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FOUR YEARS
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CAMPAIGNING

IN THE

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

BY

COLOR SERGEANT,

D. G. CROTTY,

Third Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH:
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PREFACE.

To the enlisted men of the army this book is dedicated, with whom the author has shared the fatigues of four years' campaigns, described in these pages. I come before my late comrades to remind them of by-gone times, to talk over our army life, and keep afresh in our minds the hardships we had to endure to save our country from disunion, and make it the greatest nation of the earth. There are portrayed within this book the doings of the soldier in camp and field, by one who has marched with the army from the first Bull Run, down to the surrender of Lee and all the Rebel army. If this book should meet the approbation of my late comrades, I am well paid for the trouble of writing it.

THE AUTHOR,

Muskegon, August 10th, 1872.

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CHAPTER I.

SECESSION—INSULT TO OUR FLAG—UPRISING OF THE NORTH—ENLISTMENTS—LEAVING HOME—TRIP TO THE FRONT.

The year 1861 will be remembered as one of the most extraordinary in the history of the United States. The hideous monster, Secession, spread its venomous poison over the country. Oh, that we had a Jackson to put his iron heel upon the monster's head, and save our bleeding country the anguish for four long years, of the greatest rebellion of modern times.

The telegraph flashed the sad news to every city, town and hamlet in the land, that the Stars and Stripes had been insulted and trailed in the dust, and that, too, by men who called themselves Americans. But they will pay dearly for their rashness. Oh! what memories crowd upon me when I read how heroically the gallant band of seventy Patriots, under the brave Anderson, stood out against seven thousand traitors, at Fort Sumpter, and not until the last shot was fired did they surrender.

Grand Rapids responds to the first call of the President for seventy-five thousand men, and begins to raise a regiment. I am no native American, but will enlist to help chastise the enemies of my adopted country, which I pride myself to love second to none. Accordingly, at the age of eighteen I find myself enrolled in our good old Uncle Sam's army, and encamped on the Fair Grounds in the beautiful Valley City, ready to march to the defence of our Nation's Capitol.

On the 12th of June, 1861, we file out of our camp, to commence our trip to the front, some never to return to the weeping loved ones left behind. Whoever experienced the leave-taking on such an occasion, can appreciate the heart-pangs they feel, but

none others. No pen can describe it. We can never forget our triumphal trip—how proud we felt as we passed the cities and towns of our own Michigan. At every station we are met with the wildest enthusiasm. The people of Lowell bid us God speed; the gallant little city of Ionia has everything ready to fill up the inner man and our train starts off amid wild huzzas. At St. Johns the firemen are drawn up and give us three times three, which we return with a will. Owosso greets us with the same welcome. Dashing past Corunna and Gaines, the iron horse takes a drink at Holly and after an hour's ride the lovely city of Pontiac is reached. The whole town turns out and gives us a substantial greeting. Men and women, boys and girls, carry baskets filled with all the good things that can be found at any time in Pontiac—hot coffee, cakes, oranges, lemons, apples, etc. The soldiers of the Third will keep the people of this city always fresh in memory. Nothing was talked about for a long while but the perfect ovation received there. The iron horse is impatient, and off we start amid the cheers of the multitude, who came from far and near in old Oakland County to bid God speed to the first regiment that passed through to the front. An hour's ride brings us to the City of the Straits, where we are well entertained for a few hours, and then we take the boat for Cleveland. Passing down the beautiful Detroit River, we are soon ploughing the lovely waters of Lake Erie. Will we ever ride upon its bosom again? is asked by many a hero, who, alas, never will, for they have met the grave of the patriot, and sleep in their long home in the South.

We arrive in Cleveland next morning, and the good people of the Forest City have everything ready for a good breakfast, and off we start again for the smoky city of Pittsburgh. The patriotic people of the Buckeye State meet us at every station, and have good things for us to eat. Beautiful flowers are given us by the fair daughters of Ohio, which were kept as reminiscences of the fair donors. After a short stay and fine entertainment at Pittsburgh, we are all aboard again for the capital of the Key Stone State, where we arrive after passing the beautiful scenery of the

Alleghanies. Here we receive some munitions of war, and are ready for the land of secession. We take the train for Baltimore, and there is a rumor that the engineer is a rebel, and means to tip us into the ditch. We have an engineer too, and our gallant Sutler, Ben Luce, mounts the engine and tells the rebel that if he plays us false he will be the first to suffer with his life. No accidents happen, however, and we arrive safe in the Monumental City on Sunday morning. We have to be on our guard now, for we are in the enemy's country, which was shown a few days before by the shedding of the blood of Massachusetts' patriot sons. We get out of our box cars, take in the situation, and draw up in line. Our noble Colonel, Dan McConnell, gave the order to prime our pieces, which gave the roughs who gathered around to understand that we were not to be trifled with. The order is given to get into platoons, for we have a march of about three miles to the Washington depot. Our Colonel says: "If a man in my regiment is hurt, the streets of Baltimore will run with blood." The order forward is given, our band strike up the tune of Dixie, and one thousand and forty men keep step to the music. The mob on the streets could tell by the steady tread of the soldiers and the watchfulness of their eyes that it would be useless to try the Sixth Massachusetts game on us. Arrived safe at the depot, we take the cars for Washington, where we arrive after a forty miles ride. The first object that meets the eye is the grand Capitol building, a worthy monument to this great Nation. We take up our line of march to Chain Bridge, distant about eighteen miles. The day is fearfully warm, and we suffer greatly on our march, not being used to marching under a southern sun. As we pass through Pennsylvania Avenue and Georgetown, we would give anything for a half hour's rest under the beautiful shade trees, but no, we must keep on if it kills us, and glad were we to halt at our future camp, and not yet accustomed to the fatigues of the soldier's life, our stragglers are numerous. We throw ourselves down on mother earth, on the banks of the beautiful and historic Potomac, to rest our weary limbs. Here Lieutenant Ryan, an old soldier, is ordered to lay out a camp, which he does, and we call it, after our Michigan War Governor, Camp Blair.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST NIGHT ON PICKET—A SCARE—GRAND ROUNDS—THE RELIEF—
PICKING CHERRIES—A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

I shall never forget my first night on picket. A detail is made from each company, and off we start for the outposts, a few miles from camp. There are two or three men on each post, and I am sure there will be a sharp lookout this night, as it is our first night on picket. One man keeps watch on each post, which are about ten or fifteen paces apart, while the others lie down to sleep. All is as still as the grave. Nothing is heard but the distant hoot of the owl or the chirp of the insects on the trees. What is the sentinel thinking of? Perhaps of the far off loved ones at home, or of his own position in an enemy's country. Probably some hidden rebel is not far from him, and in an instant his life may be taken by the lurking foe. How long is this war going to last, and will I live to get home again? is his reverie, which is cut short by the sharp report of a musket. He peers into the darkness, and thinks that the enemy is near. Every one is awakened, enquiring the cause of the noise, but the mystery is solved, for a soldier, while asleep, turned over on his side, kicked the hammer of his piece, firing it off and causing the scare. The soldiers sleep on, and dream of the loved ones left behind. All is still again. The hour of midnight approaches and with it a challenge is heard: Who goes there? A voice answers: Grand Rounds. The rounds advance, give the countersign. The Officer of the Day gives strict orders to keep a sharp lookout, and passes on from post to post, leaving the lonely picket to keep his watch. One of his comrades relieves him on his post and he lies down to sleep and awakens in the morning to hear the birds sing over his head. The relief comes, we start for camp, and end our first night on picket.

At this time it was common to make raids into Maryland to pick cherries that grew in abundance, and such other fruit as we could get. There is a field about three miles from camp with some nice trees, and thither we would go and eat our fill. One day, while up in a large tree eating away, we heard a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder. Looking down we saw a large bull beneath the tree, scraping the ground and bellowing fearfully. It was very likely he was anxious for us to come down and pay for the cherries we had eaten; but no, we stay up the tree and wait for his majesty's departure. Tired of waiting, he majestically walks away. We get down from the tree and leg it for the road. The bull gives chase and we fly ignominiously, for we would rather be excused from taking a horn, especially in that shape. I don't think there were any more cherries picked in that field, by any of our crowd at least.

CHAPTER III.

GUARD MOUNTING—FOURTH OF JULY—A SCENE IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL—GETTING READY FOR OUR FIRST CAMPAIGN AND BATTLES.

Soldiers generally pride themselves upon appearing well on guard mount, for it is one of the nicest maneuverings in the service. A detail from each company is made by the Adjutant, and sent to the orderlies, who select men who have not been on guard recently. These form on their company ground, the band meanwhile forming on the parade ground and playing a lively tune as each detail marches on the ground in line, coming to an open order. When all are on the ground the band ceases playing. The Adjutant gives the order: Inspection—arms, at which the ramrods are sprung and let drop into the pieces. They are all inspected, during which the band plays some slow tune. The Adjutant takes his place in front of the guard, telling them to come to a shoulder arms. The next order is: "present arms." He turns on his heel and salutes with his sword the Officer of the Day, telling him the guard is formed. Next, "close order march;" after which the guard wheel into platoons and march past the Officer of the Day, coming to a shoulder arms. The latter acknowledges the salute by raising his head covering, and they pass on to relieve the old guard at the guard house.

The reliefs are told off into first, second and third. The first relieve the sentinels on guard, and stay on the beat two hours and get off four, and so on for the next twenty-four hours. After the old guard gets off he is at liberty these times to go where he pleases. Guard mount takes place in camp every morning, at half past eight.

Hurrah for the Fourth of July. I am going to Washington to see Congress open, which is called together by our beloved President, Lincoln, to see what can be done under the present circum

stances. Of course, nothing else but a vigorous prosecution of the war to put down treason and chastise those arrogant rebels, who dare to trail our flag in the dust.

As I go into the Senate Chamber, I see that each member has taken his seat. The President strikes the desk with his gavel, the members come to order and proceed to business. It is not very interesting for me, however, and I take a stroll through the building and enter the vast rotunda. There a sight meets my eye that I never shall forget. There are hundreds in the beautiful room, and as of one mind they all look on the glorious and immortal Washington, a painting so life-like that one would think he was looking and smiling upon you. The stars and stripes hang in graceful folds where every one can gaze upon the beautiful flag. A singer from New York is fired with enthusiasm, and commences to sing the Star Spangled Banner, and every voice in that vast hall joined in the chorus. Oh, with what pathos and enthusiasm that beautiful song was sung on that occasion none can tell but those who had the good fortune to be there. I make my way to other places of interest in that vast building. But it would take a week to see all, so passing out to the street, a short walk on Pennsylvania avenue brings me to the White House. A grand stand is erected in front, covered with a canopy of Stars and Stripes. A great multitude assemble around to see and hear the great men of the Nation on the fearful issues of the day. In the midst of the group can be seen the honest and homely face of our good President Lincoln. Around him are the members of his Cabinet, Wm. H. Seward, Edwin M. Stanton, and Gideon Wells. The most prominent of them all is the old hero of Mexico, General Scott, six feet four inches high, and as straight as a whip. I look on those men with a feeling akin to awe, and listen to the speeches that are made, take a stroll through the opposite park, and return to camp well pleased with my first Fourth of July in the army. A few days after, orders come to be ready to march, with three days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition. The sick are all sent to the rear. We are now ready to enter on our first campaign and fight our first battles for the Union.

CHAPTER IV.

ON TO RICHMOND—BIVOUAC—SECOND NIGHT'S HALT—A SCARE—A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT—CENTERVILLE—BATTLE OF BLACKBURN'S FORD.

On the 15th of July we cross the Potomac on the Chain Bridge, and are marching on the sacred soil of old Virginia, our first march to Richmond.

We all feel jubilant, and each man keeps time to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and, as the song goes, he is still marching on. So are we, and pass through some dilapidated old villages. We march through Germantown, which is in flames, set fire by some lawless fellow that will be missing when the hour of action comes. The poor people run around trying to save something, but are so bewildered that they don't know what they are doing. All we can do is to look on as we pass at the destruction and misery caused by this fratricidal war.

We come to a place on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad called Vienna, where a train containing some Ohio troops was fired upon by some skulking rebels as it passed, killing and wounding several. We pass on a few miles further and the order comes to bivouac for the night, which we were glad to do, after our march of fifteen miles. We stack our arms, build our little fires, cook our coffee, and take our frugal meal, which is relished with a good appetite. We spread our blankets on the ground, cover up, sleep and dream till morning dawns, and we are ready to renew the march, which we commenced at 7 o'clock. The band strike up the tune of Dixie, and all keep step with the music. Nothing worthy of note happens on this day, except to keep a sharp outlook for the enemy, but none appear, and we file into some nice fields a few miles from Centerville and camp for the night. The troops are all massed in the fields, and it is a beautiful sight

at night, especially at this time, for it is the largest number of troops that we have seen together thus far.

This is the night before our first battle, and every one has his own thoughts—some think, probably, of the loved ones far away, and that this night will be their last. Oh, how would the father or mother take it at home when the sad news should reach them of the death of their darling son, or the poor wife, and his darling children, who will comfort them in their affliction? But he finds consolation that there is One who will not desert them in the hour of trial, and feels satisfied to leave all to Him, and he lies down to take the much needed sleep and be ready for the battle on the morrow. Everything is hushed in sleep, when at the hour of midnight, each man is awakened to be ready for an expected attack; but none comes, for the scare is caused by some unruly mules that try to get away from their fastenings and are making an unearthly noise.

On the 18th of July we buckle on our cartridge boxes, file out of our camp, and get on the Richmond road again. Shortly we halt by the road side for a brief rest, when a regiment of cavalry dash past. To our inexperienced eye, we thought there was enough of them to walk through the South, and that we would not have any fighting to do, and, after all, have to go home without firing a shot. Soon we are cut short in our thoughts of this kind, by the sharp report of pop, pop, pop, from a few pieces of musketry, and soon found out that the cavalry had "struck ile." They dash back faster than they went. Fall in boys, is the order of our gallant Colonel McConnell, as he dashes up on his beautiful charger. Falling in, the order, double quick, is given, and down through the streets of Centerville we go, and cross Bull Run creek at Blackburn's Ford, where we smell the enemy's powder for the first time. They open on us from some masked batteries, but we pass to the right and maneuver in some fields in their front. Our skirmishers are having a lively time of it, and once in awhile we see a poor fellow fall to rise no more until the last day, when the trumpet shall awaken them to appear before their heavenly judge.

We are in plain sight of the rebel artillery, which opens on us with shot and shell. There are some nice blackberries near by, and we cannot resist the temptation, and so fall too and eat as though nothing was happening. The Second Michigan, Twelfth New York and First Massachusetts, with our regiment, are brigaded together under Col. Richardson, an old hero of the Mexican war. He rides around and seems to be everywhere at once, and all feel confident when we see the brave hero, "Fighting Dick." We get behind a battery to support it, and lie down to watch the rebel shells burst in the woods beyond. Nothing is accomplished by this battle, but to find out the position of the enemy. Our brigade loses between two and three hundred in killed and wounded in this day's battle. It is evident the fighting is over, for we have not enough troops to dislodge the enemy, who are posted behind some formidable works, and we wait where we are for reinforcements to renew the attack. Thus ends our first day's fight, the battle of Blackburn's Ford.

CHAPTER V.

GETTING REINFORCEMENTS—OLD BUMFUZZLE—BATTLE OF BULL RUN—
A DISASTROUS DEFEAT—THE RETREAT—A BLUE MONDAY.

Saturday morning, and all through the preceding Friday, we receive reinforcements. As the troops pass we cheer them, and everyone is confident of a successful battle when it is fought. It is plain that the heaviest fighting will be on our right, and if we are left where we are we shall not have much of it to do.

I will not forget old Bumfuzzle, an old devil that poisoned a well we used to get water from at Camp Blair. We brought him along, and many of us believed it would have served him right to shoot him—but the old fellow stole away from us in the excitement of the battle, and, it is said, gave important information to the enemy concerning our forces and different positions held by our troops.

All is ready now, and Saturday night is the night before the great battle. We sit around and smoke our pipes. Not a shot is fired by either party, and all is still; but it is the ominous stillness before a great struggle, and each has his own peculiar thoughts. What are the loved ones at home thinking of? Probably every one is in a fever of excitement, thinking of the loved ones in danger, and many a prayer goes up to the throne of Grace to spare their friends, but, alas, the fortunes of war require some sacrifice, and many a poor soldier who lives to-night will never see another Sunday morning dawn. On both friend and foe the sun rises above the eastern forest and pours its beautiful warm rays on all around. The ball is opened away to the right by the skirmishers, as they advance and drive the rebel pickets, followed closely by our men in solid masses, on the charge. They are met by the enemy, and a hand to hand fight takes place, when our men push them inside their works. The rebel artillery opens on the advancing columns

and throw their deadly missels into their ranks. They falter, and cannot go any further, when the rebel infantry reforming, take courage, advance over their works, and drive our men back. Some new men relieve those who have been fighting, and going in with a cheer, drive the rebels back. For a long time neither side has much advantage, but we can tell by the direction of the roar of artillery that the rebel infantry are being driven inside their works again. Hark! we hear a yell as if all the fiends of bedlam were let loose, and the enemy drive our men before them, for they are reinforced by the famous Black Horse Cavalry, and nothing, it seems, can stop their terrible onslaught. Hurrah, hurrah, is heard along the lines, for it is the gallant Sixty-Ninth New York, a regiment composed of the stalwart sons of Erin, led by the brave Corcoran. They advance with a cheer, and meet the flower of the South. The chivalry try to ride over the mudsills, but are met by the bayonet, and thrust after thrust is made by the sturdy arms of the Celt, and many a horseman is left dangling from his horse's stirrups. Forward—charge, is the order given by their noble Colonel, and the Black Horse Cavalry are no more, as but few get back to tell the tale how they were cut to pieces. Surely, such men are worthy of all praise, and their name will be handed down by all good Americans as true defenders of this glorious country. This charge caused a lull in the battle. A locomotive whistle is heard from Manassas, and it is evident that Beauregard's army is being reinforced. Now we must not give them time to get to the battle ground before the rebel army is demolished, and accordingly the battle is renewed with more vigor than before. The roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry is almost deafening. Our men go forward once more on the charge, and drive the rebels before them, but are met by the fresh troops of Johnson's army and are forced back against superior numbers. Oh, that we could get reinforcements too, but, alas, for some one's neglect to keep Johnson from uniting his men with Beauregard's. Our men are hurled back in utter confusion. The excitement is taken up by the citizens who went from Washington to witness the battle. They

fly, and never pull up until they are safely inside the Capitol. The teamsters cut the traces of their horses and mules, leaving hundreds of wagons behind to block up the roads. The artillery cannot get through, and have to abandon their guns and fly. All is in one utter mass of confusion. The enemy advance with their artillery and fire into the rear of the retreating columns, all fly in dismay. Of course we have to get back now, and we retire in good order, and camp on Centerville heights, where we wait until the last man has passed, which is about 3 o'clock Monday morning. It is left for our regiment to cover the retreat. We file into the road and march in platoons, taking up all the road; fix our bayonets so as to be ready to resist the rebel cavalry, should they follow up the retreating army. But they do not pursue, and probably are as badly whipped as we.

Monday, and indeed it is a blue one, and to add to our miserable feelings it commenced to rain about 5 o'clock. It pours down in torrents and all are wet to the skin. We continue our march, never halting till we pull up in front of Washington, after marching about thirty miles in the rain, slush and mud. Oh, how tired we are, as a few of us make our way to the Long Bridge, thinking to cross over to Washington and get something good to eat, but there is a sentinel on the bridge with orders to let no one pass but officers. Oh, yes, the officers could pass and bask in the sunshine of luxury, but the poor soldier could lie down by the roadside and die from want. Making our way back to an old barn, we find every place in the hay taken up with the poor, tired soldier, and it is difficult to find a place to crawl into. At last a comrade calls out. "here is a place." We go to the offered shelter, make a nest in the hay, and soon forget our disastrous battle and ignominious flight from Bull Run by being clasped in the arms of good old morpheus.

CHAPTER VI.

A LONG DAY—VISIT FROM SENATOR CHANDLER—GETTING THE REGIMENTS TOGETHER—CAMP AT ARLINGTON—CAMP HUNTER
—DETAILED ON SPECIAL DUTY.

When I awoke from my refreshing sleep, I heard the word bread on the outside of the barn. The sun was shining through the cracks, and I thought, of course, that it was morning, I look at my watch to find that it is 5 o'clock, but whether in the morning or afternoon I do not know. On getting out I find that the sun is pointing away to the west, and it is Monday still. Going to a wagon from Washington, I buy some bread and cheese, return to my nest in the hay, share with my neighbors, cover up again, and sleep soundly till morning. We all crawl out of our steaming nests and get out in the morning sun, feeling as fresh as a daisy. We build some fires, cook our favorite coffee, and feel happy once more.

Senator Chandler visits us, makes us a neat little speech, and assures us that the women in Michigan will not get married till we get home. But we shall see how near a prophet he is.

There is a great time getting the different regiments together and placed in position. Our brigade strike off for Arlington Heights and go into camp, where the gallant Thirty-Seventh New York, an Irish regiment, join us. We have now the Twelfth and Thirty-Seventh New York, First Massachusetts, Second and Third Michigan brigaded together under command of General I. B. Richardson. We commence to build some forts, and are kept busy one way and another. Soon we move to Hunter's Place, midway between Washington and Alexandria, where we have a nice camp on the banks of the Potomac.

A detail is made from our regiment to guard the tools, that are used for building forts and other duty. There are twenty of us

on the detail, commanded by Lieutenant Bogardus, and we proceed up the bluffs overlooking the valley beneath. Oh, what a lovely camping ground ! I shall never forget my lonely beat on guard in this camp. A panorama stretches out before me that is difficult to describe. Down in the valley are myriads of tents shining in the sun ; the lazy four-mule teams, as they pull their covered wagons along the different roads ; the beautiful Potomac, as it winds its way to the sea ; the Long Bridge leading across the river connecting the sacred soil with Washington, whose beautiful Government buildings increase the grandeur ; and the unfinished monument to the Father of his Country, are all visible at one view. The fortifications around Washington are growing up like mushrooms, and now the Capitol is considered safe. We have built three or four forts in a short time, Fort Scott, Fort Richardson, and some smaller redoubts and breastworks. Our work is done here now, and we have to move to some other locality.

CHAPTER VII.

MC'CLELLAN TAKES COMMAND—GRAND REVIEW—CAMP LYON—ARRIVAL
OF THE FIFTH MICHIGAN—ALEXANDRIA.

Who is to take command of the army? is asked by President Lincoln of the old hero, General Scott, for it is evident that the Commander-in-Chief is too old now for the great work before him. The hero of Mexico did know one man he thought he could trust his army to, and that man was General George B. McClellan, a young man who had proved himself a brave and cool officer under him in Mexico. General McClellan is in command now. He is busy organizing the army; and it is given out that he is going to have a grand review, and every one is getting ready for the first of the kind in the army. We are all ready, and each regiment files out of its camp, headed by a band of music, for Munson's Hill, there to be reviewed by our gallant Commander, General McClellan. The different corps, divisions and brigades take up their position in line, and we hear great cheering to our right. It sounds nearer and nearer, when our band strike up the beautiful tune, "Hail to the Chief." Our gallant Little Mac. rides past and is cheered by General Richardson's brigade. He passes along the lines, followed by his long train of staff officers, and looks as proud as a king; and no wonder, for the whole vast army that covers the fields around him is of his own making, numbering 75,000 men. He halts at a front in the field, the whole army break into company fronts and pass in review before their noble Chief, the President, Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and about 30,000 citizens from all parts of the United States. Truly that was a sight that none will ever forget who had the good fortune to be there. We all go home the shortest way we can after passing in review, each one feeling proud of his Chief.

We go now to Camp Lyon, in front and to the left of Alexandria, where we build more forts, one of which is named after the

hero of Wilson's Creek, General Lyon. Here our brigade receives an additional regiment, the Fifth Michigan, one of the best that ever carried and protected a flag, commanded by a big old lawyer from Detroit, Colonel Terry. But he was too corpulent, and the gallant Fifth soon shipped him for a more active Colonel, for he was not fast enough for that regiment.

All are busy now and have plenty of work. When not on duty we visit the Secesh hole, Alexandria, where the brave Ellsworth met his death, by the rebel landlord of the Marshall House, while in the act of tearing down the rebel rag. The landlord, Jackson, met him on the stairway, underneath the hole that led up to the top of the house, and shot him dead with a rifle. I have stood often on the spot where the deed was committed, but the murderer did not live long after he committed the act, for one of Ellsworth's men was near by, and avenged the death of his commander by putting his bayonet through his body; his eyes roll in his head; the soldier pulled the bayonet out, and Jackson fell down stairs a corpse.

Alexandria is a quaint old town, and one of the bitterest in the country against the soldiers of Uncle Sam, but the people have to keep quiet, for it does them no good to show their hatred of us.

CHAPTER VIII.

FARTHER TO THE FRONT—BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS—
CAMP MICHIGAN—PICKET LINE—POHICK
CHURCH—MT. VERNON.

We have got through with fort building around the defences of Washington, and move out three or four miles farther to the front, and build winter quarters, as the cold weather is fast approaching. We go to work, and in a short time have comfortable quarters, and all are ready for the wintry blasts, naming our camp after our own State, Camp Michigan. Our picket line is out about twelve miles, and we generally stay out forty-eight hours. Our line was along by the famous Pohick Church, an old brick structure that the great Washington and family used to attend, but it has seen its best days, and is now used for shelter by man and beast. There is something about the venerable old building that makes one think of the olden time, when it was in its glory. I have sat in the same pew that he was wont to sit in, listening to the word of God as expounded by the good old minister. Along side the church is an old graveyard. The tombstones indicate from the names and dates thereon, that the dead were buried there nearly two hundred years ago. What wonder that the place seems lonely and venerable? We have always kept the place unharmed, with feelings of veneration.

While coming off picket, a few of us resolved to visit Mount Vernon, the resting place of George and Martha Washington. Arriving outside the enclosure, we there leave our guns, as no soldier is allowed to carry arms inside

the sacred grounds. We are met by an aged negro, who claims to have had Washington for his master, and he talks with tears in his eyes about his good "ole massa." We stand before the stately old mansion and think how the great man himself had often stood on the same spot. Making our way into the hall of the building, we register our name, put our mite into the box close by, to help keep the grounds in repair, and pass into a large room on the ground floor, where there are to be seen some relics of the past. In the corner is an old-fashioned musical instrument, an old knapsack of revolutionary times; a very heavy affair and looks a good deal different from our own in make, shape and weight. Ascending the stairs and entering the very room in which the great man breathed his last, we observe an old-fashioned bedstead, on which, it is said, he died. After going out on the verandah and looking off on the broad Potomac, we retrace our steps. Thence passing to the rear, we stand beneath the beautiful magnolia that was planted there by the great man himself. Taking a leaf off its branches, we next make our way to the once beautiful garden and hothouses. The gardener gives us a beautiful bouquet, which we send home as a reminiscence to our friends of our visit to this great place. Next we visit the old tomb of Washington. Near by is an ever running spring of ice cold water. After taking a drink of the cooling liquid, we proceed to the present tomb of the sacred dead. I will not undertake to describe my feelings as I gaze through the iron bars at the two spotless marble sarcophagi that encases the remains of George and Martha Washington, true in life and sleeping side by side in death. Oh, how I linger and think that if the founder of his country were to wake from his sixty years sleep, and see

his very own countrymen trying to rend the Union asunder, what would he say. I linger long around the spot and feel loth to leave; but the sun is sinking fast below the western hills, and we must get back to camp. After taking one more lingering look through the bars, I leave the lonely and silent spot to the illustrious dead, and return to camp by the nearest route, well pleased with my first visit to Mount Vernon, to which I was wont to repair at every opportunity, as I never tired of the beautiful place.

CHAPTER IX.

WINTER IN CAMP—RECONNOISSANCE—FIGHTING DICK—DRESS
PARADE—VISITORS—GOOD TIMES.

Winter life in camp is very weary, as it is but one routine over and over again—reveille in the morning, breakfast call, sick call, guard mount call, drill call, dinner call, which is the best of all the calls; the batallion, or brigade drill call, which is not liked very well; dress parade call, supper call, roll call and taps, which mean lights out and cover up in blankets. All this is gone through day after day, and after a time becomes tedious, leaving out the eating calls, which are always well appreciated. But we are to have something by way of a change, and the order comes to be ready to march on a reconnoissance in force, to feel of the enemy and try to find out where he is all winter. Accordingly on Christmas we take up our line of march, pass through the picket lines, and halt in front of the old church, on the crest of a hill where we have a beautiful view of the country for miles around. Our commander, General Heintzelman, takes a ride out on the crest of the hill, peers through his field glass, but no rebel is in sight. So, of course, nothing is left but to get back to camp, which is done in straggling order, all hungry, sore, and tired, and hoping that that will be our last reconnoissance, as well as the first. John Dibble lost an arm in this campaign from an accidental shot fired by one of our own men.

We all claim that our "Fighting Dick" is the plainest general in the army, as well as one of the best. A stranger,

to see him in camp, would think he was a hostler for some officer, as he never cared much about his dress, which consists of a jacket, an old straw hat, and trowsers, in the side pockets of which his hands are generally thrust. This was his every-day attire, without any insignia of rank about him; but, with all these rough outlines, we all know he has a head and a heart. Every one loved good natured and plain old "Fighting Dick." One morning, while walking along the road, the General was accosted by a sprig of a Lieutenant, who looked as though he was fresh from a band-box, saying: "Hello, old fellow, can you tell me where General Richardson's headquarters are?" The General looked at him with his peculiar grin, and told him that he could, pointing out the direction to them. He then strolled on leisurely toward his log hut on the hill, and found the dandy saying all kinds of things, for he was mad that no one waited on him. When he saw the General approaching, he told him to hurry up and hold his horse while he went in to deliver the dispatches he had for the General. The good natured General took the horse, tied him to a stake, went in by another door, and stood before the coxcomb Lieutenant with his stars on his shoulders. "Now," said he, "what do you want?" The dandy would gladly have crawled through a knot-hole just then, but he had to face the music, and handed the dispatches to his late groom with trembling hands. He was doubtless relieved of a heavy load when the good natured General told him "that will do," and the sprig of a shoulder-strap was doubtless taught to find out whom he talked to before asking them to hold his horse.

The dress parade in the evening is never forgotten in camp, not even Sundays excepted, for it is one of the fixed

institutions of camp life. Each company is formed on its ground by the orderly sergeant. The tallest men take the right of the company, and so on down, the shortest man on the left. The men then count off into ones and twos, so that each man knows his place, when the order is given to right face and march by the flank. The band strikes up a lively tune, as on guard-mount, and each company is marched out in full dress by the company commander, and gets into line with the company before them. For instance, Company A form on the right, then Company B on their left, and so on down, until all are formed. The band stops playing; the adjutant orders the battalion to present arms, and each gun comes perpendicular before the body. He turns and salutes the commanding officer, telling him the parade is formed. The Colonel directs him to march to his post, behind himself, when the manual of arms is gone through with; and when he is satisfied, he says: "Parade is dismissed." The adjutant takes his place as before, and tells the orderlies to report by calling them to the center of the regiment. Company A orderly gives his report, all present or accounted for, and so on with all the orderlies. They are then ordered to an outward face, and get to their posts. The orders for the regiment, if any, are read; then the officers of the line march from their respective companies to the center of the regiment, come to a front, and all forward in line, keeping step to the music, halting within a few paces of the Colonel or commanding officer of the regiment, and salute him in the regular way. He then gives any instructions that he has, and dismisses them. The companies are marched back to their company ground, and there break ranks.

We are visited in our camp by people who come to see

their friends from the north, and we have fine times. We never had a camp in which we enjoyed ourselves better than at camp Michigan. We have our moonlight dances and walks, debating schools, singing, music, visiting Alexandria and Washington, and occasional visits to that quiet retreat—Mount Vernon. Nothing but enjoyment in this camp; received our mails regular, and daily papers, plenty to eat and drink and wear—for at this time we were throwing off the dirty, shoddy suit of gray, furnished us by a shoddy contractor at Grand Rapids, who made a fortune out of the speculation.

CHAPTER X.

GOOD-BYE CAMP MICHIGAN—FORT LYON AGAIN—RAIN AND
MUD—ABOARD OF TRANSPORTS—ARRIVAL AT FOR-
TRESS MONROE—THE MONITOR---HAMPTON
VILLAGE—THE BIVOUAC.

The winter now is pretty well advanced, and signs of spring commence as the trees begin to show a thin coating of green. Of course, a move will soon be made, and accordingly an order comes to be ready to march. All our surplus baggage is packed up and sent to the rear, also the sick. We take a farewell look at our late pleasant camp, get on the road, and are soon back on our old camping ground, at Fort Lyon. It commences to rain in torrents, and we pitch our shelter tents in the mud. Oh, what a miserable time we are having. It seems now that we are paying dearly for our comfortable times in Camp Michigan. The creeks are all swollen, and the bridge that crosses the bayou, leading to Alexandria, is inundated. The wind blows fearfully, dashing the pelting rain in through our little tents, and it seems as though no human being could stand such hardships, but we have to grin and bear it. In a few days the storm ceases, and wrapping up our tents and blankets, we file into Alexandria to take transports. While waiting for our turn to get aboard, I take a stroll down to the dock and see a black looking craft—a government vessel. On the lower deck sat our great President, on a board, whittling away with his knife. Around him walked the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and our almost idolized Little Mac., Admiral Dahlgreen and some

other great men. It was evident that they were talking and laying out plans for our coming campaign. Looking around, I see my regiment going down with their accoutrements. I run to get my own and leave these men to their plans. Getting aboard, we steam out into the middle of the stream and there await the embarkation of the other troops. At last all are embarked, the signal from the flag ship is given, and the heavily laden transports with the grand Army of the Potomac, steam down the majestic river amid the firing of salutes from the navy yard and the playing of scores of bands. Passing Fort Washington, a salute is fired in our honor, and soon we are opposite the silent shades of Mount Vernon, with its honored dead. Proceeding on by Aquia Creek; where the rebels had works all winter firing on the shipping that passed, we steam into Chesapeake Bay and next morning arrive safely in Fortress Monroe. Arising from my couch on the upper deck, feeling sore about the hips, I hear laughter on the other side of the boat, and passing thither, learn the cause of it, as I do not feel much that way, some one points out to me an object floating around in the water. It looks like the back of a whale just floating under the water, with a large round box on its back, very much resembling a huge cheese box. A man with a glass walks up and down and around the box, looking very anxiously up Hampton Roads toward Norfolk, for some purpose or other. At last we solve the mysterious looking animal, and pronounce it to be none other than the Mistress of the Seas—the little Monitor, which is waiting for the much talked of Merrimac to come out and show herself again, but she never came, as one touch of Uncle Sam's pet was enough for her, and prefers to remain in Norfolk Navy Yard.

About the first of April we leave our floating camps and get on the sacred soil once more at Fortress Monroe. Passing by the largest fort in the country, we march by some contraband negroes that are encamped around, and pass through the once beautiful village of Hampton, now nothing but a mass of ruins, caused by the rebels themselves, who burnt the place on leaving it, thus cutting off their own noses to spite their faces. A short distance beyond we bivouac for a few days to get ready for our campaigns on the Peninsula.

CHAPTER XI.

ON TO RICHMOND---SIEGE OF YORKTOWN---BUILDING FORTS
AND REDOUBTS---PICKETING---ARTILLERY DUEL---A FOOT-
LESS PAGE---OUR PHOTOGRAPHER---A BIG SHELL---BAL-
LOONS---EVACUATION OF YORKTOWN.

About the 7th of April we commenced our march on the road to Richmond, *via* Yorktown and Williamsburg. We pass by Big Bethel, where Ben Butler tried to make a breach through to Richmond, *for a few spoons*, but failed. Soon we are before Yorktown. Since it would cost a great sacrifice of life to storm the works, we settle down to dig the rebels out. In a short time breast-works are thrown up, and large forts, filled with cannon, spring up as if by magic. As we picket but a short distance from the rebels, frequent skirmishing occurs. In an army of this size, and under fire nearly all the time, some one must necessarily get killed or wounded every day. One morning, while on picket, a battery pulls up on the line and opens out from the same post I am on. They fire on some rebels who are in plain sight, building forts. The way they get down and hug mother earth is astonishing to us, for not one is seen in a moment. After awhile the laugh is turned on ourselves, for they open on us with their great guns, and we rather get down too. An artillery duel commences and lasts nearly an hour, when we hear a shout to the left and front of our post. Pretty soon a man is borne to the rear, and we find that Fernando Page, of Co. K, has both feet shot off by a premature discharge of one of our own guns. As he passes our post we observe that both feet hang only by

pieces of flesh. Poor fellow, his soldiering is done. The enemies guns are silenced and the battery is taken to the rear. We are relieved, and return to camp.

In the afternoon, while busy cleaning our guns, a thundering noise is heard. Looking in the direction of the sound, a monster shell is observed approaching. We all drop a courtesy, *a la Japanese*, by getting on our knees. It passes over and thuds into the ground behind the photographic tent of Fred H——, who runs out, white as a sheet, to learn the cause of the noise, and observes behind his tent, a hole large enough to bury a mule in, caused by the shell. He immediately packed up his pictures, vamoosed the camp, and it is said, never stopped until he was safe in his own valley city, in Michigan, nor did he take any more pictures on the sacred soil.

Near by our camp there is a saw-mill in full operation, and lumber is sawed to floor our hospitals, which makes it very comfortable for the sick.

Not the least institution in the army is the balloon of Prof. Lowe. It is a huge affair, and can be seen every day up in the air taking observations of the enemies' works and positions, which proves a great help to the General commanding.

It is rumored that the siege is at an end, and all are getting ready to open up on the enemies' lines, and make breaches in their works; but we are spared the trouble, for our pickets, about the first of May, find that they have evacuated their works. The pickets commence cheering, and soon it is taken up by thousands in the vast army over our bloodless victory. The bands strike up the tune, "Ain't I Glad to Get Out of the Wilderness," a very appropriate piece, as we had been in the wilderness long

enough, and it is the first music we have had since we arrived before Yorktown, there being no music allowed during the siege, which lasted about three weeks.

CHAPTER XII.

FOLLOWING UP THE ENEMY—TORPEDOES—BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG—THE FIFTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY
MAKES A GALLANT FIGHT, ETC.

Striking our tents and packing our knapsacks, we soon file out of our late camps and follow up the retreating army. Getting inside the late rebel works, we are cautioned to keep in our places, for the enemy have put torpedoes in the ground for the purpose of blowing up the Yankees, but they do not accomplish their hellish plot, for some of their own men, taken prisoners, are set to digging them out. Passing through some miserable country, we pull up in some fields to camp for the night. Early on the fifth of May it begins to rain, and heavy cannonading is heard not far off. Our advance have struck the enemy, and are forcing a fight.

Our brigade fall in under the gallant son of Maine, General Berry, and forward on the double-quick for the scene of action. General Hancock is engaged with his brigade, and is fighting bravely against heavy odds—but we soon take a load off his shoulders, and the gallant "Fighting Fifth" is in the midst of the battle, and is getting cut up fearfully; but the brave men keep their ground against heavy odds. The Thirty-Seventh New York go into the

fight with a wild cheer, and drive the rebels at the point of the bayonet. The firing along the line is terrific. A body of rebels are seen moving to our left and our regiment is sent to oppose them. Drawing up in line in an open field, we wait for the expected charge. They emerge from the woods beyond, and every man is ready to give them a warm reception. Ready, is the order given by our noble Colonel Champlin, and each man brings his piece where he can handle himself. But we have no occasion to use them, for the rebels get back into the woods again. Meantime the battle rages on our right. At 5 o'clock we hear a loud cheer, and General Hancock and his brigade charge and take the principal fort of the enemy, Fort McGruder. This has been a fearful battle on account of the close proximity of the opposing armies. Never did a regiment make a better fight during the war than the gallant "Fighting Fifth," a name they worthily earned on this bloody field. They charged against fearful odds and took some breast-works from the enemy, and seven or eight times stood their ground against the enemy, who tried to dislodge them, and more than half of their men and officers were either killed or wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Beach received a severe wound and had to be borne from the field. The regiment, too, feel proud of their old pussy, Colonel Terry, for he proved himself a brave officer. The Thirty-Seventh New York, a gallant Irish regiment, under the command of Colonel Haymon, also showed their mettle, and proved themselves worthy of the old Red Diamond Division under the indomitable one armed General Kearney. So with the Second Michigan, under Colonel Poe, a regular officer, who took command after the promotion of Colonel Richardson, now a general commanding a division. The night after

the battle was a fearfully wet and muddy one. We try to take care of the wounded as best we can, and have to wade knee deep in mud on the roads and in the fields; but the longest night must have an end, and so did the night after the battle of Williamsburg. We are already to renew the conflict, and the morning of the 6th dawns lovely and bright. The birds sing over our heads, we build our fires, cook our coffee, and are happy again.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETREAT OF THE ENEMY—BURYING THE DEAD—FEARFUL
SIGHTS—ON TO RICHMOND ONCE MORE—MC'DOWELL
WITHDRAWN FROM OUR COMMAND—CROSS
THE CHICKAHOMINY—BATTLE
OF FAIR OAKS.

Early on the 6th our skirmishers advance, but meet no enemy, who had left the night before, so there is cause for more cheering; and thus far we have whipped the enemy on the Peninsula. We all feel confident that Richmond will be ours in a few days.

Details are made to bury the dead, which are very numerous. Horrid sights meet the eye everywhere. The dead are in all possible shapes, some on their backs with their eyes wide open, others on their faces, others on their sides, and others in a sitting posture leaning against some brush or tree. One dead rebel I never shall forget. He was in a ditch leaning on his elbow, the face turned up the very picture of despair and fright. He holds his right hand pointing up ready, as it were, to grasp at something.

His head and face are swollen to an unnatural size, and is of a dirty, greenish hue, positively the worst sight of a rebel I ever saw, and I am sure that a good many of my comrades will remember the same. Our regiment file by, and each one turns his head with loathing at the horrid sight. The dead of both friend and foe lie side by side, but it is remarked by all that the pleasant smile on the patriot's face contrasts strangely with the horrid stare of the rebel dead.

We advance over the stubbornly contested field of the day before, through a thick slashing made by the enemy to impede our progress, and get on the Richmond road again; march through the quaint old city of Williamsburg, where we get the news of the withdrawal of McDowell's forces, numbering between forty and fifty thousand men, who were to co-operate with our army, on the other side of York river, all under the brave Little Mac. They are ordered to get back to protect Washington, where there were not enough rebels to fight a corporal's guard. General McClellan protests bitterly against such a move, but all to no avail, and is ordered forward with the troops he has. Oh, why do they not leave all the army together, and no power in the South can check our onward march. Our gallant hero tells them he has not troops enough to follow up his advantage, but like a good soldier he obeys orders, and assures them in Washington he will do the best he can.

The army still keep up the Peninsula to the Chickahominy, where all the bridges have been burned by the enemy after they had crossed. After the heavy rains the roads are terrible, and it is very difficult to move artillery and supplies. Sometimes it takes sixteen horses to pull one gun. Casey's division have crossed the river and estab-

lished their lines, having some heavy fighting on their outposts occasionally, while the pioneers are as busy as bees building bridges. At last our division cross and go into camp in rear of Casey's. We pitch our tents on the ever memorable 31st of May, and all think we are going to have some rest. We lie quietly in our little tents, when all at once, a tremendous fire is opened in our front. The officers do not give the order to fall in, for every man is in his place in the line in an instant. Forward, double-quick march, is the order given by our noble Colonel Champlin. Marching by the flank we soon strike "ile," for we meet Casey's men coming out of the woods followed close by the enemy. By company into line, is the order, and we execute the order on a double quick, charge bayonets, and in we go with a cheer. The rebels open a tremendous fire into our ranks and kill and wound nearly half our regiment. We close up our ranks and go for them with the cold steel, and a whole rebel brigade fly before the gallant old Third. They are driven through swamps and woods, and fly through Casey's camps into their breastworks in the field beyond. Surely this is a great charge, but we suffer fearfully in killed and wounded. We stand now at the edge of the woods and the enemy open up a galling fire with shot and shell. What is left of the Fifth and Second Michigan and Thirty-Seventh New York now come up in line with us, and we are ready for any charge the enemy may make. They form in our front, and we expect an attack. They are within good musket shot, and all open a vigorous fire on them, which throws them into utter confusion, and it is plain to us that they dare not charge. On our right our lines are hard pushed, but they hold their own, and all is well on the night of the first

day's fight. After the firing ceases, what is left of the regiment get back to camp under our gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Stevens. Oh, how many of our comrades we leave behind, fallen in defence of their Nation's flag. The brave and heroic Captain Samuel Judd, of Company A, is no more. He was killed on the skirmish line leading on his men. He sold his life well, however, for when his body was found three large rebels lay by his side, whom he made bite the dust. The whole regiment mourn his loss. His brother, of the same company, has an arm off. He has given his mite to the cause of freedom, and it is hoped that Lieutenant Geo. Judd will survive his great loss. Our noble Col. Champlin was severely wounded while leading his regiment on the charge. Lieutenant Waters is wounded, and Peter Burgiman, of Co. H, has a leg off, and is borne to the rear. But I must stop giving names, for it would require a volume to name all the killed and wounded and give every little particular. Suffice it to say that the loss in our regiment was about two-thirds the number that went into the fight. During the night troops are crossing the river, and we are expecting to renew the fight in the morning; so we all lie down and get all the sleep we can. Sunday morning, June 1st, opens bright and lovely, and about 9 o'clock the ball is re-opened. Old Fighting Dick is in with his Division. The enemy charge under the rebel Gen. Longstreet, but are met by the gallant Irish Brigade, with their green flags flying in the breeze, side by side with the Stars and Stripes, headed by the brave Gen. Meagher. They do not stand long before the stalwart sons of Erin, but are hurled back to their works at the point of the bayonet. The fighting lasts about an hour, when the enemy retire inside their defences before Richmond, and thus ends the terrible battle of Fair Oaks.

CHAPTER XIV.

REINFORCEMENTS CALLED FOR—THE BATTLE-FIELD—A RECONNOISSANCE—BURYING THE DEAD—BUILDING BREAST-WORKS—A HARD FIGHT FOR A FEW FEET OF GROUND—PREPARATIONS TO FALL BACK.

Our noble commander calls for more men to follow up the enemy, for he sees that it would be sheer madness to try to capture Richmond through the formidable works built for its defence. But a deaf ear is turned to his entreaties for some cause or other, and he must get along the best he can without them. Our division go out on a reconnoissance, passing over the battle-ground, and advancing about a mile beyond. No enemy is in sight. We establish a picket line, and get back to our bivouac. Details are made to bury the dead, which now begin to smell, and make the air very unwholesome to breathe. The dead lay around thick, and in almost every instance the Union dead are stripped of their boots and shoes, coats, and sometimes pants and shirts, pockets turned inside out, by the rebel robbers of the dead, who held that portion of the field before they retreated.

The whole army form in line now, and build breast-works and redoubts, and await events. The enemy make a dash on our line once in a while, and every man is in his works, no matter how often, for we do not want them to come Casey on us. We are always ready to give them a warm reception, should they have a mind to pay us a visit. About the middle of June the enemy come down in force on our picket line, and drive them in. We are all in our

works, for we expect it is going to be a general attack. They come in plain sight, stop, and establish their picket line. Now this our one-armed Phil. Kearney does not like, to see them every day so close to our lines. So he makes a detail from every regiment of about fifty men to drive the rebels back and retake our own ground. The detail start over the works and soon drive the rebel pickets in, but they are met by their heavy reserves, and try to stand their ground. A beautiful fight here takes place. Our gallant Kearney rides up and tells us to give it to them, when the little army charge and drive the rebels from our lost ground; we establish our line in its former place and return in triumph to our breastworks, amidst the cheers of our comrades in camp.

We are now having the same routine of life as at Yorktown—digging, fighting, and picketing. Every one is getting tired of this place, for the air is impregnated with nauseous odors, caused by the decomposition of half buried men and horses.

On the 27th of June we hear great firing to our extreme right, at Mechanicsville. Jackson comes from the valley and reinforces Lee's army. It is evident that they mean to turn our right flank and destroy our army, or drive us back from the front of Richmond, for they think we are too close to their Capitol for comfort. Our men fall back at night, and we get the orders to destroy all our camp equipage, and one hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition is dealt out to each man, making a heavy load, enough to last until we get to our supplies, wherever that may be.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SEVEN DAYS FIGHT—BATTLES OF GAINES' MILLS, PEACH ORCHARD, CHARLES CITY CROSS ROADS, AND MALVERN HILL—SKIRMISHING—A BRAVE PIONEER—THE RETREAT—ARRIVAL AT HARRISON'S LANDING.

On June 28th there is a battle raging away to our right and rear. Our men fell back during the night from Mechanicsville, and now the First Corps, under Gen. Porter, is fighting the battle of Gaines' Mills. The rebels come down with great force, but our troops stand their ground against heavy odds. Our division still keep our works, and the indomitable Kearney is spoiling for a fight. But the enemy in our front don't feel disposed to satisfy him in his little game, for they don't appear in our front yet. An aid-de-camp rides up in a great hurry, and tells our General to get back or we will be gobbled up. None of us see where the gobbling is to come from, but we are all satisfied to leave, so we file out of our works and get back leisurely, halting a few miles in the rear of our late works. Meanwhile the right of our army is having a hard time. They have to fall back to Peach Orchard, where they are met by some more of our troops, they pitch into the Johnnies and give them Hail Columbia.

On June 30th our part of the line get some heavy work to do. Our corps begins to fall back, leaving a part of our regiment to skirmish with the enemy and throw obstructions in their way. We are deployed at intervals, and see the rebel skirmishers advance, followed close by their heavy lines. We fire and fall back. They advance steadily and fire as they come. Our pioneers are busy chop-

ping in the rear, and many a monarch of the forest falls across the road. The enemy push us pretty lively. We fling our knapsacks with contents into the woods to make us lighter on foot. Coming out into the road, Jerry Richardson, a pioneer, is chopping away at his level best at a huge six-footer. He has it nearly cut through, we tell him to get back or he is gone. But Jerry says he will have the tree down if he dies for it. The skirmish line all get in the rear of him, and he is within both fires. The rebels fire a dozen shots at him, the balls fall thick around and we all expect to see him fall; but no, the last cut is in the tree and it falls across the road, making a noise like thunder. When Jerry saw the tree commence to stagger he did some lively walking, and got inside our lines safe, sweating like a butcher. Every man that saw him cheered till he was hoarse.

We fall back behind our lines that are drawn up on the crest of a hill, with artillery in position. When the enemy emerge from the woods, they are met by a galling fire, and fearful gaps are made in their ranks. They charge and recharge, but they have to get back again. They next try a flank movement, by trying to gain the Charles City road, but before they do they will have to fight hard for it. We learn from some prisoners who left Richmond that morning that General Lee sent word to the Mayor and city authorities to be ready to give the Army of the Potomac a grand reception, for he would capture the whole army that day. But we shall see how it was done.

They form in six or eight lines deep on our left, thinking they can walk right through us, but our artillerymen open the dogs' mouths, which begin to bark, a barking too that bites, follow, and make savage cuts in the enemy's

ranks. The noble Thirty-Seventh N. Y. go to the support of the Twentieth Indiana, and both regiments make a bold and splendid fight. The good old Fifth is in again and relieves the Thirty-Seventh. The Seventeenth Maine follow up. This is a new regiment, and their first fight. All are anxious to know how they will demean themselves. They get the order to forward—they hesitate a little, are cheered on by us, and the stalwart sons of Maine go in on the charge. They make a splendid fight and are pronounced by all to be worthy of the Red Diamond Division and Berry's Brigade. Next comes the turn of the old Third. The Twentieth Indiana are hard pressed, and we go to their relief and hold the position. The enemy try to break through several times, but get repulsed with fearful loss. At last night puts an end to the conflict at Charles City Cross Roads. The army of the Potomac holds its own under its gallant leader Little Mac., and all think that the good people of the Capitol of the so called Southern Confederacy will be very much disappointed by not seeing the Army of the Potomac at the present time. But at some future day we will make up for the disappointment we put them to, by appearing probably in a different way from that they expected to see us to-day.

The night after the battle we lay down to sleep so close to the enemy that we can hear them talk. All is as still as the grave, and the stars shine brilliantly over our heads. We lie down with our canteens for pillows, and soon are all in the arms of good old Morpheus, except the watch on picket. How long we sleep we cannot tell. We are gently shaken on the shoulder and a voice whispers: "Get up, follow, and make no noise." In an instant we are all on our feet, the right of our regiment commences to move off.

We follow one after another. Nothing breaks the stillness but the crackling of the dry brush beneath our tread. Soon we are passing over parts of the battle field, and can see by the early twilight of the morning men and horses lying side by side in the arms of death. Here and there lay some dismounted guns with broken carriages, caissons, and hundreds of small arms lying around. We soon reach the road, and the death-like stillness is broken by a sneeze, then a laugh, and the whole regiment commence to talk and laugh. We are out of the woods now and all feel good again, and trudge along the road quick and fast. We pull up at Malvern Hill. The order comes from some unreliable source to pitch our tents and make ourselves comfortable. But there don't seem to be any rest for the weary, for the order comes again to pack up and march for the front and get into line, for the enemy is advancing again, and feel confident that they will gobble us up this time surely. We hear their well known yells once more, and our army is ready for them. Now this is a fair field—no works to get behind, and a fair chance to whip us if they ever can. But we are not afraid they will do that with our brave Little Mac. at our head. They open the fight with a fierce charge, but are hurled back again to where they started. Their artillery open a tremendous fire on us, but they do not have it all their own way, for our artillery soon reply and shut up their barking. We are in a very bad position, for we are in an open field exposed to the enemy's shells. A great many are wounded while lying down, and are carried to the rear. The day is fearfully warm, and the sun strikes down on us so hot as to almost singe the clothes on our backs. The enemy is seen to make demonstrations on our right, but the heaviest charge comes

on our center. They might as well charge on the big fort at Fortress Monroe as to try to break our lines at Malvern Hill. The enemy retire and bring every available man they can spare from other parts of their lines, and form for their last charge. Meanwhile our noble chief is not idle, for every piece of artillery is being brought to the front. The big siege guns are all ready, and every one now is on the lookout for what is to come next—the great charge of the whole campaign on the peninsula. At about 5 o'clock the enemy is seen to emerge from the cover of the woods. They cross the open field seven or eight lines deep. They commence their horrible yells, thinking they can frighten us some—but we don't scare worth a cent, for we all feel confident that our lines are impregnable. They are close up to our lines, and five hundred guns belch forth their missiles of death into their ranks. They falter, but are urged on by the imprecations and threats of their officers. Our infantry pour their deadly bullets into them. The bravest men in the world cannot stand against such fire, and they fall back for shelter in their friendly woods to mourn over and count their great losses, and leave us to fall back at leisure to our base of supplies, at Harrison's Landing. Part of the army commence to fall back after night sets in, and about 3 o'clock we leave the bloody field of Malvern Hill behind, amid a rainstorm, and in a short time it pours down, making the roads very bad to pass over.

“How far is it to Harrison's Landing?” we ask of an old inhabitant whom we pass. He answers: “Indeed sah, I don't know, but it is a right smart ways, I reckon,” and before we got there we found it was. We are put through on a forced march, and the number of stragglers is fearful.

When we arrived at Harrison's Landing there were about enough that kept up to make a Corporal's guard. A great many fell out by the roadside and never rose again.

Arrived at the Landing, we try to cook our favorite beverage, coffee, but the rain would put the fire out as fast as we could build it. At last we hold our old clothes over the fire, and think we are going to have our coffee sure, when we hear a tremendous cheering up the road, and coffee is soon forgotten. Running out to see what is up, a horseman is seen riding along the road followed by two cavalymen. We see that it is our gallant Little Mac., the hats and caps commence to fly in the air, and men cheer as though they were crazy. The General, commanding his own army of the Potomac, acknowledges with graceful waves of the hand, assures us we are all right now, and passes on, leaving us to go back and attend to our coffee, which we find tipped over in the smouldering chips. Again dipping some water out of the ditch and rebuilding the fire, we cook and drink our coffee, eat our hard-tack, smoke our pipes, and feel happy, but not very long, for the enemy open up their long range guns at us, and send some shells among the masses of soldiers in the fields. We hear some cheering in the direction of the Landing, and soon find out the cause. It is a fresh Division from the Shenandoah Valley under the immortal Shields. They pass by us on a quick march and keep on to the front. They walk around our tormentors, capture their artillery and all the force that supported them, bringing them back in triumph amidst the cheers of the old army of the Potomac, thus ending the seven days' fight on the Peninsula.

I will say here that the soldiers in the army of the Poto-

mac loved their brave commander with such a love that a Napoleon would envy, for every one feels confident that no other man living could take the army out of such an ordeal as occurred on the last seven days. Fight every day, and march every night, whipping the enemy in almost every battle, and that, too, against heavy odds. No good soldier ever fought under the gallant General George B. McClellan but will always recollect him with the greatest pride, and sympathize with him in the hours of his affliction.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE GO INTO CAMP—FOURTH OF JULY, 1862—BATTALLION
DRILL, ETC—CAMP LIFE—ORDERS TO MARCH—
DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

On the Fourth of July, 1862, we go into camp and make ourselves as comfortable as we can. We have a good base of supplies. The army is encamped upon the banks of the James River, and we get supplies by that way. Our sutlers return, and everything goes well. Camp life here is very hard, the weather being very hot, and we drill a great deal. In the morning at 5 o'clock we are awakened by the reveille; get up and answer the roll-call; then form for squad drill; then breakfast, after which is company drill; come in and rest for awhile, and then the whole regiment goes out for batallion drill; next dinner; next brigade drill; next division drill, and we all think if the fields were only large enough, we would have a corps and army drill.

One year ago to-day we celebrated our Fourth of July in Washington. What hardships we have endured in the

one single year just gone by! Then we felt jubilant and confident, but to-day we feel depressed in spirits after our late disastrous campaigns. Oh, whoever are to blame for the sacrifice of our brave commander and his glorious old army, may the curse of thousands of widows and orphans fall on their heads. For the war is prolonged now to an indefinite time, in which there will be thousands of lives sacrificed to satisfy the appetites of wicked and designing men.

Here we have the same routine of camp life as in all other camps—guard mount, guard duty, picket duty, and fatigue duty. Hundreds are getting sick every day, and if we stay here in this hot hole much longer there will not be much of the army left fit for service.

Our drilling is very hard, and we would much rather be excused from so much of it, at least. There are rumors that Lee's army is getting off to destroy Pope's army in the valley and unless the army of the Potomac go to his rescue, his will be destroyed. So the sutlers are ordered to the rear and the sick are sent on transports to Washington.

I must mention in these pages Anna Etheridge, the heroine and daughter of our regiment. The world never produced but very few such women, for she is along with us through storm and sunshine, in the heat of the battle caring for the wounded, and in the camp looking after the poor sick soldier, and to have a smile and a cheering word for every one who comes in her way. Every soldier is alike to her. She is with us to administer to all our little wants, which are not few. To praise her would not be enough, but suffice to say, that as long as one of the old Third shall live, she will always be held in the greatest

esteem, and remembered with kindly feelings for her goodness and virtues.

Orders come to pack up and be ready to march at a moments notice, which we do, and are glad to go anywhere out of our hot and dirty camp.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUR BACKWARD MOVE—FAMILIAR GROUND—A HOT AND
DUSTY MARCH—BACK TO WILLIAMSBURG AND
YORKTOWN—ARRIVAL AT WASH-
INGTON AGAIN.

About the first of August we commence our backward march on the Peninsula. The marching is very disagreeable on account of the severely warm weather and dusty roads. Water is very scarce along the route, and there is much suffering from the want of it. When we camp nights, if there are any nice springs around, there is soon a guard put over them, and, of course, it is reserved for the officers. Like a certain tree at the battle of Fair Oaks. In the heat of battle a certain officer, well known to us all, took a position behind a huge pine. A couple of soldiers thought they would like to take shelter there too. But the gallant Captain drew his sword and told them to be gone, for this tree is reserved for the officers, and none others. Of course, the poor soldiers give way, for they dare not disobey the order of an officer, even if he was a coward, for he would be courtmartialed, his pay stopped, be made to march in camp with a stick on his shoulder, or be bucked and gagged and forty pails of water thrown on his

head, or, if he did not like all this, by way of a change, be tied up by the thumbs to the limb of a tree. Oh, yes, all the good things are reserved for the officers, and the poor soldier has to roam over the fields and hunt some cow track for some water to cook his coffee. But we have one consolation. The soldier is here to save this country, and suffer for it, while such cowardly officers as the one at Fair Oaks are here for pay. I will say here, that I thank God that such officers are scarce in our army, and we have some as humane and as good men as live—but the bad ones have influence, and the good ones cannot do much against them. For if they say anything against the illtreatment of soldiers, they are spotted by the men that work for pay and shoulder straps, are intrigued against, and probably for some slight misdemeanor get a dishonorable discharge from the service.

I will relate an incident that happened to myself on this hot and thirsty march. There was not a drop of water with any of us, and with three canteens beside my own I started off in quest of some. Seeing a house not far off, hither I went, finding many there ahead of me, getting the precious liquid out of a very deep well. I cannot describe my feelings as I drew near the water, for my lips were parched with thirst. While in the act of drawing some, a man pulled up on horseback, and, I am ashamed to say, wore the dress of an officer. Said he, "Get away from here," at the same time drawing his cowardly sword. I told him I must have some water as the boys in the ranks besides myself were nearly choked with thirst. "Get back, I say, or I will run you through with my sword," said he, coming close to me. At that time I did not care much whether I lived or not, but I was maddened almost

to desperation. I seized my gun and in an instant fixed the bayonet thereon, and made one lunge at him. It was well that his horse shied to one side, or my bayonet would have been thrust through his miserable body. He attempted to draw his revolver, but cocking my piece, I bade him leave it in its case—bringing my gun to a ready. He asked me what regiment I belonged to. I told him one of the best in the service—the Third Miching Volunteer Infantry—and my name besides, for I was sure my noble Colonel, Byron R. Pierce, would see justice done me should my tormentor make any complaint. I asked him for his name but he rode off without telling me and I filled my canteens in triumph. I never saw or heard of him after. When I reached the boys they were almost played out, and took a drink of the water which nearly cost me my life to get.

We keep on our march, and pull up at Williamsburg, where we halt for a few days and then renew our backward march. Passing through that place with colors flying, we can tell by the looks of the inhabitants that they are pleased at our departure. We pass by the old battle ground, and point out as near as we can the positions held by each regiment in our brigade. It is quite difficult, as the underbrush has grown up all around. Here and there is a limb or skull protruding up over the half covered corpses, and evidences are all around of a hard fought battle.

At last we arrive at the now historic old village of Yorktown, made so in revolutionary times, as well as by our own war, for it was here that the British under Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the immortal Washington, and the very spot where the lordly man surredered to the Father of our Country and founder of the greatest nation of earth, is fenced in and held sacred by all lovers of this great

Republic. And in our own war, brought on to destroy the country that was built up for a home of the oppressed people of all lands, no matter from what quarter of the globe they come. The rebels, under General McGruder had to fly from here to escape annihilation by McClellan and his army.

At last we get aboard of transports and steam down the York River, thence over the bosom of Chesapeake Bay into the broad Potomac, passing by old familiar spots, Aquia Creek, the beautiful shades of Mt. Vernon, Fort Washington, Alexandria, and arrive safely in Washington.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO THE FRONT AGAIN—MC'CLELLAN REMOVED—SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN—DEFEAT AND RETREAT TO CENTERVILLE.

Arrived in Washington, we immediately get aboard the cars, cross the Long Bridge, and thunder along to Manassas Station, where we get off and move to the front. Some heavy firing is heard in advance, which sounds as natural as ever. Here we learn that our gallant Commander, General McClellan, has been removed from the command of his army. Oh, what a blow that is at the present time. Surely our great army must be doomed to destruction, for to take its leader from our army is a victory already achieved for the enemy. We all feel it and think that none other can cope successfully with the rebel Chief, General Lee. McClellan is put in command of the defences around Washington, and General Pope, with his headquarters in the saddle, is in com-

mand of the armies that co-operate against the crafty Lee.

Our corps is assigned a position to the right of the army, and our division, under the noble Kearney, are sent to the support of the Ninth Corps, under Burnside. On the 29th of August the battle of Groveton, or second Bull Run, opens. Both armies are terribly strong, but the rebels are somewhat flushed with their late victories over Pope's and Seigle's armies. The firing commences on our left and soon comes along to the center and extends away to the right. All along the line the battle rages fiercely. We lie quietly by, taking the rebel shells and balls that come over our men who are engaged in front. For a time neither party has much the advantage. There seems to be a weak point a short ways from us, to the left, and our regiment is taken away from the brigade to fill up the place. The troops now in our front are hard pressed, for we can tell by the firing that is coming back. Looking ahead into the woods we see our men coming over a hill, followed close by the rebels. Our flying comrades form in line with us. The rebels halt and fire. The order forward is given by our gallant Colonel Champlin, who is back again with us, for he can't keep away long enough for his Fair Oaks wound to heal. We urge him not to go in, but he says he will lead his gallant Third on the charge if he dies for it. The poor Colonel, he looks sick and tired on his horse. Marching by the flank we come to an old railroad embankment. Front, dress to the right, and over the railroad, is heard, and each man jumps on to the embankment. The enemy on the other side blaze away, but fire at random, and very few of us are yet harmed. Charge bayonets is the order, and down comes the cold steel, which the rebels cannot stand, and they are driven pell-mell through the woods.

We open a vigorous fire on their rear, and many of them fall to rise no more. We pass over them, and keep on the charge. They get inside their breastworks and make a stand, pouring volley after volley into our ranks with their artillery, and nearly two-thirds of our regiment fall one over another. Poor Ed. Riorden, my right hand man in the ranks and a brave soldier, is shot through the head, throws up his gun, falls upon his face, and dies without a groan. Pat Doran, my left hand man, is wounded in four different places, but keeps his place in the line. Sergeant Van Dusen commences to hop on one leg and says something that sounds like swearing, for he is shot in the ankle. Our gallant Captain, I. C. Smith, has a severe wound in the shoulder, but still keeps in command of his company.

But it would take too long to enumerate all the loss we sustained in this battle. Looking behind to see if any reinforcements are coming to our relief, none are in sight, and we fall back, taking what wounded we can with us, leaving our dead comrades behind, for there are not enough alive and well to take them back.

"Oh, what has become of my gallant old Third," said Gen. Kearney, as the remnant of our regiment pass by him. I shall never forget his look of anguish as he asked the question, and the tears rolled down his manly cheeks. "Get back to the rear," he says, for he knows our ranks are too thin to be of any more service, at least in this battle. So we gather around our colors to count our severe loss. We find that the Colonel's old wound has broken out afresh, and he is being borne to the rear. Lieutenant Ryan is badly wounded in the hip, but by good nursing and a strong constitution he may get over it. Lieutenant Tracy, our regimental quartermaster, is also severely wounded in the hip.

Meanwhile the fighting continues with fierceness, and charge after charge is made on both sides. All at once both armies cease firing, as with common consent, for night puts an end to the terrific conflict, both lie down as it were, side by side, waiting to renew the battle on the morrow.

The 30th of August opened with a fearful yelling in our front. They have been concentrating during the night on our center, to try if possible to cut our lines in two. They think they had the better of us yesterday, and to-day will finish the job. But they will have to pay dearly for their victory if they whip us, for they are fighting here on the offensive, and have to do all the charging. They seem to have all of Lee's army in our front, as they are driving our men back, and we can tell by the way the firing is that it is getting further to our rear. Our brave men hold their own for a long while, but cannot stand it much longer, as every available man is brought to the front. But the enemy outnumber us, and we have to give way to force. About 4 P. M. the enemy come down on our center, and our men have to retreat. Everything now is in confusion. Our army is cut into, and we on the right must get back or be cut off. The enemy bring their artillery to bear on us. We cross some fields and have to do some queer dodging and running. At last we get behind our cavalry, that is drawn up in line to give the rebels a turn. Col. Broadhead leads his gallant First Michigan Cavalry on the charge, and is killed at the head of his men. Nothing now can stop the onward march of the victorious enemy, and we cross Bull Run creek and halt on the Centerville heights, after getting the finest whipping of the war, not excepting the first Bull Run.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ENEMY TRY A FLANK MOVEMENT—BATTLE OF CHANTILLY—A FEARFUL STORM—IT ENDS THE CONFLICT—A MISERABLE NIGHT—DEATH OF GEN. KEARNEY—MC'CLELLAN IN COMMAND AGAIN—BACK TO WASHINGTON ONCE MORE.

On the first of September the enemy try a flank movement, to cut off our retreat if they can. Falling back from Centerville five or six miles brings us to Chantilly, where the enemy is in force. Part of our troops are already engaged, to the left of the Washington turnpike, and the firing discloses that our men are steadily receding. If the enemy take the road, our army will be in a bad position, but they will find the old Red Diamond Division, under their gallant one-armed General, Phil. Kearney, ready to contest with them every foot of ground, for we are all drawn up in line waiting for our troops to give way in our front. Ha ! we see heavy clouds away to the west. They approach closer and closer, moving over the rebel army and soon covering our own. The lightning begins to flash and the thunder roll, loud enough to hush in silence the loud roar of artillery and musketry. The rain poured down in torrents, saturating our clothing to the very skin, wetting and making useless our ammunition, and putting an end to the terrific conflict, saving our division a hard encounter. The storm rages fiercely, and night approaches. We establish our picket line, and the storm ends. All is still as the grave once more. Nothing to be heard but the dry, hoarse cough from those soldiers who have caught a severe cold from the effects of the late storm, which may be the cause

of some poor fellow's death, offered up for the good cause. No matter whether it be by bullet or shell, or on the battle-field or in hospital that the soldier offers up his life, it is all the same; his name will be inserted on the roll of honor.

The stars shine brightly over our heads, and the air is so chilly that we feel almost chilled through. We lie down and try to get some sleep or rest. The pickets still keep their silent watch. Not a gun is fired on the lines, and as it were, everything is wrapped in slumber, when, all at once the stillness is disturbed by some sharp firing by the pickets in front. In an instant we are on our feet and in line. Leaning on our muskets we can see the flash and hear the sharp report of small arms, and expect a night attack from the enemy, and are ready for them. We wait for awhile, the firing ceases, and all is quiet again in the Potomac army. Oh, if we only knew what a loss we had sustained in those few minutes firing, we would not rest much that night; but we lie down in blissful ignorance of our irreparable loss, and go to sleep. Early in the morning we are stirring, and the rumor is circulated that our brave Kearney is no more, and find that the rumor is but too true. The sorrow of his gallant division is unbounded, and many a tear streams down the cheeks of his soldiers. He had gone out, as was his wont, to see that all was right on the lines, going farther than he should, and did not learn his mistake until he was inside the rebel picket lines. They saw that he wore the uniform of a U. S. officer, and told him to surrender; but he did not feel inclined to do that, so they fired and killed him instantly. They approached, and when they saw whom they had killed, they treated him with every consideration, and when the rebel chief saw him he wept like a child, for he thought of

by-gone times, when they were class-mates at West Point. Oh, what a difference in the two men; one died for his country, that it may be saved from traitors and disunion; the other is fighting to destroy the country that gave him all that he ever possessed. Fare thee well, our gallant old General; thy memory will remain as long as the country shall endure in the hearts of all the good and the true in the land; while the memory of your late classmate will forever be a shame and a disgrace in the land that nurtured him. For the name of Robert E. Lee will go down to generations yet unborn, as the great rebel chief, that wanted to destroy the greatest nation on the globe, while the name of Philip Kearney will be exalted to the skies, as one who died for his country, that it might be the home of all who are oppressed in every clime.

It is rumored now that the enemy have left in front, and we soon find that he means to take a trip north, which produces the wildest confusion imaginable in Washington, for it is evident that some one else besides the gentleman in the saddle, will have to take command of the army, to check the onward march of the victorious army under Lee. They know in Washington who can drive them back again, but will they put him in command after taking him away from his almost idolized army. The authorities see that it would be utter suicide to have any other man take command, and accordingly Gen. McClellan is reinstated in command of his army, where he is received with the wildest joy imaginable. Our division is now without a commander, and suffering terribly from the late battles. It is necessary to send us back to Washington, to recruit our thin ranks. We commence our backward march, and the rest of the army under McClellan give chase to Lee. We arrive safe in front of Washington, and go into camp.

CHAPTER XX.

BATTLES OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN AND ANTIETAM—SUFFERINGS
OF THE ARMY—LEE BACK IN VIRGINIA—MC'CLELLAN
RELIEVED AGAIN, AND BURNSIDE TAKES COM-
MAND—AT THE FRONT AGAIN—MC'CLELLAN'S
FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Gen. Lee's victorious army, flushed with their late victories, try and move north, in hopes to be able to make the Washington authorities do something towards helping their cause, but they will soon find out that McClellan is in command again, and their stay will be very short north of the Potomac. Lee has crossed the Potomac, and McClellan, his only chastiser, so far, is treading on his heels. The rebels have to face about at South Mountain, and fight their old adversaries again. They have to get back off the mountain, and pull up at Antietam Creek, where one of the bloodiest battles of the war is fought, and they have to get back to their own sacred soil again in Virginia. A great many in the north now censure Gen. McClellan for not following up Lee's army. They do not think of the hardships the army has had to endure for the last year, how they needed clothing to cover their nakedness, and shoes to cover their bleeding feet. They do not praise our noble chief for hurling back the arrogant enemy from their very doors; but the men under him, who know him best, appreciate his worth and virtues. Oh, do not censure him, but thank God there is a man in your country who can drive the rebels back every time they dare to overrun it.

General Birney has taken command of our division and we are ordered to the front again, having had a very much needed rest and all feel recruited. We march up the Potomac on the Maryland side in forced marches. It is a very wet and muddy time. I do not pretend to give day and date for every place where we halt, for it would be too voluminous. But it is my intention to bring back to mind as near as memory will serve, the many battles and principal events that occurred in a four years stay with the Grand Army of the Potomac. We pass by Monocacy, Falling Waters, Leesburg in Virginia, and pull up at the famous village of Harper's Ferry, where the great John Brown made his raid, and for which his body was swung in mid air and his soul sent marching away to realms of bliss. But, as the song goes, he still keeps marching on to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Winding our way around the Maryland heights, and over the bridge that spans the Shenandoah river, get on the sacred soil once more, camping for the night among the hills and feeling happy. Next day we resume our march and go through some nice country, where either army did not reach before. We are in Loudon county, one of the richest in the state. The people hereabouts are said to be leaning towards the Union, and so we deal as gently with them as we can. There are plenty of nice fence rails. Of course we must have our coffee and a fire to cook it; so I hope the good people of Loudon county can spare a few rails from their fences. There are some nice turkeys too, and a gobbler is gobbled up and brought to camp, where he is very much welcomed. Now the good people will remember us, for we spared them the trouble, in a good many instances, of feeding the corn to their turkeys and chickens, which they may need before this cruel war is over. It is rumored when we

arrive at Warrington that McClellan is removed again now Lee is back in Virginia, and the authorities feel safe. Well let them fire away ; they will soon see where they will pull up. Burnside now takes command. I don't think there is a better man in the army than he, but of course we all think with himself that he is not capable of commanding the Army of the Potomac. The feeling in the army at this time is better imagined than described, and I do believe, if he only said the word, McClellan and his army would march on Washington, and chastise those who are intriguing against our noble commander, and doing their best to destroy our army. But no ; he bows his head with resignation, and amid the tears of his comrades, 'takes a sad farewell, November 7th, in the following noble address to his much cherished army.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
Camp near Rectortown, Va., November 7. }

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC :

An order of the President devolves upon Major General Burnside the command of this Army. In parting from you I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up in my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will probably live in our Nations' history. The glory you have achieved over mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease ; the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled ; the strongest associations which can exist among men unite us by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the Nationality of its people.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General U. S. A.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RACE FOR FREDRICKSBURG—THE ENEMY IN SMALL FORCE
ACROSS THE RIVER—CAMP LIFE—ORDERS TO MARCH—
GALLANT FEAT OF THE 7TH MICH. INFANTRY—BATTLE
OF FREDRICKSBURG—THE DEFEAT AND RETREAT.

While Burnside is organizing and fixing things to suit him, we halt for a few days. The enemy is making towards Fredricksburg on the south side of the Blue Ridge, and if he gets there before us he will have the inside track to Richmond. Accordingly we strike tents and start for Fredricksburg, where we arrive after several forced marches. The enemy has taken up a position on the heights in the rear of the city. When we arrived there were only a small force before us, but we go quietly into camp and make ourselves comfortable. Here is the same routine of camp life ; camp guard, picket duty, fatigue duty and drill. All of Lee's army now is encamped and in position in and around Fredricksburg. If McClellan had been in command when we first arrived here and lay idly by, what a cry of on to Richmond would be heard by his enemies ; but he is not in command, and what anyone else does is all right ; they can take their time and no cry of on to Richmond is made.

Both armies are encamped in plain sight of each other, and their pickets are stationed along the Rappahannock, within a stone's throw of each other. There are no hostilities between them, and generally all is quiet along the lines. But our friendships are soon to be broken, for about Dec. 10th we get the order to be ready to march with

three days rations in our haversacks, and accordingly, on the 11th of December we are up bright and early, ready for an onward move. The morning is clear, cold and frosty. About 7 A. M. a tremendous artillery fire from our batteries is opened on the city and rebel works. The reverberations of the sound, as it passes along the river, makes it seem to us as though there were five thousand dogs of war barking all at once. Our engineers are busy laying down pontoon bridges for the troops to cross over. It is plain to us now that a forward movement is going to be made. The enemy's sharp-shooters are making sad havoc among the pontoon builders, for they are firing from the houses in the city at our men. Something must be done to remedy this, and a detail is made from the gallant Seventh Mich. Infantry to cross and clean out the rebel sharpshooters. Those few who crossed in those open boats have earned for themselves a crown of glory, and that little party will be remembered as long as their country will last, for performing one of the most daring feats of the war. They push out from the shore, bearing the starry flag aloft. The enemy pour their deadly missiles into the midst of them, and many a brave hero is tumbled into the turbid waters of the Rappahannock. Can it be possible that any of them can cross with their lives? They have a very poor way of defending themselves, but they still keep on, and are about to land, when the house skulkers pour their deadly lead among the devoted band. They strive to keep a foothold, and commence firing. Some more troops are crossing in boats to reinforce. They make a desperate charge on the buildings occupied by the enemy, whom they drag forth from their cover. We have a foothold now, and the bridges are quickly built. The army moves to the

front, and night ends the operations. During the night many cross, while our corps move to the left.

On the morning of Dec. 13, 1862, the battle of Fredricksburg commenced. Our men advance and dislodge the rebels from their front line of works. They open up a tremendous fire on our men from their artillery, and we cross the river on the double-quick, the shells bursting like hail all around. The gallant Fifth are already engaged, and our regiment join them on the left. A fearful fight is now taking place all along the line, both armies holding their ground. A battery of artillery pull up in line with us and are soon making sad havoc in the enemies ranks. The rebel infantry don't like to have the canister poured in among them, so they form in the valley to charge and take the battery. They are four lines deep, and await the order to charge. Cease firing, is the order of the Captain commanding the battery, and double shot your pieces with canister. Lieutenant Colonel Ed. Peirce of the old Third gives the command to be ready. We feel sure if they take our glorious battery they will pay dearly for every piece. Ha, they are in motion, coming as cool as if on parade. Steady boys, don't fire yet, is heard in a firm voice from our brave Colonel. They set up a hideous yelling, and are close to us. Why don't we get the order to fire we ask ; but they are not near enough yet. The captain of the battery gives his order to fire, and six guns open with their double-shotted mouths into the advancing masses. Ha, that is enough for them. They break in confusion and fly to the rear, satisfied that they don't want that battery.

The fight rages terribly along the lines for eight miles. The rebels try hard to drive us into the river and to break our lines in every available spot ; first with a right flank

movement, then a left, and then a center, and each time get back behind their works with great loss. But they are not having all the losses, for our army is suffering fearfully too. We hear great cheering to our right, and can tell that it is a charge from our side, for we can always tell the difference between the hellish yells of the enemy and the manly cheering of the union men. The Irish brigade, under the great and brave General Meagher, are on the charge, with their sleeves rolled up, and they mean heavy business. They are trying to dislodge the enemy from behind a stone wall on the heights. For awhile the contestants on either side cease, and all look on the gallant brigade going forward on their forlorn hope. They charge up the hill, bearing aloft the green flag of Ireland and the stars and stripes. Thousands of the enemy are waiting behind the wall to cut them to pieces. I have heard it said by a rebel who was behind the wall at the time, that they were loth to fire on such brave men ; but they were their enemies, and were forced to do so. Volley after volley is poured into the brave brigade. They close up the gaps in their ranks, forward on the double-quick with wild cheers, and soon have a hand to hand fight with the enemy. They do not get reinforced for some reason, and have to fall back against fearful odds. Surely such men ought to be remembered by all true Americans, for no greater supporters are in the country than the brave Irish volunteers. Let bigots grumble about the Irish, but this country is their country, and no power can gainsay it, for they fight for it, and do everything to make it a home for them and for the oppressed of every nation, who like themselves, have to flee from the land of their birth.

Our men try the enemy's lines in different places, and

each time get repulsed with great loss, and night puts an end to the great battle. On the night of the 15th our army retire across the river, for it would be sheer madness to attempt to break the enemy's lines and take the heights. So we get back to our old camps, after losing about fifteen thousand men in killed and wounded, and accomplishing nothing.

CHAPTER XXII.

BUILDING WINTER QUARTERS—A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL—FURLONGHS—FEELING IN THE NORTH—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—AT THE FRONT AGAIN.

It is evident now that all movements of the army is at an end for a while at least. Each corps, division, brigade, regiment and company, is assigned camping grounds, and all are told to build winter quarters, and make ourselves as comfortable as we can. The forests around this country are stripped of their trees for houses and fire-wood. The walls of our houses are built of logs, and covered with shelter tents, with a nice cosy fire place at one end, made of brick or stone, with a mud and stick chimney. They are very comfortable houses, with plenty of blankets and a bed of long poles. The sutlers are all up again, and supply us with what delicacies we can afford.

When one of our men die in the hospital, all who can, go to his funeral. It is one of the most solemn things of the soldier's life, to witness the burial of one of his comrades. One might suppose that a soldier is so used to seeing death on the battle-field, that he is hardened to every-

thing, but it is a mistake, for when one dies in camp he is mourned over as much as those at home mourn over their friends. The soldier has the most acute feelings for his suffering comrades, and sympathize with the loved ones who have lost their relative or friend. The poor soldier dies away from home; no relative is near by to comfort or sympathize with him in his last hour, but his comrades gather around him and give him the burial of the warrior. He is laid out in his uniform of blue, in a plain, rough coffin, over which hang the stars and stripes. The mournful procession commences its slow march, headed by the band. Oh, how solemn are the strains as they are taken up by the chilling breeze. His comrades follow close behind, marching with reversed arms. The solemn procession halt at the lonely grave, when the coffin is lowered into the earth. "Ashes to ashes," are the words said by the man of God. The volleys are fired over the departed hero, and he is left to rest in peace. Poor comrade, thy battles and fatigues are over. No more shalt thou respond to the wakening notes of the reveille by the regimental bugler, but will be wakened on the last day by the clarion notes of St. Michael's trumpet, to appear before the great Captain, who commands the heavens and the earth, and all contained therein.

Now the army is lying peaceably in winter quarters and I would like to go home on furlough ; so obtaining a blank, I fill it out and send it along through the regular channels to have it approved. It is first signed by the Company commander, then by the Colonel of the regiment, then by the Brigade commander, then Division, and finally by the Corps commander. So it takes quite a while for it to get up and down the regular channels, causing a good share of anxiety to the poor soldier for fear it would come back dis-

approved ; and so he is in fever heat all this time. At last the furlough comes back covered all over with signatures, and now hurrah for a twenty days' leave, which don't take long to pass by, especially when they are days of pleasure; and a soldier, after the hardships of campaigning for nearly two years, can appreciate a little pleasure and enjoy himself among his friends at home. After taking a short farewell of my comrades, I start for Acquia Creek to take the boat for Washington. Arriving at the Creek, I find there great crowds on the wharf waiting to get aboard, and with my leave of absence in my pocket have to wait 'till all the snobbery and shoulderstraps get aboard, so as to take up all the good places on the boat. At last the word comes to get aboard, and the crowds rush on, and soon every available spot is taken up. A few of us try to get into the cabin to lie down on the floor for the night ; but no, there is a sentinel on guard at the stairway, and none but officers can pass as usual. Oh, this is what makes the soldier hate himself and all others, for he thinks a dog is thought more of than he is, and is made to feel his degradation more and more 'till he arrives out of reach of shoulderstraps. After rousting about on the boat all night, we arrive safe in Washington. Here we think we can enjoy freedom with the rest ; so making our way to a restaurant for some breakfast, have to take it in the roughly fitted-up room for the common soldier, while inside are our more favored comrades under shoulder straps, eating in a luxuriously fitted-up apartment, which we have to pay for as a general thing. Going to the depot to take the train for Baltimore, and thinking we can take any car on the train, are politely told by an usher that we can't get into that car, a first-class one ; there is a car for you said he, pointing to one better adapted for hogs than men. For once I disobey orders,

and tell him I must ride in any car, as I have paid for a first-class ticket. The conductor cries all-aboard, and myself with a few other soldiers get into a first-class car, as we mean to maintain our rights. The conductor comes around and tells us to get into the other cars. Acting as spokesman for the party, I ask him what kind of fare our tickets call for ; he sees that they are first-class. He does not put us off, and leaves us in peace. At last we arrive at Baltimore, and take the train for Harrisburg, where we feel more at home, for now shoulderstraps are getting at a discount, and the soldier is as good as the officer. We thunder along through the Alleghanies and arrive at Pittsburg, which is as smoky as ever. Here the soldiers are always treated well by the citizens, who will always be remembered with gratitude by every soldier who passed through that city. Taking the train for Cleveland, we have no more trouble to get as good fare as there is. We arrive at the Forest City and are soon off for Toledo, and thence for the City of the Straits, in our own Michigan. Arrived at Detroit, I take the Great Western, and soon reach my friends. Of course they are glad to see me, and I spend a few days in quiet and rest. Generally the people of Canada are not favorable to the Union cause, and I have to do some talking to uphold the cause I fight for. the country is overrun with skedaddlers and deserters from the United States, who are protected by the government of England. The South has its quota of inhabitants in Canada, who are allowed to concoct their plans for any move they can make against our government. The British are doing all they can and dare to help destroy our union of states ; but let them work, for Great Britain and hell itself cannot destroy our country. We have to stand some of their insolence now, as in such cases as the Mason and Slidell affair ; but

let them beware, for it may be our turn next to play the same game. Let them fit up their Alabamas and man them, to destroy our commerce. They can do a great many mean things now with impunity, but the day of reckoning will come, when John Bull will be paid back with heavy interest what is due him by our much abused Uncle Sam.

After a few days' stay, I take a parting farewell of friends and relatives and am off for Detroit, where I arrive much recruited in flesh and health. An all-nights' ride on the lazy express on the D & M. railroad finds me once more in the Valley City. Everything looks as natural as ever. By night my right arm is very lame, and no wonder, after the shaking it had to go through by all my friends. All is done that can be to make my visit pleasant. But now only four days are left for me to get back to the army, and bidding good-bye to dear friends, I retrace my way back to my log house in the camp in front of Fredricksburg, where I arrive in due time and am met by my comrades, and it seems like home to get back again, and tell them of the thousand things I saw while away in the North.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ORDERS TO MARCH—WE TRY A FLANK MOVEMENT—AND GET
STUCK IN THE MUD—THE REBELS MAKING FUN OF
US—DESERTIONS—BACK TO CAMP—BURNSIDE
RELIEVED AND HOOKER TAKES COMMAND.

About the 1st of February we have orders to be ready to march, and so we fill our haversacks with hard-tack, salt-pork, coffee and sugar. We take off our shelter tents, and

pack them in our knap-sacks, leave the bare walls of our houses to keep lonely watch, and file out of our camp on the Richmond road again. The army march along to the right of our lines, and it is plain a flank movement is on foot. After getting twelve or thirteen miles the rain pours down in torrents, making the roads fearfully muddy. The army halt on the banks of the Rappahannock. We pitch our tents for a covering from the cold rains, and build fires in the woods. The smoke lingers around, for the atmosphere is so heavy it will not bear it away. Our eyes are nearly melted out of their sockets with the thick smoke, and we have to lie on the wet ground to relieve them. Oh, what misery we are in, wet to the skin, ragged, dirty and hungry, for our supplies cannot get up over the muddy roads, and artillery, wagons and ambulances are all stuck in the mud. One morning, on looking across the river we observe that the rebels have plac-cards stuck on poles, letting us know that Burnside is stuck in the mud. They throw all kinds of slang at us, and have lots of fun at our expense, and we can't help it, for we all know we are stuck. Our commander finds out that it would be useless for him to try to go any further, and we get the order to retrace our steps for camp. We pack up our wet traps, and each man has a load fit for a mule to carry.

I never knew so much discontent in the army before. A great many say they "don't care whether school keeps now or not," for they think there is a destructive fate hovering over our army. At this time there are a large number of desertions, and unless something is done to prevent it, our ranks will grow pretty thin in a short while.

Arriving back in our old camps again we cover the bare walls of logs, and go to house-keeping once more. The

picket-line is doubled to keep a closer watch on those who mean to desert. Hand-bills are circulated through the army by the Southern authorities, that they will furnish free transportation to any country on the globe to all who will desert into their lines. Orders come, and are issued from our headquarters, putting quite a veto on the above offer. All who are caught deserting will be shot. This puts an end, virtually, to deserting.

About the last of March, General Burnside is removed, and General Hooker takes command. The authorities at Washington want to try another experiment on the army of the Potomac. Now, we all feel that General Hooker will be like the poor man that won the elephant at the raffle. After he got the animal he did not know what to do with him. So with fighting Joseph. He is now in command of a mighty large elephant, and it will remain to be seen if he knows what to do with him. All know that General Hooker can command and fight a division to perfection, but to take a great army like ours in hand, and cope with the great rebel chief successfully, is another thing. But we will wait and see, and like good soldiers, obey orders and go where we are sent, even unto death.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NICE WEATHER — MARCHING ORDERS — SUTLERS TO THE
 REAR — ON THE ROAD AGAIN — BATTLE OF THE CE-
 DARS — MIDNIGHT CHARGE — STONEWALL JACK-
 SON KILLED — BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE
 — THE POTOMAC ARMY AGAIN DEFEATED.

The spring of 1863 is ushered in with beautiful weather, and, of course, should it last long, we shall soon be on the

move again. About April 26th we have orders to be ready to march. The sutlers, with their surplus stuff, are ordered to the rear. The sick are sent to the different hospitals, and we are all ready for the Richmond road. We proceed along on the same road meant to be traveled by General Burnside, when we got stuck in the mud. We cross the Rappahannock at Ely's Ford, on the 28th, and proceed as far as we can into the enemy's country, pulling up at the Chancellorsville House, where the Army of the Potomac is got into position. Now the army is in splendid condition, and we all think that probably we might do something under Fighting Joe; and he thinks so himself, for he issues an order to the army, that he has got the enemy where he wants them; that they will have to come out and fight him on his own ground, or fly ignominiously, which will cause their utter destruction. Now, after this celebrated order is read to us, we feel confident that something extraordinary is going to be done, and we wait anxiously for the enemy to come out of their holes, or see them fly ignominiously.

The Red Diamond division has a position on the Richmond road, commanded by our gallant Birney. Ha, we see over the valley beyond, long wagon trains, moving south. Now they are on the move and are flying sure. Our division is ordered forward, and get into the cedar woods, where we strike some rebels, who fire into us, but we go for them with the bayonet. They fall back, and we advance, fighting all the way for about three miles. They pull up behind some works, and we halt in front. The rebel train keeps moving on, and we lie still, for some cause or other. Berdan's sharp-shooters have quite a fight on the picket line. Our regiment is ordered to lie down, and

we are in such a position that the rebels have a good chance to fire at us. Once in a while one of our poor fellows is taken to the rear, mortally wounded. It is here that a comrade of mine gets killed, P. H. Doran, and a better soldier never carried a musket than he. While lying down, a bullet from a sharp-shooter did the deed, and passed through his head. Poor fellow, he has fought his last battle, and his campaigns are ended. Let him be inscribed on the roll of honor as a martyr to his adopted country.

While lying still, we hear, all at once, a tremendous firing in our rear; it sounds in the direction of the position we left in the morning. Can it be possible the enemy is in our rear? Such is the fact, for we soon find out that the rebel General Jackson has got around behind us, and is fighting the 11th corps under Howard, who was in the position we left. Now we are in a pretty condition, rebels in front and rebels in our rear. We must get out of this, or else be gobbled up. So getting back, we change our front of the morning to rear at night. The 11th corps are driven from their position. Night puts an end to all fighting, and we take up a position in an open field, and try to rest after our day's fatigue.

The queen of night shines out with all her brightness, and throws her lustre all around, making the fields as bright as day. All is as still as the grave; nothing to break the stillness of the hour but the neighing of the horses of the artillery close by. At about twelve o'clock we get the order to fall in, and it is made known to us that a midnight charge is on foot to dislodge the enemy and take back our lost ground. The awful grandeur of the scene defies description. About 15,000 soldiers are in solid

mass at the dead hour of night, to charge on the enemy who are slumbering in blissful ignorance of what is going on. Our first line have their guns primed, it is the intention when they come to the enemy to fire, and the other lines to charge with the cold steel. The order is quietly given to forward, and the whole mass move into the woods, which are thick and dark as hades. No one knows where to strike the rebel lines; some commence to fire, others follow suit, and all blaze away, not knowing what at, and all seem to be one vast square of fire. All begin to yell and cheer, some go forward, some to the right and some to the left. The rebels open with their artillery, and ours reply from the fields. All is utter confusion, and no one knows where we are going. I find myself with others, charging on some works; we get over them, thinking they belong to the enemy, but we soon find out that we have been charging on our own works, occupied by the 12th corps, who thought the rebels wanted their works, and they left them in peace for their old friends. Whoever took part in the fizzle in the woods on the night of the 2d of May, will remember it as long as they live. After a while we make our way to the field we started from.

It was in this melee in the woods that the notorious Stonewall Jackson, of the Confederate army, received his death-wound. The rebels themselves claim they gave it to him, but we don't care how he got it so long as he is out of the way, for he was the terror of our army. The details of his death we get from rebel prisoners. When he heard the firing in the woods he rode out on one part of his own lines, and was going in by another post. The rebels were so excited by the firing in the woods that they thought it was the Yankees on the charge. They fired a

volley, and killed one of the best generals in their army. So our fizzle was the cause of doing some good after all.

All is quiet again in the Potomac army, and we lie down to have some sleep to refresh us for the next day's work. At four o'clock on the quiet Sabbath morning of the 3d of May, we look towards the woods and see our skirmishers emerge therefrom, followed close by solid masses of rebel infantry. In an instant we are in line. Our artillery open out on them, but they don't seem to care for anything, as they set up a hellish yelling and come for us. We open our small arms on them and cause some to fall to mother earth to rise no more. They close up the gaps in their ranks and still come on. We get the order to fall back, which is done in good order, loading and firing as we go. Our artillery get to the rear and take positions so as to be ready for the enemy when we have passed them. The battle rages fearfully along the line, and thousands fall on both sides. The whole rebel army is in one solid phalanx and nothing can stand before them. They break line after line, but not 'till they pay dearly for every foot of ground they take. Falling behind a line in front of the Chancellorsville House, we get the order to lie down, which is done gladly for a few minutes rest. The rebels pour their shot and shell into our midst, and many a poor fellow rolls over without a groan. Captain Mason is killed lying down by my side ; a piece of shell takes him in the bowels and kills him instantly. Our front line gives way again, and we are on our feet once more, ready to receive the charge of the victorious enemy. The enemy charge on us in eight or ten lines deep. Our artillery opens out on them and then our musketry, mowing down fearful gaps in their ranks. But on they come, and back we have to get again. Here our gal-

lant Birney rides up on his beautiful horse and gives the order to countercharge the enemy. We come to a right-about face, and before the rebels knew what we were about, charge in their midst, making them get back a short distance, and taking a number of prisoners. The rebels follow up again, and we get in behind some works that were built during the day. They charge on us, thinking to carry our works, but they have got as far as they can get, as we hold our works against all their attacks, and about 12 o'clock the terrible battle of Chancellorsville is ended. We establish our picket lines, and all is still but an occasional shot on the outposts. While the fighting was going on in the morning, General Sedgewick with his 5th corps crossed the river and took the Fredricksburg heights. After the fighting ceased on our part of the lines, General Lee stole away from our front, went to Fredricksburg and drove the 5th corps off the heights across the river again, and ending the fighting on that bloody Sunday. Our army is whipped again, and we loose a great many men and some valuable officers. On the 6th of May we recross the Rappahannock, flying ignominiously from the army that we thought would have to come out and fight us on our own ground, which they did. But we see the destruction on the other side, and all feel as though the present commander has too large an elephant on his hands.

CHAPTER XXV.

LEE TRIES ANOTHER MOVE NORTH—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AFTER HIM—BOTH ARMIES ON NORTHERN SOIL
—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE WAY—EMMETS-
BURGH—HOOKER RELIEVED—GENERAL MEADE
IN COMMAND.

After Lee's victory at Chancellorsville, he tries another move North to see what he can do there again. We have to follow in his wake and see that the rebel army don't get into any mischief. But it is plain to us all that if some one don't take command of the army that can handle it, General Lee will do almost as he pleases. Oh, why do they not give us back our Little Mac., and then we can feel confident of victory no matter where we meet our old adversaries. But no, if the whole country is sacrificed he will never be called to our command again.

On the 15th of June, after marching across the country from Chancellorsville, General Lee crosses the Potomac and makes his way through Maryland. The President issues a call for one hundred thousand men to repel the invasion. The country North is fully aroused to the danger that is thundering at their doors. Volunteers and militia are sent to intercept the onward march of the rebel chief and his army. General Lee seems to think after he is in Maryland he can recruit up his ranks from the sons of that state, but wherever he goes the cold shoulder is turned to him, for the loyal State of Maryland is true to the Union, and its people testify to their loyalty by giving us everything they can to help us on our way to drive the invader from their soil.

Our army cross into Maryland, in close pursuit of our old enemy. The militia meet the advance of the rebel army, but have to get back from Lee's veteran's. We are now traveling in the heart of our noble and true Maryland, and pass on the march, some lovely country. The fair daughters of this State often sing patriotic songs as we pass, such as the Star Spangled Banner, Rally Round the Flag, Maryland, My Maryland, and other songs that inspire us with enthusiasm to follow up the arrogant rebel army, and chastise them for daring to put their feet on loyal ground. We march by a lovely village, called Taneytown, whose people show their loyalty by waving their handkerchiefs and showering flowers on our path. This village is called after the learned Judge Taney, Chief-Justice of the United States. The roads around here are beautiful and macadamized, and we enjoy marching over them very much. Every man in the ranks feel jubilant; we keep step to some song that is sung by the soldiers, crack our jokes, and all feel happy. We pass some nice villages, and at every place we are met with perfect ovations. The next place of any interest is the beautiful city of Frederick. As we near the place we observe some bodies dangling from the limbs of trees. They were rebel spies. We camp around the city, and have nice times. Pulling up stakes we march through the city. The stars and stripes hang gracefully from buildings, and across the streets. What a contrast from that we used to see in old Virginia. As we passed the towns and cities there, we were met with imprecations and curses by the secesh folks of the sacred soil. But here, hallelujas and praises by the good people of Maryland. We pull up at Emmetsburg on the 27th of June. This is a nice village, near the Pennsylvania line. Here is where the celebrated St. Mary's College is sitnated, a Cath-

olic institution, where the young men of our land are educated for the Priesthood, and are sent out to teach all nations the truths that our Lord and Saviour left behind, as a legacy that we might be saved and meet him in realms of bliss, where he reigns in heaven. We camp near the beautiful grounds of the College, and a goodly number of us, who profess that religion, avail ourselves of the opportunity offered us by the good priests, to partake of the rights of our Holy Mother, the Church, which strengthens us for the mission before us, and makes us better soldiers of our Divine Redeemer, as well as of our beloved country. Here we receive the news that General Hooker is relieved, and General Meade, takes command of the army. We do not know much about our present commander, but all feel confident that Lee and his army must get back to their own ground, on the sacred soil of old Virginia.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LEAVE EMMETSBURG AND CROSS THE LINES INTO PENNSYLVANIA—GOOD FEELING AMONG THE PEOPLE—THE ENEMY MET—BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE—HARD FIGHTING AND FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.

After a stay of a couple of days at Emmetsburg, we leave the beautiful college grounds and march through the village. The bell in the tower of the village church tolls for morning mass, and makes us think of bye-gone times when we were wont to respond to the call of the bells in the towers in our far-off Michigan homes. We leave the echo behind, and march on to the fearful carnage that is waiting for us.

On the 1st of July the advance of the rebel army is checked at Gettysburg, and it is evident they must fight before going any further North. We hear the distant boom of artillery, and march by quick time towards the front. Every man feels jubilant, and that if Lee goes any further he will have to do it by passing over the old Army of the Potomac.

While we are marching along the road, within a few miles of Gettysburg we are all singing and cracking jokes, but our jubilant spirits come to a sudden end, for the rebels open up a fire on us from a piece of woods to our left as we are marching on the road, to remind us of our close proximity to our old friends, of the army of Northern Virginia. Passing by on the double quick, we get into position to the left of Round Top, a mountain made historic by the Battle of Gettysburg. Our gallant corps commander, General Sickles, rides up, and soon we are in line in front of our old adversaries. There is heavy fighting to our right and we are soon engaged with some South Carolina troops. They fight well, but have to get back, and we follow with bayonet, driving them inside their artillery, which opens on us, causing us to fall back to a safe distance. The battle of the first does not tell on either side, for both lie down at night where they started in the morning. Our troops are arriving all night, and taking positions along the line. Our army is in splendid spirits, and every one is confident of victory under our new chief; besides, we are fighting on our own soil, and every man thinks that if Lee don't get a whipping here he never will.

The morning of July 2d opens up the ball, commencing to our right, near the village. Charges are made on both sides. The rebels occupy the village, but are driven

out, when our men take possession, and so the village is all day on our side of the line. We are fighting in a peach orchard, and they make it very hot for us. Their artillery do some fearful execution among our ranks, and frequently we have to lie very low. The battle rages fearfully along the lines. On our part of the lines we are hard pushed. Our gallant Sickles falls wounded, and is borne off the field. Our division and corps feel disheartened at this, and we feel a little panic stricken. Our Colonel, Byron R. Pierce, is wounded. We lose a good many men. The rebels push us so hard that we have to give way. They pour their balls and shells like hail around us. We still get back, and everything looks bad for us. Making our way back, and getting on top of a round hill, an officer rides up, General Williams of Michigan, and begs of us, for God's sake, to form a line right there, for if the enemy gained this hill the army would be in great danger. Falling into line in an instant, and facing the rebels, we pour volley after volley into them. They falter. We load and fire. Some of them commence to skedaddle, more follow, when all of them up and dust. We chase them into their own lines, ending the fighting on our part of the lines; for night wraps its sable mantle over the bloody field of July 1st and 2d. Some of us make our way for some water to cook our coffee. Finding some in a cow track close by, we dip it up with a spoon, and after about an hour's dipping we had sufficient for coffee, which was drank with a hearty relish, as it was the first we have had since leaving Emmetsburg. Water is very scarce around here, and what there is, is reserved for the wounded, and of course the officers. We lie down, wearied and tired, to get some sleep, for neither party is vanquished yet, and not till one side or the other is whipped will they leave the field.

The morning of the 3d opens bright and lovely. The fighting commences, and both armies fight as though confident of success. Charge after charge is made on both sides. Oh, what fearful carnage ! Men and horses drop all around. The boom, boom, boom, of artillery, and roar of musketry is deafening. The enemy throw themselves, with great force on our left and center. Our lines waver, and all expect to get back against the terrible onslaught of the enemy. A part of our lines have already given way. The rebels see it, and charge with redoubled fury, thinking our lines are almost broken. Oh, is there no hope for us but to fly ? At this juncture a brave aid-de-camp rides along the lines, and tells us to hold our ground, as McClellan was coming up with forty thousand men. This is enough, and the very name of McClellan inspires new courage in the soldiers of his old army, and they commence cheering. The enemy thinking we are getting reinforcements, get back a little to reform their lines. We follow up, and drive them again inside their lines, and fall back leisurely without the enemy following us, getting the order to build breastworks, which is done with a will, and in less than one hour we have good works to get behind. While reclining behind our shelter, chewing our hard-tack, and talking about our expected reinforcements, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a tremendous fire is opened on us by the enemy, with all their artillery. We lie down and hug mother earth, knowing just what is coming next, as a heavy firing like that is always a prelude to a charge by the enemy. The rebels, after a ten minutes cannonade, cease firing. We raise our heads over the works, and a sight meets our gaze that none who saw it will ever forget. Line after line of rebel infantry emerge from the woods in our front, and it is evident that they are coming on their

last charge. All our guns are double-shotted with schrapnell, grape and cannister, ready to pour into the approaching masses. The charge is to be made a short distance to our right, and we watch the whole proceedings from where we are. The rebel masses come up as cool as if on parade, and our men coolly wait for their coming. Ready, is the order, and the enemy are within one hundred yards of our line. They come closer still, all yelling and making a horrible noise. Our men stand their ground, and all are ready to repel the attack. The enemy are almost up to our works when the order is given to fire; artillery and infantry pour their deadly missiles into their solid ranks. More than half of those animated masses are made to bite the dust. For a moment the men in the rear are non-plussed, and some fly back, only to be killed by the unerring aim of our men. The survivors are desperate, and keep forward on their forlorn hope, only to be slaughtered as they come. "Forward, drive the Yanks," is plainly heard, but they might as well try to drive the mules that got stuck in the mud on a certain occasion, mentioned before in these pages. The Yanks would not drive, but they did their best to do it, and some of them actually got inside of our works, only to be bayoneted on the spot.

Never during the war has there been a more daring charge on either side than the rebels under General Pickett, on that ever to be remembered 3d of July, 1863. Our sympathies at this time for them was unbounded, and we all try to alleviate their sufferings as best we can. And although they are our enemies they are brave, and fought worthy of a better cause. Of course they are repulsed with fearful slaughter, and it is stated by themselves that out of about eleven thousand men who were in the charge, only one thousand got back safe. All the rest were killed

or wounded, and that, too, inside of a ten acre lot. Among the most severely wounded on this great charge, was the recently elected Governor of Virginia, General Kemper, who was borne off the field by Captain Collins, Sergeant Joe Evered, of Co. A., and Henry Parker of the same Company, all of the Third Michigan Infantry.

Thus ended the battle of Gettysburg, and now all do what we can to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. The moon shines out beautiful and bright, shedding her rays on the field of carnage. Taking my canteen, at a brick house near the rebel lines, which is completely demolished by balls and shells, I get some water and repair back to the dead and dying enemy. "Oh, please sir, give me only one drop of water," I hear from over twenty poor fellows at once. I gave them the cooling beverage, and empty my canteen in a short time. Soon it is again filled, and I am in their midst. "Oh, sir, put something under my head," says one; "straighten my limb," says another, and I find them wounded in all conceivable ways about the body, limbs and head. While putting some guns under a poor fellow's head to relieve him, I hear not far from me the most plaintive song I ever heard. It put me in mind of my far off home in the Emerald Isle. The strangeness of the scene, and manner the song was sung, made the tears fall thick and fast down my cheeks. Making my way in the direction of the sound, I beheld a sight that chilled the blood in my veins. Before my eyes lay the singer stretched on his back, and eyes looking up at the starry firmament. He did not seem to be in any pain, but when he saw me standing over him, he asked for some water, which I gave him. The God bless you he said more than paid me for what I did that fearful night. I found, when I spoke to him, that he was an Irishman. I asked him how it was

possible that he could take up arms against the government that gave him a home which he could not find in peace in his native land. Oh, said he, it is all misfortune, and now my dying regret is that I do not die for the starry flag. Fixing him up as well as I could I left him in peace and made my way back to our breastworks to get some rest and sleep till morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1863—THE ENEMY GONE FROM OUR FRONT
AND RETURN TO THEIR SACRED SOIL—IN PURSUIT OF
THEM—ARRIVE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS—SCENES
AND INCIDENTS WHILE THERE.

The Fourth of July opens bright and lovely, and all expect a renewal of the conflict. Our pickets advance to where the rebel lines were the night before, and get further into the woods and commence cheering. The enemy has left our front. The excitement is very great in our army, for we have defeated our old adversaries again, and every one praises our gallant Meade for leading McClellan's army on to victory. We spend our Fourth with great joy, which is mingled with sadness at the loss of so many of our men who fell and died that our present victory might be achieved. The fortunes of war cause a great many lives to be lost, and untold misery to be endured ; but we must all take our chances in this great lottery of life.

The 4th and 5th are spent in burying the dead, and on the 6th we commence the chase after Lee and his army into Virginia again. Our cavalry take a good many prisoners, and are having lively times with the enemy's rear guard.

We are now making our way to Williamsport, where the enemy have taken up a position and built works. It is their intention to make a stand here until they can cross the Potomac with their trains and artillery. Pulling up in front of them about the 9th of July, every man expects that an attack is meant on the enemy's position ; but for some reason or other we get the order to bivouac for the night, and no attack is made. Next morning we find that the enemy have crossed the river, and our army makes its way down the river on the Maryland side, and cross into Virginia at Harper's Ferry, over the bridge that spans the Shenandoah River. We wend our way around the celebrated Loudon Heights, and bivouac for the night among the hills. We have a long chase now, for the enemy are trying to make their way through the Blue Ridge at Manassas Gap into the rich Shenandoah Valley. Next morning we are up bright and early, and are on the march again, passing over some beautiful country. We leave the village of Leesburg to our left, and strike for the Catoctin Mountains, which overlook the beautiful County of Loudon. We wend our way up the rugged and steep mountain roads, and camp on the top in some lovely fields. Here the scenery is sublimely grand, and a view is before our eyes in the early twilight of the evening that is fit for a connoisseur, or the romantic eye of an artist. Away as far as the eye can reach is the broad and beautiful Potomac, meandering its way through lovely glades, and emptying its fresh water into the Chesapeake Bay, there to mingle with the briny waters of the broad Atlantic. Nearer to the eye can be seen the rich fields with their ripe grain ready for the farmer's cradle, the beautiful houses ensconced among the nice trees laden with ripe and luscious fruit ; the cattle grazing in the meadows, all of which make up a panorama too grand

to be described, and when once seen will never be forgotten. We pitch our shelter tents, build our numerous fires, cook our much needed coffee, eat our frugal meal, and set by the camp fire, the moon shining down upon us and making everything look sublimely grand. We smoke our pipes, tell our yarns, and not until nature needs its repose do we lie down to sleep in our temporary mountain home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUR CHASE RESUMED—BATTLE OF WAPPING HEIGHTS—DEFEAT AND PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY THROUGH MANASSAS GAP—REBEL BEES—A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

We are loth to leave our mountain camp, but must keep moving, for there is plenty of work before us. We take up our line of march, leaving the hundreds of camp fires to smolder into ashes, and wend our way down the rugged roads and get on to the bed of the old Manassas Gap Railroad, which leads through the Blue Ridge. The track of this road is all torn up, the ties burnt, and the iron rails twisted in all conceivable shapes. We march along the bed of the road. The poor people along the line of the road are suffering very much for the want of food and clothing.

On the 12th of July we come up with the enemy's rear guard, who have taken up a position on the heights that connect with the Blue Ridge Mountains. They have built some works on top, and seem to feel very secure against any force which we can send to dislodge them. But our corps commander, General Humphrey, is equal to the emergency. Our corps, the Third, is all alone, for the rest

of the army is moving on other roads, to try to intercept the enemy's backward march. Our corps forms in splendid position, and is drawn up in lines to charge on the heights. The enemy don't think it possible that we are going to charge up those steep hills, but such is the fact. The order comes to forward and take the position. Our skirmishers advance, and are soon engaged with the rebel pickets, who fall back over the hills to get inside their breastworks, from which a brisk fire is opened on us, but we still keep on. Forward on the double-quick is heard along the lines, but we have to put our hands on our knees to help ourselves on up the steep heights, and take hold of scrubs and brush to keep us from falling back. The rebels are dismayed at our move, and fire very wide of their mark, but once in a while one of our number is seen to roll back down the hill a corpse. At last we gain the top, and wait a moment to dress up our ranks. The order now comes to forward on the double-quick, which is done, and inside of less time than it takes to write about it we are inside the rebel works, capturing a number of prisoners, and planting the starry flag on the top of the highest hill in the range. The rebels now skedaddle down the mountain, and we hurry them on by sending some of Uncle Sam's leaden pills after them. The rebel army now are crossing the Shenandoah River at Front Royal. We chase those in our front, and they get through the gap. Before us we see the beautiful valley, but cannot get there, for the rebels have burnt the bridges over the river after crossing.

While halting for a rest a funny incident occurs, particularly to those who were not actors in the serio-comic play of hunting bees. Some of our boys think they would like some honey from some bee-hives in a garden close by, so

they make a raid on the bees to rob them of their stores, which they have worked so hard to accumulate. The boys think to take the bees by surprise, and bag every one of them—but the bees charge and make their way to a safe distance. The would-be robbers now make a charge on the store where the bees have their supplies, but do not take any honey, for the bees form in mass and charge on their adversaries, plying their keen edged swords, and slashing in such a manner as to make the Yanks come to grass, and turn such somersaulting on the ground as to put to shame a lot of Japanese acrobat performers in a circus ring. We spectators hold our sides for fear of bursting with laughter at the antics of our much stung comrades. At last our men beat an inglorious retreat, and leave the bees masters of the situation and their honey. When the raiders reached the ranks their heads resembled a huge mortar-shell, and all declared that their taste for honey is played out, and they don't care for any. So I think they will be content to hunt rebels after this, and leave their bees alone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RETRACE OUR STEPS AND MOVE TO SULPHUR SPRINGS—RE-
CREATION—NEW YORK RIOTS—OUR REGIMENT SENT TO
HELP ENFORCE THE DRAFT—ARRIVAL ON GOV-
ERNOR'S ISLAND.

Our corps now retrace their steps, and march back in the direction of Warrenton, a beautiful village near the celebrated Southern watering-place, Sulphur Springs. We pass through the village and camp at the Springs, a distance of about five miles. We get the orders to go into

camp and make ourselves comfortable. This has been once a beautiful place, but now the desolating hand of civil war has made its marks on the place. The principal hotels are nothing but a mass of ruins, caused by General Seigel's shells a few weeks before ; but the lovely shades still exist, and the wells that so many Southern aristocrats were wont to drink from are here yet, and in their best trim. Here we have some nice times, and are getting a very much needed rest after our campaigns and battles of the last few months.

Here we receive the news of the great draft riot in New York, caused by the three hundred dollar clause in the President's call for three hundred thousand men. The clause is, that any one who pays three hundred dollars will be exempt from the draft. Of course all poor people will think it unjust, as they can never raise the requisite sum for exemption. Three hundred dollars is like a drop in the bucket to a rich man, and of course he need not go to war, for he can raise the to him, paltry sum at any time, while the poor man must leave his home and those depending on him for support to the cold charities of this miserable world. Oh, why do not the young men of our land come down to help us crush this rebellion. There are plenty of them in the North to take the place of the poor man with his helpless family, and none the less loving to him because they are poor. A young man that will not enlist now, but waits to be drafted, ought to be spotted by all good citizens, and made to feel his shame for not taking up arms to help his brothers in the field put down treason in the land. He ought never to show himself in his native place after the war is ended, but should fly to some corner of the earth, there to end his days in shame and disgrace, for he is unworthy to associate with those who suffered for

this country that it might be the land of the free and home for all who love liberty.

It is plain now that there must be some troops sent to New York to enforce the draft, and our regiment is one of the many detailed for that purpose. The gallant Fifth accompany us, and amid the cheers of our comrades who stay behind, we march to Beal's Station and take the cars to Alexandria, passing by some old familiar places along the Bull Run country, and then take a steamer for New York, our new field of labors. We pass the beautiful shades of Mount Vernon, the celebrated Aquia Creek, Point Lookout, and soon are plowing the broad Atlantic, with its phosphorescent lights shining on the water like myriads of stars. The noble craft shakes a little, caused by the waves as they toss her to and fro. Some lean over the bulwarks, a shiver runs over them like an ague chill. They look around very wistful for some one to pity them, but must bear their sea-sickness as best they can. I, for my part, cannot appreciate their feelings, for I never was sea-sick.

At last, after a pleasant journey, we arrive safe in New York and get off at the foot of Canal street to await orders. After lying around all day, in the evening we are conveyed to Governor's Island, there to rusticate until we are sent for. The Fifth get stuck in a sand bar and do not arrive for a few days after. This is a lovely island in New York harbor. Some regular soldiers are stationed here, and they have a fat, lazy time of it. We have nice times bathing, and enjoy all the comforts we wish for.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROCEED TO NEW YORK—AT CASTLE GARDEN—A MARCH UP
BROADWAY—AT CITY HALL PARK—AMUSEMENTS
—THE DRAFT QUIETLY TAKES PLACE, ETC.

After a stay of a few days on the Island we get orders to pack up and get ready to move. Marching to the wharf, we take a ferry to New York, landing at Castle Garden, a huge round building jutting out into the water. Here is where all the emigrants from foreign countries first set foot on American soil. The place is always infested with a lot of thieves, ready at any time to rob the poor, unsophisticated emigrant of his last dollar. The regiment form quietly, and, without any music, march up Broadway, one of the most wonderful streets in the world. We are bewildered at the sight of the grand buildings on either side, it being our first visit to the great metropolis of the United States. We pass by Trinity Church, with its tall spire looming up almost to the sky, and the old grave yard with its silent dead; immense buildings, occupied chiefly by bankers, insurance companies, real estate agents, and brokers, also the celebrated Astor House, and St. Paul's Church, halting at the City Hall park. A little further on we are quartered in a Government building, on Chambers street, and stack our guns. Picking out the softest floor in the building we lie down to sleep, and next morning are up bright and early, looking in wonderment at the crowds passing to and fro to their daily toil. One would suppose there was no war in the country, for the number of people we see passing in this one city alone would make a good sized army. How long we are to stay here we cannot tell,

but are informed that the draft will take place this week. Not having much trouble in obtaining passes, and desiring to see all the sights I can in the great city, I sally forth and arrive at Barnum's Museum. The first object that meets the eye is the picture "Before and After the Shave." One picture represents a son of the Emerald Isle just landed after his voyage from his native land. His long, grizzly hair and unshaved beard make him look anything but prepossessing. The other picture represents him after the barber got through with him. It is said that this man made Barnum pay the dearest for any one shave in his life. One morning Mr. B. went into a barber's shop to get shaved. There was one in the shop before him. Barnum, being in a hurry, made a proposal to this man to pay his bill in the shop if he would give him his turn in the chair. The man ahead gives way, and after Barnum got through he told the barber to charge the other bill to him, and walked off in a hurry. Patrick sat down in the chair, got his hair cut, face shaved, head shampooed, then a bath, whiskers dyed and boots blacked, and tells the barber to charge the bill to Barnum. When the latter found out he was humbugged, he had the son of Erin pictured out and put in a frame, and hung where all can see the man who tricked the great showman and made him pay so dearly for a shave.

I will not attempt to describe the numerous curiosities in this building, for it would take a volume to do so. After getting tired of seeing the views here, I wend my way through the vast throngs in the building, and gain the street. Then I stroll up Broadway, taking care lest I get knocked down in this thoroughfare. Men and women hustle along as though the old boy himself was after them, all elbowing their way through the crowds. Approaching a policeman on a street corner, I commence a chat with him,

he tells me some wonderful things about this city. Suddenly he starts away in a hurry, and dives in among the hundreds of vehicles, which are so blocked that not one in the whole street, as far as the eye can reach, can move either way, for there is a perfect jam. Those near cross streets are made to go on either side, to make a start in the jam and all commence to move again, like one vast machine. When the policeman gets back he tells me that the sight I saw was a very frequent occurrence. The next place of amusement I visit, is Wallack's Theater, situated on the corner of Broadway and Twelfth Street, and is one of the nicest in the city. There is a beautiful drama on the boards, and every one is delighted with the play, which is well rendered. But I must hustle through, for this book is not large enough to contain descriptions of a twentieth part of this great metropolis. The next place is Niblo's Garden, a cozy theater in the rear of the Metropolitan Hotel. Here the great sensational play of the Ghost, is on the boards, which is having a great run. After leaving this beautiful place, next I enter 444 Broadway a great variety theater; next I visit Bryant's Minstrels, and see the great Dan himself. There is a very funny little fellow here who goes by the name of Little Mac. The performance is first-class, and some of the best people in the city visit the burnt cork professionals. Next I visit the old Bowery Theater, run by Mr. Fox. A pantomime is on the boards, Mr. Fox taking part, and is a clever fellow, indeed. If one wants a hearty laugh, this is the place to get it.

The time for the draft is drawing near; the men are all cautioned to be around. The day of the draft has come, and every man is at his post, crowded together in the large room. With anxious faces the wheel commences

to revolve, and those who are drafted have their names announced. Once in a while a poor fellow, when he hears his name, staggers to the door and makes his way to his humble home, that is soon to be left fatherless, to inform his loving wife and darling children of his bad luck in the wheel. They fall on his neck and weep as though their hearts would break at the loss of their only mainstay in this life. Oh, what misery this cruel war has spread all over the land. But we must try and bear up, for if it takes every man in the country, this nation must be saved, and treason wiped out.

The day of the draft has closed. No disturbance occurred, and it is well, for there are now nearly 30,000 veteran soldiers from the Army of the Potomac ready to put down any riot which might be made. The crowds disperse, but the poor unfortunates that cannot raise the requisite \$300 go home to their families and there we leave them to their sad reflections while we lie down with the assurance that all is quiet in our part of the Potomac army.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A TRIP UP THE HUDSON—A LOVELY NIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
SCENERY—ARRIVAL IN TROY—PITCH OUR TENTS—
ANNIE BESIEGED WITH VISITORS—HOTEL LIFE—
GAY TIMES—THE DRAFT IN TROY.

Our work now in the great city is ended, we pack up and march to the river and get aboard the Vanderbilt, a Hudson River steamer for Troy, our new field of labor.

We leave the great city with its gaiety and misery, and are soon on the bosom of the broad and romantic Hudson.

Twilight approaches, and we can see in the distance the innumerable gas lights of New York. The moon shines out in all her fullness and glory. We group upon the deck and watch the beautiful scenery along the shores, which are dotted with opulent mansions, hidden away among the stately trees. On we go, the noble steamer bowed forward like a duck in the water, sometimes so close to shore that a jump would bring one on *terra firma*, and then, in a few minutes more, out in the middle of the stream. At last nature needs repose, and all that can find room on the spacious cabin floor, lie down to sleep. In the morning we are awakened by the loud whistle of the steamer as she nears Albany, the Capital of the Empire State. She draws near to the wharf to let off passengers, and then strikes out into the middle of the stream again, and after a ride of about five miles further we arrive at our destination in the city of Troy. Disembarked, we draw up in line on the main street, The people all flock around and don't know what to make of it, to see so many soldiers land on their shores. Our two regiments, the Third and Fifth Michigan, make quite a formidable appearance. Our regiment march up the street and we pitch our tents in the Court House Square. The Fifth go out to the fair grounds to camp. The people gather around and eye us curiously, watching our every move. We lie down in our little tents to take a snooze and are awakened for dinner. Of course, we must be more than usually particular about our toilets, for we are now going to board in a hotel. We are seated at the tables, and everything seems very strange to us, not being used to hotel life. Reaching over we seize the pies and cake, and eat all the dessert on the table. Then we are ready to give our order to the waiters for our favorite dish of pork and beans. Coffee, too, we get, but do not relish

it like that we cook in the field ourselves, in our burnt tin cups, which serve to cook our meat, beans, soup, coffee, tea, and everything else we get to cook. We make the waiters fly around, and, after our first meal, the hotel must be pretty well cleaned out of provisions, and the tablecloths will need washing before using again. After dinner we file back to camp, and find our tents occupied by the curious crowds to see what they can. We find that the people are as green about soldiering matters as we are in the hotels.

Annie's tent is besieged with visitors. People come from far in the rural districts to get a sight of the great heroine of so many campaigns and battles. We do not blame them much, for, indeed, she is a curiosity, as she is one woman in a million who would leave a home of luxury and cast her lot with the soldiers in the field, who are all proud of her, and any man in the regiment would die in her defense, should any one cast a reproach on her fair name and character. All believe her to be one of the truest of women.

A few days in Troy makes us used to civilized life, and we get so we commence to eat our meals as other people do, leaving the dessert for the last. We are having nice times, and the people all think a good deal of us, when they find that the veterans of the old Army of the Potomac can be gentlemen as well as soldiers. Each evening we have a parade, and long before the time comes thousands gather and occupy the most prominent places to witness the parade, which we go through in fine style, to please our auditors.

The day of the draft is drawing nigh, and every one is anxious to know how it will come out. Some citizens anticipate trouble, and think that some will resist the draft, but

it don't trouble our appetite or break our rest in the least. I have a bet of a twenty dollar greenback with a citizen that there won't be a gun fired on either side, and that the draft will take place.

At last the drafting day has come and every man is in his place. We have a section of Uncle Sam's barkers looking down Main street, and the powder monkeys are around to play mischief with any one who will be foolish enough to resist the law, even if it is a hard one. For the soldier must obey orders, no matter whether he likes it or not. The wheel revolves, and the unlucky ones go home to tell their families of their ill-luck. Everything passed off quietly. The draft is ended, no disturbance, and I win my twenty dollar note. The men who were drafted deserve great praise, for they behaved like men, and deserve to be taken by the hand of the soldier and be called comrades. They paraded the streets, carrying the starry flag, headed by a band of music, all having a gay time in general, thus ending our work in Troy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A MILITARY BALL—FAREWELL TO TROY—ABOARD THE STEAMER—HANDKERCHIEFS TO THE EYES OF THE FAIR MAIDENS ON SHORE—THREE TIMES THREE—ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK—ON TO THE FRONT—ARRIVAL AMONG OUR COMRADES—ORDERS TO MARCH—DRAWING RATIONS.

Our work is done in the North now, and before we go back to fight secesh we must have a shake of the light, fantastic toe. So we get up a military ball, and are favored with the presence of the *elite* of the city. Everything goes

off as merry as a marriage bell, and not until the wee small hours of the morning did we leave the gay and festive ball room.

Getting the order to pack up, soon we are ready to start once more for the front. Aboard of the beautiful steamer thousands flock down to the wharf and line the shores, to bid us good-bye. Many a handkerchief goes to the eyes of the fair daughters of Troy. We give the good people three times three cheers, which they return with a will. The noble craft moves down the stream, and we bid good-bye to the beautiful city after a pleasant stay of two weeks.

We lie down and sleep till awakened by the loud whistle of the steamer as she nears the wharf at New York, where we disembark and take a ferry for Jersey City, where we take the cars for Philadelphia. Not much time is given us to go around in the Quaker City to see the sights, for the cars are waiting to take us to Baltimore, where we arrive after our pleasure excursion North. Then we take the train for Washington and after a short stay in the Soldiers' Home, go to Brandy Station where the army lay. We are met by our comrades of other regiments, go into camp, and are settled down once more to a soldier's life in the field.

We now enjoy some nice weather, and a fall campaign is anticipated. So we get the orders to march with three days' rations in our haversacks. The orderlies of each company go to the Regimental Quartermaster and draw the rations. They have it brought to the company grounds, and each man's name is called to come forward and get what is coming to him. It is a curious sight to see the men gather around and get their variety of provisions—salt pork, hard tack, sugar, coffee, salt, and just enough

pepper to make one sneeze, all of which is stowed away in the best possible manner in the haversacks. Sometimes when we go on a double-quick, everything is mixed together in solid mass, and it takes us no little time to get our provisions in shape again. But we have to take a mixture of pepper and salt, coffee and sugar, once in a while, as we find it impossible to part our provisions.

We are now already to march, and the bugle sounds the call to fall in.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON THE MARCH AGAIN—CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE—NEW
COUNTRY—A SURPRISE—BATTLE OF KELLY'S FORD—
A GREAT BATTLE ANTICIPATED—REFLECTIONS—
THE ENEMY GONE FROM OUR FRONT—PUR-
SUIT—BATTLE OF MINE RUN—
COLD WEATHER.

We are once more on the move, but this time on a new route to Richmond, passing the once beautiful village of Culpepper C. H., the home of the celebrated terror of sutlers, Colonel Moseby, of guerilla memory. We strike a direction to the front and left, passing over some new country where we find lots of fence rails to build fires, which is needed in these cold November nights. We push forward, and come to the bluffs that overlook the Rapidan river. Halting behind the hills, the order comes not to build any fires, for the enemy is in force across the river, and they must be taken by surprise. Everything is still, and our troops are silently getting into position and at last all are ready. Our skirmishers advance, followed closely by the reserves. They plunge into the river. The rebel

pickets open fire, and some of our men fall dead in the stream and are borne away by the swift current at Kelly's Ford. Forward men, and the brave skirmishers reach the enemy's shore, driving their pickets inside their works and holding their ground. Our corps march forward in solid mass, and soon the river is full of soldiers, up to our hips in water. Gaining the shore, and shaking some of the water off our clothes, we get into line, the enemy all this time playing on us with their artillery. But we will soon put a stop to their little game. See to the priming of your pieces, men, is the order. Forward—double-quick—charge bayonets, and in less than three minutes we are inside the rebel works, capturing a number of prisoners, and all is well. We have a good foothold now, and can wait for the rest of the troops to get up, who are now crossing rapidly, filling the space between us and the river in solid mass. Night sheds her sable mantle over both armies, which are confronting each other quietly. As soon as morning comes we expect to have a terrible battle, and each man has his own thoughts and reflections. We sit around the bivouac fires, and, as is usual before a great battle, each tells the others that in case he should fall what will be done in regard to letting the loved ones at home know what became of him, and what should be done with the little effects that a soldier carries about him. Write to my mother, says one, and tell her, if I fall, that I always tried to do my duty to my country. Write to my wife, says another, and should I fall, my last thoughts were of her and my darling children. Write to my brother, says another, and should I fall, tell him to come and fill my place in the ranks. A thousand and one things are talked about and thought of the night before a great battle, which no one can tell but those who have passed through the sad ordeal. At last

poor human nature needs repose, and we lie down to rest. We look up and see the stars peeping down at us ; we nestle close together, for the night is frosty and cold, and soon we are oblivious of all the dangers that surround us.

The morning of the expected battle comes, and all are up and ready for the fray. Our skirmishers advance, followed close by lines of infantry. We soon find out that the birds have flown, and nothing is left to show where Lee's army had encamped the night before but the low fires, smouldering in ashes. We must follow up the rebel chief and his army, and, if possible, make them fight before winter sets in. Probably that is what they are up to by falling back. The crafty Lee thinks he will get us far from our supplies and get us stuck in the mud again. The enemy has fallen back quite a distance, and we take our time to follow them up. At last we have come upon his trail, and find that the rebel army has taken a position at Mine Run. Our skirmishers feel their position, and soon strike "ile." Our army now gets into position, and a drizzling, cold rain begins to fall, making us cold and miserable. We are now campaigning in part of the worst time of the year, and we all think our move will turn out to be a premature one. However, we are so close to our old friends that we must fight them, or else we will have to, in the language of one of our army commanders, fly ignominiously, which may cause our utter destruction.

On the 27th of November we are drawn up in line, the rebel army has a position on the other side of the deep run. How are we to get over, is the question, for the enemy's artillery line the steep banks on the other side. Our brigade is detailed to cross. We begin to walk in single file a couple of logs that span the Run. Moving to

the right as fast as we cross, another regiment moving to the left. We forward up the hill and soon get engaged. The rebels, we find, are not in very heavy force in our front, but enough to give us all the fighting we want for a cold day. They stand their ground well, but some of our men get on their flank, driving them back to a piece of woods. We follow up, they turn and face us. Nothing is thought of but load and fire, but we soon get tired of this kind of fighting, for it is so cold we must have warmer work. So we charge on our adversaries, but they don't get back. We are so close to them that they ask us to surrender, but thinking we are as strong as they, we demand the same of them; but neither party seems to be obliging enough to comply with the other's request. Finally the enemy give way a little, and once they give an inch they have to get back. A few skedaddle through the woods, and they all soon fly panic stricken. We follow them up and take shelter in some of their works they have abandoned. We do not see any reinforcements coming to our aid, the bugle sounds the retreat, we all get back the same way we crossed, bringing our killed and wounded with us. Our last man is back over the Run when we hear the yells of thousands of rebels charging in force; but they are too late. It is impossible for them to cross, and they know it, so they are satisfied to keep up a sharp fire on our picket line, which we have established on the banks of the Run. It is almost certain death to show one's head over ground, so the better part of valor in the present case is to keep as close to mother earth as possible.

It was here that we lost one of our best soldiers by his own carelessness, Simeon Woodard. When about to relieve a man on the picket line, he commenced to walk out

to the post upright. We caution him to creep out, like the other men, but he don't heed our admonitions, so he takes the consequences. He had only moved a few rods when he dropped his gun and put back to the reserve. Sitting down, he drops off a corpse. We soon learn that he received his death wound through the bowels.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RETRACE OUR STEPS TO CAMP—ANOTHER RETREAT—A CAV-
ALRY FIGHT, IN WHICH THE REBELS COME OUT
SECOND BEST—BACK TO CENTERVILLE.

It is evident now that the operations against the enemy at present, are at an end. The weather is cold and wet, and all feel miserable. We soon get the orders to fall back, leaving our position between two days. Our retreat begins in good order. The enemy don't seem to follow very close, for we get away without having any trouble with them, recrossing the Rapidan and going into our old camp; but don't stay longer than to cook our coffee, and, as is often the case, have no time to drink it. The army under Lee is said to be advancing in force, and mean business. For some unexplained reason, best known to General Meade, we leave our camp and fall back toward Washington. We file over the sloping hills to the west of Culpepper. Our division halt for a brief rest, we look back over the level country in the direction of Culpepper and see our cavalry pull up in the rear of our army, commanded by the dashing General Custer. Clouds of dust rise away in the rear, caused by the enemy as they dash through the village. Our cavalry wheel about and face them, evidently

meaning to give them battle. Thousands of the rebel troopers thunder down like an avalanche, but are met by our brave Michigan cavalry, who charge through their midst, and hundreds on both sides are left dangling in their saddles, while the horses dash wildly along, not knowing where to go, for their riders are in the arms of death. Forward to the charge again the contestants go, and a fearful hand to hand encounter now ensues. Neither party seems to give way, for both are determined to win the battle. The sight is awfully grand; the contestants' sabers flashing in the sun, the rattle of small arms and the roar of the field pieces of the flying artillery. This is the only cavalry fight we ever witnessed, and all are anxious to know how it will come out. Both sides seem to be about equal, and fight nobly. At last, after charging and recharging, the enemy gives way, and we, the spectators, make the welkin ring with cheers. The rebels are now on the retreat and our brave troopers follow up their advantage and drive them through the village of Culpepper. The rebel infantry are drawn up to receive our cavalry, who do not feel disposed to try a fight with them, and claim the old adage, to let well enough alone, retracing their steps and following in the rear of our army, ready to perform the same operation if Stewart's rebel cavalry wish to try another tussel.

Nothing more disturbs our backward march except now and then a few rebel cavalymen, who dash down some by roads and fire on our flankers, who are marching at intervals in the woods. We get our long trains back with us, and our whole army pull up on the Centerville heights, waiting for the rebels to come. They, however, do not seem to risk another battle in the Bull Run country, and retire after taking in the situation.

CHAHTER XXXV.

PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY ONCE MORE—BATTLE OF BRISTOW STATION—REBELS COMMENCE WINTER HUTS AT BRANDY STATION—THE HUTS TAKEN BY OUR MEN AND WE GO INTO WINTER QUARTERS—FURLOUGH OF THIRTY DAYS—RE-ENLISTMENTS FOR THREE YEARS MORE—RECEPTION AT GRAND RAPIDS—HOME AGAIN.

Once more the bugle sounds the fall in call, and we commence our chase after Lee. This advancing and retreating puts me in mind of childhood days, when we used to play the game of tag. We fall back from the enemy and make a stand; they follow up and feel of us. Then they fall back, and now it is our turn to feel of them. We tread on their heels so close at Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, that they turn on us and we have quite a fight with them; but during the following morning they are all gone from our front. Making our way to Brandy Station, we find that the rebels are busy as bees building winter quarters. As we are hunting for grounds to camp on too, and the country around here suits us very well, but the rebel army being too close for comfort, and thinking that they can as well camp across the Rapidan so as to have that stream between both armies, we are desirous of their leaving their present quarters. But they don't feel disposed to go unless forced to. There could not be a better time or place than here to try once more which is the best army, so our gallant Meade thinks he will give them a fair chance if they want to fight on fair ground. Our whole army is drawn up in splendid position and ready to forward at the word of command. Never was the army in better trim for battle since our gallant Little Mac.

left us. The whole army looks like one vast machine—the skirmish line in front, then the solid lines of infantry with bayonets shining in the sun, next the artillery, the pride of our army, with shining guns, whose brazen throats are ready to belch forth their missiles of death, next our brave cavalry, with their sabres drawn ready to slash and cut. The enemy are drawn up in line, and look as though they mean fight. They watch our every move. Will they fight, is the question. We shall soon see. Our bugles sound the forward call, and the whole grand Army of the Potomac move like one vast machine. Oh, what a sight! Who can describe it? I will not attempt it, but will each one of my readers imagine the spectacle of nearly one hundred thousand men in solid mass, all bearing and ready to use the missiles of death, artillery, musketry, revolvers, sabres, swords, and every conceivable instrument used in modern warfare. Ha, the rebels don't mean to make a stand, but fly ignominiously across the Rapidan, leaving us to confiscate their unfinished quarters and turn them to our own use.

Our division take up a position near the farm of John Minor Botts, and go into camp. We build comfortable quarters, and are going through the old routine of camp life. The sutlers come up. Gingerbread, cakes, and canned fruit of all kinds are in great demand. The sutlers and clerks are kept busy, and are reaping a rich harvest again.

About this time, the last of the year, an order comes that those who will re-enlist for three years more shall receive a furlough of thirty days, and receive a government bounty of \$402. In six months more our term of service expires. Have we not done our share for a while. After serving three years for our country cannot we go home sat-

isfied that we have done our share towards putting down the rebellion, and let those who stayed at home come and give their time as long; the country is as dear to them as to us. But myself, with thousands of others think that we would like to see the war ended, now that we have stayed so long, and accordingly re-enlist for three years more. A great many who have stayed at home have said that we are paid for serving in the army. If they mean with money, I fling the lie in their face, for I am sure that were it not for the danger our beloved country is in, no soldier who has ever been engaged in one battle, can be hired for money to fight another.

Only three companies of our old Third re-enlist to hold our organization. So our regiment must lose its name after the three years are up. The gallant Fifth re-enlist nearly to a man, and go home in a body retaining their organization and name. About the 27th of December we take farewell of our comrades who did not re-enlist, and march to the station, where we take the train for Washington, passing by old familiar places where we have marched, fought and camped—Manassas, Bristow's, Union Mills, Fairfax and Fall's Church, leaving them all behind for a while, and forgetting our wearied marches and hard-fought battles. We arrive safe in Washington and take the train for Baltimore, and march over the same route we traversed two and one half years ago. What a change has taken place since then in the Monumental City. At that time the city was so full of treason that the very air stenchd with foul secession, but now, a more patriotic city is not to be found in the union. Soldiers are treated with respect wherever they go, but when we first marched through we were in danger of our lives and had to be on our guard while in the city. We take the train for Harris-

burg, and from there proceed to Pittsburg through the old Alleghaney Mountains. From there we travel very slow, for a fearful storm of snow is raging all over the north, causing us to lay over sometimes on account of its depth. I am sure most of my readers will remember the first of January, 1864, as the coldest day that the oldest inhabitant ever saw. I shall always remember it, for the marrow in my bones was almost frozen, and all wished ourselves back to our comfortable camp in old Virginia. But time flies by, and so did those few coldest days, and we find ourselves in the City of the Straits after a long and tedious journey. We are well received by the good people of Detroit, and take the sleepy night train for Grand Rapids. When we arrive in Lowell there are four trains laying over, for the track is blocked with snow in a cut a short distance beyond. Our conductor wants to lay over too, but we can't see it on a thirty days' furlough. Now we have built fortifications and breastworks, are as used to the shovel, and can handle it as well as the gun. So we tell the conductor to provide us with some of the former weapons and we will shovel him and his train through. Provided with the necessary implements, the locomotive snorts and blows her whistle, and of we go for the snow bank. The engine comes to a sudden halt. We jump out and attack the snow bank, and after working hard we soon had the track so clear that the train passed over in safety. We jump aboard, the engine puffs along slowly up the grade, and gains the top all right. She goes faster and faster, and we come thundering down to the depot of the Valley City. Of course no one expects us, as all think we are snow-bound somewhere. It is well they think so, for greater will be their surprise and pleasure to see us. As we get off the cars the snow is almost blinding, the weather is fearfully

cold, and we have to look out for our ears to keep them from freezing. We have a march of a mile to the city, and find the snow as deep on the road as the mud was at the battle of Williamsburg—up to our knees.

When we get to Bridge street, the head of our little column pulls up, for we have some stragglers. Getting into martial order, our drummer boy begins to tap his drum, and all keep step as best we can. Rat, tat, tat, rat, tat, tat, the people all flock from their comfortable firesides to the doors to see who are passing on that cold and stormy night. They soon find out who the intruders are, and all flock into the middle of the street, charge on our ranks, and everything is in utter confusion, for the hands of warm and loving friends seize us and welcome us home. We find, on examination, that some of our number on the march from the depot, have been attacked by his majesty, king frost, and received severe contusions in the nose and ears, but I myself, as usual, come out without a scratch. A beautiful banquet is prepared for us at the Bronson House, and are welcomed home after our two years and a half in secessia.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

VISITING OUR FRIENDS—GAY TIMES—DEATH OF COL. CHAMPLIN—HIS FUNERAL—RECRUITING—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—OFF TO THE WARS AGAIN—ARRIVAL AT THE FRONT—CAMP LIFE ONCE MORE.

We can go now where we choose, and, of course, every one strikes for home. I go to Canada for a few days to see my friends. Of course I am welcomed very kindly by

them. After a few days at home I begin to get lonesome, and want to get back to the Valley City, where nearly all our boys are living.

Bidding farewell to friends once more, I jump aboard the train for Detroit, and take the same old sleepy express for Grand Rapids, but by taking a berth in the comfortable Pullman sleeping car, I sleep soundly till morning, when we arrive in the Valley City. I find my comrades all looking as though they were well used and are having gay times, and enjoy themselves hugely, for they well know how to appreciate a good time when they get it. But a soldier's life in the field has its joys as well as miseries.

Our poor Colonel Champlin is dying. His Fair Oaks wound has killed him. Oh, what a loss to the country at this time, to lose such a man, when his brilliant career has only begun. But he has done his share for the country, and can die with the satisfaction of having his comrades of his old regiment, the Third, give him the last rites of a brave soldier's burial. As his comrades gather around his dying bed, each one takes a last sad farewell of their commander, and more than brother. The tears fall thick and fast, and each one feels his loss indeed. But we must be reconciled in knowing that all must go the same road, good and bad, old and young, rich and poor. All must pass to that great unknown beyond the grave, but happy is he who, like the brave and gentle General Champlin, can say on his death bed, I have fought the good fight, for my country, and now there is a crown of glory laid up in the hearts of my countrymen for me. The members of the old regiment in the city march at the head of the funeral procession, for they have a right to the post of honor. We march slowly to the city of the dead and lower our beloved

Colonel into the silent grave, fire the parting salute over him, and leave the warrior to his rest. Brave soldier, thy work is done. No more shalt thou lead the men that loved thee on the charge. No more shall we hear the clarion voice of our brave Colonel at the battle front. We drop a silent tear, and bid farewell to the honored dead, and march back to the city to make preparations to go and face the enemies of our country again. We have a few days more, and we fill up the time in recruiting for our regiment.

The day of our departure has come, and we bid good-bye to our friends and leave for the front once more, going over the same old route, through Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, over the Long Bridge, through Fairfax, Union Mills, Manassas, Bristow, Catlett's, Warrenton Junction, Bealton, Rappahannock, and arrive safe at Brandy Station. We get off the cars and march over a short distance to our old camp, where we are met by our comrades and welcomed back to the front again.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WINTER LIFE IN CAMP—SHOOTING A DESERTER—GEN. GRANT
APPOINTED OVER ALL THE ARMIES—PREPARATIONS
FOR THE SPRING CAMPAIGN—SUTLERS TO THE
REAR, AND SICK SENT TO GEN-
ERAL HOSPITALS—READY FOR
A FORWARD MOVE.

Our whole army has comfortable winter quarters around Culpepper and Brandy Station. We have our churches, theatres, debating schools, plenty to eat and drink, and

clothing to keep us warm. Everything passes off very quietly along the lines, and all seems to be working well. Once in a while our cavalry wake up the enemy on the outposts, but nothing more than a skirmish takes place.

The monotony of camp life is to be broken by the shooting of a deserter. Of course, it is a hard thing to see one of our comrades shot in such a way, but military discipline must have its course. The soldier who deserts his comrades in the hour of danger, deserves all the punishment due him, which is shooting to death by musketry. If he had stood his chances with all the rest, then there would be no need of his coming to such an ignominious death. The ceremony is a sad one, and ought to be a warning to all soldiers to stand up like men and endure the hardships alike, with his comrades by his side. The day of execution has come. The bugle sounds the call to fall in, and the whole division form to witness the death of their unhappy comrade. Oh, what must be the poor culprit's thoughts when he hears THAT call, for it is the signal for him that his last hour on this earth has come.

The division is formed in a square, the head of which is left open, where the grave of the unhappy man is dug and waiting to receive its tenant. One regiment faces another, leaving space between for the procession to pass by. We hear in the distance the slow and mournful strains of the band as it leads the procession, playing the dead march. The mournful cortege comes slowly along; band first, then a posse of soldiers, then the coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, and the doomed man behind it. By his side walks the man of God, preparing him for his last moments. After them in the rear is the squad of twelve men, with their loaded muskets, that is to send the poor, unhappy

comrade into eternity. At last the solemn procession halt at the grave; the coffin is laid by its side, the squad of men take twelve or fifteen paces to the rear, turn about and face the man to be shot; the Provost Marshal of the division moves forward, and reads in distinct words the charges to the man and the sentence of the Court Martial, after which he steps back to his command. The Chaplain kneels with the culprit and sends forth a prayer to the throne of grace for the unhappy man. At this time the stoutest heart melts into sympathy, and many a handkerchief is seen to go to wipe the scalding tears that fall thick and fast, for indeed it is a solemn time, as any one can testify that had the unhappiness to witness such a scene. After the good Chaplain has done his duty, the doomed man is blindfolded and stands erect, waiting for the awful moment to come for him to be sent before his Maker. The Marshal gives the order to fire by signs with his sword, one, two, three, and the unhappy man is before the great Commander of us all, to give an account of all his doings in life. The guns of the squad are inspected, to see that every man had fired his piece. The muskets are loaded by other parties, and out of the twelve is one blank cartridge, each man thinks probably that he had the gun containing the blank. The division march by the corpse, which lays where it fell, each take a last look at the unhappy deserter, and then march back to camp.

About the middle of March, General Grant was appointed Lieutenant-General and Commander of the armies of the United States, and all think that he will lead the Army of the Potomac in the next campaign. We don't know anything about Grant only by reputation, for he has always figured in the west. We hope now that this will be our last campaign, and when we do move we have

"beat our last retreat." We are daily receiving large acquisitions to our army, and now it is stronger than ever before. It is variously estimated at one hundred and forty thousand men or thereabouts, and all feel confident that if we have a good leader to command our vast army that victory will surely be ours.

About the middle of April the sutlers and all camp followers are ordered to the rear, and we have orders to be ready to move. I receive a beautiful new flag, and send my old one home to Michigan. We gaze on the bright stars and stripes and feel proud of our banner that is so soon to be baptized with the enemy's bullets. The sick are sent to the general hospital, we pack up and send back our surplus baggage, and all is ready for the fearful campaign of 1864.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON THE MARCH AGAIN—CROSSING THE RAPIDAN—THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY—HALT FOR THE NIGHT—THE FIFTH OF MAY—A SURPRISE—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—A FEARFUL ENCOUNTER IN THE WOODS—GREAT SLAUGHTER AND NOTHING AS YET ACCOMPLISHED.

On the 4th of May the bugle sounds the call to fall in. We file out of our late camps, all hoping never to return to them again. We make our way towards the Rappahannock River, where we arrive without a rest on the road. Our corps, like the Second, under the Gallant Major-General Hancock, cross at Ely's Ford, followed close by Warren's Fifth corps. We push forward a short distance and camp for the night. The usual cooking is gone through with, the frugal meal is eaten, and all discuss the movements of

our new commander, General Grant, taking command in person. We have no idea that the enemy is near, and all think now that our object is to get between Lee's army and Richmond. On the morning of the 5th, Warren with his corps advance, not thinking that a fight would soon take place. They get on the Gordonsville turnpike and commence to march through an immense wilderness, but are surprised by Lee's army, hidden in the woods, who pour fearful volleys into their ranks before they know what they are about. The gallant corps withstand the shock, and forward on the double-quick, meeting their adversaries face to face. For a while our men kept the enemy at bay, but had to fall back nearly a mile against superior numbers. In the meantime we are hurried forward, and after a forced march of about ten miles, come to Warren's relief. Our corps go into the fight with loud cheers, and drive the rebels before us. The firing becomes deafening, for all our infantry that can be got into position are fighting. Sedgwick, with his sixth corps is engaged on our right, and the battle rages for the length of seven miles along the wilderness. No artillery can be got into position, and it must be all infantry fighting here. The slaughter is fearful, men fall on every side, and my flag is receiving its share of bullets. Charge after charge is made on both sides. Sometimes we drive the enemy, and then they rally and drive us, until both sides are almost exhausted, and night puts an end to our first day's conflict. The slaughter during the day has been fearful, but of course the battle has only commenced, for it is evident that Lee means to make all he can in this Wilderness, where he is well acquainted with every inch of the ground. We all feel as though we would like to "get out of the Wilderness," but we must stay and fight, for to retreat now would be noth-

ing but utter defeat. We maneuver around a good share of the night, and at last lie down in the woods so close to the enemy that we can hear them talk, to be ready as soon as morning dawns to forward on the charge.

As the dawn of day approaches we are awakened, and stretch out of our unfinished sleep, but how many have slept their last sleep! We are again ready for the charge. The order comes to forward, and we go in, thinking to surprise the Johnnies, but they are up and waiting for us in the thick chaparral. They pour a volley into our ranks, and the ball has commenced once more. Both sides stand and take the fearful fire, and the whole line seems to be one vast sheet of flame in the early morn. The number that fall on both sides is fearful, for we are fighting at very close range. We charge on their lines with great odds, but they stand their ground like a solid wall of masonry. The roar of musketry, the dying groans of the wounded, the hellish yells of the rebels, and the shouts and cheers of the Union men, mingle together, all making a noise and confusion that is hard to describe. Nothing is thought of but load and fire. The wounded must take care of themselves, and every man must stand and fight till either killed or wounded. The rebels fall in their line but those who fall have their places filled with a man in the rear. So they fall, one on another. Pretty soon those in the rear make breastworks of their dead comrades. We don't like this kind of fighting much, and forward on the charge in four or five lines deep. The rebels now give way and we chase them through the dense forest. We have to be very careful or we step on their dead and wounded, which lay around in thousands. We drive them nearly a mile, when they fall behind some works for shelter. We now halt, for their artillery begins to fire into us. We

hear them forming their broken lines, and their officers lead them forward again. Here, Captain Gear of Company C, received a severe wound, and had to be left to the TENDER mercies of the enemy, driving us over the same ground they had to skedaddle over only a short time before. About this time both armies, nearly two hundred thousand strong, keep up a rattle of musketry like the boiling cauldron of hell, as it is represented to us by our good Chaplains. My beautiful flag that looked as bright as a dollar when we started, is fit now, after nearly two days' fighting, to send home, for it is completely riddled with bullets and torn by the brush. Nothing is done on this day but perfect slaughter on both sides, and at last night puts an end to the sickening carnage. Which has the worst of the days' slaughter? We certainly suffer the most in killed and wounded, for our numbers are almost two to one, but neither side, as far as ground is concerned, has any advantage, for both armies lie down where the battle commenced. The stench on this night is fearful, for the weather is very hot and the dead bodies, which lay around in thousands, commence to mortify. We suffer fearfully, too, on account of the scarcity of water, and the sight of a mud-puddle is pleasant indeed—we go for it like a drowning man catching at straws. Oh, how tired we are, after these two fearful days. We stretch ourselves down, but are too tired to sleep, and spend the night in the greatest misery. Will the battle be renewed on the morrow? We shall see.

The morning of the 7th we stand up on our weary limbs. Our men are leaning on their guns in line. Some nice works have been thrown up during the night, and some artillery put into position, with a heavy slashing in front. In this battle there is not much chance to maneuver troops. All that is to be done is to keep the lines from being broken

and see that there are no gaps. As fast as one man gets killed or wounded put another in his place, is the extent of good generalship in this fearful and hellish wilderness.

The fearful butchery commences on the morning of the 7th, and charge after charge is made on both sides. The sights that meet us all around are sickening in the extreme. Bloated corpses are lying around in all conceivable shapes, and more are added to the numbers every minute. An incident happened during this days' fight that I never shall forget. As we are going forward on the charge, a wounded soldier, as he is borne to the rear on a stretcher, caught sight of my tattered banner, and begun the song, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Every man took up the words and went in with renewed vigor, driving the rebel lines inside their works. They reform and drive us back. We take shelter in some temporary works thrown up by themselves, and here hold them in check for awhile. But they come down on us with superior numbers. We keep them on the other side for awhile, and a hand to hand fight takes place. Here is where Captain Nickerson, of Company K., was killed by a bayonet thrust. Some of our lines commence to fall back, and a huge rebel asks me to surrender my colors, but these I never intend to let go out of my hands till I have no life in me to carry them. Everything is in an uproar, for it is plain to us that the rebels on this charge are trying to make all they can. There is only one chance for me to escape, and that is to get back. I take a few steps to the rear, and an accident happened to me that probably saved my life. I tripped my toe against something and away I went on my face, stretched out as if killed. No sooner than I fell, about a dozen bullets whistled over and around me. One of my brave color guard, thinking that at last my race was run, sprang

forward to save the flag, but in an instant I am on my feet again, and soon get away with my flag amid the cheers of my comrades. The rebels follow up close. We fall behind our breastworks, pursued so close by the enemy that it is with difficulty we make our way through the slashing. When we get out of the way our artillery open upon the rebels with grape, cannister and shrapnell, and make fearful havoc in their ranks, causing them to fall back to a safe distance.

There is nothing to be written about now but slaughter, and night finds us in the same place we started from three days before. During the night we get the order to fall back, and all think we are going to re-cross the Rapidan, but the order is countermanded, and after marching a few miles, turn about and march to the front again. We find that what our new commander, General Grant, lacks in generalship he makes up in pluck, and says he will fight it out on this line if it takes him all summer.

We do not see that there has been anything accomplished by the last three days' fighting, except a fearful slaughter of men. It has been variously estimated that our losses in this gory Battle of the Wilderness amounts to from twenty to forty thousand men in killed and wounded.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FLANK MOVEMENT—BATTLE OF TODD'S TAVERN—THE BURNING WILDERNESS—FEARFUL SUFFERING OF OUR WOUNDED—INHUMAN WORK OF REBEL GUERRILLAS—A CHARGE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE—TWO MAJOR GENERALS, EIGHT THOUSAND PRISONERS, AND FORTY-TWO PIECES OF ARTILLERY CAPTURED—ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

On the eighth of May we commence to swing around on the celebrated line which we all think we shall have to fight on all summer, and leave the gory slaughter-pen of the wilderness behind. It is evident that a flank movement is on foot. But Lee is wide awake, and they meet us in force at Todd's Tavern, where we fight another battle. We see that the woods in the rear, where we left, are all ablaze, and thousands must be burning up. Oh, what suffering there must be among the wounded, and, to make it more horrible for them, the rebel guerrillas prowl around and take everything from them, even to the clothing on their backs. Inhuman fiends! It is a wonder that the wrath of God does not fall on them and smite them to the earth.

The battle of Todd's Tavern was meant for a flank movement on the enemy's lines, but the rebel chief seems to know where we are going to make a move, for his troops are as thick as bees wherever we go. It is easier for him to concentrate, and he can do it quicker on account of not having so much ground to pass over. He is in the circle, and can cut across, while we have to go around. We do not deny, however, that General Lee is an extraordinary General, for there is not a place he meets us, even with our

far superior numbers, but that we are checked. It is all nonsense to say that he fights on the defensive, for they make as many charges as we do. Now what is the reason that we cannot walk right straight through them with our far superior numbers? We fight as good as they. They must understand the country better, or else there is a screw loose somewhere in the machinery of our army.

Nothing is accomplished here, and we move further to the enemy's flank, but no matter how still we keep our movements, we are met with almost equal numbers. On the night of the 11th of May, our corps is put on a forced march to the enemy's extreme right, which rests at this time, at Spottsylvania Court House. The night is pitchy dark, and it is all we can do to see our way one after another. We march all night after fighting for the last six days without intermission. Oh, yes, let those miserable poltroons, who say that a soldier fights for pay, come down and fight just one single battle in this campaign, and they will find out whether money could hire them to fight in another. About 4 o'clock of the morning of the 12th, we arrive, after a march of about twenty miles, at our destination. We get a little rest while the regiments are forming in line. Make no unnecessary noise, is the order, and every move is executed with the utmost stillness. A drizzling rain commences; the clouds are looking black, and we now see that a storm is approaching. Well, we shall have two storms—the storm of the elements, with its thunders and lightnings, and the storm of battle, with its thunders of artillery and roar of musketry. We are in line, and every man is ready to forward at the word of command. Forward men, keep steady, and your lines closed up, are the orders, and twenty thousand men go in solid mass for the enemy's lines in the early morn. The

whole mass commence shouting and cheering as they go on the double quick, and before the rebels in their front line of work know what we are about, the gallant second corps are down on them like an avalanche, capturing eight thousand prisoners, forty-two pieces of artillery and two Major-Generals—General Johnson and the haughty General Stuart, of cavalry fame. The former General was filled with emotion. When our gallant corps commander, General Hancock, offered him his hand he took it and wept like a child, and said that "he was sorry that they met under the present circumstances, for he did not like to be captured in the way he had been." How much unlike he acted to his brother General. When the noble Hancock offered him his hand, the proud slave-holding aristocrat replied, "Sir, I am General Stewart, one of the F. F. V's, and decline to shake hands with a mudsil of the north," or words to that effect. But we were all proud of our brave and gallant General for his reply to the haughty slave-driver. He answered and said: "And General Stewart, under no other circumstance than the present one, when you are my prisoner, would I offer you my hand."

The rebels are now infuriated, and Lee concentrates all the force he can possibly spare to try to take back that which he lost. They make charge after charge on our now well established lines, but all the good they do is to get slaughtered as fast as they come. The rain is now pouring down in torrents, and we are ankle deep in mud. The fighting along the lines for eight or ten miles is terrific. In this charge we lose one of the best officers in our regiment, Captain Thomas Tait, who was wounded while leading his company on the charge. Our artillery is doing great execution here, for they have a good chance to make up for their inactivity at the wilderness. For four or five days we

fight around this place, and the slaughter is nearly as great as at the wilderness. Oh, how sleepy, tired, and dirty we are, after the last three weeks' campaigns and battles, fighting every day, and in the night building breastworks or marching. If the slaughter and fatigue lasts all summer on THIS line, as it has lasted since we started from camp at Brandy Station, we think there will not be many of the original Army of the Potomac left after the summer. Up to this date our losses are estimated at forty thousand men killed, the same number of men that Lee had when he started on this campaign, but, of course, he is receiving reinforcements every day from the South. What would be the cry against our old commander, Little Mac, if he had lost so many men in such a short time. The cry would be long before this, perhaps, to hang him for incapacity to handle so many men; but the former growlers do not say anything now; only look on in dismay at the butchery of thousands of the best lives in the country, and send more down, without a murmur, to fill their places. Surely, we cannot see much generalship in our campaign so far, and the soldiers are getting sick of such butchery in such a way. Half the time the men are fighting on their own responsibility, and if there is anything gained so far it is by brute force, and not by generalship. But we will fight it out anyway, if it takes every man in the army all summer.

Our regiment, with all of our corps, has suffered fearfully so far. John McNabb, of Company A, or, as he was more familiarly called, Scotty, has given his left eye as his mite for the cause, Lieutenant Leonard, of Company F, is no more, and nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to mention all would space permit.

CHAPTER XL.

BURYING THE DEAD—ANOTHER SWING AROUND ON OUR ALL
SUMMER'S LINE—BATTLE OF NORTH ANNA RIVER—A
TOUCHING INCIDENT—ANOTHER SWING—BATTLE
OF COLD HARBOR—THE THREE YEAR'S
MEN GO HOME—REFLECTIONS.

After both armies get tired and exhausted in their slaughtering, we have a kind of rest, only some hard skirmishing going on, which, in ordinary campaigns would be called hard fighting. But we are so used to it now that we don't pretend to make any more bowing to the bullets, and only when a huge shell comes slowly through the air do we bow our heads in meekness. We pitch in and bury all the dead we can reach, but there are thousands between both lines that neither party can reach, consequently we have an unwholesome atmosphere to breathe.

About the 17th of May we make another swing around to the enemy's right, leaving the gory fields around Spottsylvania Court House behind. Almost every step we take we find the enemy before us. We leave little mounds along our route, with their tenants, who have fallen on this terrible line.

On the 27th we arrive at the North Anna River, and find the enemy entrenched on both sides of the river before us. Our division, under the gallant General Barlow, of New York, form quietly in a piece of woods in front of a rebel redoubt. We know what is to be our next move. We have a couple of hours before everything is ready for the charge which is going to be made. So we hurry up, and in a short time have our steaming coffee ready for use.

Oh, what a delicious flavor this coffee has, from our burnt tin cups. I am sure I never tasted anything which I relished more than my cup of coffee on this occasion, for it was our only chance to have any in a long while, and this time it was like stolen fruit, but we took the consequences and had a cup of our favorite beverage. After finishing our meal, the order comes to pile our knapsacks in a heap, for this time we were going a little lighter than we were used to do on the charge. It is only a short ways to the enemy's works on our side of the river. It is an easy task to capture those, but we mean to cross the river and take the works on the other side. Getting into line, fix bayonets, shoulder arms, are the orders. The order to load is not given, for on this campaign every man is supposed to keep his piece loaded at all times. Forward—double-quick—march, is the order, and all move forward in solid mass with a cheer, and in less than five minutes we have the rebel redoubt and the works are taken in our front, with the troops that were in them. The rebels open up from their artillery, which line the banks on the other side, and pieces of shell fly all around. We follow up the charge to the banks of the river, but are so close to the rebels that they fire at us with musketry, and pour in shrapnell, grape and cannister at us thick and fast. We make our way along the bank and attempt a passage over the bridge that spans the stream, but the enemy have a fearful fire concentrated at that passage, and we get off quicker than we got on, and get behind what cover we can for protection, as it is of no possible use to be exposed where no benefit is derived. Making our way back to the redoubt, after running the gauntlet of the rebel batteries, we get into position. Night puts an end to this days' fight.

Here we lost a good many of our men whose term of

service would have been up on the 10th of June, only four days more. Poor fellows, what plans for the future they must have made for themselves after they should get home. But, alas, for all our plans. In an instant they are dashed to pieces by the fortunes of a cruel war.

During the night our troops make a crossing on the right, causing the enemy in our front to give back, so that we can cross with leisure. After crossing the river, we find that they have fallen back only a short distance and are fortified behind some strong works. We get orders to build breastworks, too, and commence only a short distance from the rebel lines. They keep firing at us while we are at work with the spade, and quite a number are borne to the rear, killed or wounded. At last we have our works built, and feel safe against any attack they choose to make, with a good foothold on their side of North Anna River.

On the 26th we fight one more battle here, and make another move on our LINE, this time getting around in hopes to get between Lee's army and Richmond, but we are met at Cold Harbor by the rebel army, ensconced behind strong works. This is the hardest LINE we ever traveled on to go to Richmond. But we have many a long day's work before us ere we reach our much fought for Richmond.

Here we fight another great battle, thinking to drive Lee's army into the Chickahominy river. For five or six hours we attempt to force the enemy's works, but each time are repulsed with great slaughter. Our lines extend about eight miles, and the roar of musketry and boom of artillery along the entire line, make a noise equal to that of the wilderness or Spotsylvania. Our losses here, after accomplishing nothing as we can see, are estimated at from twelve

to fifteen thousand men. After being repulsed we build some breastworks by a creek of water, and stay behind them for a few days, probably to rest. Indeed it is a rest much needed, after more than a month's campaign, which never was equalled in modern times. Not a day in all this time but we have been under fire, most of the time fighting hard battles, and so far have seen nothing but fighting, marching, digging, and burying the dead. Oh, what a bloody trail we have left behind to point out to all future generations the celebrated LINE that we fought on all summer in the year 1864. Not less than fifty thousand men have been left behind, weltering in their gore, on our own side, and that, too, inside of one short month.

On the 10th of June, at this place, those who did not re-enlist of our gallant old Third, are going home, for their contract with their good Uncle Sam is ended, and now they can go and bask in the sunshine of those they love, after serving their country for three long years of hard campaigns and battles. We who cannot go home with our comrades have entered into another contract with our Uncle Sam for three years more. We do not censure them or feel hard toward them for not re-enlisting, for we consider that they have done their share, at least for awhile, in this great struggle. It is just three years ago to-day, the 10th of June, since we enlisted to fight the enemies of our country. We left our beautiful Valley City with more than a thousand strong. But how many of all that gallant regiment are left after the campaigns and battles of the last three years. Let the poor widows and orphans at home answer this all important question. Our comrades who leave us give us three times three cheers, and we return them with a will, and they leave on their homeward march, while we stay to fight it out on the LINE if it takes all summer, and winter too.

CHAPTER XLI.

ANOTHER SWING ON THE LINE—A FORCED MARCH—CROSS-
ING THE JAMES RIVER—SICK, AND LEFT BEHND—AMBU-
LANCES—THE REAR GUARD—LIE DOWN TO DIE—
SCARED INTO LIFE BY A RATTLESNAKE—HEAVY
FIGHTING IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG—
THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

It is now clear that it is impossible to break the enemy's lines at this point, and we get the order to move again. We strike across the Peninsula, and after a forced march, arrive at the James River. On the 14th of June cross the river at Wilcox Landing. We camp a short distance from the river, and we feel that a good bath would do us no harm, and soon hundreds of us are rolling around in the beautiful James. The day is very hot, and I find that during the night I am awakened by cramps, and diarrhœa set in, which put me in a fearful condition, especially now when the army is on the move. Next morning I am so sick that I cannot march any further. The regiment file out of their bivouac, and for the first time in over three years am left behind. One of our drummer boys is left with me, and I have a surgeon's pass to get into an ambulance. Making my way to the main road, I sit down to wait for one to take me along. Hundreds pass by empty, but I cannot get any of them to stop. At last I get picked up by one belonging to the Eighteenth Corps. This is my first ride in one, and I trust in God it will be my last, for I never suffered so much in my life as on that day. The rougher the roads the faster my inhuman driver would drive, until at last I beg of him to have mercy on me and drive slower over the rougher part of the road. But I

might as well ask mercy from the devil himself as to ask it from this miserable sneak and shirk. If all ambulance drivers are as devoid of feeling as this one, I pity those who have the misfortune to have to ride with any of them when sick or wounded.

About twelve o'clock at night we halt in some fields. The ambulances are all parked together in a circle. My driver comes around and tells me to get out, so that he can get in. Of course, I cannot make any resistance, and crawl out and stretch myself on the wet, dewy grass, without a covering or an oil cloth to put under me, for everything has been thrown away on our fearful campaign to make us lighter for marching, except canteens and haversacks. I have a raging fever, and pass off into an unsound sleep. When I awoke in the morning, I found the warm rays of the sun shining upon me. Looking around, I find I am alone in the field, for the ambulances had all left early in the morning. I feel lonely, tired, and very sick. Everything is as still as the grave. I can hear the distant boom of heavy guns, and the faint sound of musketry. Oh, that I could be up with my comrades again and all right. But now, alas, I am not able to help myself. I make a feeble effort to reach the main road and sit down by a tree. While here I see the Provost Guard of the army headquarters advancing up the road, fetching up the rear and picking up all stragglers. The officer in charge comes up to me and tells me to come along. I tell him I am sick. But he says he is too used to the plea of sickness, and tells me that that is played out. I tell him that I am played out, but that is no excuse, and I try to raise up, but my limbs fail me and I fall to the ground again. He asks me where is my gun. I tell him that I am Color Sergeant of the Fifth Michigan Infantry, for at this time we are consoli-

dated with the Fifth. He saw then that I was not playing off, as he thought at first, and tells me to get into the shade, where I would be out of the burning sun, and they leave me to my fate.

I will explain here and make a few remarks about shirks, bummers, sneaks and thieves, all called camp followers. The first is a man that when the army comes up, and is expecting that every man will do his duty, now we are ready to meet the enemy, he looks around to see if any of his comrades are watching him, and DROPS to the rear—deserts his comrades in time of danger. He then becomes a bummer, and prowls around, and will do anything to keep himself away from danger in the ranks. He then becomes a sneak, and tries to get an ambulance to drive, or "SICH." After that he becomes the thief, and will steal from friend and foe alike, and is devoid of all principle. Reader, look around you, and see if there is such men in your midst. Shun them as you would a viper, and show to them that they are despised in private life by their neighbors, as they were in the army by their comrades. It is such men as these that cry for an equalization of bounties.

I make my way further into the woods and lie down among the leaves, thinking that that would be my dying bed. Oh, the awful stillness that prevails around me! I have no water, and am almost choked with thirst. Oh, that I could die now and end all my hardships; but what account would be given of me should I die here? No one knows where I am, and the thoughts that run in my mind are hard to describe. As I lie on my back thinking, I hear a rustling in the dry leaves by my head. Turning to see what causes the noise, a sight meets my eye that makes

the blood run cold in my veins. A huge rattlesnake is in the act of making a spring at me. Instantly I am on my feet, and with one bound leap about ten feet from the spot. I take renewed courage and make my way for a distance of about a mile, when I see some tents pitched in front of a house close by. I make my way to the gate, but find that my head becomes dizzy and everything looks dark around me, and I fall at the gate as if dead. When I come too, I find some kind nurses bending over me, and all looking anxiously for my recovery. I find, after awhile, that I fell into the hands of the ladies of the Christian Commission, who have left home and all its luxuries to administer to the poor soldiers in the field. God bless all those devoted women, and if they do not receive their reward on this earth may they receive it in heaven, is the wish of one who owes them a debt of gratitude.

We hear heavy firing in front, and it is plain to us that heavy fighting is going on. The wounded now commence to come back, and they are talking of sending the sick back to the general hospitals. I take up my line of march for the front. I feel a little stronger, and am in hopes by taking it easy, to reach my regiment or fall in with my division field hospital. I come up to a fort near the O'Harrow House, in front of Petersburg, where are quartered some negro troops, who claim that they fought bravely to capture the forts and breastworks in their front. Of course no one could tell me anything about my corps, and I strike off for the left of the lines. The pickets are firing in front, and an occasional bullet spats harmlessly by my feet. At last I came in sight of an officer of our division staff, and he informed me where the division field hospital was. I make my way there, where I meet our kind surgeon, Henry F. Lyster, with his sleeves rolled up and

his hands dripping with blood, for he has just come from the amputating table. He tells his colored boy to make a bed for me in his own tent, and to get me something good to eat. Soon the boy has a chicken stewing for me, and I make a hearty meal, which revives me very much, for it is the only thing I had to eat in two days. The wounded come back now from the front in great numbers, and after a day or so I am about, doing all I can for my comrades. I find Ralph Steffans of my own Company, shot through the lungs, and in a fearful way. The maggots crawl all over his body. No one has as yet seen to him, for there is not enough help, and a great many die for the want of care. I go to work and wash his wound, and get some clean drawers and a shirt for him. He seems to think he is going to die, but I cheer him up as well as I can, in the meantime I have no hopes of his recovery, —but he got over it, and now is at home after the war and is doing well. Poor Sergeant Deidrick. No better soldier in the service, and one who has carried one of the colors of my regiment, but now he is dying, after bearing the starry flag aloft for over two years. He informs me that Corporal Weir, who carried my colors, has been shot dead, and nearly all of my guard are either killed or wounded since I left, only a few days. I try to cheer him up, but no use, as he says he is bound to die, and I find, when I go to see him next morning, that he is in the arms of death. Poor fellow, thou hast fallen at last, bearing the starry emblem of your adopted country. Who will say that the foreigners have not done their duty in this rebellion? Where is there a battle-field in the country that is not sealed with the life blood of the foreigner. Of course they have, and claim as good rights under the Constitution, as any who live in the land, consequently they claim a right to fight for this

country, and keep it whole, so that it will be the home of all who are oppressed by foreign tyrants, no matter from what country they come.

The scenes around a field hospital will baffle all description; the bringing back the worst of the wounded on stretchers, men hobbling back, shot in the leg or arm; men wounded in all conceivable shapes, in the head, limbs and body; the groans and shouts of the sufferers; amputated limbs heaped up around the dissecting tables; hundreds under the influence of chloroform, and cutting up all kind of antics; all make up a scene that would melt a heart of stone at the suffering that is all around. This is my first instance in a field hospital, and I hope my last. We witness great suffering on the field in the heat of battle, but everybody is so excited that no one will think much of it, but here in the hospital one can see and appreciate all the sufferings of the wounded soldier.

CHAPTER XLII.

GETTING WELL AGAIN—BACK WITH MY REGIMENT—A LONG SIEGE BEFORE US—BUILDING FORTS AND BREASTWORKS—THE PETERSBURG EXPRESS—FOURTH OF JULY 1864—HOW IT IS CELEBRATED.

About the 20th of June I make a start for the regiment. The doctor thinks I had better stay back for a while, but I want to get back, for it seems a long while to be away, two

weeks. But what has been done in those two weeks? more slaughtering on the LINE, but the army has pulled up at last, and have been thundering away at the gates of Richmond. But we cannot force them, and a long siege is now before us.

My comrades are all glad to see me back. I miss a goodly number of brave boys, who have fallen since I left. We have hard work now before us, for we lay right down to the siege—nothing but digging and picketing is the order of the day, mixed up with a charge now and then, by way of a change.

Our corps, the Second, under General Hancock, is assigned a position in the center, and we strive now to build coverings for protection from the rebel shells and the heat of the burning sun, for the weather is extremely warm and a large number are overcome with heat and hard work. We are so close to the rebel lines that we can plainly hear them posting their watch on picket. But neither the enemy nor our men fire on each other, and all is quiet along the lines, but an occasional artillery duel between our batteries and the enemy's, so once in a while we have to bow our heads in submission to the rebel shells. Our sutlers all get up again, and we get what we want in the way of luxuries. We have to keep moving from one part of the line to another, and are only two or three days in a place. We build comfortable quarters in one place to-day and to-morrow have to leave them, and so on with every regiment in the army. We receive a despatch every morning from the rebels by the way of the "PETERSBURG EXPRESS," a large gun that they fire, which they have named after the paper of that place, which is issued in the city. Despatches of this kind we can get along without very well. But they

will force them upon us, so we have to receive them as courteously as we can.

But the Fourth of July is now at hand, and we return the salute of our old friend, the "Petersburg Express," ten fold. The glorious Fourth is ushered in by firing a shotted salute of thirty-seven guns, to let our neighbors know that we still believe in the union of all the States. Our misguided brothers in arms cannot appreciate our way of celebrating, but we cannot help it, for we must fire salutes in honor of the day, and we are not going to turn our guns around, so they must put up with our shotted salutes.

We have swung around a good many circles since our first Fourth of July, in Washington. What hardships we have endured since then no one can tell, and now that we have passed through such bloody ordeals, we cannot realize fully that we have experienced such tiresome marches and fearful battles. As we look over the past, to most of us it seems like a dream. A bloody panorama is spread before our gaze, from the bloody fields of first Bull Run, down the majestic Potomac, across the beautiful Chesapeake. We confront on the Peninsula the rebel army, and fight them up to the very gates of their capital. Then come our seven days of fearful fighting, our tiresome and thirsty marching over the same ground, and once more we fight the enemy on the old battle ground of First Bull Run. Next the bloody battles of South Mountain and Antitam were fought on the loyal soil of Maryland, and the rebel horde were swept back to their sacred soil. Next the long and fatiguing marches to Fredericksburg, to fight on the gory field at that place; next we are stuck in the mud, and the bloody battle of Chancellorsville is fought;

then we chase the rebel army into Pennsylvania, and after three days' dreadful fighting at Gettysburg, drive them once more to their sacred soil; next we climb to the tops of the mountains and there meet and drive the rebels off, who fly ignominiously across the Shenandoah into the valley; then comes our trip to the North to enforce the draft; the winter at Brandy Station, followed by the fearful campaign which we have just gone through, from the Wilderness to our present siege at the gates of the rebel Capital. Who will not say that the three years just passed have not been the most fearful and bloody of modern times? But now what must be done? Of course, as our present Commander, General Grant, has said, we must still fight on this LINE if it takes all summer. The Fourth of July is ended by firing more salutes in honor of the glorious day we are trying to hand down from our fathers to our sons, thence from them to time immemorial.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ORDERS TO MARCH WITH THREE DAYS' RATIONS—A FORCED
MARCH—ON THE PENINSULA AGAIN—BATTLE OF DEEP
BOTTOM—AN INCIDENT—FAILURE OF A FLANK
MOVEMENT—FORCED MARCH BACK TO
PETERSBURG—BLOWING UP A
REBEL FORT—A FAILURE.

All is quiet in the Potomac Army, but not very long, for we get the order to move again. We have now some nice works and forts built along the line in the face of the rebel stronghold. We get the orders to march with three days' rations in our haversacks. Where to? now is

asked, one of another, but no one can tell with any certainty, and we file out of our late camp, moving to the right. We have a forced march before us, and the order is for every man to keep in his place. The night is very dark and warm. Clouds of dust envelope us, and we trudge along the road passing by fires that are kept burning to guide us on our way. After a weary and fatiguing march we pull up at the mouth of the Appomattox river, and cross over on pontoons that are laid down for us. We step once more on the Peninsula and advance. About eight o'clock in the morning we are met in some fields by our friends, the Johnnies, who are ready to give us a warm reception. It is now clear to us that a movement on the enemy's flank is meditated, and we pitch in and fight the battle of Deep Bottom. A large number are engaged on both sides, and every place we try the enemy's lines we are met by numbers equal to our own.

An incident happens in this battle that is worthy of note, as it relates to Anna, the daughter of our regiment, which is deployed as skirmishers in the woods. The place for the colors at such a time is in the rear, far enough from the skirmish line to keep in sight. Our regiment, the Fifth, are having lively times on the line, commanded by our gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, Dan. S. Root, as brave an officer as there is in the army in battle, while in camp he is the personification of mildness to a fault. The Colonel arose from the ranks by his bravery and good conduct. He knows how to appreciate the love of his men, who now are forcing the rebel skirmishers, and they fall back to their main support, when their reserve open out a withering fire on our men. Anna has remained with the colors, but this time we are up too close to the front line, and unless we get back we may be captured. So we have to do some

tall walking to get out of the swamp we have got into. Anna falls back with us in GOOD ORDER, but her dress is a little torn by the brush. One of our boys is borne back wounded, our heroine does up his wound. The balls fall thick and fast around her, but she fears them not, and performs her task as coolly as if she was in camp and out of danger. I need not mention this one instance, hundreds of the same kind could be related of her. She is still with us through thick and thin for the last three years.

Our army has paid dearly in this day's battle, as in all others of the campaign. Charge after charge is made on the enemy's works, but each time repulsed with great slaughter. At night we lie down on the same ground we started from in the morning, and our flank movement is evidently a failure. We try to cook our coffee, but have not time, for the order comes to fall in. We commence our march over the same ground we marched over the night before, and about seven o'clock we arrive in front of Petersburg, foot-sore, tired, and hungry. We take a position in some breastworks, to the left of the Ninth corps, under General Burnside. From the ominous silence that precedes great battles, we think another movement of some kind is on foot.

About the 25th of July, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we hear a rumbling noise, like distant thunder, to the left of our position, where clouds of dust rise in the air, toward some rebel works. Column after column advance from the works immediately opposite the rebel fort that has been blown up, and they charge into the rebel works. The enemy open on the advancing columns from their inside works, but our brave Ninth corps boys do not heed the shells that are bursting all around them, and still keep on. A hand

to hand conflict now takes place, and the rebels are forced to retire inside their inner lines of breastworks. Oh, why do not reinforcements follow up, and the rebel army would surely be cut in two? but our brave boys fighting in front are forced to retire for the want of support, after leaving hundreds of their comrades to share the warrior's grave. Who is to blame for this blunder? Of course, no one will shoulder the fault or incapacity of the move, and the whole mining operation has turned out to be one of the greatest blunders of the war. It is said that the "colored troops fought bravely" in this battle, and suffered fearfully before they were forced to retire.

We lie down to rest in our present position, and next morning moved back to where we started to go on our Deep Bottom campaign. Here we build comfortable quarters out of oak boughs, to keep away the rays of the hot, burning sun, and all is again quiet in the Potomac army. We do not stay long, however, to enjoy our quarters that we have worked so hard to build, for we get the order to move again. There does not seem to be any rest for the weary; at least this can be applied in our case, for this is only a repetition of a good many cases, where we worked hard to build comfortable quarters and would be ready to enjoy the fruits of our labors, when an order would come to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. Once we were on a march, and a forced one at that; we halted in a field for a rest when the Colonel told us we would have time to cook coffee. One of the boys asked if we would have time to drink it. But our Colonel could not answer in the affirmative, for he could not tell any better than ourselves on such occasions.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SECOND BATTLE AT DEEP BOTTOM—ANOTHER FIZZLE—FRONT
OF PETERSBURG AGAIN—BUILD MORE QUARTERS—ARRIV-
AL OF COLONEL PULFORD—BUILDING FORT DAVIS—
QUARTERED IN THE FORT—A TOUCHING INCIDENT—
FORT HELL—REBEL DASH FOR PROVISIONS—ALL
QUIET AGAIN—MORTARS—BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS
—A POEM—THE PICKET GUARD.

About the 10th of August we take up our line of march for Deep Bottom again. This time as well as before, we march as though the "old boy" himself was after us. Not a rest nor a halt during the long, dreary, sultry night. Oh, how tired every man is. A great many fall out by the roadside, not caring what becomes of them. Those who ride on horseback have to change horses once in a while, but the poor wearied soldier keeps on. Who is putting down this monster rebellion? Is it the officers? Of course they help to a certain extent, but get well paid however, and as for hardships, they know but little of them, for when they halt at night they have their servants to wait on them, and they live like princes, for their baggage wagons with supplies are sure to be up at night, when they can bask in the luxury of everything good to eat and drink; while the poor wearied soldiers who do the fighting are so tired that when they halt for the night they are glad to lie down; so tired that he cannot get anything to eat, only chew his dried hard-tack. In speaking of officers I do not mean those of the line, for very often they have to share the hardships of their men.

We arrive once more on the enemy's left flank, and try to break their wing, but they will not break, so we give up in

disgust at their stubbornness, and get back to help dig them out in front of Petersburg. We arrive foot-sore and weary, and get the orders to build more quarters. We settle down to the task with the best humor we can muster after another great fizzle.

Here the gallant and brave Colonel John Pulford once more joins his regiment, the Fifth, after his severe and almost mortal wound received at the battle of Malvern Hill. Too much praise cannot be given this officer for his bravery and courage. Fear he does not know, for he rides ahead of his noble regiment on the charge. He does not say, like some officers I could mention, "Go in boys," but always leads and says, "Come on boys," which means that he is always in the front and thickest of the fight.

While in our present camp we build Fort Davis, one of the nicest forts on the line. It has embrasures for about twenty-four guns, with a wide ditch all around, filled with water, and three lines of abattis around the fort. Abattis is sharp sticks stuck in the ground with points sticking outward. They are put solid in the ground, and so thick that a man with great difficulty can get through. They are for the purpose of impeding the progress of an attacking party against the fort. We move into the fort, and have very comfortable quarters ; nothing to disturb us but an occasional bullet from some rebel long range guns on the picket line.

Our neighboring fort to the right, which is named after the fiery place underneath that our good Dominie talks so much about, is so close to the rebel picket line that it is almost certain death to show one's head above the works. Both picket lines keep up an incessant fire on each other day and night. The fort is pierced with port holes for the

infantry to fire through. The rebel sharp-shooters have such a close range of these that almost every time they can put a bullet through.

A touching incident occurred here which is worthy of mention, to show that in an instant all of our plans can be dashed to pieces by cruel war. A brave soldier, whose term of three years hard service was out, with his discharge in his pocket was ready to go home and rest on the laurels he had so dearly won, and enjoy the comforts of "home, sweet home." But alas, for all his plans for the future, he never leaves Fort Hell alive. He had shaken hands and bid his comrades good-bye, and starts to leave the fort on his homeward march, but a thought strikes him, and he turns back and tells his comrades that he must have one more look at the Johnnies before he leaves. His comrades expostulate with him not to go near the port holes again; that now he has his discharge in his pocket and ought to be satisfied with what sights he has seen; but all to no purpose; he must have one more look, and goes to the port hole and looks through, but it is his last look on this earth, for he falls back a corpse in the arms of his weeping comrades. Poor fellow, he has received his discharge, and now goes home to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

One dark night, while everything is hushed in silence, all is as still in the Potomac Army as can possibly be; the stars shine brightly down on the scene, and the lonely pickets strain their eyes keeping their watch. Those in our front do not see the silent and advancing foe, as they come through the grass before them. All at once thousands of the enemy rise up and capture the men on picket before they had time to give the alarm. In an

instant a breach is made in our works, and all is done so still that the sentinels walking their beats on the parapets of our fort did not hear a sound, nor did they think there was anything unusual going on, until a tremendous firing opens out in the rear, where the commissary stores are kept. Every one is around in the fort; the draw bridge is taken up, and we line the parapets, expecting an attack every moment. We peer into the darkness, but nothing in the shape of a rebel is seen, and we lean on our arms and await events. We think it is only a splurge of the Johnnies to get some of our hard tack and salt pork, but we notice by the sound that the firing is getting nearer to us, and once in a while a stray bullet whistles over our heads. Nearer and nearer it comes, and the rebels get back between us and Fort Hell. Our artillery open upon them and the rebels open from their forts. Fort Hell is let loose, and nearly five hundred guns open their deadly throats along the line. The mortars commence to throw their kettle-like shells, and the whole air is filled with the most magnificent as well as dreadful fireworks that any one could wish to behold. The mortar shells chase each other way up into the air and then come down with a graceful bend on the other side of the rebel works, where they burst, the pieces flying in all directions, and woe be unto him who runs into contact with one of them. A mortar gun resembles a huge kettle imbedded in the earth, with its great, wide, round mouth pointing upward, ready at any time to be fed with its deadly food.

Our surmises were correct about the rebel move. All they wanted was some provisions, and, of course, they would like to have been let alone in their little operations, as their distinguishsd chieftain, Jeff., has often said. But we are afraid our Uncle Sam would not like to have

them, especially when they are fighting to break up his good Government, get any of the hard tack he sends down for his boys ; and they get back without any. Whenever they come around and tell our good old Uncle they are sorry for what they have done, and behave themselves in the future, I have not the least doubt but that he will give them all they want to eat and to carry away, but at the present state of the game they must get along without any of our provisions, at least for this night. They have got back inside their lines. Our picket lines have been established with strict orders not to be caught napping again. The soldiers seek their quarters, and all is again quiet in the Potomac Army.

The following beautiful lines, from the pen of Mrs. Ethel Lyon Beers, illustrates the present quietness :

THE PICKET-GUARD.

All quiet along the Potomac: they say,
 Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
 By the riflemen hid in the thicket.

'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Where the soldier lies peacefully dreaming;
 Their tents in the rays of the clear Autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremelous sigh, as the gentle night wind,
 Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
 While stars up above with their glittering eyes,
 Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
 As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
 And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
 Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he murmurs a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary good-bye,"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever.

CHAPTER XLV.

DANGERS AND HARDSHIPS OF THE SIEGE—GOOD TIMES—
MUSIC—OUR RAILROAD—CITY POINT—EXCHANGED PRIS-
ONERS—ALL WOMEN TO THE REAR—ORDERS TO MARCH—
ANOTHER FLANK MOVEMENT TO THE REBEL RIGHT—BAT-
TLE OF HATCHE'S RUN—A FIERCE ENCOUNTER—CONFU-
SION—ANOTHER FIZZLE—IN CAMP AGAIN.

The siege goes bravely on. The two armies keep dig-
ging away under each other's guns. The hardships to be
endured are very great, but all now have schooled them-
selves down so that they are met as a matter of course.

We do not pretend to say how long we will have a rest, nor do we care much, for we are so used to hardships that almost everything is done without a murmur. Of course, when we have a chance we enjoy ourselves as best we can. A soldier loves music, and listens to the strains of the beautiful military bands, of which we have plenty in our army, and boast of the best bands in the country. Sometimes we have a dance under the shining moon, and a looker on would think that trouble or hardships were unknown to the jolly soldiers, who are hoeing down with their Government pontoons on the green-sward. Oh, those beautiful nights in old Virginia, I look back to with great gladness, and think of the jolly, as well as the hard times we used to have.

Our military railroad must not be forgotten. It runs along the rear of our camps to City Point, where we get all of our supplies. The train, as it thunders along, is in plain sight of the rebels, and once in a while they waste some ammunition by firing at it, but they never hit anything to do any harm. We get passes quite often to go to City Point, a place now made up of the most motley crowd that ever congregated in one place. All come to this place for the one purpose of getting all the money they can from the soldiers. They care only for their hard-earned money, but not a straw for them.

While at City Point one day in September, I hear that some exchanged prisoners were going to arrive. I make my way down to the landing and wait for the boat, which hove in sight ere long with her freight of emaciated patriots. Oh, who is to blame for the more than sufferings of our poor prisoners in those Southern hells. Whoever is, there is a place awaiting them where they will have to pay

more than a million fold for their cowardly treatment of unoffending men. It has been said that the South could not help it, for they did not have the means nor the way to treat them well. If they could not feed them they had plenty of room in the open fields, and plenty of water to wash the filth that would naturally arise from large numbers being together, which they might have let them have. The poor, half-starved, emaciated forms that crowd the decks of the steamer as she brings her precious freight under the protection of the flag of the free, show plainly that the Southern chivalry do not know how to treat prisoners of war. Chivalric, indeed! they have forever disgraced the name by their inhuman treatment of those whom the fortunes of war have cast into their devilish power. For my part I never was in prison, nor do I know of a relative of mine who has been, but I feel the sufferings of my comrades none the less keenly for all this. The boat nears the landing, and when they catch sight of the stars and stripes that are waving proudly on the bluff that overlooks the landing, their feelings give way. Some shout and cheer; others cry with emotion, and all seem to be so glad that they show their joy in different ways. The spectators on the wharf give them loud cheers, which they return but very feebly. They are sent to good homes where they can recruit their shattered health again.

About the last of September General Grant issues an order that all women in the army have to get back, and Anna for the first time has to leave her regiment. A petition is sent to the Commander to have her stay, but no use, she must get back, and she bids us good-bye and goes to City Point. We hear from her, however, often, by receiving lots of good things sent to us by her, such as potatoes, onions, and all kinds of vegetables she can obtain.

About the 20th of October we have orders to be ready to march with three days rations and the usual forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge boxes. We file out of the fort and this time strike off to the left of our lines, on another flank movement. We march in the rear of our lines, and pull up by a run named, I presume, after some man by the name of Hatcher. We get into line in front of some rebel works that command the Boydtown plank road. The rebels open a vigorous fire on us from a fort in our front, and our artillery in an instant is in position and return their fire. Part of our corps is heavily engaged in some thick slashing, and the rebels retire inside their works, where they hold their own. Our brigade, under the funny Frenchman, General De Trobriand, is assigned a position on the flank to guard it from an attack, but we do not anticipate one in this quarter, and if we are left here we all think we won't have much fighting to do. So we walk around leisurely, and some of us stroll up to a small grove to see the head generals of the army. There is a lull in the battle, and they all sit or walk around taking observations and discussing the probabilities of the move. There is General Grant, Commander of the army, the gallant Generals Meade and Hancock, other Generals of lesser note and their aids, orderlies, and servants. They are having gay times, and talk and laugh as though nothing was going to happen; but their fun comes to a sudden stop. The rebels open out on them, and pour shot and shell into their midst. Of course, there is a scattering, and we all put back to our regiments. The enemy keep up the fire, and all wonder what the next move will be. We have some videttes out in front, and all laugh and talk as though we were safe from an attack in our position. Hark! a shot is heard in our front. It is only some of the boys in front

discharging his piece, to reload again with a fresh cartridge, think all; but pop, pop, pop, is heard again, and some of our videttes come back wounded. They could not tell who fired at them—probably some of our own men by mistake. But pretty soon all the advance fall back on our lines, followed close by heavy lines of rebel infantry, and before we have time to be ready for them they fire a deadly volley into our ranks. In an instant every man is in his place, pouring deadly missiles into the ranks of the advancing foe. The fire along the line is deafening, and the remnant of the old Third, with the gallant "Fighting Fifth," never fought better during the whole war. The foe gets away from our front and make an onslaught on the regiment to our right, and they have to give way against fearful odds. The enemy now pour an enfilading fire on us, and get reinforced in our front. For awhile we hold them, and pour the bullets from our breach-loading guns among them, but they are too many for us, and charge right into our midst. Of course I must get away with my colors, and a number around me are taken prisoners. Looking behind me, I see a large corn field to be crossed, and with several of the boys start to run the gauntlet. The rebels open on us, and the balls spat around us like hail. Some of our comrades fall dead, but we must keep on and get out of the way. Of course, it would not be gallant to say that anybody run, but if there was any tall walking done during the war, we did it crossing that field. How is that, Captain Gunsalar? There is a high fence before us, but I, for my part, cannot tell how I ever got on the other side, but I found myself there safe, pursued closely by the rebels. All now is utter confusion. The rebels turn our guns on us. They have captured large numbers of prison-

ers, and unless something is done we shall all be captured, for the rebels are advancing in large force.

Our brave Corps Commander, General Hancock, rides up and brings order out of chaos. We go to work and throw up breastworks, and soon have a covering made with rails, and all fall behind and wait for the rebel charge. They come, but cannot drive us from our covering, and we hold them at bay. Meantime some reinforcements arrive, and they walk around the Johnnies and capture nearly all that charged on us, besides retaking most of our men and all our cannons. This, for a short fight, has been one of the bloodiest of the war, and some of us never were in a tighter box during the whole campaign of '64. Our regiment lose very heavily in this day's fight in killed, wounded and prisoners. Among the former is our gallant Adjutant, James McNulty, as brave a soldier as ever marched; Lieutenant Birdsal is wounded, and Lieutenant Peter Lennon, with several others, is missing. Peter afterward made his escape, after enduring severe hardships, from the Salisbury prison hell. The account of his escape would fill an interesting volume.

Night puts an end to the battle of Hatcher's Run, sur-named the Bull Ring. We get the order to march back again to camp, after lying down in the mud and rain to have a rest after our late fizzle on the rebel's right. We arrive safe at our camp in Fort Davis, after a hard night's march.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CAMP LIFE AGAIN—WINTER QUARTERS—THANKSGIVING—
HOME AGAIN—FEELING IN THE NORTH—BACK TO
THE ARMY—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

November now is upon us, and we settle down to camp life again. The same routine is gone through—camp guard, picket duty and fatigue duty. Winter is upon us, and heavy cold rains commence to fall. Of course we pitch in and make ourselves as comfortable as we can; build fire-places in our tents, and draw more covering from our Uncle's wardrobe. Now that all operations, except the regular siege, are at an end for the season, we say that the quicker the winter is over the better we like it, for no soldier likes the inactive life of camp more than three or four weeks at a time.

The time honored Thanksgiving day is announced by the President. We have a rumor that the good old New England States are to give the Army of the Potomac a dinner in the olden style—turkeys, chickens plum puddings and pumpkin pies. Everybody is on the lookout for the grand dinner. The day has arrived, and sure enough the rumor proves to be true, for vessels are discharging their cargoes of good things from our New England friends. Everything is dealt out in good shape, and each man gets his share, which is more than enough for a good square meal. God bless those dear friends for their kindness in not forgetting us. All will remember with gratitude the donors of the good things sent us on that ever to be remembered thanksgiving day.

Now that the campaign is over, I am thinking of visiting my friends once more. I send up my furlough through the regular channel, and it comes back approved. I bid good-bye to my comrades and take the train for City Point, and thence by boat for Washington, spending a miserable night on the way. Not being an officer, of course I could not enter the cabin, and with hundreds of soldiers, choose a soft spot on deck, and go to sleep. Arrived safe in Washington, we leave the boat with sore hips, and go to the paymaster's to get our pockets filled with greenbacks. Making my way to a barber shop, I get fixed up and feel as fresh as though hardships are unknown to me. Taking the train for Baltimore I spend the night in the Monumental city for the first time. I go to the theatre and see the brilliant little star, Maggie Mitchell, play in her favorite character of Fanchon the Cricket. Next morning I leave for Harrisburg, then through the old Alleghanies, which are covered at this time with their winter sheet of snow, to Pittsburg. The ride I enjoy very much, for it is a comfort to ride in the beautiful coaches of the Pennsylvania Central. Cleveland is reached, then Toledo, and in good time the City of the Straits, where a Michigan soldier is always welcomed, and feels at home. Crossing the river I am soon among my friends in Canada. The same bitter feeling still exists among the Kanucks against the North, and they say the South will never be brought back into the Union again. This kind of talk I don't like, and a short visit is enough for me, and I make my way back to Michigan, my Michigan again, where I find a different feeling prevailing in regard to the war. I am asked how the soldiers in the field feel about the war at the present state of affairs. I tell my friends that nothing but hard fighting will put down the rebellion, and they would have to come and help,

but of course the North is aroused to the danger of the country, and volunteering goes bravely on. No more child's play now, and everyone is alive to the emergency, all feeling that the rebellion is on its last legs, in spite of the feeling of our John Bull neighbors, who are, to a certain extent, responsible for prolonging the war thus far, with their Alabamas and blockade runners. But look out Mr. Bull, for the American eagle may some day make you pay for your double-dealing, and come down and pick the eyes out of your head for interfering in Uncle Sam's affairs.

A twenty days' furlough does not take long to end, and I must leave my friends once more. Hurrah for the army again, and I arrive safe among my comrades, refreshed after my furlough, and ready to enter into the same routine of camp life. The siege is progressing lively, and every one is anxious for the order to forward on the last campaign and end this cruel war. Everything is quiet at present, but the winter is passing by, and we look forward for lively times before long. Well, let them come, for all are getting tired of this long war, and every man is anxious to see the end.

CHAPTER XLVII.

NEW QUARTERS—DRAWING RATIONS—ARMY COOKING—SUNDAY INSPECTION—CAMP LIFE—ORDERS TO MOVE.

In the army, it is necessary, so our superiors think, but sometimes we poor soldiers would rather be excused, to keep changing positions with other soldiers, and *vice versa*. We get relieved in the fort and get back into the woods,

and build more quarters. The woods are heavy timbered, and soon men with axes are busy felling the monarchs of the forest for new winter quarters. All are as busy as bees, and the buzz of the men at work through the different camps make a noise like lumbermen at work in their camps. Comfortable quarters, good hospitals and churches rise up as if by magic. We are very comfortable again and all are as happy as circumstances will permit.

One of the most peculiar features of a soldier's life is the drawing of his rations. Everything in our army goes like clock-work, from the Army Quartermaster down to the Orderly Sergeant who deals out the sugar, coffee, pork, beef, and hard-tack, or hard bread, to his company, who gather around him like chickens around an old hen, to get their daily food. To us in the field it does not seem anyway strange to flock around and receive our coffee and sugar by the spoonful as fast as the names are called, but to an outsider the sight must be a strange one.

Another feature in a soldier's life in camp is cooking his rations. We are not very particular how we cook our pork. Sometimes we fry it in a tin spider, which we make by cutting in two a canteen ; other times we punch our ramrods through a slice and let it fry over the camp fire, and, in order not to lose any of the grease, we hold a hard-tack under and let the gravy drop on it, which answers very well for butter. We have different ways of cooking hard-tack. At first we could not manage it very well, but necessity is always the mother of invention, and during our four years campaigning we have found out a good many ways to make our life more comfortable than at first. The best way we find to make hard bread palatable is to soak in cold water, then fry in a spider with the fat of

pork. Of course, butter would be better, but that luxury is out of the question, unless we pay an extravagant price for it to the sutler. Hot water will not soften hard-tack, but will make it as tough as leather. Our "concentrated soup" will bear a brief mention. Vegetables of all kinds are pressed together and made as hard as a stone—potatoes, onions, parsnips, carrots, cabbage, pepper, salt, and garlick, are mixed up in a solid mass, so when boiled about ten hours it makes a delicious soup, but it is not much of a favorite with many soldiers, because of a sickish taste there is to it. There is nothing a soldier likes better than his coffee, without it he could not live in the field. In about ten minutes after we halt we can sip our favorite beverage. On the campaigns "concentrated soup" is out of the question, for we do not stay long enough in a place to cook it.

The Sunday morning inspection in camp will bear a brief mention. It takes place after guard mount, on the parade ground. Each man must appear to the best advantage he can. His brasses must be cleaned and his musket in good order; knapsacks packed tidy, and everything about him must be as neat as possible. The band form on the parade ground, the companies march to the music and form as if on parade. The Adjutant turns and salutes the Colonel, telling him the batallion is formed. The Colonel then gives the order for the companies to right wheel, the right of the companies standing still, thus leaving a space between each company. Then the front ranks come to an about face, so as to face the rear rank, which has stepped to the rear about four paces, before the front rank has got the order to face about, thus leaving a space between both ranks for the inspecting officer to pass through. "Unslung knapsacks," is the order after "ground arms,"

and each man puts his knapsack at his feet, unpacked and the contents laid bare to open inspection. It is funny sometimes to see the contents, especially after a campaign. A soldier has perhaps a shirt, a pair of socks, and a prayer book or testament. Some have more, and some less, more generally the latter, but in winter-quarters, where there is a chance to have plenty of clothing, the knapsack of a tidy soldier is worth looking at. The overcoat is folded in a nice roll and strapped on top; the blankets, shirts, drawers and socks, with a soldier's album, which almost every soldier carries with the pictures of dear and loving friends at home. All have their proper places in the knapsack. The inspecting officer inspects the right company first, the band playing, meanwhile, a slow tune. As fast as one company are inspected they go to their quarters. It takes about two hours to inspect the whole regiment, which makes it tedious for the last company, who have to wait for their turn.

Camp life now is getting tedious, but the monotony is broken by orders to march with three days' rations in haversacks and the usual forty rounds of ammunition. The weather is very fine, and everybody feels good. All are ready for the next move, which is to go to the support of the Fifth Corps, who are fighting, away to the left of our lines.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ON THE MOVE ONCE MORE—ACROSS HATCHER'S RUN AGAIN
—A SKIRMISH—BUILD BREASTWORKS—THE FIFTH CORPS
HARD PRESSED—WE GO TO THEIR RELIEF—RAINY AND
COLD—A MISERABLE TIME—BUILDING MORE QUAR-
TERS—IN CAMP AGAIN AND HAPPY—GOOD
NEWS FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY.

On Sunday Morning, February 5, 1864, we file out of our late camp, and move to the left. Crossing Hatcher's Run we strike the enemy, and have quite a skirmish with them. They outnumber us, as in every other place, and we set too and build breastworks. In a short time we have formidable works built with all the fence rails within reach, and are ready for the Johnny's charge; but they are satisfied with a skirmish, and no charge is made. In the meantime the Fifth corps are heavily engaged to our right, and about five o'clock we get the order to go their support. A forced march brings us to their relief, but night puts an end to the conflict, which had been a severe one, and both parties suffered heavily in killed and wounded. The gallant Fifth corps fought this battle alone, and made some of the finest charges of the war.

The fine weather of the past few days has been interrupted by a cold, drizzling rain. We lay around here for a few days in great misery, the eyes melted almost out of our heads with the smoke that stays around from the numerous camp fires that are built to keep us warm. Oh, what a miserable time, wet to the skin, ragged and dirty, with the scalding water rolling down our cheeks, caused by the smoke. Surely, this is another blunder, caused by

some one ; we can all see that no good will come of this move, but, on the contrary, it will be the cause of many a brave man being ruined for life from these few days of hardships. It seems to us that it is the delight of some officers to see the poor soldier suffer. Oh, who has suffered that the country might be saved ? Is it the officer or the private ? In almost every book written on our bloody war the gallant officer so and so is spoken about, but not a word about the poor privates, who, I contend, put down this gigantic rebellion, for they have stood the brunt of every battle, and braved the hardships of the campaigns, and what do they receive in return from the officers for doing the most trivial offense ? They are degraded with punishment not fit for an Indian savage. I will not class all officers with those mentioned, for our army are blessed with as good men as ever were born to command, but they are an exception to the general rule. Oh, yes, but it was the officers that led the men into the battle, but how long would the majority of them stay after they did go in ? A very short time, as thousands of brave soldiers can testify, who had to fight the battles that saved the Union, and to them the praise is due of every true American citizen.

After enduring untold miseries for a few days, and for no purpose, we get the order to move back, and build more quarters. It is dreadfully cold and the suffering is intense. The wet clothing on our backs freeze stiff, and we have to lay out and take the snow and sleet that falls unpiteously on our heads. The people North probably think there is no such cold weather in the South, but let them experience one winter's campaign and they will find their mistake. At last we have our quarters built, and hardships are forgotten once more.

About the 21st of February the good news comes that the hot-bed of treason, Charleston, has fallen before Sherman's triumphal army that marched to the sea. The army of the Potomac feel jubilant, and are ready as soon as the weather permits, to end this war, which has lasted long enough. All are tired of soldiering, especially those that have marched with the army from the commencement of the war.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PAYMASTER—SUTLER'S STUFF—SUNDAY IN THE ARMY
—ST. PATRICK'S DAY—RUMORS OF PEACE—ORDERS
TO MARCH—READY TO FIGHT FOR PEACE.

There is probably no more welcome guest in the army than the Paymaster, especially when he has not been around for a long time, as in the present case. We have four months back pay due us and are glad to receive our money to buy little necessities and to send home some, that the poor soldier's family needs to live on. The pay rolls are made out, and the man of money comes on the 2d of March. Company A is called and they march up and get their greenbacks. Our necessary evil, the sutler, sets by with his checks and gets his pay first, as at all other pay days, which is almost always the lion's share. Of course, the sutler's tent is crowded, and what he don't get from the paymaster, he will get from the soldier himself, for some, as soon as they get their pay, stuff themselves up with all kinds of eatables that are to be had, and, in a short time, have to fall back on sutlers' tickets again, and

so on all the time. But all are not that way, for, as a general thing, they send their money home. In the army, as in every other place, it takes all kinds of men to make up a people.

Sunday in the army does not differ much from other days of the week, except that the duties in camp are more. The same guard mount, inspection, and meeting, which is extra, when we resort to some shady place to hear the word of God from our good dominie, Mr. Pritchard, whom we all like, and think he can do as well in his line as any other preacher in the army. Then on Sunday, too, can be seen Annie in her best dress, sitting on the ground with her own boys listening to the man of God. These Sunday meetings, as a general thing, are well attended, and all listen with the greatest attention to the sermons and join in the hymns that are sung. Poor, self-sacrificing Annie, you, I hope, will get your reward in heaven when your campaigns and battles in this life are ended. For no one on this earth can recompense you for the good you have done in your four years' service for the boys in blue, in the heat of battle, on the wearied marches, and in the hospitals and camps. May your path through this life be strewn with roses, and may you rest on the laurels you have so dearly won, is the prayer of thousands who have been benefited by your timely presence.

St. Patrick's day is at hand, the day which every Irishman loves. It is going to be celebrated at the head-quarters of the Prince of Irishmen—General Thomas Francis Meagher. Every one is going, myself with the rest. A walk of about four miles brings us to the Irish brigade. We find everything gotten up in grand style for the occasion. A grand stand is erected, on which can be seen the leading Generals

of the army—Grant is not present, but the gallant Meade, Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick, and others of lesser note are to be seen, the guests of the idolized Meagher. There is to be an old fashioned hurdle-race, and all too, where the Johnnies can witness the sport; for everything is carried on in plain sight of the enemy. The horses start, about ten in number, and all present enjoy the sport. The hurdles are leaped in fine style, and the horses come in amid the wild cheers of the spectators—the boys in blue. After the races, a banquet is sat down to, where the day is celebrated in fine style, with all the usual toasts on such occasions. On the grounds too, are booths, erected by the *sharks* of the army, where the soldier may eat his fill at exorbitant prices. After the horse races, come all kinds of games, such as sack-racing, wheelbarrow-racing, climbing greased poles, and other games, which all enjoy very much, and then return to their camps, well satisfied with the celebration of St. Patrick's day in the army.

There are rumors of peace again, but after a few good square meals the rebel Peace Commissioners will go back to tell their superiors that Uncle Sam will not be satisfied with anything less than an unconditional surrender to the laws of the United States. So after all we will have to fight it out on our *line* for peace if it takes a dozen summers. And now the weather is getting fine we have orders to buckle on our cartridge boxes, and fight the last battle for the Union and peace.

CHAPTER I.

MARCH TO THE FRONT—THE BALL OPENS—TREMENDOUS
FIRING ALONG THE LINES—THE REBELS GIVE WAY—A
HALT—ADVANCE ON PETERSBURG—CAPTURE OF THE
CITY—RICHMOND OURS—GREAT REJOICING.

On the 26th of March, orders come to pack up, which is done in a hurry, and soon we are at the front, and immediately engaged with the enemy by charging on their works and capturing a number of prisoners. We fall back again, and pitch our tents, but there is no rest for us now, for the crisis is at hand, and tents are struck again. We march to the support of the picket line and lay on our arms all night, but are relieved, and go back to camp again. Now this fooling must soon cease, for the lions are growling at each other, and anxious to be let loose for the final struggle. On the 29th we break camp again and move to the left and build more works. It is evident that the greatest caution is exercised in this move, and if nothing unusual happens, we have surely beat our last retreat. At three o'clock we advance through woods and swamps, and occupy some works that have been deserted by the enemy, and bivouac for the night. Next morning we advance through more swamps, and beard the lion in his den. We get engaged with them right off, and have quite a tussel, but do not force things very hard, and are contented to hold what ground we have, for a while at least. In the meantime the right of our army are not idle, for they are closing up on the enemy's lines, and have captured some of the king-row already. General Lee may try to fight out the game for a short time, but he will have to succumb to

force. About ten o'clock on the ever to be remembered Saturday night, the 1st of April, 1865, a tremendous fire is opened along the lines. It seems as though bedlam was let loose, and such was the fact, for Fort Hell opened with her neighboring forts and poured the shot and shell into the enemy's lines, as quick as Uncle Sam's powder monkeys could load and fire. Our brave pickets advance, supported well by solid lines of infantry, and before the rebel pickets knew there was a Yank around, were captured ere they could fire a shot. "Forward !" is heard in suppressed commands by the officers, and the men in an instant are pulling up the abattis in front of the rebel strongholds. The artillery cease firing, and in the dead hour of night the Union army advance and capture the outer works of the enemy, with a large number of prisoners. Cheer upon cheer ascends along the lines, and every one feels jubilant, but there is plenty of work ahead yet to be done, for the enemy have several lines of works in front of Petersburg.

Sunday morning bright and early we are up and advance through the woods and drive the rebels before us. Hurrah, boys, now keep them moving and they never can make a successful stand again. We still advance, and plant our banners on their forts. The enemy are now flying before us like a vast mob, and we have their army cut in two. They hold some works immediately in front of Petersburg, but we need not sacrifice any more men by charging on them, for they will have to leave before morning. They evidently mean to do all the mischief they can, for they open up a vigorous fire on us, and we have to keep low. We lay around Sunday evening, and Monday morning at four o'clock our advance enter Petersburg, the key to the rebel Capital. Tremendous cheering is heard along the line, and it is made known to us that Richmond, the Cap-

ital of the Southern Confederacy, is ours. Truly, we have cause to rejoice, for that we have suffered so much to get for the last four years, at last is ours. In the charging of Saturday night the enemy lost a good many of their best officers, among whom was the famous General Hill, and it was told to us by some rebel prisoners that the gallant General Lee had some narrow escapes, for it was with difficulty he could be made to fall back when all was lost. Now we are ready to follow up the retreating army and will use another chapter for the chase.

CHAPTER LI.

JEFF. DAVIS—FOLLOWING UP THE RETREATING ARMY—
REBEL PRISONERS—STRAGGLERS—THE REBEL ARMY
DEMORALIZED—A RUNNING FIGHT—CAPTURE
OF A WAGON TRAIN—A MOTLY
CROWD—A NEEDED REST.

It was hoped that Jeff. Davis would be captured, but he made a hasty retreat, and vamoosed the camp. Everyone is sorry he was not captured and hanged to the first "sour apple tree," as has been sung so often for the last four years. But he will have to keep his *eye* open pretty sharp to get away, for his race is run, and the day of retribution is at hand.

Lee's destination seems to be to join Johnston's army in North Carolina, for they have left in that direction, and if they can join both armies together, probably will fight and die in the last ditch. But the question is, can Lee's army get away from us. We shall see. About eight o'clock

Monday morning, our corps, the Second, strike off on the river road on a forced march. On the road, as we pass by, can be seen all kinds of munitions of war thrown in every conceivable way by the retreating army to lighten their progress. The Fifth Corps and Sheridan's cavalry are in advance to cut off their supplies on the South Side Railroad, at Burkesville Station. We receive the news that they have captured the place, with a great quantity of supplies, which will leave the retreating army very short of provisions. We make a march of about seventeen miles and bivouac for the night. Every man feels jubilant, and is anxious for the morrow, to renew the chase. On Tuesday we make an easy march of about nine miles, and bivouac for the night. The gallant Phil. Sheridan's cavalry are having lively times with Lee's army. Wednesday we make the Danville Railroad and pass the Fifth Corps, who are in strong works, and march to the extreme left, where we bivouac for the night, after a fifteen miles march. On this day's march we pass by thousands of rebel stragglers who are played out. They say that the main army is demoralized.

Thursday morning we start on our march at eight o'clock, and strike the enemy at ten. They make a stubborn resistance for about ten minutes, but we at them with a cheer and drive them from their position. In this fight we lose a great many good men in killed and wounded. But we pass over the bodies of a great number of the enemy, who have fought their last battle for the "lost cause."

We have got the enemy now on the run, and go for them on the double-quick. Our gallant Colonel Pulford is on horseback, and it would seem as though he would be pierced with a bullet every moment. We try to have him dis-

mount, but he knows no fear, and leads his gallant Fifth on his noble charger. Lieutenant-Colonel Root is along, too, cheering his men. No braver soldier ever drew a sword than he. He is the beloved of those who have the good fortune to be in his command. In camp, mild but firm; in battle as brave as the bravest. Always at his post, he never lost a battle, from the first Bull Run to the present time. He will always be remembered with the greatest pleasure by those who have shared the numerous campaigns with him in the Army of the Potomac. General Byron R. Pierce commands our old brigade. He is as cool under fire as on parade, and, nothing daunted, he leads his men in the midst of the battle, and all are proud of our gallant General. We have not space in this volume to record the bravery of every man. Suffice to say, that all have done their duty, with a *few exceptions*, that will not be mentioned in these pages.

The enemy now have fallen back, and taken up a position near a brick house, where they fight very wickedly, as they are trying to get a large wagon train away from our reach, which is in their rear. The rebels are posted at every window in the house, and keep up a vigorous fire on us. On the crest of a hill beyond, they have a very wicked battery, which they use right lively. Now we are exposed too much for nothing and would much rather charge on them than stand their fire. So the order is given to forward, and inside of two minutes the brick house is ours. The Johnnies who fired at us are pulled out of the windows and taken prisoners. The enemy's battery still holds its position, and pour in shell quick and fast, but we have good shelter now, and wait for the rest of our lines to come up, which they do in a few minutes. All is ready now to go for the train, and the order "forward" is given

once more; the rebel battery makes a hasty retreat, leaving about two hundred and fifty wagons in our hands.

We have had a running fight all day of about fifteen miles, and are satisfied to bivouac. The boys are tired after their days' work, but they must go for the wagons. We find all kinds of rebel clothing and dry goods, from a private's uniform to a Major-Generals. We have plenty of rebel Major-Generals and officers of every grade in our camp, for the boys don the grey uniforms of the rebels for a change. The enthusiasm of the troops is unbounded, and all feel that the rebellion in Virginia is on its last legs. A motley crowd is in camp to-night, and feeling happy. After a talk and a smoke we lie down to get some needed rest, and sleep the sleep of the wearied soldier.

CHAPTER LII.

FOLLOWING UP THE ENEMY—THEY ARE BROUGHT TO BAY
AGAIN—A STUBBORN RESISTANCE—THE ENEMY GONE
FROM OUR FRONT—FORWARD AGAIN—A BURNING
BRIDGE GRANT WANTS LEE TO SURRENDER—THEY
WILL DIE IN THEIR LAST DITCH—SURRENDER
OF LEE AND THE REBEL ARMY—REFLECTIONS—JOY AND SADNESS.

On the morning of Friday we renew our chase, and at noon overtake the enemy, who are entrenched behind some works thrown up by them the night before. They make a stubborn resistance, but all in vain, as nothing can stand now before their old adversaries, the Army of the Potomac. It is not necessary now to sacrifice many lives by charging on them, for we have men enough to surround the rem-

nants of Lee's army. After a sharp fight we lie down in our position, well satisfied that the enemy will be gone from our front in the morning, and such we find is the fact for on Saturday morning our skirmishers advance, and soon find out that the rebel army had left their position of the previous night. We pack up and start on the chase once more. Coming up to the high bridge on the Danville railroad, which spans the Appomattox River, we find it one vast sheet of flame. In a moment our brave pioneers jump on the bridge to save the useless destruction of that fine structure, which the enemy had set on fire in their madness. But we think they have only spited themselves, for they will have to re-build it again if they travel from Virginia to North Carolina by the modern way of travel.

We still keep on our march, and leave the beautiful village of Farmville on our left. We hear cannonading a long ways off, and think the gallant Phil. Sheridan and his famous cavalry are heading them off. At Farmville, Gen. Grant sends word to Lee to surrender and stop the unnecessary shedding of any more blood, but the rebel chief means to fight it out to the bitter end. By not surrendering at this time Gen. Lee has lost all the respect that the old Army of the Potomac ever had for him, for we know that a few days longer at the farthest, is as long as he can hold out. But in every skirmish some poor fellow must loose his life. After a march of fifteen miles we halt for the night, thinking the end of our chase is not far off. On the ever to be remembered Sunday morning, the 9th of April, 1865, we resume our chase at 8 o'clock. We hear the firing of artillery in the rear of the enemy, and can see that they are completely surrounded. All expect that they will try to make a break through our lines somewhere, but we are ready for them. Up to about

twelve o'clock heavy fighting is going on, and the rebels are driven back into a more compact body in the ring. At about twelve o'clock the firing suddenly ceases, and a flag of truce advances from the enemy's lines. We imagine what it is for, but none dare to be sure of what is to follow. Everything is hushed in silence on that quiet Sabbath evening, and all wait patiently for the news.

The flag of truce bore the following note from General Lee to General Grant :

SUNDAY, April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL :—

I received your note of this morning on the picket line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday, with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

In reply, Grant sent the following note to him :

SUNDAY, April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, *Commanding C. S. A.* :—

Your note of this date is but this moment, 11:50 A. M., received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am, at this writing, about four miles west of Walter's Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road, where you wish the interview to take place, will meet me.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

The following proposals were also sent by General Grant:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, *Commanding C. S. A.* :—

In accordance with the substance of my letters to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their command. The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant General.

The following is the reply of the rebel chief to the above, and accepted :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
April 9th, 1865. }

LIEUTENANT GENERAL, U. S. GRANT, *Commanding U. S. A.* :

GENERAL :—I have received your letter of this date containing the terms of surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulation into effect.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,
General.

Immediately after General Grant rode forward to meet the rebel chief, and both met at the house of a Mr. McLain, both accompanied by several of their staff. After a chat about old times they proceeded to business, and Grant wrote with a pencil the same terms offered by him in the morning and handed it to Gen. Lee, who read it over carefully and inquired the construction of private horses, as he said that nearly all of his men owned their horses, when Gen. Grant told him they must be turned over to the United States Government. But after a careful and wise reflection, he told Lee that all who owned their horses could retain them as they would need them to till their farms. While the terms of surrender were being copied, Grant and Lee conversed about old times. When the document was copied, Lee wrote the following reply :

GENERAL :—

I have received your letter of this date, containing the terms of surrender of the Army of North Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect."

On that quiet Palm Sunday evening our adversaries in over fifty battles, the Army of Northern Virginia, had surrendered to the Grand Army of the Potomac. During the time the arrangements were being perfected for the formal surrender, the feeling among the soldiers was at a fever heat. Everything was as still as the city of the dead, and all were waiting patiently to hear whether the order would be to advance to fight again or to stack our arms and bury the hatchet of the last four years. But, thank God, the welkin rings with the glad cheers as the good news is announced by our gallant commander, General Meade, that

Lee and his army at last had surrendered. The artillery belch forth shot after shot, but this time they are shots of peace, and the whole army is one vast body of cheering and wild excitement. Some laugh, some cry, caps are sent into the air and every man cheers until he is hoarse. But let every one cheer and send the echo to the glorious North that peace has dawned this beautiful Palm Sunday over our bleeding and distracted country. Surely every one has cause of rejoicing at the close of this bloody and fratricidal war. But our great joy is intermingled with the deepest of sorrow at the loss of so many great men on over a hundred different battle fields, and in the Southern slaughter pens.

Let the good news reach them in their soldier graves that they did not die in vain, for this great and glorious country is saved, and will be handed down through all time to come as the greatest nation of the earth, and will be a home for the oppressed of foreign monarchs.

We have advanced far enough South now and we lie down to rest, well satisfied with our work of the last short week,—breaking through their strongholds at Petersburg and Richmond and capturing the whole Rebel army after a chase of about seventy-five miles—we take the needed sleep, well satisfied that our work is done, and done well.

CHAPTER LIII.

PLENTY OF RAIN—MUD, MUD, MUD—FEEDING THE REBEL
ARMY—OUR HOMEWARD MARCH BEGUN—GREAT RE-
JOICING AMONG THE COLORED POPULATION—
ARRIVAL AT BURKSVILLE STATION.

Sunday evening it commenced to rain, and kept it up all the next day. In the meantime we do not forget our fallen enemy. At the time of their surrender they were very destitute of provisions, but thank God we have a surplus on hand, and all the past is now forgotten, and provisions are hastened forward to their relief. Five hundred head of cattle are sent to them, with plenty of hard tack, coffee, sugar and all the necessaries to make them a few good square meals. The rain pours down in torrents, and we are almost to our knees in mud. If we have no more fighting to do we have the same hardships of a soldier to endure. We have a long road before us to Washington, and it must be all tramped over before our soldiering is ended.

On Tuesday, April 11th we start on our backward march, and get to a small village by the name of New-Store, and bivouac for the night. Wednesday we start again, and march to Farmville, a distance of eighteen miles. During this day's march along the road, as we pass by, hundreds of colored people flock to the roadside, to cheer us on our homeward march. "God bless you, massa sojers," is heard on every side by the late slaves, for now they can rejoice to be free. Very touching scenes are witnessed, as old men and women fall on their knees and clasp their hands in prayer to the Almighty for their deliverance from their

chains of slavery. Great tears roll down their sable cheeks, and the stoutest hearted soldier is filled with emotion. Surely if there was any good accomplished by our late war, it was the freeing of millions of poor human beings, and as for myself, I thank God for being an humble instrument in helping to make this great and glorious country free to all.

At Farmville we find the creeks and streams swollen to an enormous size by the late rains, and it is with difficulty we can cross, but after laying down our pontoons we get over all right, and start on our march for the Southside Railroad, to have an easy base of supplies. As we march back, thousands of our late adversaries march with us on their way home. Poor fellows, what will they find there? Only desolation, ruin and misery. But alas, it is the fate of cruel war. And now that all is ended let us try to build up that that has so long been destroyed, peace and happiness in our distracted country. After a tiresome march we arrive at Burksville station, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad. Here the sutlers reach us again, and we commence to live on the fat of the good things found in their tents, All feel tired however, and it will take a few days to recuperate.

CHAPTER LIV.

DEATH OF LINCOLN—THE FEELING IN THE ARMY—SURRENDER OF JOHNSON'S ARMY TO SHERMAN'S—DEATH OF THE ASSASSIN BOOTH—HOMEWARD MARCH RESUMED—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—ARRIVAL AT MANCHESTER.

Amid the rejoicing of the whole country at the downfall of the rebellion, the sad news is flashed over the wires

that our beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, has been murdered by a foul assassin, and at a time, too, when all his hopes and wishes had been realized, the end of treason. I shall not attempt to tell how the news was received in the North, but I can tell a little of the feeling the sad event created in the army. Who could have told that amidst the great rejoicing, from the length and breadth of our loyal North, that the rejoicing would be turned into the deepest mourning, and that, too, by the loss of the nation's greatest son. The feeling in the army was intense, for all felt that we had lost our best friend, and at a time, too, when his magnanimity would shine forth in all its benevolence. If the foul assassin could only be brought to the army he would be made to suffer more than a thousand deaths, could he die so many times, for depriving us of more than a father. But alas, the monster Secession had to crown all of its miseries by this most diabolical act. But after all the nation has one consolation, that Abraham Lincoln had lived to see the day when peace dawned upon his distracted country, and that it was safe as a Union of all the States, and that the question of disunion was forever settled before he was called to receive the reward that is meted out by the just Judge to all those that doeth his will. Peaceful be thy rest, Father Abraham ; you will be kept fresh in the memories of all true American citizens, as the great martyr of our country's freedom.

At this time of great mourning we receive the news that Johnson's army has surrendered to Sherman on the same terms that Lee's army surrendered to our own. Now the war is virtually at an end, and of course our work is done. We are waiting patiently for the order to come to resume our homeward march, but do not wait long, for on

the 1st of May the order comes to pack up and be ready to march, which we do with a will. But before we start we get the news that the villainous assassin had been killed, and every one thinks that he received too honorable a death, as he was killed by a shot fired at him while brought to bay in an old barn in the vicinity of Front Royal, Virginia, by a soldier named Boston Corbet. But he is dead, and while his victim will be held with feelings of admiration by his fellow countrymen, the name of J. Wilkes Booth will go down to posterity with the utmost loathing and contempt.

About the 1st of lovely May we resume our homeward march. The weather is beautiful and all nature is in its grandest glory and seems to smile upon us. I am sure my late comrades will agree that we never enjoyed a march better than those of the few first days from Burkesville Station. Step is taken to the tune of the song "When Johnny comes marching home again," and all join in the chorus with a will, for the song is a very appropriate one on the present marches, and all feel happy to think they can go home again.

After a nice march of about ten miles we camp for the night. Next morning, the 3rd, we resume our march and make a mile post on the railroad marked "33 miles from Richmond" and halt for dinner. After resting about one hour and a half we marched to Appomattox River, where we bivouac for the night. The same ovation is shown us by the colored people along our line of march. All treat us with the utmost kindness, while the white people keep rather shy of us. We cannot blame them much and we pity them now, and pass by in silence, wanting to get away from them as fast as we can, and leave them to re-build that which *they* have destroyed.

On the 4th we resume our march and at night camp about nine miles from Richmond. On the 5th we have an easy march and camp inside the late Rebel works at Manchester, on the south side of James River. We have a beautiful view of Richmond. Manchester is a very dilapidated old town, and the people look something like the place. Feeling tired we lie down to sleep and rest our weary limbs and be ready to march through Richmond the next day. We will march triumphantly through the late Rebel stronghold in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LV.

MARCHING THROUGH RICHMOND—A PASSING NOTICE OF THE
CITY—SCENES AND INCIDENTS—LIBBY PRISON—THE
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE—SOUTHERN HELLS—A
BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY MORNING—THROUGH
HANOVER C. H.—THE BIVOUAC.

On the 6th of May we are ready to march. We hear the music from scores of bands float in the air, and all is bustle and commotion. Forward is the order and we file out of our camp and march through Manchester. We unfurl our tattered flags and carry them in triumph through the city that caused their war-worn looks. We are all proud of our old flags and it is hoped they will be cherished with the greatest veneration not only by those that have cause to love every star and stripe that hangs together, but all who love and honor the beautiful emblem of our Free Government.

As we pass by the principal places of note crowds gather through curiosity to see the great elephant pass—the Army of the Potomac. They gaze with eyes wide open to see that so many of the Northern mudsills still live after wiping out all ideas of a Southern Confederacy. And now we enter the late Capitol, but not in the way that the Rebel chief assured the inhabitants we would, on a certain occasion mentioned in these pages. We pass by the Capitol where were foul, treasonable utterances for over four years, and which was the cradle of all the leading spirits in the late fizzle. Next we pass Libby Prison and the old tobacco warehouse. Oh, could those old gloomy walls speak, they could tell of such miseries of poor human beings, not to speak of the poor unfortunate prisoners that fate threw in the way of such inhuman fiends. The treatment our poor fellows received in these Southern hells would put to blush the most savage barbarians in the wilds of Africa. But let this pass, for all will have to give an account of themselves and their doings to a more just judge who will mete out to every one according to his just deserts. We expect justice done to the villains that caused such misery in those prison hells. And now we will leave them, expecting that their time will come. So we march through with flags flying and bands playing, and come to a halt three or four miles beyond and camp for the night.

Sunday morning dawns and all are up making preparations for an early start. The morning is beautiful and every man feels as happy as can well be expected, and are pleased that we are drawing nearer to our destination, which is Washington. We pass by old battle grounds, through the village of Hanover Court House and camp for the night on the north bank of the Pamunkey river, after a nice day's march. Here we draw rations—hard-tack, salt-

pork, coffee and sugar—for we are not through with our old rations yet. Our coffee tastes as well as ever, and now we have plenty of time to cook and drink it. The times have changed, too, in some other respects, for we are very saving of fence rails. We try and leave the poor people what little they have left, and favor them all we can.

CHAPTER LVI.

OUR MARCH RESUMED—A BLUE MONDAY—GO OUT OF OUR
WAY—IN NO HURRY AND BIVOUAC—ON THE RIGHT
ROAD AGAIN—MESOPOTAMIA CHURCH—LADIES WAVE
THEIR HANDKERCHIEFS AT US—WE ARE STRUCK
WITH WONDER—BIVOUAC NEAR THE BLOODY
CITY OF FREDERICKSBURG—THE LAST
CHAPTER OF MARCHES.

On Monday morning, the 8th of May, we resume our march and after going ten or fifteen miles, are lost in the wilderness of Old Virginia. As we are not in a very great hurry, we camp for the night. The day has turned out to be a blue Monday, but the next morning we get out of the wilderness and on the right road that leads to Washington. Crossing the Ny river we camp once more about twelve miles from Fredericksburg, and an easy march will bring us to that place. On the 10th we resume our weary pilgrimage and while marching by Mesopotamia Church are met by a wonder of wonders in the shape of some ladies who *actually* are waving their handkerchiefs at us and singing patriotic songs, the first treatment of the kind we met with in Old Virginia. No wonder we are struck with amazement at the sight, and we all cheer them

as we go by. We are shaking off the sacred soil from our government pontoons as fast as we can, and a few days more will end our most weary marches. Tramp, tramp, tramp, we go, and pull up at the bloody city of Fredericksburg. Around here we feel quite at home, for we see old familiar places. We roam over the heights where so many brave men fell trying to dislodge the enemy from them. The old battle ground looks dreary and desolate. Here and there can be seen skulls and bones protruding above the ground, while around are seen the evidences of a fiercely contested battle. Old pieces of muskets and cannon are strewn about. Places and positions held by the different corps and divisions are pointed out by those who think they know. But we find that time has changed the looks of the battle ground to a great extent. Brush and wild shrubbery have grown all around and everything now about the battle ground of December 13th, 1862, looks sad and still. Peaceful be thy rest, oh, fallen comrades. We leave thee in sorrow and get back to our camp to prepare our frugal meal, and rest from the fatigues of the day.

It has been raining for a few days, making the roads very muddy and difficult for artillery trains and ambulances to cross over them. On the 11th we had to build roads so as to move over our trains, but are still pushing our way for Washington. We have changed now the cry from "On to Richmond," to "Back to Washington." We halt for the night after a sixteen miles' hard march. On the 12th we have a nice day but it is very muddy and the sacred soil seems loth to leave our army shoes. But we try to shake it off and get through fifteen miles more of muddy roads and encamp again. On the 13th we resume our march and pass through swamps and creeks, cross the Orange and Alexandria railroad at Burk's Station and pull up

near Annonssdale and again go into camp where we remain over Sunday, the 14th, and have religious services. Our good Dominie thanks the Lord for bringing us like the children of Israel over the Red Sea, safe and sound, under the protecting wing of the American Eagle at Washington. On Monday, the 15th, we brake camp, and after an easy march pull up about six miles from Washington and go into camp. This ends our weary marching in Dixie.

CHAPTER LVII.

CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS—CAMP LIFE AGAIN—VISITING OUR
FRIENDS—GAY TIMES—TROOPS GOING HOME—WHAT
WILL THE SOLDIERS DO WHEN THEY GET HOME ?
—BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATIONS—THE
GRAND REVIEW.

While in camp we receive news of the capture of the defunct President of the late Southern Confederacy. He was captured disguised as a woman. His number *twelves* caused his capture, for while crossing a fence his pursuers saw such large feet on *that* woman, they guessed right away that it must be Jeff, and told him to surrender, which he did, with very poor grace. It was a shame to the sex he tried to impersonate, for to have such a great big homely fellow try to palm himself off for one of the tender sex. An exact painting of him at the time of his capture must be a great curiosity, and it was too bad that a special artist from Frank Leslie's establishment was not on the spot.

We have now the same routine of camp life as of yore, but picket and fatigue duties are abolished, as there is no

more need for them now, the soldier's heavy work is done. We try to pass away the time by visiting our friends, and seeing the sights in Washington and Alexandria. We are having gay times and feel happy.

There are a great many troops going home, and other regiments go to see them off and bid them good-bye. Now that the soldiers are going home a great many ask, what they will do when they get home? I will try and answer. Always take notice in your own vicinity, that when an old soldier settles down, is industrious, keeps sober and makes a good citizen, almost invariably put him down as a good soldier in the field. But let all good people deal lightly with a soldier's faults, for they have been through the *mill* for the past four years, and will be always glad to see their old comrades and talk over their campaigns and battles, and for a while after they get home very few will blame them for having their time out.

The scenes in camp every night are beautiful. Thousands of candles and lamps are seen as far as the eye can reach. Dancing and music is the order of the night, and every man enjoys the sports that is going on all around.

Sherman's army has joined our own, and there is talk of one more great review of the whole army—infantry, cavalry and artillery. The order comes to get ready for our last review. On the 23d of May our army takes up its line of march and cross the Long Bridge. Our corps takes a position on Capitol Hill, stack arms, and wait for the whole army to get into position. Great preparations have been made in the city for this, the grandest pageant that ever took place in modern times. Standing room, in a prominent place, where can be seen the army as it passes, is rented at fabulous prices, and the city is one vast sea of hu-

manity. About nine o'clock we commence our march down Pennsylvania Avenue. The buildings are beautifully decorated with all kinds of mottos, evergreens and flags. Thousands flock to the streets to welcome the conquering armies—the grand army of the Potomac, who first made their adversaries succumb to their power, and the great army under the indomitable Sherman, that marched to the sea, and followed close to their brother army, and likewise captured their adversaries. The sight before our eyes as we pass the Capitol building, is grand in the extreme. As far as the eye can reach along the beautiful Avenue a solid mass of men are seen moving, and all keeping step to the numerous bands that lead the different regiments. One would think that the whole avenue was covered with one vast sheet of burnished steel, for the bayonets glitter in the sunlight, and throw their bright lustre on all around. Cheer upon cheer goes up from the crowds as the old tattered flags pass by. There are people present from all parts of the civilized world, to see what no other country on the face of the earth can produce—a conquering army of citizen soldiers, numbering nearly three hundred thousand. Every available spot is taken up—from the cellars of buildings to the giddy height of fifth story roofs. The lamp posts, trees and telegraph poles have their share of humanity clinging to them. As we pass the grand stand we observe the President, Andrew Johnson, the members of his Cabinet, Lieutenant General Grant and Staff, Ambassadors from foreign nations, and others of distinction. We salute by dropping our colors, and pass on to camp, hoping it will be our last review. It took all of this day for the Army of the Potomac to pass the reviewing stand, and on the twenty-fourth ended the great review, for on

this day Sherman's army, the cavalry and artillery are reviewed in like manner. We are back in camp again, and now wait anxiously to go home.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LAST VISIT TO WASHINGTON—A DAY OF HUMILIATION—
ORDERS TO PACK UP—ORDERED TO LOUISVILLE, KEN-
TUCKY—LEAVING FAMILIAR SCENES—A RIDE OVER
THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.—BEAUTIFUL
SCENERY—ARRIVAL AT PARKERSBURG.

About the 1st of June I make my last visit to Washington to visit old familiar places. As I walk up the beautiful avenue I think what a change there is in everything and everybody I meet, since four years ago. Then everything was in commotion. The bustle and preparation for war was seen on every turn, and all looking out for the defenders of the National Capitol to come from their far off homes in the North. But to-day everybody is settled down and feel happy to think that our late bloody war is at an end. The soldier is free as of yore, to visit all the places of interest, and I take a stroll up to the grand old Capitol and stand once more in that vast rotunda, where I stood on the eventful Fourth of July, 1861. The same picture of the Father of his Country looks down on the visitor and with more veneration than ever. I look on that smiling face and recall the past. A strange feeling comes over me that is hard to describe. Then I make my way up, up, up, to the dome, and gaze on the beautiful panorama before me. Away to the front is the old city of

Georgetown with its beautiful Catholic College, and Oak Hill Cemetery—a fit place for the hallowed dead. Nearer can be seen the White House—the home of our Presidents and *home-stretch* of many a Presidential race. The Treasury Department, with its untold wealth within its vaults, the grand Post-Office building where all our billets doux used to go through on their way to the Boys in Blue ; the great Smithsonian Institute with its Egyptian mummies and millions of curiosities ; the unfinished monument of the great and immortal Washington, which stands as a rebuke to the American people, are all in plain view. Beyond is the majestic Potomac, winding its way to the Chesapeake, to mingle with the briny deep. Beyond the river can be seen the home of the Rebel Chief, Arlington Heights, with its grounds dotted with plain head-boards to the graves of the heroic dead. All around can be seen myriads of shelter tents of both armies, the Eastern and Western. Seven miles down the river is the former secesh hole of Alexandria, where the gallant and intrepid Ellsworth met his death. Oh, how grand the view before me. Long I look, and not 'till the shades of evening hover around do I leave the spot. I make my way down the winding stairway, give one more look around the vast rotunda and leave the grand old Capitol for camp, well satisfied with my last visit to Washington.

The 1st of June has been appointed by President Johnson as a day of humiliation and prayer in honor of our late President Lincoln. Everything looks solemn in camp and the day is appropriately observed.

Large numbers of the two years' men are discharged and considerable dissatisfaction exists on that account by those who enlisted at the commencement of the war and are still

kept in service. But we have the consolation that we were among the first to enter the service of our country, and are the last to leave the field. But the good news has at last arrived, to pack up and be ready to march.

On the 16th of June we leave our last camp in Virginia and march past forts and breastworks that took many a hard day's work to build, but now their work is accomplished and they are of no more use but to leave as trophies to let travelers and sight-seers penetrate through the great mounds of earth that encircle Washington. We wend our way to the Long Bridge, and the boys point out, as we pass by, old familiar landmarks. We step on the bridge from off the sacred soil of old Virginia and cross the river to where the cars are in waiting for us, to carry us over the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The iron horse blows her whistle and off we go, leaving Washington and the scenes of our late operations behind. This is one of the most beautiful railroads in the United States, and a trip over it will well pay any traveler that loves the sublime and grand scenery along the line. We soon arrive at that *much* captured village, Harper's Ferry. The train winds its way around Maryland Heights and cross the bridge that spans the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers. We dash along over bridges and culverts, pass strong block houses that have seen their day and pull up at the dilapidated village of Martinsburg. We see the old familiar brick chimneys with houses built to them, which puts us in mind of old times. The conductor blows his whistle and all are aboard and off we go. We soon come to the Alleghany and pass through the tunnels that penetrate those mountains. The scenery here is beyond description, and must be seen to be appreciated. We pull up at Cumberland, West Virginia, and rest a few hours. We start again and go through

the Cheat Mountains. The air is delightful and all enjoy the ride as well as they can. We branch off at a place called Grafton for Parkersburg. Clarkesville and a number of other towns are passed on this branch and we arrive safe at Parkersburg without any accident, and go into camp for the night, after a delightful trip of nearly three days, traveling a distance of four hundred and twenty-four miles.

CHAPTER LIX.

DOWN THE OHIO—THE STEAMER PICKETT—A MAGNIFICENT
RIDE—FOG BOUND—PORKOPOLIS—VINEYARDS—THE
CALLIOPE—ARRIVAL AT LOUISVILLE—CROSS THE
OHIO AND GO INTO CAMP NEAR JEFFERSON-
VILLE, INDIANA.

Monday, the 19th of June, everything looks lovely and bright. The warm sunshine invigorates us after our sleep on the damp dewy ground. We fall in once more and march to the river and get aboard the good steamer Pickett and commence our pleasure trip down the beautiful Ohio. The boys begin to sing the good old song "Down the Ohio" and all join in the chorus. The puffing of the steam pipe and rumbling sound of the paddle-wheel put us in mind of old times, and all feel happy to think that every turn of the wheel brings us nearer to our happy homes. About 9 o'clock p. m. we are enveloped in a heavy fog, and lay to by the bank of the river until it clears away. Not, till about 10 o'clock next day could we leave our position. The officers of the boat, however, had to keep a sharp lookout to guard against collisions in the fog. We arrived op-

posite Cincinnati, and lay an hour in the stream. We start once more and pass some beautiful vineyards that line the shores on either side of the river. The view is grand, and all enjoy the trip down the Ohio.

On the 21st we arrive safe in Louisville, Kentucky, and disembark ; stay in the city three or four hours and cross the river to Jeffersonville, Indiana. We march through the place and camp two miles up the river. We have a beautiful camp on a high bluff overlooking the Ohio, and can stand it a little longer here, but of course we will soon get tired even of our beautiful camp, for all are anxious now to go home. Away in the distance can be seen Louisville, and directly across the river are the waterworks. The Ohio is dotted with steamers of all kinds and sizes. The boats, as they pass our camp, strike up some beautiful air with their calliope played with steam. At a distance the music sounds beautiful. I will not attempt to describe the calliope, but the different notes are regulated on the same principle as the common whistle, making different sounds.

The weather now is intensely warm and all we have to do is to try to keep cool, but it is very difficult, for all are in a heat to go home. However, we must await our turn, for it takes a long while for our good old Uncle to settle up with all his boys.

CHAPTER LX.

THE MUSTER OUT ROLL ARRIVES—ALL FEEL JUBILANT—
JULY 4TH, 1865—A REVIEW OF THE PAST—ORDERS TO
BE READY TO MARCH—HURRAH FOR OLD MICHIGAN
—RECEPTION IN JACKSON—"JOHNNY COMES
MARCHING HOME."

On the 30th of June our muster-out rolls came, which make all feel glad. Every one whose duty it is to work at them pitches in with a will to get them done.

Hurrah for the Fourth of July! This is the fifth Fourth in the army. The first was spent in Washington when the preparations for putting down the rebellion were going on; the second, at Harrison's Landing, on the Peninsula, after our terrible campaign among the swamps and forests; the third, at Gettysburg, after hurling back the Rebel horde from off our free Northern soil; the fourth, in front of Petersburg, bearding the lion in his den, and to-day, the glorious Fourth, the natal day of our American Independence, we find ourselves in Louisville, after wiping out all traces of the late gigantic rebellion. Surely this ought to be a great day of rejoicing all over the land, for never since the first Fourth in the good old year of '76, had the people more cause to rejoice than on this day. We enjoy ourselves very much and the Fourth ends by firing a salute with cannon, the last day of the kind we are to spend in the army.

We are all ready now to move. Our muster-out rolls are completed, and we are awaiting transportation to go home, which comes on the sixth, and we take the cars for Indianapolis, where we arrive about eight o'clock P. M.

Here we change cars for Michigan City, where we arrive about noon of the seventh. We are now on the good old Michigan Central Railroad, and a short ride will bring us to our own beloved Michigan. One can tell the love each man has for this good old State, and how anxious each asks: "Have we struck Michigan yet?" But a short drive only and we cross the line, amidst the cheers of the boys as they drown the rumbling noise of the train as it dashes along, and the song, "Michigan, my Michigan," is taken up by all and sung with such zest as only those can sing about a place they love.

The good city of Jackson is reached about eight o'clock. The citizens, headed by the noble patriotic Ex-Governor Blair, meet us and take us to their largest hall, where a bountiful banquet is spread for us, the only real good square meal we've had while in the army. The way provisions disappeared on that occasion I will refer any of my readers to the numerous and beautiful young ladies who waited on us on that occasion, for we could tell by the merry twinkle of their eyes that their labors were appreciated. Governor Blair delivered to us a welcoming speech, which very few of the old Third and Fifth will ever forget. After the banquet we marched to the depot, and took the train for our destination.

CHAPTER LXI.

RAILROAD SMASHUP—ONE MAN KILLED AND SEVERAL
WOUNDED—ANN ARBOR—ON THE RAIL AGAIN—ARRIVAL
AT THE CITY OF THE STRAITS—OUR RECEPTION—
GRAND TIMES—VISITING—TERM OF SERVICE
DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

On Saturday morning, July 8th, when all were fast asleep, and the train with its human freight was dashing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, we were brought up suddenly by being huddled together. What is the cause? we ask as we pick ourselves up. By jumping from our cars and going forward we soon see the cause. The engine is stuck in the bank at Ann Arbor, and five or six cars telescoped. We look on with horror and think that after being so near home it is terrible that our comrades should be killed. We stand transfixed to the spot, and hear the groans of the wounded. Making our way among the debris to help them out, we are met by nearly all of our comrades as they crawl on hands and knees toward us through the wreck, dragging their guns and accoutrements with them. We say to ourselves, that after all perhaps only a few are hurt with slight wounds. But we soon learn that one of our number has been called to his last home, poor Sergeant Herbst. A railroad smash-up has done what the rebel bullets could not do, taken the life that has withstood the storms of battle for the last four years. It is the wonder of all that so few are hurt. The cause of the accident was laid to the switchman, who left the switch open, whether purposely or not, no one can tell. After a delay in the beautiful city of Ann Arbor of a few hours, a train

is sent for, and we arrive in the City of the Straits without further accident. The citizens have a good breakfast awaiting us at the depot, which we eat with a will. Breakfast over we are welcomed home by the Mayor, in a beautiful and touching speech. The joy of all is now unbounded, and all feel happy to be home again. Friends gather around and weep for joy to see the bronze faces, after bearing the hardships of the campaigns and storms of over fifty battles. We fall in and commence our march through the beautiful Jefferson Avenue, as nice a street as any city can boast. Both sides are lined with people, and all greeting us with waving of handkerchiefs and loud cheers. Surely all of our fatigues are forgotten now with the thought that our services are appreciated by a free people. We cannot keep in very good marching order for our ranks are charged upon by our friends, regardless of military discipline.

After marching through as well as we could, we break off and stack our arms near Elmwood Cemetery, there to await the coming of the paymaster to give us our last pay. Of course there is no restriction placed on us, only to be around when wanted, and we all go to visit our friends for the last time in Uncle Sam's uniform. Nearly all of us make our way to some merchant tailoring establishment to get measured for a suit of citizen's clothes. We are having gay times, and all seem to vie with each other in treating us well.

