with perspiration. We marched all that day (July 4th) and long into the night. During the night a most terrific electrical storm occurred, the rain coming down in torrents, turning the dust into a perfect mortar and making it very difficult to march. Several men were prostrated by lightning and a member of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment was killed. Many of the boys caught their tin cups full of water off their cap rims. It was a Godsend to us poor

thirsty mortals. Next morning, when we were halted, the muddy water running in the gutters was used in making our "coffee," and it looked as though it had cream in it. It was not long, however, before we felt its bad effects, and when the battle of Jackson occurred many were in a temporary hospital, unfit for duty. We were stationed near the insane asylum at Jackson. It was heart-rending as well as amusing to hear the remarks and cries of the crazy people while the battle was going on. After considerable fighting Johnston retreated, and a great many of the rebels gave themselves up, saying they were disheartened at the surrender of Vicksburg and General Lee's defeat at Gettysburg at the same time. Our losses were small in comparison to the losses on the other side, and were principally through disease. A party of the sick were sent around by way of Vicksburg and slept in the city two nights ago. The place shows the effects of the bombardment.

General Grant took over 30,000 prisoners from the time of the battle at Fort Gibson to the capture of Pemberton's army in Vicksburg, together with all their arms and ammunition, sufficient to supply an army twice that number. No wonder they feel discouraged.

We are now awaiting orders to leave Mississippi, as the war is about settled in this portion of the Confederacy, and you will hear from me again when we get back to Kentucky. Albert is still in the hospital with his broken arm.

* * * * *

FIRST DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS,
Camp Nelson, Ky., August 23, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS:

Well, we are once more in the State of Kentucky, where we have plenty of good water and old Bourbon. The Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, Eleventh New Hampshire, Thirty-fifth Massachusetts, and Fifty-first and Seventy-ninth New York—five regiments in all—embarked on board the steamer *Planet*, at Milldale Landing, Yazoo River, Thursday, August 6th, one month after the fall of Vicksburg. The delay was caused by the scarcity of transports. It was a long, tedious wait. Every transport was crowded to its utmost capacity, with scarcely sufficient room to lie down comfortably, and in consequence we all suffered more or less, especially the sick. There was a hospital department on the boat, and many of the boys were obliged to go there, myself among the number. There were several deaths, and it is a wonder there were not more, as nearly every soldier was more or less affected with the disease contracted during the Mississippi campaign. It must have taken tons of quinine to eradicate the disease from the systems of the men. We were in Mississippi from the 17th of June to the 6th of August, right in the hottest season of the year. In just seven days we arrived at Cairo, Ill. After landing, I was granted a pass and went to town. Being a printer and the only one in the regiment and naturally a good "panhandler" (as the majority of printers are), I started out on a humane mission and struck a printing office where five printers were at work. I told them my "tale of woe" and they each very generously came down with a quarter. Two of them had served in the Confederate army and three in the Union army, and they were all working together as though they had never fought against each other; in printers' parlance, using a different kind of "shooting stick"

from that used during their soldier life. Thanking them for their generosity, I bade them goodbye and started to purchase some soft bread and a little fruit, which I took aboard the boat, where we had a little feast. The boys said that bread (without butter), tasted like pound cake, and they wished there were more printers in the regiment.

We reached Cairo, Wednesday morning, August 12th, and took the Illinois Central Railroad for Cincinnati next day, arriving there the same evening. At many points along the route the good people brought baskets of fruit, bread and butter, sandwiches, etc., and dumped them in the open box cars. The train proceeded slowly, doubtless for the purpose of giving them a chance to get the good things aboard the train. A member of Company K, Theodore Wilson, of Wrightsville, York County, Pa., died on the way to Cincinnati, from disease contracted in Mississippi. We were well acquainted as boys many years before the war. He was a fine young man and a splendid soldier. There were several boys from Wrightsville in Companies B and K of the Forty-fifth, whom I was well acquainted with long before the war, among them Adjutant Budding, Oscar Kellar, Howard Vache, John H. Strickler, Jacob Howard, Peter Brady, the three Kelley brothers, John, William and Thomas and many others. * * *

It is with heartfelt sorrow that I inform you of the death of our most excellent neighbor and fellow soldier, Brigadier General Welsh. He took sick on August 7th, the day after the regiment embarked at Milldale Landing, and died at Cincinnati on August 14th. He appeared to be in good health and spirits, and no one was more pleased than he that the terrible campaign in Mississippi was over, and that we were to leave the scene where we had experienced so many hardships and so much suffering. In his death we have lost a kind friend, a brave soldier, and one who looked with pride upon his regiment, and who took special interest in perfecting it in all the requirements necessary to make it an ideal body of men. No braver or more patriotic soldier ever drew a sword than General Welsh. The stroke is a severe one, and his loss will be felt not only by his immediate friends but by the cause he so ardently espoused. The rebel bullet was never made to take his life, but death came in the shape of disease, and after a week's illness he joined the throng of patriots who sacrificed their lives on their country's altar in defence of the flag and perpetuation of the Union. A detail was made from Companies B and K to escort his body home, and no doubt you have attended his funeral ere this date. We all extend our deepest sympathies to the bereaved family.

The regiment remained in Cincinnati but one day, and was treated royally by the citizens. They endeavored to make up for the loss we sustained by not being allowed to land last spring, to partake of a bountiful repast that was prepared for the soldiers in general at that time. Next day we crossed the river to Covington, Ky., where we encamped for three days just outside the city. We then took the cars over the same route we went last March, to Nicholasville, the terminus of the road, and then marched about four miles to this place—Camp Nelson. It is a very pleasant camping ground, except for the fact that we have no water near at hand, and have to carry it a long distance.

The Ninth Corps is reported unfit for active service. There are now more sick than there were in Mississippi, resulting from a change in climate, and the

boys of the different regiments are scattered around in many hospitals. George Lehman was detailed as a nurse when we landed at Cairo, but came back to the regiment this morning much improved in health. He says that the Columbia boys are all doing well.

Brother Albert's arm is almost well from the accident he met with in Mississippi, and he is able to use the drumsticks again, though his arm is crooked at the wrist.

We will probably remain here a few days to recuperate, and then proceed to East Tennessee, as there are rumors that the rebels from Virginia are again threatening this State. Goodbye until you hear from us again.

* * * * *

EAST TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN

CAMP OF THE FORTY-FIFTH PA. VOL. INFANTRY,
Near Knoxville, East Tennessee, October 18th, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS :

We are now in East Tennessee. We left Camp Nelson about the 1st of September and marched to Camp Crab Orchard, a distance of 30 miles, which we made in two days. On the way we passed our old camp ground, Dick Robinson. Here Company K was relieved from duty at headquarters by request. Brigadier General Ferrero succeeded General Welsh in command of our brigade.

After camping at Crab Orchard for about a week, orders came for the Ninth Corps to proceed to East Tennessee, the objective point being Knoxville. Accordingly on Thursday morning, September 10th, we broke camp, packed knapsacks, and with eight days' rations in our haversacks, started on a march of nearly 200 miles. We marched three days, resting on Sunday. We certainly needed the rest. Almost daily reveille was sounded at half-past three in the morning and we started at five o'clock, accomplishing from 15 to 20 miles by the middle of the afternoon, and occupying the remainder of the day pitching our "dog" tents, washing up (when water was available), and endeavoring to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night. Naturally our haversacks grew lighter, and at the end of four days' march our rations had in many cases been devoured, necessitating some foraging. The weather has been very dry in this section of the country, and the roads are very dusty, almost suffocating one. It is very warm, but we have not suffered nearly so much from the heat as we did in Mississippi, and we have plenty of good water, although it is not always convenient to our camp. Monday we again started at the usual hour, marching three days, resting on Thursday, the 17th. It rained on Friday and we remained in camp until Saturday, when we were ordered into line at the usual hour and marched four days without resting. On Tuesday we reached Morristown, a small town on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, about 40 miles from Knoxville. Here we were to take the train for the latter place, but owing to a scarcity of rolling stock our brigade had to march. We

left Morristown on Thursday afternoon, the 24th, and arrived here the following Saturday, the 26th, marching a distance of 41 miles in two days. Altogether we were on the march 17 days, out of which we rested about five. I cannot tell the exact distance we traveled, but it is considered 185 miles. On Sunday, September 20th, we passed through the celebrated Cumberland Gap, which is 95 miles from Crab Orchard. Here we met a body of captured Confederates, under guard, on their way to Kentucky. Some of the boys asked what regiment it was. One of them answered, "The Hell-roarin' Fifty-fifth Georgia! You d—d Yankees caught us nappin', or you wouldn't have got us; but we'll get even with you yet."

Our march over the Cumberland mountains was a rough one, owing to the bad condition of the roads. In some instances whole wagonloads of provisions, mules and all, slide down the embankment. It was impossible to rescue them, and the poor animals had to remain where they landed and die. There was no other way to get anything from Kentucky to Tennessee except by wagons, as all railroad communication was cut off, resulting in a scarcity of provisions for the army. The whole country has been devastated by both armies, and the poor inhabitants robbed of everything in the way of edibles. It meant something to espouse the cause of Unionism in East Tennessee, although both sides suffered alike for the necessaries of life. It was not an unusual sight to see women in the field plowing, as all the able-bodied men were in the two armies.

Notwithstanding the long and tedious march the men held out well, and there was very little straggling. We were obliged to ford several streams, the principal ones being the Cumberland, Clinch, and Holston Rivers, crossing the two latter the same day. Some of us took off our shoes at the first crossing. The water was deep enough to come up to our necks and the current being very swift took some of the smaller men off their feet, nearly drowning them. However, we all got over in safety. Upon reaching the opposite side you can imagine the hard time we had in getting our shoes and stockings on, with dripping wet clothes. In crossing we had to hold our muskets and cartridge boxes over our heads in order to keep the powder dry; but some got their powder pretty well saturated. By the time we got on our shoes and stockings the regiment was nearly half a mile ahead and we had to "double-quick" in order to catch up. To make it more unpleasant, our feet had been more or less injured by the sharp stones and gravel, in some instances drawing the blood. Our clothing was still wet from crossing Clinch River, when we reached Holston River. I don't think any of the boys removed their shoes and stockings after their first experience, and you can imagine the discomfort we experienced while marching with our shoes full of water. As all the bridges across the above-named rivers had been destroyed, there was no other way to cross them except by fording. With all these inconveniences and hardships, marching and lying on the ground in wet clothing, with but little covering and inadequate rations, we never have enjoyed better health than throughout the whole march, and at the present time. We averaged 15 miles a day, which is considered good marching.

After being in camp just one week at this point, orders were received to return to Morristown, as that section was threatened by a large body of rebels. Accordingly we took the cars on Saturday morning, October 3d, and proceeded about 13 miles below Morristown, to Bulls Gap, where we encamped until next

morning, when we marched three miles farther and encamped for nearly a week. Meanwhile the boys were compelled to do some foraging, as rations were scarce. A squad of us came across a sweet potato patch upon which we immediately "charged bayonets." I'll bet there wasn't a potato left in that patch. Each man took a part of a row and overturned the earth with his bayonet and in less time than it takes to tell it we had those potatoes washed and cooking in the camp kettles. After boiling them they were equally divided and everyone had his haversack packed full. We dined on cold sweet potatoes for three days, the best rations we had since leaving Kentucky. Let us hope the Government remunerated the owner of that patch of sweet potatoes. They were a God-send to hungry men.

The enemy was intrenched near Blue Springs. Early on Saturday morning, October 10th, we received orders to march, with four days' rations and 20 extra rounds of cartridges (making 60 rounds in all) issued to each man. We all knew that meant fight. After marching about five miles we came up to the enemy and were formed in line of battle. After fighting about two hours we drove them from their position. Our loss in this engagement was four killed and 17 wounded. There were no casualties in Company K, although we were in the thickest of the battle, and bullets flew like hail amongst us. Our regiment slept on their arms in front all night, expecting to renew the attack in the morning. At daylight we were deployed as skirmishers across an open field, but there were no "Johnnies" there, they having retreated under cover of the darkness. We went after them double-quick but they had too much of a start for the infantry to overtake them. Our cavalry followed them up, killing a number, and taking many prisoners. We followed after the cavalry, probably 15 or 20 miles, and all along the road were strewn dead men and horses, and broken wagons, etc. We passed the home of Vice President Johnson, Greenville, East Tennessee, on this march after the retreating enemy, but he was not at home. We encamped that night. The next day we were ordered back and had to march over the same ground. When we arrived at Morristown we took the cars for Knoxville, arriving at our old camping ground last Wednesday, October 14th, fully satisfied that we had done our duty in helping to drive the rebels out of East Tennessee.

There is one particular incident I wish to refer to, which no doubt will prove interesting to you all. You remember Mr. Samuel Wright, at one time editor and publisher of the Columbia "Spy," and in whose printing office I was employed in 1859, just after serving my apprenticeship in the Wrightsville "Star" office, York County. We had not met since I left his employ in 1859 until we met on the battlefield of Blue Springs, just as the Forty-fifth was forming in line of battle. He ranks as captain on General Potter's staff, and of course was on horseback. We saw and recognized each other at the same time and had a hearty handshake. He said: "William, I wish you good luck." I replied: "Captain, I wish you the same." We both came out of the battle unharmed. Little did either of us dream that when we parted in 1859, while following our peaceful avocations, that we would meet four years later on a Southern battlefield.

I can not say when you will hear from us again, as we expect to be on the move. It is rumored that Knoxville is again threatened by the rebels. They

seem very anxious to regain their hold in East Tennessee, but will have to fight hard for it, as General Burnside says he will defend the place to the last man. * * * I will write again at the first opportunity. The next letter is dated:

BLAINES CROSS-ROADS, EAST TENNESSEE,

Monday, December 21st, 1863.

DEAR PARENTS:

I am glad to inform you that we are both enjoying good health at this writing, notwithstanding the extreme hardships we experienced since my last letter, written a little over two months ago. We have been marching and fighting continually, lying in muddy rifle pits (which I helped to dig), and doing double duty on quarter rations. I will give a description of our movements, asking you to pardon the torn sheets of this letter. They were perforated by a rebel bullet passing through my knapsack and portfolio on our retreat from Lenoir Station to Knoxville, at the Battle of Campbells Station, Monday, November 16th. The ball came diagonally and just grazed my side, passing close in front of my comrade on the left. He was a Scotchman. He turned and looked at me, saying in his Scotch brogue, "Bell, are you het?" I said: "Yes; I'm shot clear through my knapsack." All the clothing in my knapsack was perforated by that bullet. We were under an enfilading fire at the time, the rebels trying to outflank and capture us. Men were falling all around. * * *

Shortly after writing my last letter home we were ordered to proceed to Loudon Bridge, about 30 miles from Knoxville, which is situated on the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. Here we expected to engage in battle, but the rebels did not make their appearance. After encamping on the north side of the river a few days we were ordered to recross and march back toward Knoxville (a distance of seven miles) to Lenoir Station, along the above-named railroad. Here exactly two weeks were spent in hard work, on half rations, building winter quarters. The rebels had been driven out of the State and our corps was about to take a much-needed rest. We commenced to build our winter quarters on Friday, October 30th, and completed them on Friday, November 13th, and were about to settle down for a nice, quiet rest after our hard two weeks' work. The "houses" were about three feet high, built of logs, cemented with mud, our shelter tents being used for roofing. The camp was laid out in streets, and great care was taken to have our little houses exactly on a line with each other. You can imagine how hard the boys worked cutting down trees, carrying logs, mixing "mortar" (mud), and getting them all together. We had a regular little town, and all felt proud of their work. The streets were all "policed" and clean, and everything in "apple-pie" order. The work was finished on Friday, the 13th, and some of the boys remarked that it was an unlucky date—that they didn't believe we would remain there very long; and we didn't. The very next morning, Saturday (the 14th), we were ordered to strike tents, pack up, and fall in immediately, as General Longstreet's Corps was coming to attack the Ninth Corps and recapture Knoxville. To make it more unpleasant, rain came down in torrents and soon we were wet to the skin. It was certainly disheartening to leave our little "houses" after all of our hard labor, to go out and march in the wet, cold, and mud. It was one of the most disagreeable days we experienced during the campaign in East Tennessee; yet

it was mild to what was in store for us during the next two months. We enjoyed our comfortable quarters but one night. Circumstances called us to duty, and the old Ninth Corps was ready for the emergency.

General Burnside and his staff, whose headquarters were in Knoxville, 23 miles distant, soon made their appearance in the cars; but instead of ordering a retreat he (Burnside) ordered an advance toward Loudon Bridge, some ten miles farther from Knoxville. He wanted to find out the true situation and the strength of the enemy before retreating. So we marched all day through the rain and mud to a point on the Holston River about three miles below Loudon Bridge. The bridge had been burned, but the rebels had thrown pontoons over the river and were crossing. The Twenty-third Corps (six months' men) were fighting them when we got near, but darkness coming on the Ninth Corps did not get into the battle. General Burnside ordered Companies K and I of our regiment to be detailed for duty at his headquarters during the night, so we got very little sleep, having no shelter and being exposed to the cold, in wet clothes. Next morning we expected to do some fighting, but before daylight the whole force was ordered to fall back, as the enemy was too strong, and a battle at that point would no doubt have been disastrous to us, with no fortifications or rifle pits to protect us against a force of five times our number. Thus we had to go over the same ground we marched the day before, closely followed by the enemy; and in many instances the artillery got stuck in the mud and we had to assist in getting the horses and cannon out to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rebels. When we arrived at Lenoir Station, our old camping ground, a line of battle was formed to hold the enemy in check, and we lay on our arms all night, with no shelter, shivering with the cold, scarcely anything to eat, and no sleep. No fires were allowed to be made as the rebel line of battle was near and the light would have attracted their fire. (No doubt they were suffering from the same inconveniences that we were.) Early next morning we commenced to retreat toward Knoxville, forming lines of battle every few miles to hold them in check. When we reached Campbells Station they came near outflanking our brigade and capturing it; but we gave them such a hot fire that they were compelled to fall back in disorder. (Here is where the bullet passed through my knapsack.) They tried to outflank us several times, in each attempt being repulsed. After marching, forming line of battle, and fighting all day, we retreated, marching all night through the mud, tired, hungry, and almost dead for want of sleep, having had scarcely any for three consecutive nights. To add to our discomforts, in crossing a small creek on a slippery log in the dark, several of us missed our footing and fell in the stream, which had been swollen by the heavy rains. It was with great difficulty that I recovered my musket, which went to the bottom. Of course it was useless until I withdrew the cartridge and cleaned and dried the gun. The only article that didn't get wet was the "rations," as our haversacks were as empty as our stomachs. We had 15 miles yet to march before reaching Knoxville, where we arrived Tuesday morning, the 17th. Our first meal in Knoxville consisted of cabbage stalks, which we enjoyed very much. We struck a large patch and the way we went for the stalks was a caution. Of course we wouldn't have touched the stalks if the heads had been on them (?). After our "meal" we got about two hours' sleep. Having no change of clothing, we were obliged to let our clothes

dry upon us. Many a soldier thought of his good home as he marched along that night in wet, heavy clothing, fatigued, hungry and sleepy; yet thankful that he had been more fortunate than many of his comrades who had fallen in battle, or still worse, were wounded and captured by the enemy. I will cite one instance: A poor fellow was badly wounded through the thigh, and unable to walk. (He told another comrade and myself what regiment he belonged to, but I have forgotten it.) He begged us to try and save him from being taken prisoner. We carried him quite a distance, supporting him on either side, but the enemy advanced so rapidly and kept up such a continual fire that we had to leave him to his fate, or be taken prisoners, and perhaps killed. He thanked us for our efforts in trying to save him, and the last words we heard him say, were: "Boys, I don't want to see you taken prisoners on my account; let me lie right here." We hurried up to our lines and got there just as the rebels opened a terrific fire on our troops, receiving our fire in return, which threw them in disorder and checked their advance. Their bullets whistled all around us, but few taking effect. Their artillery was not idle either, and several shells fell near and beyond our lines. One large shell came right through our ranks and directly in the path of Lieutenant A. J. Fessler, of Company K, when some of our boys yelled at him to get out of the way. He did so just in time to escape being killed. The shell struck the ground probably 100 yards beyond our lines, doing no damage except plowing up the ground, as it did not explode.

After resting part of Tuesday, General Burnside came riding along the lines and gave orders to the officers in command of the different regiments to have their men dig rifle pits and throw up entrenchments around the city. Half rations were issued, after which we worked until after midnight, when we were relieved by others. Next day we again resumed work in the afternoon and continued until midnight, when we were again relieved and slept until Thursday morning. I well remember the general's remark: "Colonel, have your men detailed to dig some rifle pits; it may be the means of saving some lives;" which certainly proved true.

Thursday morning, November 19th, the rebels made their appearance on the outskirts of the town and the Forty-fifth was sent out on the skirmish line, remaining there 48 hours (double duty) without shelter. It rained most of the time. No one dared show himself during the daytime without being fired at by the rebel sharpshooters. A member of Company E was picked off by a sharpshooter hid among the rocks and trees on the opposite side of the Holston River, and died later from the effects of the wound. Holes had been dug in the ground on the extreme outposts after night, and two men were detailed and occupied each hole on vidette duty. Our instructions were to give the alarm by firing our muskets in case of an attack by the enemy. The penalty for being caught asleep on picket duty in front of the enemy is death, as the lives of many would be jeopardized by the neglect of duty on the part of the picket. Our meager rations, consisting of a double handful of broken hardtack and a cup of black corn coffee, were brought to us after dark by our faithful old cook, Jake Butcher. Old Jake used to say to the boys, when they were in camp where the rations were plentiful (not in Tennessee), and they came for their second cup of coffee or soup, "Go het mit your tincup; no more bean soup" (or coffee

as the case might be.) He was a typical Dutchman, and true as steel to the boys in dealing out rations.

There were two fine college buildings in Knoxville, right on the line of battle, and pickets were placed in them from time to time. Holes had been made in the walls, through which we would protrude our rifles and fire at the enemy's sharpshooters, who promptly returned the fire from their hiding places. I was detailed for picket duty and occupied the cupola on one or two occasions. Every shot fired would be promptly answered, and a bullet would come uncomfortably close sometimes. The colleges were badly wrecked during the siege. On another occasion a detail was made for picket duty and we were stationed directly in front of some buildings in which were rebel sharpshooters, where we remained for 48 hours without being relieved. A friendly log protected me, and but for that log I would not be here to tell the tale. We exchanged about 25 shots, and I'll bet that log was full of rebel bullets. Suddenly a great noise and some firing was heard in front, and in a few moments the buildings were in flames. A party of our men had been detailed to fire those buildings and drive out the sharpshooters, which was successfully accomplished; but the rebels took advantage of the light made by the fire and bombarded our camp, killing some mules.

On Saturday morning, November 21st, we were ordered into the muddy rifle pits to be ready in case of an attack by the enemy. Besides rifle pits other fortifications for defense were erected. A deep ditch was dug in front of Fort Sanders, with abatis, making it almost impregnable. A wire was also stretched and fastened on stumps of trees for several hundred yards, just high enough to strike a man midway between his feet and his knees. For nearly two weeks more we held the place against their repeated attacks, in which they were repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Their last desperate effort to capture Knoxville was made on Sunday morning, November 29th, before daylight, when they charged upon Fort Sanders and were driven back, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and wounded. Darkness prevented their seeing the wire and they fell pell mell over it, completely demoralizing the first column. We understood the officers had a hard time rallying them for the attack. The officers said that they would have no troops to contend with but six months' men, and they could easily overcome them, as they were raw recruits; but they found they had been deceived when they discovered the Ninth Army Corps in front of them. The Forty-fifth Regiment was on the extreme left, the lines extending to the banks of the Holston River. Next morning a flag of truce was sent in to bury the dead. It was a dreadful sight. Many of the poor fellows were in their last dying agonies. We talked to some who came over under the flag of truce and they seemed to think they would yet capture Knoxville. They said "That wire scheme was a dirty Yankee trick." It certainly aided in defeating them.

The Union loss in the engagement at the fort was five killed and 14 wounded. General Longstreet admitted his loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners at 813 men. The following general orders were issued from headquarters Ninth Army Corps:

HEADQUARTERS NINTH ARMY CORPS,
Knoxville, Tennessee, December 1st, 1863.

"General Orders }
No. 72. }

"The Commanding General desires particularly to congratulate the officers and soldiers composing the garrison of Fort Sanders on their gallant conduct during the assault on that fort on the morning of the 29th ultimo.

"To Benjamin's Battery, with such portions of Buckley's and Roemer's as were with them in the fort, the Seventy-ninth Regiment New York Volunteers (Highlanders), the Second Regiment Michigan Volunteers, and a detachment of the Twenty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, is due the credit of repulsing a picked column of the enemy, killing, wounding, and taking prisoners therefrom treble their own number, besides capturing three stands of colors.

"To all the officers and soldiers of the Ninth Corps too much praise can not be awarded for the heroism, patience, and valor displayed by them on all occasions for the last six weeks. Whenever you have met the enemy in battle or skirmish, you have shown your superiority.

"The enemy can no longer afford to remain inactive. Already large forces are pressing forward to our relief from different points. Should he hazard an assault on our lines before retreating, he will find that his reception at Fort Sanders was a foretaste of what he will receive at every point of our works.

"By command of Brig. Gen. R. B. POTTER:

NICHOLAS BOWEN, A. A. G.

OFFICIAL:

"_____,"

Assistant Adjutant General."

All we had to live upon during the siege was a small piece of heavy black bran bread, and a piece of fresh pork or "beef" (mule meat) a day, for three weeks, with no coffee (except roasted corn burnt and pounded fine), when we could steal it from the poor mules, or beg it. It was utterly impossible to buy anything to eat in the town, as no one had anything to sell. What we got for a day's rations did not satisfy us for one meal. Sometimes we received a little cornmeal instead of the bran bread. We never dreamed we would experience a time when we would be obliged to beg or steal an ear of corn; but we had to do it in Knoxville. Yes, it is true; we stole the corn from the poor old mules, and afterward helped to eat mule meat in the shape of "beef." I took two ears from a mule's trough which were partly eaten; but that made no difference to a lot of starving soldiers. It is said that "necessity is the mother of invention," which applies in this case. We would take an old tin plate and punch holes in it with a nail, which formed a kind of grater on the opposite side and then rub the ear of corn over it, making a coarse meal, which we would mix with water and bake into a "slap-jack." We never questioned whether the mule had had the first bite out of that ear. I thought of the "times that tried men's souls," during the Revolutionary War, and especially the suffering and hardships of Washington's Army at Valley Forge, Pa., in the winter of 1777-78, of which I had read when a school-boy.

General Burnside received an invitation from a prominent citizen of Knoxville to dine with him, but declined, saying: "I thank you very much for the kind offer; but I could not conscientiously sit down to a good, square meal while my men are starving," or words to that effect.

I have not finished telling you about the rebels. Reinforcements were sent to the relief of the Ninth Corps from the army at Chattanooga and Longstreet was compelled to leave without capturing Knoxville. We were ordered after him, although in such a weak condition that marching was a great hardship. Nevertheless we made 12 miles the first, eight miles the second, and 12 miles the third day, without overtaking him. During the three days' march we had nothing to eat but parched corn, and not one-fourth enough of that to appease our hunger. Five dollars or even ten dollars would have been freely given for a good square meal if it could have been gotten. Money was a secondary consideration. Yet the boys held out nobly under the trying ordeal, and there was very little straggling. At present we are about 20 miles east of Knoxville, formed in line of battle, where we have been since last Wednesday, the 16th, having fallen back 12 miles. It was reported that Longstreet had received reinforcements from Virginia and would probably make another attempt to capture Knoxville. It proved a false rumor, however. It is the general opinion that they have made themselves scarce in Tennessee. At least their chances are very slim to regain a foothold in this State, as reinforcements to the number of 50,000 are on their way from Chattanooga. We heard it was rumored at home that the Ninth Corps had been captured; but don't believe all you read in the newspapers. The enemy certainly took desperate chances on several occasions to accomplish this end, within the last five or six weeks, but most signally failed.

There are rumors that our corps is going to Washington, D. C., as General Burnside has been relieved by General Foster in this department, and it is said that Burnside is going to relieve General Heintzleman, who has charge of the defenses at Washington. The boys think this piece of news is too good to be true. We certainly have experienced hard service in the Mississippi and East Tennessee campaigns during the past year, and think we are entitled to a little rest. All will agree that the campaign of East Tennessee has been one of the severest of the war, inasmuch as we were obliged to march, fight, lie in muddy rifle pits for days, on the outposts for 48 hours (double duty), exposed to all kinds of weather and the enemy's sharpshooters, besides fording rivers, and having scarcely enough to eat and keep body and soul together. This is a true version of the story, and no exaggeration, as all the boys will testify. God only knows how we pulled through and are as well as we are. None of the boys have been troubled with indigestion since we struck Tennessee. At this writing the weather is very cold, and many of the poor fellows have no shoes. We keep up log fires all night, and the boys run out of their shelter tents to warm themselves, freezing on one side while warming the other, besides having their eyes filled with smoke. It is nothing unusual for a fellow to wake up and find his feet in the snow, as our shelter tents are but poor protection. The people living in this section say it is the coldest winter they have experienced for seven years.

We received two months' pay a few days ago, but money is of no account here, as there is nothing to be had in this devastated country. We have a sutler with us now, but he charges such exorbitant prices that what you get for a

dollar would not give you a square meal. I went on a foraging expedition the other day. Captain Kelsey, Adjutant Budding, Lieutenant Fessler, and some more of the boys raised a few dollars, and the adjutant loaned me his horse. I started out to see what I could do in the provision line, having an old bag or salt sack in case I was fortunate enough to come across anyone who had anything to spare. After traveling a mile or so I came to a little old log house, and riding up to the door I was greeted by an elderly lady. I told her my mission; how we had been starving for the past three months; that if she had anything to spare in the shape of cornbread, biscuit, or anything else in the eating line I would pay her well for it. She scrutinized me pretty closely and finally said that if I would promise not to tell anyone where I got the cornbread and biscuit she might let me have a small portion. The poor woman was afraid of being robbed of what little she had; that is why she cautioned me not to tell. She produced the articles, I paid her a reasonable price, and she said that that was the first Yankee money she had seen for a year. She happened to be a Union woman and said her husband had been killed fighting for the Union in a Tennessee regiment. She told me which way to go to get to the next house, and following her directions I met with success, adding a little more to my precious store. But I had to repeat the same old story and make the same promises before they "had anything to spare." I was about ten miles from camp when I was warned by a kind lady not to go any farther, as the rear guard of the rebel army was not a great distance from there, and I would be captured. Of course I took her advice and retraced my steps. This portion of East Tennessee is very sparsely settled and one had to go over a great deal of territory to find a few houses. I visited about a dozen places and got enough cornbread and biscuit to almost fill the bag. You can bet a big red apple that I wasn't hungry that day. It was nearly dark when I got back to camp, and the boys thought I had been taken prisoner. You ought to have seen them look when I unloaded that bag of cornbread and biscuit, and the congratulations I received as to my foraging ability. I certainly had great luck; but of course I had to use some diplomacy and much persuasion, as nobody was supposed to have anything over and above their own immediate needs in this section of devastated country.

Since the Johnnies have evacuated Tennessee times are a little better in the ration line, but an ear of corn is still very acceptable, and we may be fortunate enough to have roast corn for our Christmas dinner, which will be next Friday. Many a poor soldier will long for his good home, especially on that day, to be with the dear ones, there to enjoy a good Christmas dinner—the happiest season of the year. Although your boys cannot possibly be with you this time, yet we hope and pray our lives may be spared to meet with each other at a near future happy holiday season, after this cruel war is over and the bright wings of peace once more hover over our now divided and distracted country. My heart aches to think of the desolate and unhappy homes, made so by this dreadful war, both North and South; for whether he wore the blue or the gray, some poor mother's heart was broken at the loss of her boy, so near and dear to her. When I write thus I cannot suppress my feelings, and tears fill my eyes; for I have witnessed the dreadful result and stern realities of war, and have seen the sufferings of the wounded on both sides in their last dying agonies, and heard their cries for mercy under the knife of the surgeon, while an arm or limb was being amputated.

Thus far I have been most fortunate in escaping the deadly missiles of the enemy, although seeing many of my comrades fall around me, many of them to rise no more. But to change the subject.

There is a rumor afloat that the Ninth Corps will leave for Kentucky in a few days. There is also some talk about reenlisting, and I understand a great many have done so in the different regiments. A local bounty of \$402 has been offered each soldier, and 30 days' furlough home, which is quite tempting to the boys. We have been here nearly four months and have been almost constantly on the move. If Johnny Reb had kept away we might still be in our comfortable winter quarters at Lenoir Station.

While we were besieged in Knoxville no mail was received for six or seven weeks, and everybody felt lost or deserted by the dear ones at home. Now a mail comes occasionally, and it is a great relief. I just heard that we will leave Tennessee for Kentucky in a few days, and it is certainly cheering news. The worst feature about it is that a great many of the boys are barefooted, and are making covering for their feet out of raw hides, mule skins, or anything they can substitute for shoes. Fortunately for myself, I happened to come across a comrade from a Michigan regiment who had an extra pair of shoes dangling from his knapsack, and I immediately made a bargain with him. He agreed to take two dollars for them, which I promptly paid. They were new army shoes. The boys said I was a lucky cuss when I told them about it; and I was, for I was "on my uppers." We have a march of nearly 200 miles over the same route we traveled in September, but the weather is much colder. We will have to ford some rivers, as all the bridges are burned.

It is understood that the new men are to receive the benefit of the furlough, but cannot reenlist and get the big local bounty that has been offered by the different cities and towns in order to fill up the quota demanded by the government, and thus avoid a draft.

You need not send the Columbia "Spy" now, as Mr. Rambo, the editor, sends a copy nearly every week, so we know all the home news. No doubt you have read some of my letters published in the "Spy." I have written under the nom de plum "4T5." Captain Wright mentioned my name in a letter to the "Spy" and said we met just as the Forty-fifth was going into the battle of Blue Springs, October 10th.

I almost forgot to mention the fact that during the retreat to Knoxville three of our company were taken prisoners—Benjamin Kauffman of Mountville, Samuel Cohick of Drytown, and Joseph McLain of Washington Borough, Pa. None of them have been heard from since. Robert Hall, of Columbia, a member of Company B, was also taken prisoner, but they paroled him. They took his overcoat, blanket and boots, but I am told they very generously gave his boots back. I will close for this time and hope we will leave this devastated country and be with the dear ones at home in the near future.

* * * * *

Here is an article I clipped from the Washington "Chronicle" in reference to the Forty-fifth Regiment, published just before the grand review, in May, 1865, and which I have had in my possession ever since. "The Cartridge Box" exchanged with the "Chronicle," and that is how I happened to get the article. It is as follows:

"We yesterday accompanied Hon. A. G. Curtin and James L. Reynolds, Quartermaster General of the State of Pennsylvania, to Alexandria and vicinity, where the governor visited a number of the regiments of his commonwealth, connected with the Ninth Army Corps. The greater part of this contingent is encamped in the suburbs of Alexandria, although one division has been stationed temporarily elsewhere.

"It is a singular fact, repeated by a veteran officer yesterday, that in the four years' service the Army of the Potomac has invariably been attracted toward Washington in the month of April. Many regiments are encamped on nearly the same ground they occupied previous to the departure of the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, for Richmond, in the spring of 1862.

ALL WAS EXCITEMENT

"How different the feelings of those brave soldiers now, however, from those of former years. Then all was excitement, anxiety, and a deep sense of the responsibilities that awaited them. Now the hardened veterans, the lithe athletic and experienced warriors, feel that their work has been accomplished, that the white-winged messenger of peace is hovering over them; that they have fought the good fight, have covered themselves with laurels, entitled themselves to the thanks and gratitude of a restored Republic, and will soon be permitted to visit their loved ones, who are anxiously awaiting their return.

"Upon inquiry we were at first surprised to learn that several of the Pennsylvania regiments numbered over 600 men, but we soon ascertained that this was due to the steady reinforcements that had been furnished.

"One particular regiment, the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, will suffice, we presume, as an example for nearly all. This was one of the first regiments that entered the army from Pennsylvania and was commanded by Colonel Welsh. To-day it numbers 600 men.

"All of the original officers but two, Lieut. Col. Theodore Gregg and Brig. Gen. Irwin Curtin, a nephew of the governor, who entered the army as a private in the Forty-fifth, was severely wounded in the arm at Antietam and at Ream's Station, and now commands a brigade in the Second Division of the Ninth Corps, have been gathered to their fathers.

BUT FEW CAME BACK.

"Very few of the original troops remain. This regiment has probably been over a greater portion of our country than any other from the State of Pennsylvania, having done duty in nearly every one of the Southern States, and will be long remembered for the gallantry displayed during the war.

"Yesterday all of the soldiers appeared to be in an excellent condition, and having passed through so many terrible campaigns are now enjoying their much-needed repose. The regular routine of drill is kept up, however, and dress parade is daily had at six o'clock in the evening. They are all well clothed and provided with comfortable quarters.

"Every hillside is covered with tents, and the old familiar sound of the reveille, the tattoo, and the inspiring strains from many bands reverberate through the vales of old Virginia. Generals and their associate officers have selected their headquarters near the grand old residences which abound in the vicinity of Alexandria."

THE ITINERARY

Compiled by Sergeant Eugene Beauge from war time notes in his diary; with the assistance of Lieutenant T. J. Davies, who furnished data of the East Tennessee Campaign, from Crab Orchard to Blaine's Cross Roads.

1861

- Sept. Companies recruited and men sworn in at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg.
- Oct. 14-18 Mustered into United States service.
21 Left Harrisburg by rail.
22 Marched through Baltimore and arrived in Washington.
23 Marched to Camp Welsh near Bladensburg, D. C.
27 Moved to Camp Casey, D. C.
- Nov. 3-10 Forced march to Prince Frederick, Md., (to guard general election) and return.
17 Left Camp Casey and marched to Camp Beaver, two miles nearer Washington.
19 Left Camp Beaver by rail.
21 Arrived at Fortress Monroe, going from Baltimore by water.
- Dec. 5 Received our first pay from "Uncle Sam."
6 Left Camp Hamilton near Fortress Monroe and embarked on steamers "Cosmopolitan" and "Illinois."
8 Arrived at Port Royal, South Carolina, where regiment was divided; Companies B, F, G, H and K under Colonel Welsh going to Otter Island, while the other five companies under Lieutenant-Colonel Beaver, A, C, D, E and I, were stationed at Bay Point, Seabrook and Pope's Plantation, on Hilton Head Island.

1862

- May 21 Right wing left Otter Island on steamer "Potomac."
22 Six companies (Company I having arrived from Bay Point), landed on North Edisto Island.
- June 1 Landed on Johns Island.
2 Marched several hours suffering greatly from heat and thirst.
6 Marched thirteen miles to Legreesville.

-
- June 9 Crossed Stono River to James Island on steamer "Mat-tano."
- June 10 Details of Companies H and I repulsed a largely superior force of the enemy. Thomas Jobe of Company H killed. First death in regiment in action.
- June 16 Regiment in reserve while a Union force under General Benham made unsuccessful assault on enemy's works at Secessionville.
- July 2 From James Island to Port Royal on steamer "Ben Deford."
- 9 Passed in review before General Williams. Many of the men overcome by extreme heat.
- 11 Moved to Elliott's Plantation on Broad river, where Companies A, C, D and E joined balance of regiment after a separation of six months.
- 17 Marched to landing at Port Royal.
- 18 Left South Carolina on U. S. steamer "Arago."
- 20 Arrived at Fortress Monroe, Va.
- 21 Landed at Newport News.
- Aug. 4 Left Newport News on steamer "Elm City."
- 5 Landed at Acquia Creek.
- 6 Regiment, except Companies I and K, went on cars to Brookes Station, to guard railroad in that locality.
- Sept. 4 Left Acquia Creek for Washington on steamer "Express."
- 7-13 On the march from Washington to Frederick, Md.
- 14 Battle of South Mountain.
- 17 Antietam.
- 19 Moved to Pleasant Valley.
- Oct. 7 Changed location to "Camp Israel," still in Pleasant Valley.
- 26 Left Pleasant Valley, Md., crossed Potomac on pontoon at Berlin and camped near Lovettsville, Va.
- 30 Marched eight miles to Waterford.
- Nov. 2 Marched sixteen miles to Philemont on Washington turnpike.
- 5 Between eight A. M. and three P. M. marched ten miles to Rectortown.
- 6 Marched eighteen miles to Orleans.

- Nov. 7 From two to five P. M. marched four miles to Waterloo.
15 Left Waterloo and marched to White Sulphur Springs.
16 Marched twelve miles to Warrenton Junction.
19 At Falmouth opposite Fredericksburg.
- Dec. 12 Crossed Rappahannock to Fredericksburg.
13 In reserve during battle of Fredericksburg.
15 Recrossed river to our old camp.
16 to
- 1863
- Feb. 9 Camped at Falmouth opposite Fredericksburg.
10 On cars to Acquia Creek and from there by steamer "John A. Warner" to Newport News.
- March 22 Left Newport News on boat "Mary Washington," except Companies C and D and small detail from each of the other companies left back for special duty, joining us later on.
24 Baltimore, Md.
24-26 By rail on Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Parkersburg, Va.
27 On board transport "Lacrosse" on Ohio river.
28 Landed at Covington, Ky., from there by rail to Paris.
- April 10 By rail to Nicholasville.
11 Marched to Camp Dick Robinson.
30 On the march to Stanford.
- May 1 Marched to Hustonville.
2 To Middleburg on Green river.
11 Back to Hustonville.
22 Citizens of Hustonville gave us a picnic.
23 From Hustonville to Liberty.
26 To Columbia.
30 Jamestown.
- June 2 Rebels attacked our pickets.
4 Left Jamestown.
6 Arrived at Lebanon.
7 To Louisville by rail and crossed Ohio river to Jeffersonville, Ind.
8 On cars, through Seymour, Ind., and Centralia, Ill., to Cairo.
10 Embarked on steamer "Sallie List."

-
- June 11-17 At Memphis, Tenn.
18 Steaming down the Mississippi.
19 Landed at Snyders Bluff.
20 to
- July 4 (When Vicksburg surrendered) in trenches near Vicksburg.
7 Crossed Big Black river in pursuit of Confederate Army under Johnston.
10-17 Siege of Jackson, Mississippi.
18-19 Tearing up Mississippi Central Railroad.
20-23 Marched to old camp at Milldale.
- Aug. 5 Got on board transport "Hiawatha."
8 At Memphis again.
10 Cairo, Ill.
12 At Cincinnati and crossed Ohio to Covington, Ky.
17 Left Covington on cars.
18 Arrived at Camp Parke, near Nicholasville.
27 Moved from Camp Parke to Lancaster.
28 Marched to Crab Orchard, thirty-three miles from Nicholasville.
- Sept. 10 Started on march to East Tennessee.
12 Reached London, Ky., in the evening and camped.
13-16 On the march to Flat Lick on Cumberland river.
19 Marched a distance of fourteen miles.
20 Started 6 A. M., marched about fourteen miles during the day; crossed Cumberland Gap and camped a mile beyond.
21 Marched twenty miles; crossed Powell river and Clinch mountain and camped within two miles of Clinch river. Posted pickets for the night. In the enemy's country.
22 Marched twenty-two miles; forded Clinch and Holston rivers and camped at Morristown.
24-25 Enroute to Knoxville.
26 Arrived near Knoxville and camped about 11 A. M., having marched forty miles from Morristown.
27 to
- Oct. 2 Encamped near Knoxville.
3 On cars to Bull's Gap, about sixty miles from Knoxville.

- Oct. 4 Marched four miles to Blue Springs.
10 Battle of Blue Springs.
11 In pursuit of enemy to Rheatown.
Marched about twenty miles from Blue Springs.
13 Enroute back to Knoxville. Marched sixteen miles to
Henderson Station.
14 On cars to Knoxville and occupied our old camp
ground.
20 Starting at 7 A. M., we marched southward about
fifteen miles and camped at sundown. Heavy can-
nonading in direction of London.
21 Marched ten miles and camped on line of railway.
Rained all day.
22 Left camp at 2 P. M.; crossed Holston river on pon-
toon and camped one mile beyond London, marching
about six miles.
28 Starting at 4 A. M., recrossed Holston river on pon-
toon and marched to Lenoir Station, eight miles in all.
29 Moved camp in woods and ordered to build winter
quarters.
30 to
- Nov. 13 Remained in camp.
14 Marched back to London and on road to Huff's Ferry.
At 7 P. M., after marching nine miles, formed line of
battle close to the enemy.
15 Marched back to Lenoir Station. At 4 P. M., formed
line of battle on ridge west of the Station.
16 Battle of Campbell's Station.
17 After an all night's march reached Knoxville at 5 A.
M., completely exhausted, after sixty-six hours of
continuous marching and fighting without a minute's
sleep or undisturbed rest. Siege of Knoxville began.
18 At 12:30 A. M., ordered out to build intrenchments.
Worked balance of the night and until 6 P. M.
19 Regiment sent on skirmish line before daylight to re-
lieve Thirty-sixth Massachusetts. Right wing en-
gaged.
20 On skirmish line all day.
21 Relieved from skirmish line.

- Nov. 23 Regiment changed position and ordered to fortify and hold six hundred yards of the line at all hazards.
- 24-27 Siege of Knoxville continued.
- 28 About 11 P. M., enemy drove in our pickets in front of Fort Sanders.
- 29 Our regiment in trenches but not actively engaged.
- Dec. 4 Two companies of the regiment sent out to reconnoiter. Found enemy still in our front.
- 7 Marched twelve miles in pursuit of the enemy.
- 8 Started about noon. Marched seven miles and camped. Our advance in touch with the enemy.
- 9 Marched at 8 A. M. Our regiment rear guard of corps. Marched twelve miles and camped near Rutledge.
- 10 In camp waiting for rations, which did not come.
- 11-14 In camp near Rutledge.
- 15 Formed line of battle to support cavalry which had been attacked by the enemy. At 8 P. M., marched six miles and bivouaced in line of battle. Bitter cold.
- 16 Started at 9 A. M., and marched seven miles to Blaines Cross Roads and formed line of battle.
- 17-26 Camped at Blaines Cross Roads, scantily clothed and with practically no rations. Colonel Curtin joined regiment on 26th from home on furlough.
- 27 Moved our camp to woods near by, where we remained during balance of our stay in East Tennessee.

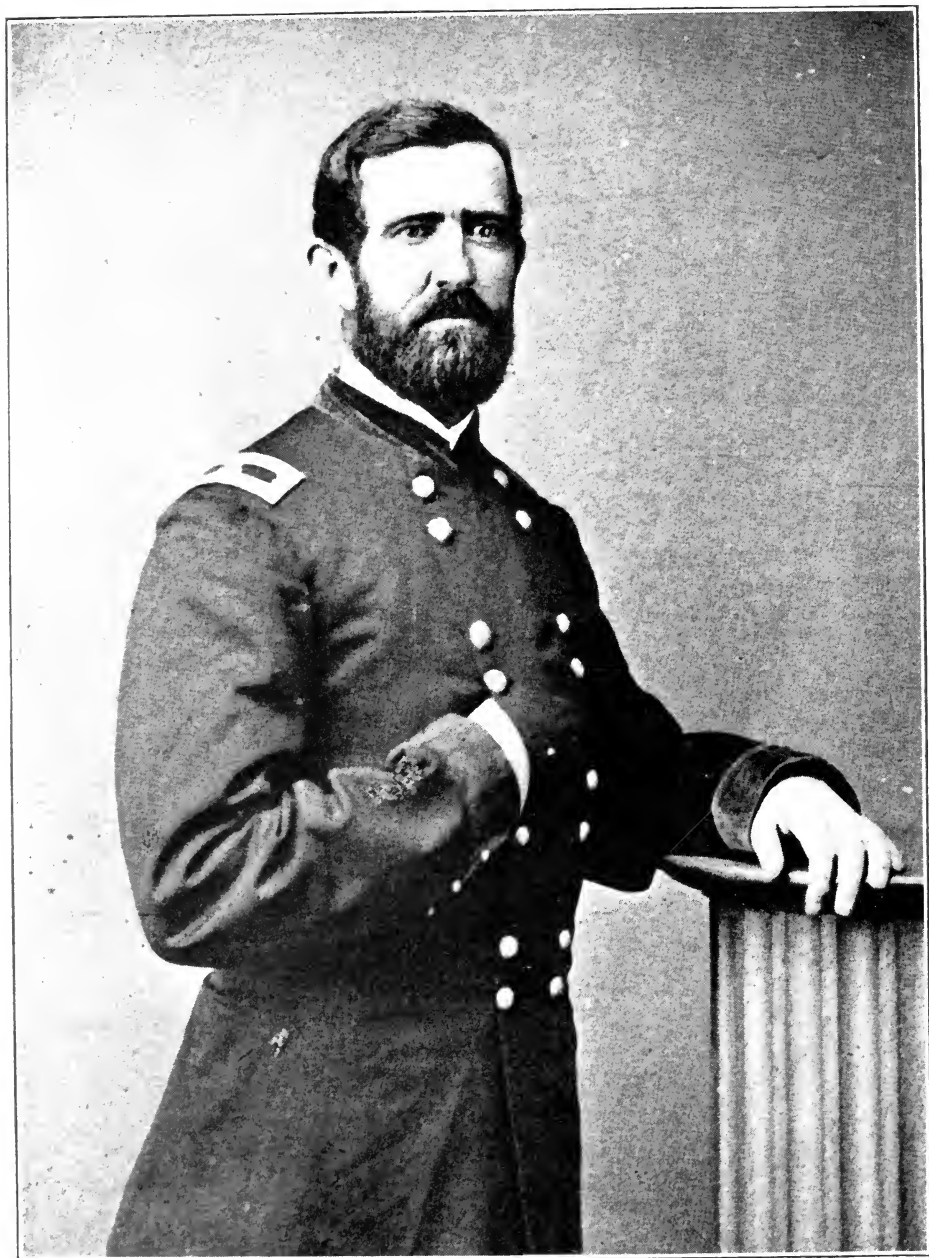
1864

- Jan. 1 About three-fourths of the regiment present re-enlisted as Veteran Volunteers.
- 16-24 Enroute from Blaines Cross Roads back over the Cumberland mountains to Crab Orchard, Ky.
- 26 At Camp Nelson. Marched to Nicholasville. Evening. Drew clothing, and the Lord knows we needed it!
- 27 At 11 A. M., regiment drawn up in line and Colonel made short speech. Boarded cars at 4 P. M., and started toward Covington.
- 28 Arrived at Covington 9:30 A. M. Crossed Ohio river to Cincinnati and took quarters in Sixth Street Market house.
- 29 Moved to Fifth Street Market house.
- 30 to

- Feb. 3 In Cincinnati making out muster rolls.
4 Left Cincinnati on cars.
5 Rode all day.
6 Got to Pittsburg at 1 A. M., changed cars and arrived in Harrisburg about 5 P. M. Poor reception, bad quarters and cold supper.
7 Making out furloughs for the men.
8 Turned over our guns at the State Arsenal after giving an exhibition of going through the manual of arms by the tap of the drum.
9 Regiment discharged temporarily. Officers and men going home on a thirty days' veteran furlough.
Regiment rendezvoused at Annapolis, Md.
- March
- April 12 Reviewed by Generals Grant and Burnside.
23 Left camp and marched fifteen miles.
25 Marched through Washington and were reviewed by President Lincoln. Crossed Long Bridge and camped near Alexandria.
27 Marched about a mile beyond Fairfax Court House.
28 On the march. Crossed Bull Run at 1 P. M. At 5:30 P. M., camped at Bristow Station.
- May 4 Marched to near Bealeton Station.
5 Left camp 5:30 A. M. Crossed Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers during the day. Heavy firing in front.
6 Battle of the Wilderness.
7 Enemy gone in our front. Occupied their works.
8 Marched to Chancellorsville battlefield.
9-11 Enroute to Spottsylvania Court House.
12 Battle of Spottsylvania.
21 Brisk skirmish with enemy at Po river.
22-23 Marching toward North Anna river.
24 Crossed North Anna and fortified.
26 Left our works and recrossed river.
27-28 Marching both days until 1:30 A. M. of the 29th.
29 Crossed Pamunkey river.
30-31 Near Bethesda Church.
- June 1-2 At or near Cold Harbor.
3 Battle of Cold Harbor.
7 Heavy detail under Lieut. Jeffers of Company G made reconnoissance of enemy's line.

- June 12-13 From Sunday evening, June 12th, marched till 1 A. M., of the 14th.
- 14 Crossed the Chickahominy at Jones' Bridge.
- 15 Between 11 and 12 P. M., crossed James river on pontoon bridge.
- 16 Arrived before Petersburg at 4 P. M.
- 17 Made charge at daybreak and helped capture two redoubts.
- 18 Helped drive the enemy across Petersburg and Norfolk railroad and into their works, and established our line close to the Confederates.
- 19 to
- July 29 Siege of Petersburg. Our regiment in works opposite the undermined Confederate fort.
- 30 Explosion of Burnside's mine and battle of the Crater.
- 31 to
- Aug. 18 Siege of Petersburg continued.
- 19 Marched to Weldon railroad. Supporting the Fifth Corps.
- Sept. 30 Battle of Poplar Spring Church where most of the regiment was captured.
- Oct. 27-28 Engagement at Hatcher's Run.
- Nov. 8 Presidential election. Result in our regiment: Lincoln, 97 votes; McClellan, 19.
- 29 Marched six miles to the right and exchanged camps with part of the Second Corps.
- Dec. 10-11 Marched twenty-two miles to Stony Creek and back in support of movement by Fifth Corps across Nottoway river against Weldon railroad.
- 12 to
- 1865
- April 1 In winter quarters before Petersburg.
- 2 Assault and capture of works before Petersburg.
- 3 Marched through Petersburg.
- 4 Started in pursuit of Lee's army. Marched until 8 P. M., and camped.
- 5 On the march from 10:30 A. M., till 8 P. M.
- 6 Marched sixteen miles. Heavy cannonading ahead. Our regiment supporting a battery.

- June 7 Arrived at Burkesville. Guarding prisoners, 7,000 or 8,000 captured by Sheridan the day before.
- 8 Escorted prisoners to railroad station.
- 9 Surrender of Lee at Appomattox.
- 9-10 Marched fifteen miles to Farmville.
- 18 Received official announcement of the death of Lincoln.
- 20 Enroute from Farmville to Burkesville.
- 21-22 On the way back to Petersburg.
- 23 Marched through Petersburg and visited fortifications, including the Crater and our old camp.
- 24 From Petersburg to City Point.
- 26 Got on board steamer "Glaucus."
- 28 Arrived at Alexandria, where we remained in camp until mustered out.
- May 23 Participated in Grand Review in Washington.
- June 8 Escorted the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts to the landing. Our old standby had been mustered out and gone home!
- July 7 Received orders to be mustered out.
- 8-15 Busy making out muster rolls.
- 16 Mustered out of the United States service; although our discharges are dated July 17th, 1865.
- 17 Got aboard transport "Wawaset;" arrived in Washington an hour later; remained until 8 P. M., and took cars for Baltimore.
- 18 By rail from Baltimore to Harrisburg.
- 21 Regiment disbanded at Camp Curtin.



Brig. Genl. Thomas Welsh

BRIGADIER GENERAL THOMAS WELSH

Brigadier General Thomas Welsh was born in the Borough of Columbia, in the County of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in May, 1824. He began his military career at the commencement of the Mexican War by enlisting as a private soldier in the Second Regiment, Kentucky Volunteers, went through the grades of corporal, sergeant and first sergeant, and for his gallantry at the battle of Buena Vista, where he was badly wounded, was commissioned by President Polk to be second lieutenant in the Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., in which he served with much distinction until the end of the war. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was selected to command the first company raised in his county and marched to Harrisburg. Captain Welsh's company formed part of the Second Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers; left Harrisburg on the 19th of April, 1861. Captain Welsh was soon afterward appointed lieutenant-colonel of the regiment and on the expiration of the three months' term, the regiment being mustered out of service, he was by the Governor commissioned as colonel and placed in command of Camp Curtin to organize the regiments called from Pennsylvania as her quota of 500,000 men. In October, 1861, Colonel Welsh, in command of the Forty-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, left Camp Curtin for Washington.

(The above sketch was copied from a paper in General Welsh's own handwriting.)

Private, Co. E, 2nd Kentucky Infantry, June 9th, 1846; honorably discharged June 10, 1847; 2nd Lieut., 11th Infantry, December 30, 1847; honorably discharged Aug. 16, 1848; Captain, 2nd Penna. Infantry, April 20, 1861; Lt. Col., April 20, 1861; honorably mustered out July 26, 1861; Colonel, 45th Penna. Infantry, Oct. 21, 1861; Brigadier General, Volunteers, Nov. 29, 1862; appointment expired March 4th, 1863; Brigadier General, Volunteers, March 13, 1863; died Aug. 14, 1863.
General Field Orders No. 4.

HdQrs. Army of the Ohio, in the Field,

Camp Nelson, Ky., August 15th, 1863.

This department has received with the deepest regret the intelligence of the death of Brigadier-General Welsh, commanding First Division Ninth Army Corps. This sad event closes a life marked by the purest patriotism, and deprives the army of the services and example of a brave and efficient officer, whose sole aim in his military history was his country's good.

The colors of the Ninth Army Corps will be draped in mourning and the officers at general headquarters and of the Ninth Army Corps will wear the customary badge for thirty days.

By command of Major-General Burnside:

LEWIS RICHMOND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

PART III

The Rosters

ROSTER, FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS

BY MAJOR R. C. CHEESEMAN.

- THOMAS WELSH, colonel; enlisted July 22, 1861; promoted to brigadier general March 1, 1863; died at Cincinnati, Ohio, August 14, 1863.
- JOHN I. CURTIN, colonel; enlisted August 16th, 1861; promoted from captain Company A to major July 30, 1862; to lieutenant colonel September 4, 1862; to Colonel April 13, 1863; brevet brigadier general October 12, 1864; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; died January 1, 1911.
- JAMES A. BEAVER, lieutenant colonel; enlisted July 22, 1861; promoted to colonel One Hundred and Forty-eighth Regiment P. V., September 4, 1862.
- FRANCIS M. HILLS, lieutenant colonel; enlisted October 18, 1861; promoted from captain Company I to lieutenant colonel March 1, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate August —, 1864; residence, Cedarvale, Kans.
- THEODORE GREGG, lieutenant colonel; enlisted October 27, 1861; promoted from captain Company F to lieutenant colonel September 23, 1864; to brevet colonel July 30, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February —, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; died July —, 1878.
- JOHN M. KILBOURNE, major; enlisted July 27, 1861; resigned July 30, 1862; died November 26, 1899.
- EDWARD A. KELSEY, major; enlisted October 12, 1861; promoted from captain Company K to major July 1, 1863; died June 24, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- JOHN F. TROUT, major; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from captain Company C to major March 31, 1865; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March—, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; died May 23, 1912, at Jersey City, N. J.
- CALVIN S. BUDDING, adjutant; enlisted September 9, 1861; promoted from second lieutenant Company K to first lieutenant and adjutant March 26, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died March 12, 1894.
- DECATUR DICKINSON, adjutant; enlisted September 29, 1861; promoted from sergeant major to first lieutenant and adjutant November 30, 1864; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Neillsville, Wis.
- JOHN McCLURE, first lieutenant and quartermaster; enlisted October 18, 1861; dismissed September 24, 1864; dead, date unknown.
- WILLIAM H. PFAHLER; enlisted August 10, 1862; promoted from private Company B to first lieutenant and quartermaster November 22, 1864; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- GEORGE L. POTTER, surgeon, enlisted October 12, 1861; resigned July 31, 1862; dead, date unknown.

- THEODORE S. CHRIST, surgeon; enlisted October 12, 1861; promoted from assistant surgeon August 4, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died February 16, 1910.
- FRANCIS B. DAVISON, surgeon; enlisted August 12, 1864; promoted from assistant surgeon, Second Pennsylvania Cavalry; mustered out July 17, 1865; address, R. F. D. No. 3, Nicholson, Pa.
- CHARLES STYER, assistant surgeon; enlisted August 1, 1862; promoted to surgeon U. S. Volunteers January 12, 1863; died July 6, 1896.
- ROBERT R. WIESTLING, assistant surgeon; enlisted August 13, 1862; resigned February 22, 1863; died July 14, 1889.
- WINFIELD S. YUNDT, assistant surgeon; enlisted February 23, 1863; resigned May 18, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- JOHN K. MAXWELL, assistant surgeon; enlisted March 3, 1863; resigned August 27, 1864; died November 21, 1903.
- C. EDWARD IDDINGS, assistant surgeon; enlisted January 25, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; died June 4, 1904.
- WM. J. GIBSON, chaplain; enlisted October 1, 1861; resigned January 1, 1864; died at Duncansville, Pa., October 5, 1883.
- FREDERICK A. GAST, chaplain; enlisted May 17, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; residence, No. 505 N. Lime Street, Lancaster, Pa.
- HARVEY H. BENNER, sergeant major; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant Company B to sergeant major November 1, 1861; died April 26, 1906, at Bellefonte, Pa.
- WILLIAM H. CHILDS, sergeant major; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant of Company B to sergeant major January 1, 1864; killed in action before Petersburg, Va., July 22, 1864.
- JOHN M. KLINE, sergeant major; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from private Company B to sergeant major June 22, 1864; to first lieutenant Company B September 7, 1864; dead, date unknown.
- JACOB W. MEESE, sergeant major; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from sergeant Company A to sergeant major December 22, 1864; veteran; residence, No. 503 W. 178th Street, New York, N. Y.
- H. S. THOMPSON, sergeant major; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant Company E to sergeant major February 8, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; veteran; died at Waterford, Pa., March 2, 1908.
- AMOS MULLEN, quartermaster sergeant; enlisted August 9, 1861; promoted from private Company K October 21, 1861; prisoner from December 14, 1863, to November 19, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died December 27, 1905, at Bellefonte, Pa.
- JAMES H. MUSSER, quartermaster sergeant; enlisted October 18, 1861; promoted from sergeant Company C January 18, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; residence, No. 213 Walnut Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
- JACOB S. ROATH, commissary sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant Company B November 1, 1861, to first lieutenant Company B May 21, 1865; veteran; dead, date unknown.



Sergt. Maj. Homer S. Thompson
Died March 2, 1908

- CHARLES COOK, commissary sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from corporal Company A May 21, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, No. 321 Allen Avenue, Lorain, Ohio.
- WM. G. HUNTER, hospital steward; enlisted November 9, 1861; promoted from private Company A November 26, 1861; promoted assistant surgeon 149th Pa. Vol. Inf.; residence, Burkesville, Ky.
- JAMES A. MEYERS, hospital steward; enlisted August 13, 1862; promoted from private Company B September 22, 1862; discharged by special order May 26, 1865; residence, Columbia, Pa.
- H. D. DEMING, hospital steward; enlisted February 25, 1864; promoted from private Company G May 26, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- GEORGE DYER, principal musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from private Company B October 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 18, 1862; dead, date unknown.
- ABRAHAM GIROD, principal musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from musician Company B, March 1, 1865; mustered out with regiment July 17, 1865; veteran; died June 18, 1909.
- CHARLES E. JACOBS, hospital steward; dead; date unknown.
- REGIMENTAL BAND.
- THOMAS D. GRANT, leader, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Sunbury, Pa. ———, 1879.
- W. F. BLAIR, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Lewisburg, Pa., ———, 1891.
- SAMUEL S. BRIGHT, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, No. 39 River Avenue, Sunbury, Pa.
- EDWARD M. BUCKER, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Sunbury, Pa., ———, 1895.
- WM. J. DONALD, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, No. 4437 Flemming Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- JACOB FEIG, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, No. 1001 Madison Street, Baltimore, Md.
- C. D. HORTON, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Sunbury, Pa., ———, 1887.
- J. E. HORTON, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died ———.
- L. B. HOWARD, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died in California, ———, 1903.
- JARID C. IRWIN, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, No. 445 Chestnut Street, Sunbury, Pa.
- JESSE METZ, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, Treverton, Pa.
- JOHN C. MILLER, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Sunbury, Pa., ———, 1896.
- JAMES W. PETERMAN, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died June 6, 1902.
- CHARLES D. SNIVELY, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, Millersburg, Pa.

- J. F. STRICKLAND, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; dead, date unknown.
- HENRY STULEN, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, Athens, Pa.
- SAMUEL VAN BUSKIRK, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Milton, Pa., 1883.
- GEORGE W. WALLS, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, No. 136 South Third Street, Lewisburg, Pa.
- GEORGE W. WEAVER, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; died at Sunbury, Pa., ———, 1892.
- JACOB WEISER, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, No. 505 Chestnut Street, Sunbury, Pa.
- PHILIP WETMORE, enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out September 27, 1862; residence, Van Eten, Chemung County, N. Y.

ROSTER OF COMPANY A

BY MAJOR R. C. CHEESEMAN.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- JOHN I. CURTIN, captain; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to major July 30, 1862.
- LAFAYETTE W. LORD, captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from first lieutenant Company F December 17, 1864; transferred to Company F March 24, 1865; inmate National Military Home, Kansas.
- WM. W. TYSON, captain; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from first sergeant to second lieutenant December 2, 1861; to first lieutenant August 17, 1862; to captain September 25, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864; dead, date unknown.
- ROLAND C. CHEESEMAN, captain; enlisted August 20, 1861; promoted to first sergeant September 25, 1862; to second lieutenant March 18, 1863; to captain Company F September 29, 1864; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864; wounded and prisoner September 30, 1864; transferred from Company F March 24, 1865; wounded, with loss of right leg, at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; brevet major April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 25, 1910.
- THEODORE GREGG, first lieutenant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to adjutant October 22, 1861.
- WM. P. GROVE, first lieutenant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from second lieutenant October 22, 1861; died September 22, 1862, of wounds received at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- COR. W. HARROLD, first lieutenant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from first sergeant to second lieutenant; to first lieutenant September 25, 1862; resigned January 9, 1863; dead, date unknown.



Theophilus Lucas
Company A



Sergt. A. J. Goodfellow
Company A

WALDO C. VANVALIN, first lieutenant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to first sergeant September 4, 1862; to second lieutenant September 25, 1862; to first lieutenant March 18, 1863; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; dead, date unknown.

JOSEPH FUNK, second lieutenant; enlisted September 10, 1861; promoted from first sergeant September 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Curtin, Center Co., Pa.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

JOHN F. HOLLAHAN, first sergeant; enlisted October 20, 1861; promoted to first sergeant March 1, 1863; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864; died ———, 1865.

JOHN FUNK, first sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to first sergeant October 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; dead, date unknown.

ANDREW J. GOODFELLOW, sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; promoted to sergeant December 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; inmate of Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, California.

THOMAS BATHURST, sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; died January 1, 1893.

JOHN A. DALEY, sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; wounded at Petersburg, Va., September 30, 1864; promoted to sergeant October 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died January 22, 1911.

MATTHEW RIDDLE, sergeant; enlisted February 25, 1864; promoted to corporal January 1, 1865; to sergeant June 27, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 8, 1909.

JACOB W. MEESE, sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant March 25, 1864; to sergeant major December 22, 1864; residence, No. 505 184th Street, New York.

GEORGE YOUNG, sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to sergeant September 18, 1862; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry October 22, 1862; address, Jersey Shore, Pa.

THEOPHILUS LUCAS, sergeant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to sergeant January 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, No. 1017 Crawford Street, Greeley, Colo.

THOMAS CROFT, corporal; enlisted March 4, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Berwick, Pa.

GEO. W. COCHLER, corporal; enlisted February 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 570 S. Third Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THEODORE SHIRK, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Antietam, September 17, 1862; wounded at Poplar Spring Church, Va., September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Curwensville, Pa.

THEO. G. LEATHERS, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; died May 5, 1897.

- GEORGE I. FERREE, corporal; enlisted February 25, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Mackeyville, Center Co., Pa.
- JACOB KAUP, corporal; enlisted February 20, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to May 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Tyrone, Pa.
- DAVID WILLIAMS, corporal; enlisted February 12, 1864; prisoner from July 30 to August 11, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Philipsburg, Center Co., Pa.
- PHILIP STOUT, corporal; enlisted February 25, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to April 25, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- LEWIS C. BULLOCK, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864; residence, Julian, Center Co., Pa.
- FRANK HOGAN, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Hutchinson, Kans.
- GEORGE W. LONG, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 4, 1864; died November 15, 1900.
- DANIEL HANNAN, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 27, 1864.
- GEORGE W. EMINHIZER, corporal; enlisted August 15, 1862; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; residence, Belsano, Pa.
- CHARLES COOK, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to commissary sergeant May 21, 1865; veteran; residence, No. 321 Allen Avenue, Lorain, Ohio.
- ANDREW P. GROVE, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1865; captured; died at Andersonville, November 1, 1864.
- JOHN H. CROCK, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; captured December 18, 1863; died in Andersonville, Ga., August 1, 1864; grave 4512; veteran.
- ABRAHAM EMINHIZER, corporal; enlisted August 16, 1861; died June 11, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington; veteran.
- JOHN A. WHITEMAN, musician; enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; address, Milesburg, Pa.
- FALKIN B. WILLIAMS, musician; enlisted August 16, 1865; wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; died September 24, 1880.

PRIVATES.

- ARNOT, ANDREW J., enlisted January 10, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Cooston, Ore.
- BAILEY, DAVID M., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry November 1, 1864.
- BAKER, CHAS. J., enlisted August 16, 1861; died September 27, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam September 17, 1862.

- BANTILBORG, IRWIN G., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, date unknown.
- BARNHART, JAMES M., enlisted February 22, 1864; died August 23, 1864.
- BARTO, DAVID H., drafted, enrolled October 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- BAUGHMAN, JOHN, substitute, enrolled January 5, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- BECK, DAVID M., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran.
- BLACK, CHARLES, enlisted March 3, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out.
- BODLE, JAMES, enlisted August 16, 1861; died April 10, 1864, at Annapolis, Md.; veteran.
- BOMBAUGH, SYLVESTER, enlisted March 28, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 8, 1864.
- BOONE, JAMES, enlisted February 22, 1864; died at Philadelphia, Pa., September 12, 1864, of wounds received at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- BOTORFF, BENJ. B., enlisted February 21, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died May 19, 1910.
- BOWMESTER, AUGUST, substitute, enrolled November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BOYER, ABRAM, enlisted August 16, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., November 1, 1864; veteran.
- BOYER, JACOB, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 25, 1862; residence, Sandy Valley, Jefferson Co., Pa.
- BRATTON, CHARLES, substitute, enrolled January 4, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- BREWER, GREENE, enlisted February 21, 1864; died June 11, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave 2088.
- BRITTON, DANIEL, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 17, 1863; died June 27, 1907.
- BROWN, EDWARD, substitute, enrolled November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BULLOCK, MOSES, enlisted August 16, 1861; deserted September 12, 1862.
- CAMPBELL, JACOB, enlisted August 16, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Sec. 26, Lot C, Grave 301.
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 3, 1862; died November 23, 1896.
- CLARKE, HENRY, enlisted February 26, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., March 16, 1865; burial record December 29, 1864.
- CLINE, JOSEPH J., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry, date unknown.
- COCHLER, LAFAYETTE, enlisted February 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 16, 1894.
- COLDERWOOD, WM., enlisted March 23, 1864; wounded at North Anna, Va., May 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.

- CONLEY, JESSE, enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, October 11, 1863.
- COYLE, PORTER, enlisted August 16, 1861; captured December 18, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., November 4, 1864; burial record April 9, 1864; Grave 445.
- COSSET, WILLIAM, enlisted February 25, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 30, 1865; insane.
- CRESSWELL, JOHN, substitute, enrolled January 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate National Home, Virginia.
- CROCK, AARON, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran.
- CROCK, EMANUEL, enlisted August 16, 1861; died at Beverly, N. J., October 3, 1864; veteran.
- CURTIS, PATRICK, substitute, enrolled November 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- DAUGHENBAUGH, R., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 14, 1863; reenlisted March 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- DAUGHENBAUGH, W., enlisted February 20, 1864; deserted June 3, 1865.
- DEHASS, JAMES, enlisted March 13, 1862; wounded at Battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; residence, Beech Creek, Clinton Co., Pa.
- DEHASS, THOMAS, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 1, 1863; died March 27, 1893.
- DEWALT, WILLIAM H., substitute, enrolled January 5, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Vermillion, Kans.
- DICKEL, JACOB, substitute, enrolled December 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, 225 N. Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.
- DOUGHERTY, HUGH, substitute, enrolled November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died August 27, 1871.
- DOUGLAS, DUCEY, drafted October 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 3, 1910.
- DREIBELBIS, PETER, enlisted March 12, 1862; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry October 27, 1862.
- DREIBELBIS, STEPHEN, enlisted March 1, 1862; died, date unknown, of wounds received at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- DUFFEY, GEORGE, substitute, enrolled January 5, 1865; deserted January 14, 1865.
- DUNLAP, WILLIAM, enlisted April 2, 1864; captured; died at Salisbury, N. C., November 25, 1864.
- ECKLEY, WILLIAM L., enlisted September 10, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.
- ETIAN, WILLIAM H., enlisted August 16, 1861; died at Fort Seward, S. C., December 14, 1861.
- EVY, JEREMIAH, enlisted August 16, 1861; died at Crab Orchard, Ky., November 8, 1863.
- FALTY, JACOB, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran.

- FERREE, MICHAEL, substitute, enrolled December 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- FLACK, WILLIAM, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 25, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- FRAVEL, JEREMIAH, enlisted September 10, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 16, 1863; died April 24, 1903.
- FUNK, GEORGE W., enlisted September 10, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 22, 1862; died July 22, 1899.
- FUNK, WILLIAM, enlisted September 10, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- GILL, GEORGE W., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- GLENN, JAMES H., enlisted August 16, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- GLENN, MARTIN L., enlisted August 16, 1861; killed at Battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
- GUMMO, JOHN, enlisted February 25, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 1, 1865; address, R. F. D., Beech Creek, Pa.
- HAINES, IRWIN, enlisted February 19, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died April 23, 1886.
- HAINES, JAMES P., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- HAINES, JOHN, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 20, 1862.
- HAINES, RUDOLF, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 18, 1865; veteran; dead, date unknown.
- HARKINS, GEORGE W., substitute, enrolled January 14, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HARRIS, JOHN H., drafted December 9, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HARTSOCK, WILLIAM A., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 21, 1862; reenlisted February 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Julian, Center Co., Pa.
- HENDERSHOT, DAVID, enlisted August 16, 1861; died at Milldale, Miss., July 31, 1863.
- HEVERLY, JOHN, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; dead, date unknown.
- HIFE, GEORGE, drafted January 3, 1865; died January 31, 1865.
- HOLTER, BENJ. F., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps October 11, 1863; died June 24, 1898.
- HOOVER, ISRAEL, enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; address, Milesburg, Center Co., Pa.
- HOOVER, LORENZO D., drafted November 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 4, 1906.
- HOWARD, ROBERT G., substitute, enrolled January 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, West Lake, La.

- HUBER, NOAH N., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry October 27, 1862; dead, date unknown.
- HUNTER, GEORGE T., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; address, No. 418 Cherry Street, Elkart, Ind.
- ISENHART, GODFREY, substitute, enrolled November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, 927 S. Eighth Street, Camden, N. J.
- JOHNSON, CHARLES, enlisted August 16, 1861; killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; veteran.
- KEISINGER, JACOB G., enlisted March 23, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.
- KNOLL, DISCORDUS, enlisted August 16, 1861; murdered by a citizen at New London, Ky., November 1, 1863.
- KNOLL, IRA C., enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 25, 1865; residence, Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- KREITNER, LEWIS, substitute, enrolled December 13, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- LEATHERS, THEODORE, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died June 5, 1897.
- LEATHERS, WILLIAM T., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry November 1, 1864; died May 8, 1901.
- LONG, JAMES R., enlisted March 19, 1864; captured July 30, 1864; died at Danville, Va., March 8, 1865.
- LONG, JOHN, enlisted December 24, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 24, 1862.
- LONG, THOMAS, enlisted March 17, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865; residence Bellwood, Pa.
- LUCAS, JAMES, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 23, 1862; died September 5, 1901.
- LUCAS, JOHN M., enlisted February 22, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, date unknown; address, R. F. D. No. 4, New Boston, Texas.
- LYNCH, EDWARD, substitute, enlisted December 22, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 10, 1865; residence, Ladsburg, Bradford Co., Pa.
- LYONS, WILLIAM, enlisted March 6, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died April 20, 1910.
- MCALLEN, ROBERT, substitute, enlisted November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MCCOY, WILLIAM A., substitute, enlisted December 17, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- MCELHOE, CALVIN, enlisted February 11, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 12, 1865; residence, Reynolds, White Co., Ind.
- MCELHOE, GEORGE W., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 22, 1862.
- McKIRK, JOHN T., substitute, enlisted November 30, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 12, 1865.

- McMULLEN, WILLIAM T., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Clifton Springs, N. Y.
- McNALLY, JAMES, enlisted November 24, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MALLIGAN, JAMES, enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps October 11, 1863; dead, date unknown.
- MARTIN, DANIEL, enlisted August 16, 1861; died May 10, 1864.
- MARTIN, JOHN, substitute, enlisted December 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died November 2, 1899.
- MEHAFFEY, WILLIAM P., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps October 11, 1863; residence, No. 215 Pine Street, Clearfield, Pa.
- MILLER, CHARLES, (alias John Rymer), substitute, enlisted December 19, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Everett, Mass.
- MILLER, JACOB, enlisted August 16, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- MILLER, JOHN, enlisted February 17, 1862; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry October 27, 1863.
- MONTGOMERY, JAMES, substitute, enlisted January 5, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- MOORE, GEORGE, enlisted March 13, 1862; killed at North Anna, Va., May 27, 1864; veteran.
- MOORE, JOHN, enlisted March 13, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 1, 1863; dead, date unknown.
- MORRELL, CHARLES T., enlisted March 3, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; discharged by general order May 27, 1865; residence, No. 2134 A 68th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- MULLEN, THOMAS, substitute, enrolled January 16, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MURRAY, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 24, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MUSSER, BENJAMIN F., enlisted August 16, 1861; deserted April 4, 1863.
- NEFF, WILLIAM H., enlisted February 19, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to April 25, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Howard, Pa.
- NICHOLS, CHARLES, enlisted April 2, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Annapolis, Md., May 2, 1865.
- NOTT, SIMON L., enlisted January 5, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- PARIENT, PHILIP, enlisted March 3, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; drowned in Potomac River April 23, 1865.
- PATTERSON, RICHARD, substitute, enrolled December 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- PATTERSON, THOMAS, drafted July 27, 1863; absent, in arrest for desertion, at muster out.
- PEACE, JARIUS, enlisted February 11, 1864; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 11, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 7, 1865.
- PEACH, PETER, drafted November 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.

- PEALING, LEWIS, enlisted April 2, 1864; wounded and prisoner September 30, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 15, 1865.
- PEOPLES, WILLIAM W., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; address, Lumber City, Pa.
- PETLER, GEORGE, enlisted February 25, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to May 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- PIFER, GEORGE D., enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Company I, Fifty-third Regiment, Pa. Vols., October 16, 1861.
- REED, THOMAS H., drafted February 18, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865.
- REEDER, WILLIAM, enlisted August 16, 1861; died of wounds received at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- REYNOLDS, LEVI, drafted September 17, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; died April 4, 1887.
- RILEY, JOHN, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate; dead, date unknown.
- ROBINSON, THOMAS, enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 27, 1862.
- ROSSMAN, WILLIAM, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Nittany, Center Co., Pa.
- RUPERT, KLINE, enlisted February 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- RYAN, EDWARD, enlisted August 16, 1861; transferred to Sixth U. S. Cavalry October 27, 1862; residence, 110 W. Ogden Street, Buffalo, Erie Co., N. Y.
- RYAN, THOMAS, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; deserted April 3, 1865.
- SAIRE, ANDREW C., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- SHAWLEY, DAVID H., enlisted August 15, 1862; died February 20, 1865; buried at Alexandria, Va., grave 3016.
- SHRANGER, G. B., drafted October 4, 1864; wounded at Petersburg, Va., March 13, 1865; absent at muster out; died March 15, 1906.
- SIMON, SALLI, substitute, enlisted November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died November 10, 1889.
- SLICHT, JACOB, substitute, enlisted December 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SMITH, AUGUSTUS V., enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Nelson, Nebr.
- STONE, JOSEPH G., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 14, 1861.
- STRICKLAND, ROSS, enlisted May 31, 1864; captured July 30, 1864; died May 3, 1865, at Baltimore, Md.
- STRUNK, JAMES H., enlisted August 16, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- TATE, WESLEY V., enlisted February 17, 1864; wounded at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 2928 Walnut Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
- TAYLOR, THOMAS, enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate; residence, Milesburg, Pa.



Captain H. A. Haines
Company B

- TAYLOR, WILLIAM W., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 21, 1862; residence, Wessington Springs, S. Dak.
- TEMPLE, CHARLES, drafted November 25, 1864; discharged by general order June 10, 1865.
- VAN TILBURY, IRVIN, date of enlistment unknown; residence, 605 Simonton Street, Elkhart, Ind.
- WALKER, M. A., enlisted August 16, 1861; died January 10, 1863.
- WALKER, MICHAEL, enlisted August 16, 1861; died of wounds received at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- WATSON, LEVI H., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 21, 1862; died July 22, 1895.
- WHEELER, SAMUEL, enlisted August 16, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; died November 27, 1889.
- WHITE, JOHN B., enlisted August 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate; reenlisted February 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WHITEMAN, ROSS, enlisted August 16, 1861; prisoner from November 18, 1863, to April 17, 1864; mustered out November 1, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died June 27, 1902.
- WILLIAMS, JAMES P., enlisted February 27, 1864; died July 8, 1864.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN, enlisted March 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865; residence, 1957 Market Street, Pottsville, Pa.
- WILLIAMS, LYONS, enlisted May 6, 1865; not on muster out roll.
- WILLIAMS, MESHACK, enlisted February 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WILLIAMS, SELAH, substitute, enlisted September 2, 1864; discharged by general order June 11, 1865; died September 30, 1885.
- WILLIAMS, THOMAS, enlisted November 7, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 16, 1865.
- WILSON, JOHN A., enlisted August 16, 1861; deserted October 11, 1861.
- YARNELL, REUBEN, enlisted August 16, 1861; died of wounds received at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- YOUNG, GEORGE W., 2d, enlisted August 16, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Nittany, Center Co., Pa.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B

Recruited in Lancaster County.

[COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY LIEUT. M. S. MULLIN AND A. D. ALBERT.]

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- HENRY A. HAINES, captain; enlisted August 16, 1861; resigned March 1, 1863; died April 7, 1896.
- JOHN B. DIBELER, captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to first sergeant September 30, 1862; to first lieutenant March 1, 1863; to captain July 1, 1863; resigned October 20, 1864; resides at 7223 Saybrooke Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

- JOHN M. KLINE, captain; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from second to first lieutenant August 1, 1862; resigned March 2, 1863; reenlisted March 1864; promoted to sergeant major June 22, 1864; to first lieutenant September 7, 1864; to captain May 21, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WILLIAM L. RAPHL, first lieutenant; enlisted August 16, 1861; resigned August 1, 1862; died July 30, 1904.
- CYRUS BRUNER, first lieutenant; enlisted October 1, 1862; promoted from second to first lieutenant July 1, 1863; wounded at Wilderness May, 1864; resigned August 8, 1864; died November 20, 1902.
- JACOB S. ROATH, first lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from commissary sergeant to first lieutenant May 21, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died November 29, 1878.
- JOHN F. TROUT, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant August 1, 1862; transferred to Company H August 1, 1862.
- HARVEY H. BENNER, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant major to second lieutenant July 7, 1863; discharged December 5, 1864, for wounds received at Petersburg June 17, 1864; died April 21, 1906.
- MOSES S. MULLIN, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to sergeant December 1, 1861; to second lieutenant January 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 1168 Woodward Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

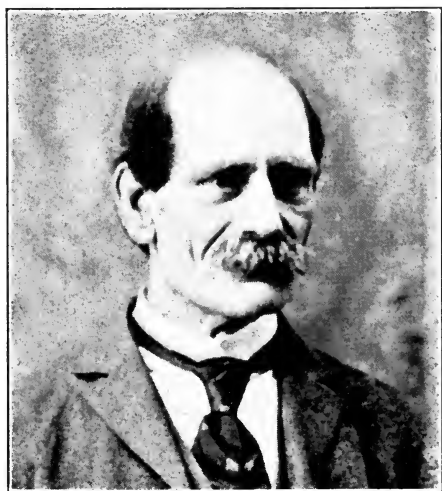
- ROBERT CARROLL, first sergeant; enlisted February 24, 1862; promoted to first sergeant September 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died May 8, 1899.
- JOHN M. HIPPLE, first sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to first sergeant March 10, 1863; killed at Spottsylvania Court House May 18, 1864.
- HENRY C. STEPHENS, sergeant; enlisted October 14, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 10, 1863; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BENNEVILLE KEMMERY, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to April, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 11, 1904.
- HENRY REIFF, sergeant; enlisted October 14, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; promoted to sergeant January 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Oakland, Ky.
- GEORGE B. HAINES, sergeant; enlisted October 1, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to April, 1865; promoted from corporal to sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Mt. Alton, McKean Co., Pa.
- WILLIAM H. CHILDS, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to sergeant April 7, 1863; to sergeant major January 1, 1864.
- WILLIAM T. ARMSTRONG, sergeant; enlisted August 12, 1862; died July 15, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg June 18, 1864.
- AUSTIN GERMAN, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to sergeant May 20, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 24, 1864; resides at Bronson, Kansas.



Lieut. M. S. Mullin
1865
Co. B



Lieut. M. S. Mullin
1908
Co. B



William Saunders
Co. K



Samuel B. Garrigues
Co. B

- J. D. FELTENBERGER, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to sergeant May 18, 1864; discharged June 30, 1865, for wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
- CHRISTIAN SHAUB, corporal, enlisted September 24, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- JOHN KINSEY, corporal; enlisted January 1, 1862; wounded at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- AMOS B. MACHEN, corporal; enlisted February 18, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 21, 1898.
- JOSEPH JUDY, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 18, 1904.
- JOHN L. HORST, corporal; enlisted September 24, 1861; promoted to corporal January 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Bismark, Lebanon Co., Pa.
- FRANCIS J. KELLER, corporal; enlisted February 15, 1864; wounded and captured at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; promoted to corporal May 4, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 1537 North Sixth Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
- WILLIAM SWAN, corporal; enlisted October 14, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; promoted to corporal May 4, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate National Soldiers' Home, Va.
- JOSEPH BELL, corporal; enlisted October 27, 1861; captured July 30, 1864; promoted to corporal January 7, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Orting, Wash.
- GEORGE SHEETS, corporal; enlisted August 10, 1862; wounded at Petersburg, July 30, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 7, 1865; resides at Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- JOHN A. ARMSTRONG, corporal; enlisted March 11, 1864; killed at Petersburg August 18, 1864.
- SAMUEL M. HINKLE, corporal; enlisted August 15, 1862; died July 1, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg, June 17, 1864.
- SAMUEL L. EPLER, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; taken prisoner May 6, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 6, 1865.
- JAMES WITAKER, musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died November 23, 1900.
- ABRAM GIROD, musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to principal musician March 1, 1865; died June 18, 1909.

PRIVATES.

- ARNOLD, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F April 3, 1864.
- BOELL, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; not on muster out roll; died February 18, 1899.
- BODEN, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 1, 1863; died August 26, 1893.

- BOWMAN, JACOB, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term.
- BIERBOWER, JACOB, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate; resides at Bainbridge, Pa.
- BYKE, SAMUEL, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- BROWN, HARVEY, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- BOWER, FREDERICK, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 14, 1862.
- BURKHEISER, HENRY, enlisted August 11, 1862; transferred to Company F April 18, 1864; resides at 535 E. Prospect Street, York, Pa.
- BRENEMAN, JACOB S., enlisted August 10, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 7, 1865; resides at 840 North 25th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- BOSTICK, JOSEPH B., enlisted August 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 20, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BAIGHT, WILLIAM, enlisted March 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Columbia, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- BELL, JOHN, enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Petersburg June 19, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out.
- BROWN, JOSHUA L., enlisted February 19, 1864; captured at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 16, 1865.
- BAIR, JOHN A., enlisted February 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BONGE, FREDERICK D., enlisted August 22, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 7, 1865; resides at 34 Apple Street, Freeport, Ill.
- BROWN, THOMAS, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BARTHOLOW, G. F., drafted July 5, 1864; died May 31, 1865; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave 3183.
- COX, ABRAHAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F. September 1, 1862.
- CONWAY, HUGH, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- CARROLL, ALONZO, enlisted October 20, 1861; died December 30, 1861.
- CLEPPER, BENTON S., enlisted August 9, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 15, 1865; died December 20, 1909.
- COWDEN, MATTHEW A., enlisted August 14, 1862; wounded at Wilderness May, 1864; discharged July 5, 1865; died December 30, 1907.
- CARTER, WILLIAM L., enlisted September 2, 1862; deserted August 17, 1863.
- CAMPBELL, CHARLES, enlisted June 2, 1864; substitute; deserted January 5, 1865.
- DUCK, AMOS, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 31, 1862.
- DRUMMOND, ROBERT, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company F September 30, 1861.
- DIXON, SAMUEL T., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 9, 1862; date of death unknown.

- DUNLEVY, WILLIAM, enlisted August 1, 1862; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; died April 23, 1891.
- DYER, GEORGE, enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to principal musician October 21, 1861.
- DERRICK, ELI T., enlisted August 10, 1862; wounded in action June 6, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; died July 31, 1884.
- DECKER, JACOB, enlisted August 10, 1862; captured December 14, 1863; died at Andersonville August 14, 1864; Grave 5664.
- DAIRS, WESLEY, enlisted August 10, 1862; discharged by general order June 7, 1865.
- DERRICK, GEORGE, enlisted August 18, 1862; wounded at Petersburg July 30, 1864; died August 3, 1864.
- DAUB, DAVID, enlisted February 20, 1864; captured July 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Burgoon, Ohio.
- DOUGHERTY, WILLIAM, enlisted February 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- DUCK, WASHINGTON, enlisted February 25, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died 1895.
- DUNCAN, ENOS, enlisted September 17, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate Soldiers' Home, Erie, Pa.
- DENTON, CHARLES H. enlisted December 24, 1864; substitute; deserted June 20, 1865.
- DUNN, EDWARD, enlisted March 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- EPLER, JOHN G., enlisted September 2, 1861; captured at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- EITTLER, FREDERICK, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- EPLER, CHRISTIAN M., enlisted October 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 23, 1863.
- ESHELMAN, JACOB B., enlisted August 29, 1862; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., December 24, 1864.
- ESHELMAN, BENJAMIN, enlisted September 1, 1862; discharged by general order, June 7, 1865; resides at Columbia, Pa.
- EVERHART, DANIEL, enlisted August 22, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; resides at 1011 E. Market Street, York, Pa.
- ESHELMAN, MARTIN, enlisted August 9, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 11, 1865.
- EICHENBERGER, L., enlisted September 13, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- FARNSWORTH, C. W., enlisted February 23, 1862; deserted July 22, 1862.
- FINLEY, JAMES, enlisted July 30, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 4, 1862.
- FELIX, HENRY, enlisted August 15, 1862; captured July 30, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865.
- FOWL, WILLIAM, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 16, 1865; died May 3, 1901.

- GRAFFIUS, ABRAHAM, enlisted August 20, 1861; discharged November 26, 1861, to receive promotion as second lieutenant U. S. A.
- GALBRAITH, JAMES, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
- GRIFFIS, JOSEPH, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- GRIFFITH, HENRY P., enlisted August 11, 1862; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 6, 1865.
- GARRIGUES, SAMUEL B., enlisted August 13, 1862; wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps 1863; died May 12, 1902.
- GIVEN, NATHANIEL, enlisted August 18, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 7, 1863; resides at Harrisburg, Pa.
- GILES, HENRY, drafted July 9, 1863; deserted; absent in arrest at muster out; date of death unknown.
- GARRETT, WILLIAM A., enlisted February 15, 1864; died October 25, 1864, of wounds received at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; buried in U. S. General Hospital Cemetery, Annapolis, Md.
- GARRETH, JAMES A., enlisted February 15, 1864; deserted May 18, 1864; returned September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 3813 Sharpe Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- GARNER, ALBERT T., alias Lewis Goomer, enlisted January 26, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; 203 Fannin Street, Beaumont, Texas.
- GOODWIN, CHARLES, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; died June 23, 1865; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
- HENDERSON, JACOB, enlisted September 13, 1861; wounded in action September 30, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 14, 1865; died March 18, 1896.
- HOUSEL, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged January 21, 1865, for wounds received in action.
- HINTON, JAMES, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company F, September 1, 1862; died at Harrisburg, Pa.
- HOWARD, DANIEL, enlisted October 2, 1861; killed at Petersburg July 18, 1864.
- HAGMAN, JOSEPH, enlisted August 10, 1862; captured December 14, 1863; died July 28, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., Grave 4162.
- HERSHEY, WASHINGTON L., enlisted September 1, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; resides at Marietta, Pa.
- HALL, ROBERT, enlisted August 15, 1862; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; resides at 343 Walnut Street, Columbia, Pa.
- HAMMAKER, GEORGE, enlisted September 12, 1862; died May 18, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- HOPKINS, ANDREW J., enlisted September 6, 1862; transferred to Company F April 3, 1864.
- HART, LEVI, enlisted February 15, 1864; deserted May 18, 1864.
- HILSCHER, HENRY L., enlisted November 28, 1863; killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864.
- HILSCHER, FREDERICK, enlisted February 27, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.



Wash L. Hershey
Company B

- HAWTHORN, ALFRED L., enlisted February 27, 1864; deserted May 18, 1864.
- HAWTHORN, ROBERT L., enlisted February 27, 1864; deserted May 18, 1864.
- HENRY, JAMES, enlisted March 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 18, 1904.
- HARRINGTON, WILLIAM, enlisted August 24, 1864; deserted November 12, 1864; returned December 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- ICKOFF, WILLIAM, enlisted October 1, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate.
- KEIFFER, JOHN, enlisted February 15, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died Aug. 1, 1911.
- KAUTZ, CHRISTIAN, enlisted February 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died October 21, 1903.
- KLINE, JOHN M., enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted to sergeant major June 22, 1864.
- LOSSER, FRANKLIN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 7, 1862.
- LAVERDY, GEORGE W., enlisted September 2, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- LESLIE, DANIEL, enlisted September 13, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term.
- LONG, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F, September 1, 1862.
- LIGHTNER, CHARLES, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 25, 1862; died April 7, 1900.
- LONG, WILLIAM, enlisted August 18, 1862; transferred to Company F April 3, 1864.
- LOCKARD, JAMES, enlisted August 10, 1862; captured December 24, 1863; died at Andersonville December 6, 1864, Grave 7950.
- LANNIGAN, CORNELIUS, enlisted September 11, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 15, 1865; died October 17, 1903.
- LIGHT, ABSOLEM, alias Laurence, enlisted February 11, 1864; captured June 7, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died January 25, 1905.
- LINDSAY, GEORGE, enlisted February 11, 1864; wounded June 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Marietta, Pa.
- LONGSDORF, CALVIN, enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- LEUTZ, CARSON, enlisted January 26, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Glen Campbell, Pa.
- LEHER, JACOB, enlisted September 2, 1861; not on muster out roll; date of death unknown.
- MORTON, WM. I., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 25, 1863.
- MINICH, HENRY, enlisted September 13, 1861; died October 15, 1863, of wounds received in action.
- MAYES, THOMAS, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- MOORE, ALFRED, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.

- MILLER, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 5, 1863; date of death unknown.
- MATTIS, DAVID, enlisted October 14, 1861; captured July 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Marietta, Pa.
- MALHORN, SMITH L., enlisted August 5, 1862; died August 15, 1863.
- MULLEN, JAMES, enlisted August 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate Jan. 11, 1865.
- MANN, WILLIAM H., enlisted September 10, 1862; discharged by general order June 7, 1865.
- MYERS, JAMES A., enlisted August 13, 1862; promoted to hospital steward September 22, 1862.
- MONROE, CHARLES W., enlisted February 20, 1864; deserted May 23, 1864.
- MILLER, OSWELL M., enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate National Military Home, Ohio.
- MULLEN, BENJAMIN F., enlisted February 27, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died May 21, 1889.
- MELDRUM, THOMAS, enlisted February 18, 1864; deserted March 13, 1864.
- MUSSER, SAMUEL D., enlisted March 18, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MONTGOMERY, ROBERT, drafted July 9, 1863; deserted; returned; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 14, 1910.
- MORSE, JOSEPH L., drafted August 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Piney Creek, Bradford Co., Pa.
- MARTIN, GEORGE, enlisted January 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MCALLISTER, HENRY, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- MCELROY, EDWARD, enlisted February 27, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Marietta, Pa.
- MCNALLY, THOMAS, enlisted February 27, 1864; died March 16, 1864, at Harrisburg, Pa.
- NOPHSKER, SAMUEL M., enlisted September 11, 1862; discharged June 10, 1865, by special order, No. 22, War Department.
- PRESCOTT, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 29, 1862; died March 12, 1905.
- PRUNER, ROBERT, enlisted August 14, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- PFAHLER, WILLIAM H., enlisted August 10, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant and quartermaster November 22, 1864; died in 1910.
- PENNELL, ANDREW, drafted September 21, 1864; discharged June 7, 1865, by general order; died on January 29, 1906.
- RAPHIL, JOSEPH, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 20, 1862; inmate National Home, Danville, Ill.
- RINEHOLD, SAMUEL, enlisted September 24, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 22, 1862.
- REIDBAUGH, LUTHER C., enlisted August 5, 1862; captured November 17, 1863; discharged June 7, 1865, by special order; resides at Marshallville, Ohio.

- ROBINSON, JAMES A., enlisted September 13, 1862; transferred to Company D April 18, 1864.
- RITTENHOUSE, TYLER, enlisted February 11, 1864; wounded and taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 10, 1865.
- RODGERS, DENNIS, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17 1865.
- SWIGART, LEVI, enlisted September 24, 1861; mustered out January 27, 1865.
- SHIRK, JAMES, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- SWARD, WENDELL, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- SCHAFFER, JOHN S., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- STONE, HERBERT M., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- STEVENSON, THEO., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- SMITH, CHARLES, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- SHERBALUR, JACOB, enlisted September 13, 1861; killed at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- SHANK, CHRISTIAN, enlisted October 20, 1861; died January 20, 1863.
- SCHROLL, JOHN B., enlisted October 8, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 14, 1910.
- SHARP, WILLIAM, enlisted September 20, 1861; died, date unknown, of wounds received at Antietam September 17, 1862.
- SEGAR, GEORGE, enlisted October 14, 1861; transferred to Company F September 1, 1862.
- SHIREMAN, HENRY, enlisted February 24, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Marion, Iowa.
- SHAEFFER, GEORGE, enlisted August 2, 1862; died January 22, 1863; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave 697.
- SHEETS, JEREMIAH, enlisted August 10, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 20, 1862.
- SMALL, LAWRENCE M., enlisted August 10, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged May 8, 1865; died January 14, 1910.
- SNYDER, GEORGE W., enlisted August 18, 1862; died December 21, 1863.
- SOURBEER, JACOB, enlisted August 10, 1862; discharged April 17, 1865, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
- SMITH, HENRY W., enlisted August 10, 1862; captured December 14, 1863; died at Richmond, Va., March 20, 1864.
- SWARTZ, SAMUEL D., enlisted August 27, 1862; killed at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- STAHL, EDWARD L., enlisted February 18, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died August 5, 1900.
- SMITH, OTIS, enlisted February 18, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 1409 Stout Street, Denver, Colo.

- STEVENSON, JOHN, enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 17, 1865.
- SHIREMAN, GEORGE W., enlisted February 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 21, 1890.
- SCHAUR, WILLIAM H., enlisted February 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SIPE, JOHN, enlisted August 22, 1864; discharged April 1, 1865, for wounds received September 30, 1864.
- SHOG, JOHN, drafted July 16, 1863; deserted March, 1864; absent in arrest at muster out.
- SMITH, AQUILLA, drafted September 21, 1864; discharged by general order June 7, 1865; died March 8, 1892.
- SMITH, GIDEON, drafted June 4, 1864; discharged by general order May 30, 1865; resides at Purcell, Bedford Co., Pa.
- SCHMIDT, ALFRED, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SMITH, JAMES, drafted August 4, 1864; deserted April 3, 1865.
- STEVENS, MYRON, alias Andrew Shaw, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Bismark, Mich.
- TRAYER, JOHN, enlisted September 13, 1861; captured July 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Falmouth, Lancaster Co., Pa.
- TYLER, JOHN E., enlisted August 10, 1862; transferred to Company F, April, 1864.
- UPDEGRAFF, GEORGE W., enlisted February 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died Oct. 19, 1911.
- WALL, GEORGE, enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at Petersburg, June 19, 1864.
- WALTON, HIRAM F., enlisted September 13, 1861; killed at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
- WALTON, AMOS, enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at South Mountain September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Section 26, Lot C, Grave 289.
- WAGNER, FRANKLIN, enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at South Mountain September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Section 26, Lot C, Grave 294.
- WEAVER, ANDREW J., enlisted September 6, 1862; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; died January 12, 1902.
- WOLF, JACOB, enlisted September 11, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1865; died October 19, 1893.
- WALTERS, CHARLES F., enlisted February 10, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Halifax, Pa.
- WILSON, CHARLES, enlisted December 24, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- YOUNG, JAMES, enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.



1910



1862
First Lieut. Jesse W. Horton
Company C

ROSTER OF COMPANY C

Recruited in Mifflin County.

COMPILED BY JAMES A. MITCHELL AND JOSIAH McMANIGAL.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- WILLIAM G. BIGELOW, captain; enlisted August 31, 1861; resigned November 1, 1862; died November 28, 1900.
- JOHN F. TROUT, captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from second lieutenant of Company H to captain Company C January 15, 1863; to major March 31, 1865.
- BENJAMIN C. McMANIGAL, captain; enlisted October 18, 1861; promoted to first sergeant June 1, 1864; to first lieutenant September 2, 1864; to captain May 12, 1865; prisoner from September 30 to March 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Logan, Ohio.
- JESSE W. HORTON, first lieutenant; enlisted August 31, 1861; resigned July 30, 1862; resides at Belleville, Pa.
- JAMES M. BULICK, first lieutenant; enlisted August 31, 1861; promoted from second lieutenant to first lieutenant August 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 15, 1863; dead.
- SAMUEL B. LITTLE, first lieutenant; enlisted September 25, 1865; promoted to sergeant September 28, 1861; to first lieutenant April 20, 1863; resigned April 20, 1864; died April 3, 1895.
- JAMES P. GIBBONEY, first lieutenant; enlisted October 18, 1861; promoted to sergeant June 1, 1864; to first lieutenant May 31, 1864; killed on picket line July 18, 1864.
- A. A. McDONALD, first lieutenant; enlisted August 31, 1861; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 31, 1864; promoted to sergeant January 1, 1865; to second lieutenant February 1, 1865; to first lieutenant May 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead.
- ISAAC STEELY, second lieutenant; enlisted August 31, 1861; discharged June 7, 1863; died Jan. 28, 1912.
- JOHN A. OSBORN, second lieutenant; enlisted September 24, 1861; promoted to sergeant September 28, 1861; to second lieutenant July 7, 1863; resigned July 26, 1864; date of death unknown.
- MICHAEL HINEY, second lieutenant; enlisted September 6, 1861; wounded July 30, 1864; promoted from sergeant to second lieutenant May 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Mount Union, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- GEORGE McMICHAELS, first sergeant; enlisted August 31, 1861; promoted to first sergeant July 7, 1863; killed at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1864.
- JAMES A. MITCHELL, first sergeant; enlisted October 6, 1861; promoted to sergeant February 22, 1865; to first sergeant May 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Westmoreland, Kansas.

- JOSIAH McMANIGAL, sergeant; enlisted September 19, 1861; promoted to sergeant May 30, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864 to March 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Ridgway, Elk Co., Pa.
- HARRISON OBURN, sergeant; enlisted September 24, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; promoted to sergeant September 1, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864 to March 3, 1865; wounded while a prisoner at Salisbury, N. C.; mustered out July 17, 1865; died August 13, 1899.
- JOHN SHAFFER, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded May 31, 1864; promoted from corporal to sergeant May 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 611 East Church Street, Lock Haven, Pa.
- A. F. ALEXANDER, sergeant; enlisted September 27, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Grove City, Pa.
- JOHN YOUNG, sergeant; enlisted August 31, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 3, 1865; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865; date of death unknown.
- JAMES H. MUSSER, sergeant; enlisted October 18, 1861; promoted to sergeant June 1, 1863; to quartermaster sergeant January 18, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; resides at Harrisburg, Pa.
- JACOB ZERBY, sergeant; enlisted September 6, 1861; promoted to sergeant September 28, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1862; died November 21, 1893.
- JOHN A. PRESSLER, corporal; enlisted March 1, 1862; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 9, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Westmoreland, Kans.
- SAMUEL A. GLICK, corporal; enlisted September 6, 1861; absent on furlough at muster out; date of death unknown.
- WILLIAM W. PRESSLER, corporal; enlisted February 24, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to October 7, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Newton-Hamilton, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.
- THEOPH. C. THOMAS, corporal; enlisted August 31, 1861; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; captured April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- JAMES H. BIGELOW, corporal; enlisted September 24, 1861; prisoner from May 6, to December 11, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died July, 1895.
- JOHN H. VARNER, corporal; enlisted September 24, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 5, 1864; promoted to corporal May 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate National Military Home, Ohio.
- JOSEPH OBURN, corporal; enlisted February 26, 1864; prisoner from June 9, 1864, to March, 1865; promoted to corporal July 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died August 13, 1899.
- PETER R. RUPERT, corporal; enlisted September 26, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at Cottage, Huntingdon Co., Pa.
- JOHN A. MYERS, corporal; enlisted September 19, 1861; discharged June 30, 1865, for wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; resides at Reynoldsville, Jefferson Co., Pa.
- JOHN BICE, corporal; enlisted August 31, 1861; killed at the Wilderness May 6, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial grounds.

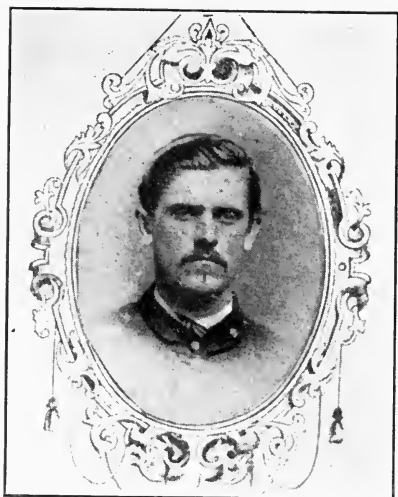
- F. A. HAZLETT, corporal; enlisted September 6, 1861; died May 10, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- JOHN R. DE ARMENT, corporal; enlisted September 26, 1861; died at Andersonville, Ga., June 3, 1864, Grave 1541.
- JACOB HAMM, corporal; enlisted September 26, 1861; died June 29, 1864, of wounds received at Petersburg June 18, 1864.
- JOHN W. BAILEY, corporal; enlisted August 31, 1861; died at Jarvis Hospital, N. Y., July 26, 1864, of wounds received in action.
- WILLIAM J. WISE, musician; enlisted August 31, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 11, 1893.
- PETER SMITH, musician; enlisted October 9, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died March, 1893.

PRIVATES.

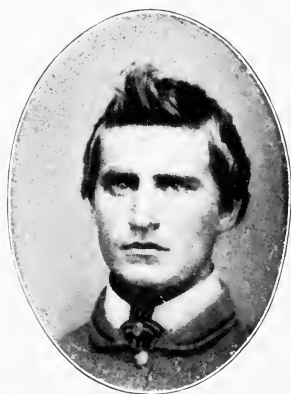
- ALEXANDER, R. B., enlisted September 20, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 20, 1862; dead.
- ALEXANDER, JOHN H., enlisted September 26, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at West Saticoy, Cal.
- ALEXANDER, J. T., enlisted March 2, 1862; discharged December 21, 1864, for wounds received in action; resides at 826 South Meridan Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
- ALEXANDER, CY. R., enlisted March 2, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- ANDRICH, CHRISTIAN, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; absent, sick, at muster out; date of death unknown.
- BAIRD, JAMES, enlisted October 9, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried at Antietam National Cemetery, Grave 3873.
- BLACK, JAMES T., enlisted March 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 7, 1863; date of death unknown.
- BIGELOW, D. K., enlisted August 31, 1861; discharged December 1, 1862, for wounds received at South Mountain September 14, 1862; date of death unknown.
- BORDELL, SENECA H., enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged January 17, 1865, for wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864; date of death unknown.
- BROWN, HARVEY, enlisted October 12, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; date of death unknown.
- BULICK, THOMAS M., enlisted September 6, 1861; discharged December 19, 1862, for wounds received at South Mountain September 14, 1862; resides at 317 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pa.
- BARR, DAVID C., enlisted February 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died April 3, 1888.
- BARR, WILLIAM, enlisted February 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BIGELOW, LEBIUS S., enlisted February 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died July 30, 1895.
- BOPP, JACOB, enlisted December 23, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BANNON, JOSEPH, enlisted July 30, 1864; transferred to Western Army March 8, 1865.

- BRENNAN, TIMOTHY, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; absent, sick, at muster out; resides at 335 Carver Street, Plymouth, Pa.
- BREMER, LUDWIG, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; died of wounds received in action April 2, 1865.
- BROWN, CHARLES, enlisted August 10, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BROWN, JOHN, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; deserted June 20, 1865.
- BURNS, CHARLES, enlisted July 21, 1864; substitute; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., December 28, 1864.
- BYRNES, HENRY, enlisted July 28, 1864; substitute; captured September 30, 1864; escaped from prison and returned May 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BOVEL, JOHN, enlisted July 30, 1864; substitute; absent, sick at muster out.
- BROPHY, MICHAEL, enlisted July 28, 1864; substitute; absent, sick, at muster out; died March 24, 1891.
- BICE, JAMES, enlisted February 25, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 9, 1865.
- BRINDLE, ABRAHAM, enlisted February 19, 1864; drowned in James River June 15, 1864.
- CALDWELL, JAMES N., enlisted October 18, 1861; died May 12, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- CARNEY, FRANCIS G., enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 4, 1863; resides at Belleville, Mifflin Co., Pa.
- CARSON, ROBERT, enlisted October 13, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 17, 1863.
- CAHILL, DANIEL, enlisted March 4, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 30, 1862; resides at Blaine, Broome Co., New York.
- COOK, ROBERT S., enlisted September 21, 1861; deserted May 1, 1863.
- CURWIN, STEPHEN, enlisted October 4, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 12, 1864; died March 10, 1899.
- CARNEY, PATRICK, enlisted November 30, 1864; substitute; deserted April 3, 1864.
- CIVITS, JOHN H., enlisted February 26, 1864; discharged December 28, 1865, for wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864; resides at Allensville, Mifflin Co., Pa.
- CORNISH, JOHN, enlisted March 16, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- CADMORE, JAMES, enlisted December 29, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate National Home, Tennessee.
- CULP, GEORGE L., enlisted August 6, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- DAVIS, SAMUEL P., enlisted October 9, 1861; prisoner from July 30, 1864, to February 6, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate National Military Home, Ohio.
- DE ARMENT, WILLIAM, enlisted September 19, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- DIEHL, PETER, enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 9, 1863; dead.

COMPANY C



Corporal F. A. Hazlett



Corporal T. E. Thomas



S. P. Davis



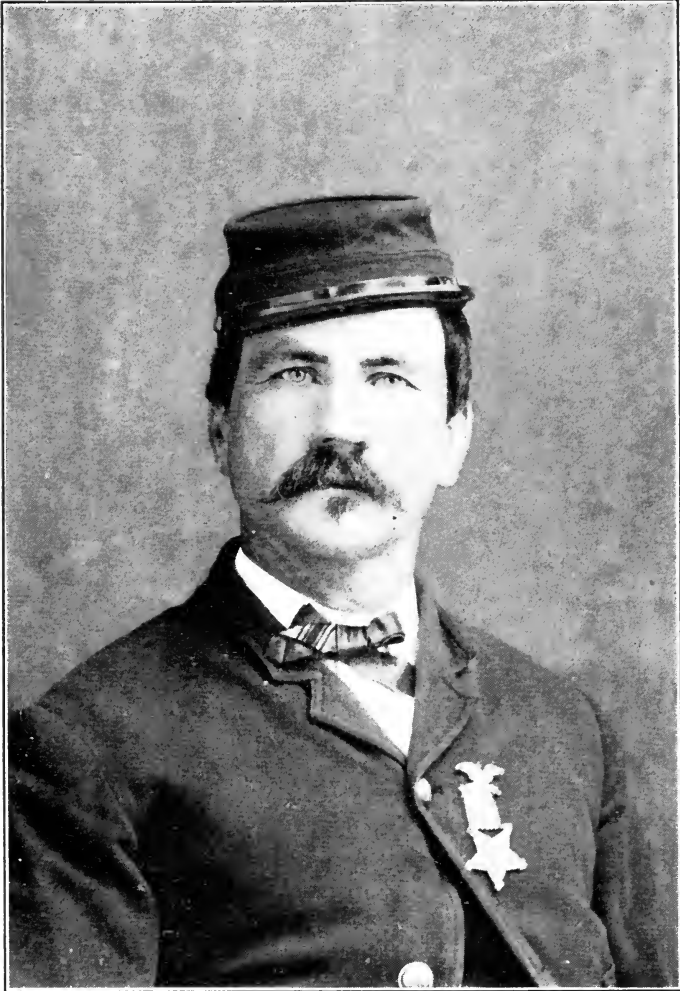
S. P. Davis

- DIFFENDERFER, AARON, enlisted September 6, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 11, 1862; died October 15, 1893.
- DUNCAN, ALEXANDER, enlisted July 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; inmate Soldiers' Home, Tenn.
- DESEY, MICHAEL, enlisted November 26, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- DOWNS, GIDEON R., drafted December 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- DOUGHERTY, EDWARD, enlisted December 29, 1864; substitute; deserted January 28, 1865; unknown.
- EALY, FRANKLIN, enlisted September 26, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died July 6, 1911.
- EMIGH, CHRISTIAN, drafted October 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- EATON, WILLIAM, drafted November 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- FLANNERY, JAMES, enlisted July 28, 1864; substitute; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- FERTIG, THADDEUS, enlisted February 24, 1864; discharged June 22, 1865, for wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; died May 7, 1910.
- FULTZ, JOHN A., enlisted February 26, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 10, 1865; died April 8, 1911.
- FOSTER, JOHN, enlisted January 4, 1865; substitute; deserted January 28, 1865.
- FIELDS, JAMES B., enlisted March 1, 1862; died March 19, 1863, of wounds received at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Grave 4079.
- FELTMAN, VALENTINE, enlisted December 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died June, 1911.
- GABLE, WILLIAM M., enlisted September 6, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 20, 1863; unknown.
- GOODMAN, CHAS. B., enlisted September 6, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- GOODMAN, ADAM, enlisted September 6, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; died at Nashville, Tenn., January 28, 1864.
- GREGG, HENRY, enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 12, 1863; unknown.
- GREGG, WINFIELD, enlisted September 26, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- GEIR, JACOB, enlisted July 28, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- GREGG, ANDREW, enlisted February 26, 1864; wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864; killed at Peebles Farm, Va., September 30, 1864.
- GROWDEN, JOSEPH, enlisted July 5, 1862; wounded April 2, 1865; absent in hospital at muster out; died March 23, 1901.
- GARRETT, JOHN P., enlisted January 3, 1865; substitute; deserted January 20, 1865; unknown.

- HAMILTON, JAMES, enlisted August 31, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged September 29, 1862; date of death unknown.
- HARDY, GEORGE, enlisted September 24, 1861; died December 17, 1861; buried at Fortress Monroe, Va.; unknown.
- HARDY, SAMUEL, enlisted September 24, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 1, 1862.
- HOBROUGH, GEORGE M., enlisted September 18, 1861; a sergeant, wounded November 7, 1863; mustered out October 20, 1864; expiration of term; resides at Butler, Pa.
- HAY, JACOB, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 1, 1888.
- HEAPHY, TIMOTHY, enlisted December 28, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- HAVENS, ANDREW J., enlisted February 27, 1864; died at City Point, Va., November 22, 1864.
- HEFMAN, AMOS, enlisted July 29, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; unknown.
- HUGHES, MICHAEL, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- HOOLIHAN, EDWARD, enlisted January 7, 1864; substitute; deserted May 28, 1865.
- HOUSTON, JAMES, enlisted February 26, 1864; died at Philadelphia July 22, 1864.
- IRVIN, JACOB, enlisted September 23, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1863; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died February, 1911.
- ITTIG, CHARLES, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- KERR, ROBERT, enlisted August 31, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Grave 3873.
- KNAPP, PETER, enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 5, 1863; unknown.
- LAFORTE, JOHN, enlisted September 23, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died August 16, 1870.
- LANDIS, JOSEPH, enlisted October 9, 1861; died October 10, 1863.
- LANTZ, SAMUEL, enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 1, 1862; died November 22, 1901.
- LONG, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; unknown.
- LATCHFORD, DAVID E., enlisted September 8, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides Kalamazoo, Mich.
- LOWRY, DAVID, enlisted September 2, 1864; died at City Point, Va., August 13, 1864.
- MILLS, LEVI W., enlisted September 23, 1861; wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died July 3, 1894.
- MILLER, JOHN J., enlisted September 24, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 27, 1862; resides at 226 E. Eleventh Street, Tyrone, Pa.

- MITCHELL, WILLIAM H., enlisted March 1, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out March 20, 1865, at expiration of term; resides at Arnett, Ellis Co., Oklahoma.
- MORGAN, WM. F., enlisted September 26, 1861; died September 27, 1863.
- MOYER, GEORGE N., enlisted September 19, 1861; died September 3, 1863.
- MYERS, CALVIN B., enlisted August 31, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 21, 1863; unknown.
- MITCHELL, JOHN, enlisted March 1, 1862; died October 1, 1862; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.
- MATHEWS, SAMUEL, enlisted September 15, 1864; substitute; discharged by special order; unknown.
- MILLER, HENRY, drafted December 16, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 4, 1865; resides at Winterstown, Pa.
- MOORE, JOHN, enlisted February 23, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 11, 1865; dead.
- MALLOY, JOHN, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; absent, sick, at muster out; unknown.
- MURRAY, THOMAS, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Hampshire, Texas.
- MURRAY, BARNEY, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; deserted February 5, 1865; unknown.
- MURPHY, JOHN, enlisted July 29, 1864; substitute; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 28, 1865.
- MURPHY, MAURICE, enlisted December 27, 1864; substitute; deserted January 28, 1865; unknown.
- MEE, JOHN H., enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died July 7, 1886.
- MOREADY, MERRILL, enlisted February 7, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- MCCRUM, DAVID A., enlisted October 9, 1861; deserted May 19, 1864; died March 3, 1911.
- McFADDEN, JOHN, enlisted September 19, 1861; died June 17, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- MCKINNEY, JAMES, enlisted October 7, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 24, 1863; resides at Tyrone, Blair Co., Pa.
- MCKINNEY, DANIEL, enlisted October 7, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; unknown.
- MCCORMICK, JAMES, enlisted February 19, 1864; discharged by order of War Department June 2, 1865; resides at Downs, Kansas.
- MCDONALD, REUBEN O., enlisted February 19, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 6, 1865; resides at Windber, Pa.
- MCGINNESS, GEORGE, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- McHALE, THOMAS, enlisted March 20, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died January 28, 1903.
- McELROY, JOHN B., enlisted ———; died June 19, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- McNAIR, PETER, drafted October 15, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 27, 1901.

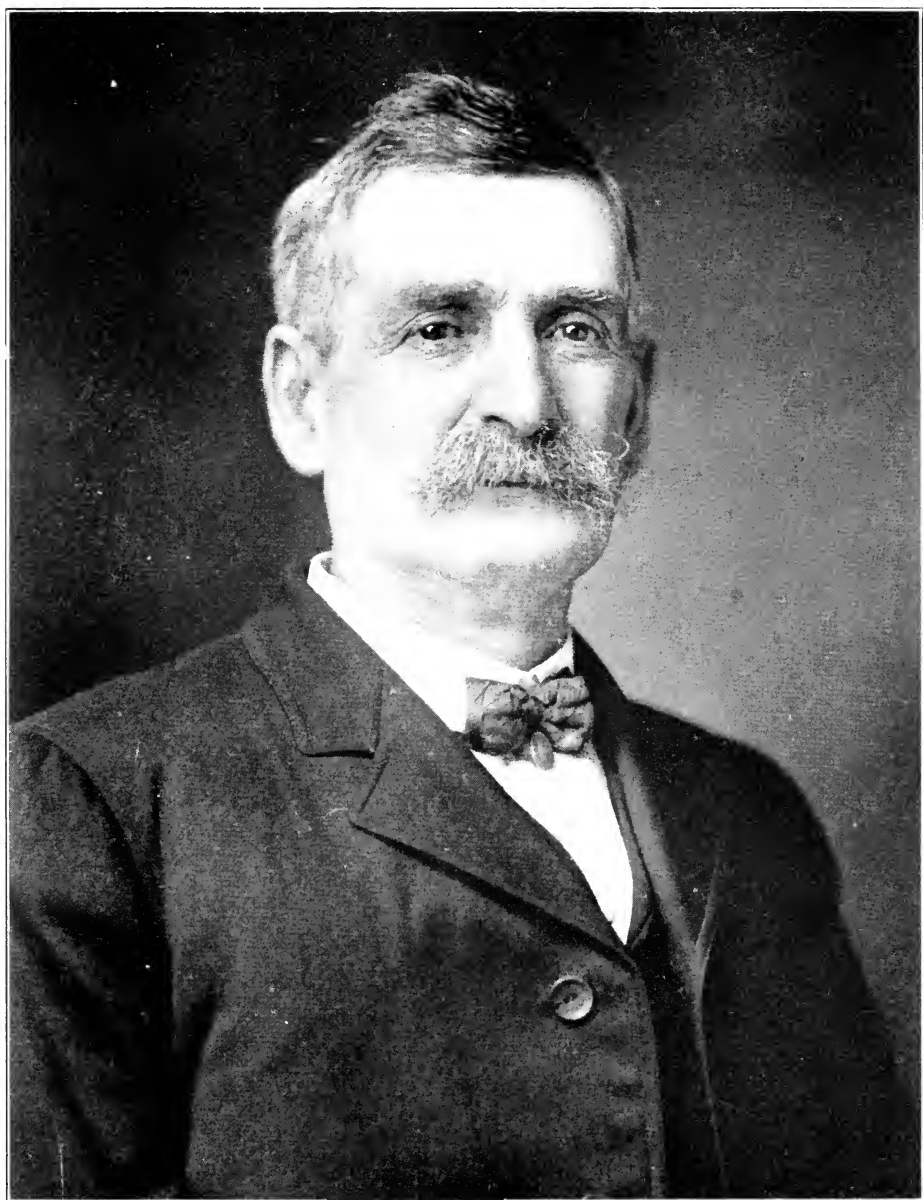
- McKNIGHT, JOHN W., drafted July 4, 1863; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- McMAHON, MICHAEL, drafted June 22, 1864; transferred to Fifty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, May 29, 1865; unknown.
- McGEE, BARNEY, enlisted; substitute; deserted January 20, 1865; unknown.
- NALLS, GEORGE M., enlisted December 29, 1864; substitute; absent, sick, at muster out; address, Philamont, Va.
- NELSON, THOMAS, enlisted January 4, 1865; substitute; deserted January 28, 1865; unknown.
- NICHOLS, DAVID C., enlisted July 30, 1864; substitute; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 16, 1865.
- O'BRIEN, WILLIAM, enlisted August 31, 1861; deserted May 19, 1864; unknown.
- PARSONS, THOMAS, enlisted October 14, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried at Antietam National Cemetery, Grave 3874.
- PLATT, JOHN B., enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 2, 1864; date of death unknown.
- PRICE, JACKSON H., enlisted September 19, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, September 14, 1862; died May 26, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
- PHILLIPS, WILLIAM, enlisted July 27, 1864; substitute; killed at Peebles Farm, Va., September 30, 1864.
- POWELL, FRANKLIN, enlisted January 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- QUIGLEY, CHARLES, enlisted December 24, 1864; substitute; deserted June 16, 1865; unknown.
- QUINN, JOHN T., enlisted February 19, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 10, 1865.
- ROSS, AMOS M., enlisted September 19, 1861; wounded at Wilderness, Va., May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Manor Hill, Pa.
- ROSS, JOHN, enlisted August 24, 1862; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 26, 1865; resides at Saulsburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa.
- ROSS, PETER J., enlisted August 24, 1862; died January 24, 1863.
- REGAN, MICHAEL, enlisted August 1, 1864; substitute; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., September 28, 1864.
- RAYNO, WILLIAM, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- REED, THOMAS, enlisted December 7, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- RODDIS, GEORGE B., enlisted July 29, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., November 20, 1864.
- RODNEY, WINFIELD S., enlisted November 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Dunmore, Pa.
- ROLES, WILLIAM, enlisted February 19, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- SAILOR, CHARLES, enlisted September 19, 1861; died February 1, 1863; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.



J. A. Pressler, Co. C
1910



J. E. Smucker
Company C



George Sager Sr., Co. C.

- SAGER, GEORGE, enlisted August 14, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Scottsdale, Pa.
- SHIMP, FREDERICK, enlisted March 1, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 4, 1863; died February 11, 1893.
- SIGNER, ELI, enlisted October 14, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died March, 1893.
- STARKS, ROOT B., enlisted August 2, 1862; wounded August 5, 1864; discharged May 19, 1865; died —, 1911.
- SMUCKER, JOHN E., enlisted March 31, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 14, 1865; resides at Huntingdon, Pa.
- STARKS, CHARLES F., enlisted February 19, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 28, 1865.
- SLACK, GEORGE, enlisted February 26, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 4, 1865.
- SCOTT, THOMAS B., enlisted February 18, 1864; killed at Peebles Farm, September 30, 1864.
- SCHNEE, JACOB F., enlisted February 26, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 30, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- STUTOR, ALLEN, enlisted February 19, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864; date of death unknown.
- SCHIMEL, DAVID C., drafted October 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865, Chandlerville, Ohio.
- TATE, MORDECAI M., enlisted February 19, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out; resides at McAleveys Fort, Huntingdon Co., Pa.
- TAYLOR, JOSEPH, enlisted July 10, 1864; substitute; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 8, 1865.
- TURNER, LEVI, enlisted October 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- WATSON, JAMES, enlisted March 1, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864; date of death unknown.
- WORTMAN, ISAAC, enlisted September 24, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died July 18, 1891.
- WHITE, JAMES, enlisted September 16, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 24, 1863; died in 1903.
- WEISER, MORRIS L., enlisted August 31, 1861; died June 18, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery at Arlington, Va.
- WISER, JOSEPH, enlisted September 20, 1861; died at Belleville, Mifflin Co., Pa., February 19, 1864.
- WYANT, HENRY, enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 25, 1864; died July, 1891.
- WHITMAN, JOHN, enlisted September 26, 1861; deserted August 10, 1863; resides R. F. D. Slippery Rock, Pa.

- WARD, HUGH, enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- WINEZERL, BENNETT, enlisted December 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Stewartstown, York Co., Pa.
- YOUNG, WESLEY, enlisted March 1, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died December 28, 1897.
- ZOOK, DAVID K., enlisted September 27, 1861; died June 8, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.

ROSTER OF COMPANY D

(COMPILED, CORRECTED AND ARRANGED FROM COMPANY ROLLS BY CAPTAIN
C. T. FRYBERGER.)

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- AUSTIN CURTIN, captain; enlisted September 15, 1861; appointed brigade quartermaster and served until December, 1862, when appointed acting quartermaster First Division Ninth Army Corps; served until April, 1864, when appointed acting quartermaster Fourth Division Ninth Corps; died November 17, 1911.
- CHARLES T. FRYBERGER, captain; enlisted September 15, 1861; appointed corporal; promoted to sergeant December 2, 1862; promoted to first sergeant May 6, 1864; transferred to Seventy-ninth New York Volunteers January 15, 1864; retransferred to Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers April 15, 1864; promoted to first lieutenant November 24, 1864; to captain December 19, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Philipsburg, Pa.
- JAMES P. GREGG, (M. D.), first lieutenant; enlisted September 15, 1861; appointed commissary of subsistence September 8, 1862; served until August 4, 1863; reappointed to same position January 1, 1864, to January 15, 1864; returned to company, taking command; killed in action September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va., where he is buried in National Cemetery.
- WILLIAM K. WHITLOCK, first lieutenant; enlisted September 15, 1861; appointed sergeant; promoted to first sergeant December 13, 1862; taken prisoner May 6, 1864; returned to company and promoted to second lieutenant; to first lieutenant December 19, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died January 13, 1898.
- EVAN R. GOODFELLOW, second lieutenant; enlisted September 15, 1861; killed at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- JOSEPH L. HINTON, second lieutenant; enlisted December 2, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant December 19, 1864, having served as corporal, sergeant and first sergeant; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Milesburg, Pa.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- SIDNEY T. MUFFLY, first sergeant; enlisted September 15, 1861; appointed adjutant One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Militia; residence, Howard, Center Co., Pa.



Capt. C. T. Fryberger
Company D

COMPANY D



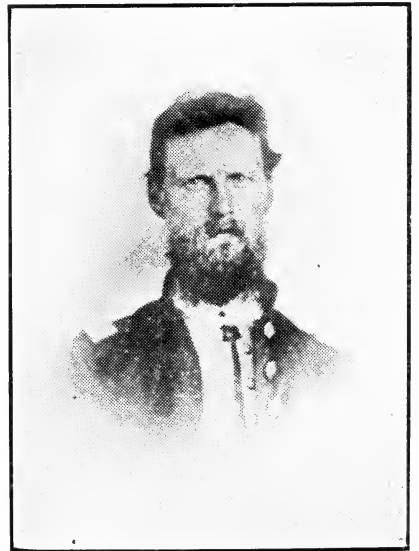
Captain Austin Curtin



J. Toner Lucas



Second Lieut. Evan R. Goodfellow



First Lieut. James P. Gregg

- ANDREW T. BOGGS, first sergeant; enlisted September 23, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant to first sergeant; wounded June 3, 1864, at Bethesda Church, Va.; returned from hospital December 12, 1864, to Petersburg, Va.; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Milesburg, Pa.
- REUBEN V. BUTLER, sergeant; enlisted September 15, 1861; promoted to sergeant and commissary October 19, 1861; discharged January 22, 1863, on surgeon's certificate.
- JOHN B. GILL, sergeant, enlisted September 23, 1861; promoted to corporal August 10, 1863; to sergeant June 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Winburne, Clearfield Co., Pa.
- FREDRICK GLOSSNER, sergeant; enlisted September 23, 1861; promoted to corporal December 1, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to sergeant May 14, 1864; guard to the colors from December 1, 1862, to May 14, 1864; died in Philadelphia, Pa., July 23, 1864, from wounds received in front of Petersburg, Va., July 8, 1864.
- ALFRED MILES, sergeant; enlisted September 15, 1861; died January —, 1900.
- WILLIAM C. MCCAULLY, sergeant; enlisted September 23, 1861; appointed second sergeant October 19, 1861; discharged December 25, 1862.
- WILLIAM ORNER, sergeant; enlisted September 15, 1861; promoted to corporal October 19, 1861; to sergeant November 12, 1861; wounded at Buckingham Ferry, S. C., March 24, 1862, by Rebel picket; discharged on account of wound December 22, 1862; died April —, 1911.
- JOSEPH SEWELL, sergeant; enlisted October 12, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to corporal May 1, 1864; to sergeant May 21, 1864; taken prisoner June 7, 1864; paroled from Andersonville, Ga., February 25, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died December 19, 1871.
- FRANCIS R. SHOPE, sergeant; enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to corporal June 17, 1864; taken prisoner at Poplar Springs Church, Va., July 30, 1864; confined at Danville, Va.; paroled February 1, 1865; promoted to sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Nashua, Ia.
- JOHN H. WINTERS, sergeant; enlisted September 23, 1864; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to sergeant November 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- LAIRD A. BARTLY, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1863; taken prisoner July 30, 1864; died at Danville, Va., February 28, 1865.
- JOHN H. BOSTETERS, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1861; promoted to corporal; residence, Livermore, Humboldt Co., Ia.
- W. B. BLAKE, corporal; enlisted September 20, 1864; residence, Houtzdale, Clearfield Co., Pa.
- JOHN S. FOX, corporal; enlisted February 27, 1864; promoted to corporal April 2, 1865; residence, Bennington, Kansas.
- CHAUNCEY GLEN, corporal; enlisted February 14, 1862; wounded at Antietam, Md., September 17, 1862, with loss of four fingers; promoted to corporal August 10, 1862; discharged February 26, 1863; residence, Harrisburg, Pa.

- CHARLES HINTON, corporal; enlisted January 25, 1862; taken prisoner at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; paroled February 3, 1865; appointed corporal; mustered out at expiration of term of service; dead, date unknown.
- MICHAEL C. JOYSON, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1861; wounded July 30, 1864, in front of Petersburg, Va.; sent to hospital; appointed corporal May 26, 1864; discharged April 24, 1865; residence, Mill Hall, Clinton Co., Pa.
- HENRY S. KRAPE, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; taken prisoner in front of Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; paroled February 20, 1865; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- JAMES H. KELSO, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1861; promoted to corporal August 15, 1863; died of smallpox while on veteran furlough February 27, 1864.
- WILLIAM KUNES, corporal; enlisted September 15, 1861; promoted to corporal October 19, 1861; discharged on account of disability January 31, 1863; residence, Blanchard, Center Co., Pa.
- DANIEL MALONE, corporal; enlisted September 15, 1861; promoted to corporal October 19, 1861; on recruiting service from February 1, to April 15, 1862; discharged on account of disability May 26, 1862; died October 20, 1898.
- WILLIAM L. MOSES, corporal; enlisted February 4, 1862; sent to hospital October 1, 1862; returned to duty December 2, 1862; sent to hospital August 6, 1863; returned January 1, 1864; promoted to corporal February 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- JAMES H. MCBRIDE, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; regimental butcher at brigade commissary; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WILLIAM J. McCANN, corporal; enlisted September 15, 1861; promoted to sergeant October 18, 1861; reduced to corporal November 2, 1861; sent to hospital October 15, 1862; discharged December 19, 1862; died at Salona, Clinton Co., Pa., October 26, 1910.
- JOHN McCLAIN, corporal; enlisted September 23, 1861; taken prisoner at Poplar Springs Church, Va., July 30, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1864; died of starvation in prison at Danville, Va., November 15, 1864.
- DAVID H. PARSONS, "Hesh," corporal; enlisted October 12, 1861; promoted to corporal October 19, 1861; wounded June 18, 1864; sent to hospital; returned February 2, 1865; wounded on skirmish line July 21, 1864; discharged October 15, 1864; dead, date unknown.
- SAMUEL ROOP, corporal; enlisted September 15, 1861; promoted to corporal October 19, 1861; sent to hospital August 6, 1863; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; confined at Salisbury, N. C.; died of starvation and exposure February 14, 1865.
- HARLAND SAILOR, corporal; enlisted February 18, 1864; sent to hospital June 6, 1864; appointed corporal June 1, 1864; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- WILLIAM W. WETZLER, corporal; enlisted February 14, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; taken prisoner at Peebles Farm, Va., September 30, 1864; confined in Salisbury prison, N. C.; paroled February 25, 1865; returned to company June 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.



Corporal John S. Fox, Co. D
1864



Corporal John S. Fox, Co. D
1910

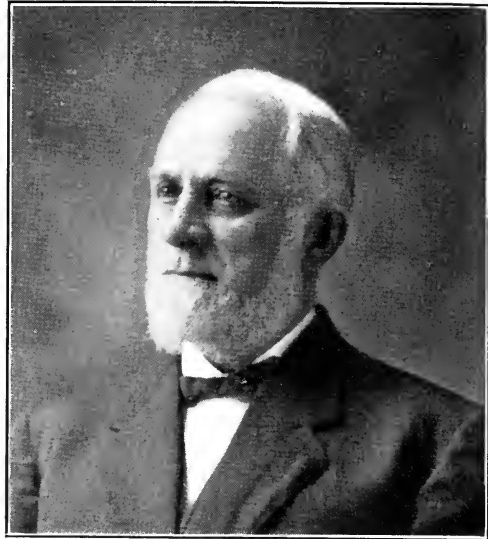


J. Toner Lucas
Company D

COMPANY D



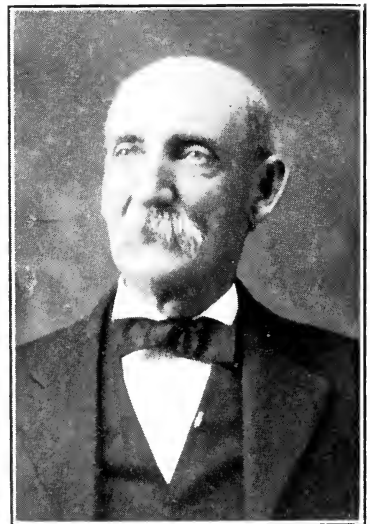
Capt. Charles T. Fryberger
1861



Capt. Charles T. Fryberger
1910



First Sergt. A. T. Boggs
1861



First Sergt. A. T. Boggs
1910

COMPANY D



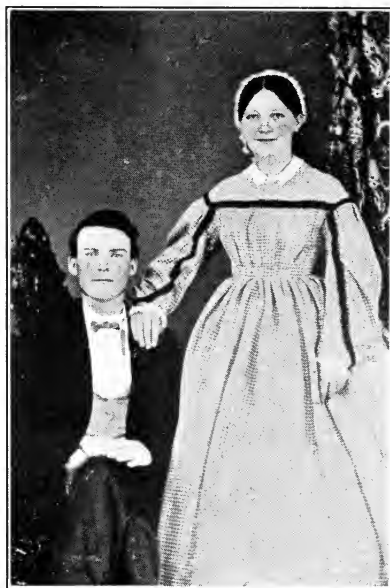
A. D. Albert



William Gibson



W. S. Williams



W. S. Williams and Wife
March, 1864



JAMES I. YARNELL, corporal; enlisted March 25, 1864; appointed corporal January 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Snow Shoe, Center Co., Pa.

PRIVATES.

ADAMS, JOHN, enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged April 30, 1863; unknown.
ALBERT, ALLEN D., enlisted March 29, 1862; slightly wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 10, 1862; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863, and again at the Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864, being discharged on account of latter wound December 9, 1864; residence, No. 1727 Kilbourne Place, Washington, D. C.

BAKER, JOHN R., enlisted September 15, 1861; assistant to company cook from date of enlistment to August 8, 1862; sent to hospital and discharged November 1, 1862, on account of inefficiency as a soldier.

BARGER, JOHN, enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged October 19, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died December 28, 1891.

BARNETT, THOMAS, enlisted September 15, 1861; musician in regimental corps; sent to hospital at Fredericksburg, Va., December 10, 1862; transferred to Invalid Corps November 15, 1863; dead, date unknown.

BATHURST, JOHN B., enlisted March 4, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., with loss of leg; residence, Joplin, Mo.

BATHURST, WILLIAM H., enlisted September 15, 1864; killed June 3, 1864.

BEASER, WILLIAM, enlisted September 15, 1861; on duty in brigade commissary October 17, 1862, to February 15, 1863; regimental postmaster until close of war; residence, Dennison Avenue, S. W. Cleveland, Ohio.

BICKET, JOSEPH, alias Joseph Robison; substitute; enrolled December 30, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865.

BLAND, CORNELIUS, enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged at expiration of term of service October 21, 1864; residence, Center Hall, Center Co., Pa.

BLAND, JAMES, enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged April 11, 1862; dead, date unknown.

BOELL, WILLIAM, enlisted September 27, 1861; transferred from Company B; cook for Captain Austin Curtin; assistant quartermaster December 18, 1862, to January 15, 1864; cook for General John I. Curtin from May, 1864, to October 21, 1864, when discharged at expiration of term of service; died September 15, 1898.

BROWN, HENRY W., enlisted October 18, 1861; discharged May 26, 1862, on account of disability; residence, Port Matilda, Center Co., Pa.

BROWN, JOSEPH H., enlisted December 27, 1861; discharged September 25, 1862; died March 2, 1910.

BROWN, WILLIAM H., enlisted February 18, 1864; residence, Julian Furnace, Pa.

BUTLER, HARVEY W., enlisted September 23, 1861; deserted March 9, 1864; residence, ———, Kentucky.

CARSON, GEORGE W., enlisted September 15, 1861; died February 2, 1898.

CONWAY, HUGH, enlisted August 10, 1861; transferred August 10, 1862, to Company D; reenlisted January 1, 1864; killed in front of Petersburg, Va., June 27, 1864.

COOK, HARRY H., enlisted February 13, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864, at Battle of Wilderness; died May 19, 1911.

- COOK, SAMUEL W., enlisted October 8, 1861; on detail duty in quartermaster's department October 5, 1862, to January 15, 1864; on detail duty at brigade headquarters April 2, 1864; sent to hospital June 12, 1864; discharged October 21, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, No. 672 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- COX, ABRAM, enlisted August 10, 1861; transferred to Company D from Company B August 10, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- CRAIG, GEORGE, enlisted September 1, 1861; discharged at expiration of term of service; died ———, 1899.
- DEHASS, PHILIP, enlisted October 8, 1861; wounded at battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged December 17, 1862; dead, date unknown.
- DENTLER, STEVEN, substitute; enrolled January 5, 1865; died ———, 1897.
- DILLEN, EDWARD, substitute; enrolled December 30, 1864; joined company January 16, 1865; deserted February 16, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.
- DOAN, GEORGE W., substitute; enrolled January 15, 1865; residence, Wilcox, Elk Co., Pa.
- DOLAN, JOHN W., enlisted September 15, 1861; wounded June 3, 1864; discharged on account of wound January 5, 1865; residence, Lamar, Clinton Co., Pa.
- DOYLE, THOS., substitute; enrolled December 30, 1864; deserted February 16, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.
- DRAKE, DANIEL V., drafted; enrolled November 12, 1864; discharged March 27, 1865, by furnishing substitute for one year; died ———, 1892.
- ECKLEY, WILLIAM, enlisted February 25, 1861; wounded at Bethesda Church, Va., June 3, 1864; residence, Milesburg, Center Co., Pa.
- ELDRIDGE, JAMES H., enlisted December 2, 1861; wounded June 3, 1864; sent to hospital; returned to duty July 15, 1864; died August 26, 1887.
- EVERS, THOMAS, enlisted September 23, 1861; appointed corporal July 1, 1863; sergeant January 1, 1865; reduced to ranks February 14, 1865; color bearer from May 6, 1864, to February 16, 1865; residence, Hublersburg, Center Co., Pa.
- FETTERS, DANIEL, enlisted Septemehr 23, 1861; discharged February 15, 1862, on account of disability.
- FLICK, WILLIAM L., enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; killed at Bethesda Church, Va., June 3, 1864.
- FOLK, HENRY A., enlisted September 23, 1861; transferred to Seventy-ninth New York Infantry January 15, 1864; returned to Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry April 15, 1864; discharged while in hospital October 19, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Altoona, Pa.
- FOLK, JOHN, enlisted February 26, 1862; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., September 14, 1863; sent to hospital; transferred to Seventy-ninth New York Infantry January 15, 1864; returned to Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry April 15, 1864; discharged October 19, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- FREE, CHARLES, enlisted February 25, 1864; killed June 3, 1864, at battle of Bethesda Church, Va.

- FULTON, JAMES H., enlisted February 13, 1864; killed June 3, 1864, at battle of Bethesda Church, Va.
- GALBRAITH, WILLIAM, enlisted September 23, 1861; clerk in headquarters in Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pa., from October 19, 1861, to June 1, 1862; discharged June 30, 1862; reenlisted November 1, 1862; clerk in division quartermaster's department from July 5, 1863, to January 1, 1864; taken prisoner May 6, 1864, at Battle of Wilderness; escaped from prison April 1, 1865; discharged June 5, 1865.
- GARDNER, JOHNSON K., enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged September 25, 1862, on account of disability; died November 11, 1903.
- GARRETT, CHARLES S., enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged January 22, 1863; dead, date unknown.
- GETTY, GEORGE B., enlisted November 29, 1864; residence, Shelby, Mich.
- GIBSON, WILLIAM, substitute; wounded in battle in front of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; sent to hospital; reenlisted January 3, 1865; returned to duty April 30, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Apalachin, N. Y.
- GLOSSNER, DANIEL, enlisted September 23, 1861; wounded while out of camp without permission, sent to hospital June 17, 1863; discharged October 21, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- GRANT, AZARIAH, enlisted September 23, 1861; drowned August 13, 1863, on return from hospital by a collision of the steamer at mouth of Potomac River.
- GRIFFITH, RUFUS, enlisted February 26, 1864; discharged June 23, 1865; died at his home in Milesburg, Center Co., Pa.
- HAKSON, FREDERICK, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HALL, BENJAMIN F., substitute, enrolled December 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, near Ulster, Pa.
- HARBISON, JOHN, alias Wm. J. Walls, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 1232 Thompson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- HARTIGAN, MICHAEL, enlisted September 23, 1861; taken prisoner November 16, 1863; paroled February 10, 1865; discharged at expiration of term of service; dead, date unknown.
- HERR, JOHN M., enlisted September 23, 1861; sent to hospital June 1, 1863; returned to duty June 30, 1863; wounded and sent to hospital May 16, 1864; returned to duty September 12, 1864; discharged October 21, 1864, at expiration of term of service; dead, date unknown.
- HEVERLY, CHARLES, enlisted February 23, 1864; wounded at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; sent to hospital; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 10, 1865; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- HILLIGAS, JOSIAH, substitute; enrolled November 29, 1864; residence, No. 2001 Sixth Street, below Germantown Road, Philadelphia, Pa.
- HINTON, JAMES H., enlisted February 25, 1864; detailed as cook for General Potter, division commander, from June 1, 1864, to July 26, 1864; sent to hospital July 26, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; dead.
- HINZY, JOSIAH, substitute; enrolled December 15, 1865; company cook from June 10, 1864, to expiration of term of service July 17, 1865.

- HOBBS, MILO S., drafted November 11, 1864; sent to hospital May 14, 1865; died October 24, 1887.
- HOLT, NORMAN, enlisted February 17, 1862; wounded at battle of South Mountain, Md.; died at Blackwells Island, N. Y., September 29, 1862.
- HOLTER, HENRY C., enlisted February 13, 1864; chef for officers' mess of company from December 5, 1864, to expiration of term of service July 17, 1865; residence, Howard, Pa.
- HUNTER, WILLIAM, enlisted February 14, 1862; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in Antietam National Cemetery, Grave 3871.
- KARRICHHOFF, FREDERICK, enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged January 1, 1863, on order from Secretary of War; died March 25, 1907, Howard, Pa.
- KEMP, SELIG, substitute; enrolled December 21, 1864; discharged June 6, 1865, on order from War Department, dated May 30, 1865; died Feb. 9, 1912.
- KERR, JOHN B., enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged October 21, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- KILMORE, JOHN W., enlisted September 23, 1861; died of typhoid fever at Fort Seward, S. C., January 5, 1862; buried on the island.
- KINDRED, ORLANDO, substitute; enrolled December 16, 1864; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- KING, DAVID W., drafted November 11, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- KILLETS, LEVI, drafted December 23, 1864; sent to hospital May 15, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- KUNES, JOSEPH B., enlisted September 17, 1861; died of convulsions at Buckingham Ferry, Pinckney Island, S. C., May 16, 1862.
- LAIRD, JACOB, enlisted September 3, 1861; transferred from Company B. August 10, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; taken prisoner September 3, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; teamster in quartermaster's department to June 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- LETTERMAN, ZACHERY, enlisted March 4, 1864; in Pioneer Corps Forty-fifth Regiment Pa. from April 26, 1865, to close of war, July 17, 1865.
- LEWIS, ISAAC W., substitute; enrolled October 21, 1864; died January 6, 1907.
- LINN, AARON, substitute; enrolled December 29, 1864; on guard duty at Ninth Corps quartermaster's department from June 15, 1865, to expiration of term of service July 17, 1865.
- LOGAN, RODY, enlisted September 23, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; teamster in quartermaster's department to expiration of term of service, July 17, 1865.
- LONG, DAVID, substitute; enrolled January 2, 1865; deserted near Farmville, Va., April 26, 1865.
- LONG, HARRISON, enlisted September 25, 1861; discharged February 15, 1862; died May 16, 1891.
- LUCAS, JOHN T., enlisted September 23, 1861; in hospital August —, 1862, to October; wounded May 6, 1864; sent to hospital; returned to duty June 1, 1864; discharged at expiration of term of service October 20, 1864; residence, Moshannon, Center Co., Pa.
- LUCAS, NELSON A., enlisted June 13, 1863; chef for officers' mess April 1, 1864, to July 1, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, No. 1612 First Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

- LUCAS, ROBERT, enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged September 22, 1862.
- LUCAS, SAMUEL, enlisted December 27, 1861; died of fever at Washington, D. C., September 14, 1862.
- LYONS, JOHN, enlisted October 1, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; died of starvation in Salisbury prison, N. C., December 31, 1864.
- MAIZE, THOMAS, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred from Company B August 10, 1862; killed June 3, 1864, at Bethesda Church, Va.
- MARCEY, W. L., drafted November 11, 1864; died July 22, 1900.
- MARTIN, ROBERT, drafted November 12, 1864; company cook; sent to hospital May 14, 1865; died of typhoid fever June 15, 1865.
- MICHAELS, HENRY, enlisted September 23, 1861; taken prisoner July 30, 1864; sent to Danville, Va., where he died November 15, 1864.
- MILLER, ABRAHAM V., drafted July 17, 1863; failed to report; arrested October 18, 1864; fined \$30.00, and joined company for duty February 16, 1865.
- MORE, ALFRED, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred from Company B August 10, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; killed in action May 12, 1864.
- MORGAN, THOMAS, substitute, enrolled December 29, 1864; residence, Beach City, Ohio.
- MCCARTY, JAMES A., substitute; enrolled December 31, 1864; deserted February 6, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.
- MCCLAIN, GEORGE W., enlisted February 29, 1864; sent to hospital July 10, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Duncansville, Pa.
- MCDONALD, JOHN S., enlisted September 23, 1861; sent to hospital from Brooks Station, Va., August 28, 1862; transferred to Invalid Corps September 1, 1863; residence, Martha Furnace, Pa.
- MCENTYRE, ANDREW, drafted July 17, 1863; failed to report; arrested October 19, 1864, fined \$30.00, reported for duty February 16, 1865; address, Queens-town, Pa.
- MCGEE, PATRICK, enlisted February 14, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled February 25, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MCGINLEY, JOHN O., enlisted February 14, 1862; discharged October 18, 1864.
- MCGINNIS, WILLIAM, enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; sent to hospital; returned to duty February 15, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Pain Point, Ogle Co., Ill.
- MCKEWEN, PATRICK, alias Patrick Mallon, substitute; enrolled December 21, 1864; residence, No. 2104 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- MCNICHOLS, THEO., enlisted March 8, 1864; taken prisoner July 30, 1864; confined in prison at Danville, Va., until February 21, 1865; rejoined company for duty June 3, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; address, Bellefonte, Pa.
- O'NEIL, DANIEL W., enlisted October 1, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded July 30, 1864; sent to hospital; returned to duty; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 386 Pratt Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
- PECK, GEORGE M., enlisted February 24, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; confined in Salisbury prison, N. C., until February 25, 1865; in hospital at Annapolis, Md., until discharged at close of war.

- PLETCHER, EMANUEL, enlisted September 15, 1861; wounded July 21, 1864; discharged October 21, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died November 12, 1897.
- REABER, WILLIAM A., enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; taken prisoner at the Wilderness May 6, 1864; confined in Andersonville prison, Ga.; died of starvation and exposure February 28, 1865.
- REED, JOHN H., substitute; enrolled June 13, 1864; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- RICHARDS, WILLIAM G., enlisted September 15, 1861; detailed as teamster September 12, 1862; sent to hospital December 2, 1862; deserted at Battle June 1, 1863; arrested and returned to regiment with sentence with loss of pay from June 1, 1863, to December 26, 1864, and serve time 18 months and 26 days with \$8.00 a month to be deducted off his pay until expiration of term of service; died February 24, 1885.
- RIDDLE, MATHIEW, enlisted September 23, 1861; sent to hospital September 12, 1862; discharged December 11, 1862.
- ROBINSON, JAMES H., enlisted September 13, 1862; transferred from Company B April 14, 1864; taken prisoner July 30, 1864; died in prison of starvation March 8, 1865, at Danville, Va.
- ROBINSON, JOHN HART, enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; died while on veteran furlough while at home of smallpox March 1, 1864.
- SANDS, HENRY D., enlisted February 21, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864; while not in hospital was connected with Commissary Department; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Reading, Pa.
- SEBERT, HARMAN, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Everson, Wash.
- SCHEIMAN, PAUL, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; severely wounded in battle in front of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; sent to hospital.
- SHENCK, DANIEL W., enlisted February 19, 1864; company cook from December 9, 1864, to May 3, 1865; in brigade commissary May 4, 1865, to July 17, 1865, expiration of term of service; residence, No. 135 South Locust Street, Hagerstown, Md.
- SCHMIDT, FREDERICK, drafted November 11, 1864; died October 8, 1895.
- SCHMIDT, PETER, substitute, enrolled December 1, 1864; deserted near Alexandria, Va., May 30, 1865; died October 8, 1895.
- SHERFFLER, JOHN, enlisted September 23, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died June 19, 1890.
- SHEWY, ANDREW, enlisted February 2, 1864; wounded at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; sent to hospital; returned to duty September 10; sent to hospital September 17, 1864; mustered out July 3, 1865.
- SHIRK, JAMES A., enlisted February 26, 1864; taken prisoner June 7, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va., while on skirmish line; died of starvation in Salisbury prison, N. C., February 21, 1865.
- SIMMONS, GEORGE, enlisted September 15, 1861; sent to hospital August 5, 1862; received notice of discharge April 22, 1863; reported for duty February 28, 1864; taken prisoner May 12, 1864; discharged February 2, 1865; died March 20, 1895.
- SMITH, BENJAMIN F., enlisted September 15, 1861; mustered out October 30, 1864; residence, Youngsville, Warren County, Pa.

- SMITH, CHARLES, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred from Company B; re-enlisted January 1, 1864; wounded with loss of arm at Bethesda Church, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged November 14, 1864; died April 23, 1909, at Bellefonte, Pa.
- SPOTTS, PHILIP B., enlisted September 23, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; died in Antietam Field Hospital October 3, 1862; buried in National Cemetery at Antietam.
- STEPHENSON, THEODORE, enlisted September 21, 1862; transferred from Company B; reenlisted January 1, 1864; killed in action September 30, 1864.
- STIFFLE, JOHN, enlisted October 8, 1861; sent to hospital at Newport News, Va., July 24, 1862; died in hospital August 9, 1862.
- STRAWCUTTER, ANDREW J., enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded June 3, 1864, at Bethesda Church, Va.; discharged on account of wounds February 18, 1865.
- STRAWCUTTER, DANIEL, enlisted September 23, 1861; died of typhoid fever in hospital at Washington, D. C., January 8, 1862.
- SWANK, JOHN, drafted September 21, 1864; discharged May 17, 1865; died June 4, 1900.
- SWARD, WINDAL, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred from Company B; re-enlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SWARTZ, WILLIAM, enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Battle of Bethesda Church, Va., June 3, 1864; sent to hospital; discharged June 22, 1865; residence, Bushnell, Ill.
- SWISHER, GEORGE, enlisted September 15, 1861; discharged on account of disability February 23, 1864; residence, Philipsburg, Pa.
- THOMAS, NAPOLEON B., enlisted September 15, 1861; died of convulsions March 2, 1862, at Sea Brook Landing, Hilton Head Island, S. C.
- THOMPSON, DAVID J., enlisted September 23, 1861; sent to hospital September 2, 1862; discharged February 25, 1863, on account of disability; residence, Howard, Center County, Pa.
- THOMPSON, NATHAN J., enlisted September 23, 1861; died March 22, 1862, while home on furlough.
- WALTERS, ABRAM, enlisted February 29, 1864; taken prisoner at Cold Harbor, Va., June 9, 1864; sent to Andersonville prison, Ga.; died of starvation and exposure October 18, 1864.
- WANTZ, AMOS, enlisted September 23, 1861; taken prisoner July 30, 1864; died of starvation in prison at Danville, Va., November 1, 1864.
- WATSON, WILLIAM S., drafted November 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WEAVER, JOHN W., enlisted February 2, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, Olean, N. Y.
- WEISS, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WELLINGTON, WILSON W., enlisted September 23, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; killed on skirmish line July 13, 1864, in front of the "Crater" at Petersburg, Va.
- WHITLOCK, THOS. B., enlisted September 15, 1864; wounded in Battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; sent to hospital and discharged from service; living, insane.

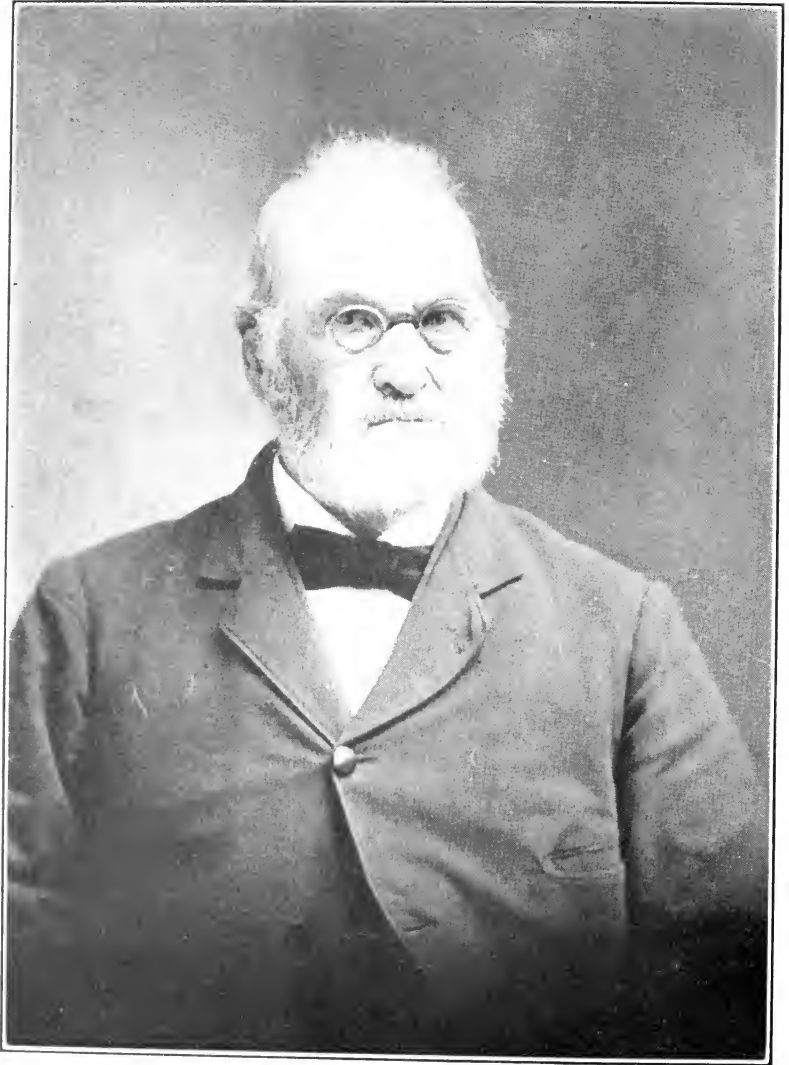
- WILLIAMS, EDWARD, enlisted October 1, 1861; wounded and taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled October 15, 1865; sent to Invalid Corps February 25, 1865.
- WILLIAMS, GEORGE, enlisted September 15, 1861; went to hospital October 25, 1862; discharged at Convalescent Camp, Alexandria, Va., July 31, 1863, on account of disability.
- WILLIAMS, LAWRENCE, enlisted March 27, 1862; died in hospital at Hickman Bridge, Ky., October 5, 1863.
- WILLIAMS, MARK, enlisted September 15, 1861; wounded September 14, 1863; sent to Knoxville, Tenn., and died of disease in hospital December 21, 1863.
- WILLIAMS, THADDEUS S., enlisted September 15, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled at Salisbury, N. C., February 25, 1865; discharged June 21, 1865; dead.
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM S., enlisted September 15, 1861; wounded September 14, 1863; sent to hospital at Knoxville, Tenn.; residence, Julian, Center Co., Pa.
- WILSON, HENRY, enlisted September 23, 1861; sent to hospital from Brookes Station, Va., August 28, 1862; discharged January 12, 1863.
- YARRINGTON, ABLE A. (M. D.), enlisted March 25, 1862; appointed clerk in the adjutant's office October 1, 1862, to January 1, 1864; detailed as clerk for Medical Director March 9, 1864; discharged at expiration of term of service March 25, 1865; died, date unknown.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E

COMPILED BY FIRST SERGEANT W. H. MUSSER

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

- HENRY STEVENS, "Father of Company E," captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; resigned November 28, 1861, at Fortress Monroe, Va., on account of physical disability; died at his home at Center Line, Center Co., Pa., September 30, 1903; buried at Center Line Lutheran Cemetery.
- JOHN O. CAMPBELL, captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from first lieutenant November 28, 1861; died May 7, 1864, from wounds received May 6, 1864, at Battle of Wilderness; burying place unknown.
- JOHN BECK, captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant to first lieutenant November 28, 1861; prisoner of war for some time during 1864-65; promoted to captain May 7, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Ft. Scott, Kans., about 1890.
- AMOS W. HARPER, first lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from sergeant November 24, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at St. Petersburg, Fla., February 24, 1905; buried at Philipsburg, Pa.
- JOHN IRVIN, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; lost a foot at Battle of Spottsylvania, Va., May 18, 1864; discharged January 18, 1865, on account of disability; died at his home at Pennsylvania Furnace, Center Co., Pa., some years after the war.
- ARMSTRONG S. BAILEY, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from first sergeant April 22, 1865; prisoner of war for some time during 1864-65; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Cooston, Ore.



Captain Henry Stevens
Company E

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

- WM. H. MUSSER, first sergeant; enlisted September 11, 1861; promoted to first corporal November 20, 1861; promoted to sergeant November 25, 1864; to first sergeant May 1, 1865; served also in Company H, Seventh Regiment, for three months from April 20 to July 18, 1861; wounded at Battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- JOSEPH G. BAILEY, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from corporal June 1, 1864; prisoner of war for some time during 1864-65; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died June 17, 1911 at Fort Scott, Kansas.
- GEORGE W. LONER, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Stormstown, Center Co., Pa.
- WILLIAM BELL, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Rock Springs, Pa., February —, 1866; buried at Graysville, Huntingdon Co., Pa.
- HENRY IRVIN, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted from corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence No. 2603 Sixth Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
- JOSEPH REIGLE, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; color bearer of the regiment; discharged on account of disability June 19, 1865; died in Altoona, Pa., about 1895.
- WILLIAM S. KOONS, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; lost in battle September 30, 1864; supposed to have been killed, nothing having been heard from him since that date.
- HOMER S. THOMPSON, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to sergeant in the Fall of 1864; promoted to sergeant major of the regiment February 8, 1865; died in 1909, March 2.
- GEORGE W. MURPHY, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died many years ago at Stormstown, Pa.
- THOMAS B. MCWILLIAMS, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at the Battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862.
- WM. H. POORMAN, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; wounded May 6, 1864; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- JOHN CALDERWOOD, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on account of disability November 18, 1862; died many years ago.
- PERRY CUPP, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Warriors Mark, Huntingdon Co., Pa.
- JOSEPH B. MERRIMAN, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 16, 1910, at Bald Eagle Station, Center Co., Pa.
- JOHN GRAHAM, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; P. O. box 614, Los Angeles, Calif.

- THEOPHILUS BRATTON, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Trenton, Grundy Co., Mo.
- JOHN GILES, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged June 8, 1865; residence, Petersburg, Pa.
- JOHN L. KRIDER, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged February 24, 1865, on account of disability; died September 7, 1902.
- WM. H. BUCK, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at Battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864; buried at Wilderness burial grounds.
- JOHN CAMPBELL, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; killed by Rebel coward July 30, 1864, at the "Crater," after he had surrendered; following day received commission in the U. S. Colored troops as captain.
- HENRY ELLENBARGER, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; supposed to have been killed at Battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864, nothing having been heard of him since.
- JOSHUA A. HURST, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- JAMES M. RANKIN, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded and captured July 30, 1864, at the battle of "Crater;" died July 31, 1864, at Richmond, Va.
- JOHN WARD, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; died in hospital at Crab Orchard, Ky.; October 1, 1863.
- JOHN BELL, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at Battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862.
- HARRY SCHALL, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at Battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; died of wounds November 8, 1862.
- JOSHUA R. PHEASANT, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged for disability December 10, 1862; reenlisted February 26, 1864; wounded at Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Mt. Eagle, Center Co., Pa.
- FREDERICK H. WESTON, corporal; enlisted February 29, 1864; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- JOHN G. GOSS, corporal; enlisted March 22, 1864; promoted to corporal June 8, 1865; wounded April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died May 12, 1898, at Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa.
- JOHN S. MCCURDY, corporal; enlisted March 22, 1864; promoted to corporal June 19, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 522 Fourth Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
- RICHARD BAILEY, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; died October 18, 1863, of wounds received at Battle of Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863; buried in Soldiers' Cemetery, Knoxville, Tenn.
- JOHN G. HEBERLING, corporal; one of the color guards; seriously wounded September 30, 1864, at Battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va.; taken prisoner and paroled from hospital at Richmond, Va., November 20, 1864; transferred to invalid corps January 21, 1865; discharged July 30, 1865, at Plattsburg N. Y.; died July 2, 1911, at Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

WM. OSMAN, musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Waverly, Tenn.

WM. A. JACKSON, musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Philipsburg, Pa., December 12, 1909.

PRIVATES.

ALLEN, DAVID B., enlisted February 29, 1864; captured September 30, 1864, at Battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va.; prisoner at Salisbury, N. C.; discharged by general order May 29, 1865; residence, near Milesburg, Center Co., Pa.

ALLEY, WM., enlisted March 11, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Bellwood, Blair Co., Pa.

AMEIGH, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged by general order February 14, 1863, on surgeon's certificate; died July 25, 1888.

ARNOLD, JOSEPH E., enlisted February 24, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Crisfield, Harper Co., Kans.

ARTHUR, WM. J., substitute, enrolled January 4, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Arcadia, Okla.

BAILEY, ALFRED, enlisted September 2, 1861; died November 24, 1861.

BAILEY, ISAAC, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 16, 1862.

BAILEY, JAMES M., enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Knoxville, Tenn., November 3, 1863.

BARTOE, HENRY, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Pennsylvania Furnace, Center Co., Pa.

BATEMAN, JOSEPH P., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged by general order May 29, 1865; residence, Tyrone, Pa.

BATEMAN, WM. H., enlisted September 2, 1861; died in hospital at Washington, D. C., June 15, 1864, of wounds received at the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

BATHURST, ANTIS, enlisted June 12, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, date unknown.

BECK, JACOB, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1862; died at Center Line, Pa., April 23, 1896.

BENN, SAMUEL H., enlisted February 16, 1864; died in hospital at Washington, D. C., June 14, 1864, of wounds received at Battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864.

BLACK, GEO. W., enlisted February 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Williamsburg, Blair Co., Pa.

BODLE, SAMUEL, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died August 20, 1897.

BRADLEY, JAMES, enlisted March 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

BRANSTETLER, SYLVESTER, enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Second Division, Ninth Corps hospital in Tennessee, August 6, 1864.

BRESSLER, HENRY, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out of service September 14, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Mapleton, Monona Co., Ia.

- BROWNLEE, CHAS., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to First Regiment, U. S. Cavalry, November 13, 1862.
- BUCK, IRA, enlisted February 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- CAMPBELL, WM., enlisted September 2, 1861; died May 7, 1864, of wounds received at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
- CARROLL, JOHN, substitute, enrolled January 5, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- CARTWRIGHT, CHAS., enlisted February 27, 1864; taken prisoner at Poplar Grove Church, Va., September 30, 1864; died in prison at Salisbury, N. C., December 24, 1864.
- CHASE, JOHN, enlisted February 29, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 1, 1865; died at Pine Grove Mills, Pa., September 3, 1891.
- CONNOR, JAMES, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- COX, AUGUSTUS H., enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died at Bellefonte, Pa., January 9, 1892.
- COX, MARSHALL, enlisted February 23, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 29, 1865; died February 8, 1892.
- COYLE, JAMES, substitute, enrolled July 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- CRAMER, SAMUEL, enlisted September 2, 1861; died July 6, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- CHRONISTER, JOHN D., enlisted September 2, 1861; died September 25, 1862, of wounds received at Battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Sec. 26, Lot C, Grave 337.
- CHRONISTER, STEWART, enlisted September 2, 1861; drowned April 16, 1862, in South Carolina, while bathing.
- DAVIS, JAMES C., enlisted February 25, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Wabash, Ind.
- DENNIS, JAMES I., enlisted February 29, 1864; discharged by general order May 29, 1865; residence, Wigton, Clearfield Co., Pa.
- DETER, GEORGE C., enlisted February 17, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 15, 1865; residence, Greysville, Pa.
- DETER, WM., enlisted March 11, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Buffalo, Wyoming.
- DEVORE, JESSE, enlisted March 5, 1864; died June 9, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, Va.
- DITZWORTH, HIRAM G., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to First Regiment U. S. Cavalry, date unknown.
- DUGAN, PAUL, substitute, enrolled January 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Cementon, Lehigh Co., Pa.
- DUNLAP, BENJAMIN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1862.
- ELLENBARGER, CHRISTIAN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 16, 1862; died at Port Matilda, Pa., September 20, 1902.
- ELLENBARGER, WM., enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died May 23, 1908; buried in Ross Cemetery near Gatesburg, Center Co., Pa.

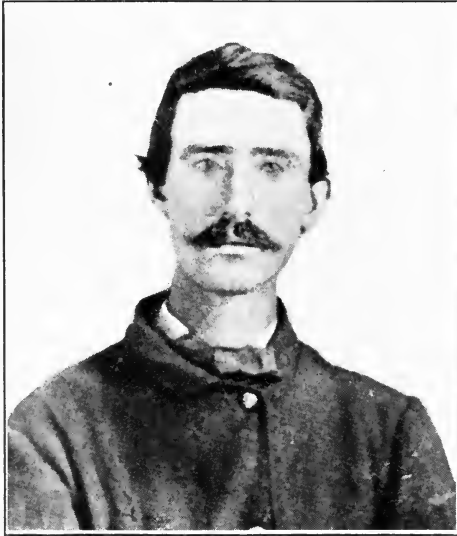


W. H. Fry
Company E

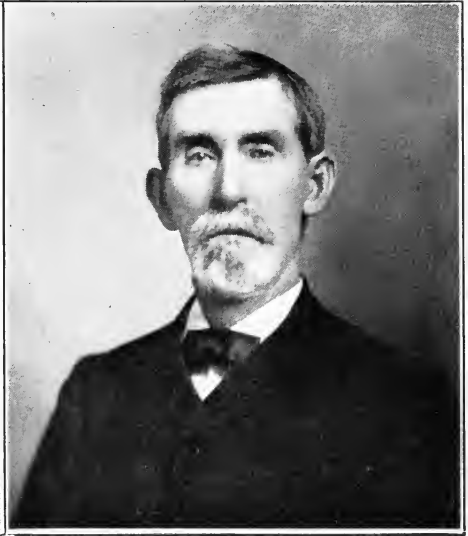
- EWING, JEREMIAH, enlisted March 11, 1864; wounded two different times and discharged on surgeon's certificate May 29, 1865; died at Charter Oak, Huntingdon Co., Pa., April 23, 1905.
- EWING, ROBERT, enlisted February 16, 1864; killed at the battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864.
- EYER, SAMUEL, enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at Battle of Wilderness and captured in front of Petersburg, Va.; prisoner of war nine months; absent, sick, at muster out; died near Charter Oak, Ia.
- FISHER, SEBASTIAN, drafted September 22, 1864; discharged by special order June 8, 1865; died at Pine Glen, Center Co., Pa., date unknown.
- FLANAGAN, MICHAEL, substitute, enrolled January 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- FLORA, JESSE A., enlisted February 29, 1864; captured September 30, 1864, at Poplar Grove Church, Va.; died at Millen, Ga., October 29, 1864; buried in Sec. A, Grave 311.
- FORCE, JEFFERSON, drafted December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Pine Glen, Center Co., Pa., October 20, 1910.
- FOSTENBURY, GEORGE, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died December 29, 1901.
- FRY, JONAS, enlisted February 29, 1864; died July 31, 1864; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave 2483.
- FRY, WM. H., enlisted October 17, 1861; wounded at the battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 24, 1863; residence, near Pine Grove Mills, Center Co., Pa.
- FULLER, GEO. F., drafted November 13, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- FUNK, HENRY P., enlisted September 2, 1861; died November 26, 1863, from wounds received in action November 16, 1863, at battle of Campbells Station, Tenn.; buried at Knoxville, Tenn., Grave 58.
- GATES, CALEB, enlisted September 2, 1861; died December 6, 1863, of wounds received at Knoxville, Tenn., November 27, 1863.
- GEARHART, WM., enlisted March 22, 1864; captured at battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., December 10, 1864.
- GILLILAND, JOHN, drafted November 22, 1864; residence, East Waterford, Juniata Co., Pa.
- GLENN, WM. B., enlisted February 29, 1864; captured at Poplar Springs Church, Va.; died at Salisbury, N. C., December 10, 1864.
- GOLDMAN, NOAH S., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 12, 1862; died ———, 1910.
- GOSS, LLOYD, enlisted March 22, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 1, 1864; residence, Bellwood, Pa.
- HALDERMAN, REUBEN, enlisted September 2, 1861; killed at Battle of the Wilderness May 6, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial grounds.
- HARPSTER, DANIEL B., enlisted September 2, 1861; captured September 30, 1864, at battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va.; died at Salisbury prison, N. C., February 9, 1865.

- HOFFMAN, JOHN A., drafted September 19, 1864; discharged by special order June 8, 1865.
- HOOD, FRANCIS, substitute, enrolled January 4, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HUNTER, WM., enlisted February 24, 1864; killed at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial grounds.
- HUTCHINSON, JOSEPH, enlisted February 29, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out.
- IRVIN, ANDREW, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Belleville, Mifflin Co., Pa., November 3, 1906.
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 16, 1863.
- JOHNSTON, A. W., enlisted February 26, 1864; killed at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial grounds.
- KAUFFMAN, JACOB C., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 16, 1863.
- KAUFFMAN, JACOB E., enlisted February 26, 1864; captured, date unknown; died at Andersonville prison, Ga., September 17, 1864; Grave 8999.
- KAUFFMAN, SAMUEL D., enlisted February 23, 1864; captured, date unknown; died at Andersonville prison, Ga., July 30, 1864; Grave 4293.
- KELLY, JEROME B., substitute, enrolled September 20, 1864; wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., January 10, 1865; sent to hospital; discharged by general order May 19, 1865; residence, Ariel, Wayne Co., Pa.
- KENNEDY, DAVID A., enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Cumberland, Md., date unknown.
- KRIDER, HENRY H., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 22, 1863; died October 17, 1900.
- KRIDER, JOSIAH, enlisted September 2, 1861; died December 1, 1863, of wounds received November 16, 1863, at battle of Campbells Station, Tenn.
- KRIDER, MICHAEL W., enlisted February 26, 1864; killed at the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- KRIDER, SAMUEL, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; residence, Windber, Somerset Co., Pa.
- LAGO, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 6, 1862; dead.
- LEMON, JOHN R., enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 1, 1865; residence, Gatesburg, Center Co., Pa.
- LIGHTNER, DAVID, enlisted September 2, 1861; died of wounds received at the battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery at Antietam, Sec. 26, Lot D, Grave 341.
- LINGLE, GEO. W., enlisted March 22, 1864; died May 4, 1865, of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
- LINGLE, THOS. M., enlisted March 22, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 1, 1865; residence, Shawville, Clearfield Co., Pa.
- LOCKARD, THOMAS, drafted June 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- LOTT, JAMES, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 22, 1862.

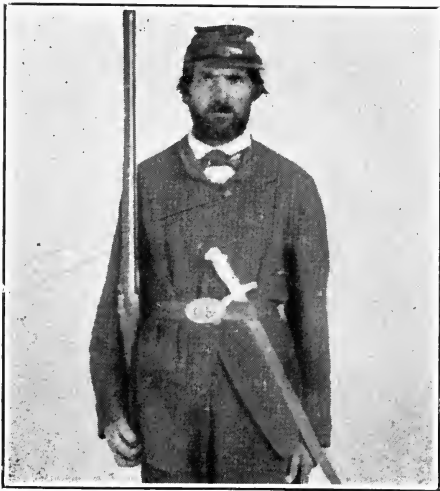
COMPANY E



David Love
1862



David Love
1909



William Ellenberger



G. M. Marks



- LOVE, DAVID, enlisted September 2, 1861; seriously wounded on picket line in front of Petersburg, Va., January —, 1865; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 29, 1865; died at Bellefonte April 23, 1911.
- LYNCH, LEANDER S., substitute, enrolled September 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- MCCARDLE, JEFFERSON, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Burnham, Mifflin Co., Pa.
- MCCLELLEN, WM., enlisted September 2, 1861; drowned at Fredericksburg, Va., January 9, 1863.
- MARKS, GEO. M., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 20, 1863; residence, Port Matilda, Pa.
- MAYES, JAMES, enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 15, 1862; died November 22, 1911.
- MAYES, THOMAS A., enlisted September 28, 1864; discharged by special order June 8, 1865; died at Philipsburg, Pa., about 1906.
- MEADE, GEORGE, substitute, enrolled December 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MERRIMAN, GEORGE W., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 14, 1863; died April 16, 1909.
- MILLER, CAMPBELL, drafted, enrolled September 21, 1864; discharged June 8, 1865, by special order; died at Cumberland, Md., January 21, 1910.
- MILLER, HENRY, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 2018 Eighth Avenue, Altoona, Pa.
- MILLER, PENROSE, enlisted February 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MILLER, ROBERT, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Bellefonte, Pa.
- MILLER, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Camp Nelson, Ky., October 1, 1863.
- MINGLE, GEORGE, enlisted March 22, 1864; died May 5, 1865, of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; buried at Alexandria, Grave 3115.
- MITCHELL, ALFRED, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- MONSEL, JOSEPH, enlisted September 2, 1861; died of disease at Newport News, Va., July 23, 1864.
- MOORE, WM., enlisted March 10, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out.
- MURPHY, HARRISON, drafted June 29, 1864; deserted May 24, 1865.
- MURPHY, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, National Military Home, Ohio.
- MYERS, JOSEPH W., enlisted February 29, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 10, 1865; residence, West Decatur, Clearfield Co., Pa.
- MYERS, SAMUEL H., enlisted February 29, 1864; captured at battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury prison, N. C., February 15, 1865.
- MYRON, BENJAMIN, substitute, enrolled January 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- NORMAN, GEORGE T., enlisted January 4, 1864; discharged by general order June 19, 1865.

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- PETERS, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability October 7, 1861.
- PIERCE, ISAAC T., enlisted February 23, 1864; discharged by general order June 6, 1865.
- PIERY, JOHN C., enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Fortress Monroe, Va., January 1, 1862.
- POORMAN, WM. A., enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, DuBois, Pa.
- PRICE, THOMAS, drafted September 28, 1864; discharged by special order June 8, 1865; died October 1, 1901.
- RAMSBARGER, JOHN, drafted November 13, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 29, 1865; died February 23, 1898.
- RAY, DAVID, enlisted September 2, 1861; sent to hospital in summer of 1864; died on hospital steamer September 1, 1864; buried at sea.
- RIDER, JOHN G., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 23, 1862; died at Gatesburg, Pa., June 8, 1898.
- RIDER, JOHN W., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 10, 1862; died at Gatesburg, Pa., May 22, 1896.
- RIDER, MICHAEL C., enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died several years ago in Kansas.
- RILEY, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- ROACH, JAMES H., enlisted March 11, 1864; killed in Battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
- ROBINSON, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- RYAN, DENNIS, enlisted September 2, 1861; captured September 30, 1864, at battle of Poplar Springs Church, Va.; died in Salisbury prison, N. C., February 12, 1865.
- SCHMOCK, HERMAN, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; deserted May 20, 1865.
- SHEARER, ABRAHAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; died January 15, 1865.
- SIMS, JOHN T., enlisted February 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Tyrone, Pa.
- SIMS, WESLEY, enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Knoxville, Tenn., January 16, 1864; Grave 85, U. S. Government Cemetery.
- SMITH, DAVID, drafted June 4, 1864; deserted June 15, 1865.
- SUMMERS, JACOB, substitute, enrolled December 19, 1864; deserted May 23, 1865.
- TAYLOR, JAMES H., drafted November 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Hancock, Md., March 29, 1910.
- THOMPSON, WM. H., enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Fredericksburg, Va., May 8, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- TWADDLE, JAMES, drafted June 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- ULRICH, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Middletown, Md., October 19, 1862, of wound received at battle of South Mountain September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery at Antietam, Sec. 26, Lot A, Grave 333.

- VAN DYKE, BENJAMIN, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, date unknown.
- VOSBURG, JOSEPH B., enlisted March 22, 1864; wounded at Battle of Wilderness, May 6, 1864, with loss of right arm; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 16, 1865.
- WAY, DANIEL W., enlisted February 24, 1864; killed in battle at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864.
- WAY, JACOB E., enlisted February 24, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 18, 1865; died December 19, 1899, from effects of wound in right arm; buried in cemetery near Stormstown, Pa.
- WESTON, FRANCIS A., enlisted September 2, 1861; died at Camp Casey, Md., November 13, 1861.
- WESTON, GEO. W., enlisted February 26, 1864; wounded at battle of Spottsylvania Court House May 12, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 1, 1865; died February 16, 1889.
- WESTON, GRAFFIUS, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 9, 1863; died at Port Matilda, Center Co., Pa., November 22, 1906.
- WIGFIELD, MOSES, drafted July 5, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Cheneyville, Bedford Co., Pa.
- WILSON, ALBERT, enlisted February 9, 1864; died June 25, 1864, of wounds received at battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery at Arlington, Va.
- WOODS, HENRY, substitute, enrolled January 4, 1865; deserted May 23, 1865.
- WRYE, WM. H., enlisted February 24, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Va., August 14, 1864.
- ZIEGLER, WM., substitute, enrolled January 4, 1865; taken prisoner in Ft. Mahone in front of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY F

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN L. W. LORD.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- CHARLES E. PARKER, captain; enlisted October 16, 1861; resigned March 24, 1862; died ———, 1870.
- THEODORE GREGG, captain; enlisted October 27, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; promoted from adjutant to captain March 24, 1862; to lieutenant colonel September 29, 1864.
- ROLAND C. CHEESEMAN, captain, enlisted August 20, 1861; promoted from second lieutenant Company A to captain Company F September 29, 1864; transferred to Company A March 24, 1865.
- LAFAYETTE W. LORD, captain; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal July 1, 1864; to first lieutenant September 29, 1864; to captain Company A December 17, 1864; transferred to Company F March 24, 1865; wounded at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, National Military Home, Kansas.

- GEORGE S. REDFIELD, first lieutenant; enlisted September 21, 1861; resigned April 14, 1862; dead.
- GEORGE P. SCUDDER, first lieutenant; enlisted October 16, 1861; promoted from second lieutenant to first lieutenant April 21, 1862; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- JACOB W. MEESE, first lieutenant; enlisted August 16, 1861; promoted from sergeant major to second lieutenant January 31, 1865; to first lieutenant May 21, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, No. 526 145th Street, New York, N. Y.
- JAMES E. WOODMANSEE, second lieutenant; enlisted October 17, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant April 21, 1862; resigned August 1, 1862; residence, Hancock, N. Y.
- RICHARD HUMPHREY, second lieutenant; enlisted October 1, 1861; promoted to first sergeant April 1, 1863; to second lieutenant July 7, 1863, (not mustered); killed in battle at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863.
- ADOLPHUS D. CAMPBELL, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal January 15, 1862; to sergeant April 4, 1863; to first sergeant July 7, 1863; wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863; promoted to second lieutenant June 21, 1864; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; discharged December 9, 1864; veteran; address, No. 373 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y.
- WESLEY GOULD, second lieutenant; enlisted October 1, 1861; wounded September 14, 1862, at South Mountain, Md.; wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam; promoted to corporal April 4, 1863; to sergeant July 8, 1863; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; discharged by special order May 29, 1865; promoted to second lieutenant from civil life June 12, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Hancock, N. Y.; veteran.

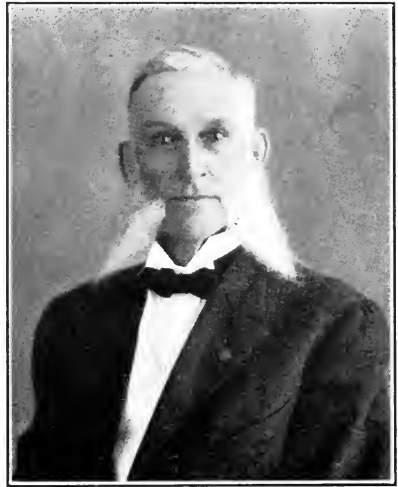
NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- NATHAN D. GUILD, first sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to first sergeant April 21, 1862; wounded September 14, 1862; died April 12, 1864; body sent home.
- ZEPHANIAH WORDEN, first sergeant; enlisted October 5, 1861; promoted to corporal April 17, 1863; to sergeant July 18, 1863; wounded October 10, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn.; promoted to first sergeant May 1, 1865; veteran; residence, No. 2716 Ellis Street, Bellingham, Wash.
- GILBERT VANDUSEN, first sergeant; enlisted October 11, 1861; promoted to corporal July 14, 1862; to sergeant June 12, 1864; wounded July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged April 13, 1865; veteran; died February 1, 1908.
- WILLIAM NEER, sergeant; enlisted September 3, 1861; promoted to corporal August 20, 1863; wounded July 25, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; promoted to sergeant May 1, 1865; veteran; residence, West Fulton, New York.
- JONAS KILBURN, sergeant; enlisted September 16, 1861; promoted to corporal August 20, 1863; wounded May 6, 1864, at Battle of Wilderness; promoted to sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; unknown.

COMPANY F



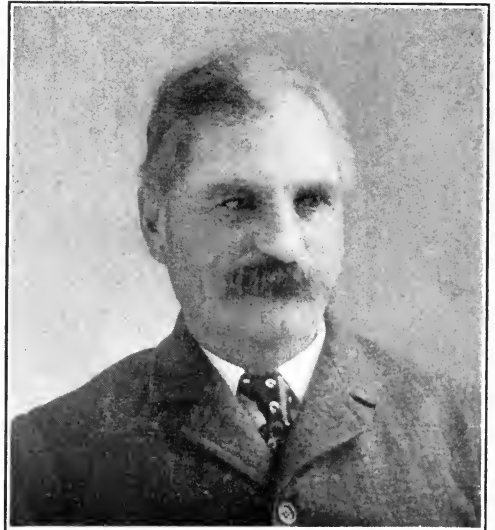
Capt. L. W. Lord
1864



Capt. L. W. Lord
August, 1910



First Lieut. Geo. P. Scudder
Killed June 3, 1864



First Sergt. Zephaniah Worden



- JOHN HUGHES, sergeant; enlisted September 3, 1861; promoted to sergeant June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; address, National Soldiers' Home, Tenn.
- GEORGE PALMER, enlisted October 16, 1861; promoted to corporal September 1, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; promoted to sergeant June 1, 1865; veteran; unknown.
- JACOB T. BRAZIE, sergeant; enlisted September 3, 1861; promoted to corporal April 17, —; sergeant July 18, 1863; wounded at Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; discharged by general order May 29, 1865; veteran; residence, Cadosia, Delaware Co., N. Y.
- JOHN H. BUSH, sergeant; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal May 1, 1862; to sergeant June 10, 1864; wounded July 25, 1864; discharged by general order May 29, 1865; veteran; Windsor, N. Y. (R. F. D.)
- FRANCIS SEELEY, sergeant; enlisted September 16, 1861; promoted to corporal July 15, 1863; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; promoted to sergeant June 12, 1864; killed July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; veteran.
- LEWIS F. HILL, sergeant; enlisted September 8, 1861; promoted to corporal October 22, 1862; to sergeant April 20, 1863; wounded July 11, 1863, at Jackson, Miss.; died July 14, 1863.
- LOREN A. WEBSTER, —; promoted to corporal July 14, 1862; wounded September 17, 1862; discharged December 13, 1862; unknown.
- WHEELER O. MERRICK, enlisted September 19, 1861; promoted to corporal May 18, 1863; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va., July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; absent, in hospital, at muster out; veteran; died July 23, 1906.
- JOHN D. PALMER, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded May 7, 1864, at Wilderness; promoted to corporal October 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; died September 30, 1908.
- CHARLES FEROW, corporal; enlisted March 28, 1864; promoted to corporal March 1, 1865; wounded April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Equinunk, Pa.
- THOMAS R. BENNER, corporal; enlisted March 9, 1864; wounded April 2, 1865; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; died December 3, 1898.
- JOHN TEEPLE, corporal; enlisted March 28, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Equinunk, Pa.
- JAMES DUNCAN, corporal; enlisted January 29, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865.
- WILLIAM YOUNG, corporal; enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, August 19, 1864, and April 2, 1865, at Petersburg, Va.; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; absent, sick, at muster out; died May 6, 1890.
- WILLIAM H. HAVENS, corporal; substitute; enrolled July 27, 1864; promoted to corporal June 24, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WILLIAM LOVE, corporal; substitute; enrolled July 29, 1864; promoted to corporal June 14, 1865; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9, 1865; mustered out with company; address, Lancaster, Pa.

- NATHANIEL BLOOM, corporal; enlisted September 3, 1861; promoted to corporal November 11, 1862; wounded July 27, 1864; discharged May 29, 1865; veteran; died March 10, 1900.
- JOSEPH HANDLONG, corporal; enlisted September 28, 1861; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 25, 1864; promoted to corporal March 1, 1865; discharged June 14, 1865; veteran; residence, White Haven, Pa.
- JOHN W. LEWIS, corporal; enlisted September 30, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps January 15, 1864; residence, Little Marsh, Pa.
- ISAAC CHAMBERLAIN, corporal; enlisted September 5, 1861; promoted to corporal April 23, 1863; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died December 27, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.; veteran.
- CHARLES H. MONROE, corporal; enlisted September 14, 1861; promoted to corporal September 1, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died February 15, 1865, at Salisbury, N. C.; veteran.
- GEORGE W. HAINES, corporal; enlisted September 2, 1861; promoted to corporal April 20, 1863; killed July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; veteran.
- EDWARD ROBERTS, musician; enlisted March 16, 1864; appointed drummer; wounded at Bethesda Church, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at No. 29 Thirteenth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- JAMES COOLEY, musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; appointed musician October 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, No. 506 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
- JAMES H. GUILLE, musician; enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died March 8, 1877.

PRIVATES.

- ANDERSON, SAMUEL, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted June 16, 1865.
- ARNOLD, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- BAILEY, GEORGE W., enlisted October 1, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 13, 1863.
- BAILEY, JOHN D., enlisted March 20, 1862; joined company May 7, 1862; mustered out March 19, 1865, at expiration of term of service; died May 21, 1909.
- BAILEY, LUCIEN, enlisted September 30, 1861; died December 11, 1861; buried at Fortress Monroe, Va.
- BAILEY, REUBEN, enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded July 24, 1864; died July 26, 1864; buried in Ninth Corps Cemetery, Meade Station, Va.; veteran.
- BALDWIN, SOLOMON, enlisted February 24, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteer, June 19, 1864.
- BARNFIELD, JOHN F. M., enlisted March 21, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; died March 26, 1865, at Baltimore, Md.
- BARRY, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 19, 1861; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9, 1865; mustered out with company at expiration of service.
- BECAFT, ROBERT, enlisted September 2, 1861; died March 7, 1864, at his home; veteran.

- BENNETT, AARON, enlisted May 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- BIRGE, WILLIAM H., enlisted October 12, 1864; discharged by general order June 29, 1865; absent, sick, at muster out; died November 19, 1909.
- BLOUGH, JOSEPH, enlisted May 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- BOEL, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- BOSTICK, JOSEPH, enlisted August 14, 1862; discharged by general order May 20, 1865; absent, sick, at muster out.
- BRAITHWAITE, JOHN, substitute, enrolled July 28, 1864; killed in battle September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va.
- BRAMHALL, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 23, 1864; deserted March 23, 1865.
- BROWN, AUGUSTUS R., substitute, enrolled November 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BROWN, HARVEY, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company C November 1, 1862.
- BROWN, SAMUEL, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BRYAN, THOMAS, substitute, enrolled December 21, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- BURKHEISER, HENRY, enlisted August 11, 1862; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865.
- BUSH, DANIEL, drafted September 21, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; address, Analomink, Pa.
- BUTLER, THOMAS J., enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 22, 1862; unknown.
- BYKE, SAMUEL, enlisted August 20, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 13, 1863.
- CAMPBELL, JOHN, enlisted September 3, 1861; died August 29, 1863; buried in a churchyard at Nicholasville, Ky.
- CARL, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- CHANDLER, JOHN M., enlisted September 3, 1861; wounded September 17, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; dead, date unknown.
- CHRISNER, GEORGE C., enlisted March 7, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- CHRISNER, SAMUEL, enlisted March 7, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- CLUNE, JAMES, enlisted September 16, 1861; deserted April 10, 1863.
- CODDINGTON, ELIAS, enlisted October 11, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 23, 1863; killed in a steam mill, ———, 1870.
- COLE, ISAAC W., enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded September 14, 1862, at South Mountain, Md.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; date unknown.

- CONKLIN, JAMES G., substitute, enrolled November 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- CONWAY, HUGH, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- COX, ABRAHAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- CRAFT, JAMES H., enlisted October 9, 1861; never joined company.
- CRANDALL, JOSEPH, enlisted September 18, 1861; died April 19, 1862, in S. C.
- DAVALD, CIVILIAN, enlisted October 8, 1861; died July 22, 1863, in Mississippi.
- DAVISON, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled December 29, 1864; deserted January 1, 1865.
- DEAL, JOHN, drafted, enrolled December 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died April 6, 1906.
- DEMANDER, LINUS, enlisted September 3, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died September —, 1910.
- DICKSON, SAMUEL, enlisted February 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- DRUMMOND, ROBERT, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- DUTCHER, NATHAN, drafted November 21, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died December 20, 1891.
- EATON, CHARLES, substitute, enrolled December 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- EDWARDS, JASPER E., enlisted September 27, 1861; wounded July 25, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; unknown.
- EITLE, FREDERICK, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 30, 1862.
- ELDRED, MORRIS, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died January 20, 1889.
- FERREL, THOMAS, enlisted March 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- FLYNN, FRANCIS, enlisted October 1, 1861; wounded July 30, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; mustered out April 7, 1865, at expiration of term of service; died July 11, 1911.
- FRANCIS, WILLIAM, enlisted September 19, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; unknown.
- FRASIER, ANDREW, enlisted September 19, 1861; died September 11, 1862.
- FRENCH, WILLIAM A., substitute, enrolled December 19, 1864; deserted January 24, 1865.
- FULMAN, MOKE, substitute, enrolled July 27, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 14, 1865.
- GIFFORD, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; died November 24, 1861, at Fortress Monroe, Va.
- GILLOW, WILLIAM, enlisted March 30, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 6, 1865; died June 10, 1899.
- GOW, JOHN H., substitute, enrolled December 3, 1864; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

- GRIFFIS, JOSEPH, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 31, 1862.
- GRIFFITH, RICHARD, substitute, enrolled December 23, 1864; discharged by special order June 27, 1865; resides near Liverpool, England.
- HANNA, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HARTMAN, PERCIVAL G., enlisted February 25, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HAUNTY, JOHN, drafted December 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HAUX, CHARLES F., substitute, enrolled November 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HERMAN, HENRY, substitute, enrolled August 1, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died November 26, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
- HILL, ALBRO F., enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 15, 1863; dead, date unknown.
- HINTON, JOSEPH, enlisted August 30, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 30, 1862.
- HOULAHAN, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled September 23, 1863; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9, 1865; died October 16, 1889.
- HOPKINS, ANDREW J., enlisted September 6, 1862; killed May 6, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial grounds.
- HORN, THADDEUS, drafted December 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died November 19, 1898.
- HOTELLING, ELLIS P., enlisted October 9, 1861; wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam; discharged December 30, 1862; unknown.
- HUDSON, CHARLES, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted March 13, 1865.
- HUNTLEY, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted January 1, 1865.
- HURD, JAMES, enlisted September 23, 1861; killed at battle of South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Sec. 26, Lot C, Grave 297.
- JENKINS, HOPKINS, substitute, enrolled December 19, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- JONES, GEORGE C., enlisted February 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; address, Tilton, N. H.
- KAHN, LOUIS, substitute, enrolled July 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- KAIN, WILLIAM H., substitute, enrolled July 29, 1864; killed in battle at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864.
- KENNEDY, JAMES, enlisted September 3, 1861; wounded September 14, 1862, at South Mountain, Md.; discharged June 14, 1865, for wounds received at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864; veteran; unknown.
- KILBURN, SOLOMON, enlisted September 16, 1861; deserted April 30, 1863.
- KLINGLER, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled August 1, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 14, 1865; died July 5, 1897.

- KRINER, PHILIP, drafted December 8, 1864; killed in battle at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
- KUHNS, SAMUEL, enlisted March 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- LASH, JOSEPH, drafted November 22, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September —, 1909.
- LEBOLD, CHAS. B., substitute, enrolled December 19, 1864; killed in battle at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
- LECLERE, CHARLES L., substitute, enrolled December 1, 1864; discharged by general order June 16, 1865.
- LEHER, JACOB, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- LESTER, ALFRED, enlisted September 12, 1861; wounded May 26, 1864, at North Anna, Va.; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died May 6, 1899.
- LESTER, JOSEPH, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 14, 1862; unknown.
- LOEFFLER, SAMUEL, enlisted March 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- LONG, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company C November 1, 1862.
- LONG, WILLIAM, enlisted September 2, 1861; absent, sick, at muster out.
- LORD, HENRY, enlisted October 1, 1861; wounded July 20, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged December —, 1864; veteran; unknown.
- MCALLISTER, HENRY, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 24, 1862.
- MCCALE, JOHN, drafted July 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MCCOY, HENRY, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MCGUIRE, FRANK, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- McKENNEY, CHARLES H., substitute, enrolled July 28, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died December 25, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
- MCLEOD, JOHN, substitute, enrolled July 28, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; discharged by general order June 27, 1865.
- MCSORLEY, JOHN, substitute, enrolled July 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- McWILLIAMS, JOHN C., substitute, enrolled November 11, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MAINE, SYDILIAN, enlisted October 9, 1861; died October 1, 1862.
- MARVIN, WILLIAM O., enlisted October 1, 1861; died at Edisto Island, S. C., June 13, 1862.
- MAYES, THOMAS, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- MERRESCHAERT, ADOLPH, substitute, enrolled July 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died October 14, 1904.
- MERRICK, MOSES, enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; died July 10, 1864; buried at Chester, Pa.

- METCALF, ISAAC, enlisted February 27, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died December 23, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
- METZING, BERNARD, substitute; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; joined Rebel Army November 2, 1864.
- MINARD, ZILLAR, enlisted September 16, 1861; discharged October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- MISTLER, NOAH, enlisted March 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864; 1239 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.
- MISTLER, SAMUEL, enlisted March 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864; died February 6, 1904.
- MOGRIDGE, GEORGE, enlisted March 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Equinunk, Pa.
- MOHR, ADOLPH, substitute, enrolled July 30, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, until March 1, 1865; discharged by general order May 15, 1865.
- MOONEY, JOHN, enlisted October 1, 1861; wounded May 6, 1864, at Battle of Wilderness; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December —, 1864.
- MOONEY, MICHAEL, enlisted March 23, 1864 wounded at Bethesda Church, Va., May 31, 1864; died July 9, 1864, of wounds.
- MOORE, ALFRED, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- MOORE, ROBERT H., substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted January 1, 1865.
- MORGAN, JOHN, substitute, enrolled September 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MORROW, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted June 16, 1865.
- O'GRADY, GEORGE H., substitute, enrolled November 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; unknown.
- OSTERHAUDT, GEORGE, enlisted September 14, 1861; discharged October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- OTTO, JOHN, substitute, enrolled February 23, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died December 29, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
- PALMER, OBADIAH, enlisted September 17, 1861; wounded with loss of leg at Antietam, September 17, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 6, 1863; unknown.
- PARKER, BADLEY N., enlisted November 27, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 8, 1865; died April 2, 1865, at Baltimore, Md.
- PARKER, CHARLES W., enlisted September 5, 1861; wounded May 6, 1864, at Battle of Wilderness; absent, sick, at muster out; veteran; residence, Algona, Ia.
- PARNELL, GEORGE W., drafted November 1, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865.
- PERRY, GEORGE, substitute, enrolled November 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- PRUNER, ROBERT, enlisted August 14, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.

- PURDY, LEWIS M., enlisted October 25, 1861; died January 3, 1862, at Otter Island, S. C.
- RICE, AUSTIN D., enlisted September 19, 1861; wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam, with loss of leg; discharged, ———; address, Wellsboro, Pa.
- ROCK, JAMES, enlisted March 17, 1864; died June 9, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 14, 1864; buried at Philadelphia, Pa.
- ROEMER, HENRY, substitute, enrolled July 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- RUSSELL, GEORGE W., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 8, 1862; unknown.
- SAXON, LYMAN H., enlisted October 9, 1861; wounded May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania C. H., Va.; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps December —, 1864; veteran; unknown.
- SCHELKOPH, CHRISTIAN, substitute, enrolled July 29, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out.
- SCHERMERHORN, GEORGE, enlisted October 1, 1861; missing August 25, 1863, reported deserter.
- SCHIBINER, CHRISTIAN, substitute, enlisted August 1, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 31, 1865.
- SCHMIDT, ANTON, substitute, enrolled July 30, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out.
- SCHNARR, REUBEN, enlisted September 4, 1861; taken prisoner December 14, 1863; died June 5, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., Grave 1632.
- SEGAR, GEORGE, enlisted October 14, 1861; transferred to Company C November 1, 1862.
- SHAFFER, JOHN, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company C November 1, 1862.
- SHAFFER, JOHN S., enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 18, 1864; residence, Sayville, N. Y.; veteran; mustered out with the organization.
- SHIRK, JAMES, enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.
- SLOCUM, AMOS, enlisted September 8, 1861; died March 21, 1862, at Otter Island, S. C.
- SMITH, CHARLES, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted January 17, 1865.
- SMITH, CHARLES, enlisted September 3, 1861; transferred to Company D.
- SMITH, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 22, 1864; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SMITH, SIMON, drafted November 11, 1861; taken prisoner April 2, 1865; recaptured April 9, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SODER, CONRAD, substitute, enrolled July 28, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died November 6, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
- STEVENSON, THEODORE, enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- STONE, HENRY H., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.
- STONE, HERBERT M., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 24, 1862.

- STONE, RALPH, substitute, enrolled July 20, 1864; absent at muster out.
- STRINGER, FREDERICK, substitute, enrolled July 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SULLIVAN, MICHAEL, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SWORD, WENDLE, enlisted August 20, 1861; transferred to Company D November 1, 1862.
- TEEPLE, DEPUY, enlisted September 8, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged March 16, 1863; unknown.
- TEEPLE, CHRISTOPHER, enlisted September 17, 1861; wounded October 10, 1863, at Blue Springs, Tenn., June 7, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged ———, 1864; veteran; died June 11, 1890.
- TEEPLE, LEVI, enlisted March 28, 1864; discharged June 10, 1863; died January 4, 1905.
- TERWILLEGER, JOHN S., enlisted September 20, 1861; died November 9, 1862, at Knoxville, Md.
- THOMAS, DANIEL, enlisted September 3, 1861; discharged September 16, 1862, on surgeon's certificate; unknown.
- THOMAS, HENRY, enlisted March 17, 1864; wounded June 18, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- TYLER, JOHN E., enlisted August 10, 1862; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H., Va., May 12, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; address, Columbia, Pa.
- UNBURN, HENRY, enlisted March 17, 1864; transferred to Fifty-fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers June 19, 1864.
- UPDEGRAFF, JEREMIAH, enlisted February 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died May 1, 1873.
- WARD, JOHN, enlisted August 22, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service.
- WARREN, DANIEL C., enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; unknown.
- WARREN, PHILANDER S., enlisted September 2, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown.
- WENDLE, EDWARD, substitute, enrolled July 27, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WHIPPLE, MASON K., enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded June 3, at Cold Harbor, Va.; discharged October 20, 1864; at expiration of term; address, R. F. D. No. 6, Susquehanna, Pa.
- WHITNEY, ALFRED, enlisted March 25, 1861; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; died November 28, 1864, at Salisbury, N. C.
- WILDES, JAMES H., enlisted September 14, 1861; died November 18, 1861; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery, Washington, D. C.
- WILLIAMS, BAYMAN, substitute, enrolled July 28, 1864; wounded and taken prisoner September 30, 1864; paroled March 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WILLIAMS, CHARLES, never joined the company.
- WILSON, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted June 16, 1865.

- WINKLER, JAMES, enlisted September 2, 1861; wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; discharged March 12, 1863; died January 28, 1902.
- WOODMANSEE, SYLVESTER, enlisted September 5, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 14, 1862; died December 9, 1909.
- YAHNSON, WILLIAM, substitute, enrolled July 28, 1864; taken prisoner September 30, 1864; joined the Rebel Army.
- YOUNG, JOHN, substitute, enrolled December 20, 1864; deserted from picket line March 11, 1865.

ROSTER OF COMPANY G

RECRUITED IN TIOGA COUNTY.

COMPILED BY SERGEANT EUGENE BEAUGE AND APPROVED BY LIEUT. JOHN J. ROGERS.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- NELSON WHITNEY, captain, recruited Company G; enlisted September 18, 1861; resigned July 31, 1862; died May 27, 1912.
- REES G. RICHARDS, captain; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from first sergeant to second lieutenant July 31, 1862; to captain September 14, 1862; reenlisted as veteran January 1, 1864; prisoner from July 30, 1864, to February 16, 1865; appointed brigade inspector May 11, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Steubenville, Ohio.
- W. T. FITZGERALD, first lieutenant; enlisted October 18, 1861; resigned May 23, 1862; resides at Bellefonte, Pa.
- JOHN J. REESE, second lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; resigned July 31, 1862; died in Richmond Township, Tioga Co., Pa., June 6, 1910.
- SAMUEL HAYNES, first lieutenant; promoted from first sergeant Company I June 27, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died at Oil City, Pa., October 13, 1899.
- JOHN J. ROGERS, first lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal November 1, 1861; to sergeant September 1, 1862; to first sergeant March 18, 1863; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; promoted to first lieutenant December 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- EPHRAIM JEFFERS, second lieutenant; enlisted September 26, 1861; promoted to first sergeant September 1, 1862; to second lieutenant March 17, 1863; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded before Petersburg July 21, 1864; discharged on account of wound September 2, 1864; died in Wellsboro, Pa., May 1, 1908.
- THOMAS J. DAVIES, second lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; promoted from corporal to sergeant March 17, 1863; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864; also before Petersburg, Va., July 24, 1864; promoted to first sergeant January 1, 1865; to second lieutenant January 31, 1865; wounded again in assault on works before Petersburg April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides in Charleston Township, Tioga Co., Pa.; address, Wellsboro, Pa., R. F. D. No. 8.

COMPANY G



Sergt. David E. Bowen



Corporal Samuel R. Rogers



Corporal John H. Robbins



Corporal John H. Robbins

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- DAVID L. BACON, first sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant September 1, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to first sergeant December 16, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 1, 1865; discharged by general order June 3, 1865; died at Humbolt, Neb., March 31, 1896.
- JASPER R. WHITE, first sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Blue Springs, Tenn., Oct. 10, 1863; wounded before Petersburg, July 4, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, until March 1, 1865; promoted from corporal to sergeant May 1, 1865; to first sergeant June 3, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Nelson, Pa., February 3, 1895.
- DAVID E. BOWEN, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal April 1864; to sergeant January 1, 1865; wounded before Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- DAVID H. BELCHER, sergeant; enlisted December 6, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March, 1865; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; to sergeant June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at No. 508 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.
- EUGENE BEAUGE, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; appointed clerk for the adjutant December 28, 1864; promoted to sergeant June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- CHARLES T. KELLEY, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal February 3, 1863; reenlisted January 1, 1864; served as color bearer from June 18, 1864, to September 30, 1864; promoted to sergeant March 18, 1865; wounded in assault on works before Petersburg April 2, 1865; discharged on account of wound June 27, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- LYMAN W. THOMPSON, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant September 1, 1862; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died in Charleston Township, Tioga Co., Pa., September 7, 1910.
- TILDEN C. CRUTTENDEN, sergeant; enlisted October 6, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant December 8, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded and captured at mine explosion before Petersburg July 30, 1864; died in Petersburg, Va., August 31, 1864.
- DAVID WILCOX, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 31, 1862; died November 5, 1907.
- WM. L. REESE, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 28, 1862; died in Charleston Township, Tioga Co., Pa., January 30, 1885.
- JOHN H. ROBBINS, corporal, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides in Covington Township, Tioga Co., Pa.; address, Wellsboro, Pa., R. F. D. No. 9.
- DAVID W. REESE, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded before Petersburg, Va., July 20, 1864; captured April 2, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 21, 1884.

- JOHN J. JOHNSON, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; prisoner from July 30, 1864, to February 25, 1865; promoted to corporal May, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- THOMAS J. ROGERS, corporal; enlisted February 25, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Danville, Pa.
- DAVID H. UPDIKE, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died since the war, date unknown.
- WILLIAM F. WILLARD, corporal; enlisted January 17, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at National Soldiers' Home, Danville, Ill.
- WILLIAM E. PECK, enlisted February 20, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died in Richmond Township, Tioga Co., Pa., August 20, 1905.
- SAMUEL R. ROGERS, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal January 1, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 7, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides in Covington Township, Tioga Co., Pa.; address, Wellsboro, Pa., R. F. D., No. 9.
- JAMES K. TILLOTSON, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal January 1, 1862; prisoner from November 18, 1863, to July 1, 1864; mustered out December 15, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died in Cleveland, Ohio, October 21, 1907.
- JOSEPH R. JENNINGS, corporal; enlisted October 6, 1861; captured November 14, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., December 10, 1864.
- WORTMAN W. OWENS, corporal, enlisted September 18, 1861; died of disease at Camp Nelson, Ky., February 16, 1864.
- CHARLES H. WILDAY, corporal; enlisted October 6, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded in action June 18, 1864; died of wounds at Annapolis, Md., July 6, 1864; buried in U. S. General Hospital Cemetery at Annapolis, Md.
- EBENEZER PEET, corporal; enlisted September 26, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded and captured at mine explosion before Petersburg July 30, 1864; died at Petersburg, Va., August 30, 1864.
- HENRY FENTON, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Grave 3879.
- RICHARD E. SMITH, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; died of disease at Cliffbourne Hospital, Washington, D. C., September 7, 1862.
- JOHN W. FENN, musician; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died December 7, 1910, at Ithaca, N. Y.
- JOHN H. RICE, musician; enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Wellsboro, Pa., December 10, 1869; buried in Austin Cemetery, Charleston Township, Tioga Co., Pa.
- ADAM H. DOCKSTADER, musician; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 29, 1862; died in 1877.

PRIVATES.

- AMES, HORATIO, enlisted September 18, 1861; died December 18, 1861; buried at Fortress Monroe, Va.
- BOCKUS, ELEAZER, enlisted September 26, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died April 24, 1874.
- JOSEPH BOCKUS, enlisted February 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at Jackson Summit, Tioga Co., Pa., March 24, 1908.
- BELLINGER, JOSEPH, enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Crab Orchard, Ky., October 26, 1863; buried near Crab Orchard, Ky.
- BARTLETT, GEORGE, enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Grave 3936.
- BENEDICT, ORSON A., enlisted October 6, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 14, 1863; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- BOCKUS, GEORGE H., enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Camp Milldale, Miss., August 1, 1863; buried among the cane brakes.
- BOCKUS, ALONZO, enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 28, 1862; died July 6, 1880.
- BIXBY, WILLIAM, enlisted September 26, 1861; died on Otter Island, S. C., April 24, 1862.
- BACON, GEORGE, enlisted November, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 9, 1863; died in Middleburg, Neb., March 9, 1906.
- BREWSTER, GEORGE W., enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain September 14, 1862; buried at Wellsboro, Pa.
- BELLINGER, PETER, enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded July 4, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died in Wisconsin, date unknown.
- BOCKUS, ANDREW, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out on surgeon's certificate June 14, 1865; died in Charleston, Tioga Co., Pa., September, 1881.
- BURLEIGH, MORGAN D., enlisted March 28, 1864; wounded at the Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 9, 1865; resides at Knoxville, Tenn.
- BUTLER, THOMAS J., enlisted February 27, 1864; wounded with loss of arm at Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged September 19, 1864; died in Mansfield, Pa., November 26, 1905.
- BUTLER, JOSIAH L., enlisted March 28, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; died of wound August 16, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
- BILL, FRANK, enlisted July 12, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at San Francisco, Cal.
- BROWN, DANIEL, enlisted December 15, 1864; substitute; absent at muster out.
- BROWN, FRANK, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted June 14, 1865.
- BOPP, JACOB, enlisted December 23, 1864; substitute; not on muster out roll.
- CLEMENS, CHARLES, enlisted September 26, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 15, 1863; died August 25, 1887.
- CARPENTER, NELSON, enlisted September 18, 1861; died of disease at Camp Nelson, Ky., September 19, 1863.

- CULVER, VIHEMAS S., enlisted September 26, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- CALDWELL, ALEXANDER, enlisted December 19, 1864; substitute; deserted April 4, 1865.
- CARR, JAMES, enlisted December 24, 1864; substitute; deserted March 20, 1865.
- CONSADINE, PATRICK, enlisted November 28, 1864; substitute; discharged by special order March 22, 1865.
- COYLE, THOMAS, enlisted January 3, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died October 6, 1903.
- CAMPERSTEIN, JACOB, enlisted January 3, 1865; substitute; wounded before Petersburg April 2, 1865; discharged by general order July 15, 1865; died in Philadelphia, Pa., 1910.
- COOK, JOHN, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- COOK, CHARLES D., enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; absent in arrest at muster out.
- CURPSMAN, ARCHIBALD, drafted November 26, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; resides at Hope, Steele Co., N. D.
- CONLEY, JOHN, enlisted November 25, 1864; substitute; not on roll at muster out.
- DEWEY, DANIEL P., enlisted February 13, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 20, 1862; died in Wellsboro, Pa., June 25, 1870.
- DERBYSHIRE, GEORGE R., enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 14, 1863; reenlisted February 20, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 11, 1865.
- DICKINSON, JAMES, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Middlebury Center, Tioga Co., Pa.
- DOUGLASS, JAMES, enlisted September 18, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps died May 5, 1903.
- DEMING, HIRAM D., enlisted February 25, 1864; promoted to hospital steward May 26, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died in Wellsboro, Pa., October 26, 1905.
- DOWNING, WILLIAM, enlisted February 13, 1864; killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
- DOUGHERTY, PATRICK, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- DUNN, JOHN E., enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died at East Downington, Pa., date unknown.
- ENGLISH, JAMES S., enlisted September 26, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on account of wound October 24, 1862; died in Wellsboro, Pa., February 8, 1904.
- EVANS, DANIEL A., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 1, 1861; resides in Charleston Township, Tioga Co., Pa.
- EDWARDS, CHARLES, enlisted November 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

- FRANKLIN, JAMES, enlisted September 18, 1861; died of disease November 9, 1861.
- FULLER, LEROY F., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 30, 1862.
- FILLMORE, HERMAN, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- FIDEAL, MAGNUS, enlisted December 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- GODFREY, LAFAYETTE, enlisted January 6, 1862; detailed for service in pioneer corps; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died since the war; date unknown.
- GILE, ABRAM V., enlisted February 29, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- GILE, HENRY N., enlisted April 7, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; discharged by general order May 17, 1865; died since the war; date unknown.
- GETTINGS, GEORGE, enlisted December 27, 1864; substitute; wounded before Petersburg April 2, 1865; absent, in hospital, at muster out.
- GRONDEN, JOSEPH, drafted July 5, 1864; not on roll at muster out.
- GRIFFIN, HENRY, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HOTCHKISS, DARIUS H., enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged September 8, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- HAUBER, JOHN F., enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; wounded before Petersburg July 8, 1864; died of wound July 9, 1864.
- HAKES, SIMON L., enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, until March, 1865; discharged by general order, June 28, 1865; resides at Mansfield, Pa.
- HUMPHREY, JOSEPH, enlisted February 13, 1864; absent in arrest for desertion at muster out.
- HOLFELNER, FRANK, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at No. 34 Poplar Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.
- HOY, JAMES, enlisted December 15, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- HILKERT, HENRY G., enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted June 9, 1865.
- ISEMINGER, WILLIAM, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- JENNINGS, HERMAN, enlisted September 26, 1861; captured November 16, 1863; died in Andersonville prison July 18, 1864.
- JOHNSON, ALONZO, enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 30, 1862; resides at Covington, Tioga Co., Pa.
- JONES, WILLIAM H., enlisted February 25, 1864; died at Annapolis, Md., April 1, 1864.
- JONES, EDWARD P., enlisted December 16, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

- JENKINS, GEORGE, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- KNAPP, NELSON, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at National Military Home, Va.
- KELSEY, ELIJAH S., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 25, 1862; died since the war; date unknown.
- KIPHART, ANDREW J., enlisted September 26, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 25, 1862; died in Charleston Township, Tioga Co., Pa., August 30, 1908.
- KELLEY, PATRICK, enlisted November 9, 1863; wounded at Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; died in Soldiers' Home, Ohio, July, 1910.
- KELLEY, FRANCIS R., enlisted March 26, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; resides at Larabee, McKean Co., Pa.
- KEGRISE, ADOLPHUS, drafted November 14, 1864; deserted June 9, 1865.
- KINNEY, SIMON L., enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- KRAY, PAUL, enlisted December 16, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- LEWIS, ALMON, enlisted November 19, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 16, 1862; resides at Burtville, Potter Co., Pa.
- LOSLIERE, ALEXANDER F., alias Gossler, Frederick A., enlisted January 3, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 2111 S. Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- MCINTOSH, HENRY, enlisted September 26, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps February 6, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died April 13, 1901.
- MUNN, WASHINGTON, enlisted September 18, 1861; captured November 14, 1863, in East Tennessee; died in Andersonville prison December 1, 1864.
- MUNN, WARREN, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; captured June 7, 1864, near Cold Harbor, Va.; died in Andersonville prison October 14, 1864.
- MICKLE, WILLIS J., enlisted October 14, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died in Salisbury prison November 25, 1864.
- MARVIN, GEORGE S., enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; died of wounds May 19, 1864; buried at Arlington, Va.
- MORSE, JAMES, enlisted March 25, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, until February 25, 1865; discharged by general order May 20, 1865; resides at Grover, Pa.
- MICKLE, WILLIAM A., enlisted February 29, 1864; died of disease at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., July 30, 1864; buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery, L. I.
- MICKLE, GEORGE, enlisted January 20, 1862; died on Otter Island, S. C., February 2, 1862.
- MARSHALL, W. J., enlisted December 17, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MORRISON, JOHN, enlisted December 22, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

- MONAGHAN, JAMES, enlisted December 16, 1864; substitute; absent, sick, at muster out.
- MOYER, EVAN, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Lewisburg, Pa., R. F. D. No. 3.
- MARTIN, JOHN, enlisted December 19, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MOORE, THOMAS, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; deserted June 16, 1865.
- MILLER, CONRAD, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MCMAHON, JOHN, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 14, 1865.
- MCMAETY, MICHAEL, enlisted January 7, 1865; substitute; deserted March 5, 1865.
- MCENTY, MICHAEL, enlisted January 7, 1865; substitute; deserted June 14, 1865.
- MORGAN, MARTIN, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 1, 1865; died at Soldiers' Home November 1, 1908.
- NOTT, STEPHEN, enlisted October 6, 1861; captured near Cold Harbor June 7, 1864; died in Andersonville prison November 1, 1864.
- NOLAN, THOMAS, enlisted December 17, 1864; substitute; deserted January 4, 1865.
- ORMSBY EDWIN R., enlisted October 6, 1861; deserted August, 1863; died since the war; date unknown.
- O'CONNOR, MARK, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- PETTIS, JOHN, enlisted September 18, 1861; prisoner from August, 1863, to February, 1865; absent at muster out; died since the war; date unknown.
- PATTERSON, REUBEN F., enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died in Wellsboro, Pa., October 14, 1891.
- PETTIS, SUMNER W., enlisted September 18, 1861; deserted November 1863; resides at Cherry Flats, Tioga Co., Pa.
- PRECIT, CARL, enlisted September 29, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania, May 14, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 4, 1865; died at Mansfield, Pa., September 19, 1903.
- PACKARD, JOHN HARLEY, enlisted October 6, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 1, 1863; died in Covington, Pa., February 28, 1902.
- PYTTs, ALMON D., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 24, 1862; died in East Charleston, Pa., October 21, 1905.
- PARKE, JOSEPH, enlisted January 16, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 25, 1862; died in Wellsboro June 29, 1906.
- POLLARD, EMORY, enlisted December 24, 1861; died at Newport News September 6, 1862.
- PETERSON, W. W., enlisted February 19, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February 20, 1865; died while at home on furlough April 8, 1865; buried in Wellsboro Cemetery.
- PORTER, ERWIN R., enlisted February 15, 1864; wounded before Petersburg July 7, 1864; died of wound at Philadelphia, Pa., July 15, 1864.
- PRICE, ADAM, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

- RICE, HENRY T., enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; resides in Rose City, Mich.
- REESE, JOSIAH C., enlisted October 6, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 3, 1862; died April 9, 1904.
- ROBBINS, NOAH H., enlisted February 17, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; died at Philadelphia, Pa., June 19, 1864.
- REESE, THOMAS J., enlisted February 16, 1864; died of disease at Bedloe's Island, N. Y., July 19, 1864.
- ROGERS, CHARLES H., enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; captured July 30, 1864; died at Danville, Va., January 10, 1865.
- RARAH, ALEXANDER, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; wounded before Petersburg April 2, 1865; discharged by special order June 5, 1865.
- ROSEBROCK, JOHN M., drafted November 28, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SOULE, ORVILLE, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Tioga, Pa.
- SMITH, ELI, enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded with loss of leg at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; absent at muster out; died at Cherry Flats, Tioga Co., Pa., April 4, 1875.
- SCOTT, JEROME, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 27, 1864; died in Wellsboro, May 16, 1891.
- SMITH, MORRIS, enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded before Petersburg, July 4, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died since the war; date unknown.
- SQUIRES, JACOB, (right name said to be Frederick Schultheiss), enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in Antietam National Cemetery, Grave 3876.
- STARKWEATHER, JACOB, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 28, 1862; resides on R. F. D., Wellsboro, Pa.
- SMITH, ABRAM, enlisted September 18, 1861; transferred to U. S. Regular Army October 30, 1862.
- STRATTON, HORACE M., enlisted January 21, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 20, 1862.
- SLOAT, PHILEMON, enlisted January 17, 1862; reenlisted January 1, 1864; died July 31, 1864, of wound received July 30, 1864, at mine explosion before Petersburg, Va.
- SMITH, EZRA, enlisted February 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 3, 1912, at East Charleston, Tioga Co., Pa.
- SMITH, VINCENT M., enlisted February 13, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps May 4, 1865; died at East Charleston, Tioga Co., Pa., April 29, 1901.
- SMITH, PHILANDER P., enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March, 1865; discharged by general order May 17, 1865; resides at Painted Post, N. Y.
- SANDERS, GEORGE, enlisted December 16, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

- SMITH, JAMES S., drafted August 4, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Piney Grove, Allegheny Co., Md.
- SAXE, JACOB, drafted November 21, 1864; discharged by special order June 1, 1865;
- SMITH, WILLIAM, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted April 6, 1865.
- TERBELL, CHARLES H., enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died in Boonsville, Ark., May 20, 1911.
- THOMPSON, ALLEN, enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died since the war; date unknown.
- THOMPSON, MOSES, enlisted September 18, 1861; died of disease at Camp Casey, near Bladensburg, Md., November 10, 1861.
- THORNTON, EDMUND L., enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; deserted June 16, 1865; resides in Delmar Township, Tioga Co., Pa.
- THORNTON, ALMON, enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; deserted June 16, 1865.
- TOWNSEND, THOMAS, enlisted December 22, 1864; substitute; not on muster out roll.
- TWIG, BRICE, drafted November 14, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865,
- VAN CASPUS, MAX, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WILLIARD, JOSEPH, enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died in Delmar Township, Tioga Co., Pa., September 13, 1891; buried in Austin Cemetery, Charleston, Tioga Co., Pa.
- WILLIAMS, DANIEL J., enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps; date of death unknown.
- WETMORE, CHESTER, enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10, 1863.
- WILSON, DELMAR, enlisted September 18, 1861; reenlisted January 1, 1864; died at Harrisburg, March 25, 1864.
- WILCOX, HIRAM, enlisted December 6, 1861; died September 16, 1862, of wounds received at South Mountain, Md.; buried in Antietam National Cemetery, Grave 3901.
- WILDAY, GEORGE C., enlisted January 6, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 14, 1863; died since the war; date unknown.
- WOOD, WILLIAM PENN, enlisted February 27, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- WESTBROOK, JACOB, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- WHITE, CHARLES, enlisted December 20, 1864; deserted June 4, 1865.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN, enlisted December 20, 1864; deserted June 2, 1865.

RECAPITULATION

Of eight commissioned officers who served in Company G.

- 3 resigned
- 1 was mustered out after serving three years.
- 1 mustered out on account of wounds.
- 3 mustered out with the Company.

Out of 120 volunteer enlisted men that belonged to the company

- 8 were killed in battle.
- 8 died of wounds, in camp or in hospital.
- 14 died of disease, in camp or in hospital.
- 2 died in Confederate prisons, wounded.
- 8 died in Confederate prisons who were not wounded.
- 1 died while home on furlough after being in Confederate prison.
- 4 were transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, wounded.
- 2 transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, not wounded.
- 10 mustered out after serving three years.
- 2 discharged by general orders after being in Confederate prisons.
- 3 discharged by general orders for other reasons.
- 7 discharged on account of wounds.
- 24 discharged on account of disease.
- 1 transferred to the Regular Army.
- 3 deserted.
- 1 was absent, sick, at muster out.
- 22 were mustered out with the company.

128 total, officers and volunteer enlisted men, who served in Company G.

Of the 59 recruits (52 substituted and 7 drafted men) assigned to us

- 2 were discharged by special order.
- 2 discharged on surgeon's certificate.
- 14 deserted.
- 41 were mustered out with the Company.

We have separated the volunteer members from the substitutes and drafted men because it would be manifestly unfair to bunch them together in figuring the percentage of loss in the Company; practically all the fatal casualties occurring among the volunteer members.

Undoubtedly there was material for good soldiers among our substitutes and drafted men; and it is nothing against them that they suffered no casualties to speak of. Coming to us as they did when the war was practically over these latter day recruits had no chance to show the stuff they were made of. The only engagement of any account the regiment was in after the substitutes and drafted men joined us was the assault before Petersburg on the second of April, '65, and the fact that three substitutes in Company G, George Gettings, Jacob Camperstein, substitute, and Alexander Rarah, were wounded that morning shows that some of the recruits at least were on the firing line and doing their duty.

Fourteen desertions out of 59 substitutes and drafted men is not a record to be proud of. Our first thought is that these men entered the army for what there was in it for them, or because they had to, and it is not to be wondered at that they should desert their comrades in the hour of trial and danger. But that does not explain why so many of them skipped out in June, '65, when the war was over and they must have known there was no more fighting to do. Some of us at least remember that along about that time rumors were rife in our camp near Alexandria that Grant was going to take us across the Rio Grande to drive the French out of Mexico. Of course, that was all poppycock, as our enlistment did not call for services in a foreign country, but many of the recruits took the matter seriously and undoubtedly that is the reason why so many of them left us and forgot to come back. Of course it was a foolish thing for them to do, especially at that stage of the game, and we wonder now how many years of their lives these men—some of them mere boys when they deserted—would give, if they had them to give, to be restored to the roll of honor and have that nasty word "deserter" stricken from their records.

How true it is that some time and somehow we pay for all the mean things that are charged up against us in the Big Book!

One thing is certain and that is that the substitutes and drafted men assigned to the Forty-fifth toward the last, mostly in December, '64, and January, '65, were a serious handicap instead of a benefit to our record. Assuming that practically the same conditions prevailed in the other companies, without these recruits to account for, our percentage of loss in killed and mortally wounded would have been about 16 per cent. instead of 11.5 credited to us now.

And when we consider that the highest percentage of killed and mortally wounded in any Pennsylvania regiment was 17.4 (credited to the 140th) we get some idea of how near the Forty-fifth would have been to the top notch if only the volunteer members who rendered the service and furnished the victims had been considered in figuring out the percentage of losses.

ADDENDUM

A study of the personnel of the volunteer members of Company G reveals the astonishing fact that we had no less than 14 pairs of brothers with us. Taken alphabetically here they are: George and David L. Bacon, Joseph and Peter Bellinger, Andrew and George H. Bockus, Eleazer and Joseph Bockus, Josiah L. and Thomas J. Butler, Abram V. and Henry N. Gile, Francis R. and Patrick Kelley, Washington and Warren Munn, Sumner W. and John Pettis, John J. and Thomas J. Rogers, John H. and Noah Robbins, Eli and Ezra Smith, Lyman W. and Moses Thompson and Charles H. and George C. Wilday. Of these 28 comrades, as the roster will show, four were killed in battle, three died of disease and six were severely wounded. But perhaps the saddest case in this group is that of the Munn boys. The brothers thought a great deal of each other and were inseparable in camp and on the march. As fate would have it both were captured by the enemy, although not at the same time, and both died in Andersonville prison. They were together several months in captivity, after Warren was captured in June, '64, and until he died in October

following. Two months later, after "Wash" Munn had been a prisoner over a year, he "escaped" from Andersonville and went to join his brother on the Other Side. Will they be together over there? Who knows?

In another case three brothers, John J., David W. and Thomas J. Reese served in Company G. The latter, a lusty young fellow when he enlisted, died of disease a few months after he joined us, a volunteer recruit.

But the most remarkable case in this connection is that of the three Mickles—father and two sons—who enlisted one after the other in Company G and all died in the service. The father, W. A. Mickle, and his son George died of disease. W. J. Mickle ("Jim" we called him) was taken prisoner and died at Salisbury. Presumably he was killed trying to escape.

Comrades who were there say that on November 25th, 1864, a lot of our fellows, including Jim Mickle, made a break for liberty and were in a fair way to escape themselves and at the same time liberate the whole camp, when a company of Confederate recruits who were on their way to the front but chanced to be at Salisbury in the nick of time, came to the assistance of the prison guards, many of whom had been overpowered and their guns taken away from them by the desperate Union prisoners—made desperate by cruel, inhuman treatment.

The Confederate officers in charge of the prison wanted no better pretext to vent their spite against the "Yankees." Twenty or more of our men were shot down in cold blood. Jim Mickle was never seen by our men after that.

Another unusual case was that of "Uncle Joe" Willard and his son William F., who both served in Company G. And it may be worth mentioning that George R. Derbyshire was with us at two different times. A charter member of the Company, Comrade Derbyshire was severely wounded at South Mountain, September 14, 1862, and discharged on surgeon's certificate in February, 1863. A year later he reenlisted, was taken prisoner September 30th, 1864, and died in Salisbury.

ROSTER OF COMPANY H

Recruited in Tioga County.

COMPILED, ARRANGED AND CORRECTED BY A. D. ALBERT.

OFFICERS—COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED.

EDWARD G. SCHEIFFELIN, captain; enlisted September 18, 1861; resigned January 10, 1863; residence, Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa.

EDGAR F. AUSTIN, captain; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to first lieutenant, September 14, 1862; to captain, May 17, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, October 18, 1864; dead, date unknown.

LUKE D. SEELY, captain; enlisted September, 1861; promoted from sergeant to first lieutenant, March 17, 1863; to captain, May 17, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; died May 8, 1900.

ENOCH G. HOWARD, first lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; resigned August 19, 1862; residence, Alpena, Mich.

COMPANY H



Second Lieut. Levi R. Robb



John C. Roosa
1864



John C. Roosa
1910

- HIRAM PICKERING, first lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from sergeant to first lieutenant, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died February 24, 1907.
- REUBEN H. CLOSE, second lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; resigned May 1, 1862; died December 14, 1908.
- JOHN F. TROUT, second lieutenant; enlisted September 2, 1861; transferred from Company B, August 1, 1862; promoted to captain, Company C, January 15, 1863.
- J. D. GREENFIELD, second lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant, March 18, 1863; discharged by special order, July 7, 1864; died March 10, 1894.
- LEVI R. ROBB, second lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from sergeant to second lieutenant, January 24, 1865; died April 9, 1865, of wounds received at Petersburg, April 2, 1865; veteran.
- NATHAN EDWARDS, second lieutenant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from sergeant to second lieutenant, May 17, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Allegany, N. Y.
- CHAS. A. FERGUSON, first sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; promoted to first sergeant, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died May 14, 1902.
- GEO. W. TREMAIN, first sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; prisoner from July 30, 1864, to February 22, 1865; died at Annapolis, Md., February 24, 1865; veteran.
- AMASA CLARK, sergeant; enlisted March 17, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; died March 5, 1906.
- BENJAMIN J. DOBBS, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; dead, date unknown.
- TRUMAN GILBERT, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died January 23, 1878.
- OVID P. WEBSTER, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; promoted from corporal to sergeant July 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Fitzgerald, Irwin county, Ga.
- AVERY DERUYTER, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out, October 20, 1864; expiration of term; address, R. F. D. No. 2, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa.
- JAMES MCGEE, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant, May 18, 1865; discharged June 30, 1865, for wounds received in action; veteran; dead, date unknown.
- JAMES A. BRISCOE, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; died June 18, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
- JAMES J. CADY, sergeant; enlisted September, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 17, 1862; died December 20, 1904.
- BENJAMIN C. HYMES, sergeant; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, December 31, 1861; dead, date unknown.
- ELLISON MOORE, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died December 26, 1908.

- JAMES O'RILEY, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; dead, date unknown.
- ALBERT W. GROVER, corporal; enlisted February 29, 1864; promoted to corporal, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence, Hickox, Potter County, Pa.
- THOMAS E. HILL, corporal; enlisted February 16, 1864; promoted to corporal, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence, Tioga, Tioga County, Pa.
- JOHN HOWARD, corporal; enlisted February 18, 1864; promoted to corporal, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- MATHEW WISE, corporal; enlisted December 22, 1864; substitute; promoted to corporal, June 16, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- MICHAEL LAWLER, corporal; enlisted November 29, 1864; substitute; promoted to corporal, May 18, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- NATHAN R. SHAPPE, corporal; enlisted October 14, 1861; mustered out, October 20, 1864, expiration of term; residence, Tioga, Tioga County, Pa.
- REUBEN DANIELS, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; promoted to corporal, May 18, 1865; discharged June 14, 1865, for wounds received at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; veteran; dead, date unknown.
- ISAAC H. SHERMAN, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; veteran.
- JESSE K. WILCOX, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; captured December 14, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., date unknown.
- WILLIAM E. PARKER, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; captured November 16, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., April 24, 1864.
- THOMAS DINGMAN, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; veteran.
- ROBERT A. LOVEJOY, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Petersburg, September 30, 1864; veteran.
- CHARLES MERRITT, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; died at home, while on furlough, July 30, 1864; veteran.
- HORACE B. SEYMAN, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 15, 1862; dead, date unknown.
- MILTON G. HOLLIDAY, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862.
- JAMES E. HORTON, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 18, 1863; died September 22, 1910.
- GEORGE W. HASTINGS, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; drowned in Potomac River, 1862.
- MARVIN O. SUTTON, corporal; enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, November 17, 1862; died July 31, 1908.

MUSICIANS.

- HARRY SAWYER, enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Baldwin, Lake County, Mich.

GEORGE W. SAWYER, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, 1863; residence, Delta, Eaton County, Mich.

PRIVATES.

AMES, CLARK, enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; veteran.

AMES, ELIJAH, enlisted February 29, 1864; discharged February 28, 1865, for wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; died July 31, 1904.

AMESBRY, ANSON E., enlisted March 22, 1864; died May 1, 1865, of wounds received at Petersburg, April 2, 1865; buried at Alexandria, Va.; grave 3,107.

ANDERSON, JAMES, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; dead, date unknown.

ANDERSON, ROBERT, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 12, 1863; address, R. F. D., Bradford, Pa.

ANDREWS, ORSAMUS, enlisted October 9, 1864; drafted; discharged by special order, May 3, 1865; residence, No. 1078 Thirty-fifth Street, Des Moines, Ia.

ARCHER, WILLIAM, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; deserted April 3, 1865; unknown.

ASPINWALL, EDWARD, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; killed at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.

AVERY, JUDSON, enlisted August 8, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.

AVERY, WILLIAM, enlisted March 17, 1864; wounded July 14, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.

BALLARD, VAN R. W., enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Georgetown, D. C., December 4, 1861.

BARRY, JOHN, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; deserted April 3, 1865; unknown.

BENNETT, JOHN L., enlisted November 18, 1864; substitute; deserted December 19, 1864; unknown.

BLANCHARD, CHAS. D., enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Spottsylvania, C. H., May 13, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 30, 1865; veteran; residence, National Military Home, Danville, Ill.

BLANCHARD, IRVIN W., enlisted March 25, 1864; died June 21, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; buried at Alexandria, Va.; grave, 2,204.

BOWEN, HENRY F., enlisted February 18, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

BROCKWAY, WILLIAM, enlisted September 18, 1861; not on muster-out roll; died October 3, 1875.

BROUGHTON, THOMAS, enlisted November 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.

BRYANT, ALBERT T., enlisted March 18, 1864; captured; died at Salisbury, N. C., November 17, 1864; burial record, December 20, 1864.

BRYANT, ALONZO H., enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died March 30, 1907.

- BUCKBEE, GEORGE W., enlisted March 8, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; discharged surgeon's certificate, February 2, 1865; residence, Elkland, Tioga County, Pa.
- BULLOCK, HENRY W., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 14, 1865; veteran; dead; killed by cars, May, 1869.
- BUMP, JACOB, enlisted February 29, 1864; deserted March 19, 1864; unknown.
- BURR, AARON, enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam; grave 3,895.
- BURROWS, BELFONZO, enlisted March 14, 1864; deserted April 21, 1864; unknown.
- BUTTERWORTH, JOS., enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- CAHILL, WILLIAM, enlisted July 26, 1864; substitute; captured; died at Salisbury, N. C., December 27, 1864.
- CANFIELD, ALVIN H., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, March 25, 1862; died July 4, 1904.
- CASSELL, ABRAHAM H., enlisted June 6, 1864; drafted; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died December 6, 1906.
- CHURCH, DANIEL, JR., enlisted September 18, 1861; died at home, while on furlough, April 8, 1864; veteran.
- CLARK, JOHN, enlisted November 18, 1864; substitute; deserted December 19, 1864; unknown.
- CLINE, JOHN, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, May 1, 1862; residence, Emporium, Pa.
- COLGROVE, JOHN, enlisted February 19, 1864; wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; dead, date unknown.
- CALLOWAY, HENRY C., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; dead, date unknown.
- COON, ELIAS P., enlisted September 18, 1861; transferred to Artillery, date unknown.
- COUCH, GEORGE, enlisted September 18, 1861; not on muster-out roll; residence, Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
- DAVIS, HIRAM, enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; discharged by special order, June 5, 1865; residence, Nelson, Tioga County, Pa.
- DAWSON, CHARLES, enlisted November 28, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- DEAN, HORACE A., enlisted September 18, 1861; dead, date unknown.
- DEWEL, JAMES F., enlisted February 23, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March 8, 1865; discharged by general order, June 3, 1865; address, R. F. D. 2, Corning, N. Y.
- DICKENSON, GEO. W., enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Washington, D. C., November 18, 1862.
- DODGE, AMASA, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; dead, date unknown.
- DUNHAM, WM. H., enlisted September 18, 1861; prisoner from June 7 to December 11, 1864; discharged by general order, February 25, 1865; died June 20, 1886.

- ERY, JOSEPH, enlisted November 29, 1864; substitute; deserted June 12, 1865; unknown.
- FERESTINE, XERNES, enlisted November 21, 1864; drafted; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; died June 19, 1869.
- FERGUSON, GEO. E., enlisted February 29, 1864; captured; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 10, 1865.
- FOOTE, WILLIAM, enlisted December 24, 1864; drafted; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence No. 22 So. Welles Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- FOSTER, CHARLES, enlisted December 9, 1864; drafted; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- FREELAND, GEO. W., enlisted February 28, 1864; captured; died at Wilmington, N. C., February 10, 1865.
- FRENCH, DAVID, enlisted September 18, 1861; died of wounds received at South Mountain, September 14, 1862.
- FRENCH, STEPHEN L., enlisted October 15, 1861; deserted May 12, 1864; unknown.
- FULLER, RODOLPHUS, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; died January 11, 1909.
- GAINES, CHARLES, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; discharged by special order, May 31, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- GARDNER, GEO. S., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; died July 31, 1907.
- GEARY, JOSEPH, enlisted November 21, 1864, substitute; deserted June 12, 1865; unknown.
- GEE, WILLIAM H. L., enlisted February 16, 1864; captured July 30, 1864; died at Danville, Va., January 15, 1865.
- GEE, WILLIAM B., enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died September 28, 1904.
- GILLESPIE, JOHN, enlisted December 22, 1864; substitute; deserted March 14, 1865; unknown.
- GILLS, THOMAS E., enlisted February 16, 1864; died of wounds received in action, date unknown.
- GOODWIN, CHAS. M., enlisted February 16, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- GORE, WILLIAM, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- GREEN, DANIEL H., enlisted February 17, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania, C. H.; May 12, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; dead, date unknown.
- GREEN, LEWIS N., enlisted February 11, 1864; captured July 30, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence, Middlebury Center, Pa.
- GREEN, WILLIAM H., enlisted November 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence, No. 835 No. Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- GREENFIELD, QUARTUS D., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, July 15, 1862; residence, Middleboro Center, Tioga County, Pa.
- GRINNELL, GEORGE L., enlisted March 14, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania, C. H., May 12, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; died June 12, 1900.

- HACKET, NELSON, enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Georgetown, D. C., December 9, 1861.
- HAHN, ALBERT, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- HAIN, CASPER, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date, unknown.
- HAMMOND, N. F., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged in hospital, date unknown; dead, date unknown.
- HARDENBURG, JAMES H., enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; died January 25, 1903.
- HARRIS, WILLIAM, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; dead, date unknown.
- HAYHURST, WM., enlisted December 27, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- HERRING, EUGENE, enlisted February 23, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate, February 1, 1865; residence, Riceville, Ia.
- HILL, JAMES, enlisted March 15, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence, Crooked Creek, Tioga County, Pa.
- HOLLIDAY, VAN BUREN, enlisted September 18, 1861; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; veteran; residence, Crooked Creek, Tioga County, Pa.
- HOMAN, JOHN, enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- HOPPS, GEORGE E., enlisted July 26, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order, June 2, 1865; residence, Alderson, Luzerne County, Pa.
- HOTCHKISS, JOHN N., enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam; grave, 3877.
- JOBE, THOMAS M., enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at James Island, S. C., June 11, 1862.
- KELLEY, MICHAEL, enlisted July 28, 1864; substitute; killed at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864.
- KILBOURNE, ELLIOTT A., enlisted February 29, 1864; died June 15, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania, C. H., May 12, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
- KING, MARTIN, enlisted September 18, 1861; deserted, date unknown; died March 13, 1887.
- KING, TRUMAN, enlisted September 18, 1861; transferred to cavalry regiment, date unknown.
- KLEINSCHMIDT, U., enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- KNAPP, CALVIN T., enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged, date unknown, for wounds received at Antietam, September 17, 1862; died February 27, 1907.
- LAY, LEVI L., enlisted September 18 1861; mustered out, October 20, 1864, expiration of term; died July 25, 1896.
- LETLER, JOHN (JOHN DEVOTO), enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; residence, No. 771 Westside Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

- LITTEER, HARVEY, enlisted February 16, 1864; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; died March 2, 1897.
- LOREE, JAMES M., enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Harrisburg, Pa., April 11, 1864, coming home on furlough; veteran.
- MANN, CYRUS, enlisted September 18, 1861; died near Nicholasville, Ky., date unknown.
- MARTIN, ROBERT, enlisted September 18, 1861; died June 17, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.; veteran.
- MEAD, LEWIS, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, 1863; died October 27, 1902.
- MERICLE, NATHAN, enlisted September 18, 1861; died March 2, 1863; buried in Harmony Burial Grounds.
- MERICLE, PETER, enlisted September 18, 1861, died July 17, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.; veteran.
- MILLER, JOHN, enlisted January 6, 1864; substitute; deserted January 31, 1865; unknown.
- MIX, DANIEL, enlisted September 18, 1861; deserted, date unknown; unknown.
- MOCK, ANDREW, enlisted December 22, 1864; drafted; discharged by special order, May 30, 1865; residence, Tiro, Crawford County, Ohio.
- MORRIS, MICHAEL, enlisted January 7, 1864; substitute; deserted June 6, 1865; unknown.
- MOSHER, WILLIAM, enlisted February 16, 1864; wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; discharged by special order, June 5, 1865; No. 481 Hammond Street, Corning, N. Y.
- MCCARNS, JAMES P., enlisted December 17, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- MCCOLLOM, B., enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Otter Island, S. C., January 12, 1862.
- McFALL, WILLIAM R.; enlisted February 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died July 25, 1910.
- MCGREW, JAMES A., enlisted September 24, 1864; substitute; discharged by special order June 5, 1865.
- McNAMARA, DANIEL, enlisted December 16, 1864; substitute; absent, in hospital, at muster out; dead, date unknown.
- O DELL, HENRY F., enlisted September 18, 1861; dead, date unknown.
- O DELL, IRA, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged June 22, 1865, for wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 2, 1864; veteran; died September 17, 1911.
- O'MARA, MICHAEL, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order, June 28, 1865; residence, No. 133 Commercial Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
- PALMER, GRIFFIN, enlisted February 18, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
- PEPPERD, JAMES, enlisted December 27, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- PHILLIPS, RICHARD, enlisted November 26, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.

- REYNOLDS, CHARLES, enlisted July 27, 1864; substitute; captured; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 15, 1865; burial record, January 22, 1865.
- ROBERTS, SOLON, enlisted October 29, 1864; drafted; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- ROOSA, JOHN C., enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15, 1865; veteran; residence, Pine City, N. Y.
- SACKETT, MORRIS N., enlisted March 27, 1864; discharged February 12, 1865, for wounds received in action, June 13, 1864; died Nov. 2, 1911.
- SAWYER, LEWIS, enlisted September 18, 1861; not on muster-out roll; unknown.
- SAXTON, GEORGE H., enlisted February 11, 1864; died August 8, 1864, of wounds received in action, July 24, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.
- SEYMOUR, JEROME, enlisted February 16, 1864; captured; died at Salisbury, N. C., December 26, 1864.
- SHAFF, WILLIAM A., enlisted September 18, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, January 15, 1864; unknown.
- SHEAKLEY, HENRY, enlisted September 19, 1864; drafted; discharged by special order, June 7, 1865; residence, Chicora, Butler County, Pa.
- SMITH, JAMES, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; deserted December 19, 1865; unknown.
- SMITH, JOEL E., enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862.
- SMITH, JOHN, enlisted March 31, 1864; deserted April 21, 1864; unknown.
- SOULE, JAMES R., enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Spottsylvania C. H., May 18, 1864; buried in Wilderness burial grounds.
- SOULE, THOMAS, enlisted February 16, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, March 15, 1865; address, R. F. D. No. 4, Red Creek, N. Y.
- STANTON, CHARLES, enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Fortress Monroe, Va., December 13, 1861.
- STEVENSON, JAMES, enlisted January 3, 1865; substitute; deserted January 31, 1865; unknown.
- STEVENSON, WILLIAM, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; not on muster-out roll; unknown.
- STINSON, WILLIAM, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- STRATTON, FRANK, enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at Jackson, Miss.; July 11, 1863.
- SUMMERS, THOMAS, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; deserted March 14, 1865; unknown.
- SUTTON, DARWIN, enlisted September 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate, date unknown; dead, date unknown.
- SYLVEY, GEORGE, enlisted September 18, 1861; died June 11, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.; veteran.
- TAYLOR, DANIEL S., enlisted September 18, 1861; died April 23, 1864; buried in United States General Hospital Cemetery, Annapolis, Md.

- THALHINE, HENRY, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; killed accidentally, February 2, 1865.
- THOMAS, HENRY, enlisted December 23, 1864; drafted; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; died August 21, 1910.
- THOMPSON, CHARLES, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- TOWNSEND, THOMAS, enlisted December 22, 1864; substitute; discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 14, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- TREMAIN, CHARLES E., enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; residence, Lindley, Steuben County, N. Y.
- TREMAIN, JAMES R., enlisted September 18, 1861; killed at South Mountain, September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, grave 3894.
- TURNER, THOMAS, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; deserted March 23, 1865; unknown.
- TUTTLE, GUY, enlisted September 18, 1861; died at Otter Island, S. C., February 4, 1862.
- TUTTLE, PETER M., enlisted September 18, 1861; wounded at Wilderness, May 6, 1864; mustered out, October 20, 1864, expiration of term; residence, Celoron, Chautauqua County, N. Y.
- UTTER, WILLIAM, enlisted September 18, 1861; captured; died at Andersonville, Ga., November 23, 1864; grave, 12,133; veteran.
- VAN DUSEN, WILLIAM, enlisted September 18, 1861; transferred to artillery, date unknown.
- VAN RIPER, JOSEPH, enlisted September 18, 1861; deserted, date unknown; died November 1, 1909.
- WALKER, FRANK (W. D. MASSON), enlisted, January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; died January 13, 1901.
- WALTON, CHARLES, enlisted September 18, 1861; Dixon, Mo.
- WEAVER, CHARLES, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- WEBSTER, HENRY S., enlisted February 17, 1864; died at Fredericksburg, Va., May 10, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness, May 6, 1864.
- WEST, CHARLES, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; deserted February 7, 1865; unknown.
- WILLIAMS, CHARLES, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- WILLIAMS, ROBERT (EDWARD CAMPBELL), enlisted January 2, 1865; mustered out with company, July 17, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- WILSON, GEORGE, enlisted December 2, 1864; substitute; discharged on surgeon's certificate, June 7, 1865; dead, date unknown.
- WILSON, JAMES, enlisted January 5, 1865; substitute; deserted April 3, 1865; unknown.

ROSTER OF COMPANY I

Recruited in Tioga County.

COMPILED BY SERGEANT SYLVESTER HOUGHTON.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- FRANCIS M. HILL, captain; enlisted October 18, 1861; promoted to lieutenant-colonel March 1, 1863; resides at Cedar Vale, Kansas.
- WILLIAM CHASE, captain; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to first sergeant September 14, 1862; to captain April 1, 1863; wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863, and at Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged January 18, 1865; died April 13, 1906, at Milford, Iowa.
- CHAS. M. HART, captain; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted from sergeant to second lieutenant September 14, 1862; to first lieutenant July 1, 1863; to captain May 17, 1865; prisoner from December 14, 1863, to March, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Hornell, N. Y.
- G. D. SMITH, first lieutenant; enlisted October 7, 1861; killed at South Mountain September 14, 1862.
- JAS. E. CATLIN, first lieutenant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to corporal February 14, 1862; to sergeant September 14, 1862; to first sergeant November, 1863; to second lieutenant June 21, 1864; to first lieutenant May 17, 1865; prisoner for 12 months; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died November, 1906, at Vinton, Iowa.
- GEORGE M. ACKLEY, second lieutenant; enlisted October 18, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 31, 1862; died June 27, 1899, near Sabinsville, Pa.
- JAMES M. COLE, second lieutenant; enlisted September 30, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant June 17, 1862; to second lieutenant August 1, 1862; killed at South Mountain September 14, 1862.
- DEWITT C. HOIG, second lieutenant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted from corporal to sergeant September 14, 1862; to second lieutenant August 13, 1863; killed at Cold Harbor June 6, 1864.
- ANDREW STRONG, second lieutenant; enlisted October 12, 1861; promoted from sergeant to first sergeant January 1, 1865; to second lieutenant May 17, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Lake Benton, Minn.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- MARTIN G. CLARK, first sergeant; enlisted October 19, 1861; promoted from sergeant to first sergeant May 17, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Fort Dodge, Kansas.
- SAMUEL HAYNES, first sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to first lieutenant company G June 27, 1862; died at Oil City, Pa., October 13, 1899.
- EDWIN B. CARVEY, first sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to sergeant, September 14, 1862; to first sergeant, July 1, 1863; wounded at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1863; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps November 18, 1863; mustered out October 20, 1864; resides at Draper, Pa.

- DECATUR DICKINSON, first sergeant; enlisted September 29, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 21, 1863; to first sergeant June 21, 1863; to sergeant major September 7, 1864; resides at Neilsville, Clark Co., Wis.
- SYLVESTER HOUGHTON, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to sergeant September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability January 6, 1863; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- WILLIAM HOFFMAN, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; promoted to sergeant July, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died August 26, 1875.
- JOHN HANCOCK, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Poplar Grove Church September 30, 1865; died at Sabinsville, Pa., date unknown.
- JUSTUS D. STRAIT, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February, 1865; promoted to sergeant May 1, 1865; absent on furlough at muster out; died May 17, 1912.
- PHILO CARL, sergeant; enlisted December 29, 1861; promoted to sergeant May 8, 1864; discharged March 10, 1865, for wounds received at Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864; date of death unknown.
- JOHN B. EMERY, first sergeant; enlisted January 1, 1862; prisoner from December 14, 1863 to May 25, 1864; mustered out December 31, 1864, expiration of term; residence, Williamsport, Pa.
- JOHN H. BUCKLEY, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1865; discharged May 18, 1865, for wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864; died February 20, 1904.
- ALONZO BORDON, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 10, 1864; died May 18, 1864, of wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- MALCOLM A. ROYCE, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February 28, 1865; promoted to sergeant May 18, 1865; died at Alexandria June 28, 1865.
- SOLOM S. DARTT, sergeant; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to sergeant February 22, 1862; died June 16, 1862.
- WARDEN E. TYLER, corporal; enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at New Hope Church, Ga., May 28, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out; died at Lincoln Center, Kansas, date unknown.
- WALTER E. MARSH, corporal; enlisted October 12, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- MANNING C. MAY, corporal; enlisted September 30, 1861; promoted to corporal January 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Cherry Flats, Pa.
- ALBERT SAXBURY, corporal; enlisted October 7, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; promoted to corporal February 1, 1865; absent on furlough at muster out; died March 6, 1897.
- ABRAM C. ELLSWORTH, corporal; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to corporal May 18, 1865; absent on furlough at muster out; resides at Lakeview, Mich.
- JOHN L. JOHNSON, corporal; enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; wounded at Petersburg April 2, 1865; promoted to corporal May 18, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.

- LYMAN HANCOCK, corporal; enlisted September 21, 1861; promoted to corporal May 18, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- CHARLES F. REED, corporal; enlisted February 13, 1864; promoted to corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Rexford, Kansas.
- WRIGHT REDINGTON, corporal; enlisted December 25, 1861; died June 16, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.
- DARIUS KRINER, corporal; enlisted September 21, 1861; captured June 7, 1864; died in prison January 1, 1865.
- OVID H. ANDREWS, corporal; enlisted September 21, 1861; died at Washington, D. C., November 19, 1861.
- EMANUEL E. HIPPLE, musician; enlisted March 17, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence at 809 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- CHAS. H. STRAIT, musician; enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 5, 1862; resides at Williamsport, Pa.

PRIVATES.

- ADAMS, JAMES, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted March 1, 1865.
- ALBRIGHT, HENRY, enlisted December 26, 1864; substitute; deserted March 21, 1865.
- BUTTON, JOHN S., enlisted February 20, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BOYLE, PETER, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BUCK, JAMES A., enlisted January 7, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BAKER, LEWIS, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BARR, JOHN, enlisted September 30, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 6, 1865; date of death unknown.
- BLACKMORE, DWIGHT, drafted September 22, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; died January 22, 1902.
- BAXTER, SETH D., enlisted September 21, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 15, 1864; resides at Campbell, N. Y.
- BARNES, SELAR J., enlisted February 29, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, June 1, 1865; resides at Gibby, N. D.
- BUTTON, WARNER, enlisted October 7, 1861; died May 21, 1864, of wounds received at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864.
- BEACH, JOHN S., enlisted October 12, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; died January 11, 1865, in prison.
- BOWKER, JASPER, enlisted September 21, 1863; died June 14, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery at Arlington.
- BUTLER, ZADOC, enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 31, 1861; date of death unknown.
- BROWN, BURTON, enlisted October 7, 1861; drowned August 4, 1862, in Potomac River.
- BORDEN, WILLIAM V., enlisted October 12, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 20, 1863; date of death unknown.

- CARLS, JOHN W., enlisted February 10, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; date of death unknown.
- CLOSE, NEWBERRY, enlisted December 26, 1861; wounded at Petersburg July 30, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out; died December 3, 1909.
- CAHN, JOSEPH, enlisted January 1, 1862; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to March, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 717 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- COWDEN, JOSEPH, enlisted December 28, 1861; wounded at South Mountain September 14, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps April 25, 1864; mustered out December 28, 1864, at expiration of term; died at Soldiers' Home, Minneapolis, Minn.
- CLEARY, JOHN, enlisted January 6, 1865; substitute; transferred to Western Army February 20, 1865; date of death unknown.
- CASE, JEHIEL, enlisted March 26, 1864; wounded and captured July 30, 1864; died at Petersburg, Va., August 10, 1864.
- CAMPBELL, RANSFORD, enlisted February 20, 1864; died at Annapolis April 11, 1864.
- COOPER, ROBERT, enlisted September 30, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 18, 1862; died January, 1895.
- DODGE, AMASA, enlisted February 27, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- DIMMICK, SELDON B., enlisted February 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died January 20, 1894.
- DONLEY, SAMUEL M., enlisted February 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Reed City, Mich.
- DEITRICH, JOHN, enlisted January 4, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- DONLEY, JAMES S., enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged June 14, 1865, for wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; date of death unknown.
- DICKINS, ELI, enlisted February 26, 1864; died June 30, 1864, at Fortress Monroe; buried at Hampton, Va.
- DUNCAN, GEORGE, enlisted February 28, 1864; substitute; deserted January 24, 1865; date of death unknown.
- DEEGAN, THOMAS, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; deserted January 24, 1865; date of death unknown.
- DICKINS, AVA, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted June 1, 1865; date of death unknown.
- EDSON, CHAS. C., enlisted October 2, 1861; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Crawfordsville, R. F. D. No. 9.
- EASTMAN, HARRISON D., enlisted October 21, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at Chehalis, Lewis Co., Wash.
- ENGLISH, JAMES, enlisted September 21, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February, 1865; discharged by general order June 3, 1865; resides at Neal, Kansas.
- ENGLISH, JOSEPH O., enlisted March 21, 1864; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February, 1865; discharged by general order June 3, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.

- ELLIOT, LEWIS, enlisted February 13, 1864; died April 13, 1865, at Harrisburg, Pa.
- ELLIOT, HENRY A., enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Petersburg July 30, 1864; deserted June 1, 1865; date of death unknown.
- ELLIS, CHESTER, enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate September 5, 1862.
- ENGLISH, GEORGE C., enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 20, 1862; died September 5, 1882.
- ENGLISH, GEORGE, enlisted October 12, 1861; killed at South Mountain September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery at Antietam, Grave 3890.
- FLETCHER, JOHN A., enlisted December 30, 1861; discharged January 18, 1865, for wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864; died July 5, 1911.
- FRANCIS, CHARLES, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; deserted January 24, 1865.
- FINNE, JOSEPH, enlisted December 30, 1864; substitute; deserted January 9, 1865.
- FOSK, CHARLES, enlisted October 7, 1861; date of death unknown.
- GILLISPIE, JOHN, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; deserted July 6, 1865; resides at Lloyds, Pa.
- HANDY, ALBERT M., enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; date of death unknown.
- HOWD, CHARLES H., enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at East Stroudsburg, Pa.
- HAHN, ABRAM E., drafted December 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Tunkhannock, Pa.
- HUMPHREY, HENRY, enlisted January 3, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- HEITER, THEODORE, drafted September 22, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; died October 13, 1899.
- HAHN, LEVI H., enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order June 15, 1865; resides at 103 North Meade Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- HANDY, FRANCIS, enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at 308½ South Main Street, Elmira, N. Y.
- HARDY, WILLIAM H., drafted December 9, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865; resides at 119 Quackenbush Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.
- HAYES, HARVEY, enlisted November 29, 1864; substitute; transferred to Western Army March 1, 1865; date of death unknown.
- HOTELLING, ELLIS P., enlisted February 25, 1865; killed at Petersburg, Va., June 27, 1865.
- HANDY, CHARLTON, enlisted September 21, 1861; killed at Cold Harbor June 7, 1864.
- HENRY, ALEXANDER, enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; died of wounds received at Petersburg April 2, 1865; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave 3095.
- HANSINGER, ABSA'M, enlisted February 29, 1864; deserted June 1, 1865; died at Wellsboro, Pa., date unknown.
- HULBERTSON, CHARLES, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted January 9, 1865.
- HAMPSON, JAMES, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted January 9, 1865.

- HOTELLING, ALLEN, enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at Little Marsh, Pa.
- HUCH, JOHN, enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 11, 1863; date of death unknown.
- HAWKS, GEORGE, enlisted September 21, 1861; deserted September 14, 1862.
- JILLISON, AMOS, drafted September 26, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; date of death unknown.
- JOHNSON, JAMES E., enlisted February 13, 1864; captured at Cold Harbor June 7, 1864; died at Andersonville, Ga., September 10, 1864, Grave 8318.
- JOHNSON, DARIUS, enlisted September 21, 1861; captured at Cold Harbor June 7, 1864; died at Andersonville, Ga., July 18, 1864, grave 3499.
- JOHNSON, JOHN J., enlisted December 21, 1861; captured December 14, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., March 28, 1864.
- JONES, JAMES E., enlisted September 21, 1861; died November 1, 1862.
- KENNEDY, STEPHEN F., enlisted September 21, 1861; absent, sick, at muster out; date of death unknown.
- KIRKPATRICK, JOHN, enlisted October 22, 1861; died of wounds received at Antietam September 17, 1862; date of death unknown.
- LAWTON, THOMAS, enlisted February 21, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- LAWTON, WARREN, enlisted February 16, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Tiadaughton, Tioga Co., Pa.
- LYNCH, DOMINICK, enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- LONG, LEWIS E., enlisted August 13, 1863; drafted; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 17, 1865; died January 28, 1898.
- LLOYD, WILLIAM, enlisted October 12, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; died July 16, 1898.
- LANGDON, DAVID, enlisted February 27, 1864; deserted May 12, 1864; resides at Gaines, Pa.
- LARRISON, WASHINGTON, enlisted October 12, 1861; deserted September 14, 1862; date of death unknown.
- LANNING, THOMAS, enlisted October 12, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 15, 1862; died March 19, 1894.
- MARSH, THOMAS D., enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died October 30, 1909.
- MILLER, JOHN P., enlisted October 12, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; died May 20, 1885.
- MANEY, PATRICK, enlisted February 29, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 656 Beeber Street, Williamsport, Pa.
- MILLS, EDWIN E., drafted December 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died 1901.
- MEYERS, LEWIS, enlisted January 7, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- MORTON, JAMES, enlisted December 31, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- MATTISON, GEORGE S., enlisted September 21, 1861; captured; died in prison. date unknown. 5

- MULVANEY, THOMAS, enlisted December 27, 1864; substitute; deserted March 21, 1865; date of death unknown.
- MORTON, NOAH C., enlisted September 21, 1861; died September 29, 1862, of wounds received at South Mountain September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery at Antietam, Grave 4142.
- MAYNARD, MARSHALL M., enlisted September 21, 1861; died September 21, 1863.
- MORES, WILLIAM, enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; date of death unknown.
- MILLER, CHRISTOPHER, enlisted October 22, 1861; died July 2, 1862.
- McGEE, CHARLES, enlisted December 16, 1864; substitute; deserted January 24, 1865.
- NEWBURY, SPENCER, enlisted February 23, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps March 28, 1865; date of death unknown.
- NIVER, HIRAM, enlisted February 27, 1864; killed at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- NIVER, SILAS, enlisted February 26, 1864; died April 20, 1864; buried in U. S. General Hospital Cemetery, Annapolis, Md.
- NABAL, JAMES, enlisted October 12, 1861; killed at Jackson, Miss., July 11, 1865.
- OVERDURF, JEREMIAH, drafted December 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died March 1, 1892.
- ORR, ROBERT S., enlisted February 22, 1864; killed at Poplar Springs, Va., September 30, 1864.
- OWENS, WARREN, enlisted October 12, 1861; died at Washington, D. C., September 18, 1864.
- PHILLIPS, JOHN, drafted December 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- PARRY, WILLIAM, enlisted October 15, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- PRITCHARD, LEVI, enlisted March 26, 1864; deserted June 1, 1865.
- PEMBERTON, CHENEY O., enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 27, 1862; date of death unknown.
- ROOT, EUGENE B., enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- ROWLAND, JOHN, enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out; date of death unknown.
- REXFORD, GEORGE M., enlisted February 22, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; absent, in hospital, at muster out; resides at Gaines, Pa.
- ROSS, FREDERICK, enlisted January 4, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- ROLLIER, WILLIAM, enlisted January 4, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order June 7, 1865.
- RILEY, JOHN, enlisted December 1, 1864; substitute; died June 15, 1865; buried at Alexandria, Va., grave 3241.
- REIBSAM, JOSEPH, enlisted February 29, 1864; died June 29, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; buried in National Cemetery at Arlington.
- REYNOLDS, RHESA I., enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 3, 1863; resides at Westfield, Pa.

- ROYCE, EDWIN, enlisted September 21, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 13, 1863; date of death unknown.
- REMINGTON, JASON, enlisted October 10, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate April 1, 1863; died 1901.
- SHELLEY, DANIEL M., enlisted October 12, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides in Delmar, Tioga Co., Pa.
- SUMMERVILLE, JAMES, drafted November 15, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- SANDS, CHARLES, enlisted December 29, 1864; discharged by special order June 10, 1865; date of death unknown.
- SHERMAN, PORTER R., enlisted September 21, 1861; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; discharged by general order June 22, 1865; resides at South Boardman, Mich.
- SEWELL, CHARLES E., enlisted August 27, 1864; substitute; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; date of death unknown.
- SAWYER, HORACE S., enlisted October 12, 1861; discharged December 6, 1864, for wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; residence, 704 Rose Avenue, Big Rapids, Mich.
- SAWYER, HARMON H., enlisted October 3, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; discharged by general order June 3, 1865; resides at Cafenish, Mich.
- SMITH, HENRY H., enlisted February 16, 1864; captured June 3, 1864; discharged by general order June 3, 1865; resides at Wellsboro, Pa.
- STUMPPF, SAMUEL, enlisted December 23, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order June 22, 1865; date of death unknown.
- SCHMIDT, HARRY, enlisted December 19, 1864; substitute; transferred to the Western Army February 20, 1865; date of death unknown.
- STONE, WARREN D., enlisted March 31, 1864; killed at Spottsylvania C. H. May 12, 1864.
- SAXBURY, CORNELIUS, enlisted October, 1861; killed at Poplar Springs Church September 30, 1864.
- SMITH, MICHAEL, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; deserted January 9, 1865.
- STRAIT, STEPHEN, enlisted October 14, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 13, 1863; date of death unknown.
- SOFIELD, CHARLES B., enlisted December 28, 1861; wounded at South Mountain September 14, 1862; discharged December 31, 1863; resides at 435 West Fourth street, Erie, Pa.
- TRAVERSE, HENRY W., enlisted February 26, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at Driftwood, Okla.
- TRAVER, JACOB M., drafted December 9, 1864; absent, sick, at muster out; date of death unknown.
- THOMPSON, WILLIAM H., enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at Little Marsh, Pa.
- TOWNSEND, CHAS. H., enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at Asaph, Tioga Co., Pa.
- VANHOSSEN, SAMUEL J., enlisted February 27, 1864; died at Annapolis, Md., April 10, 1864.
- WATERS, ALBERT, enlisted October 12, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died September 11, 1888.

- WILLIAMS, ROBERT A., enlisted December 28, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- WANDS, ALEXANDER, drafted December 8, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died October 13, 1901.
- WATROUS, WILLIAM H., enlisted September 21, 1861; mustered out with company October 20, 1864, at expiration of term; resides at Gaines, Pa.
- WILSON, ERASTUS, drafted September 27, 1864; discharged by special order June 7, 1865; resides at New Albany, Bradford Co., Pa.
- WOOD, JEHIAL H., enlisted October 12, 1861; prisoner from September 30, 1864, to February 6, 1865; mustered out March 2, 1865, at expiration of term; resides at Marshlands, Pa.
- WILLIAMS, FREDERICK, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; wounded at Petersburg April 2, 1865; discharged by general order June 13, 1865; date of death unknown.
- WATKINS, PALMER B., enlisted September 21, 1861; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps June 8, 1864; resides at Knoxville, Pa.
- WILKINSON, JOHN, enlisted March 6, 1862; captured September 30, 1864; died March 14, 1865; buried in U. S. General Hospital Cemetery, Annapolis.
- WILKINSON, ROOK, enlisted October 12, 1861; died at Annapolis, Md., April 12, 1864.
- WILLIAMS, ROBERT, enlisted December 10, 1864; substitute; deserted May 11, 1865.
- WILCOX, FRANCIS L., enlisted September 21, 1864; deserted, date unknown; resides at Sabinsville, Pa.
- WILSON, M. D., enlisted October 12, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 11, 1862; died October 3, 1901.
- YOUNG, SAMUEL, drafted December 23, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; resides at 907 Seventh Street, Altoona, Pa.
- ZIMMERMAN, WILLIAM, enlisted December 8, 1864; drafted; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 30, 1865; date of death unknown.

ROSTER OF COMPANY K

Recruited at Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., 1861-1865.

[REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED BY COMRADE W. A. ROBERTS]

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- EZEKIEL Y. RAMBO, captain; enlisted October 12, 1861; killed in action on Seabrook Island, S. C., March 13, 1862; from Columbia, Pa.; buried at Coatesville, Pa.
- EDWARD A. KELSEY, first lieutenant; enlisted October 12, 1861; promoted to captain March 26, 1862; to major July 2, 1863; wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.; died from wounds June 24, 1864, in hospital at Washington, D. C.; buried at his home, Columbia, Pa.

- ANDREW J. FESSLER, second lieutenant; enlisted October 12, 1861; promoted to first lieutenant March 26, 1862; to captain July 3, 1863; wounded and captured at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died July 19, 1895, at his home, Newberry, Lycoming County, Pa.
- CALVIN S. BUDDING, first sergeant; enlisted September 9, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant March 13, 1862; to first lieutenant and adjutant March 26, 1862; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged November 21, 1864; died at his home, Wrightsville, York County, Pa., March 12, 1894.
- JOHN GELBAUGH, sergeant; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to second lieutenant March 26, 1862; to first lieutenant July 3, 1863; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died January 11, 1896; from Marietta, Pa.
- EDGAR EYDE, corporal; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 28, 1863; to second lieutenant July 9, 1864; to captain January 2, 1865; wounded at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; died December 25, 1868; from Columbia, Pa.
- CHARLES H. KOCH, corporal; enlisted October 5, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 28, 1862; to second lieutenant January 2, 1865; to first lieutenant June 8, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; died at his home, York, Pa., date unknown.
- EPHRAIM E. MYERS, enlisted February 25, 1862; promoted to sergeant November 23, 1863, at Knoxville, Tenn.; to first sergeant July 9, 1864; wounded June 3, 1864, at Bethesda Church, Va.; wounded June 16, 1864, in front of Petersburg; wounded and captured September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va.; promoted to second lieutenant June 8, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, York, Pa.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- JOHN H. STRICKLER, first sergeant; enlisted September 16, 1861; promoted to sergeant December 27, 1864; wounded at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865; promoted to first sergeant April 22, 1865; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Wrightsville, Pa., at time of enlistment; now resides at 5009 Powell Valley Road, Portland, Ore.
- JACOB F. ZIEGLER, sergeant; enlisted October 10, 1861; promoted to corporal September 15, 1862; to sergeant March 29, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; date of death and residence unknown.
- ABRAHAM GOTTSCHALL, sergeant; enlisted September 8, 1861; promoted to corporal April 22, 1864; captured at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864; promoted to sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, Frederick, Oklahoma.
- WILLIAM KELLEY, sergeant; enlisted September 3, 1861; promoted to corporal January 19, 1862; reduced November 24, 1863; wounded September 30, 1864; promoted to corporal January 24, 1865; to sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, Wrightsville, Pa.

- REUBEN E. FEILIS, sergeant; enlisted September 3, 1861; promoted to corporal November 24, 1863; to sergeant April 4, 1864; wounded in battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; assigned to Veteran Reserve Corps December 7, 1864; residence at time of enlistment, Columbia, Pa.; residence at present, No. 854 North Forty-second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- JAMES McCANN, sergeant; enlisted August 23, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, section 26, lot C, grave 3892; from Columbia, Pa.
- JOHN H. BEAVER, corporal; enlisted February 18, 1862; promoted to corporal December 27, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; died March 4, 1891; from Columbia, Pa.
- THOMAS KELLEY, corporal; enlisted April 22, 1861; wounded May 6, 1864; promoted to corporal December 24, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; killed on railroad (date unknown); residence at time of enlistment, Wrightsville, Pa.
- ELIAS M. ARBOGAST, corporal; enlisted October 11, 1861; wounded and captured June 7, 1864, while on picket at Cold Harbor, Va.; promoted to corporal January 27, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; died March 7, 1884; residence at time of enlistment, ———, Juniata County, Pa.
- GEORGE BROUSE, corporal; enlisted October 10, 1861; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, Weedville, Elk County, Pa.
- ISAAC PIERCE, corporal; enlisted February 29, 1864; promoted to corporal May 1, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; died April 21, 1912.
- JACOB W. KLING, corporal; enlisted February 26, 1862; promoted to sergeant June 1, 1864; wounded July 29, 1864, in front of Petersburg; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, Mount Carroll, Illinois.
- ANDREW HOSTETTER, corporal; enlisted February 25, 1862; promoted to corporal March 29, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864; died from wound May 27, 1864.
- DENNIS DIGNAN, corporal; enlisted October 17, 1861; promoted to corporal April 22, 1864; wounded May 12, 1864; died at Washington, D. C., June 14, 1864; from Marietta, Pa.
- HILLSTON CARRS, corporal; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to corporal April 2, 1863; reduced August 27, 1863; promoted to corporal April 7, 1864; died at Washington, D. C., July 7, 1864, from wounds received at Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- HENRY M. WIKE, corporal; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to sergeant November 14, 1861; wounded September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va.; died October 1, 1864, from wounds; from Columbia, Pa.
- DAVID M. MOSS, corporal; enlisted October 11, 1861; promoted to corporal April 23, 1863; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- LEWIS A. WILLIAMS, corporal; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to corporal March 29, 1864; wounded June 3, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died on way home from Andersonville prison; date of death unknown; from Columbia, Pa.
- GEORGE H. STAPE, corporal; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to corporal March 28, 1862; captured June 7, 1864, while on picket duty at Cold Harbor, Va.; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 24, 1865; from Columbia, Pa.
- LEWIS MARTIN, corporal; enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to corporal November 24, 1861; died at Louisville, Ky., March 10, 1864; from Columbia, Pa.

ALBERT ROBERTS, musician; enlisted September 3, 1861; sick in hospital at date of muster out of regiment July 17, 1865; residence at time of enlistment, Columbia, Pa.; residence at present time, Williamsport, Pa.

PRIVATES.

ARNOLD, HENRY D., enlisted September 1, 1862; died at Annapolis, Md., April 12, 1864, of typhoid fever; residence at time of enlistment unknown.

BAGLEY, WILLIAM, enlisted October 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.

BAILEY, JOHN H., enlisted February 11, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 23, 1864; date of death and residence unknown.

BAIR, L. D., enlisted February 17, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.

BARD, HENRY H., enlisted September 17, 1862; captured September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va.; discharged by general order June 5, 1865; residence, Elizabethtown, Lancaster County, Pa.

BARNHART, BENJAMIN, enlisted February 27, 1864; captured at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; died in Salisbury (N. C.) prison January 8, 1865; residence at time of enlistment, Newberry, Pa.

BELL, JAMES D., enlisted October 11, 1861; promoted to corporal March 28, 1862; deserted November 27, 1862, at Washington, D. C.

BENSON, WILLIAM H., enlisted October 11, 1861; discharged September 9, 1864, for wounds received at battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; date of death unknown; from Mexico, Juniata County, Pa.

BOLAND, PATRICK, enlisted March 21, 1864 (drafted); mustered out July 17, 1865.

BOOKMAN, JOHN W., enlisted October 7, 1861; captured September 30, 1864; discharged by general order June 5, 1865; residence, Columbia, Pa.

BOOKMAN, SAMUEL M., enlisted September 16, 1861; died in New York City Hospital July 27, 1862; from Columbia, Pa.

BOOKMAN, WILLIAM H., enlisted October 11, 1861; captured September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va.; died March 26, 1903; from Columbia, Pa.

BOORMAN, JACOB N., enlisted February 24, 1864; died June 26, 1864; buried at Alexandria, Va., Grave No. 2241.

BOYER, WILLIAM, enlisted October 2, 1861; assigned to Veteran Reserve Corps January 15, 1864; date of death unknown.

BOYLE, HENRY, enlisted September 15, 1862; captured July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged by special order June 13, 1865; date of death and residence unknown.

BRADY, PETER, enlisted February 11, 1864; killed in battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864; from Wrightsville, Pa.

BRANNAN, JOHN, enlisted February 24, 1862; deserted at Cincinnati March 12, 1863.

BROUSE, JAMES W., enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; captured and died at Salisbury, N. C., March 1, 1865; from Weedville, Elk County, Pa.

BUTCHER, JACOB, enlisted August 22, 1861 (company cook); mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; date of death and residence unknown.

CAMPBELL, JAMES, enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; deserted January 23, 1865.

CARPENTER, CHARLES, enlisted September 5, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 5, 1862; date of death unknown.

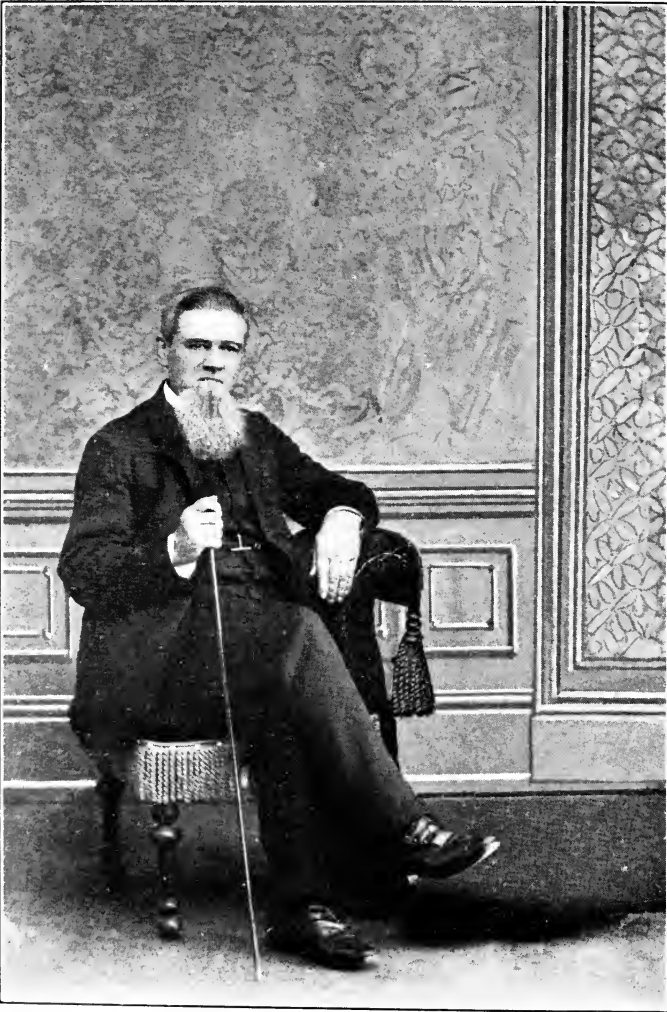
- CARROLL, FRANCIS, enlisted August 22, 1861; wounded June 3, 1864, at Bethesda Church; died at Washington, D. C., June 22, 1864, of wounds.
- CASSELL, DAVID, enlisted August 9, 1864; captured at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; sent to Salisbury, N. C.; died in 1873.
- CHAMBERS, HENRY, enlisted September 16, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in Antietam National Cemetery, section 26, lot C, grave 3888.
- CHAMBERS, JAMES, enlisted February 29, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 9, 1865.
- COFFEY, JOHN, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order July 12, 1865; date of death unknown.
- COHICK, SAMUEL, enlisted August 6, 1862; captured November 19, 1863; died in prison; date of death unknown; from Newtown, Pa.
- COLLINS, DENNIS, enlisted August 22, 1861; wounded September 14, 1862, at South Mountain, Md.; captured June 7, 1864; mustered out January 13, 1865; from Columbia, Pa.; died in Massachusetts; date of death unknown.
- COLLINS, MICHAEL, enlisted August 22, 1861; wounded June 3, 1864; mustered out October 20, 1864, at expiration of term of service; died at his home, Columbia, Pa.; date of death unknown.
- CONNER, ARTHUR, enlisted November 30, 1864; substitute; transferred to Northwestern Army March 19, 1865; date of death unknown.
- COSGROVE, JOHN, enlisted September 18, 1861; deserted October 23, 1861, at Washington, D. C.
- CRAWFORD, FRANCIS W., enlisted February 1, 1862; wounded June 3, 1864; absent in York (Pa.) Hospital at muster out; date of death unknown; from Marietta, Pa.
- CRONIN, JOHN, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; in Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y.
- DECKMAN, CHARLES A., enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 8, 1865.
- DIVET, BENJAMIN F., enlisted February 25, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate August 11, 1862; died August 24, 1910, at his residence, Columbia, Pa.
- DIVET, PETER, enlisted February 25, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 13, 1865; burial record February 19, 1865; from Newtown, Pa.
- DIXON, THOMAS, enlisted October 10, 1861; died at Camp Casey, Bladensburg, Md., November 17, 1861.
- DOLL, MICHAEL, enlisted January 20, 1865; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death and residence unknown.
- DOUGHERTY, J. W., enlisted February 15, 1862; deserted March 24, 1863.
- DOUGLAS, JOSEPH, enlisted September 13, 1862; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; assigned to Veteran Reserve Corps March 21, 1865; residence, 165 South Fourth Street, Columbia, Pa.
- DUNKELBARGER, JOHN, enlisted September 5, 1861; died at Otter Island, S. C., December 17, 1861.
- EDLER, DAVID S., enlisted March 8, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate June 15, 1865; date of death unknown.

- ELDER, JOHN, enlisted September 18, 1861; died of typhoid fever at Newport News, Va., July 27, 1862.
- ENNEY, JOHN E., enlisted February —, 1862; killed at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30, 1864; from Columbia, Pa.
- EYDE, THEODORE, enlisted February 26, 1864; wounded July 30, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; discharged on surgeon's certificate March 24, 1865; from Columbia, Pa.; died July 8, 1890.
- FINDLEY, GEORGE W., enlisted February 25, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; from Columbia, Pa.; died July —, 1910.
- FISHER, GEORGE W., enlisted September 3, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; from Marietta, Pa.; died December 5, 1879.
- FISHER, JACOB M., enlisted September 5, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 21, 1863; date of death and residence unknown.
- FISHER, JOHN, enlisted February 28, 1864; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Newberry, Pa., March 30, 1865.
- FITZKEE, HENRY, enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; discharged by general order June 20, 1865; date of death unknown; from York County, Pa.
- FRANK, JOHN W., enlisted August 22, 1861; died at Harrisburg, Pa., April 23, 1864.
- GARDNER, PETER, enlisted February 25, 1864; captured September 30, 1864, at Poplar Springs Church, Va.; died at his home, Columbia, Pa., April 4, 1865, from effects of imprisonment.
- GELTMACHER, JACOB, enlisted February 25, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; discharged by general order June 5, 1865; died July 31, 1908; from Newtown, Pa.
- GILBERT, FRANCIS W., enlisted February 22, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865; residence, Columbus, Ohio.
- GILBERT, GEORGE, enlisted September 16, 1861; killed at Wilderness May 6, 1864; from York County, Pa.
- GOON, WILLIAM, enlisted October 10, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate October 17, 1861, at Harrisburg, Pa.; residence and date of death unknown.
- GRAY, JEREMIAH, enlisted September 21, 1861; deserted September 7, 1862; returned and deserted March 20, 1863; returned February 8, 1865; mustered out July 17, 1865; died February 20, 1883; from Marietta, Pa.
- GRAY, WILSON, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- HAINES, SAMUEL, enlisted October 10, 1861; wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam; captured September 30, 1864; died in prison at Salisbury, N. C., February 6, 1865.
- HARRIS, CALVIN, enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died in hospital at York, Pa., March 31, 1865; from Wrightsville, Pa.
- HECK, ISRAEL, enlisted August 22, 1861; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- HENRY, CHARLES, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.

- HERLEMAN, HENRY, enlisted December 20, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- HETRICK, ISAAH, enlisted September 16, 1861; wounded at South Mountain September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate at York Hospital May 18, 1863; date of death unknown.
- HILL, THOMAS, enlisted September 9, 1861; wounded September 14, 1862, at South Mountain; died October 6, 1862, of wounds received.
- HINKLE, JOHN J., enlisted February 18, 1862; captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Kylertown, Clearfield County, Pa.
- HOFFNER, JOHN, enlisted February 25, 1864; killed at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; buried in Wilderness burying grounds.
- HOGENTGLER, SIMON, enlisted February 19, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Richmond, Va., February 28, 1865.
- HOINE, SAMUEL E., enlisted August 23, 1862; reduced from sergeant to ranks January 2, 1863; deserted January 22, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
- HOSTETTER, JOHN F., enlisted February 23, 1864; wounded at Petersburg June 23, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 9, 1865; date of death unknown.
- HOUTS, EDWARD, enlisted September 8, 1861; killed by rebel sharpshooter June 27, 1864, near Petersburg, Va.
- HOWARD, JACOB, enlisted February 22, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; confined in prison at Salisbury, N. C.; discharged by general order June 15, 1865; residence, York County, Pa.
- HOWE, WILLIAM, enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; deserted January 20, 1865; served 18 days.
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM M., enlisted September 23, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate November 28, 1864; residence, Barclay, Queen Anne County, Md.
- KAHOE, THOMAS, enlisted February 18, 1864; killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
- KAUFFMAN, BENJAMIN, enlisted October 7, 1861; captured November 16, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga., August 18, 1864; Grave No. 6028; from Mountville, Lancaster County, Pa.
- KELLAR, OSCAR, enlisted September 9, 1861; died on Otter Island, S. C., of typhoid fever March 26, 1862; from Wrightsville, Pa.
- KELLEY, JOHN, enlisted September 24, 1861, deserted from U. S. Hospital, Middleton, Md., December 20, 1862; from York County, Pa.
- KENNEDY, PATRICK, enlisted September 23, 1861; deserted November 20, 1862.
- KEPLAR, JACOB, enlisted October 22, 1861; killed at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; buried in National Cemetery at Antietam, Section 26, Lot C, Grave 3893.
- KLUGH, JOSEPH, enlisted November 1, 1864 (drafted); discharged by special order June 30, 1865.
- KLUTE, ROBERT, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; deserted June 20, 1865.
- LAMBERSON, CHARLES, enlisted February 18, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 29, 1865.

- LEASE, JOSEPH, enlisted February 25, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- LEHMAN, GEORGE W., enlisted February 18, 1862; wounded July, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died April 3, 1865, at his home in Columbia, Pa., from effects of imprisonment.
- LITZ, (DANIEL OR DAVID), enlisted October 10, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 2, 1862; date of death unknown.
- LONG, JEROME, enlisted September 16, 1861; discharged December 5, 1864, for wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; died at his home in Columbia, Pa., May 23, 1907.
- LOWBACKER, JOSEPH, enlisted February 25, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- LOWE, JOHN F., enlisted August 17, 1864; substitute; discharged by general order June 30, 1865.
- MAGILL, GEORGE, enlisted October 11, 1861; wounded at Spottsylvania May 12, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., February 14, 1865.
- MALONEY, THOMAS, enlisted February 22, 1864; killed at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.
- MARTIN, THOMAS, enlisted January 2, 1865; substitute; deserted January 25, 1865.
- McBRIDE, THOMAS, enlisted October 5, 1861; deserted June 3, 1864, at Bethesda Church, Va.; from Marietta, Pa.
- McCARTY, GEORGE, enlisted February 26, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; discharged by special order May 30, 1865; residence, York, Pa.
- McDADE, THOMAS, enlisted December 28, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- McFARLAND, JAMES, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- McLAIN, JOSEPH, enlisted August 27, 1861; captured November 16, 1863, at Campbells Station, Tenn.; died in Andersonville prison; date of death unknown; from Columbia, Pa.
- McLAUGHLIN, OSWALD, enlisted February 25, 1864; wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; now at National Military Home, Dayton, Ohio; from Columbia, Pa.
- MILES, JOHN L., enlisted August 17, 1861; promoted to sergeant March 28, 1862; reduced to ranks January 2, 1863; captured at Clynch Mountain, Tenn., December 14, 1863; discharged May 12, 1865; from Columbia, Pa.; date of death unknown.
- MILLER, DAVID, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, 212 East Fifty-second Street, Portland Oregon.
- MILLER, JOHN, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- MITCHELL, JAMES G., enlisted March 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 16, 1863; residence and date of death unknown.
- MOORE, JOHN F., enlisted March 1, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; died at Salisbury, N. C., January 19, 1865.
- MOORE, JOHN, enlisted December 23, 1864; substitute; deserted January 11, 1865.

- MOSTELLER, MICHAEL, enlisted October 6, 1864 (drafted); discharged by special order June 8, 1865; died July 9, 1897.
- MULLEN, AMOS, enlisted August 9, 1861; promoted to quartermaster sergeant October 21, 1861; captured December 14, 1863; discharged December —, 1864; died December 27, 1905; from Columbia, Pa.
- MUMMA, PETER H., enlisted August 22, 1861; wounded at Antietam September 17, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate January 2, 1863; date of death unknown; residence, Silver Springs, Pa.
- MYERS, EDWARD, enlisted September 9, 1862; deserted March 12, 1864.
- MYERS, JACOB H., enlisted February 17, 1862; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; from Columbia, Pa.; date of death unknown.
- MYERS, SAMUEL C., enlisted September 8, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged July, 1864; date of death unknown.
- MYERS, SAMUEL E., enlisted February 24, 1862; wounded by a sharpshooter at Spottsylvania May 14, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Newtown, Pa.
- NASH, FRANCIS, enlisted November 30, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death and residence unknown.
- NEELEY, SAMUEL, enlisted October 3, 1864 (drafted); killed at Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865.
- O'BRIEN, JOHN C., enlisted September 24, 1861; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 27, 1864; discharged February 2, 1865, for wounds received; residence, Marietta, Pa.
- PALMER, JAMES, enlisted November 29, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Philadelphia, Pa.
- PEART, JOHN, enlisted February 27, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 7, 1862; died January 24, 1906.
- PORTER, JOHN C., enlisted October 11, 1861; assigned to Veteran Reserve Corps November 25, 1863; residence, Abilene, Kansas.
- PYFER, JOSEPH, enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded and captured September 30, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Jersey Shore, Lycoming County, Pa.
- PYFER, LEVI, enlisted September 8, 1861; wounded at Petersburg August 9, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Newberry, Lycoming County, Pa.
- QUIGLEY, THOMAS, enlisted November 29, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Miners Mill, Luzerne County, Pa.
- RASELEY, JAMES, enlisted December 22, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, No. 37 Charles Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- REES, LEWIS, enlisted March 27, 1862; mustered out March 27, 1865, at expiration of term of service; date of death unknown.
- REIGHARD, SAMUEL A., enlisted September 8, 1861; killed in action on Seabrook Island, S. C., March 13, 1862.
- REIGHARD, WILLIAM H., enlisted September 8, 1861; died March 14, 1862, of wounds received in action on Seabrook Island, S. C., March 13, 1862.
- RHAWN, ISAAC, enlisted March 27, 1862; deserted July 6, 1864; under arrest at date of muster out.
- RICHTER, CHARLES, enlisted March 28, 1862; deserted September 19, 1862.



James Stonecypher
Company K

- ROADS, GEORGE, enlisted September 8, 1861; detailed in ambulance corps; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Cogan Station, Lycoming Co., Pa.
- ROBERTS, WILLIAM A., enlisted August 9, 1862; wounded May 6, 1864, in Wilderness; transferred from Campbell Hospital at Washington, D. C., to York (Pa.) Hospital; assigned to Veteran Reserve Corps January 1, 1865; detailed to publish "The Cartridge Box," a little paper printed in the hospital; mustered out at Harrisburg, Pa., August 19, 1865; residence, Langdon, D. C.
- RODGERS, JAMES, enlisted December 23, 1864; substitute; deserted January 11, 1865.
- ROPP, DAVID R. P., enlisted February 18, 1864; wounded and captured July 30, 1864; died of wounds July 31, 1864, at Richmond, Va.
- RYAN, JOHN, enlisted August 27, 1861; wounded at South Mountain, Md., September 14, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 26, 1862; died January 11, 1901.
- SANDERS, SIMON, enlisted September 21, 1861; deserted September 19, 1862; returned April 23, 1863; killed at Wilderness May 6, 1864; interred in Wilderness burying ground; from Marietta, Pa.
- SAUNDERS, WILLIAM, enlisted February 27, 1864; captured September 30, 1864; taken to Salisbury (N. C.) prison; mustered out August 17, 1865; residence, 113 Church Street, South Williamsport, Pa.
- SEIPLE, GEORGE F., enlisted February 26, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; died February 7, 1878; from Columbia, Pa.
- SEITZ, JOHN G., enlisted March 27, 1862; died at Milldale, Miss., July 27, 1863, from fever contracted in Mississippi campaign.
- SHANNON, JOHN, enlisted December 21, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865.
- SHARR, JOHN F., enlisted October 2, 1861; drowned in Potomac River August 13, 1862.
- SMITH, RICHARD, enlisted August 22, 1861; deserted September 7, 1862.
- STEIN, CHARLES, enlisted September 16, 1861; died in York Hospital February 16, 1864; buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery, York, Pa.
- STONECYPHER, ALONSO, enlisted October 2, 1861; prisoner from June 7, 1864, to April 29, 1865; discharged by general order June 5, 1865; in National Military Home, Indiana.
- STONECYPHER, JAMES, enlisted September 8, 1861; wounded March 12, 1862; captured June 18, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.; returned to duty January 13, 1865; mustered out with company June 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- STOUFFER, HENRY, enlisted September 16, 1861; discharged on surgeon's certificate December 31, 1862; date of death unknown.
- STRICKLER, PETER K., enlisted March 9, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- STUDENROTH, MARTIN, enlisted August 22, 1861; deserted September 19, 1862.
- SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY, enlisted August 22, 1861; promoted to corporal March 28, 1862; reduced to ranks August 17, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate February 14, 1863; date of death unknown.
- SUMPMAN, JOHN F., enlisted August 21, 1861; captured June 7, 1864; released April 21, 1865; discharged by general order June 9, 1865; residence, Mt. Joy, Lancaster County, Pa.

- SCMPMAN, SAMUEL, enlisted February 29, 1864; wounded at Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; residence, Maytown, Lancaster County, Pa.
- SWEARS, FRANCIS P., enlisted August 7, 1862; prisoner from June 7, 1864, to April 1, 1865; discharged by general order June 13, 1865; date of death unknown; from Columbia, Pa.
- VACHE, HOWARD W., enlisted October 7, 1861; wounded in action on Seabrook Island, S. C., March 13, 1862; died June 8, 1864, of wounds received at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; from Wrightsville, Pa.
- WAGNER, AUGUSTUS, enlisted August 22, 1861; died June 16, 1862, of wounds received in action at Seabrook Island, S. C., March 13, 1862.
- WARD, JOHN F., enlisted August 22, 1861; transferred to Company F April 30, 1864; date of death unknown.
- WEAVER, REUBEN, enlisted August 22, 1861; wounded May 6, 1864, at the Wilderness; wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864; discharged on surgeon's certificate May 30, 1865; date of death unknown; from Marietta, Pa.
- WEAVER, SAMUEL B., enlisted February 25, 1864; wounded May 6, 1864, in Wilderness; loss of arm; absent in hospital at muster out of company; residence, No. 1006 O Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
- WEIGAND, AUGUSTUS, enlisted October 11, 1861; reported missing in Battle of Wilderness May 6, 1864.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN, enlisted December 23, 1864; substitute; mustered out with company July 17, 1865; date of death unknown.
- WOODS, JOHN S., enlisted August 22, 1861; missing in action at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864.
- YOUGH, JACOB, enlisted September 22, 1861; promoted to sergeant November 28, 1862; reduced to ranks November 24, 1863; deserted at York, Pa., March 19, 1864.

BREVET COLONEL THEODORE GREGG

BY LIEUTENANT W. T. FITZGERALD.

"One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

Fifty years is a long time to remember scenes that were enacted and incidents that occurred in that dark period of our country's history which has left an impress on the minds of the survivors who participated in the grand effort to save the Union.

The combatants, an army of the bravest men the world has ever seen, soldiers, brothers, Americans all, one people, one blood, in comparison with whom the famed warriors of Greece or Rome, or the conscripted legions of Monarchical Europe fade into insignificance.

The issue Slavery or Freedom,
The cause man's ambition,
The verdict God's justice.

Colonel Theodore Gregg was born in Central City—now a part of Milesburg, Center County, Pa.—in the year 1820, where he died July, 1878, aged 58 years.

He became a soldier in the Florida War. At the end of that war he entered the navy, where he remained until the commencement of hostilities with Mexico.

Having finished his time in the navy, he enlisted in the regular army and became a member of the Fourth Infantry (under General Taylor), stationed along the Rio Grande, the same regiment in which U. S. Grant was acting quartermaster. He met General Grant afterward when the Forty-fifth was in front of Petersburg and had a very pleasant chat about the Mexican War. After the battle of Monterey most of the regulars were sent to Vera Cruz to join Scott, who assumed the chief command for the invasion of Mexico; the Fourth Infantry—Worth's Division—among the rest.

He served through the Mexican War, and at the expiration of his enlistment came back to Pennsylvania and spent some time among his old friends.

His next appearance of note was during the Fall campaign of 1852 when General Scott received the nomination for president. Gregg was a warm admirer of his "Old Commander" and at once took the "Stump," making a vigorous effort through his native State for Scott and the Whig party.

When the Civil War commenced he joined the company of the late General John I. Curtin, and was mustered as first lieutenant of Company A, October, 1861. He was made adjutant of the regiment and at South Carolina, March, 1862, was promoted to captain of Company F. He was wounded at South Mountain, September 14th, 1862, while gallantly leading his men in that bloody affair.

He participated in all the successes and reverses of the Forty-fifth that followed, receiving various promotions, but it was at the crater in front of Petersburg that he proved himself a hero; at the head of 106 men he was ordered to enter the fort immediately after the explosion, and gallantly he and his little band advanced into the very jaws of death; not being properly supported the enemy saw and took advantage of this, rallied an overwhelming force, and soon one of the most bloody hand-to-hand encounters that took place during the war was in progress. During the fight the troops suffered for water and ran short of ammunition, still no help; a large Rebel officer approached Colonel Gregg and, pointing a revolver at his head, ordered him to surrender. Gregg quickly knocked him down and ran his sword through him, breaking his sword in the act. No wonder General Bartlett presented his own sword to Gregg to continue the fight. Colonel Gregg was one of the best swordsmen among the volunteers, having acquired the art in the navy.

He was made prisoner September 30th, 1864, and rejoined his regiment February, 1865; subsequently mustered out July 17th, 1865, with the rank of brevet colonel. Justice was never done Colonel Gregg; he was one of the most gallant soldiers at the front, and should have worn a star.

He was a man of medium height, well built and soldierly in appearance, a most fluent talker, a faithful friend, a heart tender as a woman's, and always a gentleman.

At the close of the war he returned to Center County, where he resided until his death. He was married after he came home. Two daughters still survive him. His wife and one son, Theodore, lie buried near him, in the little cemetery at Curtin.

Strew flowers on the grave of our patriot dead,
A Friend and a Comrade lies here,
Scatter bright immortelles, a crown for the head
That in life never faltered in fear.

A hand ever ready the Flag to defend,
A heart that was honest and true,
A blow for the tyrant, a smile for the friend,
And a tear for affliction he knew.

No towering memorial laureled and doved,
His deeds or his virtues proclaim,
But the Country he served, the people he loved
Will honor and cherish his name.

MAJOR R. C. CHEESEMAN

A. D. ALBERT.

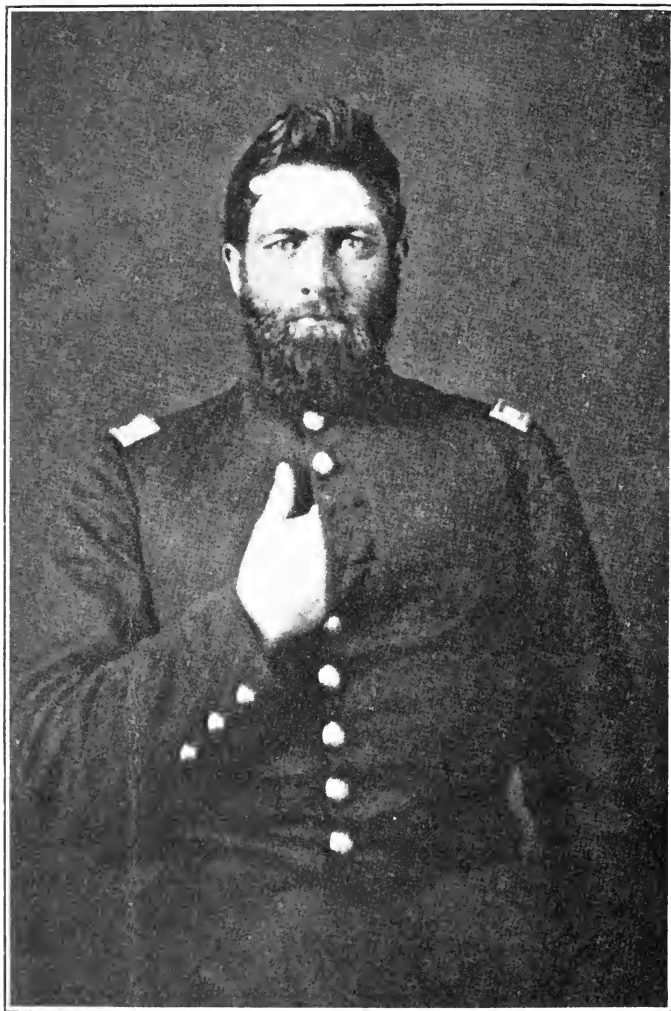
On March 25th, 1910, there passed from death to life the soul of Roland C. Cheeseman, who in the Civil War was Captain of Company A, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. His remains were followed to Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, by all the members of the Washington, D. C., Association of the Survivors of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Comrades A. D. Albert and W. A. Roberts were of the pall bearers, and, while his body reposes in a soldier's grave, his spirit still lives to enthuse and encourage his surviving comrades to carry on the work which filled his soul—the compilation of a history of his beloved regiment.

At the regimental reunion at Williamsport, Pa., March 2, 1910, he remarked: "We must hurry and get out our history before we die." His heart was bound up in that project and his pen was busy urging other comrades to contribute material for the history and the means to publish it.

Roland C. Cheeseman enlisted April 18th, 1861, from Center County, Pa., as a private in Company H, Second Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry (three months), and was discharged at Harrisburg, Pa., August 18th, 1861. Reenlisted same day for three years as a private in Company A, Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and was discharged July 17th, 1865, at Alexandria, Va. He was promoted to rank of first sergeant, September 25th, 1862, for brave and meritorious conduct at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, Md.; to second lieutenant, March 18th, 1863, to captain, September 29th, 1864, and breveted major, April 2d, 1865. He was wounded in the right knee and right shoulder, at Blue Springs, Tenn., October 10th, 1863, and again wounded in the right foot, June 17th, 1864, at Petersburg, Va., and wounded in right shoulder and back of head at Poplar Springs Church, Va., September 30th, 1864, and there captured and taken to Libbey prison, Richmond, Va. He was exchanged and took command of his regiment in February, 1865. In the final assault on Petersburg, April 2d, 1865, he was wounded in the right knee, rendering immediate amputation necessary.



Brevet Major R. C. Cheeseman
Died March 25, 1910



Captain John O. Campbell
Company E
Mortally wounded, May 6, 1864
Died May 7, 1864

He was stricken in his home by apoplexy and died 24 hours later, on March 25th, 1910.

Major Cheeseman was born in Center County, Pa., April 20th, 1839, and was united in marriage to Miss Eliza T. Hillibish, at Bellefonte, November 15th, 1865. His wife and three children remain to lament the loss of a loving husband and a kind father. His associates lament the passing of a brave comrade and a knightly gentleman.

JOHN OLIVER CAMPBELL, COMPANY E

SEPTEMBER 2, 1861.

The beautiful glades of Center County, Pa., never looked lovelier than on that early September morn as a family group stood on the front porch of a pleasant farm house—father, mother, two daughters and one son. "Goodbye, mother," said the young man. A silent pressure of the hand and he turns from the home of childhood and, with a friend, walks briskly down the road to "The Pines!"

Some 80 young men, the flowers of the valley, are gathering to "The Pines" to start for "The War."

When the father and sisters join him at the grove they find almost the whole valley of men, women and children there. Strong hearts but trembling hands have prepared a bountiful dinner; religious services are held and "The Boys" are off.

That young man is known in the pages of this book as "Captain" John O. Campbell, Company E—to the writer he was "*Oliver*," her playmate brother. After the lapse of 58 years I am requested to "Write a sketch" of him.

How can I present him to *strangers*. Few that knew him will read these pages. He was the third son of John Campbell who settled on the Glades in 1811. His two older brothers having married and left home while he was a boy.

OLIVER FARMED FOR HIS FATHER.

By the sweat of his brow he was the main support of the family, but as he toiled on and on he made all around him happy by a breezy cheerfulness and quiet humor.

While this pleasing trait shone pre-eminently in his family circle it was also a charm in the cultured society of his valley.

A CLOSE OBSERVER.

The family meal was enlivened by his spicy description of a bird, squirrel, or fleecy cloud that had interested him while busy in field.

AN INVENTIVE MIND

produced conveniences for barn and field—while in the army "His Boys" were merry over a curious chair the "Captain" had made of crooked sticks.

HIS SCHOOL DAYS

were confined to the winters of boyhood in the *Old Glades* schoolhouse—but a thirst for something higher was imbibed, as the children often sat in the

family room, eager listeners to lively debates between our parents and their guests on current matters of church or state, or the merits of a new book.

Hence Oliver often had a book in hand while resting horses in the plow—and winter evenings of his young manhood were spent “Not in stores,” but in the study of books on theology, history and science. “’Tis wonderful,” writes one from the army, “how Captain C. can talk on books with college men.”

A lover of the Bible, the Sabbath and the House of God he often spoke of the 15th Psalm as descriptive of the true Christian; also of Elihu refraining from speaking till his *elders* were through.

His army letters were full of devotion to his God, his country and his home.

His regiment, sometimes called “The Wandering,” was found in Maryland, Fortress Monroe, South Carolina, Virginia, again Kentucky, Mississippi, Kentucky again, Tennessee and again in Virginia with Grant’s last bloody campaign.

After almost three years of privations and hardships known only to the soldiers he fell in the Wilderness May 6th, 1864. In front of his men crying “Rally Round the Flag,” a ball pierced his bowels, his blood stained the soil—after 28 hours intense sufferings his spirit entered the haven of rest—his precious mangled body was left to moulder into dust in a grave never decorated because *never found*.

Said an elderly man of his home neighborhood, “I knew no young man of brighter prospects, or of more sterling qualities, nor one who enlisted under a more profound sense of duty.” All speak of him as “noble, brave, an efficient officer and most agreeable companion.”

The tender ministrations of Mr. A. Osman, one of his company, during the last hours of the captain’s sufferings, and his affectionate *leave-taking* of the precious remains on the top of that pontoon wagon have the warmest gratitude of the writer. Says Osman, “I straightened his hair, wiped off his face and left him crying, ‘O, my poor dead captain!’”

Should these lines meet the eyes of the colonel who lay by the side of Captain Campbell when he died, or the man in citizen’s dress who asked, “Dear captain, are you ready to die,” to whom the captain said, “My peace with God is made,” how gladly would the writer hear from them.

Of the group on the porch that September morn the mother went suddenly home about six weeks after her son left—the father followed in nine months. The sisters remained together for many years in the “Old, old home,” when the elder answered the call, “Come up higher,” and the younger, the writer, became the wife of Rev. J. M. Adair, Indiana, Pa. Another sister, Mrs. H. W. McCracken, who had married and left home before “the war” still lives, and with her husband is on their farm-home adjoining the old Campbell homestead. His brothers died years ago.

MRS. J. M. ADAIR,

Indiana, Pa.

May 15, 1911.

LIEUTENANT LEVI R. ROBB

COMPANY H, FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

Enlisted at Tioga, Pa., September 18th, 1861, as sergeant. Reenlisted January 1st, 1864. Was promoted to second lieutenant January 24th, 1865.

Was wounded at Antietam, Md. Mortally wounded in front of Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. Died in City Point Hospital April 9, 1865. Was buried in the old family lot in the Farmington Hill Cemetery, when about 27 years of age.

He was a faithful worker in the Presbyterian church, as well as a gallant soldier.

Lieutenant Robb lay mortally wounded and slowly dying on a hospital cot in one of the officers' wards at City Point, when President Lincoln made his memorable tour among the wounded and dying there. Lieutenant Robb was terribly wounded by a shell in the left breast and shoulder. He was unable to move his body and was barely able to raise his right arm from the covers. He was perfectly conscious and knew he could not live, yet uttered no word of complaint. My cot was the third from tent entrance; his was fourth on the same side. His face was turned slightly toward me as I sat talking to him in a low tone. The hour was just before noon. I heard a slight rustle of canvas behind me. Suddenly his eyes opened wide and his face lit up with a happy expression of recognition as he spoke in a clear but feeble voice, "The President." President Lincoln had stepped into the tent unannounced and alone. Instantly those who could stand were on their feet at "attention." Then amid a quiet hush his towering form passed swiftly from cot to cot with extended hand and a kind word of greeting to each occupant. When he reached Lieutenant Robb's cot he grasped his feebly extended hand as he cheerily said, "God bless you." Slowly and deliberately came the reply, "He has, Mr. President, and may it be your happy portion, too." The President paused just a moment, as he looked with compassion into the wan face of the wounded officer, and said, "It is, but cheer up, my boy, we'll meet again," and then passed on to cheer others. The next day Lieutenant Robb passed away. The President's visit and this pathetic incident I shall never forget.

T. J. DAVIES.

FROM REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

In one of the battles in the Wilderness, in 1864, and during a flank movement, a thoroughbred bay stallion was captured—a magnificent creature, said to have been the favorite war-horse of General Shaler, whom we also captured. As was customary, the horse was named for his former master, and was known by no other title than "General Shaler." My obligations to this horse are two-fold and memorable; he saved me from capture, when I had ridden, by mistake, into Sedgwick's corps by night; and at Appomattox he brought me enough greenbacks to save me from walking back to Georgia. He was so handsome that

a Union officer, who was a judge of horses, asked me if I wished to sell him. I at once assured this officer that I would be delighted to sell the horse or anything else I possessed, as I had not a dollar except Confederate money, which, at that period of its history, was somewhat below par. The officer, General J. I. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, generously paid me in greenbacks more than I asked for the horse. I met this gentleman in 1894, nearly 30 years afterward, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He gratified me again by informing me that he had sold "General Shaler" for a much higher price than he paid me for him.

TRIBUTE TO THE FORTY-FIFTH

WORCESTER, MASS., October 1st, 1909.

MR. ALLEN D. ALBERT, Secretary,
No. 1626 29th Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR COMRADE:

Hurrah for the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, and every soldier in it! I can never forget the confidence we of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts felt in your regiment. If deployed as skirmishers we always followed you, knowing you would lead with courage. If we were in the advance we knew we should be supported by you as long as a man remained. If you were upon our right or left, we felt our flank was safe. And when in camp your good fellowship made us happy.

I can recall many places where we groped our way in fire or smoke, in water or blood, in sunshine and rain, in woods and fields. We foraged together and knew well that no member of your regiment would allow one of us to suffer. We left our camps and knew you would guard rather than destroy. I believe no Forty-fifth man ever stole from us and the reverse was true.

I have often questioned whether any other two regiments were as closely bound together. I have often said that I would like to meet the survivors, and if you have a reunion, I will try to come to it. We have a meeting September 2d, each year, and I wish you would come some time and be with us. You or all of the Washington, D. C., Association; in fact all the regiment to be my guests.

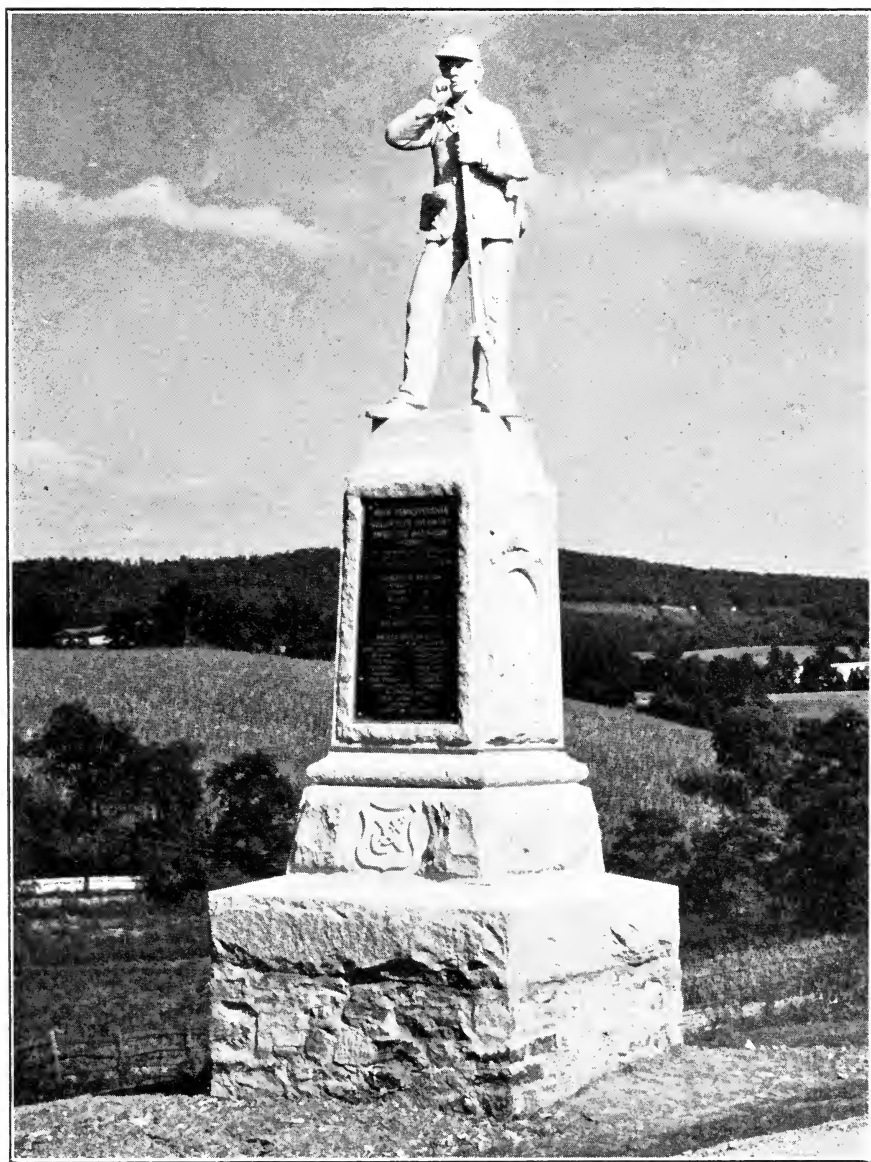
I thank you for the photo, the letter, and the roster. I remember Colonel Curtin well, and I am pleased to know that he is alive as yet. I miss the name of Major Gregg, whom I knew intimately. I shall never forget a conversation with him, when we were in Mississippi and Lee was raiding Pennsylvania, just before Gettysburg.

I have visited many of the old battlefields and found much to thrill one. The next time I am in Washington I shall certainly try to see you. We had, as you know, bummers in the army, but I do not recall one in either the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts or the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania.

I have subscribed for a copy of the history of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania, and if you get one published count me a subscriber.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

C. W. WOOD.



Regimental Monument Antietam, Md.



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45th

257248

Albert

