

PERSONAL

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR

BY

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Late Sergeant Company I, 141st Pennsylvania Volunteers



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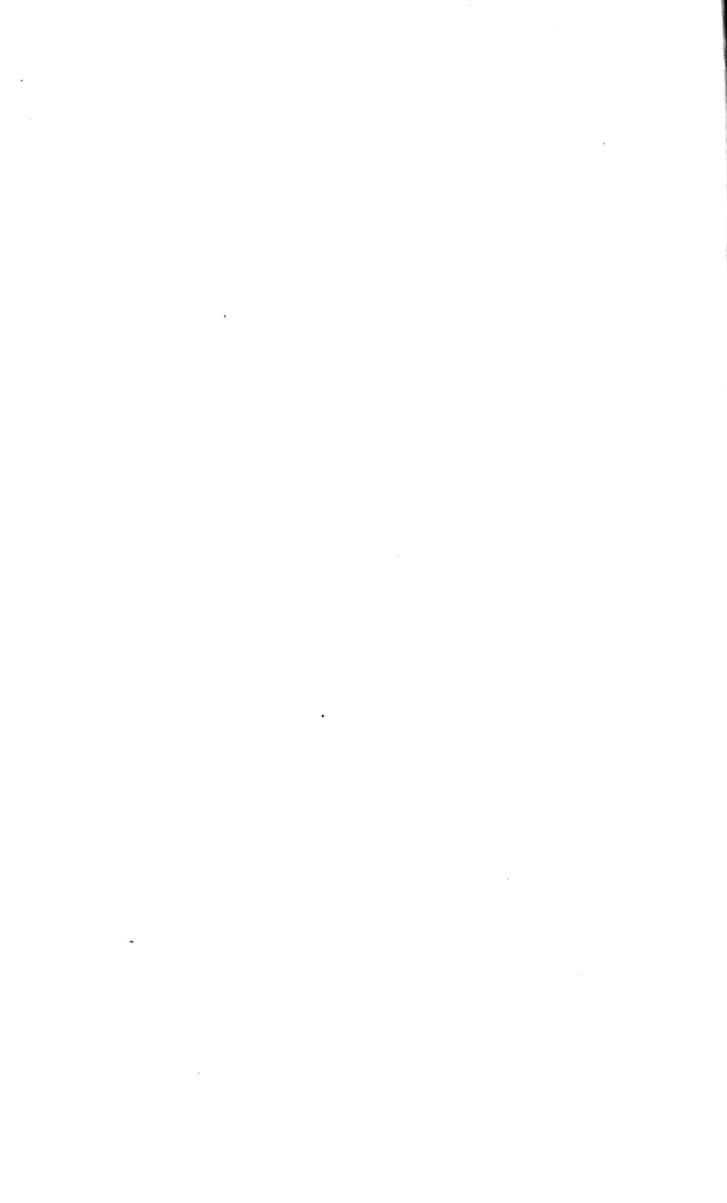
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P R E F A C E.

THE present volume is the outgrowth of a series of articles written by the author for publication in the *Northern Christian Advocate*. At the urgent request of many friends they are now published in book form, with the earnest hope that the story of privation, suffering, and danger—of valor, heroism, and loyalty—may serve to enkindle in the hearts of all who read this record an appreciation of these sacrifices and an undying love of our great, united, and free country, which is the strongest bond of our national unity and existence. In preparing these sketches the author has freely consulted Chaplain Craft's admirable history of the One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, has also been greatly aided by his diary, which was kept during the entire three years' service, but has been obliged to draw from memory for the principal details.

Tioga Center, N. Y., December 13, 1892.



INTRODUCTION.

MILITARY, like civil history, must deal with men in the aggregate. Individuals come into distinctive notice only as they may be representative of classes or leaders of masses of other individuals. The soldier is lost in his company, regiment, brigade, division, army corps, and the historian who writes an account of a battle or a campaign concerns himself with the body of men who endured the march, bivouacked in the storm, made the attack, carried the redoubt, stormed the stronghold, resisted the assault, suffered the loss, and gained the victory ; possibly may delineate the character of the generals, criticise their plans, or approve their skill and bravery. But companies, regiments, and brigades are made up of individual soldiers, whose *personnel*, discipline, bravery, intelligence, and courage give character and tone to the organization which they

form. The deeds of these individuals, the personal daring of one, the coolness and intrepidity of another, the clumsiness or skill of a third, or the dare-devil recklessness of some other, are phases of the personal life of an organization as truly as its patience on the march or its boldness and courage on the battlefield.

Then, too, no inconsiderable part of a soldier's life is spent in camp, during which the military organizations, as such, are in comparative inactivity, but where the energy of the individual soldier finds full scope. During these periods of military quiet the private soldier was accustomed to display the greatest activity. Games in camp and tent, jokes, sometimes of an intensely practical turn, played upon a comrade, running of camp guards, evading camp law, were frequent sources of amusement and pastime. In the hospitals were the sick and the dying, in most instances away from friends and kindred, the wounded and the slain on the battlefields, where were displayed heroic fortitude in suffering, patience in the solitude of sickness, and faith in the hour of death, the patriotism of the soldier, the love and loyalty of the man, the kindness of

human sympathy, and the fraternity of the comrade.

Nor was soldier life outside the divine influences of our holy religion. In many a one the hallowed and gracious power of spiritual life was conspicuous in camp and field. Loyalty to Christ, resistance to temptation, faithfulness to duty, honesty in purpose, and truthfulness to principle not infrequently shone out with more resplendent brightness in the exigencies and emergencies of military life than in the quieter ways of the home life.

If anyone, therefore, would fully acquaint himself with soldier life he must go back of the organization, with its marches and battles; he must meet the men off duty. The dress parade may exhibit the soldier, the tent and camp life show the man.

It is this inner life of the regiment which is faithfully portrayed in this volume. Its accomplished author, now an honored clergyman in a great religious body, and a most acceptable pastor and preacher, was an enlisted private of Company I, of the One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment of Pennsylvania Infantry, promoted to a sergeant, wounded at Get-

tysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863, and mustered out of the service at the close of the war with the record of being a good soldier, an efficient officer, and unswervingly loyal to his country and its flag. His rank and official duties brought him closer to the daily life of the rank and file, and, consequently, afforded him better opportunity of gathering the "personal reminiscences" which are here recorded than a commissioned officer, who by military discipline is farther removed from the men he commands. It delineates soldier life as it was in the actual experiences of the men, and not as it appears in the movement of his regiment. To the surviving comrades, to the children and friends of the fallen, to all who desire to see the men as they lived day by day, this book must have a priceless value, and ought to have a place in every soldier's home.

In some respects the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Regiment was quite remarkable. It was mustered from contiguous territory in the northeastern part of the State, six and one half companies being from eastern Bradford, a half company from Sullivan, two companies from Susquehanna, and one

from Wayne County. They were mostly young men who represented the very best families and the best blood of the region whence they came, intelligent, earnest, loyal, and patriotic. They went into the service not to have a holiday, but to put down the rebellion and preserve the integrity of the Union and the government. The war had been going on for more than a year. It had ceased to be a novelty or an adventure to go soldiering. Their officers, from the colonel down, were from the same neighborhoods and men of like spirit. It is doubtful if any regiment mustered from the rural districts entered the service in which there was greater homogeneity, so great social equality, or bound more closely by personal ties than this. And this bond was welded in the fires of more than a score of battles, where, as might have been expected, the regiment was decimated again and again, so that in its percentage of losses it ranks third the greatest of all those which composed the Federal armies. Its colonel and lieutenant colonel were prominent members of the Bradford County bar, its major a large farmer and business man, and the staff officers were holding important

positions in their respective homes. Two of its captains were clergymen, one of whom was shot dead while bearing the colors at Chancellorsville. Others of its commissioned officers were lawyers, merchants, school-teachers, and farmers, and there were hundreds who were in the ranks as competent to command as their officers. The lieutenant colonel and major were each fatally wounded on battlefields, and the colonel carries in his thigh a bullet received near Appomattox Court House. Since the war he has represented his county in the Legislature, has been register and recorder, and is now holding the office of prothonotary. The adjutant and one of the captains are each the president judge of their respective districts, Susquehanna and Bradford Counties; one of its noncommissioned officers is cashier of a bank, has been commander of the Pennsylvania Department of the G. A. R., and is now the treasurer of the county; two have been sheriffs, several have been representatives, others have held other offices of trust, and still others are holding important and responsible business positions; one is in the National Museum at Washington, and several others

are in the pension department of the government.

While reminiscences of army life are always read with interest, as shown by the large sales of books of this character, the recollection, incidents, the camp life of such men as made up this regiment must have a thrilling interest for all who are interested in its history.

While neither the author nor his book need introduction to his readers from me, yet for those whom it may concern it may be said that the writer hereof knew him while in the service, that subsequently for three years they wrought together in the holy ministry in the same village, that the author of the history of the regiment received from him many valuable facts, and has read with interest some of the sketches from his pen as they have appeared in the public press; and it is more than a pleasure, it is an abundant joy, to introduce him and his work and most heartily commend them to the larger public. DAVID CRAFT.

Lawrenceville, Tioga County, Pa.,

November 30, 1892.



PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

ON the morning of August 18, 1862, the writer, then a boy of nineteen, and a dozen young companions of about the same age, met in a little town in northern Pennsylvania, with our faces turned steadfastly toward the scenes of actual war. The President of the United States had recently issued a call for three hundred thousand additional troops to serve for three years or during the war. There was intense excitement all through the North, and from the hilltops of Maine to the golden slopes of the Pacific men laid aside the implements of peace, girded on the sword or shouldered the musket, bade farewell to weeping wives, mothers, sisters, and friends, determined that, come what might, the Union, cemented by the blood of patriot sires, should be preserved.

With sad hearts we bade adieu to our friends, who had gathered in large numbers to see us off, and were soon on the way to our place of rendezvous, the village of Troy, Pa., on the Northern Central Railway, where we met the balance of the company, which numbered nearly a hundred men.

The only incident worthy of note occurring on this preliminary march was the marriage of one of our boys, who, passing by the home of his best girl that day, halted for a few moments; the services of the writer's father—a local preacher, who accompanied us to Harrisburg—were called into requisition, and the twain were made one. He kissed his weeping bride, jumped into the wagon, and was off for Dixie.

That night we were quartered in a large hall, and although weary and exhausted by our long ride in the hot sun we had the privilege of sleeping on the softest plank we could find, without any other bed or bedding.

At four o'clock the next morning we were served with a small lunch, and then marched to the station, where we took the train to Harrisburg, reaching that city at 2 o'clock P. M., and

were immediately marched to Camp Curtin, a general place of rendezvous for Pennsylvania troops, situated one mile north of this city, and consisting of about sixty acres of ground inclosed by a high board fence, and as destitute of any green thing as the middle of a country road in midsummer. I have no pleasant memories connected with my stay in Camp Curtin, and I have never heard any soldier who was there speak well of it. Coming as we did from pleasant homes to such a barren, dreary, uninviting spot, it is no wonder that the change was anything but agreeable.

Here we found thousands of men from all parts of the State waiting to be examined, mustered into the United States service, uniformed, armed, equipped, and sent on to the seat of war.

The next day after our arrival, August 20, we were taken before the United States examining surgeon, who gave us a thorough examination, which resulted in sending two of our squad back to their homes, but the rest of us were accepted. We were then sworn into the service of Uncle Sam for three years or during the war, and received our uniforms, consisting

of overcoat, dress coat, pants, cap, two shirts, two pair drawers, two pair socks, pair of shoes, haversack, canteen, knapsack, and blanket. We next received our arms and accouterments, consisting of cartridge box, cap box, belts, and an Austrian rifled musket.

These guns were very inferior arms, about as dangerous at one end as the other, but perhaps the best the government could obtain under the circumstances. We each drew a tin plate and cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, and then were fully equipped for war. The reader can form something of an idea of the weight of the "mule load," as the boys used to call it, which we had to carry. Added to the above were always forty and sometimes sixty rounds of ammunition, never less than three days' rations, often six, a canteen full of water, when we could get it, and many other trinkets, odds and ends, which new soldiers especially would pick up. At a low estimate the total weight of the above would reach forty-five pounds, and on a long march would get to weigh a ton—in the soldier's estimation, at least.

This, then, was the job we had undertaken, at the magnificent price of thirteen dollars a

month, with an allowance of forty-five dollars a year for clothing—rations and rebel bullets and shells thrown in. Very few had much respect for the soldier's recompense of reward, though very many had families at home dependent upon them for support; it was no such motive that led them to take up arms in defense of their country, but a high and noble patriotism, a burning love of country, a hatred for rebellion and treason which transformed so many of our peaceful citizens into stern, heroic warriors.

Among the many base epithets applied to our soldiers there was none which he repelled with such fierce scorn and contempt as that of "Lincoln's hirelings." On the morning of August 28 we were ordered to get ready to start for Washington. Then all was bustle and excitement. Our tents were taken down, knapsacks packed, and about five o'clock we were loaded into common box-cars, two deep, and started on our journey toward the sunny South. We rode all night, but sleep was out of the question. About daylight we reached Camden Street station on the outskirts of Baltimore, were formed in line and marched

through the same street where the Baltimore mob had fired on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment a few months before. All was quiet, however, and we soon arrived at the Washington depot, got breakfast, and were soon on our way to the national capital, which we reached about noon.

As we unloaded from the cars the roar of hostile cannon for the first time greeted our ears. It came from the historic battlefield of Bull Run, where for the second time the two opposing armies had met in deadly conflict. Although twenty miles away we could distinctly hear the heavy thunder of the artillery. In Washington all was intense excitement and confusion. Officers and orderlies galloped to and fro, giving and receiving orders. We began to think that Lincoln's story illustrating the great number of general officers in Washington was literally true. He said that a boy threw a club at a dog on Pennsylvania Avenue and hit five brigadier generals.

Before we left Harrisburg a regimental organization had been effected by the union of seven companies from Bradford County, two from Susquehanna, and one from Wayne. This

regiment became the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, numbering nearly one thousand men, rank and file. After a short stay in Washington we started for Arlington Heights. Arriving at Long Bridge, we found an almost endless train of ambulances on their way to the battlefield after the wounded. We were obliged to wait till long after dark for them to pass before we could take up our line of march. We finally got under motion once more, and about ten o'clock reached our destination, utterly exhausted. We threw ourselves upon the ground, too tired to be hungry, and were soon lost in unconscious slumber.

But, alas! our slumbers were soon broken by the arrival of a messenger with an order from headquarters directing us to proceed without delay to Chain Bridge, about ten miles farther up the Potomac River. It was with great difficulty that the men were aroused and formed in line again. But the order was imperative. The Union army under General Pope had been defeated at Bull Run, and was falling back on Washington, closely pressed by the enemy's forces, and the nation's capital

was in jeopardy. We hurriedly found our places and started off in the pitchy darkness. Our guide lost his way, and it seemed as if we tramped all over Virginia that night. About daylight we found ourselves at our destination, but now it began to rain as if the fountains of the great deep had been broken up. We had no tents or shelter of any kind except our blankets. Many threw themselves on the ground, and lay and slept while the merciless clouds poured forth their contents upon them.

It was a severe ordeal for fresh troops to undergo, and sufficient to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic. To add to our discomfort, our rations had given out and hunger of the most positive form was added to other troubles.

The next day the rain ceased to fall, our tents arrived and were put up, some wagons came up from Washington and brought us some supplies, and we began to feel better.

The Army of the Potomac, lately from the peninsular campaign under McClellan, began to pass by our camp, crossing the Chain Bridge into Maryland, trying to head off the

rebel invasion in the North. Returning to camp one day from an excursion out into rebeledom after supplies, I was most agreeably surprised to find an older brother in camp who had been in the service over a year in the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps. Of course we both greatly enjoyed the visit, but it was not the last one, for we afterward saw each other frequently. One day a few of our squad went down to Chain Bridge, which was about a half-mile distant from our camp. Our forces had planted batteries on each side of the bridge, had also placed barrels of gunpowder under each end, preparatory to blowing it up if the enemy should attempt to cross. On reaching camp we found the regiment drawn up in line of battle, with loaded muskets, waiting for the appearance of the enemy. I imagine, however, that we would not have been a very dangerous body of warriors, for we had had no time to drill, and many of the boys were totally ignorant of the use of firearms, and in the excitement of battle would have been just as likely to get the ball down first as otherwise. Of course I knew better than that, but nevertheless I have a distinct recollection of having

a big time getting that ball out of my gun. No enemy came in sight, and after remaining here a few days we took up our line of march, retraced our steps, and camped opposite Alexandria, where we were assigned to the First Brigade, First Division, Third Corps, which was commanded by General S. P. Heintzleman. The brigade to which we were assigned consisted of the Sixty-third and the One Hundred and Fifth Pennsylvania and the Twentieth Indiana, which were veteran regiments, while the Sixty-eighth and One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania, both new regiments, were assigned to the brigade at the same time we were. The old Third Corps, which had passed through the whole of the Peninsular campaign, as also through the second battle of Bull Run, where it had lost heavily, was left in the defenses of Washington on the reserve, so that we did not participate in the Maryland campaign which culminated in the battle of Antietam.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a series of marching and counter-marching through mud or dust, as the case happened to be, we at length settled down for a season of rest and of drill in a camp which in honor of our division commander was called Whipple. Here we turned in our large A tents, and received what was known in army parlance as shelter tents, but which we soon designated as "dog tents." These consisted of pieces of canvas about two yards square, with a row of buttons and buttonholes on three edges like the side of a double-breasted coat. Two of these were buttoned together, and being stretched over a pole supported by two upright forked sticks constituted the roof, while another piece was buttoned on for a rear gable end, while the front side was generally left open, especially in warm weather, for a doorway, a window, and a ventilator combined.

In these little huts, covering a space of about five by six feet, three men were to eat,

sleep, live, and store all their arms and equipments, rations, etc. Then when orders came to march these tents were taken down and added to the already heavy burden which we had to carry.

The daily routine of army life in camp was about as follows: At 5 o'clock A. M., *reveille* was sounded, followed by roll call, at which every man on duty must be in line to answer to his name. It was amusing to see how quickly a silent, slumbering camp would be aroused to full life and activity. Often men would be seen rushing out of their tents half dressed, putting on their clothes on the run, anxious to get in line before the band ceased to play; for the penalty for delinquents was a trip of extra duty. At 7 o'clock the call for breakfast sounded; at 8 the sick call; at 9 guard mount; at 10 drill, which lasted till 12; then came dinner. Drill call came again at 2 P. M., and lasted till 4; then came dress parade at 5, supper at 6, tattoo at 9, with roll call and taps at a quarter past 9, when all lights must be put out and everything quiet.

A good deal of interest, to the average soldier, centered in the bill of fare which Uncle

Samuel provided for his boys. This was about as follows: for one day, twelve ounces of pork or bacon, or twenty ounces of fresh beef or twenty-two ounces of salt beef; eighteen ounces of soft bread or flour, or one pound of hard bread (hard-tack), or twenty ounces of corn meal. To every one hundred rations fifteen pounds of beans or peas, ten pounds of rice or hominy, eight pounds of roasted coffee or two pounds of tea, fifteen pounds of sugar or two gallons of molasses, four quarts of vinegar, twenty-four ounces of candles, four pounds of soap, four pounds of salt, and occasionally dried vegetables of different kinds. This amount of food was sufficient in quantity to satisfy any reasonable appetite, and the quality was generally good; and yet there were a good many soldiers that had a strange hankering, especially when in an enemy's country, for chickens, ducks, turkeys, pigs, fresh mutton, ham, and other articles of food not prescribed in the army regulations as good for soldiers.

In the creed of the average soldier there were two parties from which he never esteemed it any harm to steal, or, to use his own term, to "confiscate" or "draw" from. These were,

first, the sutler ; second, the rebel citizen. The first he looked upon as little better than a robber, and the second he knew would use his supplies, if opportunity afforded, to feed the rebel army ; and he considered it a good deal more pleasant to starve his enemy than to shoot him, inasmuch as to do the latter he must himself get within range of the enemy's musket, while the starving process could be done at long range and in perfect security to his own body, and with great satisfaction to his stomach.

One day while sitting in my tent writing a letter one of my messmates came up to the opening, or door, with a whole armful of Bologna sausage, which he threw down on a blanket with the remark, "There! you like Bologna sausage; now pitch in."

"Where in creation did you get that?" said I.

"I drew it from the sutler," he replied.

It seems that a large crowd of soldiers was gathered in front of the sutler's tent, one end of which was open. A board supported at each end by a barrel formed a sort of counter over which trade was being briskly carried on.

Some inquisitive veteran had shoved the board in at one end and discovered a prize in the shape of a barrel of Bologna sausage. Keeping a close watch on the busy sutler, he thrust one hand into the barrel and pulled out a huge piece of sausage, which he quickly passed around behind him, where it was taken by my chum, who happened to be next to the confiscator. This process was repeated until the receiver got all he could well carry, when he backed out of the crowd and started for camp and another took his place. The look of astonishment and indignation which overspread that sutler's countenance when he discovered his loss can better be imagined than described.

While the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, was resting on the north side of the Potomac, after the battle of Antietam, the Confederate General Stewart, with eighteen hundred cavalry, started, October 10, on a raid into Pennsylvania and pushed up as far as Chambersburg, twenty miles in the rear of the army, spreading destruction and consternation in his pathway. General Stoneman was ordered to take such portions of the Third Corps as were

available and hasten up the river and attempt to head off the dashing trooper before he could recross the Potomac.

On the evening of the 10th, after a hard day's drill, we received orders to get ready for marching immediately. We tore down our tents, packed our knapsacks, and awaited orders to start. By and by it commenced raining and kept it up all night, soaking our clothing, arms, and accouterments clear through. The best we could do was to patiently endure it and hope for daylight and better weather. About four o'clock we formed in line, and two brigades of infantry, Robinson's and Ward's, both of which contained a large number of new troops, started on a wild goose chase after the flower of the Confederate cavalry. Our generals, it seemed, had not yet learned, what they afterward found out, that infantry had no business trying to compete with cavalry on a long march. We crossed the Potomac at the Georgetown bridge, and leaving Washington to the right passed through Darnestown and reached Rockville about sundown, having marched a distance of twenty-three miles over roads made very slippery by the recent rains,

and carrying loads which grew heavier and heavier with every step.

I never had been so tired in my life. Every bone, nerve, muscle, and fiber of my body was demoralized, lame, aching, and exhausted. Only a short rest was allowed.

At two o'clock the next morning we were called up, and after a hasty breakfast we resumed our march. After covering about ten miles we received orders from General Stoneman to hurry up, and the last ten miles were made without a halt. The advance reached the Potomac at White's Ford just as the rear of Stewart's force was crossing the river. The enemy had escaped after all our efforts to head him off. Many of our regiment made their last march that day, being completely disabled by their almost superhuman efforts to keep their places in the ranks. Our surgeon reported that there were more than one hundred cases of hernia traceable to that march. Of course many were disabled in other ways.

After resting for a day or two we went on picket along the river, guarding the fords and keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. But another foe now assailed us. Our supply train

had not reached us, and our rations were exhausted. Hunger began to distress us. We waded into the Potomac and fished out soft-shelled clams or mussels, which we cooked and ate. A corn field was near at hand, and we parched and roasted the hard, glazed ears, and found them much better than nothing. After a few days we were relieved and marched back on the hill and established our camp near the village of Poolesville. Here we remained for some days, which were well improved in drilling and getting ready for an "advance on Richmond," which McClellan again proposed to make.

On the morning of October 27 we received orders to march. We packed up, and, as usual, the rain began to pour down in torrents and the wind to blow a hurricane. All day the storm continued to rage, and after everybody and everything were completely drenched and chilled the order was countermanded till the next day. At seven o'clock we were in line headed for the river, which we soon found we must cross by fording.

The Potomac here was about a half-mile wide, very rapid, the bottom covered with sharp stones and rocks. It was swollen by

recent rains ; the water was icy cold and from two to three feet deep. I never shall forget that experience. I took off my pants, boots, and stockings and waded in. The rocks cut my feet, the water chilled my blood ; a rheumatic pain seized my knee, and it seemed to me I was more than an hour getting across. But my troubles were not yet ended. The opposite bank, clayey and steep, was made slippery by the water dripping from the garments of hundreds of men, and when I attempted to climb it I found it was no easy task. Once, twice, thrice I almost reached the top, when, losing my foothold, I slid back on my hands and feet to the water's edge. But I was not alone in this trouble. In fact, the whole river bank for rods was scored by the marks of fingers and toes made by backsliding warriors. Finally I reached the bank, where I could put on my boots. But such looking feet ! By the aid of a stick I got rid of enough of the sacred soil to get my boots on, and then went on to where the regiment was encamped in a wheat field.

Two or three large stacks of wheat were standing in the field, and in a very brief space of time they were dismantled and put to prac-

tical use, being converted into beds for the weary limbs of soldiers. A large stack had been threshed, the wheat piled up in a heap, and the straw stacked over it.

After leaving the camp the scattered wheat took fire; the whole wheat field was burned over; the stacks also were consumed, and perhaps a thousand bushels of the very finest wheat were destroyed.

The next day we were sent on advance picket, and, discovering a couple of Confederate cows grazing in a fifty acre lot, I took my canteen and carefully approached one of the animals with the idea of obtaining some rebel milk. The cow seemed to be very suspicious of all strangers, but of Yankee soldiers especially so. After a good deal of maneuvering and following her once or twice across that big lot I at length succeeded in convincing her that my errand was a peaceful one. I got near enough to commence operations, when, to my utter and supreme disgust, I found her as dry as a contribution box.

That night we were ordered to sleep on our arms and be ready for an attack of the enemy, which was hourly expected.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning came, but no enemy appeared. Our supply trains were again behind time and our three days' rations exhausted, but we were in the enemy's country, and the orders against foraging were not very rigidly enforced. A lieutenant of Company A called at a farmhouse near where his company was stationed and found that the owner was engaged in impounding a fine flock of sheep, one of which the officer offered to buy.

"I have none to sell," was the answer.

"Yes," said the officer, "but there are crowds of hungry soldiers just over the hill, and you had better sell while you can. What will you take for the choice of the lot?"

"Five dollars," was the answer.

"All right, go in, boys," said the lieutenant.

The way that sheep was converted into mutton was astonishing. On offering a five-dollar greenback in payment the owner objected to receiving it.

“I can’t take that,” he said; “have you nothing else?”

“Only this,” replied the officer, showing him a *fac-simile* of a Confederate note which was freely circulated through the army.

“That’s all right,” said he; and the payment was made.

The boys had a hearty laugh over the stupidity of the Virginian, while they dined on first class mutton-chops.

On Friday, October 31, on returning with a comrade from a fishing tour on the Potomac, we found that the regiment had packed up and gone on to Leesburg, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. My knee was still very lame, but there was no help for it; so we shouldered our burdens and followed on. After we had gone five or six miles we came across an old colored man with an old white horse harnessed to a dilapidated cart.

“Hold on, captain!” I said; “we want to ride.”

“’Deed, sir,” he replied, “de ole hoss hab got all he can draw.”

“Never mind the ‘ole hoss,’” I said; “we are servants of Uncle Sam, and we take pos-

session of this establishment in the name and by the authority of the United States of America."

"Well, den, I 'spects you'll hab to ride," he said; and without further ceremony we threw in our baggage, climbed into the cart, and told our driver to push on with all possible speed. We had gone but a short distance when we overtook some more belated soldiers. These also got aboard of "Uncle Sam's Express," as we called it, to enjoy a free ride. By this time the old horse began to show signs of giving out. He could only just stagger along at a snail's pace. But we had three years before us, and were in no special hurry to take Richmond. Besides, riding at ever so slow a pace was better than walking and carrying our baggage. We were a happy crew just then, but not so our driver. He declared that we would kill "de hoss," and then his "ole massa" would about kill him.

After a while we came to a crossroad which our colored friend said he must take to get home, and as we supposed we were nearly at our destination we alighted and let our escort depart in peace. Soon after, passing a house

and seeing a white woman standing in the door, I said:

“Madam, can you tell me how far it is to Leesburg?”

“Well, sir,” she said, “I reckon, sir, it is about two long looks, sir, and a right smart git, sir.”

Of course we knew about as much about it then as we did before, not yet having acquired a knowledge of Virginia provincialisms. Afterward we learned that a “long look” was a mile, and a “right smart git” meant anywhere from a half to three quarters of a mile. So we were about two and three quarter miles from our stopping place. About sundown we found our regiment encamped just on the outskirts of the town.

Before the war Leesburg was a place of considerable wealth and refinement, but at this time everything bore the appearance of ruin and decay. Very few men were at home, most of them being in the Confederate army; but the women were not slow in showing their hatred and contempt of the “Yankees,” as they called us. We consoled (?) them by singing “John Brown’s body lies moldering in

the grave," and other patriotic songs, which we heartily enjoyed, whether they did or not. A number of sick Confederate soldiers were found in a public building, used as a hospital, and some of our boys were also left here.

After remaining here a day or two we took up our line of march, about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, taking a southwesterly course, on our way to form a junction with McClellan's main army, which was advancing from the north down the valley betwixt the Catoclin mountain range and the Blue Ridge. We marched till after midnight, and encamped at a place called Mount Gilead. The next morning, accompanied by a comrade, I went out on a tour of observation. We soon discovered a farmhouse not far from camp. The owner had gone to headquarters after a guard, while a couple of the advanced guard of foragers were engaged in a lively chase after a young rooster. The owner's dog was standing there watching the proceeding, when my comrade called him and sent him after the chicken, which he succeeded in capturing in short order. Then came the tug of war as to who should first reach the scene of action. My comrade proved

to be the best man in the race. He seized the prize and handed the chicken to me. We passed round the house and found two hives of bees standing on a bench. Selecting the heavier of the two, my comrade lifted it upon his shoulder and we started for a piece of woods with bees, honey, and all.

Finding a secluded place, we proceeded to business. We dressed the chicken, and then with a stone knocked the hive to pieces, scraped off the bees, and filled our pails with honey. We concluded that they were Union bees, for they did not sting us. Making our way back to camp, we divided with our particular friends. For some days we lived high, till one night the remnant of our honey was stolen, pail and all.

That afternoon we continued our march, and just before dark reached a place called Millville. Our brigade was then commanded by Brigadier General John C. Robinson, since Lieutenant Governor of the State of New York, and now residing at Binghamton, N. Y.

Just before reaching Millville we passed by a patch of cabbage, and, thinking that the state of my system demanded a change to a vegetable

diet, I jumped over the low fence and captured a couple of medium-sized heads. Many other soldiers did the same. Soon after the head of our column turned out into a field to encamp, when, looking ahead, I saw General Robinson sitting on his horse by the roadside. Every soldier who had a head of cabbage he would order to throw it down. Turning to a comrade marching by my side, I handed him one of my cabbage heads.

“Here, Jim,” said I, “hide this under your overcoat, or Robinson will capture the whole business.”

Jim was not slow in acting on the suggestion, and doing the same with mine we marched by our commanding officer looking as innocent as if we hadn't seen a cabbage head in a month. That night we had cabbage for supper, and we strongly mistrusted that General Robinson did too.

We continued on our march, after resting a day or two at Millville, taking a southwesterly course and following up the enemy, whose cavalry continually hovered on our flanks and rear, ready to pick up any unfortunate straggler that should be caught in the rear.

November 7 was a cold, raw, disagreeable day. The snow fell to a depth of about six inches, so that when we went into camp in the woods that night we had to scrape it off from the frozen ground to get a place to spread our blankets. About this time the measles broke out in camp and a number of our boys died of the disease. I have a distinct recollection of seeing soldiers taking their places in the ranks whose faces were as speckled as they could be. It is a mystery how human beings could pass through such hardships and exposures and live. It is not strange that the pension list should have reached the magnitude it has assumed.

We now began to fall in with the main body of the army and went into camp near Warrenton, Va. Here McClellan was relieved from command of the Army of the Potomac and Burnside was placed in his stead. Some of the old regiments which had served under McClellan during the Peninsular campaign were disposed to complain of the change, but new troops were not at all particular. We wanted some one to lead us on to victory as soon as possible, and we didn't care who it was, only

so that we got there at the earliest practicable moment.

One night about this time, as we were passing a field in which a large number of troops were encamped, we discovered a fearful commotion among the soldiers. A young officer came running toward our line at the top of his speed, followed by a large crowd of angry soldiers who were yelling at a fearful rate. As the officer passed through our ranks he cried out, "My God, is there no help for the widow's only son?" He didn't stop long to see about it, for the infuriated crowd were at his heels. On he rushed with the utmost speed, and the crowd was soon lost to view in the gathering darkness. I knew not at the time what he meant by his outcry, but years afterward, in some tracts purporting to be exposures of Masonry, I found it stated that this was the Masonic hailing sign of distress, and it flashed across my mind in an instant that this was what that officer meant.

We afterward learned the cause of the trouble. It seems that soon after these soldiers went into camp they found a stack of grain near by, and one of them climbed on top of it

and began to throw down the sheaves to his comrades, who bore them away for bedding. While thus engaged a young lieutenant, a provost marshal on somebody's staff, rode up and ordered the soldier to come down and let the stack alone. The man didn't pay much attention to the officer, who, repeating the order, was told by the soldier to "go to some warm country;" whereupon the officer drew his revolver and shot the soldier. This so enraged the men of his regiment that they assaulted the officer, threw him off his horse, and would have made quick work of him then had not he torn himself away from them and sought safety in flight. Whether they caught him or not I never learned, but if they did there was one "widow" minus a "son."

Burnside halted the army long enough to get the reins firmly in his hands, when the order to advance was given and we pressed onward, while Lee's army steadily retired before us. When within about twelve miles of Fredericksburg we halted in the woods and went on picket. Some of our squad went out to see what could be found, and came back soon after with their arms full of turnips and

cabbages. About this time a member of another company reported with a quarter of beef on his shoulder. We at once struck up a bargain, trading some vegetables for some beef. We had a six-quart tin pail, and we proposed at once to have an old-fashioned stew. So we filled up the pail with alternate layers of meat, turnips, and cabbage, and set it over the fire. For some weeks I had been suffering with the jaundice, had had but little appetite, and army rations had but small attraction for me. But those raw turnips seemed to just touch the spot. I had eaten several before our stew was ready, and then three of us just emptied that six-quart pail in short meter. I didn't know but it would make me worse than before, but it proved to be just the thing, for I ate and was cured.

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL BURNSIDE having decided to advance on Richmond *via* the Fredericksburg route, the main army was headed in that direction. On Saturday, November 22, we arrived at Stafford Heights, on the Rappahannock River, opposite the city of Fredericksburg, where we went into camp. The Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad runs from Aquia Creek Landing on the Potomac southwesterly about twelve miles, crossing the river at Fredericksburg, thence in a southerly direction to Richmond. Burnside had depended on this road as a base of supplies for his army, but the enemy had so completely destroyed it that it required some days to put it in running order.

The Rappahannock here was not fordable, and some weeks previous Burnside had ordered pontoons sent down from Washington, so that the onward march to Richmond might not be delayed, and these he expected would be at Aquia Creek by the time the army reached

Fredericksburg. Owing to somebody's blunder, however, the pontoons were delayed and did not reach their destination till several days after the arrival of the army.

By the time the army was ready to move the Confederate army had so completely fortified the heights surrounding Fredericksburg that any attempt to take them by a direct assault was simply madness. Burnside was fully aware of this fact, and had he not been goaded on by Northern newspapers and by the civil warriors at Washington, who could fight great battles and win wondrous victories by means of orders and dispatches, the battle of Fredericksburg would never have been fought. But all through the North the cry rang out, "Why don't the army move?" "On to Richmond!" and "The rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet in December," until Burnside, yielding to the pressure of public opinion, finally gave the order to advance.

At dress parade on the evening of December 10 we received orders to be ready to march at an hour's notice with six days' cooked rations in our haversacks. Instantly all was bustle and activity. We were up late that

night cooking rations, writing letters to our friends, and making preparations for the coming conflict, which, we were well aware, would be the closing act in life's drama for many of us.

The next morning about four o'clock we were suddenly awakened by the heavy thunder of artillery, Burnside having planted twenty-nine batteries of one hundred and forty-seven guns on the heights overlooking the city of Fredericksburg and the plains below, and had opened on the entire line of the enemy, raining a shower of iron hail upon his works, under cover of which the engineers were ordered to lay five pontoon bridges across the river.

We were soon under arms and on our way to the scene of the conflict. About a half-mile to the east of us we could see Professor Lowe's balloon, at an elevation of two or three hundred feet, anchored to the ground with ropes, while the professor and his assistants were endeavoring to ascertain, with the aid of a powerful glass, the number, movements, and position of the enemy, while at intervals along the crest of the hills were United States Signal

Corps stations, the men of which were busily engaged sending and receiving messages. Our division (Birney's) and Sickles's, of the Third Corps, were assigned to Franklin's column, to take part in the movements on the left, or below Fredericksburg.

The point where Franklin was instructed to make his attack was two or three miles below the town, where there is a broad plain at least a mile wide on the south side of the river before coming to the range of hills where the rebel army, under the immediate command of "Stonewall" Jackson, was strongly intrenched, while at intervals batteries of artillery were stationed at prominent points ready to hurl death and destruction upon us as we advanced. It will be readily seen that it was no easy task we had undertaken. To cross a deep and rapid river in the face of a vigilant and powerful foe, advance without cover or shelter over an open plain under the terrible fire of a hundred pieces of artillery, and drive the enemy from his own chosen position was at most a hopeless undertaking. This we all fully realized. After a series of marching and countermarching on the morning of December 13 we arrived

on the crest of the hill overlooking nearly the entire field of battle. Far away to our right we could hear the deep roar of the heavy guns and the sharp rattle of musketry, where Sumner, who commanded our right wing, was vainly hurling his forces against the fortifications on Marye's Heights, while on the extreme left Reynolds was endeavoring to gain and hold a position by dislodging and turning Jackson's right.

General Meade was in command of the Pennsylvania Reserves in our immediate front, and about nine o'clock the order was given to advance. The scene was one of awful grandeur. Long lines of trained, uniformed men stretched up and down that immense plain, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, pressing on with firm, unfaltering step into the very jaws of death, determined to do all that human skill and valor could accomplish or endure, to the end that the old flag which they now proudly followed might wave over every portion of our fair land, over every billow of the sea, commanding the respect of all men at home and abroad, with no star erased, no stripe removed.

Very much has been written in regard to va-

rious charges made by various bodies of men in arms against contending foes; and especially has Pickett's charge at Gettysburg been extolled to the very skies; but to my mind the charge of the Pennsylvania Reserves, under Meade, on the 13th day of December, 1862, stands unrivaled in all the history of military renown and valor. Had it been promptly supported and followed up the historian might have recorded a victory instead of a defeat as the result of this encounter. As Meade moved steadily onward he was greeted by the concentrated fire of all the rebel artillery on that part of their line. So severe was this that he was obliged to pause for a short time till these batteries could be silenced, which was partly accomplished when the order was again given to advance. But now they were greeted with a deadly volley from General A. P. Hill's division of infantry, but with a ringing cheer they swept onward, carrying everything before them, gaining a position on the railroad and breaking the rebel line in two, capturing a large number of prisoners and making the welkin ring with their cheers of victory. Their rejoicings were of short duration, however, for

heavy reinforcements were sent in to aid the fleeing Confederates and stay the victorious advance of Meade, whose gallant veterans, bruised and battered, and nearly surrounded by the rallying enemy, were compelled to retire. This they did slowly and deliberately at first, disputing every inch of ground; but at length, under a fierce charge of the enemy, they fell back rapidly and with considerable disorder.

Up to this time our brigade had remained on the north side of the river, held in reserve, where we had been interested spectators of the scenes above described. It was now our turn to receive our baptism of fire, and, seeing an orderly gallop up to where General Robinson sat on his horse awaiting orders, we quickly divined the meaning of the movement and prepared for the conflict. We had not long to wait, for the bugle sounded to "fall in." Passing down a ravine to the river's bank, we crossed on the pontoon bridge, which swayed from side to side under our feet. On reaching the other side the order came, "Double quick, march!" On we went across the plain, while the rebel shot and shell fell all around us, plowing up great holes in the earth and

throwing mud and dirt in all directions. We reached the scene of conflict just as the rebels were about to capture one of our batteries of brass twelve-pounders, which they wanted badly, and which they were determined to have at all hazards, but which we were equally determined that they should not obtain, as we had especial use for it just then. The struggle was sharp, short, and decisive. The enemy yielded their claim upon the prize and sullenly retreated. No order being given to advance, we held our ground.

The loss in our regiment was not very severe, as the brigade was formed in two lines, with three regiments in each. Our regiment was in the rear line, and did not suffer very heavily. We were placed in rear of the battery that we had helped save and ordered to support it. This is the most trying place in which men can be placed. When engaged in active loading and firing the attention is largely taken up with the business in hand; but to be obliged to lie passive on the ground, with shot and shell flying all around, and nothing to do but lie still and take it, is exceedingly trying to the bravest heart. This was our

experience for three mortal hours that day. Every shell seemed to come right at us. It is wonderful how a man will flatten himself out and hug his mother earth under such circumstances!

About this time General Robinson came up to Colonel Madill, our regimental commander, with his face all aglow with enthusiasm and excitement, and inquired, "Colonel, can you hold your men here?" As the colonel was a good, stanch Presbyterian of the old school we will give his reply, although perhaps it bordered a little on profanity: "Hold them in hell, general!" was the pointed reply. In explaining his reply afterward the colonel said he did not mean to be understood literally but figuratively. However, it was "hot" enough there to suit any man if he was not too particular.

That night we slept on our arms in line of battle, not knowing but that it would be our last night on earth, as we fully expected another advance in the morning. The ground was low, soft, and muddy, and, finding a few Virginia cornstalks, I laid them on the ground, spread one edge of my blanket upon them, folded the other side over me, and settled

down for the night. But those cornstalks were so coarse and hard that sleep was out of the question. So I worked them out from under me, and, settling down in the soft mud, went to sleep. About midnight I was suddenly awakened by the discharge of a rifle near where I was lying.

At the same time a member of our company jumped up and in very forcible language declared that some one had shot him, destroying the first two fingers of his right hand. He soon started for the rear, and that was the last we saw of him. Next morning we discovered that his gun had been discharged, the only one in the company, and that he had doubtless taken that way to muster himself out of the service.

This day was the Sabbath and was spent in comparative quiet by both armies. The sufferings of the wounded betwixt the lines of the two armies were terrible indeed. Their cries for water and assistance were most heart-rending, but no relief could be given, except at the almost absolute certainty of death to any one who should show himself.

At last a flag of truce was accepted by the rebel commander, and hostilities ceased for a

couple of hours, during which time many of the wounded were removed. As soon as the flag of truce was accepted both armies seemed to rise as by magic from the earth. The pickets conversed as if they had been old friends. The moment the truce terminated every man within range on both sides suddenly disappeared.

Monday morning two hundred men of our regiment were detailed for picket duty, and before it was yet light they were stationed in a ditch within twenty rods of the Confederate pickets. This ditch was occupied by our forces during the fight, and many of the dead and wounded remained in it. Our men did all they could to give them relief, and Colonel Madill, while on a visit to the picket line, actually leaped over the ditch, picked up a wounded boy, who was piteously calling for help, and at the peril of his own life bore him to a place of safety. Our men were obliged to lie in that ditch, flat on their faces, from Monday morning till Tuesday morning about three o'clock. The weather was cold, the ditch had considerable water in it, making the position anything but comfortable, and we were surrounded by numbers of the unburied dead.

Monday night, the 15th, about ten o'clock, we were ordered to prepare to recross the river with the least possible noise. We were as ready to obey that order, at least, as we were the other one when we went over. A good deal of confusion resulted from the intermingling of different columns marching in parallel lines. We at length all got safely over except the two hundred who were left on picket. We did not know what had become of them, so we halted in a ravine near the river that night waiting for the balance of our regiment to come up. I lay down in the bottom of the ravine and went to sleep. It always rains after a great battle; at least I never knew any exception to this rule, and certainly there was no exception this time, for about three o'clock the rain began to fall in torrents. None of us had any tents, so we had to take it as it came. I lay still a while, till the water began to run under me as it came down the gully; then I concluded it was time to get up. This I did, and, sitting on my knapsack, threw my wet blanket over my head and longed for daylight.

CHAPTER V.

THE long, dreary night was ended at last, and with daylight came renewed hope and courage. Our grand army had been defeated, not for lack of skill or valor, but because it could not accomplish the well-nigh impossible. We had left thousands of our brave comrades on the battlefield, martyrs to their love of country, and the day of final victory seemed to be farther in the distance than ever.

We who had for the first time been under the enemy's fire now came to know what it all really meant. Many of us had looked upon war more as a romance than as a reality. But when we came to face the enemy's cannon and witness the horrible destruction of human life all the poetry and most of its roseate hues faded completely away.

We soon resumed our march in the direction of our old camp, and quickly came up with the remainder of our regiment, which we had almost given up as lost. Of course we

were glad to see them again, and they were glad to have escaped their perilous position. They were the last body of troops to leave that part of the battlefield, but so quietly were they withdrawn that the rebels were not aware of the departure of the Union army till daylight the next morning.

The One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, or "Collis Zouaves," as they were best known, had a very fine brass band, which was the pride not only of the regiment, but of the whole brigade. This band took up quarters in a large brick house near the river when we first crossed over, and remained there till after the evacuation. The first they knew of this was the approach of the rebel pickets, by whom the entire band was captured. Their instruments were taken from them and they were sent to Richmond as prisoners.

We marched back past our old camp and pitched our tents on a level plain about a mile from the village of Falmouth. We now received orders to build winter quarters, and we were only too glad to obey. We went to a piece of wood near by and cut down trees

and carried them on our backs and builded what we called "shebangs," which consisted of pens about six feet wide and ten feet long, varying in height from three to six feet. These were covered with our tent cloths for a roof, while at one end there was a fireplace built of sticks and covered over with Virginia mud, and at the other a sort of door. Many of these were quite comfortable, although the wind, rain, and snow would persist in sifting through the crevices. One night we had a fearful storm; the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow fell exceedingly lively, and, after we had lain down to sleep, kept drifting in our faces. We had a quilt which one of the boys had brought from home, and this was used next to us, it being much softer than a coarse woolen blanket. This we drew up over our faces, and as it became wet by the snow melted by our breath we gave it another hitch upward. Just as the bugle sounded the morning call we had reached the last edge of the blanket and found it folded up over our heads. Arising, I found our fireplace with several inches of snow in it, and Jimmy Lunger's boots, which he had set near the chimney corner, heaping full of snow.

It was a cold, chilly morning; we had nothing to burn but green pine wood, and the situation was anything but delightful. We made the best of it, however, and by the aid of a big piece of pork we got up a pretty good fire and felt better.

One day during our stay in Camp Pitcher, which was so named in honor of a brave soldier of that name, killed in the recent battle, the entire brigade was ordered out to witness the execution of a sentence of court-martial upon a deserter. The man, it seems, had been refused a furlough to visit his sick wife; so he started home on his own responsibility, but was detected, arrested, tried, and convicted, and we were ordered out to see the sentence executed. The brigade was formed on three sides of a square; the offender, under guard, was brought into the center. The buttons were all cut off the clothes, his head was shaved, the letter "D" was branded on his left hip with a hot iron, and he was marched all around the inside of a square—the band playing the "Rogue's March"—and then drummed out of camp and dishonorably discharged from the United States service.

He was about the most independent-looking fellow I ever saw. When he came by our part of the line he had both hands full of clothing ; his head was erect and he stepped about a foot high. Some of his comrades who sympathized with him met him down under the hill, got him a suit of citizen's clothes, gave him a purse of money, and he went to selling newspapers in the army, which avocation he pursued till General Burnside ordered all newspapers kept out of the army. Then he disappeared.

Fuel soon began to get scarce, and to supply the deficiency the boys would go into the woods, or where the woods had been, and cut down stumps, pick up chips and brush and any other article that would burn. The last days of December, 1862, and the first days of January, 1863, were bright, warm, and beautiful, and were well improved in drills, parades, reviews, inspections, and the like. The army, kept busy by these various exercises, had little time to think of past defeats, but gathered inspiration, courage, and hope for future conflicts.

General Burnside was feeling keenly the dis-

grace resulting from his defeat at Fredericksburg, and he was most anxious to strike a blow which would retrieve his lost prestige. He therefore issued orders looking to another advance, proposing this time to cross the river some miles below Fredericksburg, and by striking Lee on his right flank force him out of his fortified position. But the authorities at Washington shared with the army in its general distrust of Burnside's ability to command a large army, and so President Lincoln sent him a dispatch instructing him not to enter upon active operations without first receiving the President's consent. This put a stop to the proposed movement, and the usual quiet duties of camp life were resumed.

However, the restless spirit of the commander in chief could not long allow him to be idle. Besides, the Northern newspapers had not yet learned that it was folly to engage in winter campaigning, and they began to raise the old cry, "On to Richmond!" and "Why don't the army move?" McClellan had been removed from the chief command because he was so slow, and now a similar charge was made against Burnside. He determined to

make another final desperate effort for victory. This time he would cross the river above the town, and, striking Lee's army on its left flank, force him to abandon Fredericksburg.

For some weeks active preparations were being made with as much secrecy as possible, the intention being to take the enemy by surprise. But, notwithstanding all the precautionary measures that Burnside could adopt, the Confederate commander somehow obtained information concerning every important movement the Union forces proposed to make, until, doubtless, General Burnside thought, as the Syrian king did, that there were traitors in camp, or that some prophet revealed to General Lee the words he spake in his bed-chamber. The truth was the camps of the Union army swarmed with rebel spies, who infested all parts of the army even to the headquarters of the commander in chief, and who were very quickly able to detect any unusual stir in the Union lines. A search among the houses in Falmouth resulted in the discovery in a cellar of a set of telegraph instruments connected with a wire, which was laid across the river to Fredericksburg and which was

used to convey the information gathered by the rebel spies to the Confederate commander. Of course this arrangement was broken up at once, and by the exercise of great diligence on the part of the Union Secret Service agents the sources of rebel information were greatly reduced. /

On Thursday, January 15, orders were given to send all who were not able to perform the duty of active service to the hospitals; all extra camp equipments and unnecessary stores and unused arms were turned over to the proper officers, and everything looked as if business was close at hand. Orders were also received to be ready for marching early Saturday morning with five days' cooked rations in our haversacks. The weather being unfavorable, the time was postponed from day to day, and it was not until Tuesday morning, January 20, that we were drawn up on the parade ground and General Burnside's address to his army was read to us by our adjutant. He said that the hour had arrived when we were about to advance to meet the foe again, and relying on the justice of our cause, the help of the Supreme Commander, and the courage and

loyalty of his army he expected to lead us on to victory. The command "Forward" was given, and once more we turned our faces toward the Confederate capital. Our hopes were not very high at the best, for we knew something of the obstacles we had to overcome before we could hope to get possession of the enemy's stronghold.

A few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, while a number of us who were on duty as camp guard were sitting around our camp fire, an old colored man, who had escaped from Fredericksburg and crossed the river when our forces fell back, came along and stopped to warm by our fire. He was quite an intelligent man; had always been a slave, but was a Unionist all the way through. He had been through the rebel fortifications and knew all about them. Speaking of the rebel position, he said: "I jist tell you what it is, boss, dem rebels are in dar mighty solid, dey is. Dey is jist like a snake in de hole. He stick his head out an' he strike dis way and dat way, and when you go for to hit him on de head wid a stick, den he dodge back in de hole, and you don't git him, but he's dar all de

same; but you just git him clar outen de hole once, and whar is he?" Yes, that is exactly the case, we thought, and we acknowledged the soundness of the old darkey's reasoning; but what puzzled us most was how to get that "snake outen de hole." We had tried him in front once, now we would try him on the flank.

The weather was cool and wintry, the ground bare but frozen solid, and as our brigade had been designated to take the lead we started off in pretty good spirits. In the dusk of the evening we reached a point about a half-mile from the river and about six miles above Fredericksburg. Here we went into camp in a wood completely screened from rebel view, where we awaited the arrival of our pontoon bridges and the artillery, under the fire of which the bridges were to be laid. My regiment, the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, had been detailed by the commanding general to cross the river the next morning at daylight in boats, drive away the rebel pickets, and hold the ground till the pontoon bridges could be laid. The evening was pleasant, although the

sky was overcast with clouds, and many of the boys, on the suggestion of Lieutenant Brown, who said it was needless to pitch our tents, slept in the open air. But myself and two comrades who tented together concluded we would put up our tent, the lieutenant's advice to the contrary notwithstanding. So we got some sticks for the framework and gathered cedar twigs for our bed, and soon had a comfortable place to sleep. No fires were allowed, so we had to go without our coffee, but we went to bed early and were soon asleep. Before midnight it began to rain—at first moderately, then the drops grew larger, came faster, still thicker, until it came down in true Virginia style—in torrents. Some one came dripping wet to the door of our tent and spoke. It was the voice of Lieutenant Brown. "Boys! boys! can't you let me in? It rains like Jehu."

Of course we spooned up closer and took the disgusted weather prophet in, and gave him shelter for the remainder of the night. All the rest of the night the rain continued to fall, and so on the most of the following forenoon. A considerable rise of ground intervened betwixt us and the river, and the most

of this was cleared land. We were soon ordered into line, leaving our arms and baggage in camp, and marched up in the field toward the river. The scene that met our eyes beggars description. The whole hillside was covered with pontoon wagons, ammunition wagons, and pieces of artillery—all scattered about in hopeless disorder, sunk in a sea of mud up to the axletrees, while the horses and mules, in mud up to their bodies, floundered about vainly attempting to move their loads toward the river. Officers were shouting, teamsters swearing, but all to no purpose; the elements were against us. The teams were finally unhitched, long ropes were attached to the wagons, a hundred or more men were put to each rope, and the implements of war were again on the move. After dragging a pontoon wagon to the top of the hill we would leave it, go back and get another one, and this we kept up till noon. A company of soldiers was sent down to the crossing place at the river to guard against being surprised by the enemy, and looking across to the other side they saw a board nailed to a tree on which was printed in large letters, "Burnside is stuck in the

mud." From all indications there was no doubt that the rebel generals knew all about our movement, and were in force on the other side. They doubtless would have made it extremely uncomfortable for our regiment if we had gone over in boats, as it was intended we should. Probably few of our number would have escaped death or capture but for the interposition of the elements in our favor. Convinced of the utter futility of any further advance under the circumstances, General Burnside gave the order for his army to return to its old position opposite Fredericksburg.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE would be no great difficulty in carrying on a winter's campaign in Virginia if it did not persist in raining at the most inconvenient times and under the most embarrassing circumstances. The soil of Virginia in the Rappahannock and Potomac regions is exceedingly porous and light, firm and solid when dry, but as soon as it becomes saturated with water the bottom falls out, so to speak, and it becomes impossible to move heavy vehicles, such as pontoon trains, batteries, or loaded baggage wagons of any kind. I cannot vouch for the following story, related by a soldier as having been witnessed by him on that muddy occasion when Burnside failed to get to Richmond, or, in other words, was "stuck in the mud;" but from what I saw myself I should be at least partly disposed to believe it. He said he was wading along in the sea of mud when he saw something near by which resembled two sticks protruding

from the roadbed, but, strange to say, they were moving backward and forward constantly. His curiosity was excited, and on investigation he found that it was the tips of a mule's ears, the owner of which, although completely submerged in the sacred soil, was perseveringly pressing his way "on toward Richmond."

I shall never forget that return march to our old camp. All semblance of military order and discipline was completely ignored. It was "every man for himself" on that march, and we were all our own generals, colonels, and captains. We picked our way through the fields and woods in groups of twos, threes, or fours, as fancy dictated, and reached our old camp at nightfall weary, hungry, and thoroughly disgusted. Some stragglers from other regiments had visited our camp, and much to our disgust had demolished some of our "shebangs," carrying off the material for firewood. We soon repaired the damage and settled down to our former condition of army life in camp.

January 26 we received notice through a general order from the War Department that

General Burnside had resigned his position as commander in chief of the Army of the Potomac and Major General Hooker was appointed his successor. We had a good deal of confidence in "Fighting Joe," as he was familiarly called, and very soon the army felt the influence of the new commander. Furloughs for short periods were issued to a number of officers and enlisted men. Additional rations of dried fruit and various kinds of vegetables were issued, and a good quality of soft bread took the place of the indestructible hard-tack. We had no company cooks, so every squad occupying a tent did their own cooking. Various devices were resorted to to produce dishes such as we were accustomed to have at home. One ingenious corporal, who was a great admirer of baked beans, resolved that his taste for his favorite dish should be gratified. So he dug a hole in the ground in the rear of his tent, and, putting in some stones, built a fire on them till they were thoroughly heated, then the pan of beans was placed in the pit, surrounded by hot stones, and all carefully covered over to retain the heat. This arrangement was all completed by bedtime,

and no doubt the dreams of the ardent corporal were full of visions of fragrant, crusty brown beans for breakfast, fit for a prince's table. But alas for the brightest hopes and dearest plans of this brave soldier! for the next morning when he uncovered the pit, behold his much-prized treasure was gone, leaving no track or trace to indicate whither it had departed. Wasn't that corporal mad, though? He was going to have the whole Army of the Potomac court-martialed for stealing his baked beans. But all his wrath was to no purpose, for those beans were gone, and some other patriot's stomach was comforted by them.

Every pleasant day was occupied in drilling, inspections, and reviews until the army by constant activity regained much of the confidence it had lost by defeat and greatly improved in health and real efficiency. General Kearney at the battle of Fair Oaks ordered his division (the first of the Third Corps) to sew a piece of red flannel on their caps so he could recognize them wherever he saw them. This was the origin of the army corps badges, afterward perfected by General Hooker in a

general order to the army. Our badge was a red diamond; that of the Second Division, a white diamond; that of the Third, blue. So every corps in the army had its distinct mark, that could be recognized anywhere, which was a great convenience to both officers and men.

Our ranks had been greatly thinned by hardships and exposures, resulting in diseases of various kinds, until our number had been reduced from nearly a thousand effective men in August to a little over five hundred in the following February. During the latter month we received our pay for the first time in six months. But even then we received pay for only two months' service. Money was getting very scarce among us, many not having enough to pay postage on their letters home. Congress passed a law allowing soldiers to send letters under an officer's frank through the mails without prepaying the postage; the receiver, however, was to pay it before it left the post office. The following indorsement was put on a letter by a soldier and started for its destination :

“ Soldier's letter, send it through,
Nary a red, but six months' due.”

March 21 Brigadier General Charles K. Graham was assigned to the command of our brigade, and we soon learned to esteem him very highly as an officer and a gentleman. He was a brave soldier, never flinching under the hottest fire, but with a heart as tender as a woman's.

Wood became very scarce in this camp about the first of March, and we therefore received orders to select a new camping place. We packed our effects, marched about four miles north, and encamped on a hillside in a beautiful grove of white oaks. Here we erected the best quarters we had occupied since leaving home; and really we had things quite comfortable. There was a good deal of sickness in camp, mostly real, but some feigned. Every man was obliged to perform duty unless excused by the surgeon. Of course the surgeon came in for a share of censure, especially from men who attempted to play off on him.

One night some boys stuffed an old pair of pants, an old coat and hat with straw, and, propping up this image on crutches and sticks before the doctor's tent, with its back to the door, put a piece of board on its back with the

words "*For Duty!*" marked on it in large letters. When the doctor came out the next morning the first thing he saw was this demoralized, crippled old veteran on his way to camp to report "for duty."

In the early part of April President Lincoln visited the army and was received with great enthusiasm by the officers and soldiers, a grand review being ordered in honor of the occasion, which was a very brilliant affair indeed. On Friday, the 11th of April, our division was ordered out to give the presidential party a send-off, for they were to return to Washington that day. We were formed in two lines, one on each side of the road, and after we had waited about an hour the distinguished cavalcade made its appearance. Mr. Lincoln's sons, with an attendant, headed the procession, followed by the President, General Birney, General Hooker, Mrs. Lincoln, and a long line of officers of all grades, with a regiment of cavalry bringing up the rear. It was an imposing scene. As the head of the column neared the colors of each command three rousing cheers were given for the President and three for General Hooker, after which the

parade was dismissed and we returned to camp.

About this time we received orders to go on picket for three days. As it was some distance to our picket lines we were to take along with us sufficient supplies to last us until we returned. Leaving a guard to look after our camp, on the morning of April 5, in the midst of a furious snowstorm, we started for our destination, some five or six miles up the Rappahannock, where we were divided into detachments, while sentinels were posted all along our front, extending from the river quite a distance north. Everything remained quiet until the morning of the third day, when we were informed that, on account of a grand review of the main army by the President, we would be under the necessity of remaining another day. As a consequence our rations, of fresh meat especially, began to grow small.

Now, a soldier will stand hardship and exposure of almost any degree without much complaining when he sees it is actually necessary ; but when it comes to hunger, especially when in an enemy's country, and there is anything within "reach" that he can "draw," that is

altogether a different thing. So that morning a couple of young soldiers made their way across the picket line, out into rebeldom, to see the country and ascertain if there was anything that could be used to advantage in stilling the demands of empty stomachs.

They soon discovered a herd of cattle grazing in a field at some distance from their rebel owner's house. Surrounding the whole herd, they quietly drove it down into a valley out of sight of the house, and while doing so discovered that of the whole herd there was but one animal sufficiently fat to satisfy the pampered taste of a soldier, and that was a mulley bull. They could only guess at his age, as he had no horns, and, whether tough or tender, they concluded that they could only tell by an actual test. So, singling out their victim, they drove him along toward camp till, reaching a secluded spot near a little brook, one stayed to guard the prisoner while the other went up to camp to give the alarm. It is astonishing how brave many soldiers are in the presence of such a foe, and it was but a few moments before a dozen veterans, armed with clubs and an ax, were on the spot deter-

mined to do their whole duty in the impending conflict. They could not shoot him, as it was unlawful to use firearms on the picket lines; consequently they surrounded him on all sides, while a little fellow from Company C took the ax and, bravely advancing, made a direct attack in front and dealt Mr. Bull a smart rap in the forehead, to which the said gentleman responded by making a direct charge on his tormentor's position. The result was that the soldier beat a hasty retreat with the infuriated beast close at his heels. The lack of horns on the part of the enemy and the activity of the soldier's heels were all that saved the Union army from serious loss. A council of war was held, and it was resolved to change the plan of attack and try the effects of strategy upon the determined foe. They drove him down into a little run, and while some of the boys menaced him in front the others assailed him on the flank, and very soon the enemy made an unconditional surrender. The principle in American politics, that "to the victors belong the spoils," was strictly carried out in this case. In the shortest time imaginable this victim was disrobed

and divided, and an abundance reigned in camp.

Soon after this General Graham with some of his staff came riding along the line and, approaching the scene of conflict, discovered the remnants of the slaughter. Turning to a sentinel who was innocently pacing his beat near by, he inquired what all this meant.

“These, general,” replied the soldier, “are the mortal remains of a secesh bull, who made a raid on our camp, and the boys waylaid him.”

“Yes, I see,” replied the general, “but they ought to have covered them up.”

Having taken cognizance of the affair, it would not do to let it pass without further investigation. He therefore sent an order to all the officers of the regiment asking for a full report concerning the matter. This was duly made out and sent in with the signatures of all of the officers appended. We called this engagement “The third battle of Bull Run.”

But now I imagine I hear some reader inquire, “But wasn’t that beef tough?” Well, you ask General Graham; he lives down in New York, and I think he knows.

CHAPTER VII.

THE latter part of April, 1863, was a period of great activity on the part of the Army of the Potomac. There was a succession of reviews, inspections, battalion and brigade drills; new clothing was drawn; all superfluous baggage and camp equipage was turned in; many of the incurably sick were discharged and others sent to the hospitals; and finally, on the 27th, we received orders to be ready to march at an hour's notice, with five days' rations in our knapsacks and three days' cooked rations in our haversacks. We took off the canvas covering from our "shebangs," packed up our effects, and were ready to follow our gallant leader to victory.

In brief, Hooker's plan was to send a strong detachment of his army to threaten Lee's right, some four or five miles below Fredericksburg, and thus engage the enemy's attention, while with the main body of his army he designed to cross at the various fords above

the town and thus gain a firm footing before his adversary was aware of his real intentions. In case Lee drew his army from Marye's Heights, General Sedgwick with the Sixth Corps was to lay a pontoon bridge, cross at the city, and by a direct advance take possession of the enemy's fortified position. General Stoneman, in command of the cavalry corps, was to cross at some distance above and, making a wide detour, get between the Confederate army and Richmond, destroy Lee's communications, cut off his supplies, and thus co-operate with the main army in the general advance. Our corps was placed under the command of General Sedgwick, and with the First Corps, under Reynolds, and the Sixth, was to conduct operations in front of and below the city.

We therefore again turned our faces in that direction, and at some distance below the town we found, on arriving upon the overlooking heights, that the bridges had already been laid without any opposition from the enemy, and large bodies of our men had crossed the river and were drawn up in solid ranks on the other side. The enemy was also present in

full force, while their advanced line of skirmishers was but a few rods distant from ours. Lee was evidently deceived by this show of force, and led to believe that the main body of the army was present and that the battle would be fought on the same ground as that of December 13.

The weather had taken an unfavorable turn and was a mixture of fog, rain, clouds, and sunshine, the rain being sufficient to keep us wet and uncomfortable and the sunshine sufficient to give us hopes of better weather in the immediate future.

For a day or two we were kept in suspense, for none of us knew what Hooker's plan was at that time, expecting hourly to be called on to cross the river and engage the enemy. Thursday, April 30, we were mustered by Colonel Madill for the purpose of having the pay rolls made out; while we were in line the adjutant read an order from General Hooker stating that the movement on the right had been entirely successful, that the enemy must either evacuate his stronghold and retreat or else come out and for the first time meet us on ground of our own choosing, in which case we

should not fail to completely pulverize him. We shouted and cheered over this news, and in a few moments we were in full marching order with our faces turned westward. We marched all that afternoon and till twelve o'clock that night, when we arrived in the vicinity of the United States ford, about eight or ten miles above Fredericksburg, where we encamped for the remainder of the night. It had been a long and severe march, and most of us were too nearly exhausted to care for anything but rest. So we flung ourselves on the ground in our wet clothing and were soon lost in profound slumber.

At four o'clock the next morning we were aroused from sleep by the shrill notes of the bugle sounding the *reveille*, and after a hasty breakfast we resumed our march, and on reaching the river found a bridge already laid, upon which we crossed over and were once more in the immediate presence of the enemy. Hooker had secured a position of great natural advantage, with both flanks of his army resting on the river, while the general outline was that of a semicircle, the center of which extended two or three miles south of the Rappahannock and

included the Chancellor House, which gave its name to the fierce and bloody battle which followed.

We arrived at Chancellor House about eight o'clock in the morning, where we halted for a short time, when our brigade was ordered to march down the plank road to Dowdall's Tavern and reinforce the Eleventh Corps, which held our right flank and was commanded by General O. O. Howard. General Graham was ordered to report to General Howard, which he did; but that officer seemed to consider it a reflection on him and his corps that he should be tendered assistance. He therefore expressed his entire confidence in his ability to hold his position, and declined to accept the services of our brigade. Consequently we retraced our steps and resumed our position with the division which was commanded by General D. B. Birney, and were placed in position a short distance from the Chancellor House. The picket lines in our front soon became engaged, and a rebel battery soon began to fire salutes for our especial benefit. One of our batteries was brought forward and soon began to return the compliment. We were

placed behind this battery as a support, and here we were obliged to lie for two or three hours, while the enemy's shells seemed to rake the very earth itself. We then received orders to retire behind a rise of ground to a less exposed position, and were not slow in preparing to obey this order. Lieutenant Colonel Watkins, of our regiment, who had dismounted, had just placed his foot in the stirrup preparatory to remounting when a solid twelve-pound shot struck his horse on the opposite shoulder, passing clear through him, killing him instantly, but not injuring his rider in the least. The colonel stood there for a moment fairly dazed as his horse dropped suddenly to the ground, seemingly unable to comprehend what had happened. But soon he began to realize that he was destined to take it on foot for a while.

As it began to grow dark the firing gradually ceased on both sides, and both armies subsided into quietness and rested on their arms. Very early in the morning we were aroused from our slumbers, and after a hasty breakfast were once more on the move. Passing westerly along the plank road to a point

about a mile west of the Chancellor House, we turned southward, and, reaching a grove of very thick pines, we went into camp. During the afternoon, while looking up a cousin who was in the Third Wisconsin Regiment, I passed by General Birney's headquarters and discovered a number of officers, among whom was General Sickles, who commanded our corps, with field glasses looking across the valley in our front to a wagon road on the opposite ridge, along which a long train of wagons was making its way. Our officers felt sure that General Lee was sending his trains on to Lynchburg preparatory to a retreat on Richmond. General Birney ordered up a battery, which got into position in a few minutes and began to shell the wagon train. The facts were reported to General Hooker, and he ordered General Birney to advance with his division, and, striking the enemy on his flank and rear, prevent his escape. We were soon in motion, and passing down the valley, through which flowed a small stream, we were deployed in line of battle on the opposite slope and began to advance. We were a little too late, for the main column of the enemy had passed by;

but our advance line struck their rear guard, the Twenty-third Georgia, and drove them into a railroad cut, where they were so effectually cooped up that they soon threw up the white flag, and every man was captured except their colonel, who, after the surrender, mounted his horse and, making a dash, succeeded in escaping before our men fairly understood his purpose.

Pressing on, we gained the summit of the hill along which the highway ran upon which the rebel column had passed and were now about two or three miles in advance of our main line. Near this place was the Welford mansion, and also extensive mines of gold which had been formerly worked to a considerable extent but were now abandoned. In a field on this plantation the entire division was massed, and, having no orders to make any farther advance, we waited for developments.

It was now nearly dark, and we were anticipating a night of rest, for no enemy seemed to be left in our immediate vicinity. Suddenly, however, the stillness was broken, first by the sharp, irregular rattle of musketry, which we knew to be the work of skirmishers,

and then by fearful volleys, mingled with the awful roar of scores of pieces of artillery. All this came directly from our rear, and, although we were not able to understand what it all meant, we were very certain that something was wrong. Clouds of smoke and dust arose above the tree tops, while the flashes of light from the heavy guns could be plainly seen. While we waited, wondering what it all could mean, an orderly came galloping up to where General Birney sat on his horse and handed him a paper. Suddenly the bugle sounded; we took our places and were on our way toward the scene of conflict. We reached the valley we had passed in the afternoon without meeting any enemy, but on ascending the slope our advance was suddenly confronted by the rebel pickets. The firing had ceased by this time, but we soon came to understand that we, a division numbering six or seven thousand men, were entirely surrounded by the enemy's forces. Fully realizing our perilous position, pickets were thrown out on all sides and every precaution taken to insure our safety. Not being on special duty just then, I spread my blanket on the ground. Weariness

overcame the sense of danger ; I was soon fast asleep. About midnight I was suddenly awakened by an awful crash of artillery, mingled with the sharper rattle of musketry, coming from the exact point where our friends ought to be, provided we had any, and not more than twenty or thirty rods distant. The din was perfectly awful, but, so far as the noise was concerned, we soon got accustomed to that ; but when the bullets and shells began to fall among us that was another thing. Fortunately, none of us were struck, and after an hour or so had passed the firing suddenly ceased and all was quiet. We then learned that the firing was caused by Ward's brigade of our division making a night attack upon the enemy's line which intervened betwixt us and our main line, for the purpose of relieving us from our unpleasant position and opening to us a communication with our army. This they successfully accomplished, and the lively visions we had had of Libby Prison and Belle Isle faded from our view. It was during this midnight assault that the Confederate chief, "Stonewall" Jackson, was mortally wounded. Nearly every regiment engaged in the battle

of Chancellorsville has claimed the credit of killing the rebel chief, but there is no doubt in my mind but that it was done by some man or men in Ward's brigade of the First Division of the Third Corps, for there were no other troops engaged at that time. Certain, however, it is that the Confederate army met with an irreparable loss in his death, and whatever advantage they gained was dearly purchased.

We afterward learned the meaning of the fierce encounter of the evening before. It was caused by a fierce attack by Jackson's division on the Eleventh Corps, resulting in its utter defeat and rout. Instead of making a retreat he had simply passed across our front, and, having discovered that Howard in his fancied security had neglected all precautions looking toward an attack on his part of the line, he had massed his army, and all unexpectedly had fallen upon the Eleventh Corps and driven it back with terrible slaughter. Those frightened Dutchmen came rushing to the rear, many of them not having fired a shot, shouting, "I fights mit Sigel, but runs mit Howard." In this case, however, the soldiers were not to blame for the defeat, for very few men of any nation-

ality will stand and fight when suddenly and unexpectedly assaulted by a determined foe. Two great mistakes had been made up to this time. One was in placing General Howard in such a responsible position, the other in sending our division on a wild goose chase after Jackson's baggage train. If that day, Saturday, the 2d of May, 1863, had been spent by our whole army in building breastworks and intrenchments, and had a competent officer been assigned to the defense of our right flank, the results of Jackson's attack would have been a most disastrous repulse, which, followed by the throwing forward of a heavy column betwixt Lee and Jackson, would have ended in a glorious victory for the Union army.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY Sabbath morning, May 3, we were aroused from sleep, but had no time for preparing any breakfast except eating a slice of raw salt pork and a cracker or two, for important business awaited our attention. The pickets were called in and we were formed in line on the side of the hill fronting to the west. Hardly had our formation been completed before a rebel column struck us on the left flank, and there were only two things we could do, namely, stay there and be slaughtered or run for a better position. We soon got ordered to fall back, double quick, and we were not slow in obeying the order. I never made better time in my life than on that occasion, and I distinctly remember seeing one of the boys who was ahead of me tumble over a pile of rails in his hasty flight. He went end over end in one direction while his gun did the same in another. He paid no attention to his gun, however, perhaps thinking that he had no use for it just then,

but continued his speed until, having reached a favorable position, we halted, reformed, faced about, and confronted the determined foe.

We soon reached a piece of woods in which the rebels were swarming in full force. We did not wait for orders to open fire, but let drive at them to the very best of our ability. Soldiers seldom, if ever, in action wait to fire by volleys, but each man just loads and fires as fast as he can. An officer mounted upon a magnificent white horse, riding up and down behind the rebel line, which was fighting behind a breastwork of old logs, rails, etc., became a conspicuous target for our rifles, and perhaps hundreds of bullets were fired at him, till at last he disappeared.

Our ranks were being fearfully thinned out, men were falling all around; yet we held our position. Looking to my left, I saw our flag go down. Our color sergeant was mortally wounded, but in an instant the flag is raised again by one of the color guard. He falls, and then Captain Swart, commanding Company C, the color company, a noble man, a minister of the Gospel, seizes the staff and raises it again; but he too falls, and for a moment

the old flag lies in the dust. I sprang toward it, but Colonel Madill was riding close behind, and seeing the colors fall the third time he leaped from his horse, and, seizing the flag before I could reach it, he remounted and in very positive language, not all of which is found in the Presbyterian creed, he declared that if that flag went down again he would go with it. Now the conflict waxes hotter and hotter. We now discover that the rebels are being reinforced, for a new line of battle is filing in to take the places of those who have fought so long and so well. Our ranks are soon thinning out faster than ever under the fire of these fresh troops, and we glanced around anxiously looking for reinforcements. "Why don't they come?" we asked each other again and again. But no help appears. We seem to be abandoned to our fate. Suddenly we are aware that we are being flanked, that the enemy is endeavoring to gain our rear, and there is but one alternative—we must fall back or be captured. Slowly, sullenly we begin to retire, rallying occasionally and giving the advancing foe a volley and then continuing to fall back.

While thus engaged I came upon a soldier

who had been shot through the body, and myself and a comrade undertook to carry him off the field. While thus engaged we looked up and saw that we were about midway betwixt our lines and the enemy's. The wounded soldier also discovered our perilous position, and told us we had better lay him down and escape or the rebels would capture the whole of us. This we did, but we had not a moment to spare, as the enemy was close upon us.

Upon reaching the vicinity of the Chancellor House we found a new line had been formed, passing which we reached a place of safety. We were taken back into the woods to rest a while and get some water, and were then taken back, and, having been assigned a position in this new line, we were ordered to throw up breastworks.

While in camp on Arlington Heights we used to go out on detail to work on the defenses of Washington. We had but little heart in this work, and it was a kind of unwritten law that any man raising a sweat must go into the guardhouse. But in our present condition we had all the stimulus we needed, and it was astonishing how quickly we had

erected a fine line of breastworks, although we had little to dig with except tin plates, half canteens, bayonets, tin cups, and our hands. If we had only had such a line of defense in the morning we could have held it against any force the enemy could have brought against us, and many hundreds of valuable lives might have been saved.

While we were occupying our new position a battery in our front became engaged in an artillery duel with a rebel battery some half a mile distant. We received orders to "cover," that is, to lie down so the bullets and shells might go over our heads instead of through our bodies. While lying on the ground with my face turned toward our rear a soldier's cap flew over my body and fell on the ground beyond me. The previous instant a shell had come over and burst in the air just over us, but as the air was full of them we lay still until the firing had ceased. Then upon looking around I discovered that the cap had belonged to a young man named Robert McKinney, who was lying with his head about a foot from my body with both hands over his face, which was turned to the ground. A large

piece of the shell had struck him in the back of the head, and my clothes were bespattered with his brains. He and I had come out of the morning's fight together, and had congratulated ourselves in passing through the fearful slaughter unscathed. He was a most exemplary young man, a graduate of Wyoming Seminary; was fitting himself for professional life, and, best of all, was a most sincere and devoted Christian, who carried his religion even into the demoralizing tendencies of army life. A grave was dug near where he fell, at the root of a white oak tree, and, wrapped in his blanket, he was laid down to his long sleep, to be awakened only by the voice of Him who is the resurrection and the life.

While occupying our fortified position the Confederate sharpshooters occasionally paid us their respects. General Berry, who commanded one of the brigades in our division, while engaged in conversation with some of his staff, all unconscious of danger, was struck by a bullet from a sharpshooter's rifle and instantly killed, although the rebel was perhaps nearly a mile away.

Monday the two armies occupied their re-

spective positions, and all was quiet except the occasional fire of a sharpshooter and some artillery engagements. Tuesday was spent in strengthening our defenses till just night, when the inevitable rain began to fall. We had packed up our effects under orders to be ready to march, and there we waited through the long, dreary, dark night, with the ceaseless rain pouring down upon us, without shelter, soaked to the skin, disheartened, wearied, and exhausted by the terrible strain that had been upon us for several days past, and many of our comrades, whom we honored and loved, silent in death or terribly wounded and in the hands of the enemy. All of these circumstances combined to make it one of the most terrible nights I ever experienced. Toward morning I gathered a half-dozen bean poles together, and, placing them side by side to keep me out of the mud, I laid down upon them, and, with the pitiless rain still pouring down, was soon lost in a profound slumber. About daylight we received orders to start. We made our way out of the woods into the road leading to the ford. The first step I took into the road I went into the mud ankle deep.

I thought I had seen mud before, but this beat the whole previous catalogue. The homeward march from Burnside's "Mud March" was boys' play compared to this. We lost all semblance of order as soon as we passed over the river, and picked our way back to camp by twos and threes as best we could. The bottoms of my pants becoming overloaded with the sacred soil, I cut with my pocketknife and amputated about six inches of the lower extremities, greatly to my relief.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at our old camp, and the rain, which had stopped falling for a few hours, came down again in torrents. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and the dark, stormy night was followed by a bright, sunshiny morning. I went out and looked over our half-deserted camp, for more than half of the tents were now deserted, the bare framework remaining. Too well I knew where their former occupants were, and that very many of them had spread their tents on

"Fame's eternal camping ground."

A feeling of inexpressible sadness came over me. Although I had been brought up in a

Christian home, surrounded by religious influences, I had hitherto neglected the claims of the Lord Jesus upon me. I walked out of the camp, and, kneeling down by the roadside, promised God that if he would spare my life and give us victory in the great contest henceforth my life should be consecrated to his service; and although it was many months afterward that I sought and found the "Pearl of greatest price," yet that promise was never wholly forgotten.

Sunday morning, when we went into the fight, our regiment numbered four hundred and seventeen men, rank and file. Of this number we had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing, two hundred and twenty men, more than one half of the whole number engaged. The severely wounded had fallen into the enemy's hands, and when we fell back across the river were left to their tender mercies, which were often cruel indeed.

Arrangements were finally made between the two commanders by which many of our wounded were paroled. Our ambulance train visited the battlefield on the 13th and brought over all the survivors. They were a woe-

begone-looking lot of men—haggard, dirty, smoke-begrimed. They had been robbed of their blankets and much of their clothing by their captors; their wounds undressed. They had lain without care or shelter, exposed to sunshine and rain, for a whole week or more, with only the coarsest food scantily supplied. Many died for want of care. The intense joy felt by the survivors on reaching our lines can better be imagined than described.

One man in Company K became somewhat excited during the fight on Sunday morning. He loaded his gun and fired in front, then loaded again and fired to the right, then again to the left, then to the rear, and then cried out, "Get up here, boys; there is good fighting all around here!" About this time he was struck in the head by a minie ball, fell senseless to the earth, and was left for dead upon the field. Great, therefore, was the surprise and joy of his comrades, when the ambulance train returned from the battlefield, to find this zealous fighter among the other wounded still alive. He was sent to the hospital, and so far recovered that he returned to the regiment and did excellent service afterward.

May 24 I was detailed to take charge of an escort to attend the funeral of Sergeant B. F. Beardsley, our color-bearer, who fell mortally wounded during the terrific battle of Sunday morning. With a detail of twelve men we marched to the hospital where he died, and a procession was formed, headed by a brass band, followed by the guard of honor. Then came the chaplain, then an ambulance containing the body incased in a coffin made of cracker boxes (which was the best that could be done); this completed the line, as there were no relatives present. We proceeded to the brigade burial ground, where the grave was ready to receive its trust; a dirge was played by the band, the coffin was lowered, the chaplain read the service for the dead, and then the guard of honor fired three volleys over the grave. Then this dead hero was left to his long repose.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was many weeks before we fully recovered from the moral effects of the disastrous defeat at Chancellorsville. The conception of the plan was almost faultless, and up to Saturday night, May 2, every prospect was to all appearance favorable. Had Howard but spent the two days he occupied the position on our right flank in fortifying his position, and kept pickets well out in front, supported by a heavy skirmish line, the fierce attack of Stonewall Jackson would no doubt have been repulsed, and his command, separated from Lee's main army, might by judicious generalship have been completely annihilated, while Lee's army, hemmed in by Sedgwick, who had already captured Fredericksburg and scaled Marye's Heights on the east, and by Hooker's main army on the west, must either have been surely defeated or have fallen back on Richmond. To my mind one thing is certain: if General Grant or Sheridan had been in command of

the Army of the Potomac at that time General O. O. Howard would never have commanded any part of our army again while the war lasted.

Activity is a great antidote for despondency, and nowhere is this more true than in an army. No sooner had we got fairly settled in our old camp than our attention was taken up by a series of parades, reviews, drills, inspections, and such like performances, which tended to inspire us with new courage and gave us but little time to brood over our defeat.

General D. B. Birney, our division commander, conceived the idea of rewarding personal exhibitions of bravery on the part of the soldiers of his command by preparing and presenting a medal called the "Kearney Cross" to two or three of the survivors of each company, upon the recommendation of the company commander. Consequently an order was issued that the names of such as had distinguished themselves in an especial manner should be sent into division headquarters. This was quickly attended to, and on Tuesday, the 26th, the whole division was called out, formed in a hollow square, the order of General Birney read, and then General Sickles made

a short patriotic speech, at the close of which the names of the fortunate recipients were read and the badges presented to them. Of course *they* were highly gratified, but not so the great majority who stood looking on, and many of whom had displayed bravery equal or superior to that of those who received the badges, but who happened to stand in the good graces of their company commanders. General Birney proposed in his order to make the practice a permanent one; but we never heard any more about it after that. It did not work as he anticipated, but was treated with ridicule by most of those who did not get them. Some of the boys in our brigade whittled crosses out of hard-tack, tied a string to them, pinned them to their breasts, and went strutting about the camp as big as life. One sergeant wrote in large letters on his tent, "Three brave men and sixty cowards."

About this time we received orders to move camp, and on the early morning of the 29th we packed up, left our comfortable quarters, and marched down to the flats bordering on Potomac Creek Bay and established a new camp. This was a most unwise measure, as the

sanitary arrangements in our old camp were all that were needed to insure good health, the water was pure and plenty, our quarters large and roomy, while the spot selected for our new camp was a sandy plain where every gust of wind brought a shower of sand and dust, which penetrated everything, filling our eyes, hair, food, and clothing. Besides, there was no shade, and only a thin canvas covering to protect us from the scalding rays of the sun. The only redeeming feature about it was that we were in close proximity to the water of the bay, where we could bathe and fish.

There was no help for it, however, and so we went to work to make our new abode as comfortable as possible. Tuesday, June 2, I was sent in charge of a detail of men to guard one of the large bakeries which had been built to supply our army with soft bread. Here bread was manufactured on a large scale; several thousand loaves were baked daily, and were distributed while warm and fresh to the army. A very good quality of bread was furnished by these bakeries, and each man received one loaf a day, which weighed about twenty ounces. We could get butter of the

sutlers for from forty to fifty cents per pound. Some of it, to be sure, was old enough to veter-
anize. Of course we could use less, but it was
butter all the same, and was a great improve-
ment on dry bread or salt pork and hard-tack
sandwiches.

About four o'clock Friday morning we were
awakened by heavy cannonading in the direc-
tion of Fredericksburg. We discovered a good
deal of activity prevailing all through the army.
The seriously wounded were granted furloughs
as soon as they were able to travel, while many
less disabled were sent to the general hospitals
at Washington and other large cities. The
entire army was put under marching orders,
and active preparations for another campaign
were being made.

Of course we didn't know at the time what all
this meant, as all such movements are only
known to the commander in chief and his ad-
visers; but we afterward learned that our lead-
ers had discovered that Lee's army had grown
restive and was making preparations for an ex-
cursion in some direction, and it was correctly
surmised that the granaries of the North were
the objective point.

One of our heavy batteries, therefore, was trained on the enemy's position, and sent over a few messengers with a view to waking him up. No reply was received, however, and finally a pontoon bridge was thrown across the river and a large force was sent over, but no especial advance was made. It was soon learned that the Confederate army had vacated the position it had fought so hard to hold, and was moving up the right bank of the Rappahannock.

We remained at the bakery till Monday, the 8th, when we returned to camp, where to our great surprise and joy we found the paymaster, whose visits seemed to us like those of angels, few and far between. For the second time in nearly a year we received two months' pay, though in many instances the sutler received the most of it. Whenever we were called up for pay we always found the sutler at the paymaster's elbow, and as each man's name was called the sutler would give the amount of his claim against the man, and this amount would be paid directly to the trader and be deducted from the soldier's pay.

Thursday, June 11, we were called out for

brigade inspection at seven o'clock in the morning, and at its close we received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Some of us went down to the river to bathe, and while thus engaged the bugle sounded "pack up." We got out of the water, put on our clothes, and were soon in camp. Our tents had already been struck, and in less than an hour we were on our way to—we did not know where. One unpleasant feature about those long marches was that we seldom, if ever, knew where we were going, and consequently had no idea when we should get there. When a traveler has his journey's end before him, however weary or footsore he may be, he can make some calculation as to the time when he will be permitted to rest. But there is no such inspiration for the soldier. He is under the control of another mind, which controls his downsittings and his uprisings, his marches and his countermarches, and so he blindly seeks his destiny, like Abraham, not knowing whither he goeth.

All that long, hot, dry, dusty summer afternoon we pursued our way up the north side of the Rappahannock, till about dark we arrived

in the vicinity of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, having marched about twenty miles. Not much over half of the regiment reached our camping place together, as many with feet blistered, or exhausted by the heat, dropped out by the way, and it was several hours before they all came up. This march was especially severe, as the men had done but little of such service during the winter, and therefore were not hardened to it; and many, supposing it was only a temporary movement, retained all their winter clothing, blankets, etc., which proved a heavy load for a hot day's march. As soon as we began to find that a long job was ahead of us the overcoats and extra blankets were dispensed with, and all other superfluous articles were scattered by the wayside. I threw away everything but a blanket, my haversack and canteen, and the clothes I had on. When my shirt got too lively for comfort, or too dirty for health, if a chance was offered I went to a brook, took it off, skirmished it over to reduce the army of graybacks to a minimum, washed it in the creek, and put it on to dry. It was a very primitive sort of a laundry, but it was a good deal better than none.

The next morning we were on the road by seven o'clock, headed northward—a direction we were not much accustomed to travel in. The day was intensely hot and the dust so thick that objects ahead could be seen but a few feet away. About half past three o'clock we arrived in the vicinity of Bealton Station, and went into camp in a beautiful green, grassy grove of oaks, having marched about fifteen miles. There were few men who closed that day's march without blistered feet. Several cases of sunstroke were reported and some deaths. We remained in this grove till the next morning, when we took up our line of march, now bearing to the eastward in the direction of Washington.

Up to this day's march I had stood it remarkably well, having kept my place in the company every day and been among the first to reach camp at night. But this 15th day of June, 1863, will be indelibly engraven on my memory. We started on our march at 6 A. M., and following the line of the railroad nearly due east we were urged on to the utmost limit of human endurance, endeavoring, as we afterward learned, to head off Lee and get in

between him and Washington before he should get in between Washington and us. About 3 P. M., when within about a mile of Bull Run, covered with sweat and dust, straining every nerve to keep my place, I suddenly began to get dizzy; I ceased perspiring; cold chills began to creep over me; everything turned dark before my eyes; a deathly, fainting sensation came over me. I just remember seeing the outlines of a bush by the wayside, and dropping behind it, and then—a blank.

When I recovered consciousness the sun was low down; it had grown cooler, and I found that some of my comrades who had fallen behind had come up, and finding me there had done what they could to restore me. After a while, with their assistance, I managed to get along to where the regiment was encamped, about a mile ahead. I then began to realize that I had suffered a sunstroke, from which I have never fully recovered. As good fortune would have it, we remained on the banks of the famous Bull Run for two or three days, and, the weather growing cooler, I began to feel much better. I was not the only one who suffered; and many fared much worse than I did.

The forced march was altogether unnecessary, as Lee and his army were many miles away beyond the Blue Ridge, headed not for Washington, but for the more promising territory of southern Pennsylvania. Hooker's facilities seemed very imperfect for obtaining information concerning the plans, purposes, and whereabouts of his wily antagonist. It was a blind game on both sides, and caused much unnecessary suffering.

The battlefield of Bull Run, although twice the scene of terrific conflicts, bore but few signs of the great struggle. Occasionally a marked tree, a mound of earth, or pile of stones showed traces of the deadly collision. While here some of us went up the railroad about a mile to the little village of Centerville, made memorable by being the place upon which our forces retired after the first battle. Here we found quite a large number of rebel prisoners, taken in some of the recent movements, who were awaiting transportation to a place of greater security. They didn't seem to feel very badly over their misfortune, but joked and laughed as merrily as if they were on a picnic, realizing that they had gotten rid of a serious job.

CHAPTER X.

ON our arrival in the vicinity of Bull Run we received through the Northern newspapers brought into camp the startling information that Lee had invaded Pennsylvania, and that his advance was already threatening the capital of the State. This information enabled us to account for the unceremonious way in which we had left the Rappahannock a week before and the various movements we had made since. One thing, however, puzzled us very much, and that was why we were marched nearly to death for a few days and then permitted to lie still for nearly as long a time. The reason for all this appeared afterward to be the great skill with which Lee masked his movements, so as to keep Hooker in complete ignorance of his design. While Lee had crossed over into the Shenandoah valley with his main army he had seized and occupied the principal gaps through the Blue Ridge with his cavalry, and thus made it very difficult for Hooker to gain defi-

nite information concerning his enemy's movements.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of June 19 we were once more in line, and after some delay, waiting for a wagon train, we were put in motion with our column headed for the north. The forenoon had been very hot and sultry, and just as we had fairly got under way masses of dark clouds began to loom above the western horizon, while the distant rumbling of thunder came echoing over the Blue Mountain range, increasing every moment in volume as it came nearer and nearer, until it seemed as if all the artillery of heaven had been unlimbered and trained upon us. Old Virginia may be famous as being the mother of presidents, but she can also get up some of the biggest thunderstorms it was ever my lot to witness, and this was a little ahead of anything yet on the calendar. The rain began to pour down in blinding torrents, the wind dashing it in our faces till we could hardly see to march. After the first fierce dash it sobered down a little, and then the clouds settled right down to solid business. We continued on our way in spite of the storm, and after a while it began to grow dark,

the rain continuing to fall till it actually grew so dark that it became impossible for a man to see his file leader, who was supposed to be less than three feet before him. The only way we could direct our course was by the sound of the rattling accouterments of our comrades ahead of us, or occasionally by their voices, as but little was said by anyone, and that little was generally expressive of supreme disgust, couched in language strongly savoring of profanity, and generally aimed at the man who was supposed to be directly responsible for all this discomfort.

Suddenly we came to a halt, not in obedience to any order, but because the head of our part of the column had stopped, the first intimation of which we had was by coming in collision with those ahead of us, a proceeding not altogether agreeable, as occasionally the protruding butt of a musket would come in contact with a veteran's head. It made me think of the sudden stopping of the forward end of a long railway train and the chucking together of the cars as they came up in succession.

Well, we were walking by faith just then,

and not by sight, for word was passed down the line that we were on the wrong road, or rather the wrong course, as I had failed to detect any resemblance to a road for miles past ; or, in other words, we were lost, or the brigade was lost, and we didn't know which. All this time the rain was pouring down, and the ground, trodden by hundreds of feet, had become a veritable bed of mortar. After a while our regimental leaders found the right track and we resumed our march. O, those weary, interminable miles ! Will they never come to an end ? Shall we never reach our destination ?

These thoughts and many others passed through our minds as we wearily trudged on, on, on, soaked to the skin, hungry, tired, and exhausted in body and in mind.

At last, about midnight, the order was given to halt, and in a few moments we began to file out in a field to camp for the remainder of the night. The ground was soaking wet, although the rain had nearly ceased, and was anything but an inviting couch for wet, weary bodies to repose upon. Discovering a small barn near by, I decided to establish my head-

quarters in it, and, climbing up into the loft, I dug a hole in a pile of hay, crawled into it, and drew over myself a piece of tent canvas which was full of water. I was speedily lost in profound slumber.

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly in the east. I threw off my covering, and the steam rolled up in quite a volume. I got up, stretched the kinks out of my legs, crawled down from my roosting-place, went out into a field near by, where the regiment had lain in the mud and slept since midnight. We had a good deal of trouble in getting anything dry enough to burn so we could cook some breakfast, of which we stood sadly in need, for we had all gone supperless to bed. After a while we succeeded in making some coffee and frying fat pork. With these and some crackers—no longer “hard-tack,” for seven hours of a Virginia deluge had taken the hardness all out of them—we succeeded in making out a breakfast. Upon investigation we found that we had reached a small town nearly north of Centerville. It was called Gum Springs, taking its name from some mineral springs in the vicinity.

The warm sunshine soon dried the water and mud on our clothing, and, moving on through the village, we pitched our tents on a hillside and went into camp. We were now about four miles from Aldie, near one of the principal gaps in the Blue Ridge, and which was held by the rebel cavalry under Stuart.

On the morning of the 21st we were startled by the sound of heavy cannonading only a few miles distant. We were drawn up in line of battle, and expected every moment orders to advance. The cannonading continued, but ceased about noon, and everything became quiet. We learned afterward that General Pleasanton, in command of our cavalry, had made a vigorous attack upon the rebel forces holding Snicker's Gap, in order to drive him from the position so as to unveil Lee's movements, and that was the cause of the commotion we had heard.

On the 25th of June Lee had moved his whole army across the Potomac, and, as soon as it became evident that he intended his northern movement to be something more than a mere raid, we were once more in line and headed toward the north star. We had

lain at Gum Springs for five days and had a good chance to rest, get our clothes washed, and our haversacks replenished with fresh rations, and so were in pretty good trim for marching. Besides, we were now headed toward our own homes, and were also fully aware that our own State had been invaded and our own homes exposed to danger. These together supplied an incentive sufficient to keep every man in his place to the utmost extent of human endurance. We made good time that forenoon, and about twelve o'clock halted for dinner on a large plantation not far from the Potomac. The planter's house was near by, and quite a number of the boys made the old gentleman a friendly call to inquire concerning the condition of his flocks and herds.

Among the other callers was a colored man, one of the officers' servants, who, seeing the boys in pursuit of some chickens, joined in the chase; for didn't his master have a weakness for chickens? The Negro succeeded in capturing a fowl, and on his way to camp he passed by the rebel owner's house with his prize under his arm. The old man discovered the condition of his property, and as the darky

passed by him he picked up a large stone and hurled it with unerring aim at the unsuspecting fellow, striking him squarely betwixt the shoulders, nearly knocking the breath out of his body. The Negro gave a jump and uttered a big "O!" glanced around to see what the trouble was, dropped that chicken in short meter, and started on a run for camp, making such good time that about all that could be seen was a black streak, although he was so terribly frightened that he actually turned pale, at least as pale as he could be.

After dinner we resumed our march, and about two o'clock we reached Edward's Ferry, where we found a pontoon bridge laid across the Potomac ready for us to cross over into Maryland.

Few of my readers ever saw a pontoon bridge, or perhaps have much of an idea how one is constructed; therefore I will give a short description. First, boats are built with flat bottoms, about twenty feet long and three to four feet wide. These are loaded on wagons and are transported wherever needed. When it is desired to lay a bridge these boats are brought to the water's edge, unloaded, and

placed in the water about six to eight feet apart, with the ends up and down stream, where they are securely anchored from both ends. Then timbers already fitted are laid across these boats from shore to shore, furnishing stringers upon which the planks are laid, just as in any bridge. The ends of the bridge are securely fastened to the shore, and then it is all ready for business. When crossing these bridges an army generally takes what is called the route step; that is, they step just as they please, without keeping step together, and then they will quiver and sway from side to side so they appear half drunk. Light artillery and baggage and ammunition wagons can safely cross them, but they will not support very heavy guns. They are in charge of the Engineer Corps, who will lay them down and take them up in an incredibly short space of time when unmolested by the fire of an enemy. We passed on across the river, and were once more in the State of Maryland. We continued our march, taking a northeasterly direction, keeping well between the rebel army and Washington, and just before dark we reached the vicinity of Monocacy Creek, where we camped in

a large wheat field for the night, having marched about thirty miles that day.

The wheat was just turned yellow and was about breast high, but was trampled down and completely ruined by men and beasts. The fields were surrounded by high rail fences, but although no soldier took anything but the top rail it wasn't an hour before there wasn't a vestige of a fence in sight. Rails seemed to be perfectly adapted to the wants of soldiers on the march. They were always ready cut, were generally dry, handy to get at, would make a long fire, so that quite a number of men could cook coffee or make bean soup over one fire, and so far as we were concerned we had no other use for them.

The next morning we were in line at six o'clock and resumed our northward journey. That day we covered about fifteen miles, and about the middle of the afternoon we reached what was called the Point of Rocks, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. There was but little straggling, for by this time we had got hardened to marching, and instead of rushing us to death one day and then holding still two or three, they kept us steadily at it, and we

made excellent progress without overtaxing our powers of endurance.

The next day we took up our line of march in good season, and at night encamped near Middletown, a small village a few miles southwest of Frederick City. Here we first began to see evidences of loyalty on the part of the inhabitants. That night some young ladies came to camp, and one of them sang "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and other patriotic songs. Really it seemed to me that we were in another world entirely, as heretofore we had invariably been greeted with frowns and insults by the people with whom we had come in contact. The Marylanders were mostly glad to see us, for they knew that their property would be safer under our care than if Lee got his hands upon it. Their generosity didn't extend very deep, however, so far as I could see; for the only thing I got on the march without paying a good price for it was a cup of sour milk which a woman gave me, and it had been skimmed at that.

CHAPTER XI.

A GOOD deal has been written as to the generous treatment of our army in the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania by the inhabitants during the Gettysburg campaign. Well, I only speak concerning my own personal knowledge, and cannot say as to the experiences of others in this line; but, as I stated in a former chapter, the only thing I received on the way was a cup of sour milk from a woman who stood by the roadside with a pailful of that commodity, giving each one a cupful as long as it lasted, and, as I said, though it was skimmed, it did taste wonderfully good. In nearly every place we passed through stands were erected where we could buy weak lemonade for ten cents a glass, ginger-snaps, pies, cakes, bread, etc., at corresponding rates. I paid a woman, after the battle of Gettysburg, forty cents for a moderate-sized loaf of bread, and another one a half-dollar for a loaf of cake that made me so sick I certainly

thought I should die. The truth is those Pennsylvania Dutch people love money about as well as they do beer and whisky, as evidenced by the late vote on the constitutional amendment; and though they were glad to see us it was more on account of what they wanted us to do than for any great affection for us.

Sunday morning, June 28, we reached and passed through Frederick City, marching in column by companies with bands playing and colors flying. The city came out *en masse* to see us, and many of the buildings had been decorated with the national colors. Here we were joined by our colonel, who had been home on a leave of absence and had been looking for us for several days. General Sickles, who had been absent for some weeks, also came up with us and resumed command of the Third Corps, while General Birney, who had commanded the corps in his absence, resumed his place at the head of our division.

Some of our boys who were in the hospital at Frederick City when the regiment passed through asked permission of the surgeons to rejoin the regiment. If there was to be a fight in Pennsylvania, they said, they wanted to

have a hand in it. The surgeons refused to give their consent, on the ground that the boys were not well enough to endure the hardships of active campaigning. They therefore deserted from the hospital and reported to Colonel Madill for duty. As they had no guns and equipments they were told to go to the hospital and assist the surgeons. No; they did not want to do anything of the kind. They had not run away from one hospital to go to another, they said; it would be a strange battle if they couldn't get all the arms they wanted very soon after it commenced. They were therefore allowed to remain with the regiment, and were very quickly supplied with arms after the battle began. Their names were sent to the regiment as deserters afterward, but the colonel sent back word that he would get along with a whole regiment of such deserters.

About this time the Army of the Potomac had another change of commanding officers, General Joe Hooker being relieved of the command and General George G. Meade appointed in his place. The most of us were not very greatly concerned in the change, for changes had occurred so often that we had hardly had

time to become very much attached to any one of them. Besides, Hooker had failed at Chancellorsville, not through any fault of his, only that he had placed an incompetent officer in charge of a most important point, and he had brought disaster upon the whole army. Nevertheless, Hooker was held responsible for the failure, and having been tied down and hampered by General H. W. Hallock, commander in chief, at Washington, he asked to be relieved, and the next day, the 28th, a messenger arrived from Washington with an order appointing General Meade to take the command of the army. We didn't know much about General Meade, and didn't spend any time in looking up his history. All we wanted was a fair chance at Lee's army, and we felt confident that we could demolish it. General Meade has been greatly applauded and has received unstinted praise for winning the battle of Gettysburg, when the truth is he had but little to do with it. He did not choose either the time or the place of the battle, and all the dispositions made after it began could have been made by multitudes of private soldiers in the ranks.

Monday morning, the 29th, we were in mo-

tion at 5:30, and that day we were detailed as rear guard, a most difficult post to fill, as it was our business to pick up all stragglers and send them on to their regiments. Previous to this day's march there had been but little straggling, especially since crossing the Potomac, but by some means a considerable number of the boys in the corps had procured whisky, and instead of its being a help to them on the march it proved to be a hindrance, for they grew very tired before they had gone a half-dozen miles. Some of them were too drunk to travel, and had to be left behind. That day we marched about twenty miles, and at night we encamped near Taneytown, in northern Maryland, and near the spot where Meade intended to fight the coming battle. That night our camp was thronged with citizens—largely ladies—and they gave us a most cordial reception. Two little girls sang "Maryland, My Maryland," and other patriotic songs, which greatly cheered and encouraged us. The next morning, owing to some change in Meade's plans, we got orders to retrace our steps, and passing back through Taneytown we started off in a westerly course toward Emmitsburg.

A day or two before this some of our scouts had captured a rebel spy. He was tried by drumhead court martial, the most positive evidence was found upon him, and he was sentenced to be hung forthwith. This sentence was immediately carried out, and he was suspended from a tree a little way off from the road between Frederick City and Taneytown. We saw his body still hanging to the tree as we passed by.

We reached Emmitsburg about dark, where Sickles had been ordered to concentrate his corps, occupying the town. It was Meade's plan to fight in this vicinity. We remained here till noon of July 1, when we received a dispatch from General Howard from Gettysburg calling loudly for assistance. Sickles's last orders were to occupy Emmitsburg, but he was not the man to stand on technicalities when he was needed for solid business. We therefore were soon set in motion, with our faces turned toward Gettysburg. We had gone but a few miles before the thunder of heavy artillery fell upon our ears. Our progress was necessarily slow, as it had been raining more or less for two days past, and two army corps

had already passed over the same road with artillery and wagon trains, making the roads fearfully muddy and soft. But we knew there were important matters ahead demanding our immediate presence, and so we struggled onward, passing the boundary line in the afternoon, and were once more on the free soil of our own Pennsylvania. The sound of battle gradually died away, and when we reached the vicinity of Gettysburg, about dark, the first day's fight was over, with the advantage largely in favor of the Confederate army. All was quiet that night, and, wearied and exhausted by our long and hard march, we ate a few cracker and pork sandwiches, drank a cup of coffee, and lay down to sleep, not knowing what the morrow would bring forth. Alas! before the setting of another sun many of our number were sleeping the long last sleep, only to be broken by the sound of the archangel's trumpet.

It would seem to those engaged in the peaceful affairs of life that it would be impossible for men to lie down and sleep soundly and quietly on the eve of a great battle in which they were certain of being engaged, and where they stood at least one chance out of two of

being killed or terribly wounded. My own experience was that I slept as profoundly under such circumstances as I ever did in my life, and I do not suppose that, with the exception of those high in authority, upon whom devolved the responsibility of making the necessary dispositions of the different parts of the army, a dozen men in the whole army lay awake that night considering their chances in the coming battle.

Thursday morning, the 2d, we were awake in good season, but it was not till about nine o'clock that we had orders to change our position. In the meantime we had plenty of time to get our breakfasts, and while waiting for future developments we three who messed together, namely, Jimmy Lunger, Oliver Morse, and myself, concluded we would have something extra in honor of our first breakfast in the old Keystone State. So Oliver went to a farmhouse near by and bought some wheat flour, and Jim, having a small tin pail, mixed up some flour and water with a little salt, proposing to have some wheat pancakes. A tin plate with a split stick stuck on the edge for a handle answered for a griddle. The cakes were

pretty heavy and decidedly thick, and Jim put them on the full size of the plate, so that one apiece was all that we needed. Jim said that they would go better while warm (and they did), so that we had better forego all attention to table etiquette and eat ours while fresh from the griddle. We followed out the suggestion of our chief cook, but just as Jim was getting ready to bake his cake the bugle sounded the call to fall in, and Jim, determined not to be cheated out of his cake, left it in his pail. Taking our places, we advanced some hundred yards to the front. Here we waited for some time and then made another advance and stacked arms in a corn field. By and by the skirmishers got to work in our front, and the rebel shells began to come over, paying us their respects. The regiment stood in line behind their guns, which were stacked, but my position (I was a sergeant) was directly in the rear of the ranks. By this time Jim began to conclude that his cake was all dough, so he, also being in the rear of the line, scraped away the dirt with his foot, and, pouring out his batter into the hollow, covered it up again. It was a veritable masked battery, and Jim little

dreamed of the mischief it was destined to cause.

Soon afterward the command came to "cover," and down we all got, flat on our faces, so as to give the rebel shells plenty of room to operate over our heads. Now it so happened that a certain corporal of our company, when he threw himself down on the bosom of his mother earth, landed his stomach directly in the midst of Jim's masked battery, which was speedily uncovered. The corporal was so busily engaged in dodging the rebel shells that he didn't take any particular notice of the moisture in the region of his stomach and legs, but lay there for some time wallowing around in the poultice till nearly his whole anterior surface was overspread with a mixture of flour, water, and dirt. Suddenly the order came, "Attention!" and every man sprang to his feet. It was then the luckless corporal first discovered the plight he was in. No one but myself had seen Jim plant his battery, so no one else knew where the corporal had got his extra rations. But wasn't he mad, though? He wasn't given to profanity, as many soldiers were, or he would have made the atmosphere

blue around there. He finally took his knife and scraped off as much of the corn field as he could, and the order to advance being given he waited for the balance to get dry before rubbing it off. Just then a battery of twelve-pounders went past us on a gallop and were unlimbered and planted along the crossroad leading from Little Round Top and intersecting the Emmitsburg pike at the Peach Orchard.

Behind this battery we were placed as infantry supports, and the contest was fairly opened. Our guns opened fire upon the enemy, and at once drew the fire of several rebel batteries upon us. The shells came from three different directions, converging at the point where we lay. They seemed to rake the very earth itself, threatening to sweep us all to utter destruction. Volunteers were called for to carry shells from the ammunition chests to the guns, as several artillerymen had been disabled, and that left them short of help. As many as could help responded, and so the furious conflict raged on with unabated fury.

CHAPTER XII.

O, IT was perfectly awful to lie there passively and helplessly exposed to that fearful vortex of fire! It seemed to me that every shell was intended for me personally, and was coming straight at me; and so it seemed to all the other soldiers. However, as the shells traveled faster than the sound, by the time they got where we could hear them they were so far past us as to be harmless so far as we were concerned. Many burst in the air and scattered fragments in every direction; others struck the ground, throwing a shower of mud and stones high in the air. For more than an hour we remained in this position, under the concentrated fire of several rebel batteries, coming from different directions. We were then in line facing the south, with the Emmitsburg road on our right flank, while our left extended in the direction of Little Round Top. That morning, when General Sickles reported at headquarters for orders, General

Meade directed him to occupy the position which had been held by General Geary, but who had withdrawn his command to another part of the field. This officer had already vacated his position, and, there being no one to give Sickles the necessary directions, he was obliged to use his own judgment in choosing a line which he could hold to the best advantage. He therefore formed his line, commencing on the right along the Emmitsburg road, the point held by the left of the Second Corps, thence south along the above named road, to the Peach Orchard, where this road was intersected at right angles by a crossroad coming from the direction of the Little Round Top. Here our line turned a square corner, extending along this crossroad and reaching the vicinity of what is known as the Devil's Den. The angle formed by this disposition extended more than half a mile in advance of our main line, and it was the apex of this angle which we occupied during the time we were supporting this battery and also in the subsequent fight. Longstreet was not slow in discovering the weak point in our position, and during the afternoon he massed his whole

corps for a sudden onslaught on our part of the line.

About four o'clock the battery in our front, having exhausted its ammunition, was withdrawn and the command "Attention!" rang out along the line. Nearly every man sprang to his feet. There was one soldier I distinctly remember who got up on all fours, but who was so badly frightened he couldn't stand up straight. "Get up there," I shouted to him. "I can't do it," he replied, and it was really ludicrous to see him in that position, ducking his head every time a shell came over. Just then the order rang out sharp and clear above the tumult of battle: "Charge! Forward, guide center, charge!" And on we went, rushing on through the Peach Orchard, where we struck a rebel column on its flank as it was pushing on toward Round Top in hot haste to get possession of that key of the whole Union line. We immediately opened fire upon the enemy, and poured out a tempest of leaden hail upon them. So deadly and unexpected was our assault that the enemy halted, reeled, and staggered like drunken men, then scattered and ran in every direction like

a flock of frightened sheep. We gave several rousing cheers and felt decidedly good. As we afterward found, we had delayed the reinforcements sent to assist the rebel troops, which were making desperate efforts to drive our forces from Little Round Top, a result which would have been most disastrous to our army, as it would have rendered our whole line untenable, as batteries upon that eminence commanded nearly the whole Federal line. As it was, we delayed the rebel column until our forces had gained a firm footing upon the summit of Little Round Top, and thus contributed largely to the great victory which followed.

But our rejoicing was of short duration. Longstreet was now ready to strike our already decimated and exposed column. The first we knew the enemy appeared upon our right flank in three solid lines of fresh veteran soldiers. Before they opened fire upon us we made a right face, filed to the right, and changed our regimental line from facing to the south to facing to the west. The Third Maine Regiment, which had been on our right, and the Third Michigan, on our left, had both retired, as had also every regiment in the brigade, and there

we stood, a little handful of one hundred and eighty men arrayed against two full rebel brigades. The rebel column came in full view along the Emmitsburg road, where there was a board fence.

“Hadn’t we better get out of this?” anxiously inquired one of our captains of Colonel Madill.

“I have no orders to leave here,” was the reply. “If I had my full regiment here we could whip the whole crew,” he added.

Now some of our boys open fire upon the enemy, when Major Spaulding shouts, “Cease firing, boys; those are our own men.” At that moment a little breeze unfolded the flag in our front, and George Forbes, of our company, shouted out, “They are rebels, major; I see their flag.” And raising his gun he took deliberate aim and fired. The firing now became general all along our lines on both sides. At the first rebel volley thirty of our little band fell to the ground either dead or wounded. Nothing daunted, we continued to pour into their solid ranks the death-dealing missiles, while the rebel bullets cut the air around us like hail. Our colors went down, but were again

raised to the breeze. Again they fell, when they were seized by the firm hand of Colonel Madill and again they floated in the air. They were riddled by rebel bullets and torn by rebel shells, but they did not fall again.

General Sickles received a wound which shattered his leg, and he was carried bleeding from the field, the command devolving upon General Birney. General Graham fell severely wounded and was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Our gallant Major Spaulding received a severe wound, and while being carried off the field was struck again by a ball which shattered his thigh. The enemy was pressing closely, and he was left under a tree, where he was made a prisoner and taken to the rebel field hospital, where his leg was amputated. He lingered in great agony till the 27th of July, when he died.

Our ranks were growing fearfully thin, and no help appeared. The word was passed along to fall back slowly; which we did, rallying occasionally to give the advancing foe another volley. After falling back a few rods I looked up, and a little to my left and front I saw two rebels kneeling on the ground, either taking

that position to get better aim or, as I thought at the time, engaged in robbing our dead. I raised my gun, and just as I was drawing a bead on them, zip! went a bullet through the leg of my pants so close to my ankle as to singe and burn it, but it did no serious damage. I lowered my gun a moment to ascertain the amount of damage done, and then raised it again, took deliberate aim, and fired. When the smoke disappeared they had both disappeared also, but of course I could not tell whether I hit them or not.

We continued to retire slowly, keeping up a constant fire upon the enemy till we reached the point we had started from in the morning, where we were met by a division of the Sixth Corps, which took our place in the line and succeeded in staying the rebel advance.

While supporting the battery one of the boys not on duty took several of our canteens and went for water, but did not get back till after the fight. Biting off cartridges and inhaling so much gunpowder smoke created a fearful thirst, so it seemed as if I could scarcely endure it. On our line of retreat I passed by a mud-puddle by the wayside. I took my

tin cup and, dipping it full of water and mud, drank it down without stopping. Water never tasted better anywhere than that did. When we reached a stopping place there were together just nineteen men, including three commissioned officers besides the colonel.

The reinforcements promised us at first had been sent to save Round Top from falling into the hands of the enemy. We could distinctly hear the tumult of battle raging fiercely in that direction. Gradually the firing slackened, and as the shades of night settled around us it ceased altogether, and both armies, seemingly exhausted by the fierce struggle, reposed upon the battlefield. We had left upon the field twenty-seven men dead ; five officers were severely wounded, and one hundred and twenty-one men were wounded or missing. Most of the latter were killed, as none of our men were taken prisoners unless wounded, and many of the wounded afterward died. Total killed, wounded, and missing, one hundred and fifty-three, out of a total for duty of two hundred men. That night we remained upon the field, and after dark a wagon loaded with supplies reached us. The several companies were called

in order by their respective letters. Some companies drew for four men, some for five, some for six, till Company K was called. A man jumped up and said, "I'm Company K." And sure enough, he was the only man present to represent that company. He was captain, lieutenant, noncommissioned officer, and private all by himself. By the next day several who had become separated from the regiment in the tumult and confusion came up, but then we had less than half a company all told.

The Third Corps, having suffered so severely, was held in reserve during the third day's fight, but our position was anything but a pleasant one, as we were still under fire and were kept running back and forth, strengthening weak points wherever needed. Shortly after noon we were posted near the cemetery, when the most terrible artillery battle that ever shook this continent occurred, the number of guns engaged on both sides being more than three hundred. For about three hours this terrific storm of iron hail continued, but this was only the prelude to a still more desperate struggle which was to come. Suddenly the rebel guns became silent, as if totally exhausted by their

mighty effort ; then the Union guns gradually slackened their fire, when from the woods, three quarters of a mile away, in front of the Second Corps, long lines of Confederate soldiers were seen emerging. Dressing up their lines as deliberately as if on dress parade, they made their preparations for the struggle, which was to be one of life or death to the Confederacy. When all was ready for the advance the order was given, and twelve thousand men, the flower of the rebel army, under the command of General Pickett, with glistening bayonets started on the march of final destiny. Mighty issues for the weal or woe of the human race hung on the results of the coming encounter. Every Union soldier seemed to understand the mighty responsibility resting upon him. He grasped his musket with firmer grip, set his teeth, and watched the advance of his enemies sweeping in long lines, like the undulating waves of the sea across the wide space of meadow-land before him. Not a musket was fired ; but now the Union artillery posted on the prominent points along Cemetery Ridge opened fire, throwing their shells with deadly precision into the enemy's ranks, making huge gaps which

were immediately closed up, but not causing a moment's hesitation in the onward movement. On, on they came, like a huge tidal wave, heedless of the mighty storm of deadly missiles sweeping through their ranks from our batteries, till they had reached a point fairly within range of the Union rifles. Now the order comes ringing down our lines, "Ready, aim, fire!" and from the throats of thousands of loyal muskets there leap crimson tongues of fire, and thousands of bullets are sent on their deadly errands. The smoke cleared away in a moment, but lo! the ground was thickly strewn with writhing and bleeding forms. For a moment the rebel lines halted, wavered, trembled; then, closing up on the center, with tremendous strides they rushed for the Union lines. And now the struggle is hand to hand, musket to musket, till friends and foes are mingled together in undistinguishable confusion. Again the old Third Corps came to the rescue, striking the charging column on its left, while the First Corps assailed the enemy on his right, the rebel supports having already given way.

When General Pickett saw hundreds of his men throwing down their arms and surren-

dering to the Union forces, which nearly surrounded them, with a sad, heavy heart he ordered a retreat.

More than two thousand prisoners were captured, besides the thousands who were killed and wounded.

As the shattered rebel columns retreated across that open space they were greeted with a farewell salute from our lines, and hundreds fell on the retreat. Then there arose from the Union lines a mighty shout of victory, followed by another and another, till from hilltop to hilltop the notes of triumph rolled along, strangely mingling with the roar of the huge guns which were still dealing death and destruction to the retreating foe.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN the sun of that long hot July day had retired behind the western hills, and the shades of coming darkness had spread themselves over those blood-red fields of carnage, the great struggle had come to an end and a great victory, decisive and complete, had been won by the hosts of freedom. But O, at what a fearful cost! While the glorious news went flashing over the electric wires to every city and hamlet throughout the entire North, the evening stars were looking peacefully down upon scenes of utmost horror and indescribable suffering. All along that battle line, extending at least ten miles, were scattered the forms of human beings, lately in the full bloom of youthful and manly vigor, but now multitudes were utterly silent and totally unconscious to all earthly surroundings, "resting where they wearied and lying where they fell;" while greater numbers, with bodies torn and rent, were lying there mangled, bleed-

ing, burning with thirst and weak with loss of blood, thinking of peaceful homes, wives, children, parents, brothers, and sisters, and wondering if help would ever come.

All that night relief parties were searching every part of that field where it could be done without drawing the enemy's fire, and by morning a large portion of our wounded were gathered into the field hospitals, where the surgeons were busily engaged in repairing, as far as they could, the deadly work of the previous day.

Morning came, ushering in the anniversary of our national independence and bringing good cheer and renewed hopes into the hearts of many stricken heroes who had not yet been gathered in from the harvest fields of death. Burial parties were sent out who dug shallow trenches in the most convenient places, and in these the slain of both armies were laid in long rows, and then covered over with the same earth they had moistened with their warm, generous life-blood.

I walked over a part of the battlefield and watched the burial parties at their work. One thing peculiar struck me, and that was the difference in appearance of the dead soldiers

of the two armies. The rebel dead retained nearly their natural appearance, while our dead had almost invariably turned a very dark purple in the face. Why it was so I could not even guess. I came to the body of a Confederate soldier, and seeing a tin cup fastened to his haversack I unbuttoned it and kept it as a relic of the war. On the outside it was stained with his blood and bore the marks of hard service. I looked across what is now called the Valley of Death and saw many hundreds of horses which had also fallen in the terrific struggle. These were bloated and swollen as large as the skin could hold and were already creating a fearful stench. I next went to our Third Corps hospital to see some of our boys who had been wounded. Just as I arrived an attendant was carrying out a wheelbarrow load of bare arms and legs which the surgeons had just been amputating. It was the most horrid sight I had yet witnessed, and I involuntarily turned away from it. I found several of our company here more or less severely wounded. One young man, William Chamberlain, lay on a stretcher totally unconscious, his life rapidly ebbing away.

I wrote a note to his father, who resided at Wysox, Pa., informing him of his son's condition. The poor fellow lingered till Tuesday, the 7th, when he quietly breathed his last. His remains were taken home by some of his neighbors who were visiting the battlefield, and were committed to rest amid the green hills of his own native State.

My tentmate, Oliver Morse, whom I have previously mentioned, was first reported missing, but there is no doubt that he fell dead at the first volley we received from Longstreet's men. We had been schoolmates and playmates together from boyhood, had enlisted at the same time, and so far had been together all through our army life. He had gone out as a musician, and had he remained in the band would not necessarily have been exposed to much danger, as it was the musician's duty in time of action to help take care of the wounded; but after our ranks had become so thinned out he voluntarily took a gun, and for several months had served in the ranks, doing his duty faithfully and cheerfully, till he fell upon the soil of his native State, a martyr to the cause of human freedom.

Had Pickett's bold charge and disastrous defeat been promptly followed up by an immediate countercharge by all the Union forces available there is little doubt that Lee's army would have been entirely annihilated. But General Meade was a little inclined to be overcautious in the presence of an enemy, a fact which Sickles was very suspicious of when he placed our line so far in advance as to almost certainly insure an attack from the enemy. Sickles was full of fight, and nothing pleased him better than to stir up a muss with the rebels. He knew that if the battle once commenced Meade would have to fight whether he wanted to or not. But he got all he wanted that time, and has gone on crutches for the past thirty years as the result of getting into that fight.

After the battle was over we came across some of the Pennsylvania militia, who had been called out for thirty days by Governor Curtin to assist in repelling the great invasion. They were the sickest, sorriest, most forlorn set of fellows I ever saw. They had just got a little taste of soldiering, just enough to make them thoroughly disgusted with the whole business,

and they were every one of them heartily tired of war, and having been away from home two whole weeks they were anxiously longing for the time to come when they would be permitted to return to the peaceful shades of home life and once more greet and embrace their wives, children, parents, and sweethearts. One young man whom I knew hardly stopped to doff his uniform after getting home before he packed his grip and left for more peaceful climes, beyond the reach of Uncle Abe's proclamations or of cruel drafts. To this day if you want to hear a big war story just stir up some thirty days' militiamen from the old Keystone State.

During our first winter in camp the writer's father paid us a visit, and of course we were very glad to see him, and the next day we thought we would observe the occasion by giving a grand banquet in his honor.

So we had hard-tack on toast, or toasted hard-tack, and a fine lot of fricasseed pork and some Old Government Java coffee, without milk, and a good big pailful of cooked rice for the first course; and for the second course we had just the same, only in reversed order, and

so on through the whole six courses. And we supposed, of course, that our honored guest would feel highly complimented by the attention we had bestowed upon him, but before he had got halfway through the first course he laid down his tin spoon, and with a look of unutterable disgust remarked, "O, if I could only sit down to mother's table once more I would be so thankful!"

Of course we felt sorry for him, and expressed our sympathy by a hearty laugh at his expense, then told him that we thought he ought to stand such fare two or three days if we could as many years.

On the afternoon of July 4, while waiting for Lee to get his army out of our way, we received news of the capture of Vicksburg by General Grant. It would be impossible to give even a faint description of the enthusiasm with which this news was received by our brave boys. We swung our hats and cheered ourselves hoarse. It really seemed as if the tide was actually turning in our favor, and that the beginning of the end had at last appeared. I really believe that if Grant had been at Gettysburg that Fourth of July, to have led our army,

under the inspiration of the two great victories we could have pulverized Lee's whole force in short order.

Shortly after noon the usual Fourth of July thunder shower came up, and for more than two hours the rain poured down in torrents. This shower was only the prelude to several others which came up in quick succession. All that afternoon and part of the succeeding night the rain continued. We concluded that it was a providential dispensation to raise the Potomac so high that Lee could not get back into Virginia until we had had time to finish him up. Lee's army continued to show a bold front, and spent the entire day in fortifying its position on Seminary Ridge. During this interval our army was furnished with much-needed supplies. Many of the boys who had become separated from their regiments came up, until our regiment numbered about fifty men. Our officers sent in their official reports of the part their commands took in the battle, and I here copy a portion of Colonel Madill's report concerning the work we had done. He says: "Of the conduct of the officers and men I am happy to say that they are all entitled to great

credit. Not one of my men failed me under the trying circumstances, and to my officers I am under great obligations for their coolness and efficiency under the terrible ordeal of battle. . . . The history of this regiment is a short, sad, eventful, yet a glorious one. No regiment in the army has done so much and sacrificed so much as this. In a less period than ten months it has lost nearly seven hundred men, who have sacrificed their lives, shed their blood, and ruined their health in the service of their country."

On the morning of July 5 it became evident that Lee's army was falling back, although the fortifications on Seminary Ridge were still occupied. Consequently we received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. We did not move, however, till Tuesday morning, the 7th, when we were called in line at four o'clock, and taking the back track we were again following Lee's army, although in a different direction and under different circumstances. It had been raining nearly every day since the battle, and consequently the roads were exceedingly slippery and heavy, making our progress necessarily slow and la-

borious. We passed through Frederick City on the 8th, and reached Middletown that night. The next morning we pressed on in a westerly course. At Frederick City our corps had been reinforced by about four thousand men under Major General French, and this additional force formed the Third Division of our corps. We pushed on, marching nearly every day, till we crossed the Antietam Creek and reached the famous battlefield of that name. Soon after this we were drawn up in line facing the enemy, who had made a stand, occupying a strong defensive position. We maneuvered here a while, and then found that the enemy had vacated his position and fallen back. We kept following on, generally keeping at a respectful distance, until we finally learned that Lee had succeeded in getting nearly the whole of the remnant of his army back into Virginia.

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CHAPTER XIV.

IT was my privilege to revisit the battlefield of Gettysburg during the great reunion of the Blue and the Gray in the first days of July, 1888. My route lay from New Milford, Pa., *via* Scranton, thence to Northumberland, where we took the Northern Central Road to Harrisburg. From the latter place we took the Cumberland Valley Railroad to Gettysburg. The Cumberland Valley is by far the finest part of the old Keystone State I have seen. Broad, well-cultivated fields stretched out on either side as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with fine groves and orchards and dotted with large, commodious farmhouses, many of them being of brick, with large, comfortable barns, while in the broad green pastures hundreds of highly bred horses, cattle, and sheep grazed in contentment and peace. No wonder, I thought, that this rich and fertile valley should furnish a strong temptation to Lee's impoverished and hungry army to

leave their own desolated and ravaged country and seek to replenish their stores from these abundant sources.

As we neared Gettysburg the country became more broken and hilly, very much of the land becoming untillable and the soil appearing to be much less fertile.

We arrived in Gettysburg about seven o'clock in the evening of the 2d of July, and, having secured quarters in a private family at one dollar and a quarter per day, after a good supper we strolled out to take a view of the town which has given its name to one of the world's greatest and most decisive battles.

Gettysburg is a dull, sleepy old town of four thousand or five thousand inhabitants, the most of whom seem to get their living from visitors who come from all quarters to look over the battlefield, either by furnishing them board or conveyances, or selling relics, badges, etc.

The dwelling-houses are nearly all built on a line with the sidewalks, which are paved with brick; consequently they have no front yards, but the doors open directly into the street. The people all have a peculiar brogue,

which gives a Northerner the impression that they are foreigners, while in fact many of them are descendants of American born parentage for several generations.

Gettysburg is situated on the north slope of what has become widely known as Cemetery Ridge, but it extends across the valley toward another range of low hills lying southwest of the town, and known as Seminary Ridge, from the fact that a Lutheran seminary occupies a commanding site on the ridge. General Lee occupied this building as his headquarters during the battle, and from the observatory on the top he watched through his field glass the charge of Pickett on the last day, and when he saw him hurled back, crushed and defeated, he is said to have remarked to an English officer at his side, "All is lost!" and with a heavy heart gave the order for retreat.

The town and surrounding country fairly thronged with people, a majority being Union veterans, but there were immense numbers of citizens, and especially ladies, from all parts of the country. As far as the reunion of the Gray was concerned it was almost a failure, as I do not believe there were over five hundred

ex-Confederate soldiers on the ground all told. The truth is that the rebel soldiers have no great desire to visit the place where they got so thoroughly whipped; besides, if they had such a desire, the great majority of the rank and file are poor, and being widely scattered over the South it is very difficult for them to come so far. The Cumberland Valley Railroad Company has built a road from their depot in Gettysburg to the foot of Little Round Top, a distance of about three miles, and during the excursion season trains are run at frequent intervals to accommodate the thousands who visit the battlefield.

Early on the morning of July 3 I was on board the train and on my way to Little Round Top, which is a bare, rocky, sugar-loaf-shaped elevation, rising a few hundred feet above the surrounding country and overlooking a large part of the line of battle. About a half-mile to the south and west is what was known as the Devil's Den, a rough, rocky ridge where huge bowlders are piled one upon another and forming an admirable position for offensive or defensive warfare. At one point two huge rocks are lying side by side with a

space of a few feet betwixt them, while on top of these and overlapping them both is another huge rock which projects some feet over the other two on the front side. In front of the crevice is a smaller rock extending nearly up to the large one overhead. This rocky fortress formed an admirable position for the rebel sharpshooters to operate, and during the afternoon of the second day's fight they amused themselves by picking off our artillerymen on Little Round Top. One fellow especially got in between those large rocks and played the very mischief with our men, till one of our twelve-pounders sent a shell directly into his place of retreat, which, exploding, made the fellow think that the end of the world had come, as indeed it had to him and two or three others, who were found dead in there after the fight was over.

Around the brow of Round Top our men threw up a line or two of stone breastworks for defense, and these are still preserved in as nearly the original position as possible. Several cannon are also in position here, and on the very summit some artillery company has erected a very fine monument. Between the

Round Top and the Devil's Den is a wide, open valley through which runs a small stream called Plum Run. This region is known by the suggestive name of the Valley of Death. It was the scene of a most terrific struggle, having been fought over several times during the fight. Across this valley our soldiers charged in an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the rebels from Devil's Den, and in return they charged across the same space in attempting to get possession of Little Round Top. When the fight was over the Valley of Death was strewn with the dead of both armies, almost as thick as autumn leaves.

But the principal point of interest to me was the Peach Orchard. I wanted to visit that bloody angle again where so many of my brave comrades fell and with their best blood forever consecrated that soil to freedom. I also wanted to visit the spot in the corn field where Jimmy Linger planted his battery to see if any young batteries had come up. So leaving Little Round Top I passed down across the Valley of Death in a westerly direction to the place known as the Wheat Field, where the Second Division of our corps had a

most bloody fight at the same time we were engaged in the Peach Orchard.

I found a large encampment of New Jersey troops, whose transportation had been furnished by the State, and many of whom had dedicated monuments, which had also been provided by the State. At length, after half an hour's walk through the dust, I arrived at the historic spot. The old peach orchard had disappeared long ago, and a new one, now loaded with half-grown fruit, had taken its place. The corn field had disappeared, had given place to a meadow. The house which had stood in the angle was gone, and a larger one had been erected on the spot. Many local features had changed, but the general topography of the place appeared the same as when twenty-five years ago two mighty armies had met in deadly hostility. A wonderful contrast existed between those two visits. Now all was quiet and peaceful. The broad green fields were smiling under the gentle reign of peace, while the birds warbled their sweetest notes and everything seemed glad and happy. Then the very earth trembled and shook beneath the tread of contending hosts; the fruits of

industry were trodden under foot; the affrighted birds flew away in terror, while the air vibrated with the mighty thunders of war.

After wandering over the ground for some time and cutting a memento in the shape of a cane from a peach tree, and finding the markers which had been placed to designate the places where we fought, I took the Emmitsburg pike and started on my return to town. It was getting near noon, and, to tell the truth, I was getting hungry, and as Jim was not there to bake some of his wheat pancakes my only chance seemed to be to get back to my headquarters as soon as possible. Passing on toward Gettysburg, I soon reached the house where General Sickles had his headquarters during the first part of the fight. Passing around to the east side, lo! from the same window from which it was suspended twenty-five years before hung the old corps battle flag. In a few moments a carriage drove up, and among the occupants were Generals Longstreet and Sickles sitting side by side chatting as pleasantly and friendly as if they had been brothers. Alighting from the carriage, they were immediately surrounded by a group of

soldiers anxious to shake hands with the distinguished chieftains. Taking General Longstreet's hand, I said, "General, you made it decidedly hot for us here twenty-five years ago." "Yes," he replied, "and we had no cause to complain of you on that score." After a few moments of general conversation some of General Sickles's aids came out of the house with several suspicious-looking bottles and some glasses in their hands, which they placed on the table in the yard. They said they contained *punch*, and General Sickles invited Longstreet in with the remark, "Twenty-five years ago, general, we were punching each other back and forth over this ground; now come in and let me *punch* you again."

I had no sympathy with that part of the program, and turning on my heel I left in supreme disgust, actually ashamed that two opposing generals could not meet in reunion without indulging in the accursed cup in order to heighten the tone of their fraternal feelings.

And by the way, I have no doubt that whisky constituted an important element in originating and carrying on the war. In nearly every Southern convention the delegates, under

the maddening influence of rum, passed the ordinances of secession and performed many other mad acts which they would not have done while sober.

That afternoon I attended the great mass meeting which was held in the National Cemetery and addressed by George William Curtis, the rebel General Gordon, and some others. There was such a crowd that I could not get near enough to hear much, so I took a stroll around the cemetery. It is a beautiful place, and shows the tender interest which our government feels in the last resting places of multitudes of our country's defenders. Near the middle of the grounds, on a commanding elevation, stands the monument, sixty feet high, erected to the memory of that brave and gifted soldier, General John F. Reynolds, who was killed in the first day's fight by a sharpshooter. The graves are arranged in groups of semicircles, each one marked by a neat stone giving, when known, the name, company, and regiment of the soldier, but a large number are simply marked "unknown." I sought out the plot where the dead of my own regiment were lying and found some of my own

company. I looked especially for the grave of my boyhood friend and playmate, Oliver Morse, but having nothing upon him to identify him he was buried among the unknown, so I was denied the privilege of dropping a tear to his memory upon his grave. But, thank God, the great Victor over the grave's cruel dominion knows where he sleeps, and when eternity's bugle note shall sound he will come forth from the dwelling place of the dead to the abode of the immortals.

Adjoining the National Cemetery is the Gettysburg Cemetery, which, as it contains several places of interest, I visited. Here is the grave of the "hero of Gettysburg," John Burns, who, taking down his old-fashioned long-barreled rifle, went out upon the battlefield and fought valiantly for the Union till, disabled by a wound, he was carried bleeding from the field. Here is also the grave of Jennie Wade, a beautiful young lady, and the only woman killed during the battle. She was engaged during the first day's fight in baking bread at her home on Baltimore Street, when a stray bullet from a rebel musket passed through two doors, struck her in the breast, and killed her in-

stantly. The house still stands opposite the Battlefield Hotel, and visitors may see the bullet holes through the doors and the spot where she fell. A writer has recently said : “ Everyone has read of the sweet and comely Jennie Wade, who was the only woman killed at Gettysburg. It is not so well known that she was engaged to and corresponded with Corporal Skelley, for whom Gettysburg G. A. R. Post No. 9 was named. He fell at Winchester; this she had not yet learned. Was it not poetic justice, if yet unkind fate, which led that stray bullet to snap the golden cord ere the news of her lover’s death had broken her heart? ”

While at the cemetery I met a lady who was living in Gettysburg at the time of the battle. She said that for three days they lived in the cellar, which was full of women and children. Some one asked her what they were doing. She said that some were trembling, some were crying, and some were praying. She said that she did more praying during those three days than she ever had before or since.

The next day I visited Culp’s Hill, lying to the east and south of the town. The earth-

works are still there, although grown over with sod, and the trees still bear the marks of battle, the scars being plainly visible. Still further to the east is Wolf's Hill, which marked the extreme right of our infantry line. Here among a large number of beautiful monuments, marking the places where Union regiments fought, is one erected to the memory of a rebel officer who fell at this point. Perhaps I was wrong in feeling as I did, but I could not suppress a feeling of disgust mingled with indignation that a monument should be erected on the free soil of the old Keystone State in memory of a man who fell in endeavoring to perpetuate the vilest system of human slavery which ever cursed our earth, and who only met a traitor's doom while leading forward men to destroy the lives of brave and loyal citizens of the North. It may be argued, on the other hand, that it was not the principle which was designed to be honored, but the personal bravery of the man. Well, courage without principle is mere brute instinct, and is totally unworthy either of honor or perpetuity. If they must build monuments in honor of the dead let them be placed on the soil moist-

ened by the sweat and blood of the men whom they enslaved, but not on the soil forever consecrated to freedom.

Cemetery Ridge is also a very interesting point, especially the part where Pickett made his famous charge. Here is the clump of oak trees which was the objective point to the enemy, and which formed their guide in the advance. These trees are now surrounded by a high iron picket fence in order to preserve them from the ravages of the relic hunter. Just below is another monument erected to the memory of the rebel General Barksdale, who was killed at that point in the charge, which was the most advanced point gained by the rebels, and marks what is called the high-tide watermark of the rebellion. Just beyond is a monument which shows where General Hancock was severely wounded during the same charge.

CHAPTER XV.

EVER since the 15th day of June, when I was overcome and prostrated by the heat on the march near Bull Run, I had had desperately hard work to keep my place in line of duty. The day previous to the battle of Gettysburg I had been obliged to take passage in an ambulance, and was unfit for duty the morning we went into the fight; but the excitement of battle furnished a stimulus which kept me up while it lasted, and by almost superhuman efforts I kept along with the regiment till Lee's army was safely across the Potomac and there was no prospect of an immediate battle; then the reaction came on and I was completely prostrated. After a few days, with a large number of others more or less disabled, I was sent to a hospital in Frederick City. While here the people showed a greater interest in us than in any other place I had yet found. The colored people especially were very kind, and I distinctly remem-

ber one good old motherly lady, who, though her skin was as black as ebony, had a great big white soul inside, and who came through the old church, in which we were temporarily quartered, every day with a big pail of soup which she dealt out with no stinted measure to those who were not too sick to eat it. I shall never forget the expression of sympathy and interest which the old lady wore upon her black face as with tearful eyes she glided from cot to cot like an angel of mercy, ministering to the wants of the men who had come to strike off the fetters of bondage from her race. After remaining here about a week quite a number of those able to travel were loaded on the cars and sent to Baltimore, where we remained overnight, and in the morning were sent up to a sort of hospital camp in the suburbs of the city. We didn't fare so well here as at Frederick City, for we soon learned that a majority of the people of Baltimore had no great love or even respect for Union soldiers.

Connected with this hospital there was a camp containing several hundred convalescent soldiers, many of them ready for duty and waiting for transportation to their regiments.

There was a sutler connected with this camp who by some means had incurred the enmity of the boys, and they determined to get even with him. He occupied a board shanty near the center of the grounds, which was all inclosed except a section in front, which, being let down to a horizontal position, formed a counter over which business was carried on. One night about the first of September, soon after dark, about fifty or seventy-five soldiers gathered in the woods behind the sutler's shanty and began to throw stones and clubs at it and to yell, "Charge on the sutler!" This was kept up for about a half-hour, when a grand charge was made, the boys rushing pellmell toward the building; but just as they reached the rear side the sutler, who was just about frightened out of his wits, went tumbling head first out of the opening in front, landing upon all fours. Gathering himself up, he started on a keen run for his home in the city, and probably never stopped till the door closed behind him. The boys tore the shanty all to pieces and carried off everything that they could make use of, and then set fire to the remainder. The sutler never came back to look after his property,

but doubtless charged it up to Uncle Sam as his contribution toward carrying on the war.

One day a soldier sat in his tent cleaning his gun, which he supposed was not loaded. He put a cap on the tube to clear the dirt out of it, and, pulling the trigger, the gun was discharged and the ball passed through several tents and finally struck a young soldier in the side of the neck just above the shoulders, going clear through his neck and killing him instantly. He was sitting in his tent and was playing on a fife when he was so suddenly mustered out of time into eternity.

About this time I was taken much worse, so I was confined to my bed a good share of the time. One afternoon—I think it was the 10th of September—while dozing on my bed I heard a little unusual noise and opened my eyes. Who should stand by my bedside but my father and a young man of our company who had been home on a furlough and was on his way back to the front. Of course I was glad to see them, especially under such circumstances. Father said he had come to take me home, but I told him it took more than two to make such a bargain as that. The

next morning he went down to General Robert Schenck's headquarters, who was in command of that department, and told him he would like a thirty days' furlough for his sick boy. The general forthwith sent an order to the surgeon in charge to make me out a furlough and return to him for approval. The surgeon was one of those wonderfully important, high-toned, overbearing fellows who carried the United States government on his shoulders. When my father reached his office he made known his errand before he showed the doctor his order. The surgeon elevated his nose and for a moment eyed the gentleman with silent indignation and contempt, as though any mortal man should have the audacity to ask such a thing of him, and then in iceberg tones informed the petitioner that his request could not be granted. Then father took General Schenck's order out of his pocket and handed it to the chief quinine dispenser. That gentleman glanced at the order, and then his plumage dropped mighty suddenly. He was immediately transformed into a polite gentleman, and, turning to his clerk, ordered the papers made out instantly, which was

done, and in a few minutes father was on his way back to headquarters, where the papers were approved, and at nine o'clock that night we boarded the Northern Central Railway train and were on our way home. We took a berth in a sleeping-car, both occupying one berth, but my father, who was quite a portly man, insisted on taking his half of the berth right square in the middle, so after a while I got up and left him alone in his glory. Besides, I wanted to see what was the matter with the cars, for really they didn't seem to move any faster than a snail's trot, and to stop every five minutes. We arrived home the next day, but it was some time before I could fully realize that for a little while I was free again. My health improved somewhat, but at the end of the thirty days I was not well enough for duty, so I had my furlough extended for thirty days more, at the end of which time I reported back to the camp, and soon after was sent on to Washington, and from there to Convalescent Camp, near Alexandria, Va.

We had good, comfortable quarters here, and as the winter was close at hand I concluded that I would remain here if I could till toward

spring, as our government had come to the conclusion that winter campaigning in Virginia was a failure, and nothing would be done in that line before spring.

Some evangelists from the North visited the camp, and a very interesting revival took place, in which a large number of soldiers were converted. John B. Gough, the great temperance orator, also visited us, and delivered a number of free lectures for the benefit of the soldiers. We had a large library well supplied with good books, and during the time I remained there I read a number of works on different subjects, which was a great benefit to me.

One day an order came that every man in our barrack must present himself with examination before the surgeon in charge. The result of my first examination was a recommendation that I be discharged as being incapacitated for active service, but another one following soon after resulted in an order that I be detached from my regiment and placed on light duty in and around Washington. From this order I appealed to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War. I either wanted to return to my old regiment or to be discharged and

go home. The secretary sent an order directing me to go before a board of surgeons for another examination, which resulted the same as before. There being no further appeal, the only thing to do was to submit to the powers that be. After remaining at Camp Convalescent till the 17th of February, 1864, quite a large detachment of us was sent over to Giesboro Point, where we were assigned to duty as guard for the government corral, which was a sort of hospital for horses, where all the broken-down horses were sent to be doctored up. Those which were pronounced incurable were shot and their bodies sold to a contractor for two dollars and a half apiece. What became of them afterward I do not know, but while at the front we used to draw some meat occasionally which we called "salt horse," and which was lean and tough enough to have belonged to a mule. One day while I was watching the process of shooting a lot of condemned horses one was brought out which succeeded in getting loose from the man who held it. Of all the running I ever saw a horse do that fellow took the lead. It took about forty men a full hour to catch him. I could not discover

any great disability about him, but some ignoramus had condemned him and he had to be shot with the rest.

The omnipresent sutler followed us over here and had his tent pitched about as soon as we got settled. One afternoon he came over from Washington with a load of goods, and among the rest was a barrel of sweet cider. It being late, and the tent being crowded full of other things, he innocently left the cider outside, behind the tent. That night I was officer of the guard, and about ten o'clock one of the boys came running up to our quarters with the report that some of the boys had captured a prize and wanted help to get it into port. So as many as could be spared went down and found the cider barrel on the march; but by some means they had lost the bung out, and as it was too heavy to carry, and the only way to get it to a place where we could safely draw it off was by rolling it on the ground, it will readily be seen that whenever the barrel came over to a certain point there was a considerable leakage. The result was that by the time we reached the rear of an old log house about ten rods distant more than half of our

apple-juice had disappeared. Going down to our large tent, I awoke the boys (there were about a dozen of them), and taking a big jug and some pails we repaired to the place where we left the barrel, and secured about three gallons of good cider. We couldn't strike a light safely, nor keep it till morning without running considerable risk, so we proceeded at once to get outside of the entire lot, which took a good share of the night. Nobody got intoxicated, as it was hardly strong enough for that, but we all felt decidedly well. The next morning, when Mr. Sutler went outside he found to his utter dismay that his barrel of cider had received marching orders during the night and had wholly taken its departure. He went and reported his loss to the commander of the detachment, and they came around and searched our tents. They looked everywhere for it except where it was, but finally gave it up as a bad job and went off. They didn't leave any more cider around loose where it could be a source of temptation to Uncle Sam's veterans.

We had some very severe weather for that latitude during the winter. One morning the

snow was plump eight inches deep, and it seemed to me that the mercury must have been down to zero. Our duties here were quite severe, as most of us were on guard every third day and night, and often every second day and night. To stand out of doors in a blinding rain or snowstorm for two hours at a time in the dead of night is not a very comfortable experience, and was altogether unnecessary in this place.

On the 18th of June we received orders to leave Giesboro Point, which we did without any kind of regret, and taking a steamboat we crossed the east branch of the Potomac and landed in Washington. We marched through the city to the upper end of Seventh Street, and were quartered in some very comfortable barracks. This was a great improvement over the former location. Our duties were lighter than formerly, and consisted in guarding our camp, in furnishing a squad of men for daily service at the Central Guard House, where numerous deserters, spies, and evildoers were generally kept, and in patrolling the streets of Washington and picking up soldiers who were absent without leave. When not on duty we

could visit the various places of interest in the city, such as the Patent Office, the Smithsonian Institution, the Capitol buildings, the White House, and other places of interest. Congress was in session a good deal of the time, and I used frequently to spend an afternoon in listening to the speeches of the great men of the nation. The Smithsonian Institution offered very many attractions to any lover of nature or art. Here were gathered the accumulated treasures and curiosities of all nations and climes under the sun. All kinds of birds, beasts, insects, and fishes were here represented, besides works of art, paintings, statuary, and all this absolutely free to everybody, and all through the generosity of an Englishman named Smithson, who gave an immense sum of money to found and perpetuate such an institution at the capital of our nation.

Soon after reaching Washington a large number of us were detailed to go down to Seventh Street wharf and unload several boatloads of wounded soldiers who had been sent in from the front. This was a very disagreeable duty, for nearly all of them were helpless,

and it having been several days since they were wounded their wounds were very sore, and it was almost impossible to move them from the boats to the ambulance without causing them severe pain. They bore their sufferings with all possible fortitude, and we were very glad to get them all transferred as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG the officers connected with our detachment was a certain Captain W——, a very fine man, and, with one or two exceptions, the only decent one among the lot. This officer was all right when sober, but the trouble was that such a state of affairs only happened at rare intervals, and finally ceased to occur altogether. He kept getting worse and worse, till one morning he was found dead in his bed, a victim to the fearful curse of rum. We were all sorry to lose him, but would have gladly spared some of the others if we could have made the change. There was an old German captain named Erickson, who had the best faculty of making himself disliked of any officer I ever knew. One day he went down to Washington, and, calling on a colored woman who did his washing, made insulting proposals to her. The woman reported him, and he was dishonorably dismissed from the United States service. But weren't we glad, though? We

felt as the little girl did who upon the departure of a very disagreeable guest said, "Ma, let's sing the benediction."

The old captain was gone some two or three weeks, when, to our utter and supreme disgust, he came back again, and, assuming command of the detachment, he was meaner than ever. He had managed by some red-tape process to get an order issued from the War Department reinstating him in his position, and knowing that we were all glad to have him go he took vengeance on us afterward by every possible means he could devise.

About the first of July, 1864, we received intelligence that a corps of the Confederate army, under the command of General Early, had again crossed the Potomac, and was already threatening Washington. This news created the greatest consternation in the city. We were ordered to turn in all our extra baggage and equipments and get ready for field service. We drew sixty rounds of ammunition, also shelter tents, and were already for business. Saturday night, July 11, we were ordered into line at ten o'clock, and remained all night on the parade ground. Washington was actu-

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ally in danger at the time, as nearly all the defensive works had been built on the west side of the city on Arlington Heights, while the east side had been almost wholly neglected. Only two or three small forts had been built commanding the principal roads leading to the city. I haven't any doubt that Early could have captured and burned the whole city if he had made an energetic assault when he first came before it. There were then but very few soldiers in and around Washington, as Grant, who was thundering away at Petersburg and Richmond, had withdrawn nearly every able-bodied man to assist him in his undertaking, leaving the capital practically defenseless.

Sunday morning I was sent in charge of forty men to the Central Guard House, where we remained on constant duty night and day for nearly two weeks. The clerks in the various departments were armed, and every man who could carry a musket was sent to the front. Early's forces came within three or four miles of the city and could have shelled the capital with guns of modern range if they had had them. Great was the joy of the beleaguered

city when on the morning of the 12th the Sixth Corps from Petersburg arrived and commenced passing through the city to the eastward. Lee's design in sending Early off on this raid was doubtless to oblige Grant to loosen his grip on Petersburg and Richmond, which was becoming altogether too tight for comfort. In this idea, however, Lee was doomed to disappointment; for Grant wasn't built that way, and evidently thought too much of his gallant antagonist to let him slip out of his grasp. The little provincial army which had stood face to face with Early's veterans for several days gathered new courage and hope when they saw the veterans of Wright's Sixth Corps coming to their aid, and now felt confident that the nation's capital would not fall into the enemy's hands.

For two or three days the two armies remained facing each other, with scarcely a shot being fired on either side, when suddenly the rebel army was withdrawn, and after ravaging portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania crossed the Potomac and soon afterward rejoined Lee's army at Richmond. On Friday, July 22, we were relieved from duty and made our way

back to our quarters on Seventh Street. During our absence some lawless fellows had ransacked our quarters and had carried off everything they could get hold of, including my knapsack containing all my clothing, portfolio, and many other things which were valuable to me only. I never saw any of them again.

About the first of September I was sent with a detail of men to the south end of Long Bridge. We were to remain here for ten days, and it was our business to guard the approach to the bridge and not allow anyone to cross without a pass from competent authority. The weather was warm and sultry, and the country all along the Potomac was low and swampy, and consequently the air was full of malaria. The doctor sent down a gallon or two of whisky mixed with a liberal portion of quinine, which we were obliged to take in regular doses three times a day. Of all the horrid stuff I ever took that mixture beat all previous records. Either of them was bad enough alone, but the two mixed formed the most villainous compound I ever tried to swallow. The object of the medicine, they said, was to keep off fever and ague, which was quite prev-

alent on the south side of the river, but never troubled people on the north side.

Another terrible pest was the mosquitoes, which flourished here in all their glory. They were the largest, hungriest, leanest, most persevering and meanest lot of cannibals I ever had anything to do with. They seemed to think that Yankees were made on purpose for them to feast upon, an idea that I had not the least sympathy with. We had to fight them by night and by day, and really there was a good deal of blood shed on both sides. We were very glad when on the morning of the tenth day we were relieved by another detachment and sent back to our quarters in Washington. In about a week from the time we left Long Bridge every man who had been there was taken down with the fever and ague. The whisky and quinine had failed to do its work, while the malaria had done a thorough job for every one of us.

I was taken to a hospital near by and dosed with quinine until I was nearly deaf, dumb, and blind. My head roared like a young Niagara, till I finally told the doctor that I wouldn't take any more of the stuff on any

account, as I might as well die one way as another, and better too. So after that he changed the prescription, but I didn't get much better till about the last of October, when I told the doctor I wanted a thirty days' furlough to go home and get rid of my trouble. He gave me no encouragement, and I went back to my quarters thoroughly disgusted, as the following extract from my diary will show: "Went up to the apothecary shop again this morning, faint and sick, weak and weary. Am excused from duty to-day. Quinine pills and potash, carbonate of soda and other horrible things, with fever and headache, tribulation and anguish, all seem to be my portion. If that old Long Bridge was sunk in the depths of the sea it would be a blessing to the whole army."

About six o'clock on the evening of November 1, while I was lying on my bed, an orderly came in and handed me a thirty days' furlough. Of course I felt better right away, and in less than an hour was on the train headed for Baltimore. I never saw such a crowd as thronged those cars. It was just before the November election for President and Vice

President, when McClellan ran against President Lincoln, and every man who could be spared from any place in Washington was allowed to go home to vote. I got a place to stand up in a little corner, but didn't get a seat till two o'clock the next morning, when, on arriving at Harrisburg, there was a thinning out. I arrived home the next night about midnight and took them all by surprise, as my visit was entirely unexpected. My health rapidly improved, and when my time expired I was almost entirely free from the fever and ague. Returning to Washington, I resumed my duties as usual, and during the winter very little occurred which would be of interest to the general reader.

About New Year's I attended a public reception given by President Lincoln at the White House. A long line was formed betwixt two rows of policemen, and we passed through the hallway into the reception room, where Mr. Lincoln stood, and as we passed by we had the pleasure of shaking hands with him and inquiring after his health. Mrs. Lincoln stood near by, and a little in the rear was a large crowd of cabinet officers,

major generals, and other men high in authority.

About the middle of February I got orders to report for duty at Long Bridge. I thought I had had all of that institution I needed, and consequently I called on the officer in charge of the whole detachment and explained to him the result of my previous sojourn at that place. It did no good, for, as I then suspected, the old Dutch captain, who disliked me as much as I did him, had secured my assignment to that place as a means of venting his spite upon me. I knew that there was no danger of fever and ague till late in the summer, and as my time expired in August I hoped to escape the dreadful scourge altogether. So I packed up my dry goods, and to Long Bridge I went, and was assigned to duty on the north end, which was the foot of Fourteenth Street. I had about a dozen men under my charge, and was on duty every other day and night. Our business was to allow no person to pass over without a pass, nor to allow any whisky taken over without a written permission from the provost marshal. We were quartered in a large brick house at the

south end of the bridge, which was a mile long, so we had to march across it the morning we went on duty and back the next. Just above our quarters was a shad fishery, where thousands of all kinds of fish were caught, which we could buy very reasonably, while on the other side boat loads of oysters were brought up which we could buy at the rate of fifty cents per bushel; consequently we lived high as long as our money lasted.

Over on Arlington Heights were established various camps of soldiers. Among them was one called Freedmen's Camp, where all the Negro refugees were sent, and those who were able to work were employed as teamsters and laborers; besides, several regiments of colored troops were organized at this place.

A large number of Irish women used to go over to those camps to sell pies, cakes, cigars, etc., to the soldiers. Some of them also undertook to carry whisky across, and it was really amusing to see the devices to which they would resort to get it across the river. A woman came along one day with five large flat bottles full of whisky concealed under her skirts; but as it was not fashionable for ladies

to wear their bustles all around them we readily detected the scheme, and she had to leave her whisky behind. Standing in front of our quarters one day, I noticed a woman coming down the street in a great hurry. Just before reaching the place where I stood she crossed over on the other side of the street, and as no passes were then required of citizens she was going right along over the bridge. Just as she got opposite me I said, "Hold on, madam! I want to see you a moment."

"Indade, sur," she replied, "I haven't got a drap of the dhirty stuff about me, sur. I would be the last woman to touch it, indade, sur, the miserable stuff!"

"Well, never mind," I said, "I'll only detain you a moment. Just come over a little while."

She continued to declare her innocence, but after considerable more argument she very reluctantly came across, and from the disproportionate drapery of her dress-skirt I detected a canteen of whisky. "Madam," I said, "you just step into that closet and remove that whisky, which will save me from the disagreeable duty of doing it myself."

"Och, you mean spalpeen," she said; "I've

jist got a little drap of whisky for my poor seek baby, and now ye're afther taking it away from me, bad luck to ye."

I ventured to remark that it must be a huge sort of a baby, and must be desperately sick to want three pints of forty-rod whisky. She didn't appreciate my logic in the least, but that "poor seek baby" didn't get the whisky.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE day a large, stout, good-natured appearing colored man came up to the bridge with a sack of corn meal on his shoulder, which he set down on the ground, pleasantly remarking, "Dar, boss, if yer thinks I'se got any whisky you're welcome to luk fo' it." Of course we were completely thrown off our guard by his frank, open manner, and more from habit than from suspicion one of the boys commenced poking his fingers into the outside of the sack, when, his suspicions being aroused, he remarked, "It seems to me that that meal is packed awfully solid in that sack." This led to the opening of the sack, when, behold! a good-sized jug of whisky was brought to light snugly covered up on all sides by the darky's hoe-cake timber. But wasn't that dusky Hamite sadly demoralized, though? He stood there in speechless amazement, and would actually have turned pale if he could. He trembled like a leaf, and finally stammered

out, "Well, boss, what's yer gwine to do wid me?" Some one suggested hanging. "Now, boss, I 'clare to goodness I'se nebber dun sich a thing afore, and 'deed, massa, if yer let me off dis time dis nigger will nebber do it again!" After tormenting him a while we concluded to let him go his way in peace, but minus his whisky. His sack of meal dwindled down wonderfully after the jug was removed. It made me think of the old colored man who went fishing, and succeeded in catching a good-sized sucker, after which he laid down on the bank of the creek and fell asleep. Soon after another darky came along who had caught a small fish, and, spying the large fish on the ground, concluded to trade the small fish for the large one. After a while darky Number 1 woke up, looked at the fish, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and then remarked, "Golly, how dat fish am swunked!"

One day a soldier belonging to the Tenth Regulars, who had been over to Washington on a pass, and who had also been on a spree, came down to the bridge on his way back to his camp. He was still considerably under the influence of liquor, and after getting about

halfway across the bridge he became exceedingly tired and lay down by the side of the bridge and went to sleep. There was a railing along the outside of the bridge, but the lowest strip was over a foot from the bridge floor.

Mr. Soldier lay there sleeping very soundly till near midnight, when he must have been visited by some unpleasant dream, for he began rolling and tumbling around, and finally slipped under the railing, and down he went, end over end, some twenty-five feet, into the river. This involuntary bath must have waked him up, for as soon as he could get the water out of his mouth he commenced yelling at a tremendous rate. The sentinel, posted about ten rods out on the bridge, gave the alarm, and, procuring a rope, several of the boys went to the rescue. He floundered around till he had got down under the railroad bridge, which was a few rods below the old bridge and which was built on piles, and when the boys got to the place he was trying to climb a pile. The tide was out, and, the pile being under water the most of the time, was very slippery, consequently the climber made very slow progress at getting up to a place of safety. The boys let

down a rope, and after a while he succeeded in getting it under his arms, and then they drew him up and brought him out to our quarters. He said he had swum all around Long Island, and didn't want to be disgraced in getting drowned in such a mudhole as the Potomac. If he was going to be drowned he wanted a place at least where there was water enough to do it decently. He stayed till morning, dried his clothes and his money (he had about forty dollars left), and then started back into the city to finish up his spree. That was the last we saw of him.

The 4th of March, 1865, was a very busy day for us, the reinauguration of Mr. Lincoln as President of the United States taking place that day. There was a great rush of people from the Virginia side across the Long Bridge to witness the imposing ceremonies. The colored people especially turned out *en masse*, and the streets of the great city were lined with dusky faces, all looking on with eager interest, for to them the name of "Massa Linkum" was what the name of Moses was to the enslaved Israelites. They looked upon him as their especial champion and their great de-

liverer, and upon themselves as his especial wards.

The morning was dark, rainy, and unpleasant, but about noon the clouds broke away, the sun burst through and shone out in his full glory, and in a little while not a cloud was in view. About two o'clock a very bright star appeared a few degrees south of the zenith and shone for two or three hours with wonderful brilliancy. Thousands in and around Washington saw it, and various were the opinions expressed as to what it meant. Some thought it portended good and some evil. It was, indeed, a strange sight, occurring, as it did, on the day and at the very hour when the great champion of human liberty was for the second time taking a solemn oath to defend the Constitution of the United States and to execute its laws.

The following extract is from my diary of that date, and it expresses the hopes at least we entertained :

“To-day Abraham Lincoln is reinaugurated as chief magistrate of the United States of America for four more years. ‘The Star of Peace,’ the planet Venus, makes its appear-

ance at about 2 P. M. and sheds its glorious light on our earth. God grant that, like the star of Bethlehem, it may bring 'peace on earth, and glad tidings of great joy to all the people!'"

That evening two pious old colored men who were returning from the city sat down on our front porch to rest a while. They were engaged in earnest conversation in regard to the relative importance of watching and praying. Number 1 thought that praying was a little more important than watching. Number 2 thought that it was fully as necessary to watch as to pray. The discussion had run along for some time with no perceptible advantage on either side. Then Number 1 commenced telling about a little experience he had up in the city that day. He said that about noon he became very hungry, and, seeing another darky with a loaf of bread, he inquired where he got it. The other one said if he would let him have the money he would go and get him a loaf. So he gave him some money and he disappeared in the crowd, and, said the old man, "I'se jist bin prayin' and prayin' and prayin' ever since for dat darky to fetch back my

money or de bread; but 'fore de Lawd, I jist believe dat dat miserable nigger has dun gone and stole my money and abscondulated wid it." "Yah! yah! yah! Brudder Jones," cried Number 2, "if you dun watch dat nigger a little mo' you wouldn't hev lost yer money, but now I s'pects ye'll hab to pray a heap, an' den ye won't git yer money back." That seemed to be a clincher, for Number 1 gave up the question at once, and having got sufficiently rested they went on their way.

About the middle of March our whisky captures began to run pretty light. We had discovered nearly all the tricks the smugglers had resorted to, and it was almost certain of being captured when any one attempted to get it over.

There was a certain lieutenant who had his quarters on Fourteenth Street who had general oversight over our end of the bridge, and to whom we turned over all contraband whisky, and he in turn was supposed to turn it over to the provost marshal of the department. We suspected, however, that a good deal of it never got any farther than his office, and subsequent events proved our suspicions to be correct.

One day he came down to our quarters as cross as a bear. We hadn't captured any whisky for a few days, and he was suffering from the effects of the dry spell. He stormed away lively for a while and said he didn't believe we half searched for it, and we must look closer. I ventured to suggest that we had got altogether too sharp for them; that they had got tired of buying whisky to be captured, and so had given it up. He knew better than all that, and finally went away.

Pretty soon along came a soldier with a long-necked bottle full of whisky sticking out of his side pocket in plain view. I told him he could not take that over the bridge. Without a word of remonstrance he took it out and handed it over to me and went on. I took it up to the lieutenant, who seemed very much pleased at our success. Then I went back to my post. When the soldier who had given up the bottle came to where our sentinel was posted out some ways on the bridge he stopped and talked with him some little time. Finally he said, "I've got even with them fellers" (meaning us, for it seems we had taken some whisky away from him or some of his friends

before, and he thought we drank it up). "There is croton oil in that whisky, and they'll hear from it mighty quick after they drink it." Then he passed on. When the sentinel came off duty at the end of two hours he reported what the soldier had said, but we didn't put much confidence in it; in fact, we suspected he had been lying. However, I suppose it would have been kind in me to have reported the situation to the officer, but for two or three reasons I decided not to do so. In the first place, he had no business to touch the liquor at all, in which case it certainly would not hurt him; in the second place, it would be intimating that I thought he was in the habit of using it, which would be an insult to him as an officer in the United States service sworn to faithfully discharge his duty to the country, and, in the third place, I wanted to get even with him for treating me so shabbily by intimating that I had been neglecting my duty; and finally, it was very evident that after a week's fast there wouldn't be much of that bottle's contents left by the time I could get up to the lieutenant's quarters. I decided, therefore, to keep my own counsel and await

events. However, events were not slow in making their appearance, for the next thing we heard was that the lieutenant was very sick and under the surgeon's care. Then we knew that it was no false alarm, that the whisky was loaded for big game, and that the croton oil had got in its work. If any of my readers would care to know the effect of croton oil upon the human system let them ask any physician or druggist, and then they will be able to sympathize with the poor lieutenant who unaided and alone took a dose that had been prepared for a dozen men.

It was more than a week before we saw anything more of our superior officer. One day he came down to the bridge looking just about as plump as a hoe handle, but he had no more complaints to make about the whisky business.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON the 5th day of April we received the glad news that the Union army had captured Petersburg and Richmond. This was followed on the 9th by the tidings that Lee's whole army had surrendered at Appomattox. Everybody was almost delirious with joy. The authorities at Washington ordered the illumination of all the public buildings in honor of the great victory, and nearly all the loyal people in the city illuminated their dwellings, and the capital city was literally a blaze of light. The Capitol building presented a most gorgeous appearance, looking like a mighty pyramid of fire through which glistened the white polished walls of marble of which the building is composed.

On the afternoon of April 14 Sergeant Finch, of our detachment, and myself, having secured a pass, went over to Washington to spend the afternoon and evening. After visiting various places of interest during the afternoon, in the

evening we went to the Canterbury Theater, on Louisiana Avenue, to see the play called "The Persecuted Clown." The play had proceeded till nearly nine o'clock, when the manager, suddenly coming out on the stage, announced that they had just received tidings that President Lincoln had been assassinated at Ford's Theater, and in consequence thereof the performance would now end. The curtain dropped, but the audience sat looking at one another for a full minute without moving. My own impression was that it was a hoax perpetrated by the managers for some purpose, I couldn't imagine what. However, as the curtain did not rise again we all made our way out to the street. The scene which there met our gaze beggars description. The streets, especially Pennsylvania Avenue and Tenth Street, were literally packed with human beings surging to and fro, some swearing, some talking in a high tone, some threatening dire vengeance upon the murderers, and some crying like children. We came across a man who was in Ford's Theater and saw the whole transaction. He told us all he could about it. His impression was that the President was dead. We made our way

through the crowd to the house where they had taken him. Just then a carriage came up, escorted by a single soldier in the rear, containing Secretaries Stanton, of the War Department, and Wells, of the Navy Department. They alighted and were admitted to the house. I never saw such an excited multitude in my life. Near midnight we started for our quarters across the Potomac. The news had spread like wildfire, and the whole city seemed to be out on the streets. A line of guards had been thrown around the entire city with orders to let no living man out. The assassin, however, had a horse tied in the rear of the theater, and as soon as the fiendish deed was finished he fled to the rear of the building, and, mounting his horse, started at full speed for the East Branch Bridge, which he crossed in safety, notwithstanding the presence of a guard at the end of the bridge. How he got across without the countersign I have never learned. He certainly could not have crossed the Long Bridge without having been halted, dismounted, and giving the countersign. When we reached the north end of the Long Bridge orders had been received to let no one

pass, but being acquainted with us the guards waived the letter of the order and we proceeded on our way. We had reached about the middle of the bridge when we heard a sound like some one rowing a boat up the river perhaps forty or fifty rods. We immediately hailed the boat's crew, and in answer to our inquiry they stated that they were on their way from Georgetown to Alexandria to get a steam tug to tow some barges down the river. We ordered them to come down to the bridge, which they didn't want to do. We gave them to understand that we would make it exceedingly uncomfortable for them if they didn't come, though we were entirely unarmed: but this they did not know. After parleying a while they came down to the bridge—there were two of them—and then we ordered them to row across to the Virginia side. They protested strongly against this, but we insisted upon it, and at length we succeeded in getting them started. They acted very suspiciously—so we thought, at least—and we were quite sure we had the guilty parties in our hands. Fifty thousand dollars apiece would pay us pretty well for one night's work. We met them at

the farther end, and forthwith took them into custody. They were considerably disgusted with themselves, when they found that we had no arms, for they could have escaped in any direction in spite of us if they had only known it. We put them under guard till morning, and then sent word over to Washington, reporting what we had done. The provost marshal sent back word to have them sent over to his office under heavy guard. This was accordingly done, but they succeeded in proving their innocence and were released. So we lost our hundred thousand dollars. Shortly after this it became known who the assassin was, and every effort was made to secure his arrest.

The assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt on the life of Secretary Seward produced the most intense excitement all through the North. The whole nation was in mourning except a few who were really rebels at heart, but the feeling was so intense that this class kept their own counsels as a means of personal safety. Very little disloyalty was allowed to show itself in those stirring times.

The body of the murdered President was

embalmed, and was then taken to the rotunda of the Capitol, where it lay in state for a few days, where it was viewed by hundreds of thousands of the people. The funeral services were held on the 18th in the Capitol, and were most touching and impressive. I find the following reference in my diary: "Abraham Lincoln, the patriot and statesman, is no more. His funeral took place to-day with all the greatness and grandeur of a monarch, together with the most sincere grief. Never did a people meet a greater loss—one so loved and honored. Alternate joy and grief have rushed so suddenly upon us that it is almost impossible to believe that our loved ruler is really dead. 'O God, that deeds so foul should go unpunished!' but 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

Friday, April 21, the funeral *cortége* left Washington, thence to Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Chicago, and thence to Springfield, Ill., where all that was mortal of the martyred President was consigned to common dust.

Vice President Johnson was immediately sworn in as President, and the old ship of State

continued on her way. One day, shortly after the President's death, a bright little boy of about thirteen years came down to our quarters, and we soon engaged in conversation with him. He was a messenger in the War Department, and told me that Mr. Stanton was arranging to send him as a spy down into eastern Virginia to see if he could get any trace of the whereabouts of the assassin Booth. On the morning of April 27 the boy came down again and told me he expected to start on his mission the next day. Over on Arlington Heights was built a series of forts, and in the largest of these were stationed squads of the Signal Corps, and from where we stood we could plainly see the signal flags engaged in sending some message. The messenger boy stood watching one of the signal flags with a good deal of interest, when suddenly he jumped, it seemed to me two feet high, and exclaimed, "They have captured Booth, and I sha'n't have to go." I asked him how he knew. He replied, "I just read it from that signal flag." Sure enough, the boy was right. On the evening before a detachment of cavalry had discovered his hiding place

down near Port Royal, in eastern Virginia, and had been obliged to set fire to the barn in which he was concealed before they could get him out, as he refused to surrender. The orders were to take him alive if possible, but a half-crazy sergeant, named Boston Corbett, got sight of him through a crevice and fired at him with his carbine, the ball striking him in the base of the skull near the neck, in almost the identical spot where his bullet had struck his unsuspecting victim twelve days before. He was unconscious when the soldiers reached him, but he lived till the next morning at ten minutes past seven, when he breathed his last.

While these tragic events were being enacted continued tidings of victory were being received from the Union armies, until, with the surrender of Johnson's army to the gallant Sherman, the whole framework of the great rebellion caved in. About this time the Army of the Potomac began to make its appearance on Arlington Heights, and by the middle of May nearly the entire army was encamped near Washington preparatory to the grand review of all the Union armies which had been ordered

by the commander in chief. There was a grand rush of officers and soldiers for Washington, and we had our hands more than full. It required a pass from a major general to get over the bridge, and we began to think the woods were full of them by the way the passes came pouring in. The guard on the south end, however, had much the worst of it, for they soon found out that many of the passes presented were forged, and it required considerable skill to discriminate betwixt the spurious and the genuine, for the "vets" of the old Potomac army could write passes and sign major generals' names to them as well as fight. One day a soldier of the Fortieth New York Regiment undertook to run by the guard without a pass. The sentinel ordered him to halt, but he paid no attention to the order, but kept right on. The guard raised his musket and fired, the ball striking him in the thigh and inflicting quite a severe flesh wound, but it brought the soldier to a standstill at once. An ambulance was called, and the wounded man then got not only a pass across the bridge but a free ride to a hospital in Washington. The boys of his regiment were exceedingly angered

over the affair, and strongly threatened to come down and "clean us all out," but they finally concluded that discretion was the better part of valor.

Hearing that my regiment, the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, was encamped over on Arlington Heights, I concluded to take a trip up and see the boys. So I issued marching orders to myself and started. After traveling three or four miles I found them encamped in a piece of woods. I enjoyed my visit very much. Two of my particular chums, namely, John McKinney and Jim Lunger, had been trying to get a pass over to Washington, but had failed. I told them that I could fix things so that they could get over any time they liked, that my name was as good as a major general's. So I wrote them a pass, and when I got back to camp I explained matters to the sergeant who was to be in charge next day, and when they came down he let them over, and of course I let them back.

About this time the Army of the Potomac began to cross over into Washington, preparatory to the grand review which had been

ordered on the 23d of May. Being on duty that day, I was not permitted to view the grand procession, which was much more enjoyable for the reviewers than for the reviewed, as they had to march a long distance in the heat and dust.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON May 24 the Army of the Tennessee and Sherman's army passed over the bridge preparatory to the review of the whole Western army, which took place in the afternoon. They were a free-and-easy lot of men, and it was really amusing to see the various means of transportation and the different things they had picked up on their march through the Southern States. Old mules and horses, oxen and donkeys, hitched to wagons, carts, and vehicles of every description, and loaded with every conceivable object that soldiers could use in camp or on the march, formed a part of the procession. On one mule's back I saw a live coon riding along as contentedly as if he had been an equestrian all his days, while upon another mule was a rooster which crowed as cheerfully as he would have done surrounded by his own flock of biddies. The infantry columns were followed by a wagon train fully twenty miles long. The horses and mules all

looked thrifty and prosperous, as well they might, for they had been living on the best the Southern Confederacy could afford for several months past, and were as free and easy in their habits as were the men who drove them.

The final grand review in Washington was an occasion long to be remembered. The battle-scarred veterans of scores of conflicts marched with proud steps that day as they followed the old flag, rent and torn and soiled, but with no stain of dishonor upon it, along the streets of the capital city, past the grand reviewing stand occupied by Generals Grant, Meade, and Sherman, by President Johnson and his cabinet and other distinguished men, while the streets on either side, the doors, windows, and house-tops, were thronged by immense numbers of men, women, and children. It was a fitting close to the drama that had for four long years been enacting upon the stage of this young republic, and to which the eyes of the whole civilized world had been turned with eager interest. There was not a crowned head in the Old World but rested more uneasily upon its pillow when the word came

to it that the American republic had emerged from its fearful baptism of blood with no stripe removed and not a star less upon its beautiful emblem of liberty; while downtrodden millions saw in our victory a glorious presage of the dawn of freedom over the whole earth.

After the grand review was over the various army corps settled down in their camps around Washington awaiting the final muster-out. Tuesday morning, May 30, we were relieved from duty as usual, and on our way over to our quarters at the south end of the bridge we met my old regiment on the way home. As soon as I could wash and get my breakfast I obtained a pass and started for the Baltimore depot, where they had gone to take the train for home. I found them ready to start. How I did want to go with them! But it was no use. I had to see them start off with rousing cheers while I was left behind. With a feeling of utter disgust I turned around and made my way back to the Long Bridge. There was one consolation, however—my time of service would expire on the 12th of the coming August; so I bided my time and resumed my duties with as much cheerfulness as possible.

At the annual reunion of the One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment at Athens, Pa., on August 21, 1889, I learned that quite a large number of my old comrades had been reading these series of sketches in the *Northern*, and as the paper has many readers in the counties of Bradford, Susquehanna, and Wayne, where the regiment was raised, who are deeply interested in anything concerning the history of this gallant regiment, I will trace the history of the regiment from the time I left it in July, 1863, till the end of the war.

On Friday, July 15, the regiment crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and were once more on the soil of old Virginia. Lee's army kept falling back gradually, followed at a respectful distance by Meade's army. At length the Confederate army reached and took up a position on the head waters of the Rappahannock River, which is formed by the addition of the Rapidan to the north branch of the above-named stream.

Here the two armies remained for some months watching each other's movements and waiting for future developments. About the 9th of October Lee made a sudden northward

movement, and before Meade was fairly aware of it the rebel chief had completely turned his right wing and was actually threatening his communication with Washington. The Union army at once commenced a rapid retrograde movement in order to checkmate Lee's movements, and after a series of marching and countermarching our brigade, then commanded by Colonel Collis, of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania, came in contact with a detachment of rebel cavalry under Lomax, which was dismounted and concealed in a thicket near a little hamlet called Auburn. The first intimation our boys had of the enemy's presence was a volley from this concealed enemy. Our brigade was quickly deployed and ordered to charge the enemy. The spot occupied by the One Hundred and Forty-first was exceedingly warm, but with a ringing cheer the boys rushed on the enemy, driving him from his stronghold and putting him to flight.

In this engagement the One Hundred and Forty-first lost three men killed, eight wounded, and three missing. Among the wounded was George Morse, one of the boys from our place,

who lost his right arm. After being shot he made his way to the rear, where his wound was examined by the surgeons, who decided that it must be amputated. George pleaded with them to save it, and they finally told him that they would not take it off then, but would give him chloroform and probe the wound, and then they could tell more about it. So he took the chloroform, but when he came to his arm was gone. He was a good musician, and he told me afterward that the first thing he thought of after coming to and finding his arm gone was that he could never play any more on an instrument.

Among the mortally wounded in this fight was a young man who was much given to complaining and finding fault. The boys used to tell him that if he ever was shot it would be in the mouth, as that organ was nearly always open and was very prominent. Well, sure enough, in the skirmish at Auburn he was struck in the mouth with a ball and so severely wounded that he died soon after. After all, he was a true patriot and a good soldier, only he would occasionally give way to his bad temper. He fills a martyr's grave.

The Third Corps continued to fall back till it reached the vicinity of Fairfax Court House, where it went into camp. About this time General Sickles, scarcely restored in health, and mutilated, having lost a leg at Gettysburg, came back to the army and requested to be placed again in command of his old Third Corps. This request was refused, for, alas! he was only a volunteer officer, and had nearly sacrificed his men at Gettysburg to order to save the day for the Union cause. For this he was never really forgiven.

The rebel army now began to retire, and as soon as Meade thought it safe to do so he began to follow on. After a long series of maneuvers Lee retired finally behind the Rappahannock, and thus ended a campaign void of any decisive results on either side. The One Hundred and Forty-first had a skirmish with the enemy at Mine Run, in which the loss was three killed and ten wounded. About the first of December the regiment went into winter quarters near Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The regiment then numbered about two hundred and fifty men and officers present for duty. During the

winter a large number of the regiment were allowed to go home on furlough, while those who remained in camp had little to do save guard and picket duty. About the first of February, 1864, General Butler, then in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, concluded he could take Richmond with a cavalry force by making a sudden rush upon it while the enemy's attention should be drawn in the direction of the upper Rappahannock by some unusual demonstration by the Army of the Potomac. Consequently, General Sedgwick, who was temporarily in command of the army, ordered an advance of part of the Second Corps, the balance of the army to be held in supporting distance. The One Hundred and Forty-first, which had just got fairly settled in their new camp, were obliged to tear down their tents and pack up preparatory to joining in the movement. All that afternoon and far into the night they kept on the march in a cold, pitiless rain.

The next morning the march was resumed, and very soon the sound of artillery firing could be heard in front. The firing grew more rapid and distinct, and the regiment was

drawn up in line of battle. The Second Corps had stirred up the enemy and were engaged in a brisk encounter. Soon the firing slackened up, and after a time ceased altogether. After remaining near the Rapidan till the evening of the 7th of February the order came to return to camp. So far as our boys could see it was a fruitless movement, resulting in no advantage to the Union cause, for "Ben" failed to get Richmond, as he generally did in every move he undertook. The Second Corps lost about two hundred men.

CHAPTER XX.

ON March 9, 1864, Major General U. S. Grant received his commission as Lieutenant General of the armies of the United States. He immediately announced his intention of making his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac. He retained General Meade, and issued orders for the complete reorganization of the Potomac army. The five army corps were consolidated into three, retaining the Second to be commanded by Hancock, the Fifth by General Warren, and the Sixth by General Sedgwick, while the First and Third were broken up and divided between the other three. Perhaps there was wisdom in this new arrangement, but it created great dissatisfaction in the ranks of the dismembered corps. Nowhere are local associations and ties so strong as in an army of American freemen, and any attempt to disrupt those ties, often welded and rewelded in the fires of battle, is sure to be resented, and proved so in this case.

But there was no help for it, and all that could be done was to tamely submit. The men of the First and Third Corps were allowed to retain their respective badges; and to this day you ask any member of either of these corps to what army corps they belonged, and the reply will invariably be, "To the First" or "Third Corps," as the case may be. The old Third Corps was attached to the Second Corps, becoming the Third Division thereof, commanded by General D. B. Birney. The One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment was attached to the First Brigade of this division, which was, with the exception of one regiment, the Twentieth Indiana, which had formerly been in the same brigade, composed of an entirely different set of men. This change necessitated a change of camps on the 29th, and our old regiment found itself among entire strangers.

Up to this time the regiment had had no chaplain since the resignation of the Rev. David Craft, of Wyalusing, Pa., who was commissioned chaplain at the organization of the regiment, but who on account of continued ill health had been discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, February 11, 1863.

In March, 1864, Colonel Madill had invited Rev. Andrew Barr, pastor of the Wysox, Pa., Presbyterian Church, to become chaplain of the regiment. Mr. Barr assented to the proposition, and on the 24th left his home to join the regiment then encamped near Brandy Station, Va. In endeavoring to find the regiment he missed his way, walked about a dozen miles, forded a large stream, carrying a heavy valise, and finally reached the regiment utterly prostrated. He was immediately taken sick and sent to the hospital, where he died April 11, just a week after his arrival. His body was embalmed and sent home to Danville, Pa., where it was buried.

All through the month of April there had been great activity prevailing in all parts of the great Potomac army. Reviews and inspections and drills had followed each other in rapid succession. Those absent in hospitals who had become sufficiently recovered to be able to do service in the field were sent on to their various regiments. The One Hundred and Forty-first had been recruited in this way till on April 30 the adjutant reported fifteen officers and three hundred and nine enlisted

men present for duty. Tuesday morning, May 3, a large detachment of our regiment was sent some miles from the camp on picket. Unusual activity had prevailed in the army for a few days, and every indication pointed to an immediate advance. Early in the evening an officer came out and ordered our line taken in, and that the men should immediately return to camp. On arriving at their quarters they found their tents torn down and active preparations going on for a move. Each man was supplied with sixty rounds of ammunition and six days' rations, which, added to the winter's clothing—overcoats, blankets, and various other articles—formed a heavy load for men to carry whose muscles had become softened by a winter's inactivity. It was near midnight when everything was in readiness and the order to march was given. Once more the Union army was headed toward Richmond, and notwithstanding the fact that so many failures had been made in the past, and our boys knew that every inch of their way would be hotly contested by a determined foe, and that many of them would fall in the attempt, yet on they went with

high hopes and joyous anticipations of coming victory.

About eight o'clock the next morning Ely's Ford on the Rappahannock was reached, where pontoons had already been laid, on which a crossing was effected, and a halt made for breakfast. After an hour's rest the line pushed on, and by noon had reached the battleground at Chancellorsville, upon which they encamped till the next day. Very few changes had taken place since, just a year before, they had met the enemy in desperate conflict on this bloody field. The rains in some places had washed the scanty coverings of earth from the graves of those who had been buried the year before, exposing to view some parts of the remains. These were carefully covered up. Some of the boys also found the remains of some who had not been buried at all. These were also interred as well as it was possible to do so. Since then these remains have all been removed to the national cemetery at Fredericksburg, where they have been buried and their graves properly cared for. Some of the boys visited the earthworks we built in the rear of the Chancellor House the year before and

found them almost unchanged. They also found the grave of Robert McKinney, the particulars of whose death I have before given.

The entire battlefield was covered with fragments of shot and shell, half-decayed knapsacks, clothing, etc., while the trees were covered with scars showing where the conflict had raged the fiercest. But, alas! all this carnage was about to be repeated, only on a much larger scale. Many of the boys who walked over those battle-rent fields, and who shuddered at the sight of the unburied bones of former comrades bleaching under the storms, dews, and sunshine of old Virginia, in a very few days, pierced and torn, laid themselves down beneath the scrubby oak, the weeping willow, or the sighing pines, where they moldered back to dust, without even a covering of that soil for whose perpetual freedom they had laid down their lives. The few hours of rest which succeeded this march were sorely needed by the men, as they had traveled about thirty miles since the night before. The road all the way to Brandy Station was strewn with overcoats, blankets, knapsacks, and many other articles, which had grown heavier with every

advancing step. The weather began to grow warm during the day, but the nights were cool and often chilly, so that after becoming heated by the hard marching of the day those who had thrown away their blankets sorely felt the need of them through the long chilly nights. Many as a consequence contracted colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other diseases, which terminated their usefulness as soldiers.

Early in the morning of May 4 the bugle sounded the assembly, and at five o'clock the regiment was on the march still headed southward, and by ten o'clock had reached the Furnace, the spot to which we had advanced in our pursuit of Stonewall Jackson's wagon train the year before, and where we were halting when Jackson made the fierce onslaught on the Eleventh Corps. Here three companies were detailed to guard a crossroad while our division was passing. We were passing around the flank of Lee's army toward Spottsylvania Court House, and were very certain to come in contact with the enemy in the near future. The country all through this region is covered with a dense undergrowth of scrub-oak, witch-hazel, dwarf-chestnut, pitch-pine, and laurel.

General Grant would very much have preferred waiting for more open ground before grappling with his wily antagonist, but Lee did not propose to confer any such favor upon him.

In the early forenoon of May 5 the Battle of the Wilderness began. Birney's division was then at Todd's Tavern, and was ordered at once to support General Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, which had struck the enemy at Parker's Store, on the Orange Plank road. Birney immediately moved his two divisions (his own and Mott's), Mott's on Getty's right and his own on his left, and the fight became at once exceedingly fierce and obstinate.

Comparatively little artillery could be used, owing to the wooded condition of the ground, but the minie balls got in their deadly work. The First Brigade was formed in two lines, and while one line was in advance, engaging the enemy, the other threw up breastworks. Then the rear line took the advance and the first line retired behind the fortifications. The battle raged furiously all that afternoon and till darkness put an end to the day's struggle, with little perceptible advantage to either side. The One Hundred and Forty-first had, as usual,

borne a prominent part in the fight, and had sustained a loss of one killed and eighteen wounded, with one missing. At dark Lieutenant Gerould and fifty men were placed on picket in front of the regiment.

The ground was covered with the dead and wounded, the night was pitchy dark, especially in the wood, and in passing from post to post the men were sure to stumble over dead bodies, while the cries for help from the wounded were most heartrending. It was a terrible experience, never to be blotted from the memory of those who passed through it. All that night the two armies rested upon their arms, face to face, waiting for the coming morning to furnish the light to direct their aim to the more sure destruction of each other.

It was during this night that General Grant is said to have had his wonderful vision. He had summoned his several corps commanders, Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick, to his tent for consultation. The question was whether there should be an advance on the morrow or a retreat. Without expressing his own opinion the commanding general asked for the opinions of his subordinates. It is said that they

unanimously advised a falling back from that fearful wilderness of death. Without giving them any orders for the morrow Grant dismissed them from his presence. After they were gone he walked out alone behind his tent to meditate. He was suddenly aroused from his reverie by the appearance of a most bright and beautiful personage, a shining angel, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, and girt about with a golden girdle frosted with diamond dust. In one hand was a burnished shield and in the other a drawn sword which glittered with unearthly radiance. With the sword the angel smote toward the east, and suddenly vast streams of gold and silver from ten thousand vaults flowed in and were piled in huge glittering pyramids at the angel's feet. Following this came vast quantities of arms, with all the implements and munitions of war; all came rolling in as far as the eye could reach. Then the angel smote toward the west, and, behold, oceans of wheat and corn and horses and cattle came surging in, all rushing toward the spot where the angel stood. Then he turned and smote toward the north, and from every hill-top and valley, from a thousand vil-

lages, cities, towns, and hamlets sprang tens of thousands of armed warriors, who immediately turned their steps toward the angel and in solid ranks came marching on, keeping step with the beating of the angel's heart. Then for the first time the angel spoke. Turning his keen gaze upon the astonished chieftain, he said: "Behold all this treasure, and all of these resources, and all these armed warriors are at thy disposal. Go forth and fear not." Then the vision faded and was gone, and the great chieftain, returning to his tent, sat down and wrote an order to each of his corps commanders, "Be ready to move upon the enemy's position at daybreak."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE night of May 5, 1864, was one of great anxiety to each of the great armies which were lying confronting each other in the shades of that Virginia wilderness. There had only been a preliminary test of strength the day before, and they now were only waiting for morning light to renew the terrible struggle. All night long our pickets could hear the enemy busily engaged in fortifying their position. The One Hundred and Forty-first was holding the extreme right of our line, its right resting on the Orange Plank road. At daylight our boys were aroused from slumber, and after a hasty breakfast were formed in line preparatory to making a general assault on the enemy's lines.

In front of the position held by our regiment was a line of breastworks held by the Thirteenth North Carolina Regiment, and on the crest of their works was their flag floating in plain view. While waiting for the order to

advance Sergeant Rought, of Company A, discovered the flag, and in very forcible language declared that he would have it or die in the attempt. Soon the order to charge was given, and with a ringing cheer our boys rushed for the enemy's works. As they emerged into the open space they were greeted with a shower of bullets, but on they sped through the stifling smoke, and, reaching the enemy's works, they scaled them without a moment's hesitation. Sergeant Rought went straight for the flag and demanded its surrender. This being refused, Rought felled the colorbearer with his clubbed musket and wrested the flagstaff from his hand. A rebel soldier leveled his musket at Rought, but before he could fire Captain Warner, of Company D, shot the assailant with his revolver. A large number of the enemy threw down their arms and surrendered, while those who could get away precipitately fled. Then a mighty cheer arose from the victors, while the sergeant leaped upon the rebel works, waved the captured flag, and shouted with the rest. He was ordered to report with his flag to General Ward, commanding the brigade, who received

him with many flattering compliments for his bravery, and then sent him to General Birney, who commanded the division. In the *mêlée* Rought was quite severely wounded, and was sent with the flag to Philadelphia to the hospital. The flag was on exhibition at the great Sanitary Fair held there, and attracted a good deal of attention. It is now in a room of the War Department at Washington, and bears the following label:

“Captured by Sergeant Stephen Rought, Company A, One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, May 6, 1864, at the Battle of the Wilderness, Virginia.”

The next day General Birney issued an order congratulating our regiment on its bravery and on the taking of the first rebel flag that had been captured by the Army of the Potomac since it had been under the command of General Grant.

Halting at the first line of works long enough to dispose of their prisoners, about forty in number, and for reforming their line, the victorious troops pushed on in hot haste after their fleeing enemy. Reaching the second line, they swept over it in an instant

and for more than a mile kept up their victorious pursuit, until their ammunition was exhausted and they were confronted by a heavy force of fresh soldiers under Longstreet. They halted and waited for a fresh supply of ammunition and for reinforcements. Neither came, and at length they were forced to retire, which they did slowly and in good order till they reached the line they had taken in the morning. Then there was a short lull in the contest. Fresh supplies of ammunition were brought up, fresh troops were ordered forward, and every effort made to meet the desperate charges of the enemy which our officers were confident would be made. They had not long to wait. In a short time the enemy was seen approaching in solid lines, and again the strife raged furiously. While the right of Hancock's corps was engaged in a desperate grapple with the enemy Longstreet sent a strong detachment of his corps to gain the flank and rear of Birney, whose division was now holding the left of the Second Corps line. Shielded by the impenetrable thickets, the enemy succeeded in getting in upon our left and rear before being discovered. They succeeded in

rolling up our line in much confusion, which necessitated its withdrawal to the intrenchments held in the morning. These the rebels did not deem advisable to assault, and General Longstreet at about this time receiving a severe wound there was another brief lull in the battle.

General Lee now took command in person of this part of the line, and began making active preparations for a general assault on our whole line. General Hancock was equally active in making preparations to defend his position, and when at four o'clock the rebel forces advanced to the attack he was ready to receive them. The battle opened furiously. In spite of the fierce assault of the rebels our boys were easily holding their position, when by some accident the long breastworks behind which they were fighting took fire and the wind blew the smoke and flames directly in their faces. They were obliged to fall back. The rebels took advantage of this circumstance and, advancing in a tremendous charge, temporarily threw our line into confusion. The Twentieth Indiana, however, held their position, and when the rebels advanced sufficiently

to expose their flank the Indiana boys poured into them such a volley as caused them to halt and stagger. Just then the Sixth Maine Battery gained an enfilading position and opened a deadly fire upon the Confederate ranks. Our boys who had fallen back had again rallied, advanced, and opened a galling fire upon the enemy. By five o'clock the Confederate forces had been completely repulsed and had fallen back with heavy losses. At 6 o'clock P. M. Meade ordered another attack by our forces, but as there had been continuous fighting all day, and our troops were much exhausted and nearly out of ammunition, the order was countermanded and the two armies remained quietly holding about the same respective positions they had held in the morning. Our regiment had been in three desperate engagements during the day, and had expended nearly two hundred rounds of ammunition per man.

That night and the next day were spent in comparative quiet, each army improving the intermission in caring for and removing the wounded and burying the dead. Late in the day an advance was ordered, and our boys with little opposition gained the next line of

breastworks in advance. This line was held till it was withdrawn to take part in the movement to get around Lee's flank toward Richmond. The losses of the One Hundred and Forty-first, considering the numbers engaged, had been quite severe. Out of about two hundred and eighty men who participated in the battle thirteen were killed or died of wounds and fifty-nine wounded, while three were reported captured or missing, making an aggregate of seventy-five. General Grant, finding it impracticable to drive the rebel army out of its stronghold by a direct attack, determined to move around Lee's right flank, get possession of Spottsylvania Court House, and, securing a position, throw down the gauge of battle where the conditions would be more nearly equal. Lee very quickly divined the intention of Grant, and sent Longstreet's corps to seize Spottsylvania Court House and plant a line of battle directly across the Union line of march. This was easily accomplished, and when the advance of the Fifth Corps, which led the way—Robinson's division in the advance—struck the Spottsylvania ridge it was most unexpectedly assailed by a volley of

musketry from the enemy concealed on the opposite side of the ridge. General Robinson fell, severely wounded, and the column was thrown into considerable confusion. It was evident that more fighting must be done on this line, and the balance of the army was hurried up. The One Hundred and Forty-first left its position on Sunday morning, May 8, in the Wilderness, and set out on its march for this new line of battle. The day was intensely hot, the dust almost suffocating, and many of the boys were overcome and prostrated by the heat. About noon it reached a point on the Cathurpin road and immediately began throwing up intrenchments, and by dark had completed a strong line of defense.

On Monday Meade was all ready for an advance, but the rebels held a naturally strong position, which had been further strengthened by fortifications until it was evident that it could only be carried by an immense sacrifice of men by direct assault. Therefore the Union commander concluded to postpone a direct general assault until he had so far investigated the enemy's position as to be sure that there was no better line of attack. In the meantime

there was almost constant skirmishing going on but no general engagement. In front of the Second Corps was a small stream, narrow, but deep and unfordable, called the Po River. Hancock was ordered to cross this stream and make a reconnoissance in force on the enemy's left. Accordingly, pontoons were laid down, and after considerable delay he succeeded in getting his forces safely across. The next morning he ordered an advance, and the One Hundred and Forty-first was deployed as skirmishers and were pushed ahead some two miles, constantly pressing back the rebel line and finally encamping on a height of ground for the night. They had captured four pieces of artillery, a number of baggage wagons, and a considerable number of prisoners since crossing the river, and Hancock was making arrangements for further aggressive movements when he received orders to send two of his divisions to the support of Warren's Fifth Corps; for Meade had decided to make a general assault on the rebel lines in front of Warren's position. While the column was recrossing the Po River the One Hundred and Forty-first was in the rear and was sharply

assailed by a body of rebel troops and quite a spirited engagement followed. Finally, the Union forces all succeeded in getting across without much loss, and then the bridge was taken up and another covered bridge was destroyed. This movement was known as the Po River Expedition. Although the regiment had been under fire nearly all day, and had inflicted considerable damage on the enemy, it suffered no loss either in killed or wounded.

The point where Meade had determined to make an assault on the enemy's position was a high elevation known as Laurel Hill, which fairly bristled with cannon and swarmed with infantry. About three o'clock Warren's men were ordered to charge the position. The troops advanced bravely, but were driven back with heavy loss. Again an advance was ordered, and some of Warren's men succeeded in reaching the parapet, but were unable to hold it. General Hancock was then ordered to bring up his two divisions and let the "Diamond Clover" Corps attempt what the Fifth Corps had not been able to accomplish. About sundown all was ready, and Birney's and Gibbon's divisions moved forward to the assault.

The troops had witnessed the failure of Warren's men to take the ridge and the terrible slaughter which resulted, and moved forward with a good deal of reluctance, for they all felt it to be a hopeless undertaking and that they were like sheep being led to the slaughter. The word of command, however, had gone forth, and they must obey, even to death. In solid lines onward they sweep toward that fatal crest, when suddenly from the dusky muzzles of thousands of rebel muskets leap crimson tongues of fire, and the deadly bullets come crashing through our ranks, covering the earth with uniformed bodies. But still those lines move on with unfaltering step till those huge guns, shotted to the very muzzle with grape and canister and trained with deadly precision upon the advancing columns, belch forth their death-dealing contents into the very faces of our boys, mowing great gaps in those already decimated lines. Then our columns halt, waver, advance, halt again, then waver as if in uncertain balance, then break into a wild, disorderly retreat, and rush for a place of safety, continuing their flight till they are safely behind their line of works.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL GRANT decided to make another attempt to drive the Confederate forces from their stronghold. A certain angle in the rebel line had been fixed upon as the place of assault, and the old Second Corps was selected as the assaulting column. Wednesday evening, May 11, camp fires were lighted all along the front of the Second Corps, and after they had got to burning brightly the troops were formed in line and ordered to make the least possible noise. The roads were very muddy and soft on account of recent rains, and the night was pitchy dark, making the march a most uncomfortable one. The line of march was nearly due east and in rear of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, across fields and through woods and swamps, by the most direct route to the point of attack. About three o'clock on the morning of the 11th the regiment reached its destination, and after being deployed and placed in position the boys were allowed a short

rest, though no fires were allowed to be built. In silence the boys in blue waited for the break of day, which was the time appointed for the attack. A few hundred yards in front were the sleeping lines of the enemy, resting securely, as they supposed, behind their fortifications, which were very strong of themselves. They were also surrounded by an abatis, which is made by felling trees with the limbs outward, the tops being cut off and the ends sharpened. The works, which were in front of our brigade, were manned by Terry and Walker's brigade of Johnson's division of Ewell's corps.

About half past four, in the deep gray of the morning, the Second Corps was massed for the assault. It was a moment of intense and thrilling interest. There was an awful suspense in the hearts of those gallant veterans as they stood there with beating hearts and quickened respiration, firmly grasping their trusty rifles, with bayonets already fixed, waiting for the word of command. It was now a full week since they left their camps on the north side of the Rappahannock. They had met the foe on many a hard-contested field, but neither side had gained any perceptible advantage

over the other. In the last assault upon the enemy our boys had suffered a decided repulse. Before them frowned those formidable lines of intrenchments, behind which were long lines of vigilant, brave, and determined soldiers, whose prowess and skill they had learned to respect. Much depended on the result of the coming struggle. Almost everything was to be gained by victory, while defeat might prove terribly disastrous to the Union cause. And then it was almost or quite certain that the price of either victory or defeat would be the lives of many of that heroic band and the maiming of many others, or what might be even worse, captivity, starvation, and death in Southern prisons. And then those loved ones at home! But hark! Out ring the bugle notes clear and sharp, cutting short all such thoughts and reveries. It is sounding the charge. Then comes the command, "Attention, column! Forward, guide center, march!" And suddenly those long lines move forward. No gun is fired, no word spoken; but in terrible silence those gallant lines press onward until the enemy's picket line is encountered. This is brushed

aside or captured with scarcely a moment's hesitation as being hardly worthy of notice. As the breastworks were neared our boys with a ringing cheer broke into a run and made a grand rush for the enemy's intrenchments. As they come near the rebel works a terrific volley of musketry is poured into their faces, but though the ground is dotted with bleeding forms they heed not the carnage; seizing the abatis with their hands, they tear it aside, and in an instant more our brave boys are scaling the breastworks and are in the enemy's line. Then the struggle became hand to hand, musket to musket. Those of the enemy who were nearest the front threw down their arms and surrendered. Then our lines, which had become completely mixed up and disorganized, made another grand rush for the second Confederate line, which they carried instantly, sweeping everything before them and pushing on for nearly a mile. The trophies of this splendid achievement were about four thousand prisoners captured, twenty pieces of artillery with their caissons (ammunition chests on wheels) and horses, many thousand stands of small arms, and more than thirty stands of

colors. Major General Edward Johnson, Brigadier General G. H. Stuart, and many officers of less note were among the prisoners. Captain Peck, of Company B, captured a rebel colonel. During the charge and in the subsequent movements many of the One Hundred and Forty-first became separated, and the rebels, throwing in a line of reinforcements on their flank, took several of our boys prisoners. Our colors narrowly escaped the same fate.

It was only for a very short time, however, that our men were allowed to enjoy peaceably the fruits of their well-earned victory. Lee seemed to be determined to regain the ground he had lost, and, massing a heavy force of men, he made five successive and desperate attempts to drive our men from their advanced position. The attempt was in vain, however, for our boys, reinforced by the veterans of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, successfully resisted every assault and manfully maintained their ground till midnight, when Lee withdrew his torn and bleeding forces to his inner line of works. The fight around that bloody apex has passed into history as among the bloodiest of the war. An oak tree twenty-two inches in

diameter, in rear of Wilcox's rebel division, was literally cut down with bullets, and at about midnight fell with a tremendous crash, injuring quite a number of the First South Carolina Regiment. The ground was completely covered with the dead and wounded, and the ditches had to be cleared of the enemy's dead more than once to make room for the living. For several hours the two lines fought on opposite sides of the same breastwork. Men were bayoneted and shot through the crevices betwixt the logs, and it was as much as a man's life was worth to show his head on either side.

The One Hundred and Forty-first was in the thickest of the fight. The oak tree above mentioned, a section of which is now on exhibition at the United States Museum at Washington, stood directly in front of our regiment. The following extract is from a letter written by Lieutenant Colonel Watkins, of the One Hundred and Forty-first. He says, under date of Friday, May 13 :

“We are lying in the mud. We have been fighting incessantly since the 5th. Yesterday we charged very heavy breastworks and carried them after some loss. The slaughter on

both sides passes description. We marched all night, night before last, attacked the rebel works at daylight in three lines with fixed bayonets, fought over the works all day and all night in the rain and mud. Our men are wet to the skin, and are now eating their first meal since night before last. My heart bleeds when I think of our sufferings and losses. I am unhurt, but exhausted with fatigue and anxiety.

“Our losses in the regiment have been miraculously small for the number and obstinacy of the fights in which we have been, and can only be attributed to the fact that we fought much of the time behind breastworks and were guarded by a kind Providence. The day we took the enemy’s works was one of continual musketry, such as has not been seen before in this war. You will not believe me when I tell you that I saw large trees, one eighteen inches through, of white oak, literally cut down by musket balls, but such is the truth. Just at this point our own and the rebel dead lay in heaps, pierced, some of them, with hundreds of balls. So horrid and sickening a sight I never saw before. Here we fought nearly twenty-four long hours, almost hand to hand, in a

heavy rain. Our regiment has behaved nobly and taken more prisoners than it numbers.”

The remainder of the night succeeding Lee's withdrawal was one of exceeding discomfort. The dead were strewn so thickly that there was scarcely room for the living to lie down. The incessant rain had filled the ditches with water and transferred the soft fresh dirt into beds of mud. These beds were certainly *soft* enough to suit anybody, but were also decidedly moist. But when human nature is completely exhausted it is not so particular where it finds rest. So our boys lay down in the ditches or on the muddy slopes, surrounded by the dying and the dead, and, forgetful of the recent terrible strife and the horrible surroundings, relapsed into sound slumber. The morning of the 13th was gloomy, cloudy, and rainy. No general engagement took place, but almost continuous picket firing was kept up, varied occasionally by an artillery duel, which served to keep the soldiers of both sides on the alert.

Our boys improved their time in strengthening their works, burying their dead, cooking rations, and in preparing for future developments. Many of the enemy's dead lay in the

ditch which they had dug. They were left just as they fell, except that they were covered over with dirt shoveled from the top of the mounds they had thrown up. They had literally dug their own graves. Our own dead were buried in rear of our line, with no coffin or shroud; they were simply wrapped in their blankets, if they had any, and were buried wherever it was most convenient.

Saturday, the 15th, our men held the same position, and the rain continuing to fall they pitched their shelter tents, in many instances for want of room, directly upon the graves of their dead comrades. The rebel sharpshooters kept up a continuous and murderous fire, which rendered it exceedingly dangerous to get away from the shelter of the earthworks.

Saturday evening a detail of men under Captain Peck, of Company B, was sent out in our front on picket. Such service in the immediate presence of a vigilant enemy is not only fraught with great responsibility and discomfort, but is also extremely hazardous. Sentinels are posted one or two in a place along the entire line, sometimes but a few feet apart, behind trees, logs, rocks, or anything that can

afford shelter, where they are often obliged to remain for hours at a time, often in intense darkness and, as in this case, surrounded with dead men, watching with the utmost vigilance for any movement or approach of the enemy. Soldiers on picket are often obliged to remain in positions so cramped—sometimes lying on the cold, wet ground behind logs or curled up in holes dug in the ground—that when relieved they are scarcely able to walk. When it can be done with safety sentinels on picket are relieved every two hours and remain off duty for four hours; but in many instances pickets can only be changed in the dark, when the enemy cannot see to fire, and therefore they must remain all day and part of the night on this perilous duty.

It is often the case that, where two picket lines remain for any length of time near each other, by mutual agreement they refrain from firing upon each other. Often during the war the pickets of the two armies became very friendly, visiting each other's posts and exchanging newspapers and other articles. Our boys traded coffee and other articles of food with the Confederates for tobacco, which was about all the article for barter they possessed.

This practice of intercommunication was forbidden by the commanders on both sides, but under such circumstances men make their own rules and regulations, their chief concern being that they are not detected in their irregular practices. It is much more comfortable to perform duty when one can stand up, move around, keep a fire, and keep up the circulation, without the constant expectation of becoming a target for somebody's rifle, than to remain for hours hidden behind a log, tree, rock, or stump, where the slightest exposure of one's person will be followed by the "zip" of a minie ball coming altogether too near for comfort. Our boys would often place an old hat on a ramrod or stick and slowly and cautiously raise it above the breastworks in front of them. This would be followed by the simultaneous crack of perhaps a score of rebel muskets, when the old hat would be jerked down perforated with bullet-holes, while our rifle-pits would ring with peals of laughter at the joke upon the Johnnies. Then some joker would shout: "O, you get out, you reb! You couldn't hit the broadside of a barn. What is the use of wasting your ammunition in that way?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE losses of the One Hundred and Forty-first from May 8 to 20 were as follows : Killed or died of wounds, thirteen ; wounded, twenty-five ; captured and missing, seven ; making an aggregate of forty-five. For the week succeeding the terrible fighting at Spottsylvania Ridge, on the 12th, our regiment remained for most of the time in the line of works it had captured from the enemy. On Tuesday, the 17th, a part of Ewell's corps made a charge on our lines, driving in our picket, and advanced within short range of our line, but a single volley sent them rushing back to their works with considerable loss. Then General Hancock ordered a counter-charge, and our division made a short advance, which accomplished nothing, and our troops soon retired behind their works. The following extract from a letter of Lieutenant Colonel Watkins will explain the situation. Under date of May 18 he writes :

“I am now sitting behind the very same breastworks and upon the very same ground we fought so long and obstinately over on the 12th inst. I have just eaten a supper from an old oilcloth spread over the buried remains of brave soldiers, amid the most noisome smell one can imagine. I do wish we could get away from here. Six days ago we took this place, and have not gained any ground since. As I write I keep my head low to avoid the deadly missiles of the enemy’s sharpshooters. We had a hard fight to-day in attempting to take one of the enemy’s lines in front, but failed. We are expecting an attack to-night in return. We are in front, where we have been most of the time. It does seem that they ought to take us out and give us a little rest. The days are very warm, but the nights are cool and foggy. We are all so worn out and exhausted that when we once get to sleep it is almost impossible to get awake again. I hope we will move from this spot soon. The stench is intolerable and the associations by no means pleasing.”

In the evening of the 18th our men received the welcome order to leave their position be-

hind the intrenchments. They speedily packed up their effects and were soon on the march eastward. They encamped near the Fredericksburg road, some three miles from their former position. Here for the first time in two weeks they were not under fire, but could breathe the pure air, wash their clothes, and cook their food without danger of being stricken down by bullets or shells. General Grant had by this time begun to despair of driving the rebels from their position by direct assault; he therefore determined to resort to his former plan of turning the enemy's flank, and, by threatening his communications with Richmond, force him to release his grip on Spottsylvania Ridge. He therefore issued his orders to that effect, and it was in accord with this plan that our regiment moved to the eastward. Lee, however, had already anticipated this design, and, detaching, sent Ewell's corps around the Union right flank with orders to seize our line of communications with Washington, which was by way of Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek, and capture our trains if possible. Fredericksburg was then held by Tyler's division of heavy artillery

serving as infantry, which was also holding the Fredericksburg road in the rear of our army. Ewell's men struck this road near where our brigade was encamped, and made a desperate attempt to capture our ammunition train, which was just passing. Tyler's men, however, gallantly met the rebel charge and succeeded in holding them in check till Birney's division could come to the rescue. Our regiment had no idea that its services would so soon be called into requisition again ; consequently they had improved the opportunity to wash their clothing, change their garments, and repair the ravages made by the two weeks' campaigning.

About five o'clock the order came to fall in at once, and many of the boys had to dry their shirts on their backs or go into the fight without any. Hurriedly the line was formed and the column headed for the spot where Tyler's men were hotly engaged with the rebels. They found the enemy posted on a hillside in the woods and quickly made preparations for driving him out. When all was ready the order was given, "Forward! Double quick, march!" Rushing through the line of artillerists, our boys made straight for the wooded hillside,

where the battle raged furiously till darkness put an end to the conflict. The next morning when our troops advanced the enemy was gone, excepting the dead and wounded, of which there were quite a large number. Our loss was very light. We occupied much lower ground than the rebels, and their bullets mostly passed over our heads. Our brigade in this action captured six or seven hundred prisoners, besides driving the Confederates from their chosen position and defeating their well-laid plans. Our men were soon relieved by a brigade of the Sixth Corps, and they immediately returned to their former position near the Fredericksburg road, where they were at liberty to finish their semi-monthly washing.

A sad accident happened on the morning of the 20th, by which Sergeant John Allen, of Company A, lost his life. He was lying on the ground with his head upon his knapsack, when a gun in the hands of one of his company was accidentally discharged, inflicting a wound from which he soon after died. He was a gallant and faithful soldier; had been in every battle so far in which the regiment had participated, and passed through the recent struggle unharmed.

Ewell's movement had caused a delay of some hours in the flank movement of the Union army, and it was not till the evening of the 20th that the army resumed its march in that direction. About midnight the One Hundred and Forty-first was aroused from slumber and joined the Second Corps in taking the advance in the movement. The head of the column was turned to the southeast, and about daylight this regiment arrived at Guinea Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad. Here a halt was made for breakfast, after which the march was resumed, the column heading southward along the railroad, in the direction of Richmond. About sunset the column reached and crossed the Mattapony River at Milford Station, and encamped for the night on the south side of the river, having marched some twenty miles that day. The contrast betwixt the country our troops had left the night before and that which they had now reached was marked indeed. Here were broad, cultivated fields, fine farmhouses, beautiful groves, and well-built roads, all contrasting with the gloomy wilderness, the very shadow of death, within the deep recesses of which the men had been

engaged in a mortal struggle for so many days and nights. Add to the change in scenery the absence of immediate danger from a hostile foe, and the change was still more marked.

The following morning, May 22, the brigade advanced about two miles. Orders were received about noon for our regiment to go out as a support for a brigade of cavalry which had been sent on a scouting expedition. A march of four or five miles to the south and west failed to discover any signs of armed foes, but our boys made numerous captures in the shape of chickens, turkeys, pigs, and geese, with which the country abounded, and for which they had especially keen appetites, as it had been a long time since they had drawn any such rations. That night nearly every man slept on feathers, which were scattered promiscuously about the camp to which they returned in the evening.

Monday morning found us very much refreshed and reinvigorated by the rest obtained and the extra rations we had enjoyed, and when at daylight we again received orders to march every man was ready for business. At 6 A. M. the column was in motion and still

headed to the south, the objective point being the North Anna River.

It soon became evident that Lee was not to be caught napping, for when the Second Corps reached the vicinity of the North Anna it became aware that the enemy was in force in its immediate front. Strong lines of earthworks had already been constructed on both sides of the river, which here was spanned by a highway bridge, while numerous batteries had been planted by the rebels on the south side, commanding the approaches to the bridge on both sides, as well as the open space on the north side. General Birney was ordered to charge the works on the north side and take them. The First and Second Brigades were detailed for this business, and the One Hundred and Forty-first was ordered to take the advance as skirmishers. Crossing a small stream running parallel with the river, the regiment emerged into open ground, where it met such a withering fire from the rebels that the men were forced to retire behind the bank and wait for the general charge. In a few minutes all was ready, and with steady steps the main columns advanced. Passing the little stream, where

our boys joined the assaulting line, with a ringing cheer they rushed for the Confederate works. In front of the rebel line was a deep ditch several feet wide, from the bottom of which to the parapet was ten or twelve feet. Into this ditch the boys leaped, and, thrusting their bayonets into the bank, made scaling ladders, by which they climbed to the top, when they drove the rebels out with the exception of about fifty, who were captured. The rest fled precipitately across the river. Sergeant Seagraves, who carried one of our regimental flags, on reaching the ditch had no means of scaling the parapet, so Sergeant Lobb placed his head and arms against the bank, and the color-bearer made a ladder of him, and soon the flag of the old One Hundred and Forty-first was waving from the top of the works, being the first flag planted there. The retreating rebels attempted to burn the bridge, but whenever a man approached the bridge for that purpose he was sure to get a dose of cold lead. Our loss in this encounter was remarkably light, only one being killed and one wounded. Nearly all that night our men were engaged in throwing up works, but in the

morning it was discovered that the rebels had abandoned their line along the south side of the river, and some of our forces crossed over and took possession of their works without opposition. The enemy had several large batteries planted some distance back from the river, and they kept up a raking fire upon the approaches to the bridge, which made crossing it anything but pleasant. About noon the One Hundred and Forty-first was ordered across, and under a galling fire was deployed in an open field, where the men at once set about building a line of earthworks, using bayonets, tin plates and half canteens instead of shovels and picks. In very short order they had completed a formidable line, in which they passed the night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR two days the belligerent armies lay facing each other on the south side of the North Anna. The pickets were pushed up close together, and as soon as active operations had ceased they at once laid aside the restraints imposed by the rigid law of war and became quite friendly. The rebel soldiers were always plentifully supplied with a fine quality of tobacco, and it was in great demand among our boys, who eagerly traded off their rations of sugar and coffee, almost unknown luxuries in the Southern army, for great plugs of the Virginia leaf, and both parties thought they were gainers by the exchange.

About eleven o'clock Thursday evening orders were received to recross the river. Since leaving Fredericksburg our army had been without a regular base of supplies; consequently the stock of provisions, ammunition, etc., was running pretty low. As Lee occupied a position altogether too strong to be

carried by direct assault the Union commander decided to make another wide detour to the east, which, while it would bring his army much nearer Richmond, would also secure an excellent base of supplies and force Lee to loosen his hold upon the North and South Anna. The North and South Anna unite and form the Pamunkey; this unites with the Mattaponi, and they form the York River, which empties into the Chesapeake Bay. White House is the head of navigation on the York River. If, therefore, the Pamunkey could be successfully crossed and the head waters of the York River be secured it would furnish an excellent water base of supply from which direct operations could be resumed against Richmond. In pursuance of this plan General Grant, on the evening of May 26, put his army in motion, the Sixth Corps, preceded by a brigade of cavalry, taking the initiative, followed by the Fifth and Ninth Corps, the Second Corps bringing up the rear.

About noon of the 27th our regiment left its camp on the North Anna to take part in this new flanking movement. The march was continued through the afternoon and late in the

evening, it being nearly or quite midnight when the wearied troops halted for the night near Hanover town, a small village on the Pamunkey, and went into camp in a field of corn. Early the next morning the march was resumed, the Pamunkey River was crossed, and a commanding position was secured on a ridge a short distance south of the river, where the boys soon threw up a strong line of earth-works.

By this time the supply of rations had nearly given out, and the prospect of getting a fresh supply was not very favorable. Nominally orders against foraging were very strict; but they were not very strictly obeyed, especially when rations were getting scarce. Of course it would not do for officers to encourage plunder, but many of them were perfectly willing to accept a share of the spoils which had been captured by their men, provided they were not detected in it. One afternoon some drummer-boys went out of camp to practice, and while thus engaged they discovered a good-sized pig wandering in the woods hunting for acorns. They got some clubs, and by using a little strategy succeeded in capturing

the young porker, which they proceeded to dress in regular army style—this was always done by skinning, as they had no means of scalding. The next thing was to get their prize into camp in broad daylight without detection. A happy thought struck the bass drummer. He took out one of the drum heads, and the pig was snugly stowed away in the inside. The head was loosely replaced, and, taking the drum between two of them, they started for camp. The butchering process had taken up considerable time, and when the boys arrived in camp they found their regiment in line for dress parade and impatiently waiting for the band. As soon as the colonel in command discovered the tardy musicians, in no very gentle tones he ordered them to take their places in the parade. Here was a very embarrassing state of things indeed. Even though the drummer had been able to carry forty or fifty pounds of pork in his drum, by a single strap around the back of his neck, this would not have helped him out of his trouble, for there was absolutely no music in that drum. The vibrations of the air would have been arrested by the

pig, and the results would have been a dull thud. For a moment the drummer hesitated; then laying his drum down upon the ground he went up close to the officer and whispered something in his ear. "Sick, eh?" shouted the colonel, "why didn't you say so before? Go to your quarters! Adjutant, dismiss the parade! The field and staff will take supper with me to-night at half past six." The center of attraction at the colonel's supper table that evening was a huge tin plate heaped full of Virginia porksteak.

Toward evening Barlow's brigade of Hancock's corps pushed southward a few miles, till, on reaching the crossing of the Totopotomoy, which is an affluent of the Pamunkey, he found the enemy in considerable force, ready to resist his further advance. Barlow immediately called for assistance, and the whole Second Corps moved forward. The One Hundred and Forty-first advanced some two miles and encamped in Barlow's rear, in a pine grove, where the night was spent. The next day Colonel Madill, who had been absent for a few weeks, reached the regiment, greatly to the joy of all, but especially of Lieutenant

Colonel Watkins, who had had command of the regiment during the colonel's absence. The boys had again thrown up intrenchments on the high banks on the north side of the stream, and were then waiting further developments.

During the afternoon of the 30th our regiment was thrown forward to within a few rods of the rebel line, where it again built a strong line of earthworks. This evening the long-expected supplies reached the boys, and their fasting was immediately turned into feasting, if such a thing could be done on army rations. The next day orders were received for the One Hundred and Forty-first to cross the Totopotomoy Creek in its front, and take possession of a line already occupied by our advance pickets. This was done under a severe artillery fire, in which the regiment had two wounded. Holding this line till dark, the boys advanced fifty or sixty rods and constructed a new line of works. It was soon discovered, however, that the rebels occupied a position enfilading our advanced line, and before daylight of June 1 the regiment was sent back to a less exposed position. After

a careful examination of the rebel position on the Totopotomoy, General Grant decided that it was altogether too strong to be carried by direct assault; he therefore resolved to again move around the rebel flank. He desired especially to secure a position on the Chickahominy River; consequently he dispatched a body of cavalry to seize and hold Cold Harbor. This place was neither a harbor of water nor a town, but simply an inland point where several roads diverged, the most important of which to the Union army was the one leading to White House, where General Grant had established his base of supplies. Grant had previously ordered General B. F. Butler, commanding the Army of the James, to forward to him all the forces he could spare, and twelve thousand five hundred men were dispatched by way of White House, where they arrived on the 30th and were united to the Army of the Potomac. The Sixth Corps took the advance, and when near Cold Harbor struck a fortified position held by the enemy in force. This the corps immediately assaulted, but accomplished little. On June 1 Hancock was ordered to withdraw

from his position on the Totopotomoy, and make all haste to reach Cold Harbor and reinforce General Wright's Sixth Corps. About dark our regiment received orders to march, and taking its place in line was again headed southward.

Early on the morning of the 3d arrangements were made for storming the rebel works. Hancock's corps occupied the extreme left of the Union line. General Barlow's division made a furious charge upon a salient of the Confederate works, and carried the first line, but was unable to retain its advantage and was forced to retire. Barlow was succeeded by General Gibbon's division, which with great gallantry charged the rebel line, only to be repulsed with heavy loss. After various maneuvering our division was relieved by the Ninth Corps and returned to its position in the rear of the other two divisions. During the day General Grant issued an order to the effect that assaults should cease; that Richmond was besieged, and that the approaches should be made in regular order. The troops received this order with gladness, for it had now been a full month since they left Culpeper,

and they had marched and fought and dug and chopped nearly every day. Sunday, June 5, all was quiet along our part of the line. Late in the day the brigade was advanced to the front, and immediately began constructing a strong line of works which were finished by the next morning, although the whole regiment had only a few axes and shovels with which to work. Supplies of provisions and clothing were now plenty, and vegetables were issued to the men, and their rations, added to their forage, fully satisfied every reasonable demand.

CHAPTER XXV.

UNDER date of June 9 Captain Atkinson, of the One Hundred and Forty-first, writes:

“On Monday evening, June 6, I was sent with a detail of fifty men to strengthen the picket line, as a deserter had come in and reported that the rebs were intending to gobble up our pickets that night. I was posted on the extreme left and placed in command of General Mott's brigade picket line. Everything passed off quietly, the rebels not even firing a shot at us. I was left out for two days, returning to the regiment last evening. South Carolina troops were picketing in our front and were very friendly, talking and trading with our men as if they had never been enemies. At a point between our lines I found five of them and five of our men sitting together and talking in a very friendly manner, a thing positively forbidden. I got right upon them before they saw me, and the rebs looked

quite surprised to see me there. They saluted me with 'Good-morning, captain!' I ordered my men back to their posts and the Confederates to theirs. All immediately obeyed but one. I asked him if he was not going. 'No,' he said, 'I am posted here,' and showed me his gun; so I concluded to let him alone, and went back to my own lines. We are having quite peaceable times and are living very well. We get potatoes, dried apples, and pickled cabbage, all of which are great luxuries for soldiers."

Hitherto every effort made by General Grant to throw his army between Lee's army and Richmond had proved futile, as the rebel general had held the inside track. The two armies were so near together that Grant was unable to make a single move of any magnitude without Lee's becoming aware of it immediately, and the Union army in every southward movement was sure to find at the most favorable points for defense the rebel army planted squarely across its pathway with formidable lines of works. After passing a week in the defenses of Cold Harbor, Grant determined to make another movement to the south and east,

and in conjunction with General B. F. Butler's Army of the James to seize Petersburg, which was a great railroad center and a strong strategic point. Then, with the lower Chesapeake as a supply base, he would approach Richmond from the southeast. Accordingly, General Butler was ordered to advance and make a vigorous assault on the defenses of Petersburg, while they were comparatively undefended, as every man who could be spared had been sent to reinforce Lee's struggling army. The Union commander confidently believed that under the circumstances a well-directed assault would be successful. In this, however, Grant was doomed to disappointment. A feeble attack was made, but was easily repulsed, Butler falling back and sending to General Grant for help.

In the evening of June 12 we got orders to pack up and be ready to march at a moment's notice. In a few moments we were in line and headed for the southeast. We passed down the north side of the Chickahominy to Dispatch Station, on the York Railroad, thence directly south to Long Bridge, where we crossed the Chickahominy, and on Monday

evening had reached Charles City Court House, within three miles of the James River. The march had been a very severe one, but was much preferable to scaling rebel fortifications or lying in front of the rebel line on picket. Here the regiment remained until Tuesday morning, when we started for the James River. A steamer was found in readiness to ferry us over to Windmill Point. Here we expected to find a fresh supply of provisions, as Butler had been ordered to forward sixty thousand rations from City Point; but he failed to come to time, and after waiting in vain till the next day General Hancock proceeded with his corps toward Petersburg. At five o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th, while on the march toward Petersburg, General Hancock received word from General Smith, who was in charge of the immediate operations against Petersburg, that he was in great need of help. Our division was, therefore, immediately turned in the direction of Smith's position, where we arrived about nine o'clock and went into camp in front of the rebel works.

Our brigade was now in command of Colonel Egan. Early in the morning the rebels, hav-

ing been greatly reinforced during the night, opened a fearful cannonade upon us, whereupon we were ordered to charge a small redoubt on the extreme left of the corps line. This was done with great enthusiasm, and the position was quickly carried and held. Our regiment lost three men wounded in this action by the bursting of a single shell. Colonel Egan was also wounded, and Colonel Madill assumed command of the brigade and Lieutenant Colonel Watkins of the regiment. During the day several redoubts were carried by our men, until our line had reached a point within a mile and a half of Petersburg.

Several assaults were made during the 17th on different parts of the line, with no very decisive results. Finally General Meade ordered a general advance all along our line to be made at daybreak on the morning of the 18th. At four o'clock Captain Peck was ordered to take our company (I), with Companies B and F, and advance as skirmishers. We were deployed, and advancing to the first line of the enemy's works found it abandoned. We kept on, and reaching the second line found that also unoccupied, but here confronted a strong

line of rebel skirmishers. They were driven back till the main line occupied by the enemy in force was reached. Here we were obliged to remain till the next morning close to the rebel line. The advance of the main army was delayed till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, everything being in readiness, the word was given. The enemy's abandoned lines were soon reached and occupied, and then our gallant boys stood face to face with those formidable intrenchments, which fairly bristled with rebel bayonets and frowned with rebel cannon. It is a stern law of military necessity that requires men to march up to such appliances for destruction and face what seems to be almost inevitable death. And yet hope whispers to the gallant warrior that perhaps he will escape the enemy's missile, and though others will certainly fall the result of victory will largely recompense the sacrifice made. Our brigade was now massed for the desperate struggle, but, occupying a sheltered position behind a hill, was enabled to complete its formation without drawing the enemy's fire. Between our position and the enemy's works was a commanding knoll over which our lines must

necessarily pass to reach the rebel works. Colonel Madill rode forward to examine this eminence, and as it was exposed to the sweeping fire of both the enemy's artillery and musketry he was well aware that by the time we passed that spot comparatively few would be left to scale the rebel works. The order to advance with fixed bayonets was now given, and onward swept our lines, although with little hope of success.

As our advance line emerged from behind the crest of the hill and came in full view of the Confederates' stronghold it seemed that all the reserve and concentrated fire of the entire rebel army was let loose upon it. A horrid tempest of iron and lead swept across that spot, laying low hundreds of brave men and making huge gaps in that living wall. It was more than flesh and blood could endure, and the officers saw the utter hopelessness of the attempt. Colonel Madill says: "I saw that the attack was a failure, and that to compel men to remain there and sacrifice their lives unnecessarily would be criminal; therefore I ordered them back behind the crest of the hill, the place from which they started in the charge."

On the summit of the hill, while bravely cheering on his men, Lieutenant Colonel G. H. Watkins, then commanding the regiment, fell mortally wounded. He was carried back behind the crest of the hill, and at his request one of the officers, in the midst of the storm of battle, read to him the fourteenth chapter of St. John. He lived two hours after being wounded, and expressed his full confidence in a glorious salvation through Jesus Christ his Saviour. Then, after sending messages of affection to his friends, he calmly breathed his last, reclining in the arms of a comrade. He was a brave, true man, and was sorely missed and deeply mourned by all the members of the regiment.

The losses of the One Hundred and Forty-first in this engagement, including one killed and one missing on the skirmish line under Captain Peck, were as follows: Killed or died of wounds, five; wounded, fifteen; missing, two; making a total of twenty-two. Other regiments suffered correspondingly, so that the aggregate losses were very heavy, while the advantages were very slight.

Our brigade remained in the position to which it had fallen back till the morning of

June 21, when it accompanied the rest of the corps, as also the Sixth Corps, in a movement to the south and west, and after some skirmishing took up a position nearly midway between the Norfolk and Weldon railroads. In the evening after reaching this position Birney, then commanding the Second Corps, in the absence of Hancock, who had become disabled by the breaking out of an old wound, was ordered to extend his line to the Weldon Railroad. This movement resulted in creating a gap between our corps and the Sixth, which occupied a position on our right. Discovering this gap, the enemy threw in a strong force, which created great disorder and confusion in our lines and resulted in the capture of over twenty-five hundred Union troops and many stands of colors. Being in the rear line, our regiment was not actively engaged in this affair, but lost one man killed and one captured on the picket line. Our line was soon restored to order and the rebels driven back until our troops occupied the position originally marked out. Here they proceeded to build a strong line of works, which were held until Petersburg was evacuated.

The weather became intensely hot, the mercury some days running up to 108° in the shade. Our regiment for some days occupied a sheltered position in a piece of pine woods, resting in the heat of the day and working at the fortifications mornings and evenings. The First Brigade had suffered so much by losses that it was here reinforced by the addition of the Seventy-third New York, whose colonel, Butler, being the ranking officer, took command of the brigade. Captain Atkinson wrote July 23: "General Birney has been relieved of the command of this division and assigned to the command of the Tenth Army Corps. General Mott now commands the division. We are not sorry for the change, as we think it will make less fighting for us. General Birney has in several instances in this campaign asked for the privilege of putting his division into difficult positions for the sake of gaining a reputation for himself. General Mott is not so anxious for military glory, and will do only what he is ordered to."

The feeling expressed by Captain Atkinson was shared by nearly all of the officers and men in the division. One officer wrote, "The old

division is now principally in heaven and in hospitals." The One Hundred and Forty-first had been reduced to one hundred and seventy men, and of thirty-nine officers only seven were left.

General Burnside had about the last of July completed his celebrated mine under a portion of the rebel works, and was nearly ready to blow the enemy sky-high when it was thought best to divert the enemy's attention from the front of Petersburg by a demonstration north of the James River around the left flank of the Confederates toward Richmond. Consequently, on the afternoon of the 26th of July the Second Corps, accompanied by two divisions of Sheridan's cavalry, took up a line of march down toward City Point, then eastward across the Appomattox, then northward, reaching the James about daylight of the 27th. At Jones Neck a pontoon bridge had been laid, and over this we crossed about sunrise. Near the crossing on the north side was a rebel battery of Parrott guns, which was charged and taken by a portion of Barlow's brigade. Our forces remained here until the evening of the 28th, when they were withdrawn to take part in the

battle that was likely to result upon the springing of the Burnside mine. July 30 an officer writes: "Last night our division relieved a part of the Eighteenth Corps in the front line of works, and to-day a terrible battle has been going on. Just at daybreak one of the forts which had been mined was blown up, and the artillery opened along the whole line. It was the most terrific firing I ever heard. Nearly all the rebels who were in the fort when it was blown up were killed or buried in the earth. We are to occupy the front line of works two days out of every six; the other four we will be encamped in the rear. We are very close to the enemy, and a constant fire is kept up by the pickets on both sides, but it amounts to nothing, as we keep down behind the works. Occasionally a man will become careless and get hit."

On the 1st day of August the brigade returned to its former position near the Jerusalem Plank Road.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next important operation in which our regiment participated was a second demonstration against the rebel left wing north of the James River. On Friday, August 12, orders were received to be ready for marching at a moment's notice, with four days' rations, and it was given out that our destination was the defenses of Washington. City Point was reached that night, and the next afternoon the whole division embarked in transports, which moved down the river, then turned back and moved up the James at Deep Bottom, where the troops disembarked. Then we knew that our destination was Richmond instead of Washington. The Tenth Corps, under Birney, was already on the ground, and our brigade had orders to cooperate with it in the pending attack. The rebels had intrenched a strong line here, so that they had great advantage over us. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 16th Birney's men advanced to the attack,

supported by our brigade. The advance rebel line was driven in by noon, when Terry's division of the Tenth Corps made a grand charge, capturing the Confederate works, but losing heavily. Our brigade was formed in column of regiments, and so arranged as to strike the rebels in flank as soon as the Tenth Corps should succeed in driving them back. This we did, and captured about a hundred prisoners; but the rebels, being reinforced, made a desperate effort to recapture their lost ground, and succeeded in driving Birney's men back to the first line captured, which was held by our troops.

While the enemy's attention was taken up with these demonstrations north of the James, General Grant determined to improve the opportunity to get possession of the Weldon Railroad, on the left of the Union line, over which a large share of the rebel supplies was transported. He ordered General Warren, with his corps, to take the advance in the movement, the Ninth Corps following within supporting distance. On the 18th our division, now commanded by General Mott, was withdrawn from the north of the James and sent back to take

the place of the Ninth Corps in the intrenchments. Our losses in this movement amounted to fifteen killed, wounded, and missing. General Warren had succeeded in getting a firm hold on the Weldon Railroad at Globe Tavern, but the Confederates could still bring their supplies within a few miles of their army, whence they could be hauled with teams. It was decided, therefore, to destroy the road for some distance further south, and General Hancock was charged with this duty. Leaving our division in the intrenchments, he, on the 22d, with his remaining two divisions, Miles's and Gibbon's, set out to accomplish the work assigned him. He reached the railroad near Ream's Station, and for several miles effectually demolished it, so that by the 24th he was ready to return to his former position. The rebels did not propose to give up possession of so important a road so easily. They massed a strong force and made a furious attack on our forces and succeeded in inflicting serious damage, especially in the Second Division, which contained a considerable number of raw troops.

July 28 the One Hundred and Forty-first had been transferred from the First Brigade of the

Third Division, Second Corps, to the Second Brigade of the same division and corps. August 29 General Byron Pierce was assigned to the command of our brigade. It was largely composed of regiments with which we had formerly been brigaded in the old Third Corps, and the boys felt very much at home in the new arrangement. The brigade remained in position near Fort Sedgwick until October 1, doing alternately picket and fatigue duty. This kept the men almost constantly employed, but the officers had a very easy time.

On September 11 Sergeant A. J. Roper, of Company F, was instantly killed, while on picket, by a rebel sharpshooter. He was a little past twenty-one years of age, a resident of Gibson, Susquehanna County, Pa.; a very exemplary young man, a brave and faithful soldier, and his loss was severely felt by the whole regiment. His body was sent home and buried in the Union Hill Cemetery in Gibson township. April 3, 1887, the writer, then pastor at Gibson, officiated at the funeral of young Roper's father, who died in his eightieth year and was laid to rest by the side of his hero soldier boy.

October 1 our regiment participated in a movement on the left of the Union line, made principally by Warren's corps, to get possession of an important point at the junction of the Squirrel Level and Poplar Springs Church roads, some three miles to the west of Warren's position. A railroad had been constructed in the rear of our lines, extending east and west, and it was very useful in conveying troops and supplies at short notice from one point to another. Taking the cars at Hancock Station, our boys proceeded to the west terminus of the road, whence they marched to Warren's headquarters. The battle had already begun, and the next morning, taking a position on the extreme left, our division joined in the fray. The One Hundred and Forty-first, being thrown forward as skirmishers, succeeded in taking the first line of the enemy's works and advanced nearly a mile. Here the regiment encountered a much stronger line and was repulsed, with three other regiments. After spending two days in fortifying the advanced line our division returned to its old position in front of Petersburg, where, on the 8th, the men received six months' pay.

Tuesday, October 11, being the day on which the Pennsylvania State election was held, and provisions having been made allowing all soldiers from that State to vote, polls were opened at regimental headquarters and an election held, resulting in the casting of one hundred and ninety-six votes, all of which, excepting two, were for the Republican candidate.

On the 25th Grant made another attempt to extend his lines to the left far enough to include at least the Boydton Plank Road, and if possible the South Side Railroad also, as these were now the principal Confederate lines of communication with the South since the loss of the Weldon Road. The possession of these by the Union forces would greatly weaken the rebel hold on Petersburg, and perhaps force its evacuation entirely.

On the morning of the 27th our division advanced from the Weldon Railroad, which had been reached the night before, to the west as far as Hatcher's Run. The ford was obstructed by fallen trees, but, nothing daunted, the boys waded across the stream waist deep, and, gallantly attacking the enemy on the south side, carried the first line of works with

little loss. General Hancock then pushed his line on toward the White Oak Road until he received instructions to halt. In the meantime the Confederates were concentrating their forces in our immediate front. Mahone's division, having pushed in through an obscure road till a flanking position was gained, opened a furious storm of musketry on our unsuspecting brigade, which temporarily threw it into confusion and forced it to retire to gain a more favorable position. The One Hundred and Forty-first was the last of the brigade to leave its position, and then it was nearly surrounded. Mahone's men captured our brigade battery during the *mélée*. The rebel triumph, however, was of short duration, for Gibbon's division of our corps, now commanded by Eagan, made a furious countercharge and completely swept the enemy from the field, recaptured our battery, and held the ground till orders were received to abandon it, which was done on the evening of the same day. We remained in the vicinity until Sunday, the 30th, when orders were received to return to our old camp. Our losses in this engagement were four killed, five wounded, and one captured.

On the 8th of November the regiment held its presidential election, in which two hundred votes were cast. Of these one hundred and ninety-five were for Abraham Lincoln and five for George B. McClellan. There was no constraint put upon any man as to how he should vote.

About the 1st of December the brigade moved about a mile to the rear for the purpose of changing camps, and immediately set about building winter quarters, as the season was so far advanced that we did not anticipate much more active work before spring. In this, however, we were disappointed, for on the evening of December 6 we got orders to be ready to march at eight o'clock the next morning. We were in line at the appointed time and were again headed toward the west, and soon found that the further destruction of the Weldon Railroad was the object of our new movement. The rebels still used this road to transport their supplies as far as Ream's Station, whence they were brought to Petersburg on wagons. Our march was westward to the Jerusalem Plank Road, where the column was turned to the south and followed that road to the Not-

away River, which was here spanned by a pontoon bridge. Over this we crossed, and encamped on the south side for the night. The weather, which had been mild and rainy, had now become bitterly cold and caused a great deal of suffering and inconvenience. The next morning early the march was resumed, and that night the regiment encamped within three miles of the railroad. So far there had not been seen any indications of the foe.

On the morning of the 9th the railroad was reached at Janett's Station; the various regiments were deployed along the road in each direction, and the work of destruction began. The rails were torn up from the ties, the ties piled in heaps and set on fire, and then the rails were piled on top of the fires till they became red hot, which so warped and crooked them as to render them unfit for use. Many of the rails while hot were twisted around telegraph poles and ties, and were left to grow cold in that shape. This work was continued until about twenty-five miles of railroad had been destroyed, involving an immense loss to the Confederacy, as nearly all their rails had to be imported from England at great cost

and risk. On Saturday the return march was begun. On Tuesday, the 13th, the division went into camp near Poplar Spring Church, in a fine grove where water was good and wood plenty, and once more began to construct winter quarters. On December 26 the regiment held its first dress parade since the opening of the spring campaign.

On the 7th of December Colonel H. J. Madill received his commission as brigadier general, but he remained with the regiment till the middle of January, when he was assigned to the command of the First brigade of the First Division. We were all very sorry to part with the gallant colonel, but rejoiced in his well-earned promotion. He was fearless and impetuous in battle, but with a heart as tender as a woman's. He never needlessly exposed his men to danger for the sake of promotion, as was sometimes the case, but seemed to regard the men of his regiment as children, and certainly the boys learned to love and regard him as a father. To this day they affectionately speak of him as the "Old Colonel." In the following April he was commissioned major general by brevet. Captain Tyler, of

Company H, was promoted to be lieutenant colonel, after the promotion of General Madill, and took command of the regiment. Many other changes and promotions were made, and the beginning of the year 1865 found the One Hundred and Forty-first almost entirely re-organized.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE year 1865 opened with the most favorable prospects for the Union cause. Sherman had completed his famous march to the sea, thereby dividing the Confederacy into two parts, had captured the rebel stronghold of Savannah, and was preparing to march his victorious army northward through the Carolinas to Virginia, where, forming a junction with Grant's army, they would very soon be able to use up Lee's army so completely as to bring the rebellion to a speedy conclusion.

General Grant's chief concern now was that Lee might loosen his hold on Petersburg, and by means of the South Side Railroad and Boydton Plank Road escape to the southward, and, forming a junction with the rebel army under Johnston, indefinitely prolong the war. He determined, therefore, to send a strong force around the rebel right flank, seize the South Side Railroad, the Boydton Plank Road, and thus cut off every avenue of escape in that

direction. During the early winter our regiment had been reinforced by recruits and returning convalescents, until on the 31st of January there were reported by the adjutant eighteen commissioned officers and two hundred and sixty enlisted men present for duty. The regiment was now commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Tyler, the brigade by General Byron Pierce, the division by General Mott, and the Second Corps by General A. A. Humphreys. The enemy continued to bring in supplies with wagon trains *via* Dinwiddie Court House, on the Boydton Plank Road, to Petersburg, and was thus able to maintain his hold on that city. General Grant determined if possible to seize these lines of communication, and not only cut off Lee's source of supplies, but also prevent his escaping in that direction. To accomplish this end he, on the 5th of February, detached the Second and Fifth Corps, with Gregg's division of cavalry, with orders to proceed to Hatcher's Run, from whence a strong column was to be thrown as far westward as possible. At three o'clock in the morning we received orders to be ready to march at daylight. The order was a most un-

welcome one, as we had about completed our winter quarters, and the weather was bitterly cold. At the time appointed we were in line and started on another midwinter campaign. Reaching the crossing at Hatcher's Run, a small force of rebels was encountered. Our regiment was sent forward and deployed as skirmishers, and drove back the enemy's picket line for some distance. The main part of our forces then crossed and began to throw up breastworks.

It soon became evident that the rebels were massing their forces to oppose our further progress and drive us from our position. About five o'clock four divisions of Hill's and Ewell's corps made a sudden attack upon our advanced line. The battle raged with tremendous fury, and for some time the issue was extremely doubtful, but finally the enemy relinquished the attempt and retired behind his fortified line. Our regiment lost in this encounter one killed and three wounded. The one killed was Albert Phelps, of Company K, who resided in Smithfield, Bradford County, Pa. He had lately returned from home, where he had been on a furlough for thirty days,

which had been granted by an express order from President Lincoln, at the solicitation of young Phelps's mother, who had written to the President stating that she had six sons in the country's service, and greatly desired to see this one, and the President had granted her request. But, alas! it was the last time she was to look upon the face of her noble boy. He was instantly killed by a rebel bullet, being struck in the forehead and killed so suddenly that he did not fall for a short time, as he remained leaning against a tree. That night a part of the regiment went on picket, a most arduous duty, as it was midwinter, and no fires could be built; neither could the sentinels walk their beats and keep the blood circulating in that way; but all that long cold winter night the boys were obliged to crouch behind a tree, rock, or log, and lay there shivering until daylight brought release.

The next day part of the Fifth Corps was sent out on a reconnoissance in force and advanced as far as Dabney's Mill, where a strong force of the enemy was encountered, and quite a severe engagement followed, resulting in the withdrawal of our forces. Our brigade was

ordered up to support the troops engaged, but the engagement was over before the brigade reached the scene of conflict, and was therefore ordered to return to its former position. That night a terrible storm of snow, rain, and sleet set in; the weather was intensely cold, and many of the boys almost perished from exposure. A line of intrenchments was laid out, the troops were moved to the respective positions assigned them, and began to throw up breastworks, and had soon completed a strong line of works. On Saturday, February 11, the boys went into regularly laid out camps and began for the fourth time to build winter quarters. Although all had not been gained that was desired in this movement, still our line had been pushed forward so near the South Side Railroad that any unusual movement in that direction on the part of the rebels would soon be detected by our forces. Here the regiment remained doing various kinds of duty until the latter part of March. Lieutenant Colonel Tyler, on account of failing health, resigned his commission and was honorably discharged March 1, and Major J. H. Horton was promoted to fill the vacancy, while Captain

Mercur, of Company K, was commissioned major.

Various other changes and promotions took place preparatory to the opening of the spring campaign, which, it was earnestly hoped, would result in the overthrow of the rebellion and in ending the war. Every day saw our army strengthened and made more efficient, while the rebel army was as steadily diminished and disheartened, and as spring drew near General Lee became fully aware that something desperate must be done to retrieve the waning fortunes of the Confederacy, or the struggle must be given up. His decision was that Richmond and Petersburg must be evacuated, and an attempt made to form a junction with Johnston's army in the Carolinas.

To cover the contemplated retreat he ordered a fierce attack to be made on Fort Steadman, further toward our right, thinking that Grant would weaken his left wing to defend this fort, and then he would improve the opportunity to pass around our left and thus escape. On the morning of March 25 a furious attack was made on Fort Steadman, so desperate and sudden that the rebels succeeded in

getting temporary possession of it, turning the guns upon our retreating forces. Their triumph was of short duration, however, for our boys rallying, and assisted by other troops sent in to reinforce them, made a countercharge, retaking the fort and capturing a large number of prisoners. As soon as the attack on Fort Steadman began General Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps, ordered his troops under arms, being convinced that Lee had weakened his line in our front to furnish men to attack the fort. Our regiment the evening before had been detailed for picket duty, and as soon as Fort Steadman had been retaken we got orders to make a charge on the rebel picket line. This was quickly done; their line was captured, with quite a number of prisoners; then our boys pushed forward until they were assailed by such a tempest of fire from the rebel artillery, which completely enfiladed them, that they were forced to seek shelter in a piece of woods. In a few moments the whole brigade came to their assistance, and a determined charge upon the advancing columns of the foe was made, driving them back till our forces had advanced nearly a mile, where they

immediately began to throw up intrenchments. This advance, secured largely through the gallantry of the old One Hundred and Forty-first, was of great advantage to our army, especially in the general assault made by our army a few days later, which resulted in the evacuation of Petersburg. One man, George Stage, of Company C, was reported missing in this engagement, but was probably killed, as nothing was ever heard of him afterward. About the last of March General Grant made preparations for a general advance all along our lines, which, it was fully hoped, would finish up the business and bring the war to a close.

Accordingly, he issued orders to that effect, and on the morning of the 29th our entire left wing, composed of the Second and Fifth Corps, preceded by Sheridan's cavalry, were put in motion, advancing northward, and by afternoon our brigade had reached the vicinity of Dabney's steam saw mill, occupying the same ground over which they had advanced the previous October.

Here they went into camp for the night. It had been a very pleasant day, and as our boys gathered in groups around their camp-

fires in the evening their conversation was of a most cheerful character, as they felt conscious that their present movement would culminate in the complete overthrow of the rebellion, when, with peace fully restored, they would be permitted to return to the homes and friends from which they had so long been separated. The campaign had opened auspiciously, and the results of the day's advance had been satisfactory.

The evening was mild and pleasant, and many of the boys spread their blankets on the ground, not thinking it necessary to pitch their shelter tents, as they anticipated an early advance in the morning.

Before morning, however, their dreams of victory and home were ruthlessly disturbed and broken up by a torrent of rain, which came dashing into their faces, arousing them from slumber with a most imperative argument, which none sought to question. It is no desirable job to hunt around in a dark night after tent poles and pitch a tent with the rain coming down in perfect torrents ; but that was just what a good many of our boys did that dark, stormy night, and when the task was finished

they very thankfully crawled under their rude shelter and relapsed into profound slumber, while the dripping rain beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the canvas roof. Morning came at last, but the heavens were still overspread with dark, heavy clouds, and the rain still came down in copious torrents, penetrating into every nook and corner, while the greedy earth opened wide her porous mouth and had soon swallowed up so much moisture as to render it a question whether the mixture contained more of earth or water.

All that day and night, and all the succeeding day and night the rain continued to pour down, while the army shivered and crouched beneath such shelter as could be improvised, and when at length the clouds grew thin and the rain god ceased his weeping the whole surface of the earth was one sea of miry clay. As soon as possible, however, the advance movement was resumed, and on the 31st the enemy made a tremendous attack on Warren's Fifth Corps, on our left, but was finally repulsed with heavy loss.

Sheridan's cavalry also engaged the enemy on our extreme left, and the tide of battle raged

furiously in that direction, but all was comparatively quiet in our immediate front.

April 2, the Sixth Corps, on our right, made a successful attack on the enemy in front of Fort Fisher, driving him from his intrenchments with heavy losses. This was followed up with a general advance all along the line, in which our regiment participated.

Our line of advance was along the Boydton Plank Road to a point where it intersects the South Side Railroad, which was reached about noon. The enemy's works here were completely abandoned, evidently in great haste, as they left everything behind them—tents standing, knapsacks, haversacks, and lots of camp fixtures all just as they had been used.

Concerning this movement Captain Lobb, of Company G, writes: "About five o'clock we had orders to march. We struck the Boydton Plank Road a little nearer the Run than we were last October. The troops in advance cleared away all opposition, and the order was passed down the line, 'Onward to Petersburg.' We went up the Boydton road three miles to the railroad, then swung around

behind Petersburg Heights, the route of the regiment from its starting-point, near Ward's Station, resembling a semicircle. Thus far the regiment had not fired a shot. In passing where the rebel General A. P. Hill's headquarters had been we found two or three colored servants; one said he belonged to General Hill, and that his master was killed; another that he was General Lee's boy, and that his master stayed at General Hill's quarters the night before and felt very badly over it. Our regiment was now placed in support of a battery playing on a fort, which, I think, was Fort Gregg. I never saw guns so well worked as they were by the men of this battery. We camped here for the night."

Early on the morning of April 3 a rumor came floating through our camp that Petersburg and Richmond had both been evacuated, and that the rebel army was in full retreat for Amelia Court House. Only a short time elapsed before the rumor was verified, and then the scene which ensued in our army is altogether beyond description. Those bristling heights swarmed with immense crowds of Union soldiers, who laughed and shouted and

cheered till the very welkin rang again with their tokens of almost delirious joy. It was the presage of complete victory which they felt would soon crown their heroic efforts and save the Union for which they had sacrificed so much. However, there was still hard work to be done. It was not the mere possession of the rebel stronghold which was the object in view, but the entire destruction of the rebel army. Although the monster Treason was in his death throes, he was liable to do some lively kicking yet.

There was no time to be lost, and therefore the order for immediate pursuit was received while the hills and valleys were still echoing with the triumphant notes of victory.

The irrepressible Sheridan, with his gallant "critter" boys, as cavalymen were called by the Southern people, and also in command of the Fifth Corps, after he had displaced Warren, led the advance, followed closely by the Second and the Sixth Corps.

Our regiment was on the march at eight o'clock in the morning, and, taking a westerly route, that evening reached the west side of Namozine Creek, having marched some twenty

miles, and was sent on picket on the Burkeville road. Early on the morning of the 4th the march was resumed, and we soon struck the trail of the rebel army. We had some light skirmishing with the enemy's rear guard, but no general engagement. Both armies were doing their best to reach Burkeville, but as Grant had the inside track he came out ahead in the race, notwithstanding the rebels destroyed all the bridges they could and placed every possible obstruction in our way.

Sheridan, with his usual energy, had pushed forward his forces to Jettersville, more than halfway from Burkeville to Amelia Court House, where Lee's army had been concentrated, and Ord soon had seized the former place, thus cutting off every means of transportation by rail which remained to Lee. The situation of the rebel army was becoming most desperate and critical. Lee's only hope was to push on to Farmville, where he would again strike the railroad. Our corps and the Fifth were pressing Lee's rear so closely that he was obliged to abandon many wagons and much of his artillery. To add to the enemy's troubles, a force of two regiments of infantry and a squad-

ron of cavalry in the lightest possible marching order was pushed forward to Farmville, where they encountered the head of Lee's main army. This little force, under General Read, boldly attacked the enemy and held him in check until it was nearly annihilated and was forced to give way. In the meantime General Ord, with the rest of his corps, arrived, and then the enemy began to intrench himself. The night of the 4th our brigade halted at Deep Run. The rebels had destroyed the bridge over this stream and we were obliged to repair it before we could proceed. At two o'clock the next morning the way was clear and the pursuit resumed.

Very slow progress was made, as we often had to halt to give the cavalry and artillery the right of way, and then we had frequently to form in line of battle and skirmish with the enemy's rear guard. We also met great numbers of rebel prisoners, and secured wagon trains and artillery which Sheridan, assisted by the advance of our corps, had captured that morning. Among the prisoners were Generals Ewell and Custis. Evidently the rebel army was becoming badly demoralized, and had

about given up all hopes of success. The prisoners taken were a ragged, dirty, and dejected-looking set, very few of whom had on any semblance of a uniform, but were mostly clad in homespun butternut-colored cotton cloth. It was hard to distinguish betwixt the officers and the privates, as they were about all dressed alike. The evening of April 5 found us at the Danville Railroad, near Amelia Court House, where the night was passed. Next morning it began to rain, but fortunately cleared up about noon.

But no rain, mud, swamp, or other obstruction could stay the onward victorious march of the old Potomac army. We were fully aware that Lee was making a desperate attempt to escape the encircling folds of our army, and we were equally as desperate, if possible, that he should not be allowed to do so. General Humphreys soon had the old Second Corps in line, and, throwing out a strong line of skirmishers in advance, the whole corps, in line of battle, started forward in the direction of Deatonsville. The enemy, under Gordon, was encountered while crossing Flat Creek, and a running fight ensued, which was kept up

for several miles, the enemy steadily falling back but occasionally making a stand behind some lines of works which abounded all through that region. No sooner did the rebels make a stand than a charging column swept down upon them, carrying everything before it and covering the ground with dead and wounded men, while many threw down their arms and surrendered.

About three miles west of Deatonsville there are two branches of the main road, one taking a northerly direction toward Rice's Station, the other leading off south toward Sailor's Creek.

On arriving at the forks of the road General Humphreys found Ewell's rebel corps in line of battle on the north side of Sailor's Creek. Brushing past this force, he continued in pursuit of Gordon's corps, until, arriving at Perkinson's Mills, the rebels made a final stand, but were vigorously attacked by the First and Second Divisions of our corps and routed with great loss. Several hundred prisoners, thirteen flags, three guns, and a large share of Lee's wagon train were among the fruits of this victory. Darkness soon coming on, and the country being unknown to our forces, a halt was

ordered for the night, and our boys went into camp pretty well satisfied with the work of the day. General Mott had been wounded during the day, and General De Trobriand took command of the division.

Captain Lobb relates the following concerning this day's movement : " When we came out of a piece of woods near the road and looked down the hill we saw the road and both sides of it blocked with wagons. After leaving the top of the hill to the right and left was cleared land. The One Hundred and Forty-first was ordered forward on the skirmish line, our right being along the road blocked with the train. The enemy had also an infantry skirmish line, along the creek, and their battery from the opposite hill was shelling us severely. At the creek most of the enemy's skirmish line was captured. Captain Gyle captured a Confederate captain, and when he handed over his sword Captain Gyle asked him where he got that Yankee sword. He replied, ' From a Yankee officer at Chancellorsville.' From the description he gave we were satisfied that it was Captain Mumford's. The Confederate captain said he found the Yankee officer badly

wounded in the edge of the woods near the plank road, not far from where Jackson fell, and took his sword, together with what greenbacks he had in his pockets, and the wounded captain was taken to their field hospital. We were ordered to burn the wagons, and as we received no orders to take care of the plunder, each one appropriated what he wanted."

Only two of our regiment were slightly wounded during the day.

At about five o'clock on the morning of April 7 we were again in pursuit of the fleeing rebels, following down along the river road, and at about eight o'clock we reached High Bridge, where the South Side Railroad crosses the Appomattox River. This was a very long bridge, over fifty feet high, and was on fire when we arrived; but by dint of hard work it was all saved except two or three spans, and the wagon bridge was all saved. Our brigade continued the pursuit in the direction of Appomattox Court House, and soon encountered the enemy's rear guard, when we deployed in line of battle, whereupon the rebels retired; but a running skirmish fire was kept up for some distance.

Finally, a few miles from Farmville we found the rebel line, consisting of the remnant of Lee's army, holding an intrenched position. Several attempts were made to carry this position, but failed with considerable loss, one of our regiment being reported captured.

During this afternoon Grant sent his first proposition, through General Humphreys, for the surrender of Lee's army. That night the rebel army continued its hopeless retreat, and early the next morning we were in hot pursuit, taking the Lynchburg road, and before long had overtaken the enemy's rear guard, which we continued to press nearly all day, arriving at a little place called New Store in the early evening. At one o'clock the next morning the march was resumed, and by four o'clock we had passed around the rebel flank, and planted ourselves squarely across the rebel line of retreat, where we were drawn up in line of battle, waiting for future developments. About noon a flag of truce appeared, coming from the rebel lines, with the glad news that the rebel army was about to surrender, which indeed was done at about four o'clock that afternoon. The scene that ensued beggars all at-

tempts at description. The wildest excitement prevailed. Men shouted and cheered over and over again, until they actually became hoarse. Tears of joy ran down many a weather-beaten veteran's cheek. All feelings of revenge or of animosity seemed to vanish like magic. The captured army presented a most forlorn spectacle. Ragged, dirty, hungry, and completely demoralized, they were really objects of pity, and our boys, who but a few moments before were arrayed in ranks ready to shoot down their foes, now cheerfully shared their last cracker with those same men. Such generosity, although entirely unexpected, had a visible effect upon those late foes, and many of them seemed heartily sorry that they had ever been induced to take up arms against the defenders of the old flag. At least they were all heartily tired of the war, for they had marched and suffered and fought even against hope, only to lay down their arms at last at the feet of the defenders of the old Union.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE was a great contrast presented in the appearance of the two armies at the time of Lee's surrender. Perhaps no army had ever been better fed, clothed, and equipped than ours since it had been under the command of General Meade.

We had no very exalted opinion of General Meade's abilities to handle an army, and, indeed, he had had but little opportunity to display generalship since Grant had taken command, as he was only the medium through which Grant issued his orders. But of one thing we soon became well aware, and that was that no army contractor had any business trying to turn off a lot of damaged supplies for the army to subsist upon so long as General Meade was at the helm, and it was decidedly unhealthy for any quartermaster under his supervision to attempt to speculate and make money at the expense either of the government or of the soldiers. He kept a keen eye on the

commissary department, and if he discovered anything wrong he immediately called the officer in command to an account for it. As a consequence, when our army started on the last campaign in the spring of 1865 it was in a splendid condition, and had succeeded in closing up the business in such short order that our uniforms had hardly had time to get soiled or our muscles to become hardened when the surrender took place.

On the other hand, no further evidence of the impoverished condition of the South was needed than the appearance of the rebel soldiers at that time. The wonder was that men with no higher object in view than they had could be kept together so long. The rank and file of the rebel army had but very little personal interest in the struggle. They were persuaded by their leaders that their rights had been interfered with, but in what particular respects they could not tell. Their principal idea was that the Union soldiers were invaders, that they had come South to trample upon and tyrannize over the Southern people. A common question for them to ask our boys who had been taken prisoners by them was, "What

did you 'uns come down here to fight we 'uns for?"

After the surrender the soldiers of the two armies mingled together as freely as though they had always been friends instead of having for a long time been deadly enemies and using every means in their power to kill each other. In fact, we waged no war against the South as such. Our fight was against treason, and when these traitors laid down their arms and became subject to the Constitution and laws of our country, then our occupation as soldiers was gone.

Our regiment remained in the vicinity of Appomattox until the 12th of April, when with glad hearts and ready steps our boys took up the line of march on the return to Richmond. There was no straggling from the ranks then, for our faces were turned toward home. The familiar sounds of artillery and musketry firing, to which our ears had been so long accustomed, had entirely ceased, and a strange stillness brooded over hilltop and valley. Toward evening we passed through Farmville, and camped for the night about a mile beyond the village. The next day the march

was resumed, and that night we reached the vicinity of Burkeville. Here we remained till the end of the month, awaiting developments betwixt Sherman's and Johnston's armies. Johnston having surrendered his army, and all armed resistance having ceased, orders were issued for mustering out the troops as fast as the rolls could be made out. Several of our boys who had been captured by the enemy and liberated by the terms of surrender here rejoined the regiment. May 1 the march was resumed and continued, till on the 4th we arrived in the vicinity of Richmond. On the 6th the whole division marched through the city of Richmond, bearing aloft their battered and battle-rent flags, the emblems and tokens of valor unsurpassed by any body of men ever marshaled in defense of human liberty. Many visited Belle Isle, Libby Prison, and Castle Thunder, those places which had been the scenes of indescribable suffering on the part of our brave boys who were incarcerated in those abodes of torture and misery. Continuing the homeward journey, the Chickahominy was crossed, and, taking a northerly direction, we reached Fredericksburg on Wednesday, the

10th, and, crossing the Rappahannock, were once more on familiar ground. Here we had spent the winter of 1862-63, and, although there had been some local changes, in general things were about as we had left them two years before, when starting on the Gettysburg campaign. The northward march was continued, till on the 15th the regiment went into camp in a pleasant grove near Bailey's Cross Roads.

Orders were received on the 18th directing the commanding officers of companies to make out the necessary rolls preparatory to mustering out the regiment. Our camp was near the place where, two years and nine months before, we had broken camp to start on a hopeless chase after Stewart's cavalry. On the 23d our whole corps crossed the Potomac and took part in the grand review. It was a hard day's march, but was cheerfully endured, knowing, as we did, that these long, wearisome marches were coming to a close and would never again be resumed. Crossing the aqueduct bridge at Georgetown, our boys returned to their old camp, awaiting the completion of the muster-out rolls, which were finished by the 26th of May.

Quite a number of men who had left the

regiment at different times without permission were transferred to a veteran regiment, as were also a number of recruits whose terms of service had not expired.

All the preliminary arrangements having been concluded early on the morning of June 30, the bugle sounded the "pack up" call, and never before in the history of the regiment was the call responded to with greater alacrity and promptness.

In a short time the old veterans of the regiment, to the number of about two hundred and sixty, were in line and on their way to Washington, where they got breakfast at the "Soldiers' Retreat," a large government eating house, established for the purpose of furnishing transient soldiers with food and lodgings when passing through the city. Nearly three years before we had taken dinner at this same place, but under far different circumstances than the present. Then our faces were turned toward the stirring scenes of war, now toward peace and home.

At ten o'clock the cars were boarded, box cars, to be sure; but what was the difference? If they only carried us safely home it was in-

finitely better than marching with heavy loads through storm or mud, heat or dust, chasing or being chased by a deadly enemy. Harrisburg was reached early the next morning, and from there to Camp Curtin, where our arms and equipments were turned over to the proper officers, and the boys received their pay in full; and, taking such routes as they pleased, this grand old regiment disbanded, and the men returned to their several homes. Under date of June 8 the *Bradford Reporter*, published at Towanda, Pa., said:

“The One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment was mustered out of service at Harrisburg last week. On Sunday last about one hundred men of the regiment arrived at this place on their way to their homes. The boys came home browned by exposure and hardened by the toils they had undergone. It is now nearly three years since this regiment left this county for Camp Curtin nearly one thousand strong, composed of the very best blood and muscle of the country. They mustered when discharged but a few over two hundred men.

“Of the officers first commissioned but few remain. Of the line officers and privates many

a gallant soul has been yielded up on the field of battle. The history of the One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment is a glorious one. It has suffered on many a hard-fought battlefield, and its battered colors have been riven in many a desperate conflict. At Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, at the Wilderness, and in the recent battles before Richmond, it has been conspicuous for its gallantry and heavy losses. The returning members deserve to be honored and remembered for their bravery and the gallantry with which they have upheld the cause of their country. We bespeak for them the respect and attention of our people. Their proudest boast in after times will be that they followed the flag of the One Hundred and Forty-first Regiment through the battles of the great rebellion."

On the 4th of July, 1866, accompanied with a grand display, the adjutant general of the State of Pennsylvania, representing the military authorities, transferred the colors of the Pennsylvania regiments to the custody of the State, and a large room, called the Flag Room, was prepared in the capitol at Harrisburg, in which, inclosed in glass cases, were deposited

these symbols of our country's honor. Conspicuous among them at the apex of an angle are the remnants of our old regimental flags. The regiment had two stands of the national colors and one State banner. In July last, on returning from a trip to Gettysburg, and while waiting for the train, I visited the capitol at Harrisburg, and, making my way to the Flag Room, I sought and found the place where our colors were placed. There they stood, mute witnesses of untold privations, toils, sufferings, and death, all to the end that those flags might wave everywhere, over hill and valley, land and sea, the emblem of our nation's glory and greatness. I instinctively took off my hat and stood uncovered, as it seemed almost sacrilege to remain covered in such a presence. My thoughts reverted to the stormy scenes of the past, when I had seen those flags unfurled in the storm of battle. Yes, I had seen them fall to the earth under the fierce, deadly fire of the enemy as one after another the color bearers were shot down, but only to rise again as another strong arm bore them upward. And then as I glanced around and saw myself surrounded by hundreds of similar flags, nearly all

torn and rent by the storms of war, I thought of the following beautiful lines by Owens :

“ Nothing but flags—but simple flags
Tattered and torn, and hanging in rags ;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead
Who have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds in their young life’s tide
And, dying, blessed them, and, blessing, died.

“ Nothing but flags ; yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tales of fright,
And dim specters come and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn as they stand in line.
And the word is given—they charge, they form,
And the dim hall rings with the battle’s storm ;
And once again through smoke and strife
Those colors lead to a nation’s life.

“ Nothing but flags; yet they’re bathed in tears,
They tell of triumphs, of hopes and fears ;
Of a mother’s prayers, of a boy away,
Of a serpent crushed, of the coming day.
Silent they speak, yet the tears will start
As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart
And think of those who are ne’er forgot ;
Their flags come home ; why come they not ?

“ Nothing but flags ; yet we hold our breath
And gaze with awe at those types of death.
Nothing but flags ; yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray though the lips be dumb.
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those dear loved flags come home again
Baptized in blood, our purest, best ;
Tattered and torn, they’re now at rest.”

A large number of veterans had gathered in the hall, and their eyes sparkled with new luster as they looked upon those flags, which, though many of them hung in tatters and shreds, were more beautiful to them even now than when, in shining, unstained luster, they were first committed by the nation to their care.

TABLE SHOWING THE BATTLES IN WHICH THE REGIMENT WAS ENGAGED AND LOSSES IN EACH.

BATTLES.	Killed and died of wounds	Wounded.	Missing.	Aggregate.
Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	1	4	5
Chancellorsville, May 1-3, 1863	57	149	44	250
Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.....	49	96	7	152
Auburn, Oct. 17, 1863	3	8	3	14
Mine Run, Nov. 27, 1863	3	10	13
Wilderness, May 5, 6, 1864.....	13	59	3	75
Laurel Hill, May 11, 1864.....	1	1
Spottsylvania Court House, May 12, 1864 ..	11	25	7	43
Fredericksburg Railroad, May 19, 1864.....	2	2
North Anna, May 23, 1864.....	1	1	1	3
Totopotomoy, May 31, 1864.....	2	2
Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.....	1	1
Petersburg, June 16-18, 1864.....	5	15	2	22
Deep Bottom, Aug. 13, 1864.....	3	9	3	15
Poplar Spring Church, Oct. 2, 1864.....	1	7	8
Boynton Plank Road, Oct. 27, 1864.....	2	7	1	10
On the line, Aug. 20 to Nov. 1, 1864.....	4	3	2	9
Dabney's Mills, Feb. 7, 1865.....	1	3	4
Fort Fisher, March 25, 1865.....	1	1	2
Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865.....	2	2
Farmville, April 7, 1865.....	1	1
Total	156	403	75	634

It will be noticed in the above table that our greatest losses were in the battles at Chan-

cellorsville and Gettysburg, where we suffered a total loss of four hundred and two, nearly twice as many as were lost during the whole of the last two years of the war. This was due partly to the fact that at first we had more men to lose than after our ranks had become thinned out, but mainly because we were never placed in such desperately hot positions afterward as we occupied on those two bloody fields.

The reports also show that during the three years' service of the regiment seventy-five are reported as captured and missing. Not all of these fell into the rebels' hands as prisoners, for some got separated from the regiment and afterward rejoined it, and some were reported as missing who were undoubtedly killed; and yet the One Hundred and Forty-first was fairly represented in those Southern prison hells, where cruelty unspeakable and outrage infinite were heaped without measure upon our brave boys for no other cause than that they were captured by the minions of treason while defending the honor and integrity of the nation. The treatment of our soldiers as prisoners by the Confederate authori-

ties will forever be an indelible stain upon Southern chivalry and honor. It is in vain for them to plead ignorance of the terrible sufferings of our boys or of inability to prevent them. There has abundance of evidence come to light to prove that it was simply a deep-laid scheme among the Southern leaders, with the arch traitor Jeff Davis at the head, to deliberately murder and starve our boys, in order to deplete the Union army and thereby secure the success of the Confederate army.

General J. H. Winder, in command of all the Confederate rebel military prisons, exultantly declared that he was killing off more Yankees than any twenty regiments in Lee's army. When remonstrated with by a rebel inspecting officer, that the prisoners in Andersonville were fearfully crowded and that they be given more room, he replied that he intended to leave things just as they were, that their numbers would soon be so reduced by death that there would be plenty of room. He it was who issued the following order upon the approach of General Stoneman, who was engaged in making a cavalry raid through the

South and was supposed to be approaching Andersonville :

“ HEADQUARTERS MILITARY PRISON, {
ANDERSONVILLE, GA., *July 27, 1864.* }

“ The officers on duty and in charge of the battery of Florida Artillery at the time will, upon receiving notice that the enemy has approached within seven miles of this post, open upon the stockade with grape shot, without reference to the situation beyond these lines of defense.

JOHN H. WINDER,

“ Brigadier General, commanding.”

Such was the character of the man who was placed in command of our brave boys who had been taken prisoners, by the direct order of the Confederate President, Jeff Davis. This man not only went unpunished, but to this day his children are being supported in luxury by the United States government, which pays a large rent for the use of the Winder building in Washington, which is occupied by one of the departments for offices.

As soon as captured our boys were, as a general thing, stripped of their clothing, blankets, shoes, etc., or whatever their captors could

make use of, and then sent on to these barbarous prison pens, where they were again searched, and money, knives, combs, and everything of the kind taken away, when they were turned into those reeking, filthy abodes of death, with no shelter of any kind, without cooking utensils or fuel, to starve, rot, and die, devoured by vermin or eaten up by gangrene, with half a pint of raw corn meal, coarsely ground with cobs and all, per man, for a day's rations, where at least thirty-five thousand of as true, brave men as were ever marshaled for war laid down their lives on the altar of their country. Several of the One Hundred and Forty-first were so unfortunate as to fall in the hands of these heartless demons, and after a brave struggle for life were finally obliged to yield to the combined influence of disease, starvation, and exposure, and their dust now sleeps far away from home, beneath that soil which of all Southern objects alone showed them any token of kindness.

Of all the Southern leaders who were the authors of these untold miseries only one, and he an insignificant, cowardly tool or underling, Captain Wirtz, suffered the penalty which they

all so richly deserved—death, which should in justice have been meted out for such wholesale, cold-blooded, premeditated murder. But “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord;” and a fearful reckoning indeed will those authors of so much of human misery be obliged to give in the day of final adjudication.

During the winter of 1889 the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania passed an act providing for the payment of the transportation of all Pennsylvania soldiers then residing in the State who participated in the battle of Gettysburg to that place and return, the occasion being the dedication of a large number of monuments in September, 1889, erected to commemorate the valor and services of the men who fought and gained the victory in that great conflict.

The State had previously appropriated fifteen hundred dollars for each regiment engaged in the battle, to which many of the regiments added a greater or less amount by private subscriptions. Availing myself of this liberal provision, I reached Gettysburg on the evening of September 12, so as to be ready for

the dedication on the 13th at 2 o'clock P. M. About noon, however, the rain began to fall, first slowly and deliberately, then faster and faster, until it seemed like a veritable old-fashioned Virginia campaign flood.

The site selected for the monument was on the south side of the crossroad leading from Little Round Top and intersecting the Emmitsburg road at the Peach Orchard, and about, twenty rods from the junction to the east. On reaching the spot at the hour appointed, I found two sections of the monument still lying on the ground and a group of twenty or more of the boys leaning against the sheltered side of a barn, waiting for something to turn up. The meeting was finally adjourned till the next morning, when, the rain having ceased, the contractor had succeeded in getting the monument in position. The members of the regiment to the number of one hundred and forty-one then gathered around the monument, a patriotic song was sung, prayer offered by Chaplain Craft, and an address by General H. J. Madill followed, and the monument was formally transferred to the care of the Gettysburg Monumental Association. An artist was

on hand and took a photograph of the regiment gathered around their monument, and then the boys scattered here and there to look over the ground where more than a quarter of a century before they had performed deeds of valor worthy to be perpetuated to the latest generations of men.

As the years pass by it all seems more and more like a dream. Can it be that only a quarter of a century ago this great country, now enjoying the blessings of profound peace and unexampled prosperity, was torn, rent, and convulsed in all the horrors of civil war? Can it be possible that those gaping wounds which so nearly cost this nation its life have healed so rapidly? Can it be that that mighty host of armed warriors have really laid down their weapons of warfare and become quiet, industrious, and peaceful citizens—their swords beaten into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks? The men who called us “Lincoln hirelings” said that we would become so brutalized and hardened by army life that when turned loose upon society neither life nor property would be safe. Their fears, however, proved groundless, for so quietly did

the boys in blue enter into and become absorbed in the body politic that scarcely a ripple was observed upon its surface. No more honorable or more loyal body of men in general can be found anywhere in all this nation than our ex-soldier citizens; and should any foe, domestic or foreign, dare again to raise his hand against the old flag multitudes of the old veterans of 1861-65 would spring to the rescue. Men who fought, suffered, and bled in her defense have more than a common interest in the country their courage and heroism saved from dismemberment and ruin. These men deserve well at the hands of this nation. No man who left the comforts of a good home and imperiled his life and sacrificed his health in his country's service should ever be allowed either to suffer for bread or to receive it at the hand of charity. A portion of that troublesome surplus should be poured into the homes of needy veterans, to make glad their hearts, as well as those of their wives and children.

It will not be long at the longest that these men will need any assistance at the hands of the nation. Their ranks are being rapidly

thinned out. Exposure and hardships have done their work well, the seeds have already been planted, and the reaper is rapidly gathering a harvest of mortality.

Although its defenders will surely pass away, this nation will stand. Patriotism will keep pace with the progress of Christianity and education, the corner stones upon which rests our national superstructure, and this country will never lack for martyrs or defenders so long as its people are virtuous, intelligent, and honest.

THE END.



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