THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE
SCRAP BOOK

NUMBER 3

Stories of the Camp, March, Battle, Hospital and Prison Told by Comrades

PRICE 25 CENTS

PUBLISHED BY
THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The National Tribune

SCRAP BOOK

Number 3

STORIES OF THE CAMP, MARCH, BATTLE, HOSPITAL AND PRISON TOLD BY COMRADES

PRICE 25 CENTS

PUBLISHED BY
THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Rousseau and McCook Raids

Thrilling Adventures, Desperate Chances, Much Hard Fighting and Narrow Escapes.

By Alexander Eckels, 4th Tenn. Cav., Knoxville, Tenn.

As I have seen but little in the columns of The National Tribune concerning the Tennessee troops in the Union army during the rebellion, and there seems to be an interest manifested of late concerning them, I am induced to write a few reminiscences of the 4th Tenn. Cav. I write more to correct some mistaken impressions that seem to have gained credence than to write a full history of the regiment. In an issue of The National Tribune I had an article on the beginning and completion of the organization of the regiment and a brief sketch of its first "baptism of fire." Many incidents of importance were left out of that article; but I shall not go back at present to supply them, but begin where I left off.

It will be remembered that I briefly referred to Gen. Morgan's brilliant, arduous and hazardous retreat from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio River at Grunsupsburg, and a short sketch of the raid into Mississippi under Gen. Wm. Sooey Smith, and the disaster that overtook him. His command returned to Collinville badly used up—the 4th Tenn. Cav. with the rest, but with an experience worth very much to them, and of which they profited in future campaigns.

On March 18, 1864, the 4th Tenn. Cav. returned to Nashville sore, tired and somewhat dejected on account of their defeat, but with their fighting blood at fire heat. Co. C, which had been on detached service at Gen. Slocum's headquarters at Tullahoma, returned to the regiment about the same time. A more extended notice of their service at Gen. Slocum's headquarters will be given further on. The regiment was remounted and otherwise prepared for active service.

THE ROUSSEAU RAID.

In the Summer of 1864 Gen. Sherman was hammering away at Atlanta, which at that time seemed almost impregnable, so in June he conceived another idea of sending an expedition into the heart of Alabama for the purpose of cutting the railroads leading west by way of Talladega and the West Point & Montgomery Railroad and destroying all the Confederate property along the intermediate points. He wrote to Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau and laid his plans before him and asked him

to study them and be ready to move when directed. At the proper time he was directed to organize a cavalry force of about 2,500 men and a section of artillery. This force he was to collect at Decatur, Ala. He was given the option of going himself or sending an experienced officer. He chose going in person. For this expedition Gen. Rousseau selected the 8th Ind., 2d Ky., 4th Tenn., 9th Ohio and 5th Iowa Cav. and a section of the 1st Mich. Art. Gen. Sherman's instructions to him were to go by way of Summerville, across Sand Mountain, thru Blountville and over Strait Mountain to Ashville and on to Greensport, on the Coosa River; thence to Talladega, and to cross Talladega River at Stowe's Ferry; thence thru Dadeville to Loachapoka, on the West Point & Montgomery Railroad.

The 4th Tenn. Cav. reported to Gen. Rousseau at Decatur, and went into camp at Mooresville, about five miles above Decatur. While waiting the completion of the fitting out of the command the 4th Tenn., under command of Lieut.-Col. Thornburgh, was ordered to go in the direction of Tuscumbia and ascertain, if he could, the whereabouts of Roddey, who was reported in that vicinity threatening the communications at that place. Col. Thornburgh moved his regiment out about sundown, and after marching all night came upon Roddey about day light, completely surprising and capturing his camp, taking several prisoners and destroying his camp equipage and stores, and returned to camp without the loss of a man.

THE START.

All things now being ready at 1 o'clock p. m., on the 10th day of July, Gen. Rousseau moved out with his command and was soon on hostile territory, with Roddey somewhere west of him, but not thought to be in dangerous proximity. Only one battalion of the 4th Tenn. Cav., under command of Maj. Stevens, was sent with Gen. Rousseau. About sundown he reached Summerville, 17 miles away, and encamped for the night. On July 11 he crossed Sand Mountain, thru Blountville, and over Strait Mountain, and went into camp. July 12 he marched to within five miles of Ashville. Maj. Stevens was ordered to proceed on to the town and secure whatever might be of value to the command. This he proceeded to do, taking possession of the town, there being but a small guard at the place. He found a considerable quantity of corn and quite an amount of commissary stores, all of which he took possession of. The men and horses were supplied with what they needed and the balance destroyed. The next day, July 13, he reached Greensport, on the Coosa River. But before reaching this place the rear of his column was fired into by some guerrillas, resulting in the killing of Capt. Curl and wounding Capt. Wilcox, of the 5th Iowa Cav.

At Greensport there was a ferry with a small boat, which was on the opposite side of the river, and on the hills beyond was stationed a considerable force of rebels, who disputed his crossing. Before he could get

possession of the boat the enemy had to be dislodged. Gen. Rousseau placed some sharpshooters in the houses of the town while he sent the 4th Tenn. and 5th Iowa down the river about four miles to the Ten Islands, where there was an old ford, said to be where Gen. Jackson crossed when he was fighting the Indians. The 4th Tenn. was ordered to cross the river and the 5th Iowa was to follow, and when across were to charge the rebels. Considerable skirmishing ensued before a crossing could be effected.

When across they charged into them, while the sharpshooters kept up a constant fire, and they were soon routed. Some men were detailed to swim over now and bring the boat back, when about 200 men were ferried over and the enemy driven off. The result of the skirmish was the killing of Capts. Abercrombie and Moore and 15 men and wounding of 40. Lieut.-Col. Long and Maj. McWhirter and six men were captured. The only casualty to Gen. Rousseau was the wounding of one man in the 8th Ind. The troops engaged were the 6th and 8th Ala. Cav. and a few militia under Gen. Clinton.

INSPECTING THE COMMAND.

Gen. Rousseau now made a thoro inspection of his command, and every man and horse not fit for the remainder of the raid—about 300—was sent back to Guntersville. This reduced his force to about 2,200. On July 14 the entire command was safely across, and the march was resumed. The weather was intensely hot and the roads were very poor, so that Gen. Rousseau was forced to abandon one piece of his artillery after so disabling it as to be worthless to the enemy. The extra horses were attached to the other pieces; so, thus unencumbered, he was enabled to move with more ease and celerity, which was a thing now very desirable.

On July 15 Talladega was reached, a village of some importance, situated in the midst of broad cottonfields and on the railroad running west from Atlanta and one of the main arteries supplying the army at Atlanta. The large depot was filled with leather, grainsacks, flour, wheat, salt and cotton. There was found stored in other parts of the town about 100,000 rations of sugar and salt, 20,000 rations of flour and bacon and a large quantity of other commissary stores. The men were supplied with what they wanted and the balance committed to the flames.

There was two gun factories in the place, which were also destroyed, together with several cars. One hundred and forty-three rebel soldiers were found in the hospital located here, all of whom were paroled. Several cotton-gins and presses were destroyed.

In the evening of July 16 the Talladega River was reached at Stowe's Ferry. The pack-mules and artillery were ferried over, while the men crossed at an old ford about half a mile above the ferry.

This ford was deep and swift at the bank of entrance, and some of the horses and men were drawn down by the swift current and drowned. A few feet from the bank the water got shallow, but the bottom was rough,

and it was slow work getting over. The greater portion of the night was consumed in crossing. The 4th Tenn., however, crossed over before night. This exhausted the men and horses very much, but as it was only about a day's march to the West Point & Montgomery Railroad, the objective point of the expedition, Gen. Rousseau deemed it advisable to push on to the railroad. He accordingly moved in the direction of Montgomery, to create the impression that he was going to that place, but, after marching sufficiently far to create the ruse, he deflected to the left and marched thru Dadeville and directly to Loachapoka on the West Point & Montgomery Railroad, about 12 miles from Opelika, which place he reached about night of July 17.

Orders were given the men to feed their horses and cook their suppers, while he sent out reconnoitering parties to ascertain the situation, and if there were any of the enemy in the vicinity, when the work of destruction began.

To the 4th Tenn. and 5th Iowa was assigned the duty of destroying the depot and railroad and all Confederate property at Cheraw Station, which was done in a satisfactory manner.

FIGHT AT OPELIKA.

Next day Opelika was reached, where a considerable number of rebels had concentrated, and a brisk little fight followed, resulting in the killing of about 15 of the enemy and wounding of about 40 more. Three of Gen. Rousseau's men were killed, one of whom was of the 4th Tenn.

The work of destroying the depot at Opelika was committed to the 4th Tenn. and 5th Iowa, which was done to perfection. The depot at this place was filled with cavalry saddles, or saddle-trees, as there was nothing but the tree, with stirrups and a girth. While the work of destroying the Government property was going on the town caught on fire, but by the heroic efforts of the soldiers the town was saved from destruction.

Gen. Rousseau now pushed the work vigorously on toward West Point. An engine with a few guards was sent down from the direction of West Point by the rebels to ascertain what was wrong. It was captured, but not without first killing the engineer. The prisoners were paroled and the engine destroyed.

The work was rushed with all speed, for it was not known how soon Wheeler, who was thought to be somewhere in the north part of Georgia, might pounce down upon the command and thus would be trouble. The railroad was completely destroyed for a distance of 35 miles, together with every depot and all Confederate property.

DESTROYING THE RAILROAD.

It was not a difficult matter to destroy the railroad, as the rails were spiked onto string timbers and they keyed into the cross-ties, and all that was necessary was to drive out the keys and lay one track beside the other and apply the torch and the work was soon done, as the weather was excessively hot and the timber dry, so that the work was easily and rapidly

accomplished. At 10 o'clock of the 19th the work which the expedition was sent to perform was completed, and now the serious part of the affair confronted Gen. Rousseau.

Gen. Sherman gave him the option of returning to whatever point most convenient and presented the least obstacles. Gen. Rousseau thought he could reach Marietta and not encounter Wheeler, which he did by an exceedingly narrow escape.

Accordingly at 2 o'clock he set out for Marietta, about 150 miles distant. About midnight he passed thru Lafayette, about 25 miles distant, halting and resting until daylight, July 20. At an early hour the march was resumed, when 35 miles was covered.

July 21 he marched the same distance, passing thru Carrollton and Villa Rica. As the command was marching on the night of July 21 and the advance guard was emerging from the woods, across the field a little distance ahead they discovered troops passing on a road that crossed theirs, going south. Word was sent to Gen. Rousseau, the command was halted, and all parties ordered to keep quiet. It is needless to say quiet reigned. On investigation it was ascertained that Wheeler was going south, hunting for Gen. Rousseau. After Wheeler had passed on at a safe distance the command "forward" was given, and they moved off at a brisk pace. The march was continued until well along toward daybreak, when a halt was made and the men and horses given a short and much-needed rest.

At early dawn, July 22, the march was resumed, and without any incident worthy of note the command reached Marietta at about 4 o'clock in the evening, thoroly exhausted, and it was not long until man and beast were peacefully slumbering beneath the folds of the Star-spangled Banner, after having been in the saddle almost day and night for about 15 days and having marched about 500 miles and destroyed 35 miles of railroad, burning eight or 10 depots, killing about 30 rebels, capturing about 200 and wounding about 40, all with the loss of only two men killed and some eight or 10 wounded. Gen. Wheeler did not discover his deception until next morning, when he was very much chagrined and disgusted because he had missed his opportunity of catching Gen. Rousseau, and the language he indulged in was not the kind that is taught in Sunday-school classes. The writer has talked with one of Wheeler's men, and he said the General did some "tall cussing."

This was one of the many brilliant cavalry exploits of the war and reflected much credit on Gen. Rousseau's skill and ability as a cavalry commander. It materially aided Gen. Sherman in his grand flank movement on Atlanta, while at the same time it seriously crippled the enemy in and around Atlanta.

McCOOK'S RAID INTO GEORGIA.

In the Summer of '64 the value of the cavalry was beginning to be fully realized and its services were in constant demand, and Gen. Sherman kept his cavalry on the jump, scouting here, raiding yonder, hunting the

enemy everywhere, learning their whereabouts, ascertaining their number, the strength of their position, the condition of the country, the roads, crossings of rivers and creeks, and in fact obtaining all the information possible that would be of any value to the Commanding General. The fact is, the cavalry became the eyes of the army. They were particularly valuable in raiding weak points in the lines and destroying the communications and supplies of the enemy. They were advantageously used often harassing the enemy in retreat. Such were the uses to which Gen. Sherman was putting his cavalry in the Atlanta campaign. It was exceedingly hazardous service. There was, however, a fascination about it that attracted and enticed the cavalrymen, and they were always willing and even anxious for such expeditions. It was hard and dangerous service, but the excitement of the chase or the destruction of the enemy's line of communications or his property oftentimes more than compensated for the fatigue and bruises received.

The 4th Tenn. Cav. came in for its share of such service. The Atlanta campaign was particularly trying on the regiment.

July 23 Gen. Rousseau returned to Marietta from a successful raid of about 15 days into the interior of Alabama, where he had cut two lines of railroad, seriously delaying the supplies to the enemy at Atlanta. To further cripple his communications with the West, Gen. Sherman ordered Gen. E. M. McCook to take his cavalry and Col. Harrison's Brigade and march "rapidly on Fayetteville and the railroad beyond." Col. Harrison's Brigade was taken along as reserve. At the same time he ordered Gen. Stoneman to take 5,000 cavalry and move on the left of Atlanta and meet Gen. McCook at or near McDonough, a station near Lovejoy's, on the now Central of Georgia Railroad. Gen. Sherman's object was to cut the West Point & Montgomery Railroad at Palmetto and the Central of Georgia Railroad at Lovejoy's, while Stoneman was to cut the road to Macon, to prevent reinforcements expected from Alabama and Mississippi from arriving.

STRIPPING TO FIGHTING WEIGHT.

On July 26 Col. Harrison was ordered to report to Gen. McCook at Sandtown, some 25 or 30 miles below Atlanta, on the Chattahoochee River. Here a thoro inspection was made of the brigade and all men and horses not fit for the expedition were sent back to Marietta. This reduced the 4th Tenn. to about 300 effective men. About 4 o'clock the brigade was over, the 4th Tenn. being the last to cross, and was to bring up the rear, with Co. C as rear-guard. A little after dark the rear-guard reached Palmetto, where Gen. McCook had preceded Col. Harrison an hour or so, and was busily engaged in destroying the railroad and depot. Unfortunately there was some commissary whisky found in the depot, and some of the boys had a hilarious time the remainder of the night.

PLENTY OF MONEY.

About 10 o'clock Col. Harrison's Brigade moved out for Lovejoy's on the West Point & Montgomery Road, with Gen. McCook's command in advance. About daylight they passed thru Fayetteville, where a large wagon train was captured and left for Col. Harrison's Brigade to destroy. Among the many trophies captured in this train was the Paymaster's outfit, and all of a sudden many of the boys became immensely rich—in Confederate bluebacks. The train was effectively destroyed. The command pressed on, and about 12 o'clock of the 27th the rear-guard reached Lovejoy's Station. Gen. McCook's men were busily engaged burning the railroad and cutting the telegraph wires and otherwise destroying the Confederacy. Here Gen. McCook expected to meet Gen. Stoneman. He waited some two hours. This gave an opportunity for the men to feed their horses and make a pot of coffee and incidentally to catch a few winks of sleep, as they had now been in the saddle for about 24 hours.

THE SITUATION LOOKS SERIOUS.

Hearing nothing from Gen. Stoneman, and Wheeler's cavalry pressing on him from all sides, the situation began to look pretty serious. Gen. Sherman said McCook became panic-stricken here. It was enough to panic-strike the most courageous General. The plans, as Gen. McCook understood them, had miscarried, and visions of Andersonville and Macon began to rise before his mental vision. However, the only alternative left was for him to make an attempt to get back to his "proper place on the flank," as ordered. He decided to return by way of Newnan to Moore's bridge across the Chattahoochee River.

At 2 p. m. he started, and after going about a mile, as his rear-guard, which was Croxton's Brigade, was passing the forks of the road where Gen. McCook had turned to the left for Newnan they were attacked by a considerable force of the enemy and Col. Croxton was forced to charge thru them. After a considerable skirmish he was able to proceed and catch up with the column.

After crossing Flint River night overtook them, and as the moon was not shining it was very dark. It was with great difficulty they could follow the road, as it lay mostly thru dense woods. It was very hard to keep the men in line, and had it not been for the training of the horses to follow the file leader many of the men would have been lost, as they were almost overcome with fatigue and want of sleep, and in fact many of them slept on their horses, trusting to their faithful beasts to keep in line. The route lay thru a country dense with undergrowth, with many bogs and swamps, and the men had to flounder along as best they could, with guides stationed along the road at the most dangerous places to direct the men how to go. After struggling all night thru this dense forest Newnan was reached. Passing thru the town, a few miles beyond

a strong force of cavalry was struck, supported by a brigade of infantry, which had been delayed here on account of the railroad being destroyed at Palmetto. This was Wheeler's, Jackson's and Roddey's cavalry, and with the infantry outnumbered McCook's force about three times.

THE ROAD BLOCKADED.

They had planted themselves squarely across Gen. McCook's route and were preparing to capture his entire force. Cols. Croxton's and Torry's Brigades were ordered to break the line and open a way of escape. They moved out gallantly to the task, but, after fighting for an hour or more, found they were unable to break thru. Col. Harrison's Brigade, which had been held in reserve, was ordered in to make another attempt. The 4th Tenn. Cav. was dismounted in the south end of a large field and sent in on the right. After fighting the rebels about an hour they succeeded in getting around their right flank and were about to get in between them and their horses, when they fell back, and, rallying, charged across the field to the woods and drove them back.

In the meantime the artillery came up, and unlimbering shelled the woods and drove them out. The firing now ceased, and Gen. McCook called a counsel of the commanding officers and explained the situation and asked their advice, suggesting they had better surrender. Col. Brownlow, of the 1st Tenn., who was present, declared he would not surrender, but that he would cut his way out. Col. Croxton was directed to open a way of escape, when Col. Croxton gave Col. Brownlow the privilege of leading the charge. Cols. Croxton and Torry followed Col. Brownlow, and they succeeded in going out. Croxton and Torry became separated from each other, and from Col. Brownlow also, after they had cut out.

This left Gen. McCook with Col. Harrison's Brigade. In the fight Col. Harrison was captured, when Lieut.-Col. Jones, of the 8th Ind., was placed in command. Gen. McCook ordered the artillery wheels cut down and the guns spiked and the prisoners which had been captured paroled.

FIGHT FOR LIBERTY.

Gen. McCook was now in the south end of a long field about 300 yards wide and about 1,000 long, with a ravine running across it near the south end. On the right of the field was a narrow strip of woods, beyond which was a road and on the right of the road was a large body of cleared land. The rebels were stationed in this timber and behind the fence, and as the brigade charged thru this timber and along the road they poured a furious musketry fire into the men as they galloped out. The 4th Tenn. was the last to leave the field, and Co. C brought up the rear. A short distance from where they emerged from the woods into the road was a bridge across a large creek, where some confusion ensued on account of the men trying to get across.

The enemy now became more bold and rallied on a rise in the field

and was firing into the rear of the column when a detachment of Co. C was ordered to charge on them and drive them back. This they did, when the regiment succeeded in getting safely over. The casualty the regiment suffered in the fight and flight was the shooting of one man who was holding horses. Whether he was killed or wounded or his name or the company to which he belonged is unknown to the writer. Serg't Wm. Taylor's horse was shot just after he had gotten into the road, and falling on his leg held him so that he was captured.

Night came on soon after crossing this bridge and the regiment was not molested any more during the night. The march was continued, and about 11 o'clock the head of the column reached the river at Philpot's Ferry. About 4 o'clock the 4th Tenn. arrived. Detachments from the regiment were sent back to the foot of the hills about half a mile from the river to hold the rebels back until the brigade could be ferried over. The river was narrow, deep and the current swift, the boat was small, and much time was consumed in ferrying the men and horses over. The horses were so jaded that they could not be forced to swim over. Some 25 or 30 of the 4th Tenn. Cav. were captured at the river, having been out on the skirmish line holding the rebels in check, and were not called in time to catch the boat on its last trip. Lieut. Smith, of Co. C, and some three or four men fled down the river some distance and constructed a raft of rails and succeeded in this manner in getting across.

A FORLORN HOPE.

Some 150 or 200 men were now dismounted. They were ordered to fall in line and march on foot, and efforts would be made to find mounts for them. Scouts were sent out on each side of the route taken, but few horses were found. The rebel cavalry had stripped the country of every horse and mule. Some men, in their desperation to keep up with the column, yoked cattle to carts, buggies and carriages—any kind of a vehicle that would carry men. Some were mounted on oxen, and even cows, and the cavalcade presented many grotesque scenes, and, even desperate as the situation was, there was much merriment at the expense of the riders as the boys trudged along trying to keep up with the column.

In the after noon itbegan to rain, and the wet clay stuck "closer than a brother," and it was exceedingly slavish on the footmen, and many men fell by the wayside exhausted. The weather was very hot, and the men, weary, sleepy and hungry, it was impossible for some of them to keep up.

One particularly sad incident happened late in the evening as the men were dragging along. One man began to stagger and reel, and floundering fell to the ground, uttering a distressing groan. He made several attempts to rise, but finally fell insensible to the ground. He was picked up and carried to a house near by and left to the tender mercies of the inmates. His name or the regiment to which he belonged is unknown to the writer.

This was the fourth day since the regiment had crossed the river at

Sandtown, and they had been in the saddle constantly, except what time they spent destroying the Confederacy or fighting, and about 24 fours since they had had anything to eat, and it took heroes to stand such a strain. About sundown the rear-guard was ordered up and the dismounted men directed to get back to Marietta the best way possible. They were advised to keep in the woods and not travel the public roads, and avoid all towns and public places. About sundown the rain began a steady downpour. Every man took to the woods and the command moved off, leaving them to their fate.

THE SCATTERED COMMANDS.

Maj. Stevens succeeded in reaching Marietta with some 250 men. Lieut. Smith and 15 men of Co. C were captured, Capt. Gamble and several of Co. G were also captured; in all some 50 of the regiment became prisoners of war.

The men kept coming in for several days, hatless, coatless and some barefooted, as they had not been accustomed to marching on foot, and their feet being tender, thin boots soon blistered them so they could not wear them. Lieut. Darnell, of Co. G, succeeded in getting thru with some four or five men, but not without two or three fights with the homeguards or bushwhackers.

Such was the kind of service and the hardships the cavalry had to perform and endure in and around Atlanta. Sherman was making them useful as well as ornamental.

Before Atlanta.

By B. A. Williams, 1st Lieutenant, Co. D, 91st Ind., Poseyville, Ind

Editor National Tribune: The writer of this has long been an interested reader of The National Tribune, and has read the story of the Atlanta Campaign as written by Gen. O. O. Howard; and also the book written by Gen. Jacob D. Cox, giving the leading events of the Atlanta Campaign, and does not write to add anything as to the general movements of the army, but to give some details of a soldier's experience while down in Dixie. The regiment to which I belonged, the 91st Ind., went into Georgia from East Tennessee, May 25, 1864, joining Sherman's army near New Hope Church, and was assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division, Twenty-third Corps, and saw some hard service during the Atlanta Campaign. We were on the extreme right of Gen. Sherman's army around Kenesaw Mountain, and assisted in extending our line to the extreme right and south of the mountain, and were on the extreme right when Johnston evacuated it, falling back to the Chattahoochee River, which we crossed July 8, 1864, near the mouth of Soap Creek. We built fortifications on the hills south and near the crossing. From there we moved via Decatur, Ga., in the direction of Atlanta, on the north side of the Georgia Railroad. July 20, as the regiment was hurrying to the front to assist our forces that were engaged fighting the enemy, we passed an ambulance bearing rapidly to the rear a wounded soldier whose face was covered with blood, and I at once thought of a young brother of mine, Geo. R. Williams, Co. D, 120th Ind., and soon after learned from Dr. J. M. Neely, Surgeon of that regiment, that it was my brother. I visited him at the field hospital at night and found him suffering from a severe wound in the face, which caused him to lose his left eye. He recovered from the wound in time to participate in the closing scenes of the war, and since that time has been engaged in farming and school teaching; but the wound in the face continues to be a visible reminder of the dark days of the great war. The next morning, July 21, we went on the skirmish line with Cos. C. and D, 91st Ind., which proved to be a hotly-contested line, neither side sparing ammunition. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Butterfield, commanding the 91st, took pleasure in forwarding ammunition to us; and the boys of the two companies as freely used it. A constant fight was kept up throughout the day. Shortly after noon the enemy undertook to drive us from our riflepits. We could not see them, on account of the dense foliage of cedars and underbrush, but knew from the sharp crack of their rifles that they were advancing. The rain was falling fast. The boys of the two companies did their duty well, aiming low and

keeping up a constant fire, and succeeded in driving back the advancing line, after which quiet continued for a time. At one time during the day we discovered a man up a tree in the direction of Atlanta, and he was firing at us. We tried in vain to dislodge him, but our Springfield and Enfield rifles would not reach him. He was finally seen from the main line, and I received word to have my sharpshooters pick that man out of the tree. I sent word back that our guns would not reach him, and they hunted up an old Vincennes rifle and sent it out to us. We only got one shot at him with this gun, as he hurriedly got down and out of the tree, and we were troubled by him no more. Night came on, and comparative quiet reigned in our front until near daylight. On the morning of July 22, a day long to be remembered by the brave boys of Gen. Sherman's army, about 3:30 o'clock some one whistled in our front, and was quickly answered by a shot or two from our skirmish line. A man in our front said: "Don't shoot; we want to come over and surrender." They were permitted to come, and two Confederate soldiers came over and gave up their guns. The writer inquired of them about the Confederates in our front, and learned from them that they had fallen back to their main line near the city. They said that they had been ordered to drive us from our position the day before, and were crawling towards us while the rain was pouring down, but that our fire was so constant and well directed that they were driven back. We sent them to the rear, directing the guard to take them to the headquarters of Gen. Cooper, who commanded our brigade. We were immediately ordered to move forward, and we crossed the line of the Confederate works just at the dawn of day. Some 50 yards beyond the Confederate works we found a rebel soldier sleeping, with his gun by his side. A soldier by the name of Wilson, Co. C, was advancing directly towards him, and I told Wilson to pick up his gun before he awoke. But the Confederate sprang to his feet, taking hold of his gun at the same time Wilson did, and they stood facing each other holding the same gun, when I spoke to him telling him to give up his gun, as the Johnnies were gone and the Yankees were here, pointing him to the main line of the boys in blue advancing behind us. We moved rapidly forward until we were in plain sight of the city of Atlanta, and the enemy turned their artillery upon us. Here we built fortifications while the desperate battle of Atlanta was being fought to our left, and the enemy were shelling us from their main line. Gen. Howard, some years ago, in his interesting history of the campaign, says that it was observed at the dawn of the 22d that the strong Confederate works in our front had been abandoned, and pushing forward in the usual way we at last came upon the principal defense of the city of Atlanta. Now I believe that thru these two deserters the first news was conveyed to our forces that the enemy had fallen back, and we were among the first to advance, passing near the Howard house, where Gen. Sherman had his headquarters during the battle.

In 1896 I visited the Exposition at Atlanta, and while there went out to the old battlefield and saw the ground over which we marched and

fought that eventful morning more than 43 years ago. I also visited the National Cemetery at Marietta, Ga., where lie buried more than 10,000 of the brave boys that accompanied us into Georgia; among them my brother, William C. Williams, and others of my company and regiment. This brings up sad memories of the great struggle for the maintenance of our Government. The Superintendent of the cemetery informed us that the average age of the men buried here was between 20 and 25 years. This is a beautiful cemetery, well cared for by the Government. It is sad to know that 2,800 of those buried there are in graves marked unknown; but they are as carefully cared for as are the others. In plain sight of Marietta is Kenesaw, Pine, and Lost Mountains. This town and the surroundings looked much as it did in 1864; but Atlanta had made a wonderful change. The street cars traverse the ground over which we advanced in 1864, and it is now known as Inman Park.

Personal Recollections, 1862-1865.

Following is a paper read by Webber S. Seavey, Captain, Co. H, 5th Iowa Cav., at a meeting of the Loyal Legion, at Seattle, Wash., Nov. 20, 1907. Capt. Seavey, at the age of 20, enlisted as a private, and by repeated promotions attained the rank of Captain. The Captain says: "I enlisted in Co. H, in the regiment known as Curtis's Horse, Jan. 1, 1862, at Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo., until by general order (I believe) of the War Department, sometime during the month of June, 1862, at Fort Hieman, Ky., the name of the regiment was changed to that of the 5th Iowa Cav. My company and regiment left St. Louis Feb. 8, 1862, and arrived at Fort Henry, Tenn., April 11, 1862. During the battle of Fort Donelson my company was engaged in escorting wagon trains between Fort Henry and Fort Donelson and scouting both sides of the Tennessee River from Smithland, Ky., to near Paris, Tenn. Our regiment moved camp across the Tennessee River from Fort Henry to Fort Hieman, Ky., soon after the battle of Fort Donelson, where we remained nearly a year, scouting the woods of Tennessee and along the Kentucky borders, engaging in many skirmishes and several hard-fought battles, Lockridge Mills, Tenn., Clarksville, Tenn., near Hopkinsville, Ky., Cumberland Iron Works and the second battle of Fort Donelson. In the Spring of 1863 we mearched to Murfreesboro, Tenn., by way of Clarksville and Nashville, where our regiment was joined by the 4th U. S. Cav., 4th Mich. Cav., and 7th Pa. Cav., and the command became known as Minty's Cavalry Brigade. Our first battle was at Guy's Gap, Tenn., June, 1863; the next at Shelbyville, Tenn.; and during the balance of the year we followed the retreating Confederates, engaging in many skirmishes and hard fights with them under Wheeler, Morgan and Forrest, until we reached the Tennessee River south of Chattanooga, which we picketed for 20 miles during the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. About 80 per cent of our regiment re-enlisted Dec. 31, 1863, except Brackett's Minnesota Battalion, which was sent out on the plains to fight the Indians. After our reinlisted men returned from furlough, together with the recruits and veteran portion of the 5th Iowa, we rendezvoused at Davenport, Iowa, thence to Nashville, Tenn., and after being organized with two brigades of cavalry we left Decatur, Ala., July 4, 1864, on the Rousseau raid under Gen. Rousseau; went around a portion of the Confederate army, burned many bridges, tore up miles of railroads, destroyed millions of dollars' worth of stores and other property; and after many successful battles and skirmishes entered Atlanta July 22, 1864. The night of July 25 we reorganized and started on the McCook raid, and were in the saddle almost continuously for six days and nights,

during which raid we lost 75 per cent of our command. My company (H) having started out on this raid with 56 men, returned with seven besides myself. About Aug. 20 our cavalry forces were again reorganized, with headquarters at Sandtown, Ga. We made a raid under Gen. Kilpatrick, engaged in a fierce battle at Jonesboro, Ga.; cut through the rebel lines, and made a complete circuit of their army. Aug. 31, 1864, my regiment received instructions from Gen. Kilpatrick to go from where we were encamped near Flint River to Jonesboro. We made about half the distance, when we met Hardee's Corps in full force, marching to meet the commands of Gens. Howard and Logan. Our regiment was driven back. We lost a number of men in killed and wounded. While crossing Flint River on a log I was wounded by a piece of bursting shell, which knocked me into the river, and when I gained consciousness I was in the hands of two rebel soldiers, who were rolling the water out of me, and brought me to life. I was taken to provost guard headquarters that night, and two days after was put on a train with 24 other prisoners and 800 wounded from the battlefield of Jonesboro, the destination of the prisoners being Andersonville, Ga. A railroad collision near Barnesville, Ga., about noon, Sept. 3, killed a great many people who were wounded and on our train. After assisting in clearing up the wreck for several hours, I went to a spring for a bucket of water, and, it being dark, I went to the bottoms of Flint River and followed up the stream, avoiding scouts and bloodhounds for nine days and nine nights, and when within three miles of our camp at Sandtown I was recaptured by rebel scouts and taken back to Andersonville prison. I remained in Andersonville prison 16 days, during which time the greatest number of dead bodies of our soldiers that was taken out for burial in one day was 169 and the smallest number taken out in any one day was 146. Hood, wishing to get back some of his able-bodied men by exchange of prisoners, sent an order for 500 men to be taken from Andersonville prison to West Point, near Atlanta. The condition of the men of this 500 prisoners was deplorable, and few of them were able to walk five miles. I stole out of Andersonville with this detachment of 500 prisoners, and when we arrived at West Point Gen. Sherman sent word that he had ordered no exchange and that he did not propose to be dictated to by the defeated Hood, and refused to accept us. I stole away from this crowd of prisoners, and was recaptured the second day and was taken to Macon prison, where I remained a few days, until 150 of our officers who were in prison at Charleston, S. C., were sent up for exchange and kept in Macon prison one day before leaving for Atlanta. I stole out with and accompanied them as far as Jonesboro; and after 24 hours' tramp arrived at our advance picket line at East Point, near Atlanta, Ga., in the early morning of Oct. 3, 1864, where I rejoined my company. My company and regiment was soon ordered to Nashville, and later to Louisville, Ky., for horses; and on our return march to Nashville, Tenn., we held our first regimental election at the mouth of Mammoth Cave, Ky., where I cast my first vote on election day, November, 1864, for Abraham Lincoln. Our regiment, with all other cavalry at

Nashville, was organized into a Cavalry Corps commanded by Col. Wilson. We fought the advancing rebels at Columbia and different points on Duck River, Tenn. My company and regiment was cut off from its command the night of the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and we made our escape by leading our horses through the woods until about midnight, when we found our battalion, and with the 16th Ill. Cav. in our rear we charged the rebel lines and rejoined our forces at daylight next morning. Our regiment was assigned to duty on the advance of the army on Charlotte Pike at the battle of Nashville, Tenn., and the first shot from a rebel cannon in the early morning of Dec. 15, 1864, killed my Lieutenant (Watson) by whose side I was riding at the head of my company. We were continually on the advance, fighting and skirmishing nearly every day, up to Christmas, 1864, about which time we followed the retreating rebels across the Tennessee River at Mussel Shoals. After this campaign the Cavalry Corps, under Gen. Wilson, was reorganized at Gravelly Springs, Ala., and left there Feb. 22 on the famous Wilson raid, and was in the saddle 44 days, traveling through Alabama and Georgia, where, during the hardest kind of fighting at Talladega, Ebenezer Church, Selma and Montgomery, Ala., and Columbus, Ga., we destroyed millions of dollars' worth of Confederate stores, arsenals, powerworks and other property, afterwards relieving our prisoners at Andersonville. We met a flag of truce at Macon, Ga., on April 14, 1865, which gave us the first information that Lee had surrendered and the war was practically over. After a short rest we left Macon and leisurely marched to Atlanta, picking up on the way thousands of prisoners. And when we rode into Atlanta our own forces thought us Confederates who had voluntarily surrendered, because every one of us was dressed in Confederate gray, our blue uniforms having worn out during the long and tedious ride. Our regiment remained in camp in Atlanta several weeks, during which time we did some scouting and were ordered into central Georgia to look for Jefferson Davis and his escort. Soon after the capture of Davis by the 4th Mich. Cav. and other troops, we were ordered to Nashville, Tenn., and remained in camp at Edgefield until mustered out, Aug. 11, 1865.

The Passing of Two Andersonville Prisoners—Also Something in Behalf of Surviving Ex-Prisoners of War.

By C. W. Archbold.

Within about a year past Andrew Mather Post has lost by death two of its highly-valued members—Comrades Martin Van Buren Trough and James Filson Hull, the former having passed away at the age of about 70 years on Nov. 17, 1906, and the latter in the 78th year of his age, Oct. 20, 1907. They were both enthusiastic G. A. R. men, readers of The National Tribune, and in every sense true comrades. They were members of the 14th W. Va., and were captured after the battle of Cloyd Mountain, Va., May 13, 1864, and were shipped to Andersonville, Ga., where Comrade Trough was confined in the Confederate prison nine months and 19 days and Comrade Hull a little over six months.

From what they have told of their experience and suffering in this infamous prison one might well wonder that they should ever recover their natural cheerfulness of disposition and equanimity of mind; but they did, and their friends and neighbors will gladly testify they always met them with a smile and a friendly greeting. They were friends of good men and women and lovers of little children. They were good story-tellers and singers of patriotic and sacred songs and what they call down in Georgia, "Songs of the Soil." The writer will not soon forget the delight of the company gathered at his home for a reunion of Andersonville prisoners when Capt. Trough sang a long song (not too long) in which the stanzas closed with these words:

"H'ist the window, Norah,
Let the dove come in."

They fully deserved, as have many other comrades I have known, the noble tribute paid the comrades gathered at Saratoga at a National Encampment by the Daily Saratogian:

"They learned somewhere and somehow to be brave and cheerful and to retain into the days of Life's twilight the priceless possessions of a smile, a cheering word, a hearty handclasp and a faith in the goodness of the world and their fellowmen that would be an inheritance beyond value to any people."

In view of the fact that both of the comrades about whom I am writing were ex-Andersonville prisoners I am moved to advert to that famous or rather infamous prison in behalf of the rapidly-lessening number of comrades who were confined there and who still survive. In this connection I wish to record my hearty approval of the editorial in The National Tribune of Nov. 28 entitled "Justice to the Ex-Prisoners."

About two years ago as my wife and I were starting for a sojourn in

Florida, Capt. Trough begged that we visit Andersonville en route. This we did and found the experience of surpassing interest and one that we would like to recommend to any comrades who may be journeying in that part of the South. Both the Prison Park (formerly Prison Pen) and the National Cemetery are now beautiful inclosures, but there is much to be learned on the ground under skilful guidance, such as we had by the Superintendents of each inclosure, that will throw light on the awful straits and sufferings of the multitude of young Union soldiers confined there 43 years ago.

This visit to Andersonville greatly stimulated my interest in the history of the Confederate prison there, and I have interviewed not a few of those who were confined there and have read much about it. The book that has interested me most about Andersonville was written by Dr. Augustus Choate Hamline, Medical Inspector, U. S. Army, and is entitled "Martyria, or Andersonville Prison." I was deeply impressed with these words in the preface of this book which refer to the unspeakable cruelties and sufferings involved in the history of this prison:

"There are times in the history of men when human invectives are without force. There are deeds of which men are no judges and which mount without appeal direct to the tribunal of God."

I found in my investigations of Andersonville prison life there were times when it was necessary for my own peace of mind that I desist from a contemplation of the horrors related to me by such witnesses as Capt. Trough and other comrades. After hearing their stories of hunger, thirst and exposure my mind has reverted to the impressive Scripture which we saw inscribed on the beautiful Iowa monument in the Cemetery at Andersonville: "They shall hunger no more; neither shall they thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat." No more appropriate inscription could be placed over the graves of those poor fellows, for as many have explained to me, they were driven to the verge of madness by hunger and were humiliated beyond expression by having to drink alleged water made foul by the drainage of stables and in other ways that I cannot mention here, until glorious Providence Spring burst out, the gift, as I believe, of Almighty God to these sadly-beleaguered boys—for many of them were mere boys. Also, many of the poor fellows, in order to escape the pitiless Georgia sun and the pitiless Georgia rain, actually burrowed in the ground in order to secure shelter otherwise denied them.

It is not pleasant to recall these horrors, and for one I should be loath to do so except for the feeling that duty to the ex-prisoners who still survive requires that their sufferings should not be forgotten.

It would be out of the question in an article of this character to take up the controversy as to the real responsibility for the cruelties of Andersonville Prison. For my own part I do not have the feeling that the real officers and soldiers of the Southern army—those who did the fighting and bore the burden and heat of the day in the field—were in sympathy with the atrocities practiced upon the inmates of Andersonville and other

Southern prisons. It has been my fortune to see and talk with many of these men when I was for a brief time a prisoner and since the war in sojourning in the South and elsewhere, also living, as I do, on the borderland of Dixie, I have many respected neighbors who were in the Confederate army. It is inconceivable to me that such men as I have just referred to, for many of whom I have a high regard, could ever have approved of such treatment of prisoners of war as resulted in the virtual murder of thousands and the de-humanizing of many hundreds of others. I use the word "de-humanizing" advisedly, as a trusted comrade told me he saw 200 or 300 of the last of the Andersonville prisoners who were carried out of the inclosure, being too weak to walk, who were so haggard and emaciated they could scarcely be recognized as human beings.

Perhaps the public mind is not yet fully clear as to who was chiefly responsible for the horrors of Andersonville, but all who have studied the matter, if they speak fairly, am sure, will agree that the crime of Andersonville deserves to rank among the great crimes of the ages. I am frank to say I do not feel like indulging in as bitter a denunciation of Keeper Wirz as some of my comrades. Wirz was a subaltern and had placed upon him an amount of work and responsibility that no single man should have borne. Nevertheless, I think no greater blunder could be committed than to build a monument to this man and locate it at Andersonville, as is now proposed. I have before me a copy of an article appearing in the Americus (Ga.) Times-Recorder of Nov. 8, 1908, conveying this information with the added explanation that those concerned in pushing this scheme "Wish the monument to stand at Andersonville, a silent sentinel, where the thousands who come from the North to visit the National Cemetery may read in letters of bronze the refutation of their misrepresentations." The refutation of alleged misrepresentations is not so easily accomplished when there are so many living witnesses of the cruelties of this man. It would be far better to lend every effort toward "downing" this most persistent of all the ghosts of the war, as I am sure all concerned will in time discover.

The fact that about one in four of the young men who entered Andersonville Prison laid down their lives within that awful inclosure is not the only pitiful thing to consider. My inquiries and observations lead me to conclude that a very large percentage of those who lived through the ordeal of imprisonment and were finally restored to their homes found themselves weighted down with one or more diseases, frequently loathsome diseases, due to their Andersonville imprisonment. It is my custom to visit weekly one of these ex-prisoners, who has been a patient sufferer all the years since his release, from two loathsome diseases fastened upon him at Andersonville and who is now a prisoner in his room and most of the time in his bed.

I believe as The National Tribune does, that ex-prisoners of war (not Andersonville prisoners alone) should have their claims recognized by Congress, and am of the further belief that those who suffered actual incarceration should have a pension of not less than $50 each per month. I

feel sure that the beloved comrades whose names have been inadequately commemorated in this sketch would not be displeased because of a plea in this connection in behalf of their surviving comrades.

I will close this sketch by quoting a well-known stanza from the most beautiful of all soldier dirges:

"Close his eyes; his work is done,
What to him is friend or foeman;
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman."

Hood at Nashville.

By John C. Titus, Co. C, 10th Ky., 251 Vine St., Marion, Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: In your issue of March 19, is an article headed "Hood at Nashville," in which the writer questions the correctness of Hood's statements in his history of the battle, and goes on to give his own version of it.

Now it seems to me that one is as near correct as the other, and that both sides are a little overdrawn. To substantiate this conclusion I will give my own memory and impression of the battle as I see it after 44 years, and give some incidents not bearing on the subject under discussion.

My regiment belonged to the Sixteenth Corps (A. J. Smith's), which occupied the extreme right of Thomas's army. We had been with it only two weeks before the battle, and the day before the opening of it had been transferred to a new position in the corps; so do not know what brigade we were then attached to.

On the evening of Dec. 14 we got orders to be in marching order, equipped with three days' rations, 40 rounds of ammunition and one blanket, ready to move at 4 o'clock the next morning; all camp equipage to be left in charge of a detail. Supposedly for picket duty, we were marched out on the morning of the 15th and relieved the pickets before daylight.

About daybreak we were taken off of the picket posts and formed in skirmish line. Then came a long wait for the heavy fog to raise and also a very trying time on my nervous system; in spite of all my best efforts I would lose control of my jaws at times and my teeth would chatter and my knees shake—on account of the chilly fog, you know. While we were waiting the Johnnies were getting busy. We could hear the officers giving commands and strengthening their works; the fog seemed to be a good vehicle to carry sound. Finally, about 8 or 9 o'clock, the order came for us to advance; which was a relief. The fog had lifted and the sun was shining warm; that and the exercise soon started our blood, so that we soon got control of our nerves. We did not go far until we found the enemy's skirmishers, but kept on moving forward, pressing them back until we reached a point in a cornfield in sight of their works and were ordered to lie down. A battery took a position directly behind where I lay, some distance in the rear, and opened up on the rebel battery, and they replied. This duel lasted, I should think, about two hours, and we skirmishers had to hug the ground close, as we were on as high ground as the batteries were, and in order to get the range they had to cut the corn very

close. This lying down was quite a relief, as we were tired and hungry. After eating some hardtack, I made myself as comfortable as possible and dropped off to sleep. Just how long I slept I do not know, but when I woke up the artillery duel was still going on, but the skirmish line was gone. I hustled to my feet, but they were not in sight, so I ran forward to the brow of the hill and saw them in the valley under the rebels' works. It did not take me long to get down to where they were. We were now in a pasture lot with a few large trees, logs and stumps in it, an ideal place for skirmishers—well sheltered and within musket range of the rebel lines. They turned their battery on us, trying shells and canister, but they could not drive us out; probably because it was safer to stay than go. I met a comrade at the Encampment at Minneapolis two years ago that was a neighbor to a comrade that was shot at this point by grapeshot. This was the first I had heard from him since I had seen him carried from the field that day, apparently torn to pieces; but he had lived and was now a helpless invalid. The shot had torn all his ribs loose from his back bone on one side. We held this position until late in the evening, when we were relieved, but before we got off the field a charge was ordered and the works taken, the skirmishers going over ahead of the main column, capturing the battery and other equipment. This is probably the outpost that Gen. Hood conceded in his article, this being on his left. This finished that day's fighting. What took place on other parts of the line I know nothing about, but it seems now that the works that we took on our right, Hood's left, were the only ones taken that day.

We spent a miserable night on the cold ground, listening to the rebels strengthening their works and keeping the orderlies from riding over us, and were in line bright and early the next morning. The skirmishers commenced poping away as soon as they could see, and the lines were formed and then the orders came to rest in our places until further orders.

Noon came, and no orders. Right in front of our position in the line was a farm house with the usual outbuildings, one of which was a smokehouse. These buildings were between the two skirmish lines, but closer to ours, and some of the venturesome spirits managed to get to the smokehouse, and found some fine hams hanging up ready to smoke, and brought one away. This caused quite a rush for the smokehouse, but the rebels spied them and made it so hot for them that only a couple succeeded in getting there. One man was wounded, and that stopped the rush on the smokehouse; but he had ham for dinner in our company that day.

So far as we knew everything was quiet along the line until about noon, when there was a terrible uproar away off to the left, cannon roaring, muskets rattling and men cheering. We could hear it, but could not see anything. It lasted only a few minutes and all was quiet again. Word soon came that a portion of the Fourth Corps had made a charge and was repulsed (vindicating Hood's statement to some extent); at the same time it was said that it was only a feint to cover the real movement that was under way, and which was developed a couple of hours later.

This movement consisted of the cavalry making a long detour around Hood's left, striking him in the rear.

To give a clear idea of the situation I will try to describe the lay of the ground and the rebel works in our front and as far as we could see either way. The works in front of us were on a level plain, with high, abrupt bluffs at the rear; in front of our position there was a valley came down thru the bluffs. The rebels' works crossed the mouth of this valley and followed up the brow of the hill as far as we could see. To the right the face of this hill was covered with timber. About 4 o'clock we heard cannonading to the rear and left of the rebels. The cavalry had reached their goal. We could see commotion in the rebel lines, and they rushed a battery up the valley to their rear. Word was passed that the troops to our right would charge first, and as soon as they should gain the works we were to charge. We soon saw the blue line going up through the timber, and the white smoke began to puff out along the crest of the hill, coming thicker and faster every minute; but that blue line never slackened speed or hesitated. Oh, but it was exciting to us who were watching! Up, up they go! Will they make it? There they go, over the top! Then we received the order, "Forward." We dashed out of the little creek bottom, that had sheltered us, onto the plain in easy range of the rebel works. We received a terrible crash of artillery and musketry as we broke cover. Men began to drop fast, but it seemed that our rattling fire that we kept up as we ran made them shoot wild, and they did not do much damage after the first volley. The right of the line charging first and swinging to the left caused us to charge in an oblique course, increasing the distance to be traveled. It was too far for one run; and after making about half the distance we were ordered to lie down to recover breath. When we again started forward we soon saw that the enemy were on the run in our front. The swinging process of charging the right first and in detail from right to left, continually exposing their left flank, together with the cavalry charging them in the rear, settled the question. Now the point that I want to make is, that there was no desperate fighting, considering the size of the armies and the time required or consumed in accomplishing our task. Anyone giving the matter a little study will see that the battle was won by generalship instead of by desperate fighting and heavy and unnecessary sacrifice of life, In all the first day's fighting there was not a volley fired from the battle line, the skirmishers and artillery doing all the fighting that was done, even to the carrying of the outpost that Gen. Hood speaks of on his left. The skirmishers took it, supported, of course, by a column of infantry. Thruout this whole day we only advanced a couple or three miles. Notwithstanding that, the rebels gave way when we advanced, and this brought us in front of the main line of defense on the first day. The next day it was a wait from early morn until 4 o'clock, with only fighting enough to keep the rebels' attention from the real movement that was under way, which proved to be so successful; and it was sucessful in every sense of the word, for it effectually destroyed an army and one of the

greatest fighting captains the Confederacy had, with a small loss of life.

So while Gen. Hood glorifies himself and his army on the gallant defense they made, and Comrade W. W. Wood glorifies our gallant army on its constant success, I glorify Gen. Thomas on the wonderful feat he accomplished with such a small sacrifice of life.

Greeted by Lincoln.

N. G. Sparks, Moore's Hill, Ind.

Editor National Tribune: Your editorial, "Lincoln's Greatness," of Feb. 11, is the finest tribute to Lincoln I have ever read and is as true as truth. I thank you for it and I am satisfied that all comrades do the same. If The National Tribune had reached here a few hours earlier the tribute would have been read at the Lincoln exercises her as a part of the most admirable program, which was rendered. This old town, which furnished as many soldiers for the civil war, in proportion to its size, as any town in the State, was fully alive on Friday, the centenary of Lincoln's birth. All business closed, and the college, public schools, members of the Grand Army and citizens generally united in doing honor to the great American. And the work was done, too, and done well. Dr. H. O. Enwall, a son of a veteran, of Cincinnati, was the chief orator. His subject, "The Meaning of the Flag," was eloquently treated, and Dr. Enwell received round after round of applause. I was the only person present who had ever seen President Lincoln and shaken hands with him. Hence I enjoyed my great distinction all by myself. The incident happened this way: While my regiment, 18th Ind., was in Washington City, in July, 1864, en route to the Valley, after the expiration of its furlough, to meet an emergency, instead of returning to the Army of the Tennessee, where it belonged, it had a brief rest. On Saturday, as I remember, accompanied by O. W. Moore and Albert J. Harding, of my company (A), I was strolling up Pennsylvania avenue just as Mr. Lincoln and a number of others—members of his staff, I presume—were coming down on the opposite side. We knew Mr. Lincoln at sight, by his hight and high black hat, and as a result of a banter from Comrade Harding, we crossed directly over, faced Mr. Lincoln and saluted him.

A little Second Lieutenant, who was in the crowd—not John Hay, by a long way—seemed shocked at our impudence and was inclined to shove us into the street. But over three years of service at that time had removed most of our timidity, and, to use the language of the street, we didn't shove worth a cent. Not so with Mr. Lincoln. He stopped, removed his hat, returned our salutation, took each one of us by the hand, asked our name and name of regiment, and gave us his blessing. A little thing, I know, but I have often thought of it. It doubtless made me a better soldier, and I feel that it has made me a better citizen. Hence I will never forget those wonderfully kindly eyes and the clasp of those long, solemn, eloquent fingers.

Regiments from Tennessee.

W. R. Carter, Knoxville, Tenn.

Editor National Tribune: In your issue of Dec. 31, 1908, you published a brief history of the 1st and 2d Tenn. You said the 1st Tenn. was organized at Williamsburg, Barboursville and Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., in August and September, and that the regiment was consolidated into a battalion of two companies, etc. The Adjutant-General's Report of Tennessee gives the place of organization as Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., August, 1861, by Col. R. K. Byrd, of Roan County. This was a very large regiment, and was never known as a battalion. It was one of those splendid regiments that went from East Tennessee, and was actively engaged during its three years' service. The regiment was under fire for the first time at Mill Springs, where Zollicoffer, the rebel commander, was killed. It was at Stone River and was with Byrd and Saunders on the raid into East Tennessee in the Summer of 1863; came to East Tennessee with Gen. Burnside and took an active part in that Winter campaign; was with Gen. Sherman on the Atlanta campaign, and only a few days before its time was out was sharply engaged near Atlanta, on Aug. 6, 1864. This regiment was in the Third Brigade, Third Division, Twenty-third Corps, and Col. Byrd was in command of this brigade when relieved and ordered home for muster-out. The regiment lost 40 killed and 336 from disease, etc. The 2d Tenn. was organized at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., in September, 1861, by Col. J. P. T. Carter, a brother of Gen. S. P. Carter. This was also a large regiment, and was from East Tennessee. This regiment was captured before it had served out its full time, but its record was good. It was at Mill Springs, Stone River, and with the Union forces that pursued John H. Morgan on his raid in Indiana and Ohio, and on to his capture. It entered East Tennessee with Gen. Burnside, and took part in the capture of the rebel Frazier and his troops at Cumberland Gap, Sept. 9, 1863. The day before Frazier surrendered Maj. Carpenter, with a detachment of 2d Tenn., drove in his pickets, dashed inside his lines, burned a mill that was filled with grain and returned with a loss of only two men. It was in the engagement at Blue Springs, East Tenn. From here this regiment, the 7th Ohio Cav., and four guns of Phillips's Illinois Battery, were sent four miles east of Rogersville to guard the valley. On Nov. 6 this small force was attacked by a large Confederate force under the command of Sam Jones. After a brave resistance by the 2d Tenn. and the battery, Maj. Carpenter, who was in command of the 2d Tenn., was forced to surrender. The 7th Ohio Cav. managed to escape. With the capture of this brave regiment practically ended its military service, as all the men present were

captured. The night after capture about 100 of them made their escape and returned to Knoxville. At this place Col. Melton gathered up the remainder of his regiment and escorted Gen. Burnside to Camp Nelson, Ky. The captured men were first sent to Belle Isle, Va., and later to Andersonville, where the remainder of them most all died. But few regiments lost more men in prison than the 2d Tenn. It lost 27 killed and 613 from disease, etc. What a sad death roll. In order that the readers of the great soldier paper may fully understand the circumstances leading up to the capture of the 2d Tenn. and the Illinois Battery, I will give it as near as I can from the report of Maj. Carpenter, to be found in Vol. XXXI, Part 1, pages 551-554. This small brigade was commanded by Col. Israel Garrard, 7th Ohio Cav., who made a very short report of their action and capture. Maj. Carpenter says: "By order of Col. Garrard I was directed to send 50 men under a good officer up the valley road to find out all he could concerning the movements of the enemy. About nine miles from camp Capt. Murray, Co. A, met a large force of the enemy, who at once charged upon and routed his men. Those not captured returned to camp and reported a large force marching down the valley. I suggested to Col. Garrard that our position was a bad one and that it would be better to cross the river (Holston) and take up a better one on the north bank. Garrard remarked that it was nothing but a small raiding party and that we could whip them. My regiment and the battery were soon hotly engaged. About this time a report was sent in that the enemy were in Rogersville. Col. Garrard said that he would take the 7th Ohio Cav., and move down toward Rogersville and find out if the report was true. * * * In the meantime he ordered me to send two companies east of our camp to meet the enemy if they should come from that direction. Col. Garrard had been gone only a short time until I heard a volley of musketry, and soon the 7th Ohio Cav. returned at full speed and in confusion * * * Maj. McIntire came to me and said that Col. Garrard was killed and that I would have to take command. * * * I requested Maj. McIntire to try and collect his men, they being completely demoralized. He said the panic and confusion in his regiment resulted from the death of Col. Garrard. About this time Col. Garrard arrived and appeared to be excited * * * . He ordered me to move my regiment toward Rogersville, as the reebls were coming from that direction. He accompanied me and pointed out the position he wished my regiment to occupy. He requested me to hitch my horses and put as many men in the fight as I could; that we would not try to escape, but whip the rebels, if possible, ordering me to hold the position assigned me at all hazards until further orders from him. I ordered Capt. Carnes to move forward with companies C, G and B as skirmishers. He did so, and drove them back some 300 yards. At this time the rebels charged and captured the two guns east of the creek * * . The 7th Ohio Cav. was formed near our camp and supporting the two remaining guns. Col. Garrard sent me word to send three companies to support the two guns, but before they reached the point ordered to, he discovered the rebels had

taken the guns * * * . The rebels raised the yell and commenced advancing, from every direction, on my position. I sent word to Col. Garrard if he did not assist me I would soon be completely surrounded * * . Capt. Carnes reported to me that Col. Garrard and his regiment, the 7th Ohio Cav., had left the field and were across the Holtson River. Being completely surrounded and out of ammunition, and my horses captured, I summoned the officers of my regiment and consulted them as to what we should do. All agreed that a surrender was the only thing possible, so I surrendered myself and command. William Russell, Co. A, was killed after we had grounded arms. The officers and men of Philip's 2nd Ill. Battery discharged their duty nobly. The position in which we were placed by Col. Garrard I was ordered to hold until he should give me directions to abandon it, and it was in carrying out my instructions that the regiment was captured."

It is said that about the time the regiment was surrendered a rebel approached Maj. Carpenter and ordered him to throw down his revolvers, but this brave officer remarked that they were not given him for that purpose, and if he wanted them he would have to take them from him.

Lincoln Revised His Speech.

S. R. Averill, Co. F, 13th Pa. Cav., Bradford, Pa.

Editor National Tribune: Col. Henry Clay Cockran, of Chester, Pa., retired officer of the United States Marine Corps, made the assertion Sunday, Feb. 7, 1909, in an address on Abraham Lincoln, before the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Association, 1018 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., that the wording of Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech as it appears today is not as the martyred President delivered it.

"The speech as quoted today," declared Col. Cockran, "contains revisions in 13 different places. President Lincoln himself revised the address, adding a word here and there, and taking out one or two. It was several weeks after the address that its significance as one of the greatest pieces of modern English literature became apparent. There were only about 250 words, and it took Lincoln just ten minutes, actual time, to deliver it. When its worth became apparent there came to Lincoln requests from every section for an actual copy of the original. In making the copies Lincoln changed the wording here and there, but retained the general thought. I have compared a copy of the original speech with that now generally quoted, and I have found 13 changes in it." Col. Cockran is the only survivor of the 11 public officers and army men who formed Lincoln's personal escort from Washington to Gettysburg. He is the only survivor among the men who sat on the platform with the Emancipator. The above is copied from the issue of the North American of Feb. 8, 1909, and appears on page 9:

"My dear Editor and your host of readers, I must acknowledge that I have been cheated. In the first place I have always believed in Lincoln as the saying goes, as "Honest Abe." But my confidence is crippled by reading the Colonel's address. If he made a speech at Gettysburg, which I guess he actually did, and then wrote or changed the original in 13 different places and added as much as nine more words, why, we cannot believe that he is "Honest Abe." I had not believed him capable of being deceitful enough to so treat the people. I have wondered if there were no newspaper correspondents at Gettysburg, or whether Lincoln and the 11 honorable gentlemen on the platform were all that were present on that occasion. I have read the Gettysburg speech and have heard it read very many times, but it will have lost a large amount of its grandness by being sandpapered, painted and varnished since Oct. 19, 1863. Unfortunately, the Colonel saw the original manuscript—not knowing that after Lincoln reached Gettysburg he revised it! These changes did not appear in the newspaper reports at the time; so, you see, the Colonel has been keeping all these many years simply an outline of the

famous speech by a man too honest, truthful, wise, to use deceit to the extent alleged by the Philadelphia address. It was unfortunate that such a speech should have been made and published at a time when the whole patriotic people of our land was going to observe with honors the day that Lincoln was born. There are many who will believe that possibly he did do what the Colonel put at his door. Strange that the Colonel put that speech off for nearly 46 years, until the other 10 men who occupied the platform was called across the river. Next we will see someone rise up and tell us that the address George Washington gave the army was not at all as we have it in print today. It is hard to believe that Abraham Lincoln said one thing at Gettysburg and wrote his friends on request something entirely different. I am one not prepared to accept it that way. Had it been Capt. Jinks, of the Horse Marines, it would be different, for we know how to take him when he tells us he fed his horse on corn and beans. The Colonel merits rebuke. No sane American will believe that Lincoln was as deceitful as the Colonel's address would make him appear to be.

Forts Harrison and Gilmer.

Stephen F. Wells, Battery C, 2d Pa. H. A., Honesdale, Pa.

Editor National Tribune: Some years ago I saw a piece in The National Tribune by George R. Sherman, on the attack of Forts Harrison and Gilmer. Two of our battalions of the 112th Pa. and 2d Pa. H. A. were the first to attack Gilmer, and we lost over 200 killed and wounded there. We were in Hackman's Division and our brigade was commanded by Col. Fairchilds. We attacked the fort about 10 o'clock in the morning of Sept. 29, 1864. We lost so heavily because they had cut down trees and left them fast to the stumps. We got among those trees, and they then gave us grape and canister. I was raked with a canister shot, but kept on, in the thickest of the fight, until we were ordered by Capt. Higgins to fall back, he being the only commissioned officer present; all the rest were killed, wounded, or captured. We lost many officers that day. Maj. Anderson was killed right in front of the fort; his commission as Colonel came the next day after his death. Maj. Sadler was wounded and taken prisoner, with many wounded comrades. Two staff officers were killed. As we were falling back we came among the commissary stores, and I got one of their large account books, and saw in it how they dealt out their rations, clothing, etc. This was as we got to the Varnia road. While we were in the Varnia road that leads to Richmond—just four miles from Richmond—an officer came along on a horse and Capt. Higgins saluted and wished to know what to do with his command. He was told to leave them there until further orders. While we were there the colored troops came and made that gallant attack. I and a fellow in Co. B, of our battalion, went to a well with seven or eight canteens, each, to fill with water. We could see the fort and saw the charge of those colored troops. They fought valiantly for awhile, but were soon overcome, and came out on a rush—all there were left of them. All that we saw attack Fort Gilmer were our two battalions and those colored troops, and we drove them so they left their guns; but they got reinforcements. Some men of our company got cut off from the company and were in sight of Richmond, and they told us they saw boys with equipments on moving around those forts around Richmond. We see that the Confederates say it was the bravery and devotion of two decimated Confederate brigades, of about 300 men each, that saved Richmond at that time. They were fighting only two battalions of Yankees at that time, and if we had had any support at all when we rushed together among those trees we would have captured Richmond. The rebels had sent out reinforcements from those forts, and had manned the forts with boys. Please give us honors where honors are due.

The "Rebellion Record" of an Enlisted Man

By W. E. H. Morse, Co. E, 5th Maine, Algona, Iowa.

OFF TO THE WAR.

Dec. 21, 1861.—Bade good-by to home and friends in Minot, Maine, and went to Lewiston, where, with nine others, I enrolled my name as volunteer recruit for the 5th Maine Regiment, Co. E, and under charge of the First Lieutenant, Frank Lamont, left Lewiston at 10:30 a. m. for Augusta, which place we reached about sunset, and took up quarters at a private house.

Dec. 22, 1861.—Went over east of the Kennebec River, and saw some of my friends, who were in the 13th Regiment, encamped on the Arsenal grounds. In the evening I visited the Flying Artillery and Cavalry, camped near the State House. In the evening I was examined at the Augusta House and mustered into service; then went to the State House and received a blanket, two shirts, a pair of drawers, two pairs of stockings and a haversack.

Dec. 23, 1861.—Snow and rain. Left Augusta at 5 a. m. and reached Boston at 2:30 p. m. In the evening left Boston for Fall River, where we took a boat for New York.

Dec. 24, 1861.—Owing to a bad night on the Sound, we did not get into New York until 10 a. m., thereby missing the morning train, and spent the day in the city. Marched to the City Hall Park for breakfast. Left New York at 5 p. m. on a ferryboat and reached Amboy, N. Y., at 7:30, where we took a train for Philadelphia.

Christmas.—Reached Philadelphia at 3 a. m. and went to Union ration house, where we received the best of treatment. The Union soldiers will ever remember the people of Philadelphia with gratitude. Left this "City of Friends" at 9:30 a. m. for Baltimore, Md., and thence to Havre de Grace.

Dec. 26, 1861.—Reached Havre de Grace at 1 a. m., where the train was run onto a large ferryboat, on which we crossed the Delaware River. We went on, passing the Relay House, and reached Washington at 8 p. m.

Dec. 27, 1861.—Passed a cold night in the ration house in Washington, and this morning went out to see the city. At 8 a. m. we received orders to cross the city to the bank of the Potomac, where we went on board a boat, which landed us at Alexandria, Va.; then we marched about four miles to Camp Franklin, near the Female Seminary, which we reached at 2 p. m.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Dec. 28, 1861 to Jan. 14, 1862.—Our troops went into Winter quarters, and the 5th Me. was located just at the edge of a piece of woods and occupied "A" tents. Most of the boys had already become inured to a soldier's life, and could lie down at night without undressing, using their shoes or a stick of wood for a pillow, and with a blanket or two around them sleep comfortably all night. At first I suffered with the cold and would pile on all the spare coats and rubber blankets I could get hold of and then shiver myself to sleep, glad to turn out at roll call and warm myself at the cook's fire; but I am becoming hardened to the privations and inconveniences so that I do not notice them so much.

Jan. 15, 1862.—Rainy. Trees heavily coated with ice. The weather thus far has been cold, windy and rainy. The continual traveling in our company street and about the camp has so worked over the "sacred soil" that with the aid of a funnel about eight inches of the top might be easily bottled up. Sent to Alexandria for a tin plate, some one having stolen mine. No drill or dress parade.

Jan. 17, 1862.—Cold and clear. Cannonading down the river last night. This morning our company was called out to practice target shooting. The target was a piece of tobacco in the center of a board three feet square; distance 150 yards. The best shot was made by this raw recruit, who put a ball thru the center of the tobacco. Our parade ground is a complete paradise for hogs, so we don't use it much.

Jan. 19, 1862.—Showery all day. Not very well; could not eat my ration of beans. Lieut. Lamont came in during the day and ate them for me. Had nearly finished writing a piece for the "Minot Star" when our little "wooden Corporal" upset the ink over it, so it will not go to press.

Jan. 21, 1862.—Heavy showers thru the

night and steady rain this morning. Packed our knapsacks, took a day's rations and 40 rounds of ball cartridges, and at 8 a. m. six companies of us started out on picket, leaving two companies to guard the tents. Went about seven miles on the road to Fairfax, most of the way the mud and water being over our shoetops. We have good accommodations at a building called Brenton's Tavern.

Jan. 22, 1862.—Cloudy, with some rain and snow. A team comes out at noon and brings our rations and mail. When our pickets were first stationed here a woman gave the information to the rebels by waving a white handkerchief from her window. Whatever became of the secesh lady I know not, unless she went up; her house, however, went down. Rainy night. We were turned out in the night on account of an alarm caused by the shooting of a dog that did not have the countersign.

Jan. 23, 1862.—Cloudy. Got permission, with two other boys, to visit the Garibaldi regiment a mile and a half to the right, near Mason's Hill; they sustain the chain of pickets. From Mason's Hill we could see Bailey's Crossroads.

Jan. 24, 1862.—Ground frozen quite hard. Snow, rain and sleet all last night, with a high wind. On guard. The officers let the men have the use of their rubber coats, and I was fortunate enough to get one on my post.

Jan. 25, 1862.—Cleared off in the forenoon. Two inches of snow and trees covered with ice, but all soon melted off. At noon a detachment of the 18th N. Y. relieved us on guard, and we commenced a wearisome march back to camp. Very muddy. Were three hours going seven miles and only made one halt of six minutes. I had on three shirts, vest, dress coat and overcoat, all of which I sweat to such an extent that my knapsack was wet thru and the sweat was running from it when I took it off.

Jan. 26, 1862.—No religious services today, it being cold, windy and muddy. Orders received forbidding anyone visiting other regiments for fear of smallpox.

Jan. 27, 1862.—Our company went down to the woods for target shooting. Battalion drill in the afternoon. School for nons-coms. at night.

Jan. 28, 1862.—Drew the first pair of shoes I have had from the Government today. There is still due me a rubber blanket, canteen, blouse, and some dishes —and I need them.

Jan. 29, 1862.—No drill or dress parade, which agreed with my ideas, as I am not well. Last night we heard heavy firing by the rebel batteries down the river. Heard this morning it was on account of one of our steamers passing them; they didn't hit her and she returned no fire. One of the rebel shells weighing 100 pounds crossed the Potomac to the Maryland side without exploding. Had a good night's sleep, was comfortably warm all night.

Jan. 30, 1862.—Made a lamp to burn bacon fat and it works well. Candles are too expensive. Received a singing book from home and the occupants of our tent enjoyed the evening.

Feb. 1, 1862.—Two inches of snow and 10 inches of mud. For several days there has been a firing of big guns and mortars at the navy yard, near Washington. We hear they are practicing with some new patent arms and ammunition. At 5 p. m. the sun came out and set clear.

ALL KINDS OF WEATHER.

Feb. 2, 1862.—Cold night, froze a crust over the mud just thick enough to let us thru into the miry depths below. My turn to stand guard at brigade headquarters. Virginia rejoiced today in about ten hours of sunshine and ten inches of mud.

Feb. 3, 1862.—Snowing all day. A rebel with a flag of truce came this side of the lines requesting to see Gen. McClellan in person. He was taken to Washington blindfolded. The interview was not made public.

Feb. 5, 1862.—Three inches of snow yesterday. Cold and clear today. No drill except a bayonet exercise. Many of the boys in this regiment, and I suppose in others, are about sick with colds. My cold is getting better.

Feb. 6, 1862.—Rainy most of the day. Was invited down to the Chaplain's tent to discuss theology. On returning I looked in the glass to see if my nose was out of joint—concluded it was slightly sprung.

Feb. 8, 1862.—Cloudy yesterday and today. Had to draw another shirt today.

Feb. 9, 1862.—Pleasant but cold, with high wind. The mud dried up very fast. Our company street, which this morning was all mud and slush, has become so dry that the boys are in it the first time in a long while. My turn to go on guard tonight, which was not agreeable, as I wanted the time for writing. Freezing cold tonight.

Feb. 10, 1862.—Cold and clear. Relieved from guard at 8 a. m. Had battalion drill and then went to target shooting. In the evening I did my washing. Our "little paper man," who used to ride around among the regiments selling papers, has been missing for some time, and I learn he was taken by some our scouts outside of the lines, as a rebel spy. He is an Austrian and has seen service in some other country. The mud has dried up very fast in the last two days.

Should judge that on our parade ground it is not more than half a leg deep, on an average.

Feb. 11, 1862.—Brisk cannonading last night, down the river, between some of our vessels and the blockade. This morning our cook found the oven open and a kettle of beans and pork missing. Jim Maloney, the thief, is strongly suspected of having a hand in it.

Feb. 12, 1862.—Target shooting this afternoon. Our drill ground presents a lively appearance, squads drilling the bayonet service in every direction. Good news from the Burnside expedition. They have taken Roanoke Island.

Feb. 13, 1862.—Comfortable in our tents without fire. Gen. Slocum invited all the boys in his brigade who have served as seamen to go with gunboats on the Mississippi, and 32 went from our regiment. One of the boys from Co. F came in tonight and treated us to some peaches (they were mighty good), after which we tried the virtues of the singing book.

Feb. 14, 1862.—Cloudy, with some rain. The boys who enlisted for the gunboats were marched off today, among them the notorious Jim Maloney. He and one other were all we lost from our company. Made another lamp out of a meat can—it works all right.

Feb. 15, 1862,—Snowing all day. Great rejoicing on account of the taking of Fort Donelson.

CHURCH AND COURT DUTIES.

Feb. 16, 1862.—Pleasant. Three inches of snow on the ground. Short religious services this morning. The band began with "Old Hundred" and finished with "Star Spangled Banner." On dress parade was read an account of the sentences of four or five men from other regiments who had been court-martialed for various offenses. The lightest punishment was for being too drunk for duty while on guard with the penalty of doing police duty for three months with a ball-and-chain on left leg and having his pay cut down to $6 a month. The heaviest sentence was for stabbing a man without just provocation with the penalty of doing police duty with a ball-and-chain on leg, every alternate week, for six months; the rest of the time solitary confinement with bread and water rations, and to forfeit $10 of each month's wages. We hear Bowling Green has been evacuated.

Feb. 17, 1862.—Rainfall all day, which freezes as it falls. Spent the day writing and mending my clothes. The "Washington Evening Star" has a telegram in it stating that our forces have taken Fort Donelson with 15,000 prisoners. Great noise in camp.

Feb. 18, 1862—Rained all night and this morning. Clear in the evening. There has been a continual booming of cannon on account of yesterday's news on every side except the rebel batteries, and they are perfectly quiet. At 5 p. m. we received news that the Garibaldi regiment took 200 prisoners, who were out scouting this side of Fairfax, and brought them in today. The prisoners report that the rebels are evacuating Manassas and Bull Run. This evening the "Washington Evening Star" brings news that Savannah has been taken. If they keep on at this rate, we shall begin to think of taking our knapsacks and singing "Homeward Bound."

Feb. 21, 1862.—Dark day with some snow. It rained hard all day and I was detailed to go on guard at headquarters. Yesterday pleasant. Captain and Lieutenant came into my tent in the evening, and we had a good sing. Today we went out target shooting. The targets were taken to Colonel's tent to be recorded, and he says I am the best shot in the regiment. We hear the rebels are throwing up breastworks at Fairfax.

Feb. 22, 1862.—Rainy. We were called out at 11 a. m. to participate in the celebration of Washington's Birthday. Extracts from his last address were read, followed by prayer. They are having a grand time in Washington. The national salute of 100 guns is fired morning, noon and night. The illumination of the Capitol is omitted on account of the death of "Little Willie," President Lincoln's second son, 11 years old, who died of smallpox yesterday afternoon. Savannah surrendered without a shot being fired or a blow struck, and the rebels have not gained a victory so far this year.

Feb. 24, 1862.—Misty morning. About 9 o'clock the sun came out warm and bright; an hour later the clouds piled up black and heavy and the rain came down in torrents; the wind blew a hurricane and roared like thunder. All thru the camp the boys were out trying to secure their tents, which were in many cases blown down, the rain having softened the ground so the pegs would not hold. Our company street was completely blockaded with trees that were blown down. After an hour or so the sun burst out as suddenly as it had disappeared and the clouds went over the city of Washington, making a background of inky blackness, against which the unfinished Washington Monument showed to good advantage.

Feb. 25, 1862.—Bright, but cold and windy. Sun set clear, which has not happened in five weeks. Was detailed on home guard. My post was inside the guard-house, where I had some prisoners

to guard. Two of them had to wear a chain-and-ball of 35 pounds by turns, and I had to change it every hour. Got thru it better than expected to. Occupied my time off guard in studying Army Regulations.

Feb. 26, 1862.—Cloudy and rainy. Was relieved from guard at 8 a. m. We had battalion drill—the ground being frozen quite hard. On dress parade orders were read for knapsacks to be packed and ready to march on short notice, after which our Colonel requested us to give three cheers for the prospect of getting out of the mud. It was heartily done.

Feb. 27, 1862.—Rained all night. Clear and windy today and the mud has dried fast. It was discovered that a private of one of our companies had been forging sutler's tickets. He is now standing on a barrel with a ball-and-chain around his neck. Orders received for every able-bodied man to go on picket tomorrow. The Captain says we shall not be likely to come back to this camp again, so there is considerable stir in packing up. It is said that McClellan, with several regiments, started toward Richmond yesterday by way of Fairfax.

MORE VIRGINIA WINTER WEATHER.

Feb. 28, 1862.—Bright, with a cold wind, which is very acceptable when marching. We left camp for picketing at 8:30 a. m. Went the same route we did before (Jan. 21) and stopped at the same place. Ground frozen enough to make good traveling for the men, but the horses broke thru into the mud occasionally. The large building where we stopped before has been so badly demolished since then that it promises but little protection. Bitter cold night. I was on guard and watched the Winter out and Spring in; and, by the way, March came in like a lion seeking where he might freeze a sentinel.

March 1, 1862.—Cold in the morning, mild and Springlike in the evening. Our Major came along and invited our company to march to the top of the hill and there meet four other companies and have a drill and dress parade. Our Captain received orders to be ready to march tomorrow noon if called upon. He thinks there will be no movement made before Monday. Our company will not be likely to start till the day after the division goes, and the artillery goes ahead.

March 2, 1862.—Cold. Commenced snowing at noon. A balloon was seen this morning in the direction of Fairfax. Received our rubber blankets, canteens and haversacks today. About noon a troop of cavalry went out beyond our lines on a scouting expedition and were gone about two hours. Rained nearly all night. Went on guard at 7:30 p. m. and stood for two hours, during which time I heard twenty heavy guns fired in the direction of Bull Run. It must mean some kind of a row, or they would not be firing after dark.

March 3, 1862.—Cold and rainy. Poured in torrents from 8 to 10 in the evening and then cleared off cold and windy. A good many of the men are sick with colds. We hear that two divisions have crossed the river below Alexandria, and that they had a brush with the rebels last night which occasioned the firing we heard. Went on guard at 5:30 p. m.

March 4, 1862.—A part of Gen. Sumner's Division made an advance today. Some of the pickets stationed about a mile on our left, on the railroad, were fired on by an old negro, but they were too quick for him and he was shot thru the heart and otherwise badly mangled. He lies there now about half buried. Went on guard from 1:30 to 3:30.

March 6, 1862.—Pleasant, except a snow squall in the evening. The robins and quail begin to appear. On guard from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m. A regiment came out and relieved us, and we immediately started for camp. One of the boys brought in a 'possum with him, taken from a tree, and we had considerable sport with it. Received orders to have two days' rations cooked for a march.

March 7, 1862.—We had hardest drill today that we have had since I have been here. Received our new traveling "pup tents" and think they will prove a good thing, but will make our load heavier when we march. They are about two feet high at the ridge pole and seven feet long, affording room for two men to crawl in and lie down. Each man is supposed to carry one piece. Any number of pieces can be buttoned together.

March 8, 1862.—The mud was dried so that we can get around comfortably. During drill today we each fired 20 rounds of blank cartridges. Ten cases of boots were distributed to our regiments by the sutler at $3.00 per pair.

CARRYING OUR HOUSE WITH US.

March 9, 1862.—We had regimental inspection today for the first time since we have been here. Were required to appear coat, closely rolled up. The knapsack to contain woolen blanket, rubber blanket, one shirt, one pair of drawers, and one pair of stockings packed inside. Outside of the pocket and under the flap of the knapsack is packed half of the traveling tent with three pegs and the guy ropes rolled in it. Outside of the flap is secured one of the tent poles and upon the top of the knapsack is strapped the over-

coat, closely rolled up. The knapsack now weighs from 23 to 25 pounds. Next is the cartridge box containing 40 rounds of ball cartridges and a few implements used in cleaning out and repairing the gun; cap box and bayonet together weigh 12 pounds. After inspection, I found by the Quartermaster's scales that my load on a march would be about 50 pounds. The Major complimented us for keeping our rifles in good order, and advised us when we used them to aim low, as there is not one shot in a thousand but goes over. After inspection came religious services. We were marched without equipments to headquarters, the band playing "Red, White and Blue," and formed a hollow square with officers, Chaplain and band in the center. Chaplain Adams's text was the first three verses of Luke 13. He lectured the soldiers severely for using profane language. The first time I attended religious services here he read the 12th chapter of Romans, all but the last two words. I thought it was pretty good advice for the occasion.

March 10, 1862.—At 3 a. m. our regiment received orders to march at 9, and immediately all were wide awake and packing up. It commenced raining at daylight and continued until 2 p. m., when the sun came out for half an hour, during which time more men fell out of the ranks than in all the rest of the march. We came out on the Fairfax road, and at noon reached our old picket post and halted to eat dinner of hardtack. We reached Fairfax at 4:30 p. m. and pitched our tents on the ground where the rebels were encamped yesterday. In taking this place our side lost one Lieutenant and two horses, and took 13 men and killed two. Slept well until about 1 a. m., when I awoke chilled thru. As I could not sleep, I got up as most of the others had done. It was a splendid sight to see the campfires burning brightly in every direction, for we are a multitude. When we got here at 4:30 p. m. we found other regiments already camped here, and they kept coming in till 12 at night. Gen. McClellan and staff passed by at sunset. A negro came into camp and said the rebel troops had left Manassas and Centerville and gone to Richmond.

March 11, 1862.—Pleasant day. At sunrise we took breakfast, struck tents, and packed up. We are in hostile land with no house or home except what we carry on our backs. At 9 a. m. I went with one of the Sergeants to visit Fairfax Courthouse jail and other buildings. In the jail we found haversacks belonging to the 5th Me. and other regiments which were taken at Bull Run. An officer sent word to our Colonel that he had been to Manassas and all was clear.

March 12, 1862.—Clear and cool. Last nights Sergt's Bailey and Libby, Corp'l Stevens and myself put our two little tents together, taking one to make ends to the other, and we had a good night's sleep in spite of the cold, sharp air. This morning I went with the Captain to see the rifle pits, howitzers, etc. Went over to the breastworks the rebels left, which were poor affairs. Hear that the 7th Me. is about three miles to our right, and that the 10th Me. started for Harper's Ferry about a week ago. Our boys have picked up a good many prisoners today, who state that the rebs left Manassas fearing they would be surrounded and starved out.

March 13, 1862.—Cold and dark, with some rain. Today, while the cavalry were drilling, in making a charge some of the horses fell, throwing their riders and injuring them severely. One man and one horse were killed. Yesterday several were badly hurt in the same way. This afternoon some covered wagons came inside the division lines with pastry, beer, etc., to sell. The boys took the first wagon by the wheels and tipped it over, and were distributing the contents when the officer of the day came around and immediately axed the head out of the beer barrel. The beer started off seeking its common level much to the sorrow of those who imbibed. The peddler came down on the boys with a volley of curses, and the result was they dumped him into his wagon and actually hauled him, horses, wagon and all, stern foremost into the street. The others were served in a similar manner.

March 14, 1862.—Fine rain. At 11 a. m. we had orders to prepare for a general review by Gen. McClellan in 15 minutes; at the end of which time all were patiently or impatiently waiting. At 4 p m. we were told there would be no review, and were called out for dress parade. At sunset we received orders to march back to camp, and start for Alexandria and go down the river by boat tomorrow. Started at 7 p. m. Rained all night. We made pretty good time till we came to Hunting Creek, where we waited an hour for our turn to cross a miserable little bridge, when our Colonel told us to break ranks and find a fording place and get back to Camp Franklin, four miles away, the best we could. I found myself in my old tent at 2:30 a. m.

March 15, 1862.—At 10 a. m. it rained in torrents and continued till 5 p. m. when it held up about an hour, just long enough for us to tear down and cut up

the old guardhouse for firewood; then it rained again, if possible, harder than ever and continued all night. We had no guard out during the day or night. Mended my boots this morning.

March 16, 1862.—Dull day with some rain. Was detailed on home guard today, which seems to be a Sunday job with me. Mended my other boot. Today our company received 22 new recruits.

March 17, 1862.—Windy. The grass is beginning to start. Battalion drill in the morning, which proves that we are not to march today, tho we had orders last night to be ready. Did my washing this evening.

REVIEWED BY GEN. M'CLELLAN.

March 19, 1862.—Pleasant. Today we were reviewed on the hights near the seminary by Gen. McClellan. Last night we were awakened by the sentinel's crying "Fire." We could not afford to turn out for trifles, so we lay still till morning, when we found that one of the tents in the company next to us had burned down.

March 23, 1862.—Pleasant most of the day. The Colonel came in last evening and said that Island No. 10 is taken with 15,000 prisoners. Find myself lame from playing ball yesterday. There were 400 of us playing at one time. Company inspections at 9:30 a. m. Religious services at 10:30.

March 25, 1862.—In the morning we were ordered to level and smooth up the parade ground. In the afternoon we were reviewed by Gen. McLowell. Quite a grand occasion. In the evening a negro and his wife gave us a dance. Today our regiment received a present of a beautiful silk flag from the State of Maine.

March 27, 1862.—Pleasant. In the afternoon we were reviewed by Gens. McDowell, King, Slocum and other officers, and honored with the presence of Gen. McClellan and some ladies. The 5th Me. was complimented as being the best appearing regiment on the field. Don't we swell up?

March 22, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. We begin to have a taste of the "Sunny South." This afternoon we were invited to be present at a sham battle, the 27th N. Y., in conjunction with a battery, against an imaginary foe. The infantry were to support the battery and it was quite exciting.

March 29, 1862.—Turned cold last night. Commenced snowing about 10:30 a. m. and continued till 10 at night. I was detailed on home guard today. About midnight we were awakened by some one calling out, "Are there any boys here from the 11th Me?" He was answered "Yes" from three or four tents. He then said: "Turn out as quick as possible and help me find the rest, for we have to start at 6 o'clock in the morning for Alexandria, Va.

April 1, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. After drill I went down in the woods a "Maying"—found two kinds of flowers, one of them like the trailing arbutus at home, only smaller. I went "Maying" in April and picked March flowers. In my ramble I suddenly came upon the camp of the 96th Pa., located in a beautiful spot.

April 2, 1862.—Battalion drill in the morning. In the afternoon we were ordered to the Captain's tent to sign the pay rolls. Since Gen. Slocum complimented us at the review the 27th N. Y. has felt rather hard toward us and calls us "Franklin's Pets;" so when we furnish guard at headquarters our Adjutant requests us to appear with our white gloves and a Union shine on our shoes. We have orders to be ready to march.

April 4, 1862.—We were to have been paid off today if we had remained at Camp Franklin. They were paying off the 27th N. Y. yesterday. We started on our march about noon and went 2 1-2 miles to the railroad, passing several forts. Went on board the cars at 2 p. m. and landed at Manassas at sunset.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF BULL RUN.

April 5, 1862.—I spent my spare time looking around, as we had liberty to go where we pleased. I went up to the depot, about a mile distant, to look at the ruins. The rebels destroyed a great amount of property here, clothing, provisions, etc. In the graveyard nearby some of the graves were open, and coffins empty, the bodies having been taken away by friends. I visited what had been a general hospital. From the blackened squares were two rows of broken crockery, each row marking where a line of beds stood. In one hospital the bodies of three dead soldiers had been burned in their haste, tho I saw the graves that had been dug for them. In the hospital graveyard I found numbers on the stakes set up by the graves running as high as 294; these with other graves in the vicinity make the number as high as 400; all had been buried this Winter and Spring; and none of them fell in battle.

April 6, 1862.—Pleasant with cool wind. About 8 a. m. Serg't Libby, Corp'l Stevens and I started for Bull Run battlefield, about five miles distant. Not knowing the way, we made eight or nine miles of it. On arriving there we saw graves with bones and clothing sticking out of them. We saw a place that looked as if it might perhaps have negroes living in it and went to it to ask infor-

mation. An old white-haired man came out, giving us a hearty welcome. We found him quite sociable and a rank secesh. Had we known that two of our men were shot in that neighborhood yesterday we should not have felt so comfortable, as we had no arms other than jack-knives. As it was we took dinner with the old gentleman, who treated us handsomely, and had not a word to say against the Federals. He gave us a history of himself and his blessing when we parted. I shall always have a pleasant memory of him. We went to see a stone house that had withstood the battle. A family is living in it, and a woman showed us the rooms where some of the wounded were carried at the time of the battle. About a mile from here we found what we were looking for—the place where the rebel "Black Horse Cavalry" charged with such deadly effect; and where, at the same time, our Zouaves spotted them with such certainty. There were skeletons of horses and some men scattered around. In one instance I counted skeletons of seven horses huddled together as if they had fallen in a heap, and among them were some human bones. Thru the middle of the field was a long ridge which marked the trench dug to receive the main bulk of the dead. Other graves were very thick and from some peeped red garments of Zouaves. In some instances a shoe and even bones were protruding from a grave. We got back to camp at sunset.

April 7, 1862.—Commenced snowing at 5 a. m. and continued till nearly noon. We were ordered to march at 9 a. m. We marched 10 miles on the railroad and camped at Catlett Station. We found plenty of pigs and rabbits in the woods, and in a short time the trees of our camp ground had much meat on the boughs.

April 8, 1862.—Rained and snowed all day and night. Went off to see what I could find to make myself comfortable. Got a backload of boards and made a floor to our tent. The first night we scraped together a lot of wet leaves, and went to the nearest house and got a bundle of straw to put on them, and over all we spread our rubber blankets. It made a fine bed. Last night many of the boys spread their rubber blankets right on the ground, and this morning the water was running over the blankets. About one-third of the regiment have taken up their abode in the houses near here, one-half of which are unoccupied. The occupied houses have guards to keep the soldiers from destroying things and to prevent the occupants from giving information to guerrilla bands. Carcasses of sheep, pigs, young cattle, turkeys and hens abound in this camp. We are living high.

April 9, 1862.—Cold windy day with snow and rain. Regiment paid off. I received $26 for January and February. Am about tired of looking for fair weather. Last night we drove down stakes in front of our tents and piled logs against them and built a rousing fire, and managed to keep our courage up till morning. Tonight at 12 it is snowing fast.

April 11, 1862.—Yesterday was cold and stormy all day and night till 3 a. m., when the snow was three inches deep; if it had not melted as it fell, it would have been at least eight inches deep. A bad night. We would lie in our wet blankets and wet clothes till we were so cold that we could neither sleep nor rest, and then get up and hover over the fire. This morning the sun shines, the birds sing, and squirrels are jumping around the camp. Spent the forenoon washing up, cleaning clothes, guns, etc. Yesterday was such a bad day and we were so uncomfortable and dispirited that many of us for the first time neither washed ourselves nor combed our hair. At 7 p. m. came orders to strike tents and pack up for a march, as the other regiments were already filing into the cars. We looked forward to a good night's rest in the cars to make up for the sleep we had lost in our late exposure, but we little knew what was in store for us. Hour after hour passed waiting for orders, and 3:30 a. m. came word that there were not cars enough and our regiment would have to march at 7 a. m. for Alexandria, Va.

April 12, 1862.—After sitting over our fires all night, we started at 7 a. m. with a load of 50 pounds besides our clothing, to march back thru the mud to Alexandria. I understand we are to be two days going. We reached our old camp ground about noon and halted about 45 minutes, during which time I think I slept 40 minutes. We then left the railroad and started for Centerville thru the outskirts of Bull Run battlefield. Encamped about 7 p. m. one mile from Centerville, and built our fires. The night was cold and I got up several times to warm myself. On our march we saw some of the rebel "Quaker guns" (wooden guns).

April 13, 1862.—Struck tents and marched at 7 a. m. Reached our old camp ground at Fairfax about noon, where we stopped an hour. Here two companies hired a team for $15 to take their knapsacks the remaining 17 miles. Our Major undertook to "cut across" and instead led us two miles out of the way over a dreadful country and streams without bridges. We reached our old Winter quar-

ters, near Alexandria, at 7 p. m., with blistered feet and ourselves tired out. We were glad to see our old tents still standing, as we expected the Government had packed them away till next Winter.

April 14, 1862.—Sprinkle of rain in the morning. Pleasant the rest of the day. Forty of us detailed to go on patrol guard at Alexandria and pick up members of our regiment. Found about 20 of them, mostly on the streets and in eating houses. Learned that black crape is tied on door handles for other purposes than death. Our guard at camp is now of double strength.

April 16, 1862.—Warm. Sick yesterday and am no better today. Went with the Captain to the doctor's tent for medicine. Excused from duty for the first time. The doctor talked quite furiously about our late march and its effect on the men. Drew a pair of pants and another pair of stockings today.

April 17, 1862.—We received marching orders last night about midnight. We struck 12 tents in each company, and for the fourth time left our old camp ground thinking we were not to return. It rained a little when we stared, but proved a good day for marching. I put my knapsack on one of the wagons and found it all I could do to carry my gun and equipments. We left at 9 a. m. and at noon we went on board a steamer at Alexandria, and dropped down the river a few miles.

DOWN THE POTOMAC.

April 18, 1862.—Pleasant. Weighed anchor at 10 a. m. and stood down the river with four schooners in tow, loaded with cavalry, artillery, horses and supplies. Strong head wind and we proceeded slowly. Anchored at dark just above Matthias Point. Had a view of Mt. Vernon and of the rebel fortifications that blockaded the Potomac so ineffectually that our vessels passed and repassed whenever they pleased.

April 19, 1862.—Cold and showery. Water smooth. Started at daylight down the river. Many of the boys amused themselves shooting ducks. Entered the Chesapeake Bay about noon. Anchored at Hampton Roads at 10 p. m. Heard cannonading in the direction of Yorktown.

April 20, 1862.—Rainy day. We started on a back track at daylight and anchored in the mouth of the Poquosin River at 10 a. m. among a large number of steamers and schooners. I understand we went to Hampton Roads to receive orders.

April 23, 1862.—Pleasant day. Still on board the steamer, lying about seven miles from Yorktown, where there is a large force of the enemy. There are a good many of the boys sick with the dysentery, myself among the rest. This is the ninth day since I was taken sick and I have lost much in weight. Suffered much for want of good water since we have been lying here a few feet from shore. Today the regiment went on shore while the boat was being cleaned. Got some fresh water, oysters, clams, etc.

April 24, 1862.—Pleasant. In the afternoon we steamed up and went down to Fortress Monroe. We took back a steamer of coal. Saw a quantity of shipping, also a French warship and an English one. We passed close to the little Monitor Ericsson, and gave her three hearty cheers. She has lately had an engagement with the Merrimac and I saw where two of the Merrimac's shots hit her and where it ran into her. Unless one had read a description of the Monitor, one would hardly suspect such an uncouth looking thing to be a powerful war vessel. Fortress Monroe is a strong and pretty place. None but officers were allowed to go ashore. I saw the noted Rip Raps, on which is a big Union gun, and I also saw the large gun called the "Nigger." The big Union gun is rifled and carries a slug weighing 532 pounds and 22 inches long. The cost of each discharge is $50.

April 27, 1862.—Cold and cloudy. No card or checker playing, which is the most essential difference I can see between today and yesterday. The Chaplain distributed some tracts to the boys. We are discontented on account of receiving no mail. Lieut. Robinson is back from Maine. There was a detail from each company tonight to go on some sort of an expedition—they don't know what until they get there.

April 28, 1862.—Regiment went on shore this afternoon. I took my clothes with me and did my washing and mending. The boys detailed yesterday came back this morning victorious. They were sent to recover 50 pontoons from York River, where they were in danger of being taken by the rebs.

April 29, 1862.—Very foggy morning, warm day, and showery evening. In the afternoon we all went on shore again and amused ourselves in various ways, some diving for oysters and clams, some reading and writing, and some roaming the woods, where we found extensive beds of prickly pear. Heavy cannonading at Yorktown, which ceased at 4 p. m. Hear report that New Orleans had been taken by our forces and that the Merrimac had been sunk.

May 1, 1862.—Foggy, misty day. Our company, with one other, occupies the upper cabin, which is more light, airy,

convenient, and healthy than any other part of the boat. Those below decks are having the worst of it.

May 2, 1862.—Very warm. Went on shore in the afternoon and did my washing. I then went into a creek where there was an oyster bed and dove for oysters, got enough for dinner and sold a quart for 40 cents. Heavy firing last night. Our boat moved up the river half a mile and anchored opposite the rebel barracks.

May 3, 1862.—Our regiment and two or three others slung knapsacks, took our equipments, and moved on shore in the afternoon. Marched half a mile and encamped in a cornfield. We are glad to leave the boat for a place where we can have more elbow room and better air. This is the 17th day since we embarked at Alexandria.

May 4, 1862.—Signs of rain. Regimental and company inspection this morning. We were expecting to march to Yorktown, but about 9 a. m. we received news of the evacuation of that stronghold, consequently all plans were changed. After inspection our Chaplain addressed us and spoke of the change in our plans and reminded us of that Being who is unchangeable, and then closed with a short prayer. We then broke ranks, struck tents, packed knapsacks and while waiting for orders to march I embraced the opportunity to do some mending. At 1 p. m. received orders to march back to the river and go on board the "John Brooks." We found back mail had arrived and I received a letter from home. This time we have to take the forward lower cabin and give up our pleasant saloon to those who before occupied this hole. It is tough, but no more than fair.

May 5, 1862.—Rained hard all day. At daylight we started for Yorktown, about 12 miles by water, as we have to go a long way around on account of a sand bar. We anchored opposite Yorktown at 8 p. m. I counted eighteen 100-pounders mounted on the rebel fortifications. It is a place to fortify, as nature has done more than art for it. The old earthworks built in Washington's time are perfect and covered with green grass. Cannonading all the afternoon but stopped at dark. Officers sent for two regiments to go out and take prisoners, also for 100 ambulances. The fighting is about 10 miles from here.

May 6, 1862.—Pleasant. We started at 8:30 a. m. for West Point with about 40 pontoons in tow which broke adrift three times during the trip. Two were stove up and one was lost. As there was a strong head wind we lost from two to four miles each time. Reached our destination at 3 p. m. and landed at the head of York River, where the Pamunky and Mattapony rivers unite. Just as the first regiment landed five rebels left a house near by and rode into the woods. The gunboats threw some shells that burst near them, but none of them were hit. This was the first shot I had seen fired at the enemy. Our regiment landed about sunset, and pitched tents on a high, level, green bank, and it seemed good to be free from that prison-hole of a ship. An Orderly of the 27th N. Y. was killed in the night by a rebel while on picket, and the rebel was killed by one of our Sergeants.

FIRST EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE.

May 7, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. An alarm at daybreak, and we were ordered to fall in with as little noise as possible. The alarm was caused by the rebs removing the blockade constructed by our pioneers last night. About 7 a. m. we heard volleys of musketry in the woods not far from where we landed, and we were all marched down there. Our duty was to support one of the batteries. We waited two hours for the rebs to come out of the woods, expecting every moment that the whole force which had been routed from Yorktown would be upon us. Presently came long rolls of musketry, and two saw several companies that had been reconnoitering driven back double quick into the fields. Our Colonel could stand it no longer, and asked leave to take his regiment into the woods. Going in I saw Capt. Curtis, of the 27th N. Y., walking a few steps to the rear holding his hand to his breast, when one of his company stepped up to assist him. A ball had passed thru his right breast and out thru his back. (See May 16, 1863.) We moved into the woods, making our way slowly and carefully thru thick underbrush, expecting every moment to receive a volley from the rebs, not thinking in our excitement and fright of our having a picket-line in front of us. Soon, however, our pickets appeared and fell in with us. The rebel line now opened on us and after exchanging a few volleys they fell back and followed on after their main army up the Peninsula. They appeared to be the rearguard of their retreating army from Yorktown. This was my first experience in actual warfare and it thoroughly tested my courage while silently making my way thru the dense underbrush to meet the enemy. Sometimes I was so weak in the knees that I had to take hold of the bushes and pull myself along, but pride supported me and after the first volley from the enemy I was all right. (Memo. Dec., 1865.) I have been in many a hard-fought battle since this but never expe-

rienced any weakness equal to this in making my way to the "front and center."

May 8, 1862.—Pleasant. Troops have been landing all day. McClellan's pickets reached us about 4 p. m. Dead bodies are being brought in from the woods. I think there must have been 80 or 100 wounded in yesterday's skirmish. I was detailed to work from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m., bringing army wagons from the schooners.

May 9, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. At 9 a. m. we had orders to march. We went to the lower end of our skirmish field and were ordered to pitch tents. We had just got them well bedded with pine boughs when orders came to be ready to march at noon. We ate some salt junk and hardtack and then struck tents and packed up. We struck into the woods; two miles brought us to a field of about 200 acres, a mile farther we found another large field and were surprised to see the Pamunky River with its shipping. We camped three miles from the mouth of the Potomac in New Kent County. Our regiment had to go on picket for the night.

May 10, 1862.—Very warm. We were relieved about noon and marched into camp and pitched out tents on Richard P. Lacey's plantation. Dr. Warren reports 42 dead and 93 wounded in our regiment as the effects of the skirmish last Wednesday.

May 11, 1862.—Comfortable day. Was detailed on home guard. Our brigade started on a march a half hour before I was relieved from guard, so I had to double-quick while the regiments ahead of me were resting, and came up to mine just as they entered the present camp ground. We met a long string of McClellan's wagons going to West Point for supplies sent by water. A rebel deserter says they had 300 killed and wounded last Wednesday. On guard at night.

May 13, 1862.—Warm. We were called up at 3 a. m., got our breakfast as soon as possible, and fell in for marching. Stood and hour before we were ordered forward. Marched 13 miles and encamped on the largest plantation I have seen, close to the Pamunky River. Our gunboats and transports are near us. Around us are 60,000 troops and more coming. The 6th and 7th Me. are here.

May 15, 1862.—Rainy all night and today. We were called up at 2 a. m. Struck tents, which were heavy and wet, and then waited till 6 o'clock for orders to start. We marched a mile and then halted an hour, and in this manner we went six or seven miles to the White House, on Col. Lee's plantation (Gen. Lee's son), which we reached at 2 p. m. A fine place, with 200 negroes on it, and they say 100 have been lately sold. The rebel forces which were between the Pamunky and Mattapony came up here last Friday and joined their Yorktown army that we were engaged with, by crossing the railroad bridge, which they burned after them. Saturday noon they all left, and toward night our advance column reached here.

May 17, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. Our regiment detailed on fatigue duty. We went two miles from camp with axes, shovels, picks, etc., to take up some old bridges and build new ones on the road to Richmond. A ration of whisky dealt out and some drunkenness ensued. Received four letters from home.

May 18, 1862.—In the afternoon I swam out into the river and did my washing. There was so much mouldy bread, offal, etc., near the shore that I could not consistently use the water.

May 19, 1862.—Rained toward night. We marched five miles toward Richmond. The boys found a lot of tobacco in its natural state in a barn and brought it in by armfuls. On our march we passed a guideboard which read as follows:

"Richmond, Va., 20 miles. Gorham, Me., 673 miles."

It was hailed with cheers and spicy comments.

May 20, 1862.—Pleasant. We begin to find strawberries. We marched four miles and camped. On our way we passed a trim little church, the first one I have seen in a long time. Last night when one of the boys of the 27th N. Y. got up to go on guard, in reaching out his hand, he put it on a large black snake that had crawled into the tent and stretched itself between the boys.

May 21, 1862.—Very hot day. We struck tents at 7:30 a. m. and marched to 3 p. m., and only went seven miles, but it proved the most fatiguing march we have had since leaving Alexandria. When we went into camp there were but 26 enlisted men present of our company. I am quite sick tonight. We are now within 10 or 12 miles of Richmond, near the Chickahominy River. The rebel pickets are less than two miles from us.

May 23, 1862.—Extremely hot yesterday and today. On our late march we passed a great many overcoats and blankets which our men had thrown away to lighten their loads. A balloon was up several times today. Our forces have been shelling the woods to see if rebel forces are concealed there. They drove out some cavalry during the operation. Fresh meat is dealt out instead of salt junk, consequently there are 60 men from our regiment alone on the sick list.

May 24, 1862.—Cold morning and a

rainy day. Yesterday the boys were around in shirts and drawers only; today in full dress and overcoats. Gen. McClellan passed thru our camp with body guard, the 4th Mich., and some prisoners taken in an engagement this forenoon. Mended my boots. A lot of light blue pants delivered to our regiment today. The Colonel sent one of our boys out of the ranks the other day for appearing in white drawers instead of blue pants when it was all the poor wretch had.

May 25, 1862.—Last night was so cold that although wrapped in an overcoat and blanket I got very little sleep. Many of the boys left their tents and hovered over the sentinel fires, but they cannot do so tonight, for we have moved two miles nearer the rebel lines and no fires will be allowed after 6 p. m. The picket lines are not three-quarters of a mile apart, and the rebs might shell us if they knew just how we lie. At sunset, while attending prayers, they threw three shells over us.

May 26, 1862.—Our tents were covered with frost this morning. Dug a trench around my tent to keep the water out and at 8 p. m. I turned in for the night. In a few minutes I was called out by an Orderly to know if I felt well enough to go on fatigue duty for the night. If not, he would excuse me. That is not the usual way of calling out a detail, so I said I was able and willing to go, but it was easier to make him believe it than it was to believe it myself. We marched off with axes, etc., two miles to build a bridge. On the way across a high knoll we had a good view of our camp, seen by lights from the officers' tents. We could also see the rebel camp and there are by no means a few of them. We could not finish the bridge, as the pontoons were delayed and we left as soon as it began to grow light. We are now seven miles from Richmond.

May 27, 1862.—We got back this morning in time to strike tents and march. We went two miles at a quick pace, in the rain, with mud ankle deep and everything heavy with water, and reached a place called Mechanicsville, where the Michigan regiment took the prisoners last Saturday. We then pitched our tents and got our breakfast. The houses around here are riddled with bullets. We are five miles from Richmond. Received letters from home.

RICHMOND—SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

May 29, 1862.—Pleasant. I saw for the first time, not the promised land, but the disputed city of Richmond. I went just outside of the picket line and climbed to the top of a tall tree, on a little hill, and there could plainly see the city. We moved about 40 rods for a better camping place.

May 30, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. Our company was called out to help protect a foraging party. We went on picket just before dark. My post was along a stone wall and I was not relieved until daylight. Under cover of my rubber blanket I watched all night thru the most terrific thunderstorm and brilliant display of lightning I ever saw. At daybreak the storm ceased.

May 31, 1862.—Our regiment fired on the rebel picket this morning. Some of their cavalry came out on the bridge we had orders to keep clear. We fired on them, but none of them were hit. About 1 p. m. a brisk cannonading with volleys of musketry was heard on our left, which lasted nearly all the afternoon. We attempted to cross the Chickahominy, but were driven back. Kearny then came to reinforce us; we retook the ground we had lost, and gained the day, but with heavy loss. When we got back to camp we were immediately marched out to the battlefield again to support two batteries should it be necessary. We returned to camp at dark. This was the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines. Federals killed, 891; wounded, 3,627; Confederates killed, 1,987; wounded, 3,233.

June 3, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. We started out on picket at 4 p. m. We were placed four on each post and stood 24 hours without being relieved. Commenced raining about dark and continued all night. We heard a smart engagement about two miles on our left, caused by troops crossing the river. Passed a disagreeable night. We lay secreted under the bushes in a drenching rain, doing our best to keep our eyes open and our ammunition dry. I stood seven hours for the two that belonged to me, and stood five of them alone, as I dared not trust the man whose turn it was, he having been on guard last night and was very sleepy and also troubled with a bad cough, not the best thing to have on picket within speaking distance of the enemy. Received letters and papers from home.

June 5, 1862.—Clouds and sunshine. Relieved from picket at 4 p. m. and returned to camp wet and tired and did our best to dry blankets, clothing, etc. I spent the rest of the day cleaning my gun and equipments and doing my washing.

June 6, 1862.—Cleared off at noon. I was detailed to go on guard at noon. We hear that Smith's Division is crossing the river a short distance below us. Our brigade struck tents and marched back two miles to join the rest of our division. I marched in the rear with the guard and

on our way the rebs threw shells at us that burst uncomfortably close. Of the nine who enlisted and came when I did six months ago but three are able to do duty.

June 9, 1862.—Cool. At 10 a. m. we started on picket to relieve the 16th N. Y. We have five men on a post now. From where I now sit I can count seven rebs. All quiet till about 2 p. m., when the Captain sent us word to secrete ourselves, for the rebs were creeping down toward us in the bushes. We had a shelter of boards leaning against a tree, but were sitting out in full view playing checkers when they commenced firing on us, several bullets whizzing very near our heads. They fired about a dozen times at our right. We kept the same place during the night, taking turns sleeping. Commenced raining at 3 a. m.

June 10, 1862.—Rained most all day. We were relieved at 10 a. m. by the 18th N. Y. Just as we were starting back a negro made his appearance on the other side of the creek and motioned that he wished to come over. He said he left Richmond last Sunday with four others, but our pickets fired on them when they attempted to cross over to our lines and they got separated and he had not seen the others since. He had information to give and was taken to the officers. The other four had reported. We are now camped on Wm. Gaines's plantation, on the Chickahominy River, seven miles east of Richmond.

June 13, 1862.—Very hot day. The nights would be called cold in Maine. One hundred and fifty men were detailed from our regiment to go on fatigue duty. We started at 8 a. m. and went about four miles to where they were building bridges on the Chickahominy. As they had men enough, we were ordered to the woods, about a mile farther on, to build corduroy roads. Beyond us was the 2d Me., standing in water up to their belts, cutting down trees. They left at 3 p. m. for Mechanicsville, five miles distant. We left at 4 o'clock. Our regiment now musters of able bodied men a little over 600, which is more than they will average. The 2d Me. has but 285. Received letters from home. Went to bed with the sick headache.

June 14, 1862.—Exceedingly hot with little air stirring. Our regiment called out under light marching orders at 6 a. m., and sent to the place where we worked on the road yesterday. There we stood in the hot sun as guard till noon, then worked on the road two hours, after which all but two companies were sent back, and went elsewhere under Gen. Edwards. We hear that the New Jersey boys are having a hard time across the river. They were in the late battle of Fair Oaks and are now but a short distance from the battleground. They have labored hard covering the dead, hundreds of which are buried but a few rods from their camp. The ground is covered with remains of dead men. The Jersey boys cannot advance, by reason of the heavy force in front, and they will not fall back, as they would lose the ground. They cannot even cut down a tree without the rebels shelling them.

June 17, 1862.—Pleasant. We are going out on picket. Am 30 years old today.

June 19, 1862.—Warm, fine day. Started to find a place to do some washing, and penetrating quite a distance into the Chickahominy Swamp, where I found beautiful magnolia trees in full bloom.

June 20, 1862.—Pleasant. Went over to the 7th Me. and called on some of the boys. Have been doing my sewing today. Last Tuesday night one of our boys who had been out on picket came back and told the reserve that the rebs were building a bridge in front of us, across the river, in the woods. We thought he was mistaken, but today our sharpshooters discovered five bridges pretty well under way and all of them between where we were picketed and Mechanicsville. They won't be allowed to complete them.

June 21, 1862.—Very warm, but pleasant. On guard from midnight till 4 p. m. There was quite a smart engagement this afternoon and we expected a general battle, but it subsided. It was occasioned by a rebel brigade coming out of the woods and driving back our pickets with the help of shell. We had two men killed and a number wounded. The rebel loss must have been much greater. The rebs were fired on again because they came out after their dead and wounded without a flag of truce.

June 22, 1862.—Very warm. This morning after daylight a rebel displayed a piece of newspaper on a stick and one of our men went out to see what it meant. He found a 2d N. C. man so badly hurt as to be unable to move. The boys filled his haversack with oranges, cakes, etc., and he was taken to the hospital with our wounded. After inspection, Davis, Merrill, and I went to visit Fair Oaks battlefield. We had an interesting day with much to see.

June 26, 1862.—The hottest day we have had. Yesterday our forces made an advance along the lines and there was heavy firing from 9:30 a. m. till dark, and we were ready with 65 rounds of cartridges to be called out at any time, but were finally sent to our quarters.

McClellan passed our brigade on his way from the battlefield and informed us that we had not only driven the enemy back, but could hold our position, which was incorrect. Today at 4 p. m. a very heavy cannonading commenced in the direction of Mecahnicsville, which grew hotter and heavier till it was terrific. It continued till dark and we were informed that the rebs had made an attack on our right wing, but had been driven back and finally whipped, but we feel strongly uncertain about it. For a long time there has been no unnecessary noise in our army, the bands have been silent, and not even a drum or a bugle call; but tonight the bands were playing and regiments were called out to cheer for the victory and this was kept up till a late hour. We cannot get particulars.

BATTLE OF GAINES'S HILL.

June 27, 1862.—Very hot day. About 2:30 a. m. we were aroused by a furious volley of musketry on our left. We immediately fell in, but soon all was quiet again. In the afternoon, while reconnoitering, we were smartly shelled and saluted with solid shot and for the first time we were obliged to skedaddle. They overshot us, however, and no one was injured. All the forenoon a heavy battle raged across the river on our right, and our forces were driven back from Mechanicsville to Gaines's Hill, and from there to Gaines's Mill. We were ordered out to tear up a bridge that we had built across the river, and which our brigade had been guarding. The new bridge about a mile above has been blown up. About 2 p. m. we started under light marching orders for Woodbury's Bridge, expecting we were to guard it or destroy it; but after meeting large numbers of wounded and finding we were going directly across the bridge we began to mistrust what was coming, that we were in for a row. We marched at a quick pace directly to the battlefield and took position in the rear of some batteries as a support, the solid shot and shell striking on each side of our column and shrieking like demons over our heads, and also a generous sprinkling of bullets. Only one man was hit and he was promptly carried off the field. After lying in a low place about half an hour listening to the incessant roar and watching the tide of battle we weer ordered forward; at this time there was a lull in the roar of musketry and the cannons appeared to have stopped to get their breath. We marched up to relieve the brigade of Regulars who had been engaging the enemy and who had just lost a battery. They were rushing away from the scene of carnage, carrying with them their dead and dying. Many of their wounded were dragging themselves off the field, some of them covered with grime and blood. Full of real grit, they would look up at us with sorrowful smiles and say, "Give it to them, boys." Poor fellows. They had done well, but were obliged to leave on account of overwhelming force. We took our position between two old negro huts with a rail fence about ten rods in front of us and another a few rods in our rear. Over the rail fence in front of us was a descending field and beyond that the woods. The width of the field was perhaps a long rifle shot. As soon as we got our positions we were ordered to lie down, when the most furious hail of lead passed over and among us I ever wish to see or hear. One of the boys said at the time, "Hell, boys, I can't get the point of my bayonet between the bullets." Perhaps we didn't hug mother earth then, and then again perhaps we did. The rain of lead eased up a little and we received orders to load and fire at will and not waste our ammunition. Our batteries had opened anew on both sides of us and the infernal screaming of shell from them and the whizzing and tearing of the iron from the rebel batteries, which was in many instances too close to be comfortable, made a veritable hell upon earth. If anyone could have been in a safe place and looked on at that time they would have doubted that there had ever been such a saying as "Peace on earth, good will toward men." At the expiration of the first half hour our regiment was left almost without officers. Our Colonel had about a pound of flesh torn from his arm by a shell Our Lieutenant-Colonel was shot thru the head by a bullet. Our Major is sick in the hospital, and our First Lieutenant, in command of the company, was shot three times. We suppose he is now in the hands of the rebs. Private Dan Harvey, the third man on my right, was shot thru the head. We having orders to fall back, took our station behind the rail fence in our rear, and the rebs advanced upon us: when we in turn advanced upon them and drove them back with bullets, not bayonets (for we had but few officers and were fighting almost on our own hook), and gained the cover of their fence and some trees in the vicinity. Here we had a fair sight of the rebs, and I was astonished that I could with so little compunction let slip death messengers at those poor victims. The rebs were from 10 to 80 yards from us, but many shots were exchanged at a much less distance than that. We were in the fight, I think, about two hours and a half, and when the last of our brigade left the field, being relieved

by another that acted as picket at night, the rebs had fallen back into the edge of the woods and the firing had ceased on all sides. Should it happen that I never return, it may be some satisfaction to my friends to know that of the 49 men that compose my company all but one had left the field of battle before I came away,—that one was Serg't J. B. Bailey; we tent together and we stuck by each other thru the whole fight. A bullet took some hair off my head just over my right ear and another made a hole in my pants leg is all I have to show for being in the thickest of the fight.

June 28, 1862.—We got into camp at 1:30. At daylight we were called out by the rebs opening on our left about a mile distant, with shell and musketry. Our division was rearguard, and the army, teams, etc., passed on all in good order towards the James River. We were shelled away from our knapsacks today, just after we had unslung them and put them in a pile, and we had to skedaddle into the woods. We were foolishly exposed to the rebel batteries by our officers. Some time after this some of us got permission to go out one at a time and pick up knapsacks—providing we would hurry—and look out for sharpshooters. Then the rebs would open their batteries on each individual man. Mighty small business I call it. I brought in three knapsacks and 10 blankets for the boys, besides my own, at one load.

HARD PICKET DUTY.

June 29, 1862.—Raining slightly. We were out nearly all last night. We marched at 1:30 a. m. back toward the James River. It appears we are "changing base." After marching about three miles we came to a halt, and I got an hour's sleep, which I needed. Here they were giving to all of the soldiers who would take them blankets, clothing, rations, and commissary stores of all kinds, while large piles of goods were burning. It looks to me as if the rebs had us on the run. At daylight we pushed on and at night our regiment, with others, was detailed to go on picket. Our company was held as a reserve and we expected a little sleep; but during the first part of the night there was a disturbance and we were all turned out and posted for a while; and in consequence of our Second Lieutenant making a blunder Serg't Bailey and I were left, each on our post alone, all night, without being relieved. This was trying a fellow's waking powers rather steep. By daylight I had got my mad up, and regardless of the risk of being court-martialed I left my post and went to the reserve and got Serg't Bailey and myself changed. It was very quiet today, except a continual popping of muskets in the front line, till 9 p. m., when the rebs opened again on our left, and many batteries were brought into action. We had a glorious row for several minutes and then all was quiet for the night. I think it was a general scare.

June 30, 1862.—At 9 a. m. we marched back about a mile to support batteries. They opened on the rebs about 3:30 p. m. and we lay flat on the ground some 15 rods in their rear, among pine trees. The rebs appeared to be swarming all around us, and as the booming of cannon closed in nearer and nearer we saw but two surely that we were bagged. The staff officers looked anxious, then decidedly serious; they held a council and decided on something, for above the din we heard the order, "Double-shot those guns; pour in grape and canister as fast as possible." Heavens; didn't those pieces bellow. They must have performed awful execution, too. The rebel shells, solid shot, railroad iron were by no means inactive either. With awful screech and a spat, a shot went past me and as I looked around to see what it hit an officer pitched from his saddle unhurt, but his horse cantered off with one hind leg dangling. I saw the battery boys drop, torn and mangled, and they were quickly carried past us to the rear. We lay there nearly three hours, during which time there must have been an immense amount of lead and iron hurled thru the air. When we were ordered to march we filed into the woods to our left and commenced a reconnoissance, but the enemy had fallen back and we did not get sight of them. After dark we marched back in the rear of the batteries and it appeared to be our object now to get away if possible. We started on about a mile, when we met cavalry pickets who told us that the rebs had possession of the road a short distance ahead. We then went back a short ways and turned into the woods and lay quiet. The night was dark, which was favorable to us. After midnight we had orders to fall in and keep still. The rebs had fallen back from the road across the field into the woods. Our artillery passed on very quietly ahead of us, then we silently and quickly marched after them toward the James River. By daylight we were out of the bag.

SURROUNDED BY CANNON.

July 1, 1862.—About an hour after daylight we halted on a hill or table land, nearly surrounded by woods and a line of cannon almost around it and large numbers of them inside the line. Here we could see the James River and were un-

der cover of our gunboats. We stopped a couple of hours and most of the time I spent in sleep. It is astonishing how we stand the hardships and exertions with so little sleep and rest; probably it is the excitement that keeps us up. We are, however, beginning to give out. Some of us, myself among the number, have thrown away our knapsacks, tents, woolen blankets, and dress coats; some few have lost everything, even their guns and equipments. About 8:30 a. m. we were ordered to fall in and marched several miles. I was so near asleep that I knew but little of what was going on. We halted in a great plain filled with wheatfields, upon which I saw more army wagons than I ever did before or ever expect to see again. We stopped here till about 3 p. m., when we were marched into the woods to our left and placed on picket with a number of other regiments; for it was thought that the enemy were trying to outflank us in that direction. We worked hard till dark throwing up breastworks. The boys had a hot time at Malvern Hill today.

July 2, 1862.—Last night was an awful one. Many of us only had rubber blankets for shelter, and the rain poured down in torrents. I succeeded in getting shelter under a comrade's tent. We were on picket until 1:30 a. m. and then fell in and marched to the James River, where we arrived at 8 a. m. It still continues to rain. We are now on the banks of the river and our gunboats and any quantity of transports are here.

July 15, 1862.—Very warm and bright. Most of our regiment have lost their knapsacks and blankets. Lost them in the late battles. All I have is a rubber blanket, haversack and canteen. The rebs have followed us up and have opened on us with shell, but our gunboats will keep them back. We have received reinforcements and I hope we can now hold our own at least. We are at Harrison's Landing, five miles below City Point, east side of the James River.

July 4, 1862.—Pleasant. Sent letters home. Our bands are beginning to revive again. During the last two weeks we have been almost constantly exposed to the fire of the enemy, have slept but little, have been on duty seven-eighths of the time, and have been in battle four or five times. We have been on fatigue duty today.

July 5, 1862.—Very warm. I went out with the company at daylight to cut down trees to give the artillery range. The rebs sent in so many bullets that cavalry was sent to drive them away. I worked till I was about used up. We left for camp at 1 p. m.

July 6, 1862.—Very warm. During the morning inspection I fainted and fell down in the ranks. I believe I am sick.

July 8, 1862.—Sick in quarters yesterday and today. The company is out building a fort.

July 9, 1862.—Very hot day. Started on picket in the morning. We went out about two miles. We are to have a company cook now. President Lincoln visited camp today.

July 10, 1862.—Showery in the forenoon. We were relieved from picket at noon. We went out to work on a fort at 8 p. m. and worked till midnight.

July 11, 1862.—Rainy day. We heard heavy cannonading on the river this afternoon. Our regimental band is to be discharged and sent home. One band to an army is abundantly sufficient I think. Our Corps, the Sixth, is now commanded by Franklin; our Division, the Second, by Slocum.

July 13, 1862.—Very warm. On guard from 4 to 8 a. m. Went up to a pond near here and found some beautiful lilies. The 3d and 4th Me. are camped near here. The 16th and 27th N. Y. are out on fatigue duty. Sent letters home.

July 15, 1862.—Very warm and bright. Went out on fatigue duty at daylight. Worked till 8 a. m., getting out timbers for the magazine. Orders are getting strict. We are to have roll call four times and inspection once a day.

July 16, 1862.—Intensely hot. Heavy showers after sunset. The lightning killed seven mules and a horse in our division, besides striking a man. Received orders to pack up and march, but we had to go on picket in the afternoon, two miles away, and we got a thorough soaking.

July 17, 1862.—Out on picket. No rebel forces within several miles, except once in a while a few scouts. The rebs may have fallen back to draw us out of our stronghold. Things are going rather loose again. It is contrary to orders to fire when on the outpost, except at the enemy; but some of the boys are picking off the pigs and have dressed quite a lot of them, which they will smuggle into camp.

July 18, 1862.—Commenced raining yesterday before we got in from picket and continued all night. We had our tents to pitch, and everything was wet and muddy. Passed an uncomfortable night. My paper, envelopes, stamps and everything else is wet and even my pencil is unglued and came apart in my pocket. My pocketbook would be an astonishment to the giver. I am glad the weather, times, and changes have not dealt so severely with me.

July 24, 1862.—Geo. Morgan died today of heart disease, and Serg't Bailey, Alonzo Goodwin and I made a coffin to bury him in.

July 26, 1862.—Rained all last night, but pleasant today. Went on picket. Received letters and pictures from home.

July 27, 1862.—Pleasant. Came in from picket sick tonight. John Gross died today.

July 28, 1862.—Serg't Bailey sick. Gross buried under arms. Six burials nearby today. Funerals are getting too plentiful.

July 29, 1862.—Five details made out today, but I escaped them all. I think it was very proper, as I am far from well. Serg't Bailey is better.

July 31, 1862.—Sick and off duty yesterday and today.

Aug. 1, 1862.—The rebs opened a battery on our transports and sent a few shells across the river at us. They sank one transport, killing five men and wounding several. It was a smart engagement for an hour, but our gunboats silenced them. This occurred about 1 o'clock last night. Our regiment went on picket, but I was excused from duty by the doctor. I find myself weak and running down.

Aug. 2, 1862.—Squads are busy working on the breastworks. I went over to see Whitefield Verrill, but he had gone on picket.

Aug. 3, 1862.—Showery. Squads still working on the breastworks. Silas Crooker went home on a furlough today. I am better, but still very weak.

ARMY PAY AND SUTLER PRICES.

Aug. 4, 1862.—Pleasant. We were paid off today. I received $60, which is four months' pay and $8 clothing allowance. As I have no appetite for rations, I bought a loaf of bread for 20 cents; a pound of sugar 30 cents, and a can of condensed milk $1. Our only chance to get anything besides rations is with the sutlers, and they charge enormous prices, 12c for one egg.

Aug. 5, 1862.—A large number of cavalry went out this morning before daylight. We received orders to pack up all but our tents. At 6 a. m. a heavy cannonading commenced up the river, which we supposed to be an attack on Fort Darling, but before night we concluded they must be disputing over Malvern Hill, six or seven miles distant.

Aug. 7, 1862.—Our regiment with others detailed to go out and fell trees to give the batteries range. We have cut quite a number of acres of timber since we came here, built some forts and many miles of road.

Aug. 8, 1862.—Received orders to pack up knapsacks and carry them to the Quartermaster's to be taken down to the transport immediately, and we are to hold ourselves in readiness to march at 2 p. m. tomorrow. All who are unable to march 20 miles are to report to the doctor.

Aug. 11, 1862.—Very hot. We struck tents, packed up and went on picket. Showers in the afternoon.

Aug. 12, 1862.—Very hot. Col. Jackson, who was wounded June 27, and the Chaplain, got back to the regiment today.

Aug. 13, 1862.—Pleasant. Last night was almost cold. Today Orderly Serg't Stevens was promoted to Lieutenant, Serg't B. Day was made Orderly, and I was appointed Corporal.

Aug. 15, 1862.—Cloudy day. I am not very well yet. Last evening we had orders to march at daybreak, and today would have been the best day for a march we have had this Summer, but we didn't go. Nearly all the other brigades have gone and left great quantities of tent stuff, axes, shovels, etc., on the ground, besides burning a great deal. We got ready to march, according to orders, and waited hour after hour, and now at dark we have made preparations to spend the night here as usual. The sick have been taken to the hospitals, and the cooks and field officers have left.

Aug. 16, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. We found some salt junk that some of the brigades left, and spent the forenoon cooking and eating it. We also found some rice and hardtack. Our teams have all left, and tonight our two days' rations will be gone. The roads have been crowded all the time for two days with teams and troops and sometimes they remain stationary for hours. At 3 p. m. we received orders to march immediately We started down the river under cover of our gunboats, altho we could not see the river on account of the woods. We marched six miles, passing New Kent Courthouse on the way. Green corn is plentiful. We camped at dark, wrapped our blankets around us and lay down on the ground without pitching tents.

Aug. 17, 1862.—Very cold for this time of the year. Cooked our breakfast and started on our march at 5:20 a. m. We marched about 15 miles. A part of the time our progress was much impeded by teams, but we finally took a clear road and reached the mouth of the Chickahominy, which we crossed on a pontoon bridge made of 100 boats, and camped about 2 p. m.

Aug. 18, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. Cooked breakfast and started on the march at 5:20 a. m. Had a clear way,

as the wagons were on another road. We marched at a quick pace 13 miles and reached old Williamsburg at 10:30 a. m. Footsore and weary we came to a halt and prepared for dinner, but were immediately marched off, and passed thru the city. Surprised to find it so large and fine.

Aug. 19, 1862.—Cold nights with heavy dews. We heard the report of cannons in the morning. Started at 6:30 a. m., marched 10 miles, and came to Yorktown about 2 p. m. Encamped on the York River a mile or so below the city. We find many peach orchards and fig trees here. Did my washing in the forenoon. Clif. Jones and I spread our rubbers on the sand by the river and slept there all night.

Aug. 21, 1862.—Very hot. Reached Newport News at 11 a. m. and encamped close to the river. We had a good time bathing and getting oysters.

UP THE POTOMAC.

Aug. 22, 1862.—Left Newport News about midnight and marched to Fortress Monroe, where we went on board the transport "John Brooks."

Aug. 24, 1862.—Had a pleasant trip up the Potomac yesterday and today we landed at Alexandria at 1 p. m. We marched three miles and encamped at Fort Ellsworth. Very cold night.

Aug. 25, 1862.—Signs of rain. Cyrenus Stevens went to Alexandria this morning to see Albert Freeman, but found that he had died shortly before. His leg had been amputated by Dr. Garselon, and last night it began to bleed, and the doctor was unable to stop it and he bled to death. Received letters from home. Much dispirited to hear of the probable death of Brother Edward P. Verrill at the battle of Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9.

Aug. 26, 1862.—The hottest day we have had since leaving Harrison's Landing, but the nights are cool. Troops are passing over the railroad as fast as possible for Manassas Junction, Catlett Station and that vicinity, and more are continually coming in and pitching their tents near us, waiting to take the cars. Our whole company on guard today. We hear that Horace H. Moody of our company died a few days ago in a hospital in Rhode Island.

Aug. 27, 1862.—Very hot. Today we were each furnished with a loaf of soft bread. Brisk cannonading in the direction of Manassas. About noon the report was that the guerrillas had got in the rear of Pope and that an engagement had taken place this side of Manassas. It is also reported that a Jersey brigade that left here on the cars this morning were taken prisoners. At 3 p. m. we struck tents, and marched a mile or so to Fort Lyon and camped. Fruit, cakes, milk and everything else very cheap compared with what we have been paying the sutler, but most of us have not a cent to buy with. A little after midnight we saw a great fire in the direction of Manassas.

Aug. 28, 1862.—Cloudy. Some of the 10th Maine Band were here and they told me of Brother Edward Verrill's death. He was wounded shortly after the battle of Cedar Mountain commenced, but did not die immediately. Ed Kent Verrill and Daniel Lewis were in the battle. The 16th Maine is near Camp Franklin, about four miles from here, and Daniel Perry sent for me to come and see him. We hear that 10,000 rebel cavalry are at Manassas, and that Pope is in a tight place, with communications with Washington cut off.

Aug. 29, 1862.—Left Fort Lyon and marched toward Centerville, camped at Annandale. We can hear the report of the guns at the battle of Bull Run.

Aug. 30, 1862.—Marched all day. Passed thru Centerville, and crossed Cub Run a little before sunset. We found a grand skedaddling of our forces and baggage wagons under McCall, and we had to cover their retreat.

Aug. 31, 1862.—Marched back about two miles to Centerville Hights and camped.

Sept. 1, 1862.—About 10 p. m. we left Centerville and marched seven or eight miles thru the mud, and then went back a ways and camped two or three miles from Fairfax Courthouse. We had an awful hard march for so short a one, and it was daybreak before we camped. Just before we left Centerville Gen. Kearny passed along about sunset toward the picket line, and shortly after we heard he had been killed.

Sept. 2, 1862.—Cold night. In the after noon we were called out in line of battle, but did not get sight of the enemy. Marched to Fort Lyon and camped about midnight. I lost my woolen blanket on the way. Heavy firing in our rear.

Sept. 3, 1862.—Marched to Fairfax Seminary.

Sept. 5, 1862.—Nat Downing came to see me yesterday. Today I went over beyond our old Camp Franklin and did my washing.

Sept. 6, 1862.—We left Alexandria, crossed the Potomac, marched thru Washington and camped on Georgetown Hights. Drew another woolen blanket.

Sept. 8, 1862.—Left Georgetown Hights and took up our line of march toward Sugarloaf Mountain.

MARCHING, AND THEN SOME MORE.

Sept. 12, 1862.—We were called out at daylight and ordered to be ready to march at 6, but did not start till 9. We crossed the foot of Sugarloaf Mountain in the forenoon. Marched some 12 miles and camped at 5 p. m. about a mile from Hanover. Very warm day. The first of the march we were allowed to stop and rest occasionally; but after the officers had taken their dinners and filled themselves with whisky they led us off at an unreasonable rate, and many of the boys fell out regardless of court-martial, and quite a number fainted. The doctors had plenty to do, and one of them said these marches were killing the men faster than bullets ever would. We passed a place vacated last night by rebel cavalry who went to Fredericksburg.

Sept. 13, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. At 6:30 a. m. a heavy cannonading commenced toward Frederick City, Md. On our march we crossed many clear running streams. Our company and Co. D formed the rearguard of the brigade. We marched four or five miles and went into camp, and had gotten nicely settled when the regiment was called out on picket. Marched out about six miles and then came back two miles, as Maj. Edwards had made a blunder and marched us out too far. I find myself nearly sick again.

Sept. 14, 1862.—Marched at 5 a. m. and crossed Maryland Hights. We had a beautiful view of the valley beyond Harper's Ferry Gap, where three valleys converge. It is the most beautiful view I have ever seen. There are many fine farms and an abundance of fruit. We reached Crampton Gap (Blue Ridge) about 4 p. m. and here had a battle that lasted till dark. Our regiment lost four killed and 31 wounded. Our company had three wounded beside Stub Chase, who was wounded and afterwards died. Chase would lie on his back and point his musket towards the rebs and fire. Larrabee and I told him it was a cowardly way to fight. He said he proposed to take things easy, but was not afraid to face the rebs, whereupon he arose to his knees and fired. Just as he fired he received a ball in his shoulder and died later. We took many prisoners and camped on the Mountain.

Sept. 15, 1862.—I found the 7th Me. this morning and took breakfast with Silas Crooker, which consisted of rebel hoe cake, boiled potatoes and hot coffee. This was the first I have eaten since yesterday morning. I went to my regiment and lay on my back all day. Our side lost 640 in killed and wounded yesterday. We can hear cannonading at intervals, but this part of the army is quiet.

Sept. 16, 1862.—Am weak and sick, and still obliged to lie flat on my back. We are quiet, but there is a smart battle raging over in the valley to our right, near Harper's Ferry. Hear that Col. Miles surrendered a fort on the Heights and was killed immediately afterwards. The regiments are so closely packed together that we cannot pitch our tents. I have no appetite for anything except letters from home and those I don't get.

Sept. 17, 1862.—Very weak this morning, and went to the Surgeon, who exused me from duty. Our regiment marched about 10 miles in the morning and supported a battery that was playing into the rebel lines. I could not keep up with the regiment today, but from afar I viewed the battle. Our lines extended four or five miles, and from the Hights I had a splendid view of the firing line. While standing there Gen. McClellan and staff galloped by, and as I followed on toward the battle I found a beautiful pair of field glasses that the General had dropped.

LOOKING OVER A BATTLEFIELD.

Sept. 18, 1862.—Showers in the morning. I am able to do duty today. Our regiment had some skirmishing about noon. Flags of truce were exchanged in the afternoon and both sides commenced burying their dead. I traveled about two miles over the battleground which we had taken from the rebs, and it was an awful sight. Later we were in line of battle on the right. Today I saw a row of graves where 20 of the boys belonging to the 10th Me. are buried, and among them George Fuller. At night we slept on our arms with the dead lying thickly around us.

Sept. 19, 1862.—The rebels fell back across the river during the night, and our forces advanced to the river this morning. As I am still very weak, I got a pass from the Surgeon to follow in the rear. The greater part of the way was over the battlefield, and I had a good opportunity to see the sad results.

Sept. 20, 1862.—I came up with the regiment at 8 a. m. Heavy firing in the afternoon near the river. We took up our line of march at midnight and I again got a pass to fall in the rear. I only went about a mile and turned in for the night. The regiment marched about 11 miles, thru Sharpsburg, and camped several miles from Williamsport.

Sept. 21, 1862.—I marched all day—about 10 miles—and came up with the regiment at dark. On the way I passed over the Williamsburg turnpike where the rebels had their line of battle drawn up

last Wednesday, and soldiers and citizens were burying the dead. They first gathered them together in rows, and in one row I counted 90 bodies.

Sept. 22, 1862.—Went to the Surgeon and got some quinine. I am some better today, and if I could lie still a day or two I would be all right, but it is hard work to gain much strength while on the march all the time. Sent letter home.

Sept. 23, 1862.—At 2 p. m. the regiment marched back five miles toward the battleground. Camped within a couple of miles of the river to keep the rebs back. I came along in the ambulance and did not get in till morning. Have been sick and vomiting all day.

Sept. 24, 1862.—Rainy nearly all day. I got into camp at 7 a. m. Am a little better today. We are near a flour mill and the boys are buying flour at three cents a pound. Sent a letter home.

Sept. 25, 1862.—Heavy frost last night. Not very well and had to lie flat on my back all day. We hear that President Lincoln has issued a proclamation to the South saying that they can come back into the Union any time before the year 1863, and their property shall be restored, each side to pay their part of the costs of war; otherwise he will liberate their slaves and turn their property over to the Government.

Sept. 27, 1862.—Cloudy. It is getting quite dry. I find myself better. I received word from the Adams Express Co. at Boston that there is a box in their office for me. It was sent to me from home over two months ago.

Sept. 29, 1862.—Pleasant. Yesterday we went on picket. We marched a couple of miles and halted in a little village called Bakersville. We got back to camp today.

Oct. 1, 1862.—Bought a dollar's worth of cakes and cheese. We hear that peace commissioners are on their way to Washington from Richmond. Our regiment struck tents, policed the ground, and then pitched tents again.

Oct. 2, 1862.—On guard today. We hear occasional firing of heavy guns in the direction of Harper's Ferry. I received a letter from Serg't Bailey. He is sick in hospital.

Oct. 3, 1862.—A warm night and day. We were relieved from guard in the forenoon. Our division was reviewed in the afternoon by President Lincoln, also other divisions of the corps in this vicinity. McClellan and Franklin were present.

Oct. 4, 1862.—Rain, with a severe gale of wind. On police duty in the forenoon. Regimental inspection in the afternoon.

Oct. 5, 1862.—Religious services in the forenoon. Last night Stevens and I started off to find some apples, and succeeded; we also got a bundle of straw to sleep on. I am getting corns on my hips from sleeping on the hard ground. Twelve of the boys went in another direction, but were not as fortunate as we were. They were fired on three times by the guard. Of course no one was hit, but two of the boys were injured by clubs and stones thrown at them by citizens; they got no apples, but on the way back they killed a 'possum, which they cooked for dinner today.

Oct. 6, 1862.—White Verrill came over and took dinner with me. His regiment leaves for Portland soon, and I gave him a package to take home.

Oct. 7, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. Daniel Perry came over to see me. Battalion drill. Cleaned my gun and prepared for inspection tomorrow. Received letters and papers from home.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN TAILOR.

Oct. 8, 1862.—Very pleasant. Did my washing, mended my pants, and patched the heels of my stockings. The 7th Me. started for Portland today. Inspection under Gen. Bartlett. I was three-quarters of a minute late at roll call this morning, and expected to be sentenced to pick stones or some other disagreeable job, but have heard nothing from it.

Oct. 10, 1862.—Cold and rainy. Yesterday the batteries of our brigade left for Hagerstown. I drew a pair of stockings. Our company now numbers 30 men. Last spring when we left Camp Franklin we had over 70 men. Smith's Division left for Hagerstown tonight.

Oct. 12, 1862.—Cold night, and the coldest day we have had this fall. Inspection in the morning, religious services in the forenoon and dress parade in the afternoon. Lieut. Lamont got back from Maine today.

Oct. 14, 1862.—Cold and cloudy yesterday and today. About 10 a. m. we started on picket, went down the river and posted ourselves in a pleasant valley about 3 miles from camp. We have a good view of the rebel pickets on the other side of the river.

Oct. 15, 1862.—Cloudy and cool. Today I went out on an island in the river, and met a reb half way and exchanged papers with him—gave him a Philadelphia Enquirer for a Richmond Examiner. Received papers and letters from home.

Oct. 16, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. The 32d N. Y. received us about noon. A number of boxes came for the boys today, having been on the road 5 or 6 weeks; all the eatables were spoiled. Heavy firing was heard in the morning.

Oct. 18, 1862.—Cold night with a

heavy frost, but a pleasant day; went to the doctor for some medicine. At noon we were ordered to strike tents and march. We went about a mile toward the river and camped in a field with neither wood nor water.

Oct. 19, 1862.—On guard today. Rained a little in the afternoon. Inspection and religious services in the forenoon. Our old adjutant, Geo. W. Graffan, was discharged from the service today for cowardice shown at the battle of Antietam. We received our knapsacks today, which had been sent to Washington at the beginning of hot weather.

Oct. 20, 1862.—About noon we were called out under heavy marching orders. We went a round-about way to our old camp ground, and then went up in the woods and camped just back of where the 7th Maine had been.

Oct. 21, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. We had a tedious job policing our new camp ground, which has a heavy growth of oak and walnut on it. Some of our forces went across the river scouting today. We drew a ration of flour today, which is quite a rarity; we stir it up with water and fry it in a tin plate.

Oct. 22, 1862.—Very cold and windy, consequently we had no dress parade. Sent letters home. I am not very well, so I have remained in camp and done my washing. I drew a shirt, and then bought another, and put them both on and can't keep warm now.

Oct. 23, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. Company drill in the forenoon. I was so weak that I found it all I could do to go through the drill.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

Oct. 24, 1862.—Serg't Roberts and Corp. Berry reduced to the ranks today for taking or allowing others to take Capt. Millett's beans from the oven while they were on guard night before last. Two privates were concerned in the matter, but they were not punished.

Oct. 25, 1862.—This afternoon our division was reviewed by Gen. Brooks, who now commands it. Today all who wish have a chance to join the Regular cavalry, artillery, or infantry, and quite a number have put their names on the list.

Oct. 27, 1862.—Yesterday was a cold, disagreeable day, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets and kept as quiet as possible. Very windy and rained last night. Cleared off cold this morning. Received orders to be ready to move at 6 hours notice.

Oct. 28, 1862.—Pleasant and warmer. Our company changed cooks today. I was detailed with two others to do police duty.

Oct. 29, 1862.—This forenoon an alarm was given that the rebs were crossing the river near dam No. 4, and a force was called out to meet them; but neither party attempted to cross the river. In the afternoon our regiment went on picket, crossing dam No. 4. About a mile above we went by a lock through which canal boats pass up and down the river. We expected to stay on picket 2 days, but were relieved at 7 p. m. and marched back to camp.

Oct. 31, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. This is a valley of fine farms ad houses. There are but few poor people in the valley. We commenced our march at 7 a. m. Went through Crampton Gap, over the battleground of Bucketsville, and within two miles of Harper's Ferry Gap. We marched about six miles and pitched our tents at noon. Franklin's, Couch's and Smith's Divisions are advancing on this wing. The 10th Maine is encamped near here, and Daniel Verrill called on me tonight. I am slightly ill and my feet are blistered.

Nov. 2, 1862.—Warm today. Commenced our march at daylight, went eight miles, and camped at noon about three miles from the river. We passed thru Lovettsville where Ed. K. Verrill, of the 10th Maine, was doing guard duty, and had a chat with him. Cannonading some 10 miles away commenced about 10 a. m. and continued till sunset. Divine services in the afternoon and at the same time 3,000 head of cattle and any amount of artillery were passing by. Wonder which attracted the most attention? McClellan and Burnside passed thru camp today.

Nov. 3, 1862.—Cold and cloudy. A good day for marching. We started at 7 a. m. and went 7 miles and pitched tents at noon. This afternoon five boys were "drummed out" of the Jersey brigade for cowardice. They had their heads half shaved, and buttons cut from their coats, and were then marched bareheaded through the brigade between two files of bayonets. We hear cannonading I found some ripe persimmons today.

Nov. 4, 1862.—Cold. We started at 9:30 a. m., marched 6 or 7 miles thru fields, as the road was filled with teams. Went into camp at 3:30 p. m.

Nov. 5, 1862.—Cold and cloudy. We lay in camp all the forenoon waiting for orders to march, which came at noon. We marched through fields all the way at a quick pace, halting several times. We marched about 8 miles, passing through Bloomfield. Persimmon trees were hanging full of fruit.

Nov. 6, 1862.—Last night was windy and ice froze a half inch thick. Looks

and feels like snow. We marched at 8 a. m., going 14 or 15 miles, and camped at White Plains, where we crossed the Manassas Gap & Winchester Ry. A very tedious march.

Nov. 9, 1862.—Cloudy, cold, and blustering. We have been lying here for two days trying to keep warm, thru a snow storm, expecting orders to march, which did not come till today. We heard last night that McClellan is superseded by Burnside, which caused considerable excitement in camp. We struck tents and marched at 8 a. m., halted an hour in an open field where we nearly froze, and then started on, forming the rear guard of the division. We marched about 6 miles over horrid roads, and camped in the woods about 4 p. m. On the way we passed thru Ashby's Gap. There is no snow here but the mountains are white.

Nov. 10, 1862.—Warm and pleasant. McClellan and Burnside visited us this morning and were greeted with cheers. Several exchanged prisoners came into camp today. There appears to be a smart battle some miles from here, from the noise.

Nov. 13, 1862.—Cool and pleasant. Everything quiet around camp for several days. Nearly all of our field officers are promoted. Received letters from home saying the children have the whooping cough.

Nov. 14, 1862.—Warm and bright. This afternoon we moved onto a high wooded hill and camped.

Nov. 15, 1862.—Rather cold. We marched at 7 a. m. at a quick pace all the way, about 13 or 14 miles. En route we passed thru New Baltimore, Greenwich, and Catlett Station, and camped about two miles from the latter place. Some rain at night.

MORE MARCHING.

Nov. 18, 1862.—Rainy. Commenced our march at 7 a. m. and reached Stratford C. H. at 4 p. m., having marched 15 miles. We then went out a mile or so on picket. The 18th N. Y. are on picket near us. We found a good thatched cot filled with husks, where we took up our lodging. We are within eight miles of Aquia Creek Landing and 10 miles of Fredericksburg. I was about used up and when nearly into camp I fell out.

Nov. 19, 1862.—Misty and warm. We were relieved from picket at 9 a. m. and marched back to camp in a miserable brush wood. I had a sleepless night. Rations are short, and I got no letters from home.

Nov. 23, 1862.—Clear and cold. Inspection in the morning. Religious services in the afternoon, also in the evening; while I was at worship some one stole a clean shirt out of my knapsack.

Nov. 24, 1862.—Cold and clear. Brigade inspection in the forenoon. We commenced drilling according to Hardee's Tactics.

Nov. 25, 1862.—Rainy. I was detailed as a Corporal of the guard.

Nov. 26, 1862.—Cleared off in the forenoon. Not much of interest in this vicinity today. We find ourselves in the habit of sitting up late nights hovering over the fire and telling long yarns, and those who use it, mourning for tobacco.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 27, 1862.—Clear and pleasant. There are few who do not express a wish to be at home today. Last year the company had a Thanksgiving box sent them; but this year, being liable to move at any time, they had to do without anything of the kind, so we content ourselves with hardtack. It so happens that we are shorter of rations than usual. I sent a letter home.

Nov. 28, 1862.—Cold, blustering day. At 9 a. m. all but two companies of our regiment were called out under light marching orders to guard the telegraph line, which has been cut twice by the citizens. The roads are very bad, and two sutlers' teams got stuck in the mud. The drivers offered our boys tobacco to help them out. then refused to give it to them. The boys then jumped upon the wheels and settled them back into the mud and cleaned out both wagons and demolished one of them.

Nov. 30, 1862.—Heavy frost last night. Inspection and religious services. Text: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Dec. 1, 1862.—Rainy. Commenced getting out timber for the basement of our tent, and carrying stone for a fireplace and chimney. Six of us are to occupy it together.

Dec. 3, 1862.—Cold and cloudy. Received letter from home. We finished the chimney to our tent and moved in. It would have furnished us with nice, comfortable lodgings, but on dress parade we received orders to march at daylight tomorrow, heavy marching orders. Such is a soldier's life.

Dec. 4, 1862.—Very cold. We started at daylight and marched about 12 miles, passing Brooks' Station about noon, and went into camp at 4 p. m. I was pretty well tired out, and was detailed on camp guard before I had time to get my supper My relief went on at 11 p. m. and 1 a. m.

TRYING TO PATRIOTISM.

Dec. 5, 1862.—Rainy. Guard was relieved at 9 a. m. Orders to pack up and change camp ground; moved about 25 rods and pitched tents again, hoping to remain quiet a week or so. In about an hour came a command to pack up under heavy marching orders. It was raining hard. We marched six or seven miles over an awful road, and about sunset came to a halt at Belle Plains Landing. It was now snowing fast. Mud any depth. The Colonel ordered us to get wood if we could find any and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We looked around and it was a dreary prospect. Another Catlett Station, and in some respects worse, for there was no wood here. We were wet to the skin, and stood on a flat plain in mud and water. Patriotism sank to 42 degrees below zero. A mile distant we saw hills covered with wood and started for them. An hour after dark we were among the pine trees boiling coffee and drying clothes.

Dec. 6, 1862.—Cold but pleasant. Snow two inches deep. We passed a comfortable night. We turned out about sunrise and went back to the brigade. The mud frozen solid. We pitched our tents near Belle Plain Landing. As all the men left the regiment last night, we hear that the regimental officers slung knapsacks and stood guard over regiment porperty.

Dec. 7, 1862.—Cold wind. It is almost impossible to find sticks enough to boil a dipper of coffee. Drew rations again today. Received letters from home. I was detailed to go on guard at the landing, in charge of the first relief.

Dec. 8, 1862.—Cold. Guard was relieved at 11 a. m. We cut holes in the ice and took out a few nice fish today. The harbor is so frozen that boats get in and out with difficulty. Teams are hauling us wood now. Horses and negroes employed at the landing are dying from exposure.

Dec. 10, 1862.—Moderating. Struck tents and marched at 10 a. m. We went three miles on a back track and went into camp, but pitched no tents. We scraped away the snow, built good fires, and passed a comfortable night. Sent letters home.

Dec. 11, 1862.—Bright and pleasant. We got our breakfast at 2 a. m. There was cannonading on the Rappahannock before daylight. We marched at deylight, went five or six miles, and halted at noon near the river and took our dinner. A continual roar of cannon. Our forces are putting three bridges across the river. About sunset we marched at double time down to the river, where we halted, the bridge being already crowded with cavalry.

Dec. 12, 1862.—The sun rose blood red. A very smoky morning. We crossed the river at 8 a. m. without opposition, and lay near the bank all forenoon. Cannonading and musketry in front and on our right. About noon we marched forward about a mile to a ravine, when both sides began shelling, and continued an hour. None killed or wounded in our regiment. Part of our regiment out on picket. Freezing weather, and we lay on the ground with wet feet all night and were allowed no fires.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Dec. 13, 1862.—The ball opened about 8:30 a. m. by our infantry advancing, when the rebs commenced shelling us. Hooker's troops are engaged on our left, and there is heavy firing on our right. There is little doing here in the center, altho we have been smartly shelled all day and some have been wounded. We find pieces of railroad iron and spikes which the rebs fire among us. This is the third day of the battle and we have as yet escaped active engagement, but tomorrow is Sunday and that has always been our hard day. The battle continued till 8 or 9 at night.

Dec. 14, 1862.—Mild. Snow all gone. At 8 we fell in and marched forward, one company at a time, to relieve the outer picket reserve, and lay down with the rest of the regiment behind a ridge of straw which served as a screen to hide us from the rebel sharpshooters and batteries. Cannonading right and left and a steady popping of musketry from the pickets in front till about noon, when all was quiet. We were not allowed to even raise our heads, and when an officer showed himself a rebel shell would warn him to lie close. There are two days' rations cooked and in the rear, but we can't get them till after dark. In the night the rebs made a rush on our right and musketry was fierce for a short time. During the night our regiment was busy, one company at a time, throwing up breastworks.

Dec. 15, 1862.—Pleasant, with a light wind. Daylight showed that the rebs had been even more busy than ourselves during the night, a number of earthworks having sprung into existence during the time, and they have a very strong hold here. Our folks are planting heavy siege guns on the opposite side of the river. The Jersey brigade charged on a rebel battery yesterday, and took it in fine shape; but they had no reserves to sup-

port them and were obliged to fall back, being overpowered by the rebel reserves. Our soldiers do well, but the generalship is—well, just what it is. Our forces have gained very little ground on the left. I don't know how it is on the right. Fighting on the right and left has been severe, but not so much so here in the center. Word has just come that Banks has taken Ft. Darling and Petersburg. At the time of the battle of Gaines' Hill, they told us our left wing was in Richmond. There is an occasional firing today, but both sides appear to be laying plans. Our line is composed of three divisions, Hooker on the left, Sumner on the right, and Franklin in the center.

Dec. 17, 1862.—Snowed some today. We have come back to the road and lie where we did last Saturday. Sent my diary and letters home.

WHEN THOSE OLD BOOTS WERE NEW.

Dec. 18, 1862.—Cold and the ground frozen hard. Cliff Jones and I now tent companions again. I spent most of the day mending my boots, the same pair I wore from home nearly a year ago. They are now troubled with a general debility and fail so fast that I shall have to give them their discharge soon. Sad will be the hour when we must part.

Dec. 19, 1862.—Rather windy. Struck tents and started on our march at sunrise in search of a camp ground. We went three miles on our back track, halted an hour, and then turned about and came back a half a mile and camped.

Dec. 21, 1862.—Quite cold yesterday and last night, but warmer this morning. Yesterday the boys were busy building basements to their tents, and today we hear that we will move tomorrow. I have been in the U. S. service one year today. I have been in six or seven battles, have been shelled repeatedly and under fire days in succession, besides being fired at while on picket, but have come thru it without a scratch. I find myself able to endure much greater fatigue and exposure than when I enlisted.

Dec. 22, 1862.—Warm. Much like a June morning in Maine. At 8:30 a. m. we had orders to pack all but tents and go on picket. We marched three or four miles in a circuit and found ourselves within a mile of camp. This is a telegraph picket extending from our extreme left to headquarters in the center. There is a similar one on the right.

Dec. 23, 1862.—A warm, sunshiny morning. We were relieved about 10, but instead of going back to camp, we were marched to the right of our regiment and stacked arms in line as a reserve picket.

Dec. 24, 1862.—Warm and cloudy with some rain. We were relieved at 9 a. m. and marched into camp. We are not having dress parade or roll call. When we started on picket our company numbered 18 enlisted men. When we left Camp Franklin last spring our company numbered 70 enlisted men.

CHRISTMAS AND A LITTLE WHISKY.

Warm and pleasant. At 9:30 a. m. we fell in, with everything but tents, and marched out on the brigade grounds for inspection. For some reason it could not be attended to and we went back. Paid off to-day. I received $52, four months' pay. In consideration of this being a holiday, each man in the brigade was furnished with a gill of whisky. It was sold from one to another for from 20c to 50c.

Dec. 26, 1862.—Warm and cloudy. Was detailed on home guard, ten to a relief.

Dec. 27, 1862.—Warm. This is the most pleasant winter I ever saw, so far. Cliff Jones went over to the 17th Maine today, and says they are a most melancholy set of men, and have the worst kind of blues. Our regiment was called out for battle drill, but found they could do nothing among the stumps and brush, so returned to camp.

Dec. 29, 1862.—Cooler. We received orders to have three days' rations cooked and be ready to march, with 60 rounds of cartridges at 12 hours' notice.

Dec. 31, 1862.—Cold and cloudy. Sent letters home. Today came New Year's presents from home, gloves, cap, tea, and nutmegs. I made myself a present of a knife, fork, and spoon combined, to replace the one I lost in Maryland.

CELEBRATING NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Jan. 1, 1863.—Cold, pleasant morning, and signs of a storm have disappeared. To all appearances the "clerk of the weather" has policed the heavens and got everything ready to commence the year in apple pie order. Our company was very quiet last night, but another company used up nine canteens of whisky at $6 per. Cliff and I bought a pound of cheese and a can of condensed milk and celebrated.

Jan. 2, 1863.—Pleasant. I spent the day digging a fireplace and building a chimney to out tent.

Jan. 4, 1863.—Cloudy, with a warm south wind. Some rain in the forenoon. On guard in charge of the third relief. Gleason, of the first relief, being the worse for whisky, fell into the Colonel's tent in the midst of divine services. The

Colonel ordered him tied to a tree. Received letters from home and with them a package of flour, and as luck would have it, flour was served out to us from the Quartermaster's for the second time since I joined the army. I will now send home for some baking powder, and see if the army will draw saleratus the day it gets here. I bought three apples today for 25c.

Jan. 5, 1863.—The boys are mixing up their flour with water and frying it in tanned hog oil, and selling the "doughnuts (?)," small ones, five for 25c; smaller ones, seven for 25c. They have neither baking powder nor sweetening in them. Cliff is hard at work making up our batch which we calculate will be a little extra, as we have nutmeg and sugar. Cliff says they will be a little heavy, and I hope they will; I wish they would weigh a ton. I have been cleaning and boiling tripe. We received new knapsacks today.

Jan. 7, 1863.—Ground frozen hard. Battalion drill in the forenoon. Our Colonel took leave of us today, saying he resigned on account of family affairs. Sent letter home. I heard today that Stub Chase, who was wounded by my side at Crampton Gap, Sept. 14, died two weeks ago.

Jan. 8, 1863.—Cold and still. Potatoes were served out to us today, four or five to each man. At dress parade an order was read that hereafter all should be taken care of at the Chaplain's tent.

Jan. 9, 1863.—No storm yet. Today we built our chimney higher and narrowed the throat of it to get a better draught. The experiment worked completely, but we know have to keep things in the back part of the room or they might go up the chimney. We hear that Serg't Bailey is dead.

Jan. 10, 1863.—It rained, pouring, last night and today. We picked up all the clothing we could get along without for a few hours and did our washing. The water finds its way into our basement, which is sunk two feet below the surface, but I think we can manage to keep a fire by bailing out. We received more flour today, and Cliff is working it up into doughnuts. We are living high these days.

Jan. 11, 1863.—Pleasant most of the day. On police duty with seven men during the forenoon. Regimental inspection. Divine services in the afternoon and Col. Scammond's farewell address was read to the regiment. The mail miscarried today.

Jan. 12, 1863.—Mild and pleasant. I was detailed with four men to set a barrel in the ground for a well.

Jan. 15, 1863.—Cloudy. Our company, with four others, went out three miles on picket. We were the reserve. Windy night. We lay by our fires and slept till 3 a. m., when we awoke with the rain coming down in torrents, drenching us to the skin; our fires were out and it was pitch dark.

Jan. 16, 1863.—Daylight came at last, rainy and drizzling. We succeeded in boiling our coffee and eating our rain-soaked hardtack. We then wrung out our blankets and hung them up to dry. For a few days past details have been building corduroy roads toward the river on which to advance, we suppose. We received orders to be ready to move tomorrow.

Jan. 17, 1863.—Cold and clear. We expected to be relieved from picket today, but learn that we must stay here till tomorrow. Received letters from home.

Jan. 18, 1863.—Cold. We were relieved and went to camp at 10 a. m. In the evening we had dress parade without prayer, at which time was read the trial and sentence of two fellows who ran away from the battle of Fredericksburg and remained aay five days. They are to have $10 per month deducted from their pay for four months and stand on a barrel every alternate hour for six days, with the word "Cowardice" on their backs. I bought some milk, cheese, and soft biscuit.

ORDERS AND ORDERS AND ORDERS.

Jan. 20, 1863.—For the past few days we have had orders to be ready to move (heavy marching orders) at 12 hours' notice, with three days' cooked rations in our haversacks. When we move we suppose we shall have to cross the river; and if successful then we shall have to charge the enemy, and if possible drive them from their stronghold. We have but little faith in the movement, and less faith in the leading Generals than we once had. We have dreaded to receive the order to march, but unwelcome as it was we received it this morning at daylight, to be ready to march at noon. We spent most of the forenoon in writing and bidding adieu to our camp ground, which with much patient labor and skill we had converted into comfortable Winter quarters. Although the morning was somewhat mild, the day was very cold. We marched eight miles, crossing the railroad a short distance from Falmouth, and on up the river. We pitched our tents at dark on good ground, where wood was plentiful; and contrary to our expectations, were allowed a fire, which was a great comfort, as the night was black and cold, and a soldier is partial to his hot coffee after lugging his load all day. We had just finished supper and pitched tents, when it began to rain and the wind blew harder and harder with unmistakable evidences of a furious

storm at hand. After warming ourselves thoroughly, and examining our tent poles and pins, Cliff and I turned in for the night, which proved a most uncomfortable one for those who had to turn out several times and reerect their tents. Altho it rained torrents all night, Cliff and I passed a comfortable night (soldier's comfort). Orders came at daylight to march immediately, as the river was rising. We turned out comparatively dry. We hear today that several fellows left Co. K and have not been heard of since. Yesterday Harry Whitterham suddenly disappeared from our company and we have not seen him since. He deserted from the English army and came to this country when quite young. I have no intention of deserting yet, but don't know how soon I may. I think before I do so I will try my skill once more in dodging Dutch ovens, howling teakettles, and flying railroad iron, though to tell the truth I don't hanker after such things. I wish this show was out, so we poor, miserable wretches could go home. I am spoiling for peace much more than for a fight.

RAIN AND SOME MORE RAIN.

Jan. 21, 1863.—Rained all day. Commenced our march at 8 a. m. and went about three miles and camped within a mile of the river. It was found impossible to get the artillery along and we went no farther. On our march we passed a battery of 10-pound Parrott guns, every piece of which was stuck in the mud, altho there were from 18 to 22 horses hitched to each gun and men heaving at the wheels. These guns are usually drawn by six horses. Every time we passed one of these guns the boys would yell. "Why don't the army move?" and the artillerymen would answer back, "Yes, Northern Abolitionists, why don't the army move?" The army is the best place in the world to play out abolitionism. In the Army of the Potomac the Abolitionists are few and scattering. This morning we heard the reports of rebel guns on the other side of the river. Our side did not reply. A ration of whisky served out to each man, about three tablespoonfuls. I sold mine for 50 cents. Our three days' rations will be gone tonight, and if the teams do not get here by morning we shall have to go back and help them along or wait till they come. As the team loaded with whisky got in some hours ago it appears that whisky can move more expeditiously than pork and hardtack.

Jan. 22, 1863.—Rained hard all night and today. The regiments are going back to help the artillery out of the mud and get them back where we started from. Details go ahead and build corduroy roads so the batteries and pontoons can move.

Jan. 23, 1863.—Cloudy. I was detailed with others to go back to the wagons for rations. The division is moving back to the old camp ground, but our brigade, with two or three others, was ordered up the river a mile farther and camped for the night. We came to get some pontoon boats back. Some of them are in sight of the rebs, or would be but for the bushes stuck up around them. Our fatigue party are working in full sight of the rebs. It is singular that they do not fire on us.

Jan. 24, 1863.—Cloudy. Mud very deep. We got the pontoons, and at 4 p. m. started back to camp near where we sarted from yesterday morning. If we succeed in getting them back to Falmouth, where they started from, we shall do well. Burnside left orders to burn the pontoons if they could not be gotten away in two days. Someone stole Cliff's haversack with two days' rations and all our cooking utensils.

January 25, 1863.—Cleared off in the morning. A ration of whisky was served to us again. We marched back eight miles over most horrible roads. Our tents being soaked with rain made a very heavy load to carry thru the mud. I saw one fellow hodding it along in his stocking feet, boots in his hand. They were a little too large, and the tenacious mud acting as a wholesale bootjack was persistently claiming the boots for its own; but the owner very obstinately determined to take them into camp with him. We reached our old camp a little after dark, and found our basements nearly full of water, our chimneys torn down, and the sticks burned up. Toward night we were hurried along at an unreasonable rate, so that our clothes were wet thru with perspiration when we got here. I had a severe headache, and with a few other boys went beyond the camp ground, built a fire, and lay down on our rubber blankets in the mud for the night without tents. I think I never had a better night's sleep in my life.

Jan. 26, 1863.—Cloudy day. Worked hard all day bailing the water out of our old basement, erecting our tent, building a fireplace and chimney, and we now have it better than it was before we left. This hotel is composed of three pieces of tent about five and one-half feet square. Two of the pieces form the roof and the other piece is buttoned on the end. The other end is stopped principally by a rubber blanket which serves as a door. Part of the basement is dug two feet deep and the rest about 14 inches; upon the latter we make our bed of pine boughs, over which we spread a rubber blanket. In one

corner of the basement on a level with the floor and extending beyond the tent is the fireplace, and above it the chimney made of sticks about a foot long, laid up cob-house fashion and plastered with "sacred soil." The chimney is about four feet high. In another corner are some shelves where we keep our cooking utensils and rations—eggs, butter, cheese, milk, cakes, pies, etc.,—in your mind. Here we will remain till in the order comes "Fall in; heavy marching orders." This afternoon we were reviewed by Gen. Slocum, our old commander. Mr. Dwinal, of Mechanics Falls, Me., is here on a visit to the boys. Received a new diary from home.

Jan. 27, 1863.—Rainy. On dress parade was read the resignation of Burnside, Franklin and Sumner! Gen. Hooker takes command of the Army of the Potomac.

Jan. 28, 1863.—Snowing. Potatoes, onions and fresh meat served today.

Jan. 29, 1863.—Snowing steadily all night and today. The heaviest fall of snow we have seen in this State. We have to keep bailing the water out of our basement to prevent the fire from going out. Sent letter home. The mail for our company was delivered to some unknown person and our company did not receive it.

Jan. 31, 1863.—Snow fast leaving. Company inspection and dress parade. Silas Crooker called to see me today; he says White Verrill is still at home, having had his furlough extended. Today I saw a 10-cent piece (hard money), coin silver; many of the boys profess to have a remembrance of seeing similar "things" in their younger days.

Feb. 2, 1863.—Cloudy, snow nearly gone. Inspection today, by order of Gen. Hooker, and every man had to be accounted for. Also inspection of tents. I was detailed on guard.

Feb. 3, 1863.—Snowstorm. Coldest day this year. My relief was on guard four hours this morning. The brigade commenced to build ovens in which to bake soft bread. This, of course, means that we will soon move.

A SICK SPELL.

Feb. 5, 1863.—Snow in the morning, which turned to rain in the afternoon. I am very sick with the headache, and had a spell of the shakes.

Feb. 6, 1863.—Was sick all night and today. The doctor gave me some powders and ordered me to stay in my quarters, so I am excused from duty.

Feb. 7, 1863.—Pleasant. I am still sick and excused from duty. Capt. Daggett got back from Maine today. I have lost my pocketbook containing all my stamps, some pictures and letters.

Feb. 8, 1863.—A warm, springlike day. I am still off duty, but improving. Did my mending today.

Feb. 9, 1863.—Beautiful day. I am feeling better this morning, so did not get excused from duty; I repented of it before night, as it was all I could do to get out on dress parade and back.

Feb. 10, 1863.—Warm south wind. Sent letters home. The doctor excused me from duty and gave me some quinine. Frank Goss left the company today and went to act as waiter to the Chaplain.

Feb. 12, 1863.—Cloudy with rain at night. Silas Crooker and White Verrill called. White brought me a package from home. I went out on picket. Strict orders from Gen. Hooker to let no one pass without the countersign.

Feb. 13, 1863.—Beautiful weather. I cut up a half cord of white oak and hickory and had a glorious fire all night. I had charge of the guard from 9 to 11 and 5 to 7.

Feb. 15, 1863.—Rainy. We were relieved from picket at 10 a. m. by the Jersey brigade. We came into camp and found three days' rations of soft bread waiting for us. Our brigade bakery has begun work. Received my watch from home.

Feb. 16, 1863.—Pleasant. A large amount of cooking utensils, tents, axes, and clothing was brought into our brigade today.

Feb. 19, 1863.—Raining and snowing. The other end of the regiment is pretty well flooded, and this morning the water in many of the tents was from 3 to 16 inches deep. The water came into our tent and across our bunk, but we piled up some wood and spread our rubber blankets and wet overcoats on it and managed to keep above water. By bailing out occasionally we manage to keep our fire going and our tent in running order. On guard again today.

Feb. 26, 1863.—It has been storming most of the time for the past week. Today the water runs into our tent about as fast as one hand can bail it out. We received Col. Scammond's printed address. Letters from home. Today I was detailed to the color guard.

March 1, 1863.—Cold with snow. I am on guard; have charge of the third relief. We had a sing at the Captain's tent in the evening.

March 4, 1863.—Very cold. I have the neuralgia in my head, and had a tooth pulled this afternoon to see if that would help it. A lot of boxes for the boys came today; they have been on the way ever since last Fall, and most of the eatables

are spoiled, of course. No dress parade, too cold, and many of the boys out nearly all day repairing roads.

March 5, 1863.—Cold and clear. On police duty in the forenoon. Visited White Verrill and Silas Crooker and had a pleasant time. I received a package from home. On dress parade was read the sentence of James Dodfrey for cowardice in the battle of Fredericksburg. He forfeits $32 and has to carry a stick of wood weighing 20 pounds from sunrise to sunset for 10 days, except one hour at noon.

March, 8, 1863.—Cloudy. Regimental inspection and religious services. I received a package from home and Cliff got a book. My face still pains me badly and I am about sick.

March 10, 1863.—Snow and rain. I was detailed to work on corduroy roads all forenoon.

EASY PENALTY FOR DESERTION.

March 11, 1863.—Cleared off in the morning. On dress parade was read the sentence of Cobb and Libby, of our regiment, for desertion. Libby forfeits all pay now due him and $10 per month during his service, which time he is to put in at hard labor at the Rip Raps, and have the letter "D" branded on his left hip. Cobb is only to serve a year at the Rip Raps, is then to join his regiment and not be branded.

March 14, 1863.—Very cold and cloudy. The Captain furnished us with blacking to black our equipments, so we would look a little nicer on dress parade, where he is to act as Major. Lieut.-Col. Edwards becomes Colonel, and Maj. Millett is now Lieutenant-Colonel. Sent letters home.

March 16, 1863.—Warm. I reported to the Sergeant of the color guard, Tubbs, of Co. K, and went out with the colors on dress parade. I am now free from other military duty except inspection. I will have no company drill, fatigue duty, roll calls, guard duty, policing, building corduroy roads, and will seldom have to go on picket. Quite an easy chance except in battle—then comes the rub.

March 22, 1863.—It has been raining and snowing for several days, but cleared off this morning. The boys have been policing, going on guard, etc., but being on the color guard I have escaped it all. Goodwin goes home on a furlough today. We had a short exhortation by the Chaplain.

March 25, 1863.—Sent a package home. I killed a blacksnake near our tent that measured five feet long.

March 30, 1863.—Cold, clear and windy. The color guard drilled under the direction of the Color Sergeant. The brigade was called out in the afternoon with side arms and colors, and marched to headquarters. An officer told us that the President had relieved Gen. Bartlett of his command, but later thought better to reinstate him. Gen. Bartlett then said. "In my hand I hold the telegram spoken of and will read it: 'Tell Gen. Bartlett to put on his clothes again.'—Signed officially, etc. He then addressed us a few moments, after which we gave him nine hearty cheers and returned to our quarters.

March 31, 1863.—The balloon is on the watch whenever the wind and weather will permit. We hear the rebs are getting their pontoons down the river. Rebel rations are one-half a yound of flour and one-fourth of a pound of meat per day. I am feeling much better than for some time.

April 1, 1863.—Cold and windy. School organized for commissioned officers, Lieut. cially," etc. He then addressed us a few 7th Me. in the evening and found Silas Crooker sick. He told me of Daniel Perry's death. Tom Roberts, Daniel's tentmate, a stout, hardy fellow, is sick in the hospital.

April 3, 1863.—Warm and bright. W. Haskell is reduced to the ranks, and Cliff Jones becomes drummer. Today we had a general review of the Army of the Potomac by Gen. Hooker (Fighting Joe), Gens. Sedgwick, Slocum, Brooks, Bartlett, and others present.

April 5, 1863.—Snow storm. No dress parade or divine services. Just before dark three companies turned out and had a game of snowball. Spent most of the day writing. Cliff is sick with a cold. Received letters from home.

April 6, 1863.—Cloudy with rain in the evening. Did my washing. Sent letters home. We heard a salute of 21 guns this forenoon, which we suppose means that President Lincoln is at Falmouth.

ARMY REVIEWED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

April 8, 1863.—Cloudy and still. The regiment formed at 8 o'clock in the morning, and started on a grand review by President Lincoln, who was to review the Army of the Potomac near Falmouth. It passed off pretty well, and our "Uncle Abraham" looked better than when I saw him last at Bakerstown. His little boy was with him and rode around with the rest. Received papers from home.

April 10, 1863.—Warm and pleasant. We were mustered by companies in the forenoon to find out how many conscripts are wanted. Received a package from home.

April 13, 1863.—Cold but pleasant. There is a movement in a part of the Army of the Potomac. We hear that 30,000 cavalry have started on a raid, backed up

by infantry and flying artillery. If they don't come skedaddling back soon, why, of course, we shall have to follow them. Today I again mended what the boys call my "immortal, eternal, and everlasting boots."

April 16, 1863.—Cloudy, with a little rain. We received orders Tuesday to be ready to march with eight days' rations, but have not gone yet. Turned over our overcoats, surplus under clothes, etc., to the Quartermaster. A part of the cavalry that went out Monday returned, bringing a few prisoners. Our forces supposed they were moving up the river secretly, but found that the rebels were moving parallel with them on the other side. Received letters from home.

April 17, 1863.—Pleasant. We hear that 600 of our cavalry and a battery have been captured.

April 18, 1863.—Pleasant and cool. This morning the sick of our hospitals were sent in ambulances to Washington. A number of pontoons have been made in our regiment. Capt. Daggett, of our company, becomes Major, but Lieut. Lamont is not yet Captain.

April 19, 1863.—Warm. Peach trees in blossom. The color guard and drum corps were inspected by the Adjutant. Religious services in the forenoon. We hear that Gen. Hooker fell from his horse and is severely injured. President Lincoln and Gen. Halleck are still at Falmouth. Received letters from home.

April 20, 1863.—Rainy day. We hear that Gen. Hooker has resigned. As our hospital is now empty, meetings are held there every evening. Received some dried apples and thread from home.

April 22, 1863.—Cool. Our officers received orders to have their wall tents turned over to the Quartermaster. We still keep our eight days' rations on hand, but do not move. About dark the officers of several regiments ran a foot race for a purse of $5.

April 25, 1863.—Windy. I had my picture taken in the forenoon in heavy marching order. Visited the 7th Me. in the evening.

April 28, 1863.—It commenced raining just as we went on picket. We carried everything with us, for, after so many "be ready" orders the army is at last on the move. At 1 p. m. we saw our division marching toward the river, and at 4 o'clock we had orders to draw in our pickets and join our brigade. At 8 o'clock we halted and unslung knapsacks, but were allowed no fires. We rolled ourselves in our blankets and were soon fast a-thinking of home. At 11 p. m. we were routed out and marched toward the river, altho it was only a mile away we did not reach it till daylight.

April 29, 1863.—On account of some delay in getting the pontoons to the river we did not begin to cross till after daylight. The river here is about 300 yards wide. The 23d N. Y. was the first regiment to cross. The morning was quite foggy and our regiment was upon the bank of the river looking at those who were crossing. The boats had got but a little distance from the shore when they were greeted by a volley of musketry from the rebel pickets, which was immediately responded to. Just as the boats landed the rebs poured in another volley and the lead whistled about our ears in such a manner that we did not have to be ordered to lie down a second time. Several of the 23d N. Y. fell dead, and others were wounded. As soon as they landed they deployed and advanced up the bank and the rebs, about 50 in number, fled to their reserves a half mile beyond. As the fog cleared away we had the satisfaction of seeing our men take possession of the rebel rifle pits. There were by this time more boats afloat and more were being put into the water. In an incredibly short time we had quite an army across the river. We surprised them this time surely. Our General (Brooks) had orders to take the first line of rifle pits and hold them. This we have done, but are momentarily expecting an attack. As soon as we had sufficient men across to hold the enemy in check, if they should try to repel us, our boats were placed in position and three bridges were quickly formed upon which a battery and a portion of the army crossed Some six or eight miles to our right Gen. Hooker, with the main part of our army, was to cross at the same time and flank the enemy.

April 30, 1863.—We anxiously listened all yesterday afternoon and this morning to hear cannonading from Hooker, but heard none. We hear that he crossed the rived and gained the hights at the point of the payonet, and we can now see his balloon floating in the distance. Last night was cold and rainy. We moved a few rods in front of the breastworks at sunset and pitched our tents. This was merely to deceive the enemy, for we expected them to shell us during the night. As soon as it was dark, we struck tents and moved a short distance to our right; and as it had stopped raining, we spread down our rubber blankets and rolled ourselves in our woolen ones, with the comforting expectation of being shelled out before morning. We had a drenching rain instead, which was not very comfortable, but much more acceptable than a shower

of iron would have been. This morning our pickets advanced a quarter of a mile and the rebel pickets fell back. No firing on either side. During the morning we dried our clothes, cleaned and reloaded our muskets. In the afternoon our Chaplain read us the proclamation of "fast," gave us a short address, ending with prayer. At sunset our regiment started out to relieve the pickets, and about the same time several rebel batteries on our left opened on the pontoon bridges and succeeded in destroying one of them.

SPARRING FOR POSITION.

May 1, 1863.—We have expected an attack all day. About sunset the light brigade came out o relieve us, but we were not allowed to leave till after dark. Our troops on the other side of the river made a great show of marching and countermarching till dark. Toward evening we heard the rebels cheering and our boys on the left took it up and cheered also. After dark we camped under the bank of the river, and took off our cartridge boxes for the first time for four days and three nights.

May 2, 1863.—Warm. A few shells were sent us in the morning, and our brigade immediately took position at the top of the bank. Our picket commenced firing and kept it up for half an hour. They shot a rebel officer and we had four men wounded. About sunset our pickets advanced and the rebs ran. At night we camped under the bank again.

May 3, 1863.—Very warm and pleasant. We were called up at 2 a. m. and moved forward a short distance and lay down in the rear of some batteries that had moved forward during the night, to where our picket line was yesterday. At sunrise we moved into a ravine, where we stayed about an hour, and then went to support a battery again. Later we went into the ravine farther down, intending to flank the enemy and charge on one of their batteries, but the lay of the land would not allow it. Here we lost four killed and two wounded. George French, of Co. K, and John Ward, of our company, among the killed.

May 4, 1863.—Very warm. At 7 a. m. we stacked arms and found that many of our regiment were missing. When we broke camp and started on picket last Tuesday our regiment numbered 320 enlisted men. Now we have less than 212. We had an artillery engagement during the forenoon, then it was comparatively quiet until shortly before sunset, when the rebel infantry advanced and our batteries opened on them and sent them hastily back. We came very near having an infantry fight in a most unfavorable place for us, while supporting a battery near a piece of woods. The rebels advanced so near we could hear them swearing, when we were ordered to retreat silently and not speak above a whisper.

May 5, 1863.—Cold and stormy. At 2 a. m. our brigade was ordered on picket. We went back nearly a mile and formed in line of battle, concealing ourselves in the edge of some woods. Here we lay till daylight, when we were ordered back to the river, which we immediately crossed, being the last over. The rebels were throwing shot and shell at us all the time. We crossed on a pontoon bridge at the ford, where we intended to cross when we got stuck in the mud. We marched a mile from the river and stacked arms.

May 8, 1863.—Cold with a little rain. I received letters from home containing photos, and was so glad to see them. We have been resting after the battle, and did not start to camp till today. Arrived at our old camp ground at 2 p. m. and found things pretty much as we left them, even the woodwork of our tents. The basements of our tents were full of water, but we soon bailed them out.

May 9, 1863.—Pleasant. One of my boots wholly gave out and I drew a pair of shoes. I went to some of the old camp grounds, where I saw about 500 Testaments that had been thrown away.

May 10, 1863.—Very hot day. Being short of rations, I went over to some of the recently abandoned camp grounds and picked up some potatoes and beans, and our cupboard again shows off to advantage. We received orders to have three days' rations cooked and be ready to march. Religious services and prayer meeting today.

May 13, 1863.—Hot day. I have a trouble under my ribs that will hardly allow me to move or breathe. Some of the boys who pretend to know say it is pleurisy, but I don't feel like going to the doctor to find out. It is reported that "Stonewall" Jackson is dead. If so, it will make quite a hole in the Virginia fence.

May 14, 1863.—Very warm. Two thunder-showers today. John Harvey went home on a furlough, and I sent some of George French's things home.

SOME OF THE BOYS GO HOME.

May 15, 1863.—Warm. The 27th N. Y. started home today, and the 16th N. Y. went Monday. Their time is out. Happy boys. I saw Capt. Curtis, who was shot thru the right lung May 7, 1862, on duty with his regiment today. We struck tents, and moved to a new camp ground. The drum corps was ordered to pitch tents to-

gether, so I have lost Cliff Jones and now tent with Stevens and Larrabee as before. We are making too many preparations for comfort to remain here long. My pleurisy has gone to my back.

May 16, 1863.—Cold and windy. Nearly all hands out policing the grounds. I went over to the 7th Me. to see if I could learn anything of White Verrill, but they had not heard from him. Since the New York regiments were discharged, our brigade is composed of the 95th Pa. (Zouaves), the 32d N. Y., and the 5th Me.

May 17, 1863.—Warm and pleasant. This has been a general washday for the regiment. Sent letters home.

May 20, 1863.—Pleasant. I visited each regiment in the brigade this morning. I made a lamp out of a tin can, to burn fat, as candles are scarce. Details were sent out to cover the dead mules in this vicinity, and I hope we shall have better air now.

May 22, 1863.—Hot day. I took a cruise around this morning, and when I returned I found Elisha Hall at my tent. He stopped with me all day. On dress parade an order was read stating that the 20th N. Y. had mutinied while before the enemy, and they were consequently to forfeit all pay now due them, and be put to hard labor during the war. They supposed their time was out, but it lacked a few days of it.

May 24, 1863.—Warm. We had a very spirited address from the Chaplain today, in which he severely reprimanded both officers and men for swearing. Text, Gen. 17:23-33. The papers bring the official report that Grant has taken Vicksburg. Our corps is now commanded by Sedgwick, our division by Wright, and our brigade by Bartlett.

May 30, 1863.—We were paid off today. Strawberries are ripe.

June 3, 1863.—Cool and comfortable. Our regiment started out on picket at 6 a. m. We went about two and a half miles to our left. The colors were taken out, so I had to go along.

June 5, 1863.—Cool. Nearly all of the color guard went out on a slight foraging expedition and got a lot of nice strawberries. Heavy cannonading commenced about 5 p. m. and continued till dark. It was up near where we crossed the river.

June 6, 1863.—Warm, with a heavy shower toward night, which we were glad to get. We went into camp at 10 a. m. and found they were packing up. We immediately drew rations for eight days, and prepared to join our division, which had gone before us. We got to the river about 3 a. m., after a quick, hot march, and found that our forces had crossed the river just where they did before, and we camped at the same place as we did before. We hear that White Verrill was taken prisoner in our last battle.

June 7, 1863.—Very beautiful day. Prayer meeting in the morning, and religious services toward night. Struck tents and marched across the river after dark to relieve those who had been supporting the pickets. Our forces were very busy all night throwing up breastworks and digging intrenchments.

June 8, 1863.—Cool day. We are inclosed in a semicircle formed by an intrenchment, the ends of which rest on the river. Our pickets are outside. Our men are digging the intrenchment wider. We are making as great a show of front as possible in order to keep the ribs from going to reinforce those opposed to Grant. Only one corps here. At 5 p. m. our guns shelled the city a short time to cover some of our troops which were crossing the river at that point.

June 9, 1863.—Cool and pleasant. I made a visit to the Bernard house. It was a splendid structure, but now in ruins. During the night our troops threw up another breastwork parallel with the first, out by our line of pickets. Our four 32-pound siege guns, which were on the hill opposite the city, are taken down to our left. Our regiment on picket, but the color guard was not taken.

June 10, 1863.—Warm and pleasant. There was firing on the right all day. Our regiment was relieved from picket in the morning and lay all day where they did yesterday. Our folks at work on intrenchments night and day. At sunset we packed up and crossed the river. We filed into a ravine, where we lay all night. Gen. Hooker rode around the lines toward night and was very polite, but there was no cheering.

June 11, 1863.—Cloudy, with a little rain. We hear today that Gen. Hooker did not approve of our breastworks, which were built under the direction of Gen. Sedgwick. We received orders to be ready to march at any time with five days' rations. Rebel sharpshooters fired on our pickets today.

June 12, 1863.—Cool and pleasant. I went up on the bluff opposite the city where I could have a good view of it. Then I went to see the 100-pound gun we are going to mount tonight. I did my washing and swam across the Rappahannock. Two companies of our regiment on guard with the 96th. Considerable firing.

June 13, 1863.—Warm, with a thundershower toward night. We swam across the river and the rebs fired at us, several bullets striking near. We learn that the rebs are 90,000 strong in front of us. Our forces are preparing to retreat. The rebs shelled us some today, but our batteries

replied, silencing them. The big gun that was mounted last night was fired twice, and the second time recoiled so as to throw it out of gear. At 9 p. m. we packed up and commenced our retreat. We marched all night, and reached Potomac Creek bridge early in the morning, and turned in for an hour's sleep.

June 14, 1863.—Cloudy, but very hot. After an hour's sleep in the morning we turned out to march, but did not start till 2 p. m., when we only crossed the creek and stacked arms. The balloon reported rebs on our track and two companies were sent back over the creek to picket on the hills. All sorts of supplies, with carbines, revolvers, overcoats, and blankets are being burned. Religious services toward night. At dark we took up our line of march and reached Stafford Courthouse, where we stacked arms.

June 15, 1863.—Very hot and dusty. We started on our march at 4 a. m. and marched till 7 a. m. before we had anything to eat. The roads were blocked with teams in the forenoon, but in the afternoon they were clear, and we marched very fast. Many of the officers and men dropped insensible by the way. We reached Dumfries at 7 p. m. and drew three days' rations. I got my knapsack carried a couple of miles, and was then obliged to fall out a while, but caught up again before the regiment stopped. Thirty privates were drummed out of the Jersey brigade for refusing to cross the river lately, because their time was out.

June 16, 1863.—Very hot. We were called out at 3 a. m. and commenced our march an hour later, but made slow progress on account of the teams. We halted at Wolf Run,10 miles from Dumfries, and ate our dinner. Davis Merrill took my knapsack on his horse, which was quite a help to me. Many blankets have been thrown away. We left Wolf Run at 4 p. m. and had a clear road and an easy march of five miles to Fairfax Junction, where we encamped.

June 17, 1863.—Very hot. We received our first mail for a long time and I had several letters from home. The papers say the rebs are in Pennsylvania. We lay here quiet all day.

June 18, 1863.—A hot day, with a heavy shower and hail. We started at 4 o'clock in the morning, and marched about three miles and encamped in a piece of wood. It appears that we are in the vicinity of the rebs and have got about as far as we can go. Our regiment had orders to go on picket. Sent some letters and my diary home.

June 21, 1863.—We have heard a heavy cannonading most all day. Sent letters home.

June 22, 1863.—Pleasant. In the morning a baggage and ammunition train passed on its way to Centerville. Later we heard that the train was taken by rebel cavalry and our cavalry retook it, but three of the wagons were destroyed.

June 25, 1863.—Rainy. We hear that the rebs are fortifying Hagerstown, Md. Our brigade teams have moved toward the river. The 25th and 27th Me. started home this morning. It is reported that the rebs have taken up five miles of telegraph wire near us. We heard a brisk cannonading toward night.

June 26, 1863.—Rainy. We were called up at 3 a. m. and marched at daylight. The roads very muddy. We marched 15 miles at a very quick pace most of the way, passing thru Dranesville. The farmers are cutting their hay. The farms do not bear the marks of war like those we have been seeing. Blackberries and cherries are ripe and very large and nice, but the boys in helping themselves leave the trees badly broken.

June 27, 1863.—Cloudy. We commenced our march at 5 a. m., going slowly, and reached the river at 10 a. m., where we lay till 6 p. m., waiting for troops to cross on pontoon bridges. We were the last over. A large stream empties into the river here, and the canal has a lock at this place. The scenery in this valley is beautiful.

June 28, 1863.—Cool and cloudy. We commenced our march at 4 a. m., passed thru Poolesville, and a few miles farther we went thru Thurston and halted for dinner at 11 a. m. Our march is mostly thru fields of wheat and is very fatiguing.

June 29, 1863.—Cloudy. It was reported that the rebs had burned a bridge just ahead of us, so we lay quiet all day. In the afternoon I went out and looked at some of the farms around here. We struck tents at 9 p. m. and marched back toward Westminster. We reached the Baltimore & Ohio Turnpike and passing thru Mt. Pleasant and Fairview, we left Pennsylvania and entered Maryland. Our feet are blistered and bleeding.

MARCHING AND SKIRMISHING.

July 2, 1863.—Fair day. We had our coffee and meat about half cooked for breakfast, when we were ordered to march. We got here at 4 p. m., having marched 35 miles since last night at 9 o'clock. This afternoon was very hot, and some of the men dropped senseless by the way. I was obliged to drop out for a while, but managed to catch up again. When we arrived here we hoped to get a few hours' rest; but an engagement had commenced between Slocum's Corps and the rebs. We

had just got our supper well started when we were ordered to fall in; so away went our supper, the same as our breakfast did, and we marched to the front, where the mattle was raging. Our regiment was put in position to support a battery, or if necessary, to advance. For a few moments the lead flew pretty thick, but fortunately for us the most of it went over our heads. In a few minutes the rebs made a charge upon some of the Regulars on our right, and broke thru the line; but some of the Pennsylvania regiments charged them in turn and at the same time poured in so murderous a fire that it drove the rebs back and nearly a whole regiment of "Cobb's Legion" was taken prisoners. About this time skirmishers from our regiment went forward. Soon after one of our boys from Co. E came back with three jolly, laughing rebel prisoners. By dark it had become comparatively quiet, and we were allowed to lie down in the bushes where we were: here we lay quiet till morning and were blessed with a good night's sleep.

July 3, 1863.—We turned out at daylight, at which time the pickets of both sides had commenced firing and soon after cannonading commenced. About 9 a. m. our regiment advanced a few rods to the front and right to get a better position to support our batteries; at the same time it was repored that the rebs were advancing, and we immediately began throwing up breastworks. In a very few minutes we had built a stone wall about as high as our shoulders the whole length of our regiment. Stones were plenty, and many of them were covered with blood and hair, for here was the most severe struggle of yesterday's battle. The advance of the rebs was checked before they got near us, and all was comparatively quiet for a while in our immediate vicinity. Most all day a fierce cannonading was heard on our right, by Slocum, and it is reported that the rebs have been driven back. During the afternoon cannonading and musketry were very brisk down on the left, where we gained considerable ground and took a lot of prisoners and some colors. All day long the batteries in our immediate vicinity would frequently engage the rebel batteries, and rebel shells shrieked over our heads and pieces would strike among us. but fortunately none of our regiment were killed. Many times during the day rebel sharpshooters fired on us and their minie balls would whistle in close proximity to our heads. While I am writing this the shells are bursting all around us. Just before dark we had a splendid chance to see one of our brigades charge upon the rebs. They captured quite a number of prisoners and a couple of stands of colors. We had a shower in the evening and some rain during the night.

July 4, 1863.—Rainy morning. We were early ordered to pack up and be ready to go on picket; but instead our brigade went out on a reconnoissance. Our regiment was in the third line of battle, and had just reached a piece of woods when the rebel batteries opened on us, and it happened that our regiment was in direct range. I came near swallowing a 12-pound shell by way of celebrating the 4th. The shells came in quick succession right over the color guard, and I got up and moved about six feet to the right and sat down behind a tree, saying, "I would take refuge behind a straw." I had hardly sat down when a shell passed directly in range, and struck a few feet in the rear of where I had been sitting. The Color Sergeant dropped his head as he heard the shell coming and it just grazed his head. If I had remained in my position it would have struck we directly in the stomach, and 10 pounds of iron crashing thru my frail body would have caused some disturbance with my digestive apparatus. As it was I felt as if some protecting power had, just as the match was applied to the gun, picked me up and put me aside out of danger. I felt very grateful and immediately took my former position, as that was now the safest. We drew three days' rations. Ambulances are busy bringing in the wounded: some of them have lain on the field since last Thursday.

July 5, 1863.—Turned out at daylight, struck tents and started to march, the rebs having left in the night. Our corps moved very cautiously. We passed over the battlefield, where we saw many dead rebs, but our dead were mostly buried. One of our officers counted 557 dead rebels as we passed over the field. Hospital tents are filled with wounded, and almost every barn has a hospital flag on it. We marched about eight miles.

July 6, 1863.—Cloudy day. Pitched our tents, and I did my washing. A few prisoners are occasionally brought in. Toward night it was reported that the rebs were leaving. We were ordered to fall in and marched rapidly after them. The roads were very bad. After going several miles we halted in the village of Fairfield till 11 and then marched all night. We passed thru Emmitsburg at daylight.

July 7, 1863.—Misty. We went into camp near the college at Emmitsburg, Md. The Pennsylvania State line is about a half mile from this town. We started again about 10 o'clock, passing thru Franklinville and Mechanicstown, and entered a poor country up the mountains, resting a short time at Catoctin Furnace; at dark we climbed to the top

of Catoctin Mountain, five and a half miles, over an awful rocky road. As darkness came on it began to rain and soon poured down in torrents, and all so black we could see nothing. It was the worst march we ever took. Three whole corps of tired men passed over this mountain.

July 8, 1863.—Rainy. At sunrise we marched half a mile and halted to make coffee. Very few crumbs of any kind can be found among us. As high as a dollar was freely offered for a piece of hardtack, but it was almost impossible to find any. At 10 a. m. we started down the mountain, a trip of three miles in a circuitous direction and went into camp a few miles from its foot. Received a ten from home.

July 9, 1863.—Cool and pleasant. Started on our march in the morning. Our regiment leads the corps today. We passed thru Middletown and over South Mountain, thru the gap where Burnside fought his way when the army passed over to Antietam. The rebels ffell back five miles last night.

July 10, 1863—Hot, with a slight breeze, for which we are very thankful. Drew my third pair of shoes. We commenced our march at 5 a. m., passing over the Baltimore and Hagerstown turnpike. We hear cannonading and musketry near Hagerstown. The rebels hold the place. The militia of Baltimore have been called out to defend the city. Our regiment sent on picket.

July 11, 1863.—Warm but cloudy. We were relieved from picket and marched back to camp. We hear that the rebs fell back two miles last night.

July 12, 1863.—Cloudy. We moved at 5 a. m. toward Hagerstown. We passed thru Funkstown and came to a halt and threw out skirmishers. Our forces were soon in the city and our flag soon flew over the seminary. About 3 p. m. our brigade moved back to the left and formed a double line of battle. Just before dark we made a charge on the rebs. Our regiment lost one man killed and two wounded. We have two lines of battle here and our regiment is in the second line.

July 13, 1863.—Rainy day. We were called out at daybreak and stood under arms for a while. There is considerable firing by the pickets. We drew two days' rations. This forenoon the rebs opened on one of our regiments while they were getting rails to make breastworks with. We hear there was a draft riot in New York City.

July 14, 1863.—The skirmishers brought in word this morning that the rebs had left, and we moved on after them passing over their trail. We found they had left a strongly fortified position, much stronger than ours. We marched four miles and went into camp near Williamsport at 1 p. m. The rebs crossed the river at this place. I am about sick with a headache.

SOME MORE HARD MARCHING.

July 15, 1863.—A sultry day. At 7 a. m. we started back over the same route we came yesterday. I never saw as many men drop out of the ranks as did today. Even mules fell out. We passed thru Boonsborough, and went into camp at 2 p. m., near South Mountain Pass, having marched 16 miles.

July 16, 1863.—Cool. I am pretty effectually used up, as, sick and exhausted. I got a pass to ride in an ambulance for the second time since I have been in the army. We were called out at 3 a. m., but did not start till sunrise. The roads are badly blocked with teams. We went thru South Mountain Pass, the same way we came, then thru Middletown, and went into camp near Harper's Ferry Gap, within two miles of Berlin. Our forces went out to lay pontoon bridges during the night

July 17, 1863.—Rained most all day. We lay quiet and were very glad to get a day's rest. Several corps are here and some of the troops are crossing the river (Potomac). We hear that Port Hudson has been captured.

July 18, 1863.—Pleasant. Troops have been crossing the Potomac all day. Our division was ordered forward at 5 p. m. We marched a mile and a half and pitched tents for the night near Berlin, where we crossed the river last Fall. There are two pontoon bridges here. We are waiting for other troops to cross.

July 19, 1863.—Clear, hot day, but the night was cool. We waited under arms several hours in the forenoon for the Eleventh Corps to pass us before we could cross the river. We marched about 9 a. m. in a very hot sun, passing thru Lovettsville, and encamped at 2 p. m.

July 20, 1863.—Clear, hot day. We marched at 10 a. m., passing thru Percyville. We had an easy march of 10 miles with frequent rests.

July 21, 1863.—Rainy. This is a kind of general "Thanksgiving day" for us, after the short rations we have had. We have had ram, lamb, sheep, meat, mutton, big pig, little pig, hog, geese, turkeys and chickens, and other supplies coming into camp all day. Berries are plentiful. Last year when we passed thru this city, a guard was posted at every fence, haystack and cornfield, and all property, secesh and Union, was sacred, but now the Government does not hold itself responsible for anything. Gen. Bartlett has left our bri-

gade and Col. Upton is acting in his place.

July 22, 1863.—Hot day. We marched at 4 a. m., passing thru Rectorville, and camped about noon at White Plains. Blackberries are very thick. We heard cannonading at sunset toward the mountains.

July 24, 1863.—Hot day. We pitched tents in regular order this morning. I went blackberrying twice today and got more than I knew what to do with. About 7 p. m. we received orders to march. We went back over our old track eight miles, and at midnight lay down on our blankets a little beyond New Baltimore Wood ticks are plentiful.

July 25, 1863.—Hot day. We started at sunrise, marched six miles, and went into camp at Warrenton, a pretty city in a sightly place. The white women here appear sad, and many of them are dressed in black, but the negroes are glad to see us. I went out to a little creek to do my washing, and came very near being captured by guerrillas. We appear to be carrying out the plan McClellan had when relieved of his command.

July 26, 1863.—Pleasant. The Fifth Corps got in this morning and passed on to the front. About the middle of the forenoon we moved a mile for a better location and camped on a hill.

July 29, 1863.—Pleasant. I went out and got some blackberries, apples and pears. I fried the apples and boiled the pears and we had quite a treat. Received letters from home.

July 31, 1863.—Pleasant. A division of cavalry came in from the front today. Toward night our cooks had just got their kettles of beans ready for the ovens, to bake during the night—intending to have a rarity for breakfast—when we had orders to march. We went back to New Baltimore, where we arrived at 10 p. m. The right wing went into camp and the left on picket.

Aug. 1, 1863.—I went blackberrying in the morning. This is the hottest day of the Summer and luckily we lay quiet. A battery of six guns has been placed so it commands the road and mountain near our picket line.

Aug. 2, 1863.—Clear and hot. Thurlow and I went out and found a good-sized pig, which we caught and dressed. It made a heavy load for us, but we brought it into camp and divided it among the boys. Fresh pork goes pretty good. It is now flies by day and mosquitoes by night.

Aug. 3, 1863.—Thunder showers. I went up on the mountain and found an abundance of berries and had a fine view of the country. I could see long columns of dust a few miles off toward Fredericksburg, which were caused by moving troops. Two guerrillas were just brought in.

Aug. 5, 1863.—Pleasant. We struck tents and marched back a short distance to the hill and went into camp in regular order. We are living well, having soft bread and plenty of berries.

Aug. 9, 1863.—Pleasant. Our regiment was paid off this forenoon. I received $26 for May and June. Religious services and dress parade. Tom Jewett, of Co. H, is sentenced to be shot next Friday for desertion. He is an Englishman and it is said that he deserted from the English army before he joined ours.

Aug. 10, 1863.—Very hot. Sent letters home. Quite a number of citizens were brought into camp with their horses and some of them were armed

Aug. 12, 1863.—Heavy thundershowers in the night and we were completely flooded. I am about sick, but the general health of the brigade was never better.

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

Aug. 14, 1863.—A very hot day. A part of our signal corps was captured today. At noon, our brigade marched two miles out toward Warrenton and met the rest of our division at the place where Tom Jewett was to be executed. We were drawn up in a three-sided hollow square, and the deserter, Tom Jewett, was taken around the square, sitting on his coffin, with our Chaplain Adams beside him. As he passed us (the 5th Me.) he looked around upon us and smiled. When he was helped from the wagon the coffin was placed on the ground, and he got upon it on his knees, but was told to sit down, which he did, facing the guard drawn up a few yards in front of him. The Chaplain offered prayer and the Provost-Marshal tied a handkerchief over his eyes and stepped back toward the guard, who were ordered to fire. It was promptly done, and poor Tom fell back over his coffin lifeless, pierced by six bullets, and we all felt much relieved when the murder was accomplished. The division then marched around the square, passing close to the body, which had been turned face downwards.

Aug. 17, 1863.—Cool and pleasant. We went out on picket day before yesterday and returned today. We were stationed at a church in a beautiful oak grove. Yesterday I weighed 134 pounds, the most I ever weighed. We are buying and cooking flour these days.

Aug. 20, 1863.—Cavalry having trouble with the rebel pickets, whom they have driven back. The rebs are camped three miles from us.

Aug. 22, 1863.—Very hot day. In the forenoon our brigade was inspected by

Gen. Wright and afterwards our regiment was inspected by Gens. Wright and Bartlett. We hear that Moseby is captured. We are living high. I picked two quarts of blackberries and two quarts of ripe grapes, and then bought potatoes, tomatoes and sugar for our mess, 25 little potatoes for 25 cents.

Aug. 25, 1863.—Warm. Considerable sport among the boys—foot races, races to pick up stones, hurdle races, sack races, etc. Today we had potatoes and onions issued to us.

Aug. 26, 1863.—Windy. The papers say that Fort Sumter has surrendered and that eight-inch shells are being thrown into the city of Charleston.

Aug. 27, 1863.—Cool. Our regiment went on picket this morning, but the colors were left behind this time. I am about sick with a cold.

Aug. 28, 1963.—Cool day. I find myself better. We have worked hard all day, built basements to our tents, some nice bunks, and covered them with cedar boughs. We have pretty good Winter quarters, so I suppose we will soon march. Saurkraut and chow-chow served out today.

Aug. 29, 1863.—Cold wind. Yesterday Carpenter, of our company, and three others were taken prisoners by rebel guerrillas.

Aug. 30, 1863.—Cool. Our regiment came in from picket and began fixing up their tents. I have discovered the roots of all evil in a full ration of toothache.

Sept. 1, 1863.—Warmer. We are ordered to have roll call three times a day. My face is badly swollen. Our troops have had a fight at White Sulphur Springs and another at Bottom's Bridge.

Sept. 3, 1863.—Pleasant. Brigade drill in the afternoon. A very modest little girl and her brother come to our tent daily with milk to exchange for bacon, sugar, or coffee. They have a brother in the rebel army.

Sept. 5, 1863.—Beautiful day. Last night about midnight we were alarmed by firing on the pickets and at Bartlett's headquarters, nearby. Each regiment immediately fell in with loaded muskets, but the dash had been made, the brigade flag captured, and the rebels gone. Several of the boys being on picket were wounded and one taken prisoner. A scouting party was sent out early this morning, and came back tonight, saying that they had been out eight miles, but saw only a few cavalry some distance off. The citizens told them that several men rode by who were held upon their horses by comrades riding on each side of them. They also found a part of the staff from which the brigade flag had been torn. Had a tooth pulled.

Sept. 6, 1863.—Pleasant. A citizen sent a couple of negroes to Gen. Bartlett, saying that a large force of rebs was within two miles of his house. Tonight the picket-guard is strengthened and also the lines to communication between them and camp.

Sept. 7, 1863.—Very warm. Our regiment went out at 2 a. m. on a scouting expedition, and the 95th and 96th N. Y. soon after. A fight is expected today. Received letters from home.

Sept. 8, 1863.—Pleasant. At 9 a. m. our regiments had all come in, one company at a time. We heard rapid musketry, volley after volley, which seemed to be near Warrenton. Soon after we heard artillery farther off. We had orders to pack up. We learned that a rebel force had crossed the river, driven in pickets and also the reserve, but coming upon our force, which was waiting for them behind a stonewall, they received a terrible punishment and retreated across the river.

ALL SORTS OF HAPPENINGS.

Sept. 10, 1863.—Cloudy. Fine rain in the evening. The three companies of our regiment that have been out scouting since day before yesterday came in today. They have been secreted in different places, watching for guerrillas. Frank Ricker, of Company B, carelessly discharged a loaded musket at James Curtis today just as the latter was going out on guard-mount. The ball passed thru his arm in two places and also his side, following a rib around till it lodged near the backbone. It was cut out by Dr. Warren, but tonight Curtis is failing fast. He served several years in the Regular Army.

Sept. 11, 1863.—Cool. Our regiment went on picket this morning. Squads of mounted rebs are scouting around our picket line and an attack is expected tonight. The battery horses are kept harnessed and the men will sleep on their arms tonight. We received overcoats today.

Sept. 13, 1863.—Rainy. We heard cannonading this forenoon in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse. The two regiments that went to New York to enforce the conscript law passed us this afternoon on their way to Warrenton.

Sept. 14, 1863.—Clear. Our regiment came in from picket this morning. We have orders to be ready to march at short notice.

Sept. 15, 1863.—Clear. Regimental inspection in the morning. Some of the boys are washing their overcoats. We received orders at 3 p. m. to pack up and be ready to march immediately. The citizens flock into camp and take what we leave and fare pretty well, but our com-

pany piled up its surplus and burned it to show its patriotism. We started on our march at 6 p. m. and went into camp at Warrenton about an hour after dark. Our march, altho but five miles, was hard on us. I had on new shoes and my feet are badly blistered. Many of the boys are swearing about their overcoats, and it was foolish to send for them so early. It appears that a part of Lee's army has gone toward Richmond.

Sept. 16, 1863.—Rainy. We started on our march at sunrise, but only went a short distance when we were ordered back to where we spent the night and pitched tents. Part of our regiment went into the city on guard, and the rest were ordered elsewhere. The 121st N. Y. remained here during the day, but the rest of the brigade went toward Culpeper. Our regiment and the 121st N. Y. started at 6 p. m., marched 7 miles and halted about 10 at Sulphur Springs. There were once large buildings here, but most of them have been burned. On our way we heard that the guerrillas were following us, and two companies were sent out as advance and rear guard. It was a dark night but an easy march.

Sept. 17, 1863.—Cloudy. We commenced our march at sunrise. The 121st N. Y. is in advance. Edwards was in command, and he told the drunken Lieutenant-Colonel of the 121st to march the men as he liked, and we had few rests. We got into camp at 3 p. m., having marched 20 miles. We here joined the Sixth Corps. I was quite exhausted before noon and lay down by the side of the road and when the ambulance came along they took me and my things on board. The doctor came and examined me and sent me something to take. It was Charles McKenny, from Minot, Me., who picked me up.

Sept. 18, 1863.—Rainy and warm. We lay quiet all day. We have at last found a place that is not swarming with flies. Elisha Hall came to see me.

Sept. 19, 1863.—Clear. We are within five miles of Cedar Mountain. Some of the boys call it Slaughter Mountain. I should like very much to go there and see if I could find where brother Edward Verrill was buried, but the rebs hold the place and our picket lines are some distance this side. The sweat I took Thursday in marching spoiled nearly everything I had about me. I would rather lie under two hours' smart shelling than go thru that again.

Sept. 20, 1863.—Cold. Frost last night. I signed the pay rolls and received two months' pay. A large number of recruits make their appearance but none for this regiment.

Sept. 21, 1863.—Frost again last night. There is a rumor that we are to move soon, and that stops the most of the house-building, but our tent crew keeps right on in defiance of the alarm.

Sept. 22, 1863.—Thurlow and I went off about a mile to a mill and lugged back two boards to fix our tent with.

Sept. 23, 1863.—Another cold night. In the morning Elisha Hall and I went to visit McKenny. Did my washing, three shirts and a pair of stockings. Other regiments have dress parade and brigade drill, but we remain quiet. Adj't Dicknell got back to our regiment today. He was wounded May 3. Col. Millett has come back, too.

Sept. 24, 1863.—Milder. I took a walk this morning. Found some chinquepins, a kind of acorn in a chestnut bur. I saw a contraband who told me that "all round heah is called Gum Springs." At 4 p. m. we were ordered to pitch our tents again, and we were glad to stay another night in our comfortable quarters. We are now supposed to be eady to march with eight days' rations.

Sept. 25, 1863.—Fine day. I went over to the 7th Me., could hear nothing of Whitefield Verrill, but heard that Silas Crooker is sick in a hospital.

Sept. 27, 1863.—Company inspection and religious services in the forenoon. The Chaplain gave the officers some severe talk for drinking and the privates for swearing. Drill and dress parade in the afternoon, at which the brigade band played. A number of deserters were brought in. One of them, Sewall Pratt, left our regiment just before the battle of Fredericksburg. I broke off one of my front teeth eating a piece of hardtack.

Sept. 30, 1863.—Pleasant. Warm bread served today. Bought a pound of butter for 60 cents. Whisky is selling $6 per quart bottle.

Oct. 2, 1863.—Rained hard last night and today. Awakened about midnight by the Third Division marching off toward Culpeper. We hear that they are going to Catlett's Station to guard the railroad and do picket duty. During this storm our tent boys are glad to find themselves in a warm and dry tent and not decorated with whisky bottles, which of late are very common, and it seems a most noisy kind of whisky, too.

Oct. 3, 1863.—Pleasant. Our regiment moved back about a mile and now have a nice camp ground where we should like to Winter. Deserted camps nearby furnished plenty of lumber for basements and we worked hard all the afternoon. Tonight we find ourselves in the best tents or houses we have had yet.

Oct. 4, 1863.—Fine, warm day. While

out in a cornfield today picking beans I was shot at by the rebs. The boys are very busy making improvements on their tents and have done things in fine shape. Good water plenty and heavy hardwood nearby. Persimmons are abundant and beginning to ripen. On dress parade orders were read that were not very gratefully received, viz: "Pack up and be ready to move tomorrow at four in the morning." There is talk about our regiment enlisting in the Veteran Corps, and so go home awhile, but I shall not enlist tonight.

Oct. 5, 1863.—Clear, bright day, with a cold breeze from the mountains. We turned out at 2 a. m. and marched at 4 a. m. Our division moved to the front. We passed thru Culpeper, a nice place, crossed the railroad, and marched about 14 miles to Raccoon Ford. We took a zigzag course thru the woods to keep the rebs from making a dash on our supply and ambulance train. Got into camp about 4 p. m. We are about a mile or so from the Rapidan River. Wood plenty, but the water is dreadfully bad. Part of the regiment went on picket.

Oct. 6, 1863.—Cool and pleasont. The Second Corps left this morning, and we took the remains of their tents and built up ours. By the middle of the forenoon we had a tent almost equal to the one we left at Culpeper, and then we heard that we are to move tomorrow. The whole army is to fall back. The papers of tonight say that the rebel force in front of us is 90,000 strong.

Oct. 7, 1863.—Rainy. I went out to the reserve picket line this afternoon and was very much surprised to see what a strong position the rebs have and what a decidedly poor outlook there is for us. The Rapidan separates the two lines of pickets, and it is so narrow that the pickets talk to each other across it. The rebs have a high range of hills and are very busy building fortifications and breastworks. We have a great plain extending along the river and back a couple of miles, and affords scarcely a knoll on which to plant a battery.

Oct. 8, 1863.—Fair day. I went up the river a couple of miles, but found a belt of woods extended as far as the eye could see, apparently without an opening. The rebs have a picket line above here on this side of the river, and we intend to advance our line in that direction tonight. Cartridges served out to us today.

ANOTHER BOY EXECUTED.

Cool and pleasant. More murder: Our division was called out to witness the execution of a substitute who deserted and was taken again. His name is Joseph Conley, aged 22, and belonged to a Jersey regiment. There was to be another shot, but he was pardoned. On dress parade orders were read to the effect that any of the old regiments that will reenlist can go home to their State to reorganize. About half of the boys agree to do so, provided they can have 90 days' furlough.

Oct. 10, 1863.—Cloudy. In the morning we were ordered to strike tents and be ready to march immediately. We waited all day on one foot and at dark started on our back track. The night was very dark. At 9 we halted for an hour and were glad to put on our overcoats. At 2 p. m. when within a mile or so of Culpeper we stacked arms and lay down for an hour. We hear that the rebs have been moving around on our right for the last two days, and today Kilpatrick has been skirmishing with them near Culpeper. The whole army is moving back.

Oct. 11, 1863.—Pleasant. We sarted at 3 a. m., marched thru Culpeper, and halted a mile beyond for breakfast. We stopped an hour and then marched on at a quick pace. We stopped half an hour at Brandy Station for dinner. Kilpatrick's cavalry was near where we stopped last night. During the day he was surrounded by the rebs and had to cut his way out with considerable loss. We reached the Rappahannock about 3 p. m. and halted for an hour near a fort. We then crossed the river, marched a short distance and went into camp. About sunset the cannonading was quite brisk. Several carloads of negroes passed us on their way to Alexandria. There are breastworks and several forts here. I have not suffered so much with the cold any night since I have been in the army as I did last night, altho I slept with my blanket double and my overcoat under me. We expected to march at midnight, but were not disturbed.

Oct. 12, 1863.—Pleasant. At daylight we moved a short distance and stacked arms. All was quiet till noon, when we crossed the river and advanced upon the rebs, driving them back to Culpeper. All the troops in our column were displayed to the best advantage. About 3 p. m. cannonading and musketry commenced. At dark we camped in a piece of woods near Brandy Station. Our brigade was in the rear and we did not take an active part in the fight, as we were several miles from the river. About midnight we were ordered to fall in and commenced moving back to Rappahannock Station, five or six miles distant.

Oct. 13, 1863.—Cool. We got back to the river, which we crossed just before daylight. Most of our troops were ahead

of us. When we crossed the railroad bridge our boys were cutting up the rails and about sunrise the bridge was blown up. Rested a couple of hours and then started on, burning bridges and depots. Reached Warrenton Junction at noon and stopped two hours. We passed Catlett Station at five p. m. and marched a few miles further and went into camp at Kettle Run.

Oct. 14, 1863.—Cool. We started on our way at daylight and came in sight of the rear of our division just as they were moving off. We reached Manassas Junction at noon. In the afternoon there was a smart battle in our rear; I could hear the musketry and whistling of the shells. When we came within two miles of Centerville Hill I could see the smoke of the battle, and away to the right I could see a heavy column of cavalry, but whether Union or Confederate I could not tell. Our regiment reached Centerville at sunset and then our division went out on Chantilly Road. I followed slowly and came up with them just after they camped in line of battle. It was now 9 p. m. and I lay down on my blanket very much exhausted.

Oct. 15, 1863.—Cloudy day. We moved a few rods in order to change front and commenced throwing up breastworks, digging rifle pits and cutting down trees. Cannonading commenced at 2 p. m. and continued till dark, intermixed with volleys of musketry. We hear that our boys have taken 450 prisoners, five or six pieces of artillery, and two stands of colors. Our corps is lying near Chantilly, where the roads cross, and where Gens. Kearney and Stevens were killed. We have raised a fine line of breastworks in the last few hours.

Oct. 16, 1863.—Warm. Struck tents before daylight and stood under arms, expecting that the rebs would attack us this morning; but all being quiet an hour after sunrise, we pitched tents again, as it rained slightly. Beef tongues and hardtack served out. We had a heavy shower with quite a gale in the evening and most of our tents were flooded.

Oct. 17, 1863.—Warm and pleasant. All quiet thru the day till about sunset, when some guerrillas made their way inside of our lines and captured a Lieutenant. At the same time shells were thrown among our pickets and we were ordered to fall in. We soon broke ranks, struck tents and packed up, but by dark all was quiet and we were ordered to pitch tents again.

Oct. 18, 1863.—Very warm. Company inspection and religious services in the forenoon. A heavy force went out this morning on a reconnoitering expedition.

Oct. 19, 1863.—Heavy thunder shower in the morning. Started at daylight, but only went a few rods before we had to stop, and waited an hour or more in the rain, but it made no difference to me, for I had got drenched thru going for water before we started. We took the Bull Run road and crossed the battlefield about 1 p. m. We marched two and a half hours without a rest, and I think some of the boys would have given more for a shot at the leader of the column than at old Lee himself. We reached Dranesville about sunset and went into camp. We hear cannonading just ahead of us at the Gap. Find plenty of ripe persimmons.

Oct. 20, 1863.—Cool and pleasant. I had a severe headache all last night, and this morning I am sick with the diarrhea. I have marched all I am able to at present and would apply for a pass in the ambalance, only there is a prospect of a fight ahead, and I suppose I should be looked on with suspicion. We started at 7 a. m. and reached New Baltimore at 4 p. m. and went into camp, as we were told we should lie here till morning, but about sunset we were ordered to pack up and fall in, and we marched to Warrenton and camped at 9 p. m. Our wagon train went by Thoroughfare Gap. All along the road before we got to New Baltimore there were dead horses and some dead Union soldiers, which the folks were burying. Many of the soldiers had been stripped of their clothing. Our cavalry fought here yesterday and this morning.

Oct. 21, 1863.—We expected to move onward this morning, but only went a few rods to get a better place to camp, and now expect to remain here till the railroad is repaired and then I suppose we shall advance upon Lee's army. It is said that Lee has made a stand at Culpeper. Five days' rations served out.

Oct. 22, 1863.—Cloudy. Quite a lot of paroled prisoners passing here on their way to their respective regiments. Ross, who was taken at Salem Church, came back to our company.

Oct. 23, 1863.—Cloudy, with some rain We changed camp ground this morning and now have a good position within a stone's throw of Warrenton. Water is plenty and our wood is hauled to us. Cliff Jones and I got a pass and went into the city and bought a dinner of bread, milk and tomatoes.

MARCHING AND COUNTERMARCHING.

Oct. 24, 1863.—Cold, steady rain all day. About 5 p. m. we received orders to pack up and be ready to move at once. Just before dark we were ordered to pitch tents again. Our cavalry had a brush with the enemy and say they are crossing the

Rappahannock. This accounts for the order to move. Whisky is plenty and many of the officers were drunk today.

Oct. 25, 1863.—Cold, windy day. About 4 p. m. we were ordered to strike tents and fall in. We marched two miles in a circuitous direction and camped a mile from where we started, and near the railroad, where our division stretched out so as to form a line of battle.

Oct. 26, 1863.—Cold. Mr. Dingley, of Lewiston, Me., is here this morning. Toward night Mosby's cavalry cleared the road from New Baltimore to Warrenton, and we received orders to be ready to march at 4 a. m. We heard cannonading in the afternoon toward the Rappahannock.

Oct. 28, 1863.—Somewhat warmer, but ice formed last night. The order to march this morning has been countermanded. Clothing came today, and I drew a pair of pants, a shirt, and a pair of stockings. On dress parade, an order was read to the effect that all those who wished to could join batteries.

Oct. 30, 1863.—Our regiment moved a short distance into a piece of pine woods and we have worked all day building basements and fireplaces to our tents. We expected to be called out to witness the execution of another deserter, but he attempted to escape last night and I have not learned whether he succeeded or was shot down on the spot.

Oct. 31, 1863.—We were mustered for payment in the afternoon and Gen. Bartlett was present. Ten from our company and many from other companies sent in their names to be transferred to batteries. The regimental officers do not like it.

Nov. 2, 1863.—Today we built our basement two logs higher, making it four and a half feet high, and have built two bunks, one over the other, and now have the best Winter quarters in the regiment.

Nov. 4, 1863.—Fine weather. We had soft bread, potatoes and beans served out today. From the effects of the wind, rain, bullets, and brush, our battle flag is in a very dilapidated condition. The fringe is entirely off and as the Color Sergeant will not bother with it any longer, I have sent it home.

Nov. 5, 1863.—Warm ad pleasant. I never saw so many crows in my life. They fill the air from the middle of the afternoon till sunset.

Nov. 6, 1863.—Ten men from each company have been detailed to go on fatigue duty at Warrenton depot. We received orders to be ready to move in the morning.

A CHARGE OVER BREASTWORKS.

Nov. 7, 1863.—Pleasant. We were turned out an hour before daylight. The division commenced to move about sunrise. Our regiment had to wait till seven a. m. for those who were out on fatigue duty to get in. We moved toward Rappahannock Station, where we overtook our brigade with those of the rebs. About 2 p. m. a line of battle was formed. The 6th Me. and 5th Wis. were engaged, and two of our batteries were opened on the rebs. Toward night our brigade was moved forward, the rebs shelling us all the way, and came to a halt near the enemy's earthworks. After dark we were ordered to charge upon their rifle-pits. Col. Upton, who was in charge of our regiment and the 121st N. Y., told us that if we would rush upon them without firing a gun we could take two stands of colors and also capture nearly all the rebs that the works contained. We made the charge and took five stands of colors, and with some help afterwards we captured about 2,000 prisoners. A bayonet thrust thru the coat is all the injury I received. Our loss, considering the circumstances, was very slight. When we mounted the breastworks there was a halt for a few seconds, when two rebs discharged their muskets, sending a streak of fire up on each side of me. Bumpus, who was next to me, grabbed one of the rebs by the hair and pulled him out over the breastworks and kept him till after the row was over, when I saw Bumpus begging tobacco for him.

Nov. 8, 1863.—Dark, rainy day. I have been looking around among the rebel earthworks. I saw about 30 dead rebs and about 50 dead Union men, but did not see them all. They have been burying them today. The rebs left during the night and we now have a force across the river. As I write this Col. Upton sits upon a dead horse a few rods from me and busily writing.

SIGNS OF WINTER.

Nov. 9, 1863.—Snowing. The first snow of the season. The mountains are quite white. About an hour before sunset our corps moved off to our right and camped in line of battle; our right resting on Hazle River. Some of the boys killed a nice bullock and brought it into camp, and we found it very tender eating.

Nov. 10, 1863.—Cold and windy. The water in our canteens froze last night. We are camped on a bleak hill and no

wood near. At 1 p. m. an escort was formed of 40 privates and some officers from each of the regiments, which were engaged in the late battle, to convey the captured flags to Gen. Meade's headquarters, three miles distant. There were seven colors and one staff from which the color had been torn. The 119th Pa., 49th and 121st N. Y., 5th Wis., and 5th and 6th. Me., were the regiments engaged. Gen. Meade gave us a short talk and we returned to camp about sunset

Nov. 11, 1863.—Cold. About 9 a. m. we struck tents, packed up and moved half a mile and camped in a white oak timber grove on the south bank of Hazle River, at Beverly Ford, not far from the Rappahannock. Wood and water good and plenty of both.

Nov. 12, 1863.—Pleasant. About a dozen of us, with Lieut. Hutchins, crossed Hazle River on a raft and went a few miles on a foraging expedition. We visited the Major plantation, a fine place. We also called on Mr. Mack, whose folks treated us very kindly and gave us hot corn cakes and boiled pumpkin. We called at two other places, but could get nothing of them. We then killed a heifer and took it into camp with us. Find plenty of persimmons.

Nov. 15, 1863.—Heavy thunder shower in the morning, after which it cleared off cold and windy. At 7 a. m. we were ordered to pack up all but our tents and soon after heard brisk cannonading not far off, between rebel infantry and our cavalry. We hear that our cavalry captured a rebel brigade.

Nov. 16, 1863.—Cold. Our regiment received a new banner; it is not lettered and cost $40. New tactics were introduced this afternoon. It is evident that Upton can teach our officers something in that line.

Nov. 17, 1863.—Warm. A detail of 23 men from our regiment started at daybreak this morning to build corduroy road. Since the railroad is completed our supplies come to Brandy Station.

Nov. 23, 1863.—Heavy frost last night. Col. Upton says we shall probably have a general engagement within a few days.

Nov. 24, 1863.—We were ordered out at 2 a. m. and expected to march in an hour, but it commenced raining and at daylight we received orders that the move had been postponed.

Nov. 25, 1863.—I went into Lieut. Lyon's tent in the evening and had a good sing. Thurlow left the color guard and went back to his company to tent. They built a nice brick chimney and we have orders to move tomorrow. At sundown Mosby, with about 60 men, was seen by some of our boys on picket.

ANOTHER THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 26, 1863.—Coldest night this Fall. The ground is frozen hard. We were ordered out about 3 a. m. and started on our march at 6 a. m. Col. Upton read us an official telegram giving cheering news from Burnside. Our brigade is rear guard and we go with the wagon train. We made slow progress, as the teams frequently stuck in the mud and we had to lift at the wheels to get them over the bad places. At night the rebel guerrillas made a dash upon our teams and captured two of them and took a few prisoners. A Corporal in my company was shot dead.

Nov. 27, 1863.—Fine day. We started on our way about daylight, marched a mile or so at a quick pace, and crossed the Rapidan at 5 a. m. About 10 a. m. we heard cannonading on our right and soon after we heard cannonading and musketry in front of us. We crossed the river at Jacob's Ford, and the pontoon bridge was taken up as soon as we got across and put down about two miles below, at Germania Ford. We had quite a sharp battle this afternoon at Locust Grove. We are expecting the rebs to charge on us during the night, and also expect a general battle tomorrow.

Nov. 28, 1863.—Rained steadily most all day. The rebs retreated during the night and we turned out at midnight and followed them. We marched thru the woods four miles—it was more a wilderness—and reached a large field about daylight, where the greater portion of our army were gathered. At 7 we started on again and passed a few dead rebs. They had nothing in their haversacks to eat but shelled corn. We marched three miles and found the enemy strongly located on the opposite side of Mine Run. During the last mile our skirmishers were engaged with those of the enemy, and we marched that distance thru a low pine woods in the rain. We formed our line of battle on a ridge about a mile from that of the rebs.

Nov. 30, 1863.—Freezing cold. We turned out at midnight under heavy marching orders and moved silently by the right flank about a mile to our picket line, expecting we were going to make a night charge We formed in three lines of battle and masked ourselves in the edge of the woods, other troops closing up around us. About 4 a. m. we were ordered to spread down our blankets and get what sleep we could before daylight. Soon after light cannonading began, to which the enemy briskly replied We were now ordered to pile up our knapsacks, and the pioneers were to remain and guard them. The 121st N. Y. was in advance, the 5th Me. formed the second line, and the 95th

and 96th Pa. formed the third line of battle. The order "Attention; fix bayonets," was given and we momentarily expected the "Forward." About this time some scouts returned with the information that the stream between us and the rebs had been dammed and the meadow on both sides partially flooded. The banks had been dug square down and sharpened sticks driven in to make it impassable, and a thick piece of pine beyond had been felled, over which we should have to pass before reaching the enemy's breastworks. Before reaching the stream we should have to pass over an open field nearly half a mile wide, which the enemy could sweep with a cross fire from their batteries. We thanked God to hear about 9 a. m. that the move had been postponed. We lay here quiet all day.

SOME OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Dec. 1, 1863.—Very cold. We have remained here all day without fires and a very poor quality of diluted mud to drink. The supply and ambulance trains are moving back. At 7 p. m. we slung knapsacks and started back, but made slow progress. The first six hours, I think, we did not make as many miles. We passed burning houses, and scared women and children were running about in the cold without shelter. We marched all night, crossing the Rapidan just before daylight, and halted about a mile from the river at 7 a. m., having marched 12 hours without a single halt.

Dec. 2, 1863.—Cool. We halted at sunrise and stacked arms, made coffee and lay down and slept till 10 a. m., when we marched several miles and camped in the woods by the side of a plank road, and remained all day and night as a guard to the wagon train. Rations scarce.

Dec. 3, 1863.—Warm and pleasant. We started on our march at sunrise. Passed thru Stevensville and crossed Mountain Run. We marched eight or nine miles and got back to our old camp ground about 2 p. m. I find nine blisters on one foot and five on the other and I can hardly walk. During the day we passed a number of dead horses and a pile of ashes and wagon irons, the effect of a late guerrilla raid.

Dec. 4, 1863.—We received our back mail today and I had several letters from home. John Stevens is acting Adjutant.

Dec. 5, 1863.—Pleasant. About the middle of the afternoon we received orders to be ready to move at any time. We hear that the Third Corps is moving back across the Rappahannock, perhaps into Winter quarters.

Dec. 6, 1863.—Cold and windy. We had a great gale last night. The boys are hard at work fixing up their tents. Dress parade and an address by the Chaplain.

Dec. 7, 1863.—Cold and clear. We are now in camp near Beverly Ford, Hazle River, Virginia. The color guard was sent back to their companies to tent and I will go in with Larrabee and Taylor. We went with a team and got some boards from over the river and put up a large double tent. We worked like dogs all day and got the roof on before night.

Dec. 8, 1863.—Very cold. All hands hard at work finishing up their tents and then we received orders to pack up and be ready to move across the river immediately. Our brigade crossed during the afternoon and we carried over most of our boards and now have a nice location on the edge of a large wood, where we have long been wishing to be.

Dec. 9, 1863.—Pleasant. All hands busy building our tents again for Winter quarters. They are all required to be double, of the same hight and chimneys on the front. We worked hard all day and got our tent up, when the Captain ordered us to take it down and build it over again, as it was four inches too high and three inches too wide.

Dec. 10, 1863.—Pleasant. I started off early in the morning in search of nails—and brought back several pounds. We took down our tent and built it according to orders and had it up again and bunks built in it before night. Our Colonel came to see how we were building our chimneys and some of the boys had to take theirs down and build them over again and some of the officers were in the same predicament.

Dec. 12, 1863.—Rainy. I worked all day on our chimney. Taylor and Larrabee brought the stone from a wall about a half mile distant. The wall is built of sandstone, resembling unlettered grave stones, and the boys have carried off about a quarter of a mile of it. The plantation which it enclosed is owned by one Mr. Gaines, of Washington. A man named Holcroft lives on it, and his negro is hauling stone from the same wall with cart and oxen for the boys of this regiment, for $1 a load.

Dec. 13, 1863—It rained in torrents last night, but cleared off this morning. Most of the boys off on details, some on picket, some on fatigue duty and some on camp guard. I finished topping out our chimney and we now claim to have the best chimney and fireplace in the regiment. It is built entirely of stone, is nine feet high and draws well.

Dec. 14, 1863.—Rained again last night.

This morning Lieut. John Stevens, with eight men, went out with some of our brigade teams to guard them while they got brick, and just outside of the picket line a party of guerrillas concealed in the woods rushed upon them and captured the Lieutenant and all but two of his men, and they escaped by running. None of them had their muskets loaded. The regiment turned out in pursuit, but only caught sight of them a couple of miles away. In the afternoon I laid a floor of poles to our tent.

Dec 15, 1863.—Pleasant. I went over the river in the morning after some more nails. I returned about 3 p. m. and found the regiment just falling in to cross the river for corps review. Gens. Meade and Sedgwick were present and also the noted batch of Russians. We got back to camp about dark.

Dec. 18, 1863.—Rainy. The boys have been policing the ground today, and I made some improvements on our tent and plastered up the cracks. We hear that the guerrillas burned two bridges near Catlett Station. Today the regiment was formed by company and an order from the War Department read to us offering at least 30 days' furlough and $300 beside the bounty offered by the town and State, to all those who have not more than a year longer to serve, if they will enlist for another three years.

Dec. 19, 1863.—Cold. I put up some shelves in our tent today. Maj. Daggett is under arrest for letting the teams go outside the picket line the day the guerrillas captured them.

Dec. 20, 1863.—Freezing weather. Inspection in the morning, on which occasion our new "Stars and Stripes" made their appearance. Our regiment has the best accommodations in the brigade. I fitted and hung a door to our tent so that I could have rubber blanket to cover me nights. Larrabee had two barrels of apples come today.

Dec. 21, 1863.—Ground frozen hard. Whitefield Verrill called on me tonight. He says he has enlisted for another three years. He is gong home on a furlough and I sent my diary home with him. We see by the papers that Lieut. John Stevens and the boys who were taken prisoners with him arrived in Richmond.

Dec. 22, 1863.—Cold and clear. No trees are to be cut within 100 yards of the regimental lines under penalty of a court-martial. Larrabee has sold the last of his apples. They cost him $14, and he has received $53.

Dec. 23, 1863.—Snow fell last night. Details are at work laying corduroy sidewalks in the camp.

REENLISTED AGAIN TO SEE IT OUT.

Dec. 24, 1863.—Cold and clear. This afternoon I reenlisted, was examined and sworn into the U. S. service for a term of three years, unless sooner discharged.

Dec. 25, 1863.—Mild and pleasant. Our brigade presented Gen. Bartlett with a gold watch and chain last Wednesday and today he gave a barrel of beer to each regiment in the brigade. Some of the officers and privates present a very disorderly appearance.

Dec. 27, 1863.—Rainy day. The Captain's tent caught fire today and burned up the pay rolls, which he had nearly finished. I worked all evening helping him make out new ones, as they must be ready by 10 a. m. tomorrow. My tent's crew propose to do the policing, get the wood and water and draw the rations if I will do the cooking and chamber work.

Dec. 28, 1863.—Rained all day. In the afternoon the "veterans" of the 5th Me. were mustered and sworn in by Capt. Taylor, of Gen. Wright's staff. I think there were about 87 of us who reenlisted. Rations begin to run short.

Dec. 29, 1863.—Warm. This morning the boys made considerable noise about the camp, yelling "hardtack," "pickled pork," etc. Rations were served out during the forenoon. They had been delayed by the storm.

Dec. 30, 1863.—Warm and pleasant. Worked all the forenoon making out pay rolls at the Captain's tent and had very good success. Did my washing in the afternoon. The fatigue details are still at work laying corduroy about our camp-ground.

Dec. 31, 1863.—Warm, rainy day. Mustered for payment. Ordergly-Serg't Stevens and Larrabee were arrested for discharging their guns without orders while out after guerrillas. They were tried by regimental court-martial, Capt. Daggett presiding, and were sentenced to forfeit one cent from their monthly pay. A general court-martial would have said "One month's pay" at least. About 10 p. m. an order came for the 5th Me. to be ready to take cars at a moment's notice. All was quiet at the time, but immediately the camp was in a commotion. The cry was, "We're going home." "Where are the veterans now?" But it was some disturbance on the picket line. I received a new diary from home.

ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Jan. 1, 1864.—Clear, but cold. During the evening we had quite a gale and chimneys were blown down and barrels were

blown about the camp, but our monument stood fast.

Jan. 2, 1864.—Very cold and windy. The "Veterans" signed the pay roll this afternoon and we were paid off. I received $202.31.

One month and 27 days' pay	$ 24.34
Due for clothing allowance	2.97
One month's pay in advance	13.00
Premium	2.00
Old bounty	100.00
New bounty	00.00

Jan. 3, 1864.—Cold. The ground is frozen hard. Our furloughs came tonight and we are making preparations to start home tomorrow.

Jan. 4, 1864.—Very cold. Left camp at daylight, took the train and reached Washington about 2 p. m.

Jan. 7, 1864.—I arrived in Auburn at 3 p. m. and walked up to Minot, and found my family and all the folks well, and we were very happy.

Jan. 12, 1864.—Pleasant. I went to Augusta today and received the State bounty, $100.00. I saw Henry Murphy, of my company, who was wounded at Salem Church, Va. He was shot thru the head, the ball entering under the left ear and coming out under the right eye. I also saw Serg't Dunlap, who was wounded at the battle of Antietam. Stayed all night at the Arnold House, as every other hotel was full.

Jan. 13, 1863.—Went to the State House, and Adj't-Gen. Hodge gave me a certificate to get my town bounty of the selectmen of my town.

Jan. 15, 1864.—Received my town bounty of the town treasurer, $305.00.

Feb. 8, 1864.—Started back to the army about daylight I went to Auburn and when I entered the cars I found my tentmates Larrabee and Taylor there, and by the time we got a little past Portland there were 10 of us on board.

Feb. 10, 1864.—We arrived in camp at 5 p. m. and found the boys glad to see us. Our tents were standing and two recruits were occupying mine for the present, so I spent the night with Cliff Jones. I gave him the pie his mother sent him, and he said he had not eaten anything so good since 1861.

Feb. 11, 1864.—Cold. I went five miles to visit the 17th Me. Spent a couple of hours with Elisha Hall. Gave him the butter, cheese, apples and shaving tools. I found him roasting a beef "sperib" for his tenmates, who were coming in from picket. Was surprised to find him so well—as I looked for him in the hospital. Could not call on Ed. Jones, as his regiment was too far off and I was obliged to be back to the river before dark.

Feb. 12, 1864.—Warm and pleasant. Inspection by Gen. Pleasonton. Capt. Lemont returned today.

Feb. 13, 1864.—The boys are around camp in their shirt sleeves. Arms and equipments were served out to the returned veterans, and I was fortunate enough to get the same gun that was given to me at Camp Franklin over two years ago.

March 3, 1864.—Warm and pleasant. We find ourselves lame, stiff and footsore today.

March 4, 1864.—Warm and pleasant. Worked from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. on the payrolls for Capt. Lemont.

March 5, 1864.—Finished the pay rolls during the forenoon. Took dinner with Lieut. Lions. In the evening we had a sing at the major's tent.

March 7, 1864.—Pleasant. I cut down two of my shirts and made them smaller. One of the boys of the 17th Me. who has just returned from home brought me a pair of boots and I found a generous quantity of salt fish in them.

March 8, 1864.—I went down to Capt. Small's Tent and had a good sing. There were eight of us, with the Major. Small has a violin, and plays and sings well. I have been playing chess a good deal of late.

March 10, 1864.—Rainy. There is an order from headquarters that all ladies leave the Army of the Potomac. We hear that our corps is under marching orders preparatory to a raid. Gen. Meade appears to be inclined to keep up a system of raids. The Major, Dr. Manson, Capt. Small, Lieut. Lions and myself had a glorious sing at Capt. Small's tent tonight.

March 11, 1864.—Rainy. We had another sing at Capt. Small's tent. Some whisky stirring in camp during the night.

March 12, 1864.—Church work. Warm and pleasant. The pioneers finished the church today. It is a very neat, convenient building, 18 x 30 feet. It will seat about 150 persons. They had a prayer meeting and a sort of a dedication tonight. Quite a number present from other regiments. A dozen or more persons offered prayer.

March 13, 1864.—Windy. The chaplain gave us a dedication sermon in our new church. Our singing club furnished music.

March 18, 1864. We had a temperance convention in the chapel this evening. The chaplain gave a lecture, and officers and men spoke, many of them signed the pledge; our singing club did well.

March 19, 1864.—Some of our corps are out making a reconnoisance, and we hear cannonading. Prayer meeting in the evening, and after it we had a good sing. Papered our tent, and Larrabee put up another shelf. We now have a good quar-

ters; clear, nice, convenient and well furnished for our means and circumstances.

March 20, 1864.—Bright day but windy. Brigade inspection under Col. Edwards. We marched in review, after which the field officers and staff rode through our camp accompanied by two ladies.

March 21, 1864.—Cold and cloudy. Capt. Lamont organized a scholl for non-commissioned officers. The batteries of our division are drawn up in line of battle down by Walker's Bridge.

March 22, 1864.—A freezing night. I spent most the day learning my military lesson, which I recited about supper time.

March 23, 1864.—The snow is six inches deep. I signed the pay roll and received $64.30. Temperance meeting in the evening. Our choir sang a number of pieces.

March 24, 1864.—Snow melting fast. Orders for inspection by Gen. Grant. We had a spelling school in the Chapel in the afternoon.

March 25, 1864.—Rained hard last night. Our three or four sick soldiers were sent to Washington today. Every one of our company's last five recruits are on a drunk.

March 28, 1864.—Pleasant. I found some flowers in bloom today, and the frogs are beginning to grit their teeth.

March 29, 1864.—Rained hard most all day. We had a spelling school at the Chapel again today and a very pleasant time.

March 30, 1864.—Cleared off mild and bright this morning. We have a great freshet, the rivers are over their banks and the meadows flooded. The Engineer Corps had an uncomfortable time last night. They were up most all last night securing bridges. During the night a bridge at Mud Run was carried down stream, and coming in contact with our pontoon bridge broke it so that each part swung around against the banks. The Engineers secured the boats and most of the timber. Walker's bridge below was swept away.

April 4, 1864.—It has been snowing and raining all day. We organized a Masonic Lodge in the Chapel today. All the Masons in our regiment who were in camp—about 25—were present.

April 7, 1864.—A most beautiful morning, and the crows are very noisy. Some time last night a pack of hounds passed through the woods near our camp, and, to a fugitive slave in the canebrake, their deep-toned baying would be anything but musical.

April 8, 1864.—Beautiful day. We have orders for all surplus baggage to be sent to the rear. Brigade drill, but the color guard did not have to go out, so I went with D. N. Merrill to the Rappahannock River, and was surprised to find it so near. There were earth works thrown up for a long distance on the south side. We found the remains of two men whose bones were bleaching in the wind, rain and sun. The skulls had been taken away. It appeared by the blue pants and blouse nearby that they were Federal soldiers, and they probably fell at the time Pope was falling back after the battle of Cedar Mountain. Merrill says he is going to take a shovel, over there and bury the bones some day, but according to what the boys say he would find more of that kind of work a little farther up than he would likely accomplish alone.

April 9, 1864.—Rained hard all day. We had a Masonic meeting and a sing in the afternoon. Sent diary home. My tent crew had the worst of it today, for they have been out getting wood and water and have been drenched through, while I have been getting the meals. Our tents are so much better than they were last Winter. We are neither drowned out nor smoked out. The poor citizens up in Maine, how I pity them; they cannot think what a nice house we have here. They have lots and lots of buildings, to be sure, but they don't know how to enjoy them; while we, poor, miserable wretches, are tickled half to death if we find ourselves a little happy.

April 12, 1864.—Pleasant. We packed up our overcoats and sent them in today. The last of the officers' wives left camp today.

April 14, 1864.—The company went out target shooting this morning. Our ammunition has been in the cartridge boxes so long that it has become poor, and we were ordered to use it in this way. In the afternoon I went to a plantation near here and looked it over.

April 17, 1864.—Pleasant. In the forenoon Cliff Jones and I went over to the Rappahannock River and back across the battle ground. We found the remains of many dead that had never been buried. The skulls had all been carried away. In the evening Rev. Dyenra preached a very interesting discourse in our Chapel.

A REVIEW BY GEN. GRANT.

April 18, 1864.—Warm day. Our Corps (6th) was reviewed by Gen. Grant. Our brigade had to go four miles to reach the review ground. Our Corps is now quite large, but we fear it is not of so good material as it was before a division of the 3d Corps joined it.

April 20, 1864.—Cold. I was sick, and excused from duty yesterday. Early in the morning we received orders to prepare for inspection of quarters. We policed the grounds with extra care, put our tents

in fine order and waited all day, but no inspector came near.

April 22, 1864.—Pleasant. Skirmish drill in the forenoon, but the colors did not go out. Sergt. Bracket was struck on the head by a horseshoe, which cracked his skull, and relieves him from three months of duty.

April 24, 1864.—Warm. I went with Robinson, Taylor and Harmon over to the battlefield. Some of the skeletons were lying in the midst of a beautiful bed of wild flowers. On the way back we came across a negro boy about three years old that was the worst specimen of a human being I ever saw. In the evening we had divine services in the Chapel. A. Rev. Prentiss, of New York, preached, and seemed very much affected in his discourse. He reminded us of the thousands of prayers that would be offered up in our behalf when we go forth to battle. I wonder what will become of an equal number that will be offered against us.

BURYING THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

April 26, 1864.—Pleasant. The canvas was taken from the roof of the Chapel tonight. Robinson and I went down to the river and buried the human bones lying around there. We buried nine human skeltons, and knew by the blue clothes lying around that they were our men. There was part of a German Testament near one of them. We buried them near the foot of a large white oak tree, and put a stone at the end of the grave and on it put a large fragment of a shell which we picked up near one of them—possibly the same shell that furnished a tenant for the grave. Even while we were burying them among the white flowers, we could hear the roll of a drum and the cracking of muskets, as guard mount and rifle practice was going on somewhere near. We felt sad, and wondered who would be burying our bones in a little while longer.

April 27, 1864.—I did my washing and got everything in readiness for marching. We had brigade drill in the afternoon. We charged on imaginary rifle pits, moving over a distance of 900 yards in 7 1-2 minutes, the last 300 yards up a rise and at a run. It was the hardest drill I have taken part in for some time.

April 29, 1864.—Pleasant day. Inspection by Gen. Wright, and we were complimented for keeping our tent in such good order.

May 1, 1864.—Rained last night. The 3d Corps moved out today. A long list of orders were read, to take effect when we move.

May 2, 1864.—We had a hurricane, with heavy rain, thunder and lightning toward night. We moved at 7 a. m. just across Hazle River, and went into camp. As the other corps moved yesterday, I suppose it was not considered safe for us to remain on that side of the river.

May 3, 1864.—Very cold day. The mountains were covered with snow this morning. An order was read that all soldiers refusing to do duty on account of their term of enlistment having expired shall be shot without trial. We received orders to move tomorrow at 4 a. m. by way of Brandy Station and Stevensburg.

May 4, 1864.—Pleasant. We started on our march at 4 a. m., and crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford, about 2 p. m. After halting an hour we moved on two miles and went into camp. I could have gone but a short distance further as my feet are blistered and my head feels badly.

IN A FIGHTING COUNTRY.

May 5, 1864.—Clear and warm. We moved at 6 a. m., keeping between the rebel line and the plank road, on which were our teams. Our skirmishers found the rebel line of pickets soon after we started, and have been busy with them all day. About 1 p. m. we came to a halt and lay in the third line of battle for a time, and then in the second line, in the edge of some woods. There was heavy skirmishing till after dark, and the Colonel of the 121st N. Y. and two privates were killed. There are a few dead rebs lying around here. At dusk was the heaviest volley of musketry I ever heard. Our wounded were calling for help all night, but we could not get them, and several were wounded in trying to do so. Three of our company were wounded, among them Lieut. Hutchins, who was lying close to me at the time.

May 6, 1864.—Hot day. We turned out at daylight. The rebs commenced the attack on our right. We moved a few rods to relieve the front line of battle. We threw off our knapsacks, expecting every moment to go forward on a charge. There was heavy fighting on our right, and our boys drove the rebs back. The rebs shelled our hospitals today. At 9 a. m. it was a little more quiet, but the battle had been raging furiously all the morning, and during the day the sharpshooters have been practicing on us with their rifles. Between sunset and dark there was a heavy volley of musketry accompanied by an unearthly yell. At 8 p. m. we were ordered to move by the left flank. We marched two or three miles and camped in a very thick piece of scrub oak.

May 7, 1864.—Warm. We were aroused early by firing between our picket line and the rebs. The rebs were drawn within

range of our batteries, which gave them a double dose of grape and canister. At this alarm we immediately formed in line of battle, and moved to a strong position with batteries well posted.

May 8, 1864.—We passed through Chancellorsville about 7 a. m., where we found our wagon trains. We passed part of Burnside's Corps, and saw two of his negro regiments. The ambulance train is full of badly wounded, and many who have severe wounds have to walk.

May 9, 1864.—We turned out at daylight. The sharpshooters are busy whenever an officer shows himself in an exposed position. Gen. Sedgwick was killed this morning, and Gen. Wright now commands our Corps (6th). One of our boys was shot through the head just in front of me. Our pickets could not get in without being picked off by the rebel sharpshooters. About 8 a. m. we fell in and started back. We moved down to the extreme left and began to throw up breastworks. About noon the rebs made an attack on our right.

SOMETHING EARNEST IN THE FIGHTING LINE.

May 10, 1864.—About 4 p. m. we were ordered to fall in without knapsacks or haversacks, and moved to the left and front, to charge enemy's line of breastworks with abattis in front. We were in the edge of a wood of scattered pines and an open field in front of us. We lay close to the ground waiting for orders while the rebs were sending in scattering shots, but an unusual proportion of them took effect. Col. Upton who commanded the brigade, now addressed us, showing us how the works lay, giving us particulars and endeavored to encourage us by saying that a division was to charge the rebel flank and that we were to have a heavy support at our rear. His remarks ended with "Forward, 5th Maine, and God help you." The last sentence had an ominous ring in my ears. On we went at a double-quick, receiving terrible punishment from the rebels on our left, to the works we were charging on. I had the flag, and was slightly in advance of the line the left of which was crowding hard on the center, for reason of the flanking fire. The rebs behind the breastworks at the left, having nothing to trouble them, could rake us at their pleasure. We forced our way through the line of abattis, and by the time we reached the breastworks our regiment had obliqued more than half its length to the right. Just to the right of where the colors passed through the rebel line there was a battery of two pieces. Here was a depression in the works, and the rifle pits did not extend along, but were continued beyond the battery. As I passed through here with the flag, I saw a full line of rebels lying behind the works. I quickly thought "The Flag is surely gone now, and I will soon see Richmond." At the same time our boys began firing into them and yelling "Get to the rear, you —— —— ——! Get to the rear!" It was an anxious moment to me to know which "rear" they would go to—their own or ours. Their rifles were empty and they knew ours were loaded, and that makes a vast difference when it comes to a pinch. They most beautifully leaped their works, and went to our rear, where they were taken care of. The rebel line on the flank not being able to readily distinguish much through the smoke thought it was the Yanks being driven back, so poured lead into their own men as fast as they could load and fire.

During the conflict at the battery, Corp. Thurlow shot one gunner and ran his bayonet through another, when the Captain of the battery shot him through the head with his pistol. A part of the rebel flanking line had gradually withdrawn into the woods, and it appeared that after they got out of sight they double quicked around to our front, where they concentrated with those who had fallen back, charged, and retook their battery and drove our line back at that point. About this time an order came from Col. Edwards for the colors to report to him at the battery, but before I could get there the rebs had retaken it and the Colonel and a portion of the line were skedaddling to the rear, where I soon after joined them. I was the only man left in the 5th Maine Color Guard who went into the battle, not wounded. Morris Bumpus, the color sergeant, was shot through both ankles and in the side, and died of his wounds. As the rebs were on both flanks of our regiment, of course the rest of them soon had to fall back, and it was but a small portion of our regiment that returned unwounded to our breastworks, where we had left our knapsacks, etc. I do not know how the rest of our brigade fared, as the lay of the land was such that I could see but a short distance to our right. This charge cost our regiment 75 per cent of its men in killed, wounded and missing. Three men out of every four went down. Most of them who fell were wounded in the left side. A short time before we made the charge a young foreigner who spoke English well, came to our regiment and explained why he was absent from his command. He said he had just returned to the line, and had not yet been able to find his regiment, and as an engagement was coming on he desired to remain and go into action with us, and on his departure receive a certifi-

cate to show his officers, so they would know he had not been shirking his duty. The Colonel told him that if he went into action and did his duty as a good soldier he should receive a certificate to that effect. After we had made the charge—and while lying at the breastworks in the thick of the fight, I found this little fellow at my elbow praying to the "Good Lord" with great earnestness, and begging for a word of encouragement from the men on either side of him; with tears running down his cheeks and fighting with the greatest energy. He would brush away the tears, cover his man and bang off with his gun with a "Dear, good Lord, do be on our side," chuck in another cartridge, begging someone to assure him that the "Dear Lord" would not let any bullet hit him. On receiving orders to report to the Colonel with the flag, I left the little fellow praying and chucking in the bullets. He may have been too frightened to run, but he was not too frightened to fight. As he never after reported to our regiment, I suppose a rebel bullet found him. If there is any virtue in doing one's duty under trying circumstances it seems to me he ought to have escaped.

May 12, 1864.—Both the artillery and infantry had everything packed up last night ready to move at short notice. It looked as if we were to leave during the night, and the query was whether we were going to fall back to Alexandria or go up on our right, mass our forces and try the rebs again in that place, for in the battle of Tuesday we had been hard pressed all along the lines. The night was somewhat rainy. We were turned out before daylight and marched about a mile to the right and soon marched back again. Cannonading on both sides. We were informed that the 2nd Corps had made a successful charge on our left, and were to follow it up. This charge was to the left of the place where we charged last Tuesday. An assault was made all along the lines. We started at a quick pace, and went about a half a mile to where we found the 2nd Corps, hotly engaged with the enemy at a strong line of breastworks. Our side held a portion of the works, but had been pushed to the right. A portion of our corps were ordered to charge. We moved forward at a double-quick through brush and bushes under a shower of bullets. In passing through the brush Sergt. Croswell had furled the "Stars and Stripes," and had not yet unfurled it, when Col. Edwards, who was on foot, called to him to unfurl the flag and let him have it. The Colonel waved it and carried it a few rods, when Stevens said, "Colonel, you better let someone else take that flag, or they will surely drop you." This remark seemed to bring the Colonel to a realizing sense of his danger, and he called for the color sergeant, but as I was nearer to him than any other member of the color guard, I took the flag and carried both unfurled flags nearly to the breastworks before the color sergeant came up with us. We gained the works and planted our colors on them, and a bullet zipped through mine just as I had it firmly erected. We were soon flanked on the right, and a portion of our regiment, which was on the right of the charging line, was swung around nearly at right angles with the rebel breastworks and lay in the mud, for it had been raining an hour or more. We were lying low, and yet much exposed to the rebel bullets, but I was not then aware of how many men we were losing. We stuck our flags in the ground, but the mud was so soft and it was raining so hard that I could not make mine stand without holding it by the staff. While here I was talking to Shedd, who way lying between the flags, when he was struck in the face by a spent ball, which probably first struck a stone or tree; it only made a slight wound, but bled freely. He picked the bullet up and showed it to me. Now artillerymen brought a couple of brass howitzers and placed them at the right, and a little in front of our colors. The brigade commander ordered them to double shot the guns with grape and canister or to use one-second shell. I saw the captain of the battery shot in the breast while sighting one of the guns. Some of our men, including Col. Edwards, carried ammunition for them. For a few minutes the rebel fire slackened, for a half peck of bullets to each double shotted gun made it uncomfortable for them. Once the order was given to depress the guns and fire low. The gun nearest me was swung around a little, when a poor fellow in front sang out "Don't point that gun this way, I can look right into the muzzle of it." He was asked if he could not crawl inside of the lines, but he said "No, my legs are broken, and I can't move." Some of the boys immediately stepped forward and took him in. I saw a color bearer at the left fall and crawl off to the rear. The rebs were now partially under cover and hidden by brush, and their fire grew hotter, which of course, had the opposite effect on ours. "Ping" came the bullets, and "Zip" they tore through the colors. The staff of the battle flag was splintered, and I dreaded the time when I should have to rise up and take my flag off the field, for I expected the rebs would be watching for that move and be ready for it, but when the order came we got the colors off safely. We halted a few rods to the rear behind a slight elevation which offered some pro-

tection from the rebel bullets. A few minutes after a battery passed us with the horses on the run and one of them dragging in the harness. In about a half hour we went back to the breastworks again with our right resting nearly where our left did before we fell back. We passed near the ground where we had been fighting, and I was surprised to see so many dead lying there. Little did I think what we should see before night. Sights not suitable to relate, sights that some times start tears even on the battle ground. • We found that the rebs had regained the breastworks, and now the two contending lines lay close up under one line of breastworks, and for a time no one could show his head on either side, but would reach up and point the muzzle of his musket down on the opposite side and fire. Hour after hour passed, a continual fire being kept up except on two occasions, when the rebs hoisted a white handkerchief or paper, and then we, who were directly in front ceased firing to let them come in, and perhaps all directly in front of us would have thrown down their arms and come in had not our men on the right and left concentrated their fire on them, thinking the rebs were charging on us, and so stopped them. By this time it had ceased raining and the mud was three or four inches deep anywhere within as many rods of the works. At one time I counted 24 stands of colors at this point of contention. Battle, Division, Brigade, Regimental and State flags were all mixed promiscuously. Although the bullets showed that there were plenty of rebels, we saw very few of their flags. At this point we seemed much of the time to have no organization. Not only were companies mixed together, but regiments and brigades. We would sometimes lose ground little by little; we were up to the works several times during the day, but when the rebs would concentrate their fire on us we would gradually lose ground till we would be, perhaps three or four rods from the works, then we would press forward and gain them again. When our regiment was relieved it was about four rods from the works, but all were in the line of battle and every man seemed to be doing his best. The men were wet and covered with mud, and the hours were long, but the fighting was stubborn. Sometimes we feared our ammunition would run short, but before it was gone we would receive a new supply. Directly in front of the heaviest part of our line and a little to the left of the "Bloody Angle" stood an oak tree, about a foot in diameter, and several rods from the breastworks, which was so nearly cut off by Federal bullets during the day that it fell over. About the middle of the afternoon our brigade was relieved by other troops and we fell back about 25 rods and lay as a reserve till dark, during which time three of our boys were wounded. The bullets whistled all night, as the fighting at that contested point was kept up till 3 a. m., when the rebs at this point fell back and moved to their right. After dark we moved back a little farther and lay down among the dead bodies of rebs who had fallen in the fight of last Tuesday, and still lay unburied. We were not allowed fire or light, and it was too dark to clearly see the condition of things till morning, but the air was impure to say the least.

AFTER THE SLAUGHTER.

May 13, 1864.—About 4 a. m. we turned out, made fires, boiled coffee and dried our clothes. The rebs have fallen back. Some of the boys of our company went out to the deserted breastworks, and found the body of our Captain, Lemont, and buried it. The body was riddled with bullets, and his watch had been smashed by a musket ball. As we had orders to be ready to march immediately, I could not get leave to go and look at the slaughter. There is a detail out burying our dead. The boys report that in some places there were many bodies piled one on another. We lay here till about 10 p. m., when we fell back a little and lay down for the night after drawing three days' rations.

May 14, 1864.—At daylight we marched to the left, and had some skirmishing by the way. Our brigade took position on a hill separated from the rest of our division by a creek. The rebs threw up some breastworks and we had a skirmish with them in the afternoon.

May 15, 1864.—We marched back about a mile to a hill that the 3d Division of our Corps captured last night. Here we threw up some breastworks. Toward night our regiment went out on the skirmish line. This makes 11 consecutive days that we have been under fire. Sent a letter home to my wife to let her know that she is not a widow.

May 16, 1864.—All was quiet till about 4 p. m., when our side began shelling the rebs, and we could see them striking tents and hustling their wagon train to a place of safety. We are lying near a little stream which we suppose to be the North Anna. Our regiment was relieved about noon. Col. Upton makes his appearance with a star on his shoulders. He has had command of the brigade for some time, but now he is a sure enough Brigadier General. He complimented us highly for our behavior in this campaign, saying, "No brigade has done better—and perhaps

none so well." It is the truth, for we have been pushed to the front continually, both day and night. Our color guard have all been killed or wounded, but Croswell and me, and Croswell was not in the battle of May 10.

May 17, 1864.—Warm and pleasant. We are now about east of Spottsylvania C. H. At dark we filled our canteens and prepared for a night's sleep, and about sunrise we found ourselves in the same place we were in two or three days ago. It was a tedious march for only six or seven miles.

May 18, 1864.—About sunrise as we came up to our old rifle pits the rebs opened a couple of batteries on us, with no damage. It appears that our generals intended to draw Lee's force out, but he knew better. He has a good position, and if we wish to fight we must go to him. There was some skirmishing, but no regular engagement. The air is very bad here on account of the dead bodies that remain unburied. About 1 p. m. we started back by a shorter route, and at 4 we reached the place we left last night, and took position in the rifle pits, with a chance to make coffee. I am very much used up.

May 19, 1864.—We turned out before daylight. I received papers and letters from home. We marched a mile or more and threw up breastworks, the best we have had, in a clean place. In the forenoon I had a chance to send my diary home by a citizen who was visiting the army. It was Warren T. Webster, Principal of the Auburn Academy. We are now lying on the pike leading to Spottsylvania C. H., about a mile away. We heard cannonading toward night, and we were ordered to pack up; then all was quiet, and we were ordered to pitch tents again. Late in the evening we heard volleys of musketry, and we were ordered to fall in immediately. At 11 p. m. we moved back to the scene of conflict, but when we reached there the enemy had been repulsed, and about 400 prisoners were marched past us.

May 20, 1864.—Pleasant day, but last night was cold. We marched last night till about 1 o'clock, and then lay down till daylight, when we moved forward to the extreme right flank and began to intrench ourselves. We had a quiet day, and went early to bed.

May 22, 1864.—Early in the morning we heard a smart cannonading on our left. We packed up and moved back to where we started from night before last. We halted about noon and made coffee. Our troops appear to be moving off to the right, and I understand we are going toward Bowling Green. Three batteries of heavy artillery, 1,700 men, were added to our brigade today. Our regiment now numbers 120 enlisted men. Just as we were about to cross the river to relieve the 1st Division, we saw the rebs driving in our skirmish line on the right, and thought they were flanking our boys in good shape, but a Maryland brigade, concealed on our right, came down on their flank, and drove them back much faster than they came up.

NIGHT MARCHES AND ANXIOUS DAYS.

May 23, 1864.—We marched all night. A little after sunrise we halted on the top of a high ridge and made our coffee. The rebs do not molest, but only follow and watch us. The 5th Maine and the 95th N. Y. are the rear guard. I never stood hard marches as well as now. Men fall out of the ranks and die of exhaustion or sunstroke, while I peg right along.

May 24, 1864.—A very hot day. We started early in the morning, marched three miles, crossed the North Anna River and stacked arms. The bluffs are very steep. About 2 p. m. our regiment went out on picket. This is a nice country. This plantation belongs to Charles Fontain, who left yesterday. There are many books lying about the yard, mostly Latin. He had a valuable library. We can hear cannonading on our right, with musketry and the whistling of shells, and we expect an engagement tonight, but this is too strong a position to be inviting. The color guard had a good night's sleep last night. The heavy artillerymen are lying in the rifle pits here today. During the day they have had several men killed and wounded. It is amusing to hear them talk, and we can now see how much we used to make of what we now consider small affairs.

May 25, 1864.—About 8 a. m. our Division moved out to the right and tore up several miles of the Va. Cent. R. R. Our regiment went on picket. The boys ransack dwellings here regardless of occupants, and bring off poultry, wine, clothing, jewelry, etc. It is surprising how quick a mile of railroad can be turned over, ties and rails all go together. The ties and culverts are usually burned and the rails bent. About 3 p. m. we marched back a couple of miles, with orders for our Corps to cross the South Anna.

May 26, 1864.—Showers. Strawberries are ripe and plentiful. Our Division moved back five miles, crossed the North Anna and halted near Chesterville, or Chester Station, about noon. In the afternoon we dried our tents and blankets. We started at dark and marched on a good road at a quick pace, our right covered by flankers and a vanguard of cavalry. We saw dead horses all along the

way. We had orders to move silently and quickly, as we were near a portion of Lee's main army. At sunset we heard a battle raging in the direction we came from this morning.

May 27, 1864.—Hot day. We halted two hours for breakfast at 5 a. m., having marched 20 miles during the night. About noon we crossed the Pamunky River, at Patterson's Fork, and found ourselves upon the Peninsula. Here we halted Water is good and handy. Last night while on the march we suffered some for water, as we did not cross a stream or rill for about 25 miles. The boys are ransacking the houses around here without mercy, leaving the women and children in tears. I lost my rubber blanket last night; it was the one I picked up the day we were shelled away from our knapsacks, near Gaines' Hill, and I have carried it nearly two years. Cherries are ripe and clover in blossom. Corn is eight inches high.

May 28, 1864.—Went down to Patterson's Ford and had a good swim and washed my clothes. In the afternoon we marched a few miles and went into camp. The boys find plenty of strawberries.

May 29, 1864.—Cool day. We started about 9 a. m., and marched toward Hanover C. H., but made slow progress, as we had to skirmish our way the whole distance. There were none of our regiment wounded. We reached Hanover C. H. about 4 p. m., halted till dark, and then fooled around till a late hour to get into line of battle. We are destroying the Va. Cent. R. R. Our rations are all gone, and all we get is what we can find at the houses we pass, and we take everything eatable

May 30, 1864.—Pleasant. About 1 p. m. we moved forward on the Mechanicsville road, skirmishing by the way. We came to a very disagreeable swamp at the edge of which we formed in line of battle, the 5th Maine being deployed as skirmishers. We went through the swamp and camped on the other side. No fires allowed. We are now about 15 miles from Richmond, and five from Mechanicsville.

RICHMOND SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

May 31, 1864.—Pleasant. Skirmishing on the picket line and occasional shelling on both sides during the day. Toward night I went out after water and stopped to pick cherries, but was driven off by sharpshooters firing at me. A miserable swamp lies between us and the rebs, and another in our rear, which we crossed last night.

June 1, 1864.—Very hot day. About 1 o'clock last night, while we were working on the breastworks, we received orders to pack up and move. We marched back across the swamp and took the road leading to Cold Harbor, which we reached after a forced march of eight or 10 miles. We had continual skirmishing on the way.

June 2, 1864.—Warm day. We fell in last night about 1 a. m., moved silently a short distance and spent the remainder of the night throwing up breastworks. At daylight the skirmishing became brisk. We lay behind the breastworks all day the bullets flying over us pretty freely. The sharpshooters have a good range of the little ridge on our left.

June 3, 1864.—Rained all night and today. At daylight the rebs opened an attack, and we were ordered forward. We lay in front of the swamp, while at our right a number of lines went forward, but we don't appear to gain much ground. About 10 a. m. the rebs pressed us hard in front of our positions, but afterward retired and we moved up to some rifle pits which they had fallen back from. The Colonel here ordered me back with one stand of colors, to the works where we lay last night. Lieut. Parody and two privates were wounded, and one private killed in our regiment today.

June 4, 1864.—Pleasant. Our regiment was relieved from the front line of battle after dark, and we took a position in the rear line. The Jersey regiment went home today. Received a letter from home.

June 5, 1864.—Very warm. A continual popping of musketry, with an occasional big gun all day. Rebel bullets do more execution in the rear line than in front. A good many of our brigade have been hurt today. A single bullet hit four of the boys in our regiment, sending two to the hospital. One of the "Heavies" had his hand shot to pieces. The night was very dark, all was quiet, and not a shot was heard. Fires were put out and most of the boys had turned in, thinking there would be no alarm tonight, but suddenly, about 10 o'clock, the rebs opened directly in front with a heavy volley of musketry, which rolled off down to our left. Our boys replied, pouring in a steady shower of lead, the artillery opened on both sides, and for a half hour or more the roar was deafening, with shot and shell flying over and among us. All quieted at last and remained so during the rest of the night.

June 6, 1864.—Very hot day. Ordered out at daybreak and stood under arms waiting an attack. Today just as one of the "Heavies" came out of his tent with canteens to go for water, a ball struck and instantly killed him. Late in the afternoon our commander sent a flag of truce which was met by one from the rebs. Two hours spent in burying the dead and getting the wounded off the field. I went up to one of our forts to get a view of the country and was surprised to see so many

earth works. The rebs have two or three lines of strong earthworks with abattis in front.

June 7, 1864.—No firing till 8 a. m. The rebs and our boyes were moving about within a few rods of each other at work on the fortifications, and exchaging papers and other civilities. There was no flag of truce, but only a voluntary good will. Suddenly a rebel battery threw several shells, and both parties were quickly under cover. Our boys are continually making little "bomb-proofs" as they call them, for protection from the minie balls which are constantly zipping among us.

June 8, 1864.—No firing in front of our brigade till noon, when a company of sharpshooters went down ou our left. Our boys were walking about exposing themselves and the rebs were doing the same when one of the Johnnies shouted "Lie low, Yanks, we have orders to fire!" Both parties made themselves invisble and the bullets began to whiz. Our regiment was relieved just after dark by the 121st N. Y., and we took our place at the rear line of breastworks. The rebs kept throwing solid shot or shell every half hour all night to worrk our pioneers and fatigue parties while at work on forts and breastworks. During the day our sharpshooters have command of that gun. Received letters from home.

June 10, 1864.—The artillery had a skirmish in the afternoon. Yesterday while I was sitting in my tent I was struck on my arm by a spent ball which glanced from a tree, and today while sitting under a tree reading a list of our killed and wounded a shell burst nearby and one of the pieces struck the ground within a foot of me. One of our boys had just come out of his tent to light his pipe, when a ball struck him in the head killing him instantly. Received letter from home.

June 11, 1864.—Picket firing right and left, but in front in was mostly quiet till one of our boys, J. Ham, went down to the front, and while there saw a "Johnnie" standing on their breastworks looking at him. Ham raised his rifle and shot him. After that everybody kept out of sight. I am about used up with a nervous sick headache.

June 12, 1864.—The rebel mortars at work on us this morning. By 10 o'clock they had dropped five or six 12-pound mortar shells right in among us on a piece of ground about five rods square, but only two of them exploded. "We don't want them all, Johnnie Gray; please distribute them along the line a little more evenly," was called out. The dead bodies around here in some places are sticking their skulls and feet out of their graves. About 9 p. m. we fell in and marched toward Charles City C. H.; tramped all night, but only went about five or six miles.

June 13, 1864.—Our Corps crossed the Chickahominy six miles from Charles City, about sunset, and went into camp. All very tired. We crossed the river at Jones's Ford, which is bridged by only four or five pontoons. This is a very pretty place. It is reported that Whitefield Verrill and Charlie Davis have been killed.

June 14, 1864.—Slept pretty well last night, but my clothes were so wet from perspiration that it made me lay rather cold. Received some daily papers today, and according to them the South is trembling, and the North are all fools. Marched four or five miles in the morning and went into camp two miles from the James River, near Charles City C. H. We are under cover of our gunboats now.

June 15, 1864.—Moved down the river about a mile, in the morning, and ordered to stack arms and intrench ourselves. I visited a negro hut, where I found an old man, a smart looking woman and a gay wench about 16, all as black as midnight. The old man was quite infirm, one of his legs was much swollen from a snake biting his toe. I asked if they had any milk or eggs to sell for a good price in Federal money, but they had nothing. They brought me a dish of bacon soup, which I looked at, tasted, and left, after paying them. Soon after, some of our boys came from there with their canteens full of milk, which they found under the bed. So the nigs lost their milk and got no pay. We are now about 10 miles below Harrison's Landing.

June 16, 1864.—Cool day. Soon after daylight we marched toward the river, about a mile, formed in line of battle, and entrenched ourselves. We are within a half mile of the river, and can see masts of transorts moving past. At 5 p. m. we fell in and marched several miles up the river to where our forces were going on board transports. We lay down till a little past midnight, when we were ordered to fall in. We left Burnside's negro troops in the breastworks. We passed close to a piece of wood enclosed by a brick wall, inside of which was a very large, russet-looking log, which I am told was the tree under which Pocahontas saved Capt. John Smith.

June 17, 1864.—I am a thousand years old today. No knowing how old I shall be one year from this time. About 12 last night we fell in and an hour later were snugly stowed in one of the transports and steaming up the river. At sunrise we landed at Bermuda Hundred, calling on our way at City Point to take on an officer. We came about 24 miles up the river, halted a short time after landing, marched about five miles and then

rested till 1 p. m. We here find strong works, with sand-bags on top, forming loop holes. There is a very high look-out, in which our telegraph flags are at work. There are six corps here. At 1 p. m. we moved farther up the river, and now lie between the James and Appomattox, about six or seven miles from Petersburg, where our army had a fight yesterday, and took the rebels' outer line of works. We met ambulances full of wounded.

June 18, 1864.—At 1 o'clock last night we were ordered out under light marching orders, and soon found ourselves facing the enemy's works. After a while we were ordered back in the rear of our earthworks where we lay under arms till sunrise, when we returned to camp.

June 19, 1864.—We were called up at 3 a. m. and marched about sunrise; crossed the Appomattox on pontoon bridges and marched through a wide swamp, over which our boys had built a good corduroy road. We found a strong fort, the best one I have seen, one of Burnside's engineering. I think we marched about seven miles, in a round about way, and halted at 10 a. m. within two miles of Petersburg. We can plainly see its church spires. We hear that our forces have destroyed the railroad from Petersburg to Richmond. Our army took three forts here yesterday and captured 21 guns. Our negroes took them by charging and found the rebs about out of ammunition. We had divine services at sunset the first since we crossed the Rapidan.

June 20, 1864.—Hot day. Our regiment worked all last night, digging rifle pits. For want of tools some of the boys worked with their bayonets and tin plates. Today the rebs opened some batteries on us and there is a continual popping on the picket line. We could see the puffs of smoke, and would drop down out of sight before the bullets could reach us. Peter Duffie, one of the sharpshooters of our regiment, had both ankles smashed by a shell while on picket today. I hear that Elisha Hall is in Philadelphia, very badly wounded, having lost a portion of his lower jaw.

June 21, 1864.—Very warm. The rebels have been sending us shells all day. As I was cooking my dinner a shell came close to my head, and turning to see it strike I saw a cloud of dust and a man going up in the air, and four others lying injured, two of them fatally. They were playing cards at the time. Moral—Don't play cards. Received letter from home. At dark we commenced our night's march to the left.

MORE NIGHT MARCHING.

June 22, 1864.—Very hot and dry. We marched all night, had a good moon, but the road was very dusty. We seldom see clear water now, and often drink that which is swarming with life, but boil it first if we have a chance. We halted at daybreak near a railroad, and lay down for a little sleep. One of the men blown up by the shell that whispered to me yesterday died last night. What remains of the original 5th Maine will go home tomorrow, and we who did not enlist in the first place will be formed into two companies, A and B, commanded by Capts. Parodie and Goldthwait, and we are to be assigned to the 6th Maine, 3d Brigade. I am in company B. The Sergeants are reduced to Corporals and the Corporals to the ranks. I took off my chevrons.

June 23, 1864.—A very hot day and no rain yet. It is so dry that for some time there has been no dew at night. After breakfast we marched five or six miles toward City Point. We stayed by our wagon train till after dark, when we came back about two miles and lay down for the night. About 5 p. m. the regiment was formed and a circular was read to us from Gen. Upton. The Chaplain addressed us and offered prayer and our Colonel spoke a few words. We then shook hands and took leave of those who were going home. It was a sad parting, and some shed tears for the first time since coming to the war. We were glad to see them go, but we returned to the front with heavy hearts. They marched about a mile to the river where they expect to take a transport before midnight.

June 24, 1864.—A very hot day. In the morning we who remained marched toward the front, and about 2 p. m. reported to the 6th Maine, 3d Brigade. We heard cannonading and were told that it was our forts shelling Petersburg. We worked on the entrenchments till midnight, constructing a heavy line of connected works, similar to those we had at Harrison's Landing. We also dug wells, and from appearances shall stop here some days if Lee is willing.

June 25, 1864.—Still warm and no signs of rain. Worked on the entrenchments all the forenoon. We heard cannonading and musketry at intervals all night, but in front of us it was quiet.

June 26, 1864.—Last night was the hottest one we have had yet. There is a prospect of rain next Fall. We drew soft bread today. We hear musketry and cannonading up on our right. There are negro regiments up that way, and the rebs don't appear to like them very much.

June 27, 1864.—At 8 a. m. I went with three others about three miles out on picket. This is the first time I have been on picket for a year and a half.

June 29, 1864.—About 3 p. m. we were ordered out on a raid. We went down

on our left about eight miles to Reems Station. Arrived there about 10 p. m., and immediately threw up breastworks. A heavy detail was sent out last night, and they are still at work tearing up a railroad track. I think this is the best road I ever saw. The rails are of foreign manufacture, heavy and but little worn. I am with the colors again, having been detailed to the color guard of the 6th Maine today.

June 30, 1864.—Pleasant. We spent most of the day on the entrenchments and in tearing up railroad track. I think we have demolished about four miles of track today, burning the ties and bending the rails. Reems Station has about 20 houses and a church.

July 1, 1864.—Cool and pleasant. We heard a brisk cannonading and musketry during the night, in the direction of Petersburg. The boys are digging wells in the swamp. They find water in the low places down from 3 to 6 feet.

July 2, 1864.—At 5 a. m. we marched back to our old breastworks, but not to the same place we left. There we had everything nice; a great number of wells dug, grounds policed, streets laid out, sinks dug, bunks built, and had left our tent poles ready to stretch our tents on, but we must give this all up to the Third Division, and instead of a heavy, shady wood, we take a barren field full of hot dust.

July 3, 1864. Hot and dry as usual. I worked hard all the a. m. building a bunk and improving my tent. We received some of the sanitary rations for the first time today; each man got a pickle, a lemon, a spoonful of condensed milk, and some sauerkraut. Details are out digging wells. Some one stole my musket today.

July 4, 1864.—Pleasant. This seems more like Sunday than yesterday did. I have not worked so hard, and the guns up toward the city are more quiet. Two of the boys in the next tent have been celebrating today. They now lie cornerwise in the tent dead drunk. I received some letters from home, and now I will celebrate.

July 5, 1864.—We are lying in line of battle, behind strong entrenchments, our division is on the extreme left of the line, some five miles from Petersburg, at which place the line approaches within less than a mile. All the railroads leading into Richmond have been cut, but I suppose the rebs now have the Lynchburg road in running order.

July 6, 1864.—The Second and Third divisions of our corps left this morning for Maryland. It appears that we are to remain here. Received papers from home giving a very interesting account of the arrival home of the 5th Maine.

July 9, 1864.—At 10 p. m. the bugle sounded for us to pack up. At 11 we moved toward City Point, following our line of battle till we had passed Petersburg, in front of which was musketry and cannonading from midnight till morning.

A CITY OF WOUNDED.

July 10, 1864.—A very hot day. We reached City Point about 10 a. m. after a tedious and aggravating march of 18 miles. We found a canvas city at this place; a city of the wounded. We got good water to drink, and I had a swim in the Appomattox. We went on board the transports about sunset, and took the "ra roarican" deck.

July 11, 1864.—Clear and hot. In the afternoon the Captain said "Good breeze right ahead, but can't make more than four knots an hour, because the boys won't keep the boat trimmed!" We were well suited, however. We got into the Potomac about 3 p. m., and hove to after sunset, not far from Aquia Creek. Seven transports in our fleet.

HELPED TO SAVE WASHINGTON CITY.

July 12. 1864.—Had a shower toward night. A splendid run up the river, and reached Washington about noon. We found the people terribly frightened. Stayed in Washington till 3 p. m., and then marched a few miles to Fort Stevens, where our men were holding off the rebs. We were going through Georgetown when the shower struck, and it drenched us through in short order, but we were about as wet before with perspiration. A part of our brigade was out skirmishing at sunset, and drove the rebs a piece. The skirmishing continued till midnight. We hear that the Lieutenant Colonel of the 7th Maine is killed.

July 13, 1864.—Cool morning. The rebs fell back some distance last night. A few rebs were brought in from Ewell's Corps. They express surprise to find us here. They say "No matter where we go we find the Sixth Corps." President Lincoln was out to the front last night, and had a chance to see the skirmish begin. Before we reached here the rebs had got almost to the forts, but the citizens and negroes held them till we came up. At noon we moved up the river about nine miles and camped.

July 14, 1864.—Pleasant. We were told to hurry up our breakfasts, as we should move in a half hour. We then waited till 3 p. m. before we left the ground. Our brigade was detailed as rear

guard for the teams. The mules were unbroken and they moved slowly. We camped at night in a hilly country, where the water was good.

July 15, 1864.—Pleasant. We started on our march about noon. Reached Poolsville about 6 p. m., where we found the rest of our division and the Second Division. Here we saw a gallows on which was hanging one of our men who had been "jumping bounties," had deserted to the rebs and been retaken. We find some of Banks' army ovens in this vicinity.

July 16, 1864.—In the morning we marched up the river five miles to White's fort, where there is a mill and a canal lock. After shelling some rebs away from the other side of the river we waded across. The river here is quite wide, two or three feet deep, the bottom coarse gravel and quite level, with high bluffs on each side. We found the trail of the enemy, which showed that a large force had passed. We went close to Ball's Bluff, rested near a very large spring, where the rebs had stopped, and reached Leesburg at 4 p. m. This is a beautiful place, with some fine mansions. Passing over a high ridge, and looking back, I had a splendid view of the scenery toward the Potomac. We encamped at dark with the rebs just ahead of us. Been all day marching 13 miles.

July 17, 1864.—Beautiful day. We lay quiet all day in a nice, shady place, and I was very glad, being about sick. The Third Division came up with us toward night. They had been to Baltimore, and have lost 707 men, killed, wounded and missing, so I am told. It is very strange to us why we lie here and rest instead of following the rebs.

July 17, 1864.—Moved about sunrise, but did not appear to rush things much. We passed dead horses and mules which were killed yesterday or the day before, when our boys made a dash on the rebs. At 4 p. m. we went through Snicker's Gap—a bad, stony pass. At the lower end of the valley is a little village called Snickersville. Soon after we passed there we found the rebs were on the other side of the Shenandoah River. Some of our forces immediately crossed the river, but the rebs drove them back. Our regiment lay on high ground in the rear as a support to the batteries. Everything was quit and the row seemed over for the day, when one of the rebel batteries, that had changd position, opened on us, throwing shells in rapid succession, which instead of bursting near our battery, went over and fell in the midst of some of our troops, who were closely massed in the bottom land, preparatory to camping. Each shell cleared a space as it burst, killing and and wounding in all a good many men. Had the rebs known what they were doing, and kept it up for a few more rounds, they would have caused a panic in that portion of our troops. One shell killed five men and wounded a dozen or more.

July 19, 1864.—We lay quiet all day. We pick blackberries, fry apples, and manage to fare pretty well. Some skirmishing on the picket line, and also cannonading up the valley.

MARCHING MARCHING, MARCHING.

July 20, 1864.—About noon we crossed the river. The water is about two feet deep, and the bottom good. Dead bodies were lying on each side of the river, and they had all been stripped of their pants. We marched a few miles down the valley and stacked arms. Our cavalry engaged the enemy a couple miles further down. Hunter's army is fighting at Winchester, and driving the rebs. Sheep and cattle are plenty, and we take what we wish. Scouts came in, saying that two heavy columns of rebel infantry were advancing into Maryland. About 10 p. m. we started back, crossing the river at midnight. Guerillas fired on us as we went thru the gap, wounding several. We are told to make our rations hold out as long as possible. Had a heavy shower that drenched us through.

July 21, 1864.—Cool and cloudy. A good day for marching. At 9 a. m. we halted an hour for breakfast. The guerillas are hanging on our flank, and killed one man. We passed through Hampton with colors flying and bands playing, and they showed the Stars and Stripes, the same as they did when we passed thru before. We went thru Leesburg the same way. We crossed Goose Creek and camped at 4 p. m. A number of our boys missing; suppose they have been taken by guerrillas. One of our boys was left asleep when we left, but an old negro woman woke him up and sent him on after us My feet are blistered. We had good marching till we came to Leesburg. The shower did not reach there, and all was dry and dusty.

July 22, 1864.—We moved at 8 a. m., marching along the north side of the creek. At noon we halted two hours for dinner, and then marched till dark. We were obliged to make our coffee of living mud or go without.

July 23, 1864.—We were called up at 2 a. m., but our brigade did not move till sunrise. We passed through Drainsville about 7 a. m. Next we came to Camp Griffin, where the 6th Maine camped during the Winter of '61 and '62. A mile farther brought us to our outer picket posts, which are sustained by a portion of the Invalid Corps. Next we came to Ft.

Smith, where we passed through a strong gateway, crossed the Potomac "chain bridge" at 10 a. m.—a long and strong bridge, but I did not see the chain—went up the river a short distance, up over the bluff, and went into camp on Georgetown Heights at 11 a. m.

July 26, 1864.—Cool day. We started at 1 p. m., and had an unreasonably hard march of 15 miles, and camped at 9 p. m.

July 27, 1864.—Very hot day. We moved at 5 a. m., and were rushed along at the same unreasonable rate as yesterday. About 10 a. m. I was obliged to fall out, having first obtained a pass to do so. I never saw so many stragglers on a march as there are today. I passed thru the little town of Charlottesville, and about three miles farther on I came up with the regiment, which had gone into camp three hours before. Our whole corps is here.

July 28, 1864.—Pleasant. The boys call Hyattstown the "up-hill town." We marched at 7 a. m., reached Monocacy bridge at 11, where we lay till 3 p. m., when we waded the river, moved on to Jackson and went into camp at midnight, after a hard march of 16 miles. We found plenty of good water along the march today.

July 29, 1864.—Very hot day, but it was made endurable by a light breeze. We started at 6 a. m., passing thru several little villages on our way down Middle Valley. We reached Harper's Ferry about 1 p. m. Harper's Ferry Gap is one of the most romantic places I ever saw. On the Maryland side there are high, towering cliffs, which overhang to a great extent. The railroad bridge is a splendid structure of iron. In times of peace this must be a beautiful and thriving place. We passed thru the village, up over the Heights, and went into camp a few miles beyond. In front of us the rebs have a line of battle extending four miles, and said to be 50,000 strong. We marched 16 miles, our feet very sore and lame, and we are very much exhausted. The Shenandoah River empties into the Potomac here.

July 30, 1864.—Very hot day. I am sick enough to keep more quiet. We moved a mile or more in the afternoon and then waited till 10 p. m., and marched till 3 a. m. and camped. During the mile march in the afternoon the men fell from sunstroke about as fast as they fall under a heavy skirmish fire. Many of them died in a short time. We hear that the rebs have crossed into Maryland again. The cars started from Harper's Fery for Washington, but were interrupted by the rebs, and returned.

July 31, 1864.—Very hot and dusty. We marched 12 or 14 miles in the afternoon, and camped near Frederick City. It is reported that during our march yesterday and today about 1,000 of our corps were sunstruck and a tenth of them died. The Lieutenant of the Provost Guard took a musket and pricked one of the boys, who was overcome with the heat, with the bayonet, to urge him along. The half-crazed fellow immediately shot the Lieutenant dead.

Aug. 1, 1864.—Very hot day. We lay quiet all day. I felt sick this morning, but am much better for the rest we had. I had to go a mile or so to find water to fill my canteen. There is much drinking and fighting among the boys today.

Aug. 2, 1864.—Very warm. We are campel in a beautiful, shady wood, but water is scarce. Quiet all day. The boys are drinking less, but gambling more. Orders to move at 5 a. m.

Aug. 3, 1864.—Hot and dry as ever. Marched a short distance toward Frederick City, and then went "column right" toward Washington. We expected a hard march, but only went five miles, thru Buckeystown, across the Monocacy and camped. The whole corps is here and the river is swarming with soldiers swimming. I took a swim and then washed my shirt, pants, stockings, cap, handkerchief, suspenders and boots then did my mending.

Aug. 4 1864.—I washed by blouse this morning, and then went up a mountain to write. Some of the brigades notice this morning as a thanksgiving day, but our brigade went out to a funeral or fast day, I don't know which they made of it. A certain Captain died today very suddenly. In our late marches he has caused many of the boys who fell out to carry rails as a punishment, and some of them had sworn revenge. There is a suspicion that he was poisoned.

Aug. 5, 1864.—Some drunkenness and fighting today. At 6 p. m. our company was ordered to report to the 7th Maine, a short distance away. At 10 p. m we moved to Monocacy Junction, stacked arms about 2 a. m. and lay down to sleep. It soon began to rain.

Aug. 6, 1864.—Heavy rain in the morning, but cleared off warm. We went on board the cars at 6 a. m., and reached Harper's Ferry at 8; passed through the city, went up on the Heights, and rested till noon, when we moved about a mile from the city and camped near where we did when here a week ago. We find apples, and the boys are beginning to eat green corn.

Aug. 7, 1864.—Some of the boys are busy day and night, gambling. We had divine services in the forenoon and evening. The N. Y. Herald gives rather a gloomy account of the late mine explosion at Petersburg. It cost us 5,740 men. If White Verrill were only here today, how

we should enjoy it. Silas Crooker is, and I am glad, but he leaves for home in two weeks.

Aug. 8, 1864.—Warm. We hear there are two corps on their way here from Washington, and that Sherman has command of this department.

MEN DYING FROM OVER-MARCHING IN THE HEAT.

Aug. 10, 1864.—Extremely hot. At sunrise we marched two miles up the valley, passing thru Charlestown; quite a little city, but its buildings are badly shot to pieces. The citizens say that the rebs were here yesterday. Many of the boys fell from sunstroke during the march, and some of them died. It required all my strength and courage to keep up, but I managed to get into camp with the regiment. I ate no supper and slept but little by reason of a severe sick headache.

Aug. 11, 1864.—Cool breeze. The boys complain much of the heat, and many fall from sunstroke, and some die, but I call it a good day for marching, and wonder that any who lived thru yesterday should fall out today. We halted at noon near Winchester, and then struck off to the left almost at right angles, and went into camp just before dark near a stream of good water. The farms around here are in tolerable condition, considering how many times the armies have been up and down the valley. Our boys are treating the fruit orchards and corn fields worse than the rebs did.

Aug. 12, 1864.—Very hot day. After marching five or six miles we passed thru the town of Newton. Some of the boys died from heat today. Some die in a stupor and others die in great agony. Two miles from Newton we halted for the night, and I could have gone but little farther. We had some skirmishing today.

Aug. 13, 1864.—Very hot day. We crossed the Shenandoah River, and marched two hours in the forenoon. Water is very scarce. At 9 p. m. we were ordered back, and about midnight went into camp on the ground we left in the morning.

Aug. 14, 1864.—For a wonder, we had no reveile this morning. Rain during the day. I went down to a stream and had a swim. This is called Cedar Creek, but I think it was the Shenandoah River. The Nineteenth Corps went back to Winchester today. Poultry, sheep, pigs, honey, apples and corn are plentiful.

Aug. 16, 1864.—Fair day. The boys enjoy themselves greatly in the creek. I was in swimming twice today. Soon after we went to bed we received orders to move immediately, but did not get under way till about midnight. We passed thru Middleton and Newton in the night. We had dress parade today for the first time since leaving Winter quarters. Rations are scarce.

Aug. 17, 1864.—Marched all night. We reached Winchester in the middle of the afternoon. We went on a few miles, crossed a stream and camped just before dark. We can hear sharp musketry toward Winchester, where we left the Jersey brigade and some cavalry as rear guard.

Aug. 18, 1864.—Rainy morning, but a good day for marching. We moved about 6 a. m. We expected an attack on our flank by the rebel cavalry, and so marched a part of the way "left in front." We halted at noon after passing through Perryville. In the afternoon we moved on very fast, and went into camp at dark near Charlestown.

Aug. 19, 1864.—Rainy day. The 7th Maine started for home this morning, and only about a dozen of them to go. They took their colors with them, and the boys that are left growl and say that if they go into a fight and "break," there will be no colors to rally on.

Aug. 20, 1864.—Still raining. Our folks are building a railroad from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, and it appears they intend to hold this position. There is a general policing of the ground, tents built in regular order, and we have some hopes of a rest, for we understand there are forces stationed to guard the "Gaps," and thus keep the rebs out of Maryland. We have been in the service long enough to know that these things are very uncertain. It seems to me the rebels can "trot us" whenever they please.

SUNDAY—BUT NO REST FOR THE WEARY.

Aug. 21, 1864.—Fair day. We thought we should have this day to ourselves. I wanted to do some reading and writing, but at 9 a. m. came a popping of musketry on the picket line, and in a few minutes the whole corps packed up, and skirmishing began. We were in the rear, and had a fine chance to see both lines work. Our pickets moved forward, driving the rebs about a mile, and gained the crest of a knoll with a stone wall, but the support failing to come up on the left, the rebs flanked and obliged them to fall back a little. The two lines moved back and forth over the same ground several times. Just before noon the rebs opened a battery, throwing percussion shells at short range, causing much commotion among our boys in the rear. One piece of shell struck the foot of a tree against which I was leaning. I went out on the picket line in the afternoon and found my

tent-mate wounded and two others of my company. There was sharp skirmishing all along the lines. There were no heavy lines of battle, but the heaviest skirmishing we have ever seen. Night put an end to the game. We lost about 150 wounded and some killed. We hear fighting at Snicker's Gap.

Aug. 22, 1864.—Toward night we had an awful tempest for an hour. Tents were blown down and the rain poured a deluge. The boys made the most of it and while some were holding on to their tents, others were soaping and washing their shirts and pants right in public. It was handy to have the water poured on from above. Others were busy filling canteens and pails with water, for which we have to go a long distance. It was a lively time, and in the midst of it the Jersey brigade was packing up and moving. Midnight found me on a videt picket post, the rebs a few rods in front. An hour later we were on the pike moving in column. We went through Charlestown just at daybreak, reaching our old camp ground at Bolivar Heights, Harper's Ferry, an hour after sunrise, and went to work building breastworks.

Aug. 23, 1864.—Cool and pleasant. Received a variety of orders today, and then they were countermanded when half executed. We moved a short distance and camped in line of battle, and built more breastworks.

Aug. 24, 1864.—Fell in at daybreak and stood under arms an hour. I was ordered to report to the 7th Maine Color Guard.

Aug. 25, 1864.—Our cavalry had a fight on our right today, and got whipped. Lieut. Mitchell had me doing writing for him most all day. Orders were read on dress parade that those who re-enlisted from the 5th, 6th and 7th Maine regiments shall be put in one regiment to be known as the 7th Maine Veteran Volunteers. So now I am in the 7th Maine V. V.

Aug. 26, 1864.—Rainy. I worked for Lieut. Mitchell most of the day, making out papers and posting books. One of our brigades captured 110 rebs today, among whom were a Lieutenant Colonel and a Major.

Aug. 28, 1864.—We received orders last night to be ready to move at daylight. We turned out at 3 a. m., packing up everything but our tents. At 9 we marched about two miles and halted, then massed in a piece of wood for three hours. Cannonading ahead. About 3 p. m. we moved on, passing through Charlestown, and at sunset went into camp two miles from the city on the same ground we left last Sunday when the battle commenced.

BLUE AND GRAY BURIED SIDE BY SIDE.

Aug. 29, 1864.—This morning some of the boys went out to the ground where the battle was last week, to see if they could find anything of Henry Hutchings, who has been missing since that time. They found his musket, which he had marked, on the skirmish line. It is supposed he was wounded and taken prisoner. The citizen whose house was so badly shelled buried five of our boys in his yard. In one place 27 rebs were buried side by side.

Aug. 31, 1864.—Cool. I worked all day on the books for Lieut Mitchell. The First Division drummed out a man and sent another to Dry Tortugas.

Sept. 1, 1864.—Cool. Writing again nearly all day. I was excused from dress parade, and had a chance to see the 18th Ind. drill. They go beyond anything I have seen yet. They are mostly veterans, and have seen but little fighting. They yell powerfully. We learned that many of them have been in the rebel service and deserted to us, enlisting under the heavy bounty.

Sept. 3, 1864.—Rainy. We got our breakfast before daylight, and at 5:30 moved up the valley. At 10 a. m. we halted a few miles from Berryville, having marched eight miles at a quick pace. Toward night we heard heavy volleys of musketry in front and to the right, causing us to "pack up and be ready." The First Division had quite a scrap with the enemy, and came out victorious.

Sept 4, 1864.—Warm. Our cavalry have been out to Strasburg, and find the enemy are all on our flank. If a citizen should visit us today he would never guess it was the Sabbath. Some are playing cards, while others are bringing in apples, corn and fresh meat. I plead guilty to apples and corn. Soon after we turned in for the night an order came for the First Brigade to fall in and go out to build breastworks. They had a wet night of it.

Sept. 5, 1864.—Rained all last night and today. At 7 a. m. our brigade moved out to the right, but our regiment being on a three days' picket, we remained in camp till night, when the brigade came back and we all camped in a field along the "pike," near where we had been lying. I got a couple of sheaves of wheat for a bed, and those who did not take that precaution had to lie and soak in the rain. At the best, we had a hard night of it.

Sept. 6, 1864.—Rainy. Toward night I started with Charley Harris to carry rations out to the picket line, and met Sergt. Jordan, who had an order detailing me to go with teams, as Corporal of the

Guard, back to Harper's Ferry, and get the pay-rolls and finish them when I get back.

Sept. 11, 1864.—Have been sick for the past few days. We had two very heavy thunder showers last night, each of which drowned us out completely, for the rain fell in a deluge. We took the precaution to ditch our tents, yet everything was overflowed.

Sept. 13, 1864.—Cold and clear. A good day for marching. We turned out about 3 a. m., and at 5 started to guard the supply wagons down to Charlestown. The 49th N. Y. went with us. We were in heavy marching orders, but put our things on the wagons going down. We reached Charlestown before noon and stacked arms near a good stream of water, where we remained till 3 p. m., and then came back, reaching camp about sunset, and found our division had gone out on a reconnoisance.

Sept. 14, 1864.—Rainy; 156 rebel prisoners were marched by our camp on the way to Harper's Ferry. They were taken by our division yetserday.

Sept. 16, 1864.—Yesterday our cavalry started on a raid to Warrington, where the rebs are said to have large supplies. At 9 p. m. 17 of us from Co. B got the Lieutenant to agree to know nothing about us till roll call in the morning, and started out well armed on a raid. We went about five miles toward the mountains, and got apples and garden stuff. An Indian was assigned to our company today, and there are now five red men in our regiment.

SOME MORE FIGHTING.

Sept. 19, 1864.—It rained in the night, so we had wet tents to carry. We turned out at midnight and moved a few rods, and after waiting for two hours, moved up the valley. We crossed a creek at sunrise and heard fighting ahead. Passing cavalry that had been engaged, and among them were dying men and horses. Marched about two miles and formed on the left of the line of battle. The rebs gave us a generous supply of shell and canister, and several of our boys were wounded. We immediately threw up breastworks of rails and lay here in the second line of battle for two hours or more, and then moved forward into a ravine, where we lay under a heavy fire. Our skirmishers soon charged on the rebel skirmish line, and drove them back and both our lines of battle rushed forward at a double-quick, driving the rebel lines nearly a mile to a ridge at the edge of a narrow belt of wood, where we threw up breastworks of rails and lay some three hours watching the battle. We saw our cavalry make a fine charge and captured 60 rebels. We were now in the first line of battle. Gen. Jordan came riding down with news of our success. We cheered him and dashed forward through canister and shell. We had to pass a bad place—a ravine, which widened into a plain—and the rebs had battery on our left throwing grape and canister, and farther up the ravine they had batteries throwing shell lengthwise of our column. The 121st N. Y., on our right, broke under the shower of canister, but our regiment being partially covered by the ridge stood fast. The 121st N. Y. soon formed again, and we moved on at a double-quick under a terrible fire. Many of our boys were wounded, among them, Syrenus Stevens, who had a ball thru the arm. Gen. Russell, of the First Division, was killed by a shell and Gen. Upton was wounded. The rebs fell back in great confusion the whole length of their lines, in a general retreat. At dark we formed our lines on the Hights, near Winchester. We have had fair "open field fight," beaten the enemy, and taken many prisoners.

Sept. 20, 1864.—We turned out at daylight and moved up the valley. It was cool, and we made good time. Reached Middletown at 10 a. m., passed thru Newton, and crossed Cedar Run at 3 p. m. on a good bridge built by the rebels since we were here before. We marched a mile farther and halted en masse for the night. We hear the pickets shooting toward Strasburg.

Sept. 21, 1864.—We lay quiet till about 1 p. m. and then moved part way across the valley. Skirmishing commenced and we formed a line in the woods, where we lay till dark. Our skirmishers charged and drove the rebs from their breastworks. During the night we were in the first line of battle with only videt in front. Very dark and rainy, but we worked on our breastworks most of the night.

Sept. 22, 1864.—In the morning several of our boys were shot while out hunting for water. One of our regiment was wounded, one taken prisoner, one killed and another wounded on the skirmish line in the afternoon. We were ordered to advance and soon saw the rebel fortifications on the top of Fisher's Hill. We here met a brisk musketry with shell and canister. The ground was very uneven, and as we stopped to rectify the lines the Color Guard were much exposed to the fire of the rebs in a stone building nearby. Some of us stepped in front and abated that nuisance, however. Half an hour after we charged without fixing bayonets. The rebs fled, leaving their guns, but setting fire to some shells. We took 1,500 prisoners, 23 guns and some horses. But few killed on either side. We pursued the rebs all night.

OFFICIAL CRUELTY.

Sept. 23, 1864.—We passed thru Woodstock at 7 a. m., a village built on one street; then through Edinburg—built in like manner. We heard artillery and musketry ahead. Capt. McGinly borrowed the doctor's horse to go back and find one of the boys of his company who always falls out when he hears cannonading. He found and tied him to a tree and whipped him.

Sept. 24, 1864.—Co. B boys have trouble with Capt. McGinly, who strikes Tom Ward with his sword. Our boys club their muskets and take Tom's part. The Colonel of the 77th N. Y. had Capt. McGinly arrested for whipping the boy yesterday. We turned out at daybreak and advanced in five columns; four of infantry and one of teams. During the day we passed thru some pretty little villages, and crossed the Shenandoah River several times. The rebs made a stand at Mt. Jackson, and we formed lines of battle, our brigade in the front line. After some skirmishing we found that the rebs were retreating, and we started after them again. A running fight ensued which lasted till dark, we driving them as fast as we could march and our flying artillery at work on them all the time. Camped about 8 p. m., near New Market, having marched about 15 miles without stopping for anything to eat from daylight till after dark, but the sport and excitement kept the boys in good spirits.

Sept. 25, 1864.—Marched at 7 a. m., advancing in five columns of infantry and two of wagons and pack horses. The rebs made good use of their time during the night, for we saw nothing of them till 5 p. m., and I am not sure we did then. We passed thru several little villages, halted at noon and found much difficulty in getting enough water to make coffee. While resting some of the boys burned a man's barn filled with wheat. In Edinburg the citizens would furnish us a meal for $5 in Confederate money or 50 cents in ours. Camped at 5 p. m. near Harrisonburg. My feet are blistered and painful.

Sept. 27, 1864.—Pleasant I have been about sick with a cold for the past few days This morning about 20 of the boys went out five miles to a little village "foraging." They brought in apple butter, cheese, soft bread, honey, lambs, turkeys, ducks, hens, pigs, and horses, and some silver spoons. At 2 p. m. we were marched out at a quick pace till we reached Kizorville, when we halted. We found we had been sent to support some cavalry. We got back to camp after dark.

"SPOILING THE ENEMY."

Sept. 29, 1864.—We turned out at 3 a. m., and marched at 6. The three corps marched abreast in about 15 columns. We marched some miles to the little village of Mt. Crawford. Our brigade camped close to a little brick church, where there was a meeting in the evening. David Small and I went off on a raid, and got some peaches, apples and milk, and we got the largest sheep I ever attempted to handle. We took the two hind quarters back to camp wwith us, arriving about the 9 p. m. The boys had given us up, and my tent-mate had begun to plan for the disposal of my effects. We did see some guerrillas, but they didn't see us. The cavalry have orders to burn all the barns in this vicinity and all between here and Harper's Ferry. They have burned 40 today, and the sky is illuminated with fires tonight.

Sept. 30, 1864.—More cavalry concentrated here at the present time than I have seen before. During the forenoon they drove in a large number of cattle, horses and sheep. At 1 p. m. we moved back to the ground we left at Harrisonburg.

Oct. 3, 1864.—Tonight an order was read on dress parade to the effect that the 7th Maine be henceforth known as the 1st Maine Vet. Vols. It was received with much satisfaction by the boys of the 5th and 6th Maine.

Oct. 4, 1864.—Warm and pleasant. We hear that a Colonel and a Captain, with their orderlies, belonging to Sheridan's staff, were killed today by guerrillas. All the buildings of the little village beyond Harrisonburg, where the deed was done, were burned in retaliation. We saw the fire as we went out to dress parade. Thirteen guerrillas have been taken and brought in. We have to go along way for water, and then it is only diluted mud.

Oct. 6, 1864.—In the morning we commenced retreating down the valley, burning barns, mills, stacks of wheat, hay and straw the whole width of the valley. We leave a heavy column of smoke in our rear. We camped near Mt. Jackson at 4 p. m., having marched 22 miles without stopping for dinner.

Oct. 7, 1864.—We passed through Mt. Jackson in the morning, New Market at 2 p. m., and went into camp near Woodstock at 4 p. m. We marched about 18 miles, making no stop for dinner. We leave sad havoc behind us.

Oct. 8, 1864.—Very cold and windy. We turned out at daylight, but as our brigade was in the rear of everything, we did not march till 7. We reached Fisher's Hill about 10, and kept on to Strasburg, where we camped in the afternoon. I was surprised to see what a strong position the rebs had at Fisher's Hill. Dense columns of smoke mark our course, and I should think by the smoke that the cavalry were burning Woodstock.

Oct. 9, 1864.—Heavy frost last night. I got but little sleep last night, and am about sick this morning. We moved at 7 a. m., marching at a very quick pace, turned to the right at Newton and made our way toward the mountains and up the valley. We camped near Front Royal at 2 p. m.

Oct. 10, 1864.—Cold. We passed thru Strasburg, crossed Cedar Run, went to Middletown and then turned to the right and moved off toward the mountains We camped near Front Royal, having marched 18 miles. We are near the junction of the north and south branches of the Shenandoah River.

Oct. 11, 1864.—At daylight we crossed a little stream and halted on the flat close to the banks of the Shenandoah. About 3 p. m. we crossed the river on a hastily constructed bridge—all the bridges in this vicinity were burned some time ago—and camped about a mile farther on. We have a good view of Front Royal a mile distant. It looks pretty from here, sitting in a plain surrounded by mountains, and just beyond the city, to the right, we look through Manassas Gap. I went out with my tent-mate and shot a hog and brought it into camp.

Oct. 12, 1864.—Our regiment is policing the grounds and pitching tents in regular order. I worked hard bringing boards from a barn to build our tent of. The boys bring in great quantities of honey, flour, butter, clothes and books.

Oct. 13, 1864.—Cold and windy. We expected to stop here a while, as the line officers were having good quarters built, but at 4 a. m. we moved across the river, where we found our corps packed up. We expected to stay here long enough to get some breakfast, but after getting it on the fire we had to fall in and start. Our boys were loaded with honey and left great quantities of it in camp. We marched at a quick pace with few rests. Our regiment leads the corps today, and as the right wing is detailed as flankers, the Color Guard is at the head of the column. I like this, where the road is good, but breaking a track through fields and blackberry bushes is hard work. We reached Ashby's Gap at 3 p. m. and camped.

Oct. 14, 1864.—Good day for marching. We marched at 4 a. m, our regiment guarding the train and acting as flankers We marched in the road in column. We reached Newton at 10, passed thru Middletown, and camped about 3 p. m., having marched 18 miles. We find the rebs have been reenforced, and driving the Nineteenth Corps from Fisher's Hill, have regained that position. Now, I suppose, the Sixth Corps has got that job to do over again.

THE DISTRESS NOT ALL ON ONE SIDE.

Oct. 16, 1864.—Pleasant. I made out reports for Lieut. Mitchell, and was excused from dress parade. We have not been so destitute for clothing and shoes since I have been in the service as we are now. Two of the Color Guard march in their stocking feet, and the color sergeant has been without shoes for some time, and refuses to do duty unless they furnish him with shoes. We were distressing the enemy and in distress ourselves.

Oct. 19, 1864.—We were routed out before daylight by cannonading and musketry on our left. We soon heard that the rebs had flanked the Nineteenth Corps and driven them from the breastworks. We fell in and started at a double quick to their support. The Eighth and part of the Nineteenth Corps had fallen back in confusion, and the Sixth took the front. After desperate fighting we were forced back from time to time, sometimes rallying, driving the rebs and retaking lost ground. Just before we received the first fire our brigade had commenced to build breastworks on top of a hill, and right thru a burying-ground belonging to the city of Middletown. The rebs here advanced in line of battle to within a few yards of us, and we fell back, but rallied and drove the rebs. We then received a terrible shelling for 15 or 20 minutes, and fell back again. Our Brig. Gen. Bidwell was carried off the field mortally wounded. Our corps lost six pieces of artillery. We built temporary breastworks, and lay here till 3 p. m., when the whole line charged, our brigade leading. We were driven back in confusion, but the rebs did not leave their stone wall. Sheridan asked us rather profanely where we were going. We soon saw the right of our line driving the rebs before them, and we again went forward, and our division cut the enemy's line in two and drove a large portion of it to the left, our cavalry pursuing them to Front Royal. During the row today I felt a smart tap on the side of my neck which, at the time, I supposed to be a spent ball that had glanced and struck me without doing any damage, but tonight when I unrolled my blanket, that had been strapped on the top of my knapsack all day, I found that a bullet had passed entirely through the roll close to my neck, and punched my blanket full of holes. Our of curiosity I counted them, and found there were just 40 holes, but I would rather have them in my blanket than in my skin.

Oct. 20, 1864.—Water froze in the open air last night. Last Fall it had frozen in our canteens in our tents before this time. We got our breakfast before day-

light, struck tents and backed up, but about sunrise we were ordered to pitch tents and go out and bury the dead. I helped bury Horace Chadborn, of our company. George Converse, one of the corporals of the Color Guard, was found dead. Many of our boys were terribly torn to pieces by shell. The dead had been stripped of their pants and blouse, and some had not a rag left.

IN THE GREAT VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

Oct. 21, 1864.—Mild day. About 9 a. m. our division moved across the creek and camped a mile from Strasburg. Rebel ambulances, portions of gun carriages, dead horses and mules, etc., etc., line the road from Cedar Creek to Strasburg, and I know not how much farther. We passed two rebel amputating tables, around which were clothing, shoes, stockings, etc., and the human gore showed there had been much work done. Charles Harris and I went over to see the captured artillery, prisoners, etc. We saw 45 pieces of artillery, and was told that some had been sent away. We saw about 1,500 prisoners, and among them 30 or more rebel officers.

Oct. 22, 1864.—Cold and windy. Our regiment is busy building breastworks. I went out with David Small and examined some caves near here. We went into one about 200 feet.

Oct. 24, 1864.—Cloudy, with some rain. The boys are policing, building breastworks, and fixing up their tents. Samuel Taylor went out and found a sheep and some apples, which he brought into camp. Chaplain Adams made us a call. We signed the pay-roll and expected to be paid off, but they tell us that the paymaster is considerable etc., etc., and could not attend to business.

Nov. 1, 1864.—Our division was reviewed by Gen. Getty. It appears that the high mountain on our left, over which the rebels marched single file on the night of the 18th of October, is called Massanuttea Mountain. Our division have constructed a strong abattis in front of our breastworks. Everythings is quiet and camp life drags on as usual.

Nov. 6, 1864.—Rainy. I worked most all day for Capt. Swan, Co. H, making out the annual returns for the Adjutant General of Maine. We hear tonight that Gen. Sheridan is very sick, having been poisoned by eating a piece of pie or cheese.

THE SOLDIERS VOTING FOR PRESIDENT.

Nov. 8, 1864.—Yesterday and today we have felt almost sure of an attack from the rebs, and have consequently been on our guard on our flanks and in the rear. Today was the National Election. It was conducted by the three senior officers of the regiment. Whole number of votes cast in our regiment, 189. Lincoln received 154, and McClellan, 35.

Nov. 9, 1864.—Rainy most of the day. At daylight we moved across the creek. We marched through Middletown, Newton, and camped in line of battle about four miles south of Winchester. A large body of cavalry went back to try and draw the rebs into an engagement with us. We understand that if they don't fight, we shall go into Winter quarters on Bunker Hill, between Winchester and Martinsburg. We marched about 15 miles today. Wood and water scarce.

Nov. 10, 1864.—Warm and windy. Orders from brigade headquarters to make ourselves comfortable and build up good tents if we wished to.

Nov. 11, 1864.—Cold and windy. Our company with some others, made a raid on a woolen mill last night, and brought off nearly all the inside wood, doors, shelves, partitions, etc., before the owner could get a guard on it. Charlie Harris and I have worked nearly all day bringing stuff from a fence to build our tent with. Skirmishing in front most of the day. Our cavalry pickets were driven—but we took our turn at driving and the rebs skedaddled back. Our brigade was detailed to build a fort. One of the boys in the 143d N. Y. received a letter containing information he did not like and he told his tent-mate that he intended to shoot himself that night while on guard. He was as good as his word. The ball passed through his body below the right breast. I saw him this morning lying on the ground by the doctor's tent. He was not then dead, but was breathing very short.

Nov. 12, 1864.—We stood under arms an hour before daylight expecting a row. We formed in line 15 or 20 rods in front of camp, and brought rails to build a breastwork. There is heavy skirmishing in front all day, but the boys keep right on building their Winter quarters.

Nov. 13, 1864.—We stood under arms again before daylight. I was detailed to help finish Adjutant Grenier's tent, and worked there most of the day. This morning the Nineteenth Corps drove the rebs back to Front Royal, from whence they came, capturing 150 prisoners, two pieces of artillery and many wagons.

Nov. 15, 1864.—Rain. The trees are covered with ice. I was about sick yesterday and did very little work. This morning we put on the roof and moved into our new tent. In the p. m. I was detailed to build a chimney for the Colonel's cook. In the evening Ricker and Harris went off and found an old door and some boards to use in our tent.

ANOTHER THANKSGIVING DAY.

Nov. 24, 1864.—Pleasant. For the past week we have been improving our tents which we have developed into fine Winter quarters. We have also completed our breastworks. About noon our regiment received a lot of turkeys, enough for the officers, but only two for 35 or 40 privates.

Nov. 29, 1864.—I have been sick for several days. David Jones, who deserted the other day, was brought back. He forfeits all pay due him up to his trial—$10 per month for three months—and is to make up lost time. He gets out of the scrape cheap at that.

Dec. 3, 1864.—Pleasant. The Third Division of our corps moved before daylight in the direction of Washington. In the evening our regiment moved a mile or so to the right to support a battery at Ft. Rickett, which had been left by the Third Division.

Dec. 8, 1864.—Very cold and windy. We have been having all kinds of drills for days past. The drills with inspections and dress parade have taken the most of our time. Tonight we have orders to be ready to move at daylight. We hear that we are going to Petersburg, and that the First and Third divisions of our corps are already at City Point. The Eighth and Nineteenth Corps, which never fight, are to remain here and occupy our comfortable Winter quarters.

Dec. 9, 1864.—Cold and cloudy with some snow. We turned out at 3 a. m., and moved at sunrise. The Eighth Corps moved in and took possession of our campground as soon as we left it, but they were not quick enough, for some of the boys had given away much of their lumber to the Nineteenth Corps boys, and some had set fire to theirs. We passed thru Winchester at 10 a. m., and instead of turning to the right as usual kept straight on. We went four or five miles farther and halted at Stevens Station, where we took cars about 3 p. m., and after waiting till sunset started on. It was snowing and many of the boys had to ride on top of the box-cars all night, and suffered much. I was fortunate in getting into a box-car, where we had a stove, and kept comfortable. We made slow progress, standing still a great part of the time. In the morning we found four inches of snow on the ground.

Dec. 10, 1864.—At daylight we found ourselves moving over a decidedly crooked road. We passed Elba Furnace, went thru a long tunnel, passed Relay House, and reached Washington about dark. We halted and stacked arms in the street and drew rations. The Sanitary Commission furnished us with hot coffee and boiled pork, which was a great benefit, as we were cold, tired and hungry. We stopped about two hours and then went on board transports. Many of the boys are beastly drunk, and two or three have fallen overboard.

Dec. 11, 1864.—Very cold. I slept very well last night, though there was much fighting and disgraceful yelling among the drunks. I slept on deck, and in the morning found myself wet thru as it had rained during the night. It is very rough this p. m., and many of us are seasick.

Dec. 12, 1864.—Cold. We landed at City Point at 2 p. m. We went up to the depot, and waited till evening for a train to take us to the front We took platform cars, went 8 or 10 miles, and on landing found the remainder of our corps in camp. We camped in the edge of a pine woods. There is considerable building going on here in the shape of government barracks.

Dec. 13, 1864.—Cold. About noon we packed up and moved to the front three miles and camped where the Second Corps were, behind strong breastworks. This is where Hancock drove back the rebs Oct. 18, and gained the Weldon R. R. Wood plenty, water good and nearby.

Dec. 14, 1864.—All hands out staking the streets and getting stuff for building tents. Our picket line is about 400 yards from the rebel picket line, and they wish to exchange papers with our boys, but are not allowed to do so. In the evening both lines on our right commenced firing on each other and kept it up all night.

Dec. 15, 1864.—The Lieut. Col. let me have a team to get up some timber for my tent. I find it very hard to get out the timber, as we have only a little axe to work with, and nothing but hard pine logs to build with.

ANOTHER MILITARY EXECUTION.

Dec. 16, 1864.—Pleasant. I started off in the morning to borrow a pail to boil our potatoes in, but as I could not find one, I split the difference and went to see three men hanged. They belonged to the First Division of the Second Corps which lies at our left. These men were taken, dressed in rebels' clothes, in the Shenandoah Valley; were brought here, tried and found guilty of desertion to the enemy, and sentenced to be hanged. If they had deserted to go home I shoud have felt some pity for them.

Dec. 18, 1864.—I am without tent-mates today. Arthur Brown is on picket, Ricker policing, and Harris is away on his own business, having been mustered out today, and is now a citizen. He gets his discharge as a supernumerary non-commissioned officer rendered so by the consoli-

dation of the 5th, 6th and 7th Maine regiments. This morning there were 100 guns fired in honor of the taking of Savannah by Sherman.

Dec. 19, 1864.—The rebs made a dash on our picket line and captured a few videts last night. Harris started for home this morning. A long string of orders were read on dress parade, but we cannot be expected to hear all that Adj't Gus Grenier mumbles or whispers about out of doors. I caught one item, which was that officers might wear the privates overcoats to protect themselves from the rebel sharpshooters. They ought to have umbrellas to protect themselves from shells.

Dec. 20 1864.—It commenced raining in the night, and when we awoke at daylight we found our tent flooded, our blankets wet, our hardtack soaked into softtack, sugar dissolved and salt missing. The water was running under the tent in streams. Ricker came in from picket and found a sorry looking home. It rained all day.

Dec. 21, 1864.—Very cold. Water freezes in our canteens all day. We have been at work on our fireplace and chimney today. We stockade it outside and mud it inside. While rolling a log up to the tent tonight after dark Ricker fell into the well, which is about six feet deep and full of water. Fortunately, he had a change of clothes, which he drew yesterday.

Dec. 23, 1864.—Cold and windy. We built our chimney higher and it draws well. We learn that 200 of the rebs came in and gave themselves up today. Three more deserters were hanged today.

Dec. 24, 1864.—Warmer. I had to make and hang a door to the Adjutant's tent. They are said to be short of rations in Richmond. So are we here. Yesterday the boys were yelling "Hardtack," and today they are yelling louder than ever. We drew no rations till evening, and then there was nothing but whisky.

Dec. 27, 1864.—I split out some slabs for a floor. The poor citizens at home cannot imagine how much we enjoy our little houses. But we are short of rations and had no dinner today. Our men are building breastwoaks in the rear and also on our left, which looks as if we might expect company by and by.

Dec. 31, 1864.—Ground covered with snow. I have been doing writing on the muster-rolls and fixing up our tent for the past few days. There was sharp musketry this morning, and we fell in expecting an attack, and stood under arms longer than we liked in the cold storm. We soon heard that 150 rebs had come in and given themselves up. They were fired on by their own men and our pickets.

REVIEWING THE PAST YEAR.

Jan. 1, 1865.—Very cold. The ground is frozen. I received a diary and letters from home. In reviewing the past year I can see much to be thankful for. I have passed thru many desperate encounters with the enemy, and witnessed such scenes as I hope never again to behold. A cruel year; made up of horrors, suffering and mourning. During the year there have fallen by my side in the Color Guard alone three killed and four wounded. In one instance (May 10th) every man of the Color Guard but myself, that was in the battle, was killed or wounded, and though I planted the flag on the enemy's breastworks, and afterward brought it safely off the field, I received not even a scratch. Once, in the battle of May 12th, while rallying in the hottest of the fight, I had both the State and National flags in my hands at the same time, and came off unharmed. The boys say, "You are in a dangerous place; I would not be there." The Chaplain says to the Color Guard: "You are the ones they fire at, and by and by they will pick you off." But the Great General of events has favored me thus far, and may He continue to do so. I have worked pretty busily for the first Sabbath of the year; have put stops around our tent door, fixed up a mantle piece, and fitted up our tent in many ways.

Jan. 2, 1865.—Warmer. We built our chimney four fefet higher. Edwards has dug an oven in the fireplace, in which to bake beans. eW are going to christen it tonight.

Jan. 3, 1865.—Snow. I went up to see the new Fort, on an elevation at our right. They put in a battery of 12-pound Parrots today. Brown and Ricker are at work on the abattis. Our baked beans came out beautifully. We are rather short of rations just now.

Jan. 5, 1865.—Yesterday the rebs advanced their pickets a few roads, but no shots were fired. This morning our boys went out with a flag of truce and ambulances, to get the dead bodies that have been lying unburied since the Fifth Corps made their charge Oct. 1, and gained the railroad.

Jan. 8, 1865.—I went out on the picket line to carry Edwards a letter, and look about. I had never been out there since we came to this ground. Our boys and the rebs are walking their posts in full view of each other, and no shots are exchanged.

Jan. 9, 1865.—Pleasant. About 5 a. m. we were aroused by a volley of musketry on the picket line directly in front of us. A few random shots followed, and then all was quiet. At noon we received informa-

tion that about 75 rebs, under cover of the night and secreted by their old breastworks, which run at right angles with, and across the two picket lines, crawled up to within a few yards of our videts, arose, gave a volley and charged on our line. The most of our pickets fled panic-sticken leaving guns, blankets, haversacks and all, which the rebs hastily gathered up and hurried back to their own lines, taking with their plunder 20 or more prisoners. Our regiment lost eight men in the deal. Toward night the rebs and our boys had a jolly time joking each other about it, but I think the Johnnies ha dthe best of it. The Color Guard was detailed to build the Chaplain a tent.

Jan. 13, 1865.—Our Color Guard is now to consist of 11 Corporals and a Sergeant. I have given my spare time for several days to the study of tactics. Last night a couple of rebs came into our lines. They say their works are much stronger than ours, their breastworks heavier, and they have three lines of abattis, while we only have two but they say we have a great many more men than they have. They state that their rations yesterady consisted of half a pint of cornmeal. Corp. Morgan one of our pickets taken prisoner the other day sent a watch he had borrowed of Sergt. Plummer in by one of these deserters who delivered it to headquarters. Corp. Morgan gave them instructions how to get into our lines as they told him they were going to desert.

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

Jan. 15, 1865.—Pleasant. Regimental inspectin i nthe morning, and two men from each company were sent to the Colonel's tent for rigid inspection. The Colonel unbottoned their collars and stripped up their sleeves, to see if all was clean. Those who "passed muster" were excused from all fatigue, picket, and guard duty for two weeks,—but do not get a furlough, as they expected. David Small and I were put under arrest for going out on the picket lines. A sin of ignorance, and we were not committed to the guard house.

Jan. 17, 1865.—Pleasant. Last night we received a new National flag for our regiment. We now have an entire new set of colors, guidons and all. Orders are out that we must wash out feet twice a week, and our bodies once. I think I shall wash as often as I please.

Jan. 22, 1865.—Rainy day. We have a new recruit in our company named Hollerant. I am again notified that I am in charge of these two tents, and responsible for those who occupy them, and am to have roll call three time a day. I have not tended roll-call wihle on the Color Guard for the last two years.

Jan. 24, 1865.—There was cannonading in the direction of Dtch Gap all last night, and continued till 9 a. m. today. We understand that our fleet of gunboats started yesterad morning to make a passage through the canal while the water is high.

Jan. 27, 1865.—The rebs are very anxious to tared papers with us, so they can hear about the late affai rat Dutch Gap. Our baked beans this morning were a failure. Have been working for iLeut. Phinney for a few days doing writing.

Jan. 28, 1865.—Cannonading in the direction of the river, and we hear that the Fifth Corps are having a fight.

Jan. 29, 1865.—Cold. The orderly has difficulty in finding a "best looking man" to send to regimental headquarters. Forty-six new recruits came into the regiment today. Ten of them came to our company, and two of them came to our tent to stop till they can get up a tent of their own. One of them is a Portuguese, and can understand very little English. The most of them are foreigners. About 100 started, but only 46 got here without deserting.

Feb. 1, 1865.—Warm. The recruits were assigned to their companies. We get 16 of them, and now have 83 names on the rolls. Brother Samuel Verrill called this p. m. We went over to the Provost Guard to Sergt. Libby's tent, and had a good time. There were seven lodgers in our tent tonight. Received orders to be ready to move, and the ambulances are taking the sick to the hospitals.

Feb. 2, 1865.—Warm and pleasant. I went out to our picket line with Samue' to see the rebel pickets relieved. There didn't seem to be as many as usual, and our pickets said the rebel cars had been uncommonly busy all night. Samul had but 24 hours' furlough, and started back at noon. His regiment is near City Point. It is detached, and at work with the Engineer Corps, building fortifications and doing picket duty.

Feb. 5, 1865.—Pleasant. The camp was aroused at 3 a. m. with orders to be ready for marching. We hear that the Fifth Corps moved last night on a raid. There was brisk cannonading at 5 p. m. In the evening some of the Fifth Corps ambulances came in with wounded and report that there had been fighting ever since daylight, and had driven the rebs two miles and were intending to make a grand charge at 5p. m. Nearly all the Second Corps has moved.

Feb. 6, 1865.—Cold. The First Division of our corps moved last night. The fighting yesterday was about three miles on our left. We make a great display of drilling today, to let the rebs know there is still a force here.

Feb. 7, 1865.—We had snow, hail, sleet

and rain alternately all the forenoon. Everything is covered with ice. We were turned out at 4 a. m. and stood under arms, as we expected an attack from the nenemy. We broke ranks at daylight, and all was quiet till 2 p. m., when we heard a battery smartly at work for a short time, accompanied by musketry, and it seemed but a short distance from us. At 5 p. m. the same was repeated, and it looks as if we had lost ground. We understand that the result of the late movement of our troops was to straighten and shorten the lines.

Feb. 9, 1865.—Cold. On dress parade an order was read that I should enter immediately on the duties of regimental mail carrier.

Feb. 11, 1865.—Pleasant. Helped Sergt. Maj. Robinson on the description lists of recruits, yesterday and today. Two days' mail came this evening.

Feb. 13, 1865.—Cold. I collected the mail and carried it out to the brigade postmaster and had to wait till nearly midnight for the incoming mail. Fourteen rebs have come into the picket line in front of our corps within the last 24 hours. They say their boys wanted them to have our pickets stick up some white paper if they got in safely, and their whole regiment would come in next Friday, as they would be on picket again then.

Feb. 14, 1865.—Cold. Today I am given a new musket and equipments and told to go on parades and inspections when it will not interfere with my other duties. This is not so agreeable, but I can afford to do it as long as I escape picket and fatigue duty. No mail tonight.

REBEL DESERTERS COMING TO US.

Feb. 16, 1865.—Received the mail about 1 a. m. The poem "Enoch Arden" came from home, and sat up till I had read it thru. The rebs desert to our lines every day. I spent most of the day sewing stripes onto my pants and mending my clothes.

Feb. 17, 1865.—Rainy. The mail arrived about noon. A heavy detail went out to work on the fort this morning. Seventeen rebs came in to our pickets this evening and 19 to the pickets of the Ninth Corps. They say that 15 or 20 of their regiment deserted the other night, but instead of coming to our lines they started for Kentucky.

Feb. 18, 1865.—Warm and pleasant. Have been doing writing for Capt. Merrill of Co. B and Lieut. Phinney of Co. F. No mail tonight. Seven rebs came into our lines in front of our brigade. They say the rebs are moving their camps back, and intend to be meddling with us soon. Our "look-out" in the observatory says the same.

Feb. 21, 1865.—The frogs are singing merrily this evening, and it seems quite spring-like. Our regiment received 45 recruits this p. m., and we now number about 400 muskets.

Feb. 22, 1865.—There was various drills today at which I was present. We received orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice. I brought in the mail a little past midnight.

Feb. 24, 1865.—Rainy night. Considerable firing on the picket line last night, and this morning we had the pleasure of seeing 54 Johnnies march thru our camp. They had come in during the night. The officers are practicing the bayonet drill in the church. No mail tonight.

Feb. 25, 1865.—Rainy all day. The deserters say their folks are evacuating Petersburg and Richmond. There was shelling on our right in the afternoon. Had two mails today.

Feb. 28, 1865.—Rainy. Have been doing writing for different officers for the past few days. There is great cheering on the rebel picket line, and our boys are yelling, "Come in, Johnny; come in." A deserter has since come in and says they had a ration of whisky served out to them, which accounts for the cheering.

March 1, 1865.—I have been helping Maj. Sumner on the muster rolls. I brought in the mail at 8 p. m. I have been lying in my tent tonight, listening to the bullets whistle over it. It appears that the Johnnies are deserting to our lines and their boys are firing at them, but they are careful to fire high and not hit them.

March 3, 1865.—I put in my spare time writing for the officers. Last night 22 Johnnies came into our lines. There was smart shooting on their side at the time, but no one was hurt, and they didn't intend there should be. We are always glad to hear firing on the picket line now, for we know what it means and our pickets do not return the fire.

March 8, 1865.—Warm. Have been doing writing at regimental headquarters. I am now informed that in future I am to keep the "great book" posted. I commenced on it today. They keep adding to my work every day. I brought in the mail at 9 p. m.

March 9, 1865.—There was an unusual amount of picket firing last night, and this morning five more rebs passed through our camp, bringing their arms and equipments with them. They say we are whipping them faster now, while lying quietly in front of them, than ever before.

March 11, 1865.—There was one man shot and another hung for desertion today. Am having trouble with my eye. I received the mail about midnight.

March 14, 1865.—Warm. I have been

sick and excused from duty for the last three days. Have been in bed all day. We received orders to be ready to move at short notice with four days' rations.

March 15, 1865.—Very windy. In the morning we received orders to appear immediately on division review, heavy marching order. The boys came back covered with dust. The sutlers are moving off and everything is being packed up for a general move.

March 16, 1865.—Very windy. Chimneys are tumbling over, and the air is full of dust. Our boys are tearing up the track and taking down the water tank at this place. We hear that Sheridan's cavalry are this side of the James River in this vicinity.

March 18, 1865.—Pleasant. Today while our sharpshooters were out drilling they shot one of our men here in camp and he has since died.

March 21, 1865.—Heavy rain storm. Our boys have built a dam here, and we now have quite a pond. It is getting very much like Summer.

March 25, 1865.—Pleasant, with some rain in the afternoon. At 4 a. m. the rebs attacked Fort Hell and took it, but our folks immediately retook it, and captured all the rebs who had muskets in that direction; it was near Meade's Station and about seven miles from where our regiment lies. About 8 a. m. we had orders to strike tents and be ready to move at once. Soon after cannonading and musketry commenced near by on our left. About noon our regiment moved out there and were soon engaged with the rebel picket line. During the afternoon our brigade made two charges under a heavy cross fire of artillery and in the face of musketry, and took the rebel rifle pits. Another time the rebs charged on them, and by reason of a flank fire drove them back. Between 4 and 5 p. m. we heard a heavy conflict of musketry a couple of miles down on our left, and cannonading all along the line. At night our forces had gained nearly a mile of ground, and held their position, but I can't see that it amounts to much. I was left in camp and felt sadly out of place, for never before has my regiment been in battle and I not been with them. I received the mail and had it all ready to deliver when the regiment came in at 9 p. m. Our regiment lost five killed and 56 wounded.

March 27, 1865.—I am not very well, and have been in bed most of the day. The rebs attacked our lines down on the right, but it did not amount to much. At the same time they charged our picket line directly in front of us. They gained a little ground and we expected a battle, but it amounted to little more than picket firing. We hear that Sheridan has come up here with infantry and 22,000 cavalry.

March 29, 1865.—Rainy. We hear that Lieut. Hunter is dead. The General held a council of war at City Point yesterday. In the morning our brigade was ordered to pack up for marching but after waiting all day, we spent the night here. The Second and Fifth Corps have gone with Sheridan to the left. The other brigades of our corps have not struck tents, but are out drilling.

March 30, 1865.—Warm, rainy day. We hear cannonading down on our right. About noon we hear firing off to the left, which we suppose to be on account of Sheridan's advance. It is reported that Sheridan has taken the rebel line of works.

April 1, 1865.—Pleasant. At 4 a. m. we fell in under arms and hardly got in line when a rapid cannonading was heard about two miles away.

April 2, 1865.—Our regiment had three killed and 25 or 30 wounded in the row today.

April 3, 1865.—Pleasant. I left camp about 8 a. m. and joined the regiment at noon. We marched till 4 p. m., and went into camp.

April 4, 1865.—We moved at 7 a. m., passing squads of prisoners and captured guns. We encamped about 10 p. m., having marched about 12 miles.

April 5, 1865.—Pleasant. We marched at a quick pace from 5 to 9 a. m. and halted. When we started again I threw away my rubber and woolen blankets. We marched two hours without stopping through a miserably muddy country, halted a short time in the afternoon and then marched till 7 p. m. and camped. We hear that a brigade of rebs gave themselves up to our cavalry, and that Sheridan has captured and burned a large portion of their wagon trains.

April 6, 1865.—Cool. We marched at 7 a. m., circling around till we halted at noon, just where we started from in the morning. The pack mules move in the rear, and today I led one of them for the first time, so as to get my load along a little easier, but I didn't make much by it, as I was obliged to wade in the mud up to my knees. In the afternoon we passed a village where there had been a fight. There were two lines of breastworks. About 5 p. m. we came up with the First and Third Divisions engaged with the rebs. We drove them on, but the First Division was badly cut up. We pursued them three or four miles, and captured a long line of supply wagons loaded with potatoes, molasses, bacon, etc., which was very acceptable. We encamped at 8 p. m. with the rebs just ahead of us.

April 7, 1865.—Cold and rainy. We

started at 9 a. m. and marched till 3 p. m. and halted. We passed the scene of an encounter and saw some of our men lying dead. We crossed the railroad at Rice's Station and came in sight of a long bridge on fire, but it was soon put out. We passed many burning wagons. Soon after we halted the cavalry had a fight. We hear that Gen. Thomas has taken Lynchburg, and that Gen. Lee proposed to surrender when we came upon him so unexpectedly. We moved across the river after dark and camped.

April 8, 1865.—Pleasant. All was quiet and we did not turn out till after sunrise. We marched at noon and appear to be train-guard. Gen. Lee sent in a flag of truce today, to know on what condition he could surrender. He was answered "Unconditionally." It did not suit him, so he traveled. We are after him. We passed about 100 wagons and a great amount of stores on fire. We camped at 4 p. m., having marched about 12 miles. We captured eight cannon and some wagons this afternoon that were stuck in the mud.

April 9, 1865.—We marched from 5 a. m. till 2 p. m., when we came up with Lee's army. The Second Corps was in advance of us, and had an engagement while moving. About 3 p. m. came a flag of truce, and soon after it was rumored that Lee had surrendered. About 5 we were officially informed that Lee had surrendered his army. There were five corps of us and the air was immediately filled with hats; the cheering was tremendous, the batteries fired salutes and there was a general high time of rejoicing.

April 10, 1865.—Rainy. I am quite sick and obliged to keep quiet all day. At night I found myself so weak that it was all I could do to collect and carry the mail. Sent letter home.

April 11, 1865.—Rained most all day. It is with much difficulty that I can walk this morning. The doctor came to see me and gave me a pass to ride in the ambulance. Someone carried my things to the road for me. We commenced moving back at 7 a. m. and went 20 miles over a miserable road, and encamped about 5 p. m. I have eaten nothing all day, but find myself much better and stronger tonight.

April 12, 1865.—Cloudy. I felt pretty well this morning. I got my knapsack carried on a mule and managed to keep up with the regiment. It was an easy march, but hard for me.

April 13, 1865.—Rainy. At 7 a. m. we moved about a mile, and then waited about three hours for bridges to be built, and after all waded knee deep in water to cross the river. We marched rapidly in the afternoon and reached the Junction about 4, where I saw N. P. Downing. A couple of miles farther on we camped. At 8 p. m. I received nine days' mail, and it took till past midnight to assort and distribute it.

April 20, 1865.—Warm, with showers. Toward night we received news officially that Johnston had surrendered his army. The First Brigade of the First Division of our Corps had an illumination. They had candles burning on each end of their tents and on the pine trees.

April 23, 1865.—This was a cool, windy day for marching. I threw away my blanket in the morning, and came into camp without any. We marched on the railroad most of the day, and made about 20 miles. We camped about 6 p. m. near Burkesville.

April 24, 1865.—Quite cold. We marched about 20 miles today and passed many fine residences. This part of the country is much better than that we passed through yesterday. We marched on the railroad part of the way, some along where our cavalry tore up the track. We camped at 5 p. m. near a river, and laid a pontoon bridge the first part of the night.

April 25, 1865.—Cold. We moved at 7 a. m., but made little progress the first few hours. We crossed the river, and five miles farther on came to a village called Mt. Laurel. We are now in Halifax Co. We marched 16 miles and the hardest march since we started.

April 26, 1865.—Warm. We started about 7 a. m., crossed the river to a little village called Boston, and soon after passed a courthouse, from which our colors were flying. We marched about 25 miles and camped.

April 27, 1865.—We marched before daylight, our brigade leading. We crossed the Dan River at 11 a. m., and found ourselves in Danville, having marched 17 miles in five hours. We have had good marching weather for the last five days, and have come about 110 miles. On entering the city three regiments were immediately posted as guard along the streets. Lieut.-Col. Fletcher is Provost Marshal of the place. The Color Guard, Serg't-Maj. Sturdy and myself, occupy the city hall and rooms attached. Our colors are hoisted over the hall. The citizens are glad to see us, as they had been badly treated by their own soldiers. A few hours after we reached here a little paper called "The Sixth Corps" was issued. It only had one page, but sold readily for 25 cents a copy.

April 28, 1865.—Pleasant. I went down to the river and had a good swim, and washed my clothes. I visited one of the tobacco warehouses that had been used for a prison. Danville must have been a thriving place once.

May 9, 1865.—Have been busy for the

past ten days doing writing for the officers. The Colonel wanted me to work in the Provost Marshal's office, but I have been engaged by the sutler. Jay Harmon and I now mess together. We have a negro cook and live high.

May 16, 1865.—It has been rather dull in camp for the past week. The Third Division of our Corps moved this morning. They took cars for Alexandria. We expect to move in a few days.

May 18, 1865.—We had a small tornado today. I took down the sutler's tent this A. M., and moved the goods down town. I have orders to take no more mail. In the evening I went to see Mr. Broom, the sutler, who paid me liberally for the ten days I have worked for him.

May 20, 1865.—Heavy showers. I paid my negro for the time he has been with me, gave him some old clothes and dishes, and dismissed him. We broke camp at 2 p. m., took the cars at Danville, but made slow progress.

May 21, 1865.—We reacher Burkesville Junction at 7 a. m. One of the boys slipped under the cars and had his leg smashed. We reached Manchester at 1 p. m., moved a mile back from the river and camped. I had a good view of Richmond today for the first time, though I have seen the church spires before, under other conditions.

May 23, 1865.—Yesterday I went to Richmond. I visited the Capitol, Jeff Davis's house, now Gen. Halleck's headquarters, Libby Prison, and examined the underground tunnel through which some of the prisoners escaped, Castle Thunder, and other places of less note. I did not find Richmond such a mean and sunken place as I have heard it called. It is a pretty city, and much larger than I expected to find it. It is situated on a range of hills, or rather on a highland, though a portion of the business part of the city is on a flat by the river. It does not look as if it had suffered much from the war, except by the fire the rebs set before they left, and which consumed a greater part of the business portion of the city.

May 24, 1865.—Cool. We marched at 6 a. m. but did not cross the river till nearly noon. We passed through Richmond and camped near Hanover C. H. at 9 p. m., having marched 20 miles. The earthworks here are not as strong as I expected there were, and not so many of them.

May 25, 1865.—Warm. We started at 6 a. m., and at 8 crossed the Pamunkey River on pontoons. Soon after we got off the road and went some four or five miles out of our way, which didn't please us very much. We encamped about 2 p. m. Some of the boys were overcome with the heat today.

May 26, 1865.—It rained in torrents today. We moved about 9 a. m. and our regiment led the corps; marched 10 miles and camped. The first thing was to pitch tents; the next was to strip off shirts, pants, drawers and everything and wring out the water, after which we could get about more easily to cook our dinner.

May 28, 1865.—It has cleared off and is a good day to march. Our brigade moved at 10 a. m., crossed the Mat River, the Ta River, and halted for dinner. We crossed Po River at 3 p. m., and a mile farther crossed the Ny River; four branches that unite and form the Mattapony River. We camped three miles from Fredericksburg.

May 29, 1865.—A beautiful day. We moved at 6 a. m. and camped on Cemetery Hill, where the 7th Maine once made a charge. I got a pass and went into town for information about mail.

May 30, 1865.—Hot day. We marched at 5 a. m., passed through Fredericksburg and crossed the Rappahannock on pontoons. We crossed Potomac Creek and encamped at 3 p. m. on the south edge of Prince William Co., having marched 15 miles.

May 31, 1865.—Hot day. Our brigade leads the corps today. We found good roads and they were shady most of the way. We marched 15 miles, and encamped near Fairfax Station. I am very tired and almost sick.

June 1, 1865.—Hot day. Our brigade is in the rear today. We started about 7, but made slow progress. Passed Wolf Shoals, Bull Run, halted an hour, then marched seven miles and went into camp. I received and distributed five days' mail.

June 2, 1865.—Very hot day. We moved at 6 a. m., passed by Fairfax about a mile from where we had encamped, and reached Bailey's Crossroads at 11 a. m., but as other corps had taken up the ground in that vicinity we went on two miles farther and camped near a stream where the Fifth Corps were lying. This is a beautiful farming country. I received another five days' mail, which is all that is due. Two Captains were dishonorably discharged and their swords broken in the presence of their brigade today.

June 3, 1865.—Hot day. We are near Bailey's Crossroads, and have been very busy making tents and policing the grounds. We have to go some distance for tent poles. The Fifth Corps had not meddled with the fences here, but we had not been in camp 15 minutes till they had all been confiscated.

June 8, 1865.—Very warm and oppres-

sive. The Sixth Corps was reviewed at Washington, but the unarmed men did not have to go; they had a hard day's work of it. The Maine State Agency furnished a collation for the 1st Maine Regiment.

June 11, 1865.—Pleasant. Our Chaplain, Colimore Purington, of Aroostook, Me., preached his farewell sermon today.

June 19, 1865.—The "two year men" of our regiment have been mustered out, and started for home today.

June 21, 1865.—A pair of boxing gloves were brought into the regiment and the boys are having a good deal of sport with them. Some of the Third Division were celebrating their "muster out" till midnight. There were about 100 of them with candles stuck in their muskets for torches, marching with drum corps music. At midnight the drummers beat the reveille to turn out the "happy ones" to get ready to march to Washington and take the cars for home.

June 25, 1865.—Warm. Our brigade was in for an illumination last night, and had their tents decorated with candles. There was a torch-light procession and much cheering. We moved about two miles this morning, and I pitched my tent in a good location, but the flies were fierce.

June 27, 1865.—Have been working at brigade headquarters helping make muster rolls and discharge papers.

June 28, 1865.—Very warm day. Our regiment was mustered out of the U. S. service at division headquarters at 3 p. m. Thank God. I am once more a citizen.

June 29, 1865.—Very warm. We turned out at 3 a. m. and our brigade moved at 5. We took breakfast at the Soldiers' Retreat, and afterwards received a few crackers and some cheese from the State Aid Society. We took the cars and left Washington at noon.

June 30, 1865.—Pleasant. We reached Philadelphia at 3 a. m. Marched across the city and took a good breakfast at Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon. We left the city at 7 a. m. and reached New York at 4 p. m. and went on board the steamer Galatea.

July 2, 1865.—Rainy day. We had a good breakfast in Portland and reached Camp Preble a little after daybreak.

July 3, 1865.—Beautiful day. I started early in the morning, went to the city, and got transportation to Lewiston, where I arrived in the afternoon. Walked out home to Minot. Thank God, the war is over and I am at home again.

July 6, 1865.—I went back to Camp Preble, where our regiment was paid off, and received my discharge. I served the United States four years, six months and nine days, and received for that service $1,465.75 and my board and clothes.

No Snail Pace for Sherman.

By J. D. Calehan, Staff Lieutenant Commanding Provost Guard, First Division, Sixth Army Corps, Dubuque, Iowa.

Father Sherman, a Catholic priest and a son of Gen. W. T. Sherman, in an interview printed in the Chicago Record-Herald, among other things about Gen. Sheridan's starting for the front at Winchester, said:

"The poem, 'Sheridan's Ride,' gives a false impression concerning the details of the historic feat accomplished by the great civil war leader. The facts are that Gen. Sheridan had returned from Washington just prior to the battle and found his men two or three miles away. He reached the town at 10 o'clock at night and slept late the next morning. He awoke at the sound of artillery fire, and, after starting toward the front, rode his horse at a snail's pace."

It seems strange that a man of Father Sherman's standing would utter such an absurdity. The idea that Gen. Sheridan would go at a "snail's pace" when there was excitement in the air, and that he "found his men two or three miles away!" As I made the same ride the same day, but an hour or two behind the General, I can say that he found his men (Sixth Corps) in line of battle, over 13 miles away. Some six or eight miles from Winchester there were a great many stragglers going to the rear, but they were not the men meant by the author of "Sheridan's Ride." In my opinion, and I have expressed it on all appropriate occasions, our gallant General was equivalent to a reinforcement of 5,000 men that day. I was at that time on duty at headquarters, First Division, Sixth Corps. I rode to Winchester the day before to visit a friend and comrade and was back at my post by 11 o'clock on the 19th, and had the honor of carrying a message to Gen. Frank Wheaton, commanding the First Division, Sixth Corps, from Gen. Sheridan, who passed in rear of our division on his return from the right, where he directed Gen. Crook to "Sail in and push Early up the Valley." The order to Gen. Wheaton was to advance his division at once, as Crook was around on the right and we must push them, and we did.

The Early Days of the War; a Retrospect.

By J. C. M. Hamilton, 110th Pa., Beaver Falls, Pa.

I have often thought that the old soldiers of the Northern army had before them a duty quite in keeping with the great task which they completed at Appomattox. That is, in so presenting to the rising generations the conditions in the country at the outbreak of the civil war and the real motives of those who composed that wonderful army that fought the battles for the Nation's existence. And no better method exists than for the soldiers themselves to speak.

I have been amazed at the greed with which our young listen to the interesting stories of the trials the men of those days endured. Of course, I know The National Tribune has been and is still doing a noble work, and may the Lord bless it, but it fails to reach many who ought to know. There is a something that needs to be built into the fabric of the youth of this Republic that can only be done by the newspaper press, and that is a reverence for our institutions; something that ennobles the character, making it strong, heroic and steadfast; something that will make our youth look at and imitate the virtues and strength displayed by our ancestry.

We of the Northern States have been very remiss in an important duty. We have allowed cranks to creep into the body politic with various theories and panaceas. Nearly the whole people have been turned into a huge machine. They have become so wedded to the capitalistic idea of progress, that the older people have forgotten what the younger class never knew, and what the most of them have scarcely ever heard of, because it is not printed where they can read it; namely, the daily papers or monthly or weekly magazines, which educated people are pleased to class as higher literature. These publications, or some of them, when they come to treat of the men in the ranks, wilfully traduce in some form or manner the motives of those who gave their all to save the country, making it appear as if the soldier who was killed was the only good soldier, and worthy of their tears, and those who escaped with their lives are simply sharks, living to bleed the Treasury.

This sort of stuff is daily thrust into the hands of our youth to read, and even our school histories are tinctured with the same ideas. The writers of the present day know nothing about the darkest days in our Nation's life, nor of the genuine principle of self-sacrifice to save it that enthused the young men and maidens during civil war days. They judge the motives of the patriots of those days by the self-seeking lust that controls today, a condition due largely to two causes, viz, the desire for great wealth and firm ideas absorbed in foreign lands by those who travel and ape the principles of those countries in which are submerged the poorest peoples that they may exploit their own wealth. They forget that they would have been no wealthy country to kill time in had it not been for the sincerity of those principles that were the life of the great majority—then—that enabled them to unite into a cohesive, compact, irresistable body throughout the North to save the Nation's life.

A short time ago I had a conversation with several young people regarding the motives which carried so many of our youth into the army. I was perfectly astonished at the lack of knowledge and gross ignorance of almost all, and it was a fairly representative body of what might be termed the better educated of that community. They had no comprehension of the services rendered by the soldiers during the civil war period. Scarcely one of the number, and they were nearly all college educated, and had studied the historical facts as taught in their various schools, but tinged or colored to suit the whim of the teacher who instructed them.

Some of them believed that the stories which have been written or those which they have listened to relative to those trying days as to what the soldiers did or endured were in part imaginary. Of course, they admitted a little truth had been mixed in the romances. I was charged with coloring the facts and stated incidents of personal knowledge which were even mild, in comparison with others which we endured in those perilous days, without a murmur. One of the parties, a

prominent minister, less than 40 years of age, and of foreign birth, and had never studied the history of those times, nor partaking of the spirit of patriotism that grows from good seed if properly sown on youthful minds.

Most of my young friends had been led to believe it was a picnic for most of us, to which men rushed hustling and jostling each other to get there, just like a crowd of boys will knock one another down to get ahead to see the champion prize fighter or a leading baseball player. One actually had the idea that the soldiers of '61-'65 went to obtain the bounties offered, which he believed were given throughout the entire period; or else to get on the prospective pension roll to enjoy the munificent stipend doled out by the Government. I examined carefully the cause of such gross ignorance, and found it to be largely the result of want of knowledge and of the inroads which foreign immigration was making, as well as the results of so much foreign travel that has helped to destroy the reverence for our institutions in those who travel, and also in their descendants, as well as the thousands whom they influence, supplanting patriotism with the selfish and unhealthy pride of Europe, that seeks self gratification, regardless of those who suffer.

The continual onslaught on the little dribs of pensions that the men receive who yet survive has much of its inspiration from the same source. This money idea falls on willing ears, especially the young editors who have traveled South and seem to know it all, and on whose shoulders they think the destiny of this Republic rests.

Another thing, the teaching in respect to bottom facts relating to the causes of the civil war, as well as to the valor of those engaged, have been colored to favor the sentiment of the enemies of the country in those days. Writers and lecturers of the South and those of the North, and their followers, who have been tinctured by that element are incapable of seeing what they owe the men who saved the Nation's life. It is all right to die for one's country or be maimed for life, or constitutionally weakened, and then as long as life lasts find that even our neighbor has been taught to look upon us as living off the charity of the Nation we helped to make. Some who charge us with such baseness have places to live in comfort and peace, while we lost our opportunity to start with them on the road to success at the very time in life when the foundation of temporal success is laid.

After the above conversation, I asked several of our daily papers to open their columns for articles that would give the actual incidents, as observed by the men in the ranks, as well as picture the nature of our service and what we were compelled to endure; but all declared they had no room for such matter.

True, articles such as I speak of may not be written so acutely, or with that literary cleverness that some of the editorial writers of the present day employ. But, unfortunately for the people, such writers know nothing about what the people ought to know in respect to what I speak of. People can read the history of battles whether written correctly or not, but personal and important incidents are only known to the men. It is a good thing we have The National Tribune, that has done such noble work and stands ever ready to do more. What we need is the stories of the men themselves, and from them the motives and actions of life can be measured. Now, I will give some incidents.

During the latter part of 1861 and the early part of 1862, Gen. T. W. Lander had charge of operations on the upper Potomac. With the exception of wandering bands, which now and then invaded that section, frequently doing much damage during their raids. The Confederate army never occupied that portion of western Virginia long at any one time afterward. On Jan. 1, 1862, the rebel Gen. Jackson, in command at Winchester, left that place, marching a body of troops, about 18,000 men to near Bath, striking a small force of Union troops that occupied the place. This command consisted of the 13th Ind.—whose Colonel, Nathan Kimball, was in command of post—the 39th Ill. and two companies of the 8th Ill. Cav. The 84th Pa., a regiment that had been organized at the same time and camp in which my own regiment was, and was armed that same day, joined Kimball's forces at about the time Jackson's column struck his outposts. The Union forces, after considerable skirmishing, in which they lost 20 or more men, were driven back across the Potomac to Hancock, Md.

The 110th Pa., my own regiment, had been organized at Camp Crossman, near the town of Huntingden, Pa., during August and September, 1861; but, the Government being unable to secure arms, we had remained unarmed. The 84th and our regiment left camp on Nov. 29, going to Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, where we remained, drilling, until the last day of December. On that day we received our flag, which was presented to us in front of the State House in a patriotic speech by Gov. Curtin. The next day we boarded a train of box cars that had brought cattle and hogs from the West. They did not take the care those times to keep the sol-

diers' sleeping cars in as perfect order as nowadays. Much of the offal of the cattle and hogs was left in the cars, a fact we did not know, for we crowded aboard in the dark, and the cars were not sweet smelling.

Next morning, at Hagerstown, Md., we laid over one day. From thence we marched 36 miles, to Hancock, arriving about midnight, just after fighting had ceased. Gen. Lander arrived at near the same time we did, coming from the West, accompanied by his staff and a small escort of cavalry. The guns for arming our regiment had been shipped from Washington a short time before, coming in a canalboat. They were issued to us full of tallow, having been packed and shipped across the ocean from Belgium in that condition.

Imagine our plight. Coming, as it were, from home, there having been little fighting done by any of the soldiers that had preceded us and were well armed, while we were now approaching, in the night of our first day's march, a battlefield, the last 11 miles in the darkness; the roar of cannon could be distinctly heard and the flash of light from each discharge plainly seen on the sky above. Snow that had fallen the night before covered that mountain region several inches in depth, and the weather was becoming cold, the constant blasts cutting thru our clothing, causing much suffering. Then, again, we were loaded down with little trinkets, the presents of dear ones before leaving home.

When we came within a couple of miles of Hancock we met men, women and children—the citizens of the town—straggling along the road in the snow, having been driven from their homes by the shells of the enemy. I don't believe they were a whit more scared than were we. It was for us a very sudden and unexpected baptism of war, and possibly as unique an experience as any troops on entering the army during the war. Next morning Gen. Ashby brought over a flag of truce, demanding our surrender, while we were receiving and cleaning our guns. This work we had to do by building fires in the streets and melting the tallow out of them. At this time, across the river, in plain view we could see the enemy placing cannon in position to open on us. Ashby was blindfolded at the river's edge and marched to and from Lander's headquarters through our midst. He was a fine-looking man.

My company, being detached from the regiment, followed him to the river's edge, where we entered a large brick warehouse that stood on the bank of the canal, at the fording of the river. In the building we found 35 barrels of whisky, which the Captain had placed on an elevator and ordered hoisted to the floor above. With picks and crowbars we dug loopholes through the brick walls, to guard the fording. I met a comrade recently who told me the same holes remained in the old warehouse today that we dug a generation ago.

Jackson, thru Ashby, had warned Lander that if he would not surrender the town, he should order the women and children out before 2 o'clock, for at that hour he would open on us. About a half hour before 2 a couple of young men of our company, who had been studying for the ministry before the war broke out, persuaded the captain to call the company together in line along the corridor and spend the time in holding a prayer meeting. I was detailed as one of the lookouts to watch the enemy. Promptly at 2—a puff of blue smoke from the middle gun of a battery arose above it. I cried out "They have opened!" The next moment a shell exploded about 15 feet above the building over our head. I venture that no one ever saw a prayer meeting break up quicker than that one did.

Jackson's men failed to get their bridge completed, that his men were building, about a mile or so above the town, so he could not cross that night. During the night we were largely reinforced, so Jackson thought it would not be safe to try the next day. He then set his army in motion for Romney. As a consequence we started in the night for Cumberland, about 50 miles west, and entered the next evening at 5 o'clock. Many of our men had fallen, exhausted, along the way, as we had seven mountains and high places to cross and rough roads. Most of the night the march was in the midst of a cold, drenching rain.

We were in a bad fix. Of our Belgian rifles not one out of 10 could be fired at all. The pivot hole was too small to admit the large grains of the American-made cartridge. In order to correct the defect we were left a couple of weeks in camp at Cumberland, while a gunsmith went over the guns, enlarging the hole. In the midst of a deep snow we left Cumberland, the last week of January. My company and Co. G went ahead on a scouting expedition. Our course led us along the top of one of the highest and most bleak mountain ranges in all that region, and was one of the most trying ordeals we endured during the four long years of war. Perhaps it was so felt, being early in our experience. The snow was deep and unbroken, and the weather was bitterly cold. We dare not stop or build a fire, because our business was to find out the location of Jackson's army and

its numbers by noting the extent of the camp fires.

In the first week of February, 1862, Lander began the movement that drove Jackson out of that part of West Virginia and permitted the reopening of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad that had been closed since the Spring of 1861. My regiment was run down to the South Branch bridge on a train of cars, and my company crossed over on a narrow plank covered with ice. At about midnight we picketed the opposite side while the rear of the regiment carried planks for the engineers to cover the bridges, so that the army that marched down that night could cross over next morning. The army moved out toward Romney, Springfield and Merrifield, and my regiment was left at the bridge and French's store, as guards for bridge and stores.

While this movement was taking place Lander's scouts discovered a body of the enemy encamped in Bloomington Gap, a large wagon train being parked near, and which was being stored with provisions foraged from the surrounding country. Lander determined to capture that train, and ordered us to join him by rapid march, designating the time and place. We were compelled to march by another route than the one by which the General and staff had gone. He was unacquainted with the difficulties that lay before us.

About a week before this a warm rain fell, melting the snow off rapidly, followed by extremely warm weather for the time of year, taking the frost from the ground and leaving the surface a perfect quagmire. It happened that as we approached the mountain range there lay before us a wide, low flat that we had to cross. It seemed as if the bottom had fallen out of it as soon as our feet touched it. For three hours we toiled and struggled in our efforts to get through. We waded, floundered, men falling again and again in that terrible mire. Some of the men had their shoes pulled off their feet and were compelled to dive into the mud with their hands and arms in search of their footwear. Even when found it was a difficult matter to withdraw them from the sticky stuff. Officers on horseback were even worse off than the men on foot, being compelled to dismount from their stranded steeds and wade with the rest of us. One or two of the horses had to be abandoned and shot. It was not until near sundown that our feet touched higher and more solid ground at the foot of the mountain.

Nearly all the time we were toiling and struggling to get thru that awful quagmire Gen. Lander was fretting and fuming, almost wild with rage, because we did not appear when and where we had been ordered. He finally lost his patience and with his staff, escort and one man belonging to a regiment of cavalry that refused to make the charge with him, attacked the rebel camp, capturing 160 wagons, 900 mules, 16 commissioned officers, and 65 enlisted men, including a large quantity of provisions and forage, totally destroying and scattering the enemy's command.

For the bravery of the young man who left his comrades who had refused to charge—Lander promoted him to a First Lieutenancy on the field. I have forgotten the young man's name. I do not mention the regiment's number because it was not the men's fault as much as their officer's. The regiment as a whole was as brave as any in the army.

Gen. Lander proved himself to be one of the bravest and most intrepid of men, none were more so, and had he lived the galaxy of the Nation's immortals would have held fewer names higher on the scroll of fame than that of Frederick W. Lander. In less than three weeks following the above event the entire division bowed with grief, followed his funeral train with reversed arms, marching to the muffled drumbeat, as his body was sent away to its last resting place. The Union Army lost a great man, the Nation buried a hero, cut down at the very time the country needed him. In after days the death of a great or a brave man was only an incident.

When our muddy march ended it was growing dark. We arrived then at the mountain top where we bivouacked for the night in some fields. A more woebegone lot of men than we that evening would be hard to find. After our soldier's supper of hardtack and coffee, we sought places to sleep. Such things as shelter tents or gun blankets were then unknown among us, and we had not seen our Sibly tents since we left Cumberland in January. It was now the middle of February. We sought such shelter as we could find, and this was to lie down on the snow or wet, frozen earth, as best we could. We drew the capes of our blue overcoats over our heads, and with our knapsacks for pillows we wrapped our woolen blankets around us and lay down on the cold earth. During the evening the wind had turned cutting cold, crusting the ground hard and in many cases freezing our clothes fast to it.

I awakened shortly—so I thought—after lying down. I was very tired and stiff, and slept much longer and more soundly than I had any idea of; for when I awakened I felt warm and comfortable. Everything was quiet, but my blanket was heavy. I stretched myself out full length, when an avalanche of snow

come tumbling into my face and around my neck. On jumping to my feet I found it was breaking day and that during the night over a foot of snow had fallen. It was a strange, yet beautiful sight that met the gaze of those who first awoke. For covering the ground in all directions lay little hillocks of snow, each one containing one or more sleeping men. At the head of each could be seen an air hole melted through the snowy mantle by the breath of the sleeper beneath.

The wind arose with the coming daylight—a perfect blizzard sweeping across the mountain top, uncovering the men and awaking all who were the least exposed to its blasts. As soon as possible every ax carried by the regiment was in use felling the pine trees which composed the surrounding forest, with which we built big fires to keep from freezing, as the wind was strong and the cold severe. A mound of snow lay yet undisturbed near headquarters of my company. Some of the boys aroused it. When the occupant jumped to his feet, pulling the snow from his eyes, ears and neck, there stood before us a scared darkey, as black as coal. We gathered about him, trying to find out who he was and where he came from. But the only thing we worried out of him was his name, "Presley. Don't got no udder; my Massa say dat am a nuff fer a nigger."

It was now getting so fearfully cold that we soon forgot all about our darkey. We had to keep close to the fire. While the side next to it would nearly burn, the other would freeze. We had to keep constantly piling on fresh wood and turning around. The logs being green jadepine, the smoke cut and smarted our lungs and eyes like lye. If the day had been bad the night came on tenfold worse. The sweep of the wind came in such fierce blasts that it was impossible to lie down or think of sleeping. It must have been fully an hour after midnight, with the wind howling, shrieking, drifting the snow, piling every little recess full, and making desperate efforts to uproot the forest, when, from out of the midst of the storm came every now and then faint sounds of music, but so indistinct that we could not tell the direction whence it came. With every lull in the wind there came faint, soft, mellow tones, a kind of weird melody. It so affected the men that the faint-hearted began to get uneasy, thinking it superhuman, while all were amazed at it, wondering where it came from and what it was, coming as it did seemingly with the storm. How long it was after we first heard it I cannot tell, but finally a lull in the wind brought to us direct the strains from behind a large stump that stood at the edge of the woods.

The boys made a dash for that stump, pulling out from behind it and from beneath the drifting snow Presley and his banjo. We forgot all about the cold as we led the half-frozen black-skinned musician to the fire, where we thawed him out. On questioning him we learned he had not come to the fire lest we inform on him, thus betraying him to his "massa," for whom he had a peculiar dread. "Where do you live?" some one asked him.

"On de Souf Branch."

"What made you go to the woods and stay there playing the banjo?"

"I was feerd I'd freeze and had to do somefin'."

After he had thawed out the soldiers asked him to play for them, but he would not do so. Finally the Captain said to him:

"Do you want to become my cook, and carry my luggage?"

His eyes almost jumped out of his head as he cried:

"Ob cose I does, Massa; hit am gis wat I comes fo'—de good ob de cause. But, den, if I goes, yo' wan't let ole Massa kutch me, will ye? No? Den I'se agwyne, shuah."

"Play some for us, now," said the Captain.

Thr-r-r-um went his fingers on the strings. At this writing it is over 44 years since then. I have heard many fine banjoists since that time, but I never have heard the banjo played with a more delicate touch or with a sweeter melody than Presley played it that cold night, up in the mountains. The first touch of the strings, as he ran his fingers across them was a plaintive wail. Then by some instinct natural to him he caught the sound of the storm, until every sweep of his fingers was a blast of the wind, with an intermede of fearful shrieks or low sighing murmur, like its moan as it cuts through the pine leaves—that peculiar wail so agonizing when the wind sweeps through a pine forest during wintry weather. Step by step he ran up to the highest of the octaves—then his tones died down as the storm dies. The strings of his banjo told the story of the storm over again. Then following the storm with a sweet pure tenor voice with a pathos all his own, he sang one song after another until we forgot our misery and the cold. I shall never forget the effect the first one he sang had on the men. How they shouted and clapped their hands. Only two lines of the refrain remain dimly in my mind now:

"When I go-es a sailin' into glory,
On dem ole banjo strings."

The whole song was quite touching from the slave's point of view. Poetry, such as it was, among the slaves of the South seemed natural to him. He caught melody and rung in almost every object of sight. I can only recall a line here and there of songs he often sung for us.

"Don' yo' hea de rain am a fallin'?
Don' yo' hea' de patta on de roof?
Dinah mad.
Mose, git up dar, yo' lazy nigger,
Don' yo' hea' me a callin' yo?
Don't yo' hear de wata a-drappin'
A-drappin', drappin' on de flo',
Ober dar by de cella do'?
A-drappin', drappin' on de flo'?
Ya-as, rite dar, yo' lazy nigger;
Now hit's drappin' on de pickaninny,
Dar by de cella do'.
Chorus—"At de cella do' a-drappin'
A-drappin', drappin' on de flo."—etc.

Another he sang, the boys used to say, was enough to turn vinegar sweet.

"Do-es yo' see dat lump of kaliker
Dancin' ober dar, on de flo,
Don't I lub it? She's a skrumpsion,
Dat lump of kaliker nea' de do."

Chorus—"Don't I lub it?"—etc.

This was followed by the imitation of a kiss so perfect you could imagine it real. He closed with one, I wish I could recall the whole of it. It was so touching and tender. This one verse is all I can remember:

"My heart went out when Melissa died.
In my ear, eber sin' dat day I hea,
Soft an low, a-singin', singin' bery nea,'
De angels, day's a-callin' dea' honey, don't fea,
Melissa am a-waitin' for yo' ober hea."

Refrain—Soft and low, etc.

He explained that he "made dat song hisself." It was composed in memory of his early and only love that had been lost to him by the cruel selling of Melissa to a master, whose brutal treatment drove her to suicide by drowning in a river. He never sang that song that he did not end in tears, and that morning was no exception—even with his audience.

Presley remained with us the rest of the winter. When we broke camp at Paupau and started on the early Spring campaign, March 1, 1862, under command of Gen. James Shields, we did possibly as much hard campaigning as was done by any troops during the war. During the times of our long, weary marches we fought two battles, winning the first great victory in the East, that of Winchester, fought on March 23, 1862, and two brigades of us being almost annihilated at the battle of Port Republic on June 9, following, and fighting many miner engagements in the meantime. Through them all, and during all our long marches, Presley was always on hand, and if there was but one happy, jolly soul, it was he. In camp he was the same merry, joyous boy. Many times when in bivouac after a long, muddy march, he either played or sung some of us to sleep. It seemed no difference how tired he was, it would disappear providing he could get tuning up his old banjo. He must have been about 30 years of age. He was never absent a day from the time he joined us.

The morning after the battle of Cedar Mountain we had been during the night too far in advance of the line of battle, and were withdrawn nearly half a mile and reformed to correspond with the regular line, taking position in a field under cover of a slight elevation. Presley brought the officers' breakfast to them. As soon as he came up it was noted by some that there wos something wrong with him. Not that he showed any more fear than formerly, but it was easily seen he was not the same Presley. He was silent, and had a peculiar look about his eyes. It was in the motions of his body, an indefinable something one feels rather than sees. I cannot describe how or what it is, or why it shows itself in some persons and not in others, on whom death has set its mark. Should I be asked in what it consists, I would have to say it is a something fugitive, yet it appears sometimes as a far-off look, back of which one can discern the trembling soul, one about to take its flight to other lands—a shadow—a cloud—occasionally a pallor over the face if a white man—but in the colored a blueish clay. In all an intense look, a smile, or sadness, a double person. One abnormally bright, the other silent—a something that hides the real person you know. Such on different occasions I have observed. I could name a number of my comrades in which it was plainly manifest, even weeks before, and every one of them were either killed or died of their wounds.

In the largest class of persons who are killed there are no tokens whatever manifest. Presentment is of a different character. A case in point: Clark Woodcock, a member of my company, came to me in the midst of the battle of Sailor's Creek, (I being in command of the company), and asked that I allow him to go to the rear, saying that he felt sure that should he go farther into the battle he would be killed. Scarcely had he turned

from me when a shell struck him in the shoulder, blowing his body to pieces. This mark is only in persons in whom others observe and feel it. While this subject remains to all outward appearances at least unconscious of its manifestation.

This was the case with Presley that morning after the battle of Cedar Mountain, when he came to our line of battle. The peculiar look constituted his whole being. After the flag of truce that day, when we buried our dead, Jackson retreated back across the Rapidan River during the night. We followed close after. When our column drew near to the river there were no evidence of the nearness of the enemy. Presley, as was his habit, when it were possible, marched close by the side of the column, with his large pack on his shoulders. When we drew near to the river the column filed to the right, our regiment going into line of battle in a cornfield just in front of a wood, into which Presley moved with his pack. Scarcely had we finished our formation, when a sharpshooter, posted in a tree top on the opposite side of the river, fired at the forming troops, the ball passing over our heads, striking Presley on the back, passing through his pack and clear through his body and out of his left breast above the heart. When the poor fellow answered the call:

"De angels, deys a-callin' dea' honey,
don't fea',
Melissa am a-waitin' fer yo' obe' hea'."

He fell and no doubt died instantly. Duty forbade us any but a parting glance at our dead minstrel's body. He had been a great delight and comfort to us on so many occasions. His jollity and merry disposition oftentimes giving strength and courage to the men who were broken down or dispairing while on the march. He was as much a martyr to the cause as if he had been killed within the ranks fighting.

Suey and Mother Fight.

By Alfred Spence, Red Springs, Mo.

It was the closing days of 1863, we were at Little Rock, Ark. Our company (E, 3d Iowa Cav.) was detailed to picket. I think it was as stormy a time as I ever saw—raining and sleeting till the ground was a sheet of ice. A number of the boys played sick. The storm was so severe that we had to remain on post 12 hours overtime before they could get out the relief. The next morning at breakfast Harvy Morris said some one beside Gandy and him had to get wood, or there would be no more cooking done there. I said: "Harve, you and Gandy ought to be able to get wood, since you are fit for nothing else!" Harve said: "The Captain never said about me that I would die if I was not too lazy to draw the last breath!" I said: "Who did he say that about, Harve?" He replied: "About you!" I said: "You know that's a lie, Harve!" He said: "Don't call me a liar again!" I repeated and he started round the table at me. I met him at the end of the table, and he began to strike at me. The ground was covered with ice, and he slipped and fell. I took him by the shoulders and raised him up, and he thrust his right hand at my face and two of his fingers went into my mouth. I shut down on them and held his left hand in my own grasp and mumbled to him that if he would behave I would let him loose, as I didn't want to hurt him. He said: "Hurt, hurt, and be d——d!" I let him loose, and we went back to breakfast. Before night we were as good friends as ever. Harve laughed and said he and "Mother" had a draw fight! "Mother opened her mouth and I drawed my fingers out of it." If Harve Morris is still alive "Mother" would like to hear from him.

Harvy Morris was called "Suey" and I was called "Mother." I am now 71 and badly afflicted in both my legs and have heart trouble. I would like to hear from all my old comrades who are living, I hope they all read The National Tribune.

Some Cavalry Service in Northern Mississippi.

By Brig.-Gen. J. Kemp, Mizner, U. S. V.; Colonel, 20th U. P. Cav.

During the siege of Vicksburg the line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad was guarded by a division of cavalry, a few regiments of infantry and several batteries of artillery.

Besides holding this important line, the cavalry was almost constantly employed in operating against the enemy in northern Mississippi; frequent and extended excursions being made against the enemy's cavalry, which was under the leadership of Forrest, Roddy, Chalmers, Richardson and other rebels of more or less distinction.

Our troops from White's Station, near Memphis, to Grand Junction were so disposed that the cavalry could be massed against the enemy south of the road, while the infantry and artillery remained to secure the safety of the several stations, many of which were given increased strength for defensive purposes by blockhouses or simple intrenchments, while the movements of the cavalry to the south also covered the positions held by the other troops.

The activity of the enemy gave the Union cavalry much to do and had annoyed them to such an extent that it was judged expedient to make a clean sweep of the entire front with the full force available for his purpose, and orders were accordingly issued early in June, 1863, which brought together near Waterfard three brigades of Mizner's Division of cavalry for an extended excursion well to the south and finally around to the west toward Panola.

In executing the work assigned them the troops actually reached a point which brot them in sight of the Mississippi River. They traversed five Counties of the State, driving everything before them. Defeated Chalmers at Panola and pursued his fleeing rebels for miles beyond; laid the country waste by the destruction of corncribs and every kind of supplies that an enemy could subsist upon, and left in their trail a line of fires which extended for many miles.

This military exploit, or raid, as it may more correctly be called, for the reason that the enemy was able to offer but feeble resistance, is a matter of history possibly still well remembered by the people of that section, and it is therefore unnecessary to give either the details of the march or of the results.

Gen. Hurlbut wrote to Gen. Grant on June 28:

"The damage done by the recent cavalry movement of Mizner has been very serious, and deprived Johnston of supplies, which are limited enough."

It is simply my purpose to refer to a few humorous incidents of the march and one that is sadly pathetic as illustrative of the lamentable horrors of a cruel war.

When Grant moved south from La Grange in his first effort against Vicksburg in November, 1862, Sherman commanded his right wing, and at the Tallahatchee River he constructed a bridge over that stream for the use of his troops, which he also destroyed when his troops withdrew.

When our cavalry Division arrived at the Tallahatchee it found no means of crossing this rather narrow but deep stream, and being without pontoons or bridge material, some expedient by which a crossing could be effected in the shortest possible time become a pressing necessity. Just at this moment, and while the best means of crossing was under debate, Col. Edward Hatch, a gallant officer, who commanded the Second brigade, attempted to wade into the stream to test the depth of the water, when suddenly both horse and rider disappeared from sight. Upon regaining the surface from his unexpected bath, he took the cheers and laughter of the spectators in good part and swam to the opposite shore, where, good soldier that he was, he rendered valuable serivce in placing outposts and pickets afterwards furnished from the southern bank.

A battalion of the 3d Mich. Cav., which regiment was largely made up from practical woodsmen from the lumbering districts of that State, was called for, and they lost no time in taking the large hewn timbers from an adjacent cotton-gin and laying them up stream from the point of crossing, lashing them securely together with wire taken from what had been a ferry in earlier days, and a compact, strong and heavy boom was quickly formed. This boom was swung around with the current both banks of the stream, a safe and secure foot-bridge was in place, upon which to the opposite shore, and being secured at

men could pass rapidly over to the further bank.

During the progress of this heavy work other men had constructed a light raft sufficiently large to ferry over our ambulances and a few pieces of artillery. The work of crossing at once began, each trooper taking off his saddle, and giving his horse's tail a twist, started him into the stream, and following on the boom with his saddle, caught his horse as he reached the other shore, quickly saddled up and hurried on. The crossing was rapid considering the method adopted and the size of the command, but it was quite dark by the time all but one regiment had crossed. This regiment was ordered to guard all approaches during the night, and at daylight to make its crossing and follow the main body.

The value of time and importance of all possible speed induced the Division Commander to personally superintend the crossing; but as nightfall approached he sent his staff to secure a place for headquarters, and out of consideration for his jaded horse, as all had been taxed by a hard day's march, he sent him also, and with a single Orderly remained, dismounted, to witness the completion of the day's undertaking. By the time it was possible to leave it was quite dark, yet the work went steadily and bravely on.

Tired from a hard day's work, the weary leader took his way towards camp, and only discovered after passing the bridge that he still had quite a long distance to travel and that his path lay thru dense underbrush and willows, where the troops had made a great swale, which gave him reason to regret his well-intended but perhaps too sudden compassion for his horse.

He heard the plunging of horses in the stream behind him, and every moment a hurrying and belated trooper, eager to rech the end of his long day's journey, came rushing past, and seeing a single forlorn individual plodding on foot and struggling thru the thicket in the dark river bottom, involuntarily checked his horse's speed, and apparently surprised and amazed at the situation of the wanderers, exclaimed with evident feelings of compassion and solicitude,

"Hello, boys. What regiment?
Hello; lost your horse?"

And thus the commander of the entire force, glad to preserve his incognito, in view of his awkward dilemma, was greeted by each hardy trooper as he passed on to camp. The only consolation left him as he journeyed to a place of rest was the contemplation of a good day's work well done.

The division camp was found on the gently-sloping grounds of a fine estate, and headquarters established within the hospitable walls of a wealthy planter's house, where all belongings gave evidence of a considerable degree of refinement and reasonable prosperity. Among the articles of furniture was found a grand piano of approved type, which aroused hopes of a few operatic airs during the evening, for upon the staff there was a performer of no mean acquirements, who upon many former occasions had favored the officers with artistic music.

The planter's larder yielded bountiful supplies of its best products to appease the eager yearnings of the weary officers and men, and after a good and substantial supper all care and fatigue was soon forgotten.

When at a later hour a number of officers had assembled to discuss the passing events and to receive their orders for the morrow, the number being probably increased by the prospect of hearing the cheering strains of good music, there suddenly appeared an additional group, escorting the staff pianist who had easily been prevailed upon to appear for the evening's entertainment. Enthusiasm and eager expectation ran high with the growing prospect of a musical treat.

The gifted and obliging friend moved with the usual deliberation and manly grace so common to all artists and took his seat at the piano. With a satisfied and very complacent air he gently raised the lid of the instrument, and to his utter astonishment found but an empty case, with a wellworn hoop skirt substituted for the strings which had produced all its former charms.

The joke perpetrated on the Captain by his fellow-officers and thus disclosed proved to be the work of his gallant escort, and inquiry developed the fact that but a short time before Morgan L. Smith's Missouri bummers had passed that way and had stabled their horses in the house and used the selfsame piano as a feed trough.

Continuing our march the next day, the column moved west and on the second morning encountered some of Chalmers's scouts, who were driven back upon his outposts, and from prisoners captured it was learned that Chalmers's main force occupied Panola.

The command pushed vigorously forward, and as much of the enemy's force as could be overtaken was dealt with so severely that Chalmers very wisely put a chain of lakes between his troops and their pursuers.

The flight of the rebels was so hasty and precipitate that only a few prisoners

from the rear of his command were captured, but with them was secured the ferry used by the enemy in effecting their escape. This check to further progress and the time gained by the enemy while the division was crossing put Chalmers at a safe distance and actually beyond reach.

The fight near Panola was a victory for the division, but did not entail any very heavy loss upon the enemy,

"He who turns and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

Chalmers's retreat had been so rapid that only the leading brigade could keep pace with his movements or get any fight out of him. He made no effort to hold the town, but made all speed in reaching a place of safety.

A halt was called at Panola to allow the troops to close up. During a short stay to refit the captured ferry and to dispose of the redundant and surplus stock of supplies held in store for rebel use, the literarily inclined took possession of the printing offices and presses, and issued war bulletins and placards. One poster, printed in extra large capitals, read:

"The Yankees have come.
The Rebels have run!"

Before the division departed the town had quite perceptibly shrunk from its former stately proportions, and the men had had a great deal of merriment at the expense of the rebel community. A stay-at-home Secessionist, but not an active rebel, or at least not one manly enough to be a soldier, and who owned the house where headquarters had been temporarily located, was arrested for firing upon the men from behind a fence, and was held a prisoner. The wife of this wretch heard of his being under guard just as the troops were moving and came running out to find the officer in command, moaning most piteously, "Good Lord, where is the Colonel! O! Lord, where is the good Colonel!"

These forcible ejaculations convinced the officer that he had better vacate that vicinity if he wanted to escape the further importunities of this unhappy woman, for if she was to remain a grass widow it was quite evident that he must not stand upon the order of his going, but go at once, which he promptly did.

The destruction of corncribs and other rebel supplies, contraband of war, continued all the next day, and so extended was the line of fire that when the command reached the Mississippi River, a little after dark, the sky was lurid with conflagrations.

In riding up to a group of houses belonging to the plantation where the command was to camp for the night, two women were seen, one of them holding a lighted candle about her head, the better to peer into the surrounding darkness, while the other held in her arms an infant. Upon approaching and accosting them the first woman tremblingly asked if she might take her child into the yard and be permitted to place a single trunk with some clothing out under a tree. Surprised at her timidity, apparent alarm and strange request, she was asked the cause of her anxiety. She said she knew that Chalmers had fired upon Federal transports loaded with sick and dying men, and supposed her home would be destroyed with the rest. Her simple mind recognized the dastardly act of turning artillery upon defenseless boats and expected a natural retribution. Her fears were allayed by assurances that neither she, her family, nor property would be molested. She was informed that the protection of the guard and sentries would be extended, and was advised to take her child out of the night air and to return with it to her house, where she and her child could be comfortable and safe from intrusion, and to take in her trunk and to free herself frm furher anxiety.

Little wonder that these poor women were alarmed at what they judged to be but a just punishment for the cowardly act of one of their own people trusted with high authority.

Saved By the Southern Confederacy.

By Theo. F. Allen.

In the Gate City of the South the Confederate veterans were reuning, and I stood to see them march, beneath the tangled flags of the great conflict, to the hall of their oratory and commemoration.

While the irregular and halting line was passing I made onslaught upon it and dragged forth from the ranks my friend, Barnard O'Keefe, who had no right to be there. For he was a Northerner born and bred, and what should he be doing halloing for the Stars and Bars among those gray and scarred veterans?

I say I dragged him forth, and held him until the last hickory leg and waving goatee had stumbled past.

"Now what deviltry are you up to?" I asked.

"I am assisting at the wake," said he, "of the only Nation on earth that ever did me a good turn. As one gentleman to another, I am ratifying and celebrating the foreign policy of the late Jefferson Davis, as fine a statesman as ever settled the financial question of a country. Equal ratio—that was his platform—a barrel of money for a barrel of flour—a pair of 20-dollar bills for a pair of boots—a hatful of currency for a new hat—say, ain't that simple compared with W. J. B.'s little old oxidized plank?"

"What talk is this?" I asked. "Your financial digression is mere a subterfuge. Why were you marching in the ranks of the Confederate Veterans?"

"Because, my lad," answered O'Keefe, "the Confederate Government in its might and power interposed to protect Barnard O'Keefe against immediate and dangerous assassination at the hands of a bloodthirsty foreign country after the United States of America had overruled his appeal for protection."

I must have looked bewildered. "The war was over," I said, vacantly, "in—O'Keefe laughs loudly, scattering my thoughts,—"Isn't there a story in this, Barney?" I asked.

"No," said O'Keefe; "but I'll give you the facts. You know I went down to Panama when this agitation about the canal began. I thought I'd get in on the ground floor. I did, and had to sleep on it, and drink water with little 'zoos' in it; so, of course, I got the Chagres fever. That was in a little town called San Juan, on the coast.

"After I got the fever hard enough to kill a Portugee nigger, I had a relapse in the shape of Doc Millikin.

"Well, this old medical outrage floated down to my shack when I sent for him. He was built like a shad, and his eyebrow was black, and his white whiskers trickled down from his chin like milk coming out from a sprinkling-pot. He had a nigger boy along carrying an old tomato can full of calomel, and a saw.

"Doc felt my pulse, and then he began to mess up some calomel with an agricultural implement that had belonged in the trowel class.

" 'I don't want any death mask yet, Doc,' says I, 'nor my liver put in a plaster cast. I'm sick, and its medicine I need, not frescoing.'

" 'You're a blamed Yankee, ain't you?' asks Doc, going on mixing up his Portland cement.

" 'I'm from the North,' says I, 'but I'm a plain man and don't care for mural decoration. When you get the Isthmus all asphalted over with the boll-weevil prescription, would you mind giving me a little dose of painkiller, or a little strychnine on toast, to ease up this feeling of unhealthiness that I have got?'

" 'They was all sassy, just like you,' says old Doc, 'but we lowered their temperature considerable. Yes, sir, I reckon we sent a good many of ye over to old mortuis nisi bonum. Look at Antietam and Bull Run, and Seven Pines and Chickamauga! There never was a battle where we didn't lick ye unless ye was ten to our one. I knew you was a blame Yankee the minute I laid eyes on you.'

" 'Don't reopen the chasm, Doc,' says I. 'Any Yankeeness I may have is geographical; and as far as I am concerned a Southerner is as good as a Filipino any day. I'm feeling too bad to argue.'

"By this time Doc Millikin had thrown

up a line of fortifications on square pieces of paper, and he says to me, 'Yank, take one of these powders every two hours. They won't kill you. I'll be round again about sundown to see if you are alive.'

"Old Doc's powders knocked the Chagres. I stayed in San Juan, and got to knowing him better. He was from Mississippi and the red-hottest Southerner that ever smelled mint. He made Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee look like Abolitionists. He had a family somewhere near Yazoo City, but he stayed away from the States on account of an uncontrollable liking for the absence of the Yankee Government. Him and me got thick personally as the Emperor of Russia and the dove of peace, but sectionally we didn't amalgamate.

"Besides his other liabilities, Doc could play a flute for a minute or two. He was guilty of two tunes—'Dixie' and another one that was mighty close to the 'Suawnee River'—you might say one of its tributaries.

"You know that was about the time they staged them property revolutions down there, that wound up in the fifth act with the thrilling canal act scene where Uncle Sam has nine curtain calls holding Miss Panama by the hand, while the bloodhounds kept Senator Morgan treed up in a cocoanut palm.

"I played the straw hat crowd to win and they gave me a Colonel's commission over a brigade of 27 men in the left wing and second joint of the insurgent army.

"The Colombia troops were awfully rude to us. One day when I had my brigade in a sandy spot, with its shoes off, doing a battalion drill by squads, the Government army rushed from behind a bush, acting as noisy and disagreeable as they could.

"My troops enfiladed, left-faced—and left the spot. After enticing the enemy for three miles or so we struck a briar patch, and had to sit down. When we were ordered to throw up our toes and surrender, we obeyed. Five of my best staff officers fell, suffering extremely with stone bruised heels.

"Then and there those Colombians took your friend Barney, sir, stripped him of his rank, consisting of a pair of brass knuckles and a canteen of rum, and dragged him before a military court. The presiding General went through the legal formalities that sometimes cause a case to hang on the calendar of South American military courts as long as 10 minutes. He asked me my age, and then sentenced me to be shot. They woke up the court interpreter, an American named Jenks, who was in the rum business, and vice versa, and told him to translate the verdict.

"Jenks stretched himself and took a morphine tablet.

" 'You've got to back up against the 'dobe wall, old man,' he says to me. 'Three weeks, I believe, you get. Haven't got a chew of fine cut on you, have you?'

" 'Translate that again, with footnotes and glossary,' says I. 'I don't know whether I am discharged, condemned, or handed over to the Gerry Society.'

" 'Oh! says Jenks, don't you understand? You're to be stood up against a 'dobe wall and be shot in two weeks.'

"They sent me over to the calaboza with a detachment of colored Postal Telegraph boys carrying Enfield rifles, and I was locked up in a kind of a brick bakery. The temperature there was just about the kind mentioned in the cooking recipes that call for a 'quick oven.'

"Then I gives a silver dollar to one of the guards to send for the United States Consul. He comes around in Pajamas, with a pair of glasses on his nose, and a dozen or two inside of him.

" 'I'm to be shot in two weeks,' says I, 'and although I've made a memorandum of it, I don't seem to be able to get it off my mind. You want to call up Uncle Sam on the cable as quick as you can and get him all worked up about it. Have 'em send down the Kentucky and the Kearsarge and the Oregon right away. That'll be about enough battleships; but it wouldn't hurt to have a couple of cruisers and a torpedo boat, too; and, say, if Admiral Dewey isn't busy, have him come along on the fastest one of the fleet.'

" 'Now, see here, O'Keefe,' says the Consul, getting the best of a hiccup, 'what you want is not to get excited. I'll send you over some chewing tobacco and some banana fritters when I go back. The United States can't interfere in this. You know you were caught insurging against the Government, and you're subject to the laws of the country. Tell the truth, I've had an intimation from the State Department—officially—of course, that whenever a soldier of fortune demands a fleet of gunboats in a case of revolutionary katzenjammer I should cut the cable, give him all the tobacco he wants, and after he's shot take his clothes, if they fit me, for part payment of my salary.'

" 'Be off with you, then,' says I, out of patience with him, 'and send me

Doc Millikin. Ask Doc to come and see me.'

"Doc comes and looks through the bars at me, surrounded by dirty soldiers, and even my shoes and canteen confiscated, and he looks mightily pleased.

" 'Hello, Yank,' says he, 'getting a little taste of Johnson's Island, now, ain't ye?'

" 'Doc,' says I, 'I've just had an interview with the United States Consul. I gather from his remarks that I might just as well have been caught selling suspenders in Kisheneff under the name of Rosenstein as to be in my present position. Doc,' says I, 'can't you suspend hostilities on the slavery question long enough to do something for me?'

" 'It ain't been my habit,' Doc Millikin answers, 'to do any painless dentistry when I find a Yank cutting an eye-tooth. So the Stars and Stripes ain't landing any marines to shell the huts of the Colombian cannibals, hey? Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, the Star Spangled Banner has fluked in the fight? What's the matter with the War Department, hey? It's a great thing to be a citizen of a gold-standard Nation, ain't it?'

" 'Rub it in, Doc, all you want,' says I. 'I guess we're weak on foreign policy.'

" 'For a Yank,' says Doc, putting on his specs and looking more mild, 'you ain't so bad. If you had come from below the line I reckon I would have liked you real smart. Now, since your country has gone back on you, you have come to the old Doctor whose cotton you burned, whose mules you stole and whose niggers you freed to help you. Ain't that so, Yank?'

" 'It is,' I says heartily, 'and lets have a diagnosis of the case right away, for in two weeks' time all you can do is to hold an autopsy, and I don't want to be amputated if I can help it.'

" 'Now,' says Doc, business like, 'It's easy enough to get you out of this scrape. Money will do it. You-ve got to pay a long string of them, from Gen. Pamposo down to this anthropoid ape guarding your door. About $10,000 will do the trick. Have you got the money?'

" 'Me?' I says, 'I've got one Chile dollar, two real pieces, and a medio.'

" 'Then if you've any last words, utter 'em,' say the old Reb. 'The roster of your financial budget sounds quite much to me like the noise of requiem.'

" 'Change the treatment,' say I. 'I admit that I'm short. Call a consultation, or use radium, or smuggle me in some saws or something.'

" 'Yank,' says Doc Millikin, 'I've a good notion to help you. There's only one Government in the world that can get you out of this difficulty, and that's the Confederate States of America, the grandest Nation that ever existed.'

" 'Just as you said to me, I said to Doc, 'Why, the Confederacy ain't a Nation, it's been absolved 40 years ago.'

" 'That's a campaign lie,' says Doc. 'She's running along as solid as the Roman Empire. She's the only hope you've got. Now you, being a Yank, have got to go through some preliminary obsequies before you can get official aid. You've got to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. Then I'll guarantee she does all she can for us. What do you say, Yank? It's your last chance.'

" 'If you're fooling with me, Doc,' I answers, 'you're no better than the United States. But, as you say, it's the last chance, hurry up and swear me. Get brisk.'

"Doc Millikin thinks awhile, and then he offers me this oath of allegiance to take without any chaser:

" 'I, Barnard O'Keefe, Yank, being of sound body, but of Republican mind, hereby swear to transfer my fealty, respect and allegiance to the Confederate States of America and the Government thereof, in consideration of the Government through its official acts and powers obtaining my freedom and release from confinement and sentence of death brought about by the exuberance of my Irish proclivities and my general pisenness as a Yank.'

"I repeated these words after Doc, but they seemed to me a hocus-pocus; and I don't believe any life insurance company would have issued me a policy on the strength of them.

"Doc went away, saying he would communicate with his Government immediately.

"Say, you can imagine how I felt—me to be shot in two weeks and my only hope for help being in a Government that's been dead so long that it isn't even remembered except on Decoration Day. But it was all there was in sight, and somehow I thought Doc Millikin had something up his old alpaca coat sleeve that wasn't all foolishness.

"Around to the jail again comes old Doc in about a week. I was flea-bitten, a mite sarcastic, and fundamentally hungry.

" 'Any Confederate ironclads in the offing,' I asks. 'Do you notice any sounds resembling the approach of Jeb Stuart's cavalry overland or Stone-

wall Jackson sneaking up in the rear? If you do, I wish you'd say so.'

" 'It's too soon yet for help to come,' says Doc.

" 'Don't forget,' says I, 'that there's only four days more. I don't know how you propose to work this things, Doc,' I says to him, 'but it seems to me I'd sleep better if you had a Government that was alive and on the map—like Afghanistan, or Great Britain, or old man Kruger's kingdom, to take this matter up. I don't mean any disrespect to your Confederate States, but I can't help feeling that my chances of being pulled out of this scrape were decidedly weakened when Lee surrendered.'

" 'It's your only chance,' said Doc, 'don't quarrel over it. What did your own country do for you?'

"It was only two days before the morning I was to be shot, when Doc Millikin comes around again.

" 'All right, Yank,' says he, 'help's come. The Confederate States of America is going to apply for your release. The representative of the Government arrived last night on a fruit steamer. 'Bully,' says I, 'bully for you, Doc. I'm going to love your country all I can for this.'

" 'Negotiations,' said old Doc, 'will be opened between the two Governments at once. You will know later on today if they are successful.'

"About 4 in the afternoon a soldier in red trousers brings a paper around to the jail, and they unlocks the door and I walks out. The guard at the door bows and I bow, and I steps into the grass and wades around to Doc Millikin's shack.

"Doc was sitting in his hammock playing Dixie soft and low, and out of tune, on his flute. I interrupted him at 'look away, look away!' and shook his hand for five minutes.

" 'I never thought,' says Doc fretfully, 'that I'd ever try to save any Yank's life. But, Mr. O'Keefe, I don't see but what you are entitled to be considered part human, anyway. But it ain't me you want to thank—its the Confederate States of America.'

" 'And I'm much obliged to you,' says I. 'It's a poor man that wouldn't be patriotic with a country that saved his life. I'll drink to the Stars and Bars wherever there's a flagstaff and a glass convenient. But where,' says I, 'are the rescuing troops? If there was a gun fired or a shell burst, I didn't hear it.'

"Doc Millikin raises up and points out the window with his flute at the banana steamer loading with fruit.

" 'Yank,' says he, 'there's a steamer that's going to sail in the morning. If I was you, I'd sail on it. The Confederate Government's done all it can for you. There wasn't a gun fired. The negotiations was carried on secretly between the two Nations by the purser of that steamer. I got him to do it because I didn't want to appear in it. Twelve thousand dollars was paid to the officials in bribes to let you go.'

" 'Man?' says I, sitting down hard—twelve thousand—how will I ever—who could have—where did the money come from?'

" 'Yazoo City,' says Doc Millikin. 'I've got a little saved up there. Two barrels full. It looks good to these Colombians. 'Twas Confederate money, every dollar of it. Now do you see why you'd better leave before they try to pass some of it on an expert?'

" 'I do,' says I.

" 'Now, let's hear you give the pass word,' says Doc Millikin.

" 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis,' says I.

" 'Correct,' says Doc. 'And let me tell you something. The next tune I learn on my flute's going to be 'Yankee Doodle.' I reckon there's some Yanks that are not so pizen. Or if you was me, would you try, 'The Red, White and Blue?' "

DIARY JOTTINGS OF MARCH

From Nashville to Eastport, Miss., Morning After the Battle, Dec. 17, 1864.

By R. A. Spink, Co. A, 14th Wis. Vet. Vol. Inf.

After a very unpleasant night, it having rained the night thru, we prepared our coffee and bacon, and at an early hour were ready to move. Before proceeding with this article, in speaking of our breakfast of hardtack, bacon and coffee, you can all testify that we lived on army rations, and short ones at that, many times, and with very little complaint, which calls to mind the difference between the civil war soldier and the Spanish-American soldier.

It was not our good fortune to be conveyed in Pullman Palace coaches from place to place, freight cars answered the purpose many times, and such transportation was acceptable, and the boys hailed with joy the privilege of riding in a cattle-car without seats. The only exception was when we had to ride in them from Chicago to Cairo. When we had tents, which was for a short time only, they were not supplied with board floors. The ground was good enough for us, unless the men furnished the flooring by confiscation, which was the case many times.

Then, the bill of fare at times was off-color. Note the contrast between the bill of fare we had and the following, which was sent by one of the Spanish-American soldiers to his parents, from Porto Rico:

Bean soup, beef soup, baked beans, roast beef, boiled meats of all kinds, onions, potatoes, hash, bacon, canned fish, canned tomatoes, canned cornbeef, and hardtack; and still they grumbled. Think of what we endured in the civil war compared to the Spanish-American soldier.

I left off by saying we were ready to move, the morning being dark and cloudy with every indication of another wet day. We stood around for some time, waiting for the troops to pass who were to take the advance of our division. The teamsters and artillery had a great time getting out of the fields onto the pike. It was nearly 8 a. m. before the column was well under motion. The road was in a terrible condition. With pants rolled up and mud over our shoetops, we moved rapidly along for some distance, but were detained a short time by the cavalry, who were passing to the front. The line of march bore evidence of the victory and the completeness of the rout. The road was strewn with everything pertaining to the makeup of an army, altho not of the best.

Several small squads of prisoners passed us during the afternoon, under the escort of cavalry. It rained during the greater portion of the day. We passed thru Franklin soon after dark, and went into camp just outside the earthworks our troops had made on the south side of the town.

At Franklin.

In passing thru Franklin, we noticed that all the churches and public buildings were filled with wounded men, of both armies, who were engaged in that terrible battle of Franklin.

Our camp was located on the edge of the battleground. During the night it rained so hard that the men, when they awoke in the morning, found themselves lying in several inches of water and mud, soaking wet.

The morning of Dec. 18 finds the 14th Wis. wet, cold and hungry. It was a hard matter to kindle a fire, everything being thoroly soaked; but we succeeded in getting our usual meal. No tents, no tables, no chairs. We had to stand up and eat our frugal meal, after which we looked over the battlefield. The house in the rear of the works occupied by the Union troops and the small grove in the rear of the house received our attention on account of the condition of the grove, which was literally mowed down with minie-balls, grape and canister, and the

house was one mass of holes—that is, the wooden part—while the brick portion was pitted from top to bottom. Our boys were buried in the trenches they occupied, and had to be recovered, which was done by a detail for that purpose. The heavy rains of the previous week had washed and settled the loose earth to such an extent that portions of the bodies were close to the surface and partially exposed. The rebels were buried in long trenches, and each soldier had his name, company and regiment marked on a board and placed at his head. I remember counting 55 in one trench. They belonged to Gen. Pat Cleburn's Division. We were detained several hours on account of the bridges being destroyed by the enemy. The rains had swollen the Harpeth River and other streams to such an extent that they were not fordable. The engineers soon solved the problem for us by laying a pontoon bridge over a very wide stream. It seemed to me as tho it must have been one-fourth of a mile long. We soon passed over, thru mud and rain. During the afternoon the rain fell in torrents. Word came back that the advance was delayed trying to cross Rutherford Creek, which was impassable without being bridged. We moved forward again to within a short distance of the creek. The enemy, on the opposite bank, opened with musketry and artillery, which was responded to, and after several efforts we succeeded in driving them back. The engineers laid the pontoon in a short time, and the advance commenced the forward movement. Still raining hard. To say that we suffered is simply drawing it mild. The weather was just too awful to describe. The men were, without exception, soaked thru and thru. The weather was cold and dreary, yet the old vets seemed to take it without a murmur. If the boys could have found a dry spot and had been possessed with a little money, a game would have been in order; but no, they stood around waiting for the order to move forward, which soon came, and we went into camp after marching a short distance. During the night it rained without one little letup. You who stood picket and guard duty can recall how unpleasant it was, and the morning brought no change.

A Bitter Night.

Moved forward and marched about five miles, and went into camp on account of the pontoon train being delayed. Word came back that the enemy had destroyed the Duck Creek bridge and that it would be impossible to proceed until a bridge of some kind was constructed. The night of the 20th was extremely cold, which caused a great deal of suffering. Without overcoats, and being only partially provided with pup tents in very poor condition, with buttons off, the others having been worn out or lost, it was only a few that was or could be used. It froze and snowed during the night, and many of the boys were unable to sleep, it being so bitter cold. Large fires were built by those unable to sleep. In the morning a sight presented itself that will never be efaced from the memory of those who participated in that terrible march. Each of the thousands of mounds covered with several inches of snow represented a boy in blue covered only by his blanket and poncho. When Mascroft blew the reveille, from each mound of snow a soldier appeared, not undressed, but dressed and ready to answer to his name at roll call. From the 15th the men had not taken off their clothes. During the 21st it was very cold; on the 22d we moved a short distance beyond Spring Hill and went into camp on the opposite side of the road; 23d, moved down toward Columbia, and camped on a sidehill which was well timbered. During the day several small parties, by mutual agreement, without consulting their officers, started out on a tour of inspection. Quite a number visited Gen. Pillow's plantation and made friendly calls on others. Wellington, Abbey and myself formed the acquaintance of a fine-looking lady who had a very harsh tongue. Very unfortunately, we had to pass the rear of her house with four turkeys in our possession, and, as luck would have it, she appeared at the rear door. We passed the time of day, and at the same time knew that we were in for it; said we had secured the turkeys and were willing to pay for them, but she declined to deal with Yankee thieves, and ordered us to return the turkeys, as they were not for sale, but were being fattened for Christmas. You can just imagine the tongue-lashing she gave us. We bade her, in our most gracious manner, a sweet good-bye, climbed the fence, and after a four-mile tramp reached camp just before dark. The only thing that disturbed us was the two Johnnies we saw in the house just before we secured our turkeys, and, being alone, did not know but what they might attempt something not down on the program. After returning to camp, the boys had all kinds of stories to tell about Gen. Pillow's layout of chickens, etc. Nothing short of a turkey would do us.

Crossing Duck River.

Dec. 24, remained in camp during the day. The enemy kept a desultory firing for some time where the cavalry effected a crossing some distance below where the bridge was being constructed over Duck River. It was reported that the enemy had for some cause abandoned a battery of brass guns, which were discovered by the men building the bridge. They were dumped into the river, possibly for want of transportation.

Christmas day. Still in camp. Enjoyed our dinner of stewed turkey and chicken.

Dec. 26. Army in motion once more. Crossed Duck River. Passed thru Columbia, also thru a small town named Lynnville. Marched about 10 miles and camped for the night. Weather very bad.

Morning of Dec. 27. Started about 8 a. m. Commenced to rain and it rained more or less during the day. Marched nine miles. Roads almost impassable. Quite a number of prisoners passed up on their way to Nashville under guard of cavalry. They were in a deplorable condition, many of them without shoes, ragged and dirty. Some seemed to be cheerful and joked with us as they passed. One remarked that they expected to take Nashville in a few days. To tell the truth, our personal appearance was little better. I don't think a man in the whole of the command had taken a bath for at least two months, except thru their watersoaked clothes. Three days' rations issued, composed of hardtack, bacon and coffee, with orders that it must last five days.

Dec. 28. Remained in camp. Rained all day. Several squads of prisoners passed en route for Nashville. They looked wretched beyond description.

Dec. 29. Moved out of our mud camp, marched thru Pulaski on Lawrenceburg road; went into camp in a large field on the edge of a fine piece of timberland. It was quite late in the afternoon when we filed off the road, and so dark we could distinguish an object but a short distance. It had commenced raining about the middle of the afternoon and was still pouring, not a dry thing in sight. After a great deal of patience, succeeded in getting some fires started. By this time it was dark. Could not distinguish a thing. We simply had to make the best of it, spread our rubbers on the wet ground, cover up and let our wet clothes steam out.

Dec. 30. Morning cloudy. After breakfast resumed march. Passed thru Lawrenceburg. Country hilly and picturesque, road winding over and around the hills. Passed a large ironworks, also a factory of some kind. Encamped between Lawrenceburg and Waynesboro.

Dec. 31. Marched nine miles on Clifton road.

New Year's Day.

Jan. 1, 1865. Day clear and fine but quite cold, with two inches of snow on the ground. Marched toward Clifton on Clifton road. Marched 18 miles and camped for the night.

Jan. 2. Fine morning; beautiful country and well wooded. Marched 18 miles to Clifton, a small town situated on the Tennessee River. One of our regiment, while foraging, was killed by bushwhackers. As soon as reported by his companions, the Colonel sent out a detail of men from his company. They returned with the body and reported that they had destroyed all the buildings on the plantation where he was killed. Marched 126 miles to date.

Jan. 3. Cloudy. Rained some during the day. In camp, trying to make ourselves comfortable as circumstances would permit. Remained in camp until the 8th, when brigade embarked on steamers, and proceeded to Eastport, Miss. In passing Savannah the enemy fired on our boat, which created quite a commotion for a few minutes. The boys, not expecting anything of the kind, were not prepared, but some secured their muskets and commenced firing. The officers came rushing from the cabin just in time to see the finish. No damage was done on our side, only a few windows shattered.

Arrived at Eastport Jan. 10, distance about 100 iles. Disembarked in a veritable quagmire. Marched about two miles over a flat, marshy piece of ground to some hills well timbered with pine, a place well situated high and dry, and just the place for an ideal camp, which we appreciated after one of the hardest and most painful marches, characterized by the most severe suffering it had ever been our misfortune to endure. Stacked arms on the highest point of the ridge overlooking the Tennessee River, and went into Winter quarters, or camp, so we were told, for a short rest, having been on the move continuously for 10 months. The 72d Ill. marched in on the same ground and stacked arms parallel with us, which caused a dispute as to who should remain. It was finally decided that the 72d vacate, which they did under protest.

"Winter Quarters?"

The 14th Wis. gave them the laugh. One of our boys remarked that we had met before, and the reply came back, "And we may meet again." After laying out the camp, the boys proceeded to erect shanties out of pine logs, using small logs for the sides and ends and shakes split out of pine logs for the roof. Some of the boys used their pup-tents for the top. The ground in most cases answered for a floor. Our bunks were made out of shakes; not having straw we used pine boughs, and coveved them with our poncho, which made a very comfortable bed, a luxury we had not indulged in for many months. We soon discovered that in place of a Winter camp it was double duty we had to perform. When not engaged in building our shanties, the troops were throwing up works for defense. Hood's whole army being in our immediate vicinity, it was deemed advisable to fortify against a superior force, having only three divisions, A. J. Smith's detachment of the Army of the Tennessee, to-wit, two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps, and one division of the Seventeenth Corps, in all about 14,000 men. In place of a much-needed rest, as we had expected, when ordered into temporary quarters, our work was of the usual character, such as picket, fatigue guard, drill, parade and refiting for campaign in prespect. The arduous duty imposed was in a measure due to the close proximity of the enemy.

Jan. 18. Marched with division from Eastport via Iuka and Barnsville. Went into camp near Barnsville. Nothing of importance occurred. Country stripped of most everything, forage being the principal thing wanted. Enemy reported to be at Corinth.

Jan. 19. Marched to Corinth, driving out Ross's Brigade.

Jan. 20. Marched all day on our return. Gathered some forage and lumber. Bivouacked near Barnsville.

Jan 21st. Marched to Iuka and camped for the night.

Jan. 22. Returned to Eastport. On short rations, hardtack at a premium.

Jan. 24. Out of rations, shelled corn issued to men, horses and mules on an equal footing. If anything the mules had the best of us, and for once the laugh was on the boys. Hardtack at times was bad enough, but shelled corn and water without salt was not to our liking. Still, we performed our regular duty as usual. Remained in camp until the 31st, when we marched out as guard to wagon train after corn and forage; corn supply about exhausted and no prospects of getting anything better. Marched on Fulton road to Rutly's Mills and returned by Iuka road to Iuka, when brigade camped for the night.

Feb. 1. Returned to Eastport with trainload of corn.

Feb. 4. Several transports arrived with rations to the great joy of the corn-fed soldiers. In conclusion, will say that the old vets who had lived on corn for about two weeks came out in prime condition. Not so with drafted men and substitutes who came to us at Eastport. Shelled corn did not seem to agree with them.

Our brigade at this time was composed of four regiments; namely, 14th Wis., 72d Ill., 40th Mo., and 33d Wis., known as the Fist Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Corps, detachment Army of the Tennessee, under command of Gen. L. M. Ward, our Colonel.

With the 13th Ohio.

By Anthony Leonard, Co. A, 13th Ohio, Massillon, Ohio.

Editor National Tribune: My family reminded me, about two weeks ago, (Dec. 1907) that I had reached my 71st mile stone; so I thought I would give a little of my experience. I enlisted April 19, 1861, with my brother, Joe, and in November, 1861, the only other brother, Peter, enlisted. He was wounded at Stone River; had an arm amputated, and died. From Massillon, Ohio, where the whole company enlisted, we went to Columbus, Ohio, where we were quartered at what was called the New England Hotel; thence, to Camp Chase, where we became Co. A, 13th Ohio. From there we were sent to Camp Dennison and drilled. Our three months enlistment being nearly up, and that breakfast job hardly started, nearly the whole regiment re-enlisted for three years. Some went home, but later entered this or other regiments. I claim that those who went home and stayed at home should not be on equal footing in regard to pensions with the men who stayed in and did actual fighting and other services in the field. Why should a man be entitled to a pension, any way, who never left his State; who endured no hardships whatever? From Camp Dennison we went to Marietta, where we crossed the Ohio River to Parkersburg, W. Va. From there via B. & O. R. R., through Grafton, Clarksburg, on to near the Maryland line; from where we were ordered to a 60-mile forced march to Greenland Gap to assist Gen. Patterson, who was expected to watch the rebel, Johnston, and keep him from reinforcing Beauregard at Bull Run. Before we reached our destination we heard that Johnston got away and that our army was defeated at Bull Run. We got orders to retreat as fast as we had advanced. This was our first serious work in soldiering. The boys had gotten their uniforms lately and still had their knapsacks filled with citizens' clothes, and packed even more than regulations called for. On that retreat the boys learned a lesson that stuck to them all through the war—to be light-footed in advance or retreat, and carry nothing unless actually necessary. From Clarksburg we marched through Weston, Summerville and other West Virginia towns, towards the Kanawha River, at Carnifax Ferry. Gen. Floyd, President Buchanan's Secretary, was in command of the rebels, who had fortified themselves there. The 10th Ohio, being in the lead, came out of the woods, not knowing what was ahead of them. The rebels opened on them with their long rifles stuck thru between the logs of the breastworks. This was early in the afternoon we fought till dark, and after, so that some of our our men fired by mistake into each other. Next morning Mr. Floyd and his men had retreated across the river and had burned the bridge behind them. They were in such a hurry that they left most of their arms behind. We picked up several wagon-loads of guns of all descriptions —squirrel rifles nearly as long as fence rails. Floyd even left his own trunk behind. Then we marched till we struck Gualey Bridge, at the head of the Kanawha River, and went into camp.

We soon started out again up New River; over hills covered with woods and boulders. At Cotton Hill we struck the rebels, who were behind trees and rocks, and fired on us. Here we lost our first man, killed, in our company, John Remley. The rebels fired at us from across the river, where they were concealed behind rocks and trees, and here another of the company was wounded, Daniel Miller, shot in the ankle. By-and-by we marched after them again, with a larger force, with five days' cooked rations in our haversacks. The rebels retreated before us in such haste that they left wagons and corn meal scattered along the route. One morning, early, Co. F, having the lead, met a rebel General named Cochran, or something like that, with his staff, coming around a bend of the road. When they saw our men they turned to run away; but one of Co. F fired, and hit the General, who was then taken to a house near by, where our commander, Gen. Benham, went to see him and found him to be a West Point classmate. The rebel General died, and the private

of Co. F received a commission as Second Lieutenant. I noticed an item in which some one of the 7th Ohio claimed having shot that rebel General. It was not correct. Next morning, early, we got on to them again. They were camping in a valley, getting breakfast ready. A couple of six-pound guns were run up and a shot was fired at them, which not going very close, and as they did not like to leave their kettles of meat boiling behind them, they tarried a little; but another round got them on the run, leaving everything behind. Our boys got the meat, and many knapsacks they left contained big plugs of tobacco, a lot of other good things, and some ugly-looking knives. We followed them toward Lynchburg. Not getting any fight out of them, having gone farther than orders justified us in going, and rations being about exhausted, we started back to camp. On the way the soles of my shoes came off; a few inches of snow fell, mixed the mud and made bad marching. I tore part of my shirt off and wrapped around my feet, a la Valley Forge. Col. Jarvis, at a Reunion, asked me if I remembered that incident? "Yes," I told him, "I remembered, too, getting some leavings of cabbage stumps in a garden, that tasted awful good at that time!" As we went farther than ordered, rations gave out and we had a hungry time till we got back. Then we went down the big Kanawha on boats, to Louisville, Ky., whence we marched to meet Buckner, who was in command of the rebels in our front, Grant having taken Fort Donelson. Our gunboats coming up the Cumberland River made Buckner retreat, and we moved on after him, taking Nashville, and on to Franklin, beyond, where we turned off for the Tennessee River, to Shiloh, where Johnston and Beauregard had a large army. While on the way we heard that Grant's army there had been attacked and driven back on the first day. We reached the field the second day, and the rebels were beaten and retreated to Corinth, Miss., about 20 miles distant. Here is a junction of railroads; the locomotives were tooting day and night, and we supposed the rebels were being reinforced, till early one morning, when there was an explosion, and on examination we found the rebels had all left. While we thought they were getting reinforced they were sending their army away to Richmond to help Gen. Lee drive back McClellan, who was close to Richmond. We marched to Chattanooga. Brag had command of a large army again and crossed the Tennessee River, threatened our rear and marched north, aiming for Cincinnati, Ohio, or Louisville, Ky. We marched back, following, on nearly parallel lines. Bragg capturing garrisons and stockades, getting recruits and filling his wagons and taking the cattle and horses. He stopped before he reached the cities named. He undoubtedly had learned that the squirrel hunters from the adjoining States were coming to meet him.

In order to reach Louisville ahead of Bragg, we marched 32 miles in a blazing sun; very little drinking-water was found, and about half the men were laid out along the road. There we were paid off and put in good shape for future action, and in a short time turned our faces South again, over the same ground we had come. While lying at Louisville great numbers deserted. Whether they had lost faith in our Generals, were tired of the service or that they could make more money mining coal, at which they could earn from $6 to $8 a day, about six from my company deserted. They were all coal miners and foreigners. Gen. Rosecrans took command of the army and we moved on after Bragg to Perryville, where he inflicted serious loss on part of our army; then retreated to Murfreesboro, where he gave battle and defeated our army on the first day; but in the end we were victorious. In the first day of this battle my regiment sustained its greatest loss during any action in the war. My own company lost 40 killed and wounded, out of 70 who went into action. My brother, Peter, lost an arm, from which wound he died. Gallant Maj. Hawkins and half of the officers were killed or wounded. After a little rest, Gen. Rosecrans moved ahead and Bragg retreated, and we reached the goal of our expedition—Chattanooga—again. We started to march yet farther to the interior of Dixie. Jeff Davis did not want us to do that, and sent Longstreet to help Bragg stop us, which they did soon after at the battle of Chickamauga, which made us retreat to that hole-in-the-wall, Chattanooga. They besieged us there until we and the horses and mules were nearly starved. Then Grant and Sherman came from Vicksburg, and Hooker with a corps from the East, and drove the besiegers away and opened up our communications again. We expected to get plenty of rations and to recruit, instead, we received orders to hasten on to relief of Burnside, who was besieged by Longstreet. We started in light marching order for Knoxville, 110 miles away. The first day we made 15 miles. Tony Miller and I got a young porker, and we cooked him, and we ate him, without salt or other season-

ing. I can feel the effects of it yet! It tasted so sweet—but it got so sour next day! When we reached Knoxville Loongstreet was gone. We lay there in the woods all Winter. While we only starved at Chattanooga, we froze and starved at Knoxville all the Winter of '64. As we went there in light-marching order, we had only the suit we had on; no soap, no salt; everybody found graybacks on him—officers and privates. An iron kettle that held some 20 gallons was in service all the time. The boys would take off their shirts and boil them; in the meantime wrap a blanket around them till shirt was dry again. My regiment cut out several acres of timber to build fires. In front one would nearly burn and in the rear would quite freeze. There was a mill where our boys ground corn. We received about a quart a day thru that Winter, and nothing else. Andersonville fare. Wm. Fashlong and I went over the Holston River in a dugout, and we had all we could do to get across, as it leaked so. Tramping three or four miles. we found corn in a crib, shelled about a bushel apiece, and came back to the mill and exchanged for meal. In the pup-tents in the morning the corn pone, if one had one, would be frozen hard as a stone; the water in the canteens chunks of ice. In the Spring the boys, or some of them, veteranized. I would have liked to myself; but I was played out. In the Spring Sherman started to Atlanta, and near Marietta, Ga., my time of service having expired, those of the regiment who did not veteranize, were sent back to Chattanooga to be mustered out. While waiting several weeks at Chattanooga I got diarrhea so bad nothing would stop it, and it looked as tho I would not be able to reach home. I laid around about two years before I could do much; been under medical treatment ever since, to this day.

In regard to politics, I guess the boys have a right to express their opinions. If they had not been successful in reuniting the country we would have become a lot of little Governments, like Europe, or like Germany was before 1870; each part or State would have its standing army and boundary lines. It would have been a set back to the whole world, with untold misery to the common people. And yet they will proudly carry around that flag of treason that was aiming to bring this calamity about.

It seems to me if the Government would send the millions of money to pensioners in currency, instead of checks, in times of stringency, it would help a great deal. The amount so sent could be used and, when people got over their scare it would be returned to the banks.

The National Tribune is nourishment to the old soldier who reads it. I have said my little speech; it is not long, but there are thousands of miles marching, sweating, thirsting, hungering, freezing, and some fighting in it. Of course, we got a chicken once in a while, too; but I have given you only the serious part. I am glad I have lived to see that our sacrifices were not in vain. and proud of the position our glorious country holds among the Nations of the earth.

I take more interest in reading The National Tribune than any other paper, because those months and years in the war were the greatest events in my life.

The Guntown Disaster.

By Wm. Guynn, Lexington, Ind.

Editor National Tribune: I was a member of Co. B, 93d Ind., Col. Clint Thomas. After passing through the Vicksburg Campaign, we were sent up to Memphis, Tenn., to guard the military post and Mississippi River at that point. The regiment was engaged in keeping up a picket line near the city, at the time Forest captured Fort Pillow, where 4,000 negro troops were murdered. This aroused the military authorities at Memphis. Two or three expeditions were sent against the "old murderer," but there were no engagements. On June 10, 1864, a General and his staff went to Memphis to take command of the army, Gen. Sturges. The army was on the march at once, five days' rations in haversacks, the army being well equipped, with 300 wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition. It was in possession of three batteries, 16 pieces of artillery, and included Gen. Grayson's Brigade of Cavalry. We marched on two or three days; two or three heavy Spring rains came on, which made it difficult getting over the mud roads with heavy train and artillery; but we pulled and trudged and pried up and finally reached a small inland town, about 100 miles east of Memphis. It being late in the evening, the army went into camp on the north side of the town, being a high and dry location. Quite a number of citizens of the town came to the army wagons and drew rations. They reported that Forest was on the railroad, 25 or 30 miles east, and that Forest said: "If the Yankees come over here I will give them a fight." The army moved out early next morning, passing thru town, marching in the direction of Guntown, until 10 or 11 o'clock, and went into camp, and coffee was made and dinner served. The General received a dispatch that the cavalry had had a hot skirmish during the morning. An order was sent to each company commander, after dinner, to have the men clean up their guns and be ready for instant action.

On June 10 occurred the Guntown battle. Reveille was sounded early and the men were up and answered roll call; haversacks were empty; nothing for breakfast; there was a reasonable amount of supplies in the wagons, but no rations were issued. A few minutes later the bugle sounded the march, and the men were hastened to the road and away. The 93d took the lead; wagon trains were left in the rear; the men skipped along lively with empty stomachs; marched on until 12 or 1 o'clock, and heard the roar of the cannon in front. A dispatch bearer was met who reported to the Colonel that the cavalry was whipped, and the infantry was wanted forward in great haste. The Adjutant ran up the line of the regiment and reported the order, and then the hustle began. The weather being extremely warm, made it very difficult to hurry men over the roads. Some of the men fell to the side of the road, exhausted by the heat, while others suffered sunstroke. The regiment reached the creek, and there they saw the horrible sight of war. The cavalry was driven across the creek in a stampeded condition, with wounded men and wounded horses numerous among them. The regiment found there a deep, muddy creek, a horrible swamp above and below on opposite sides, and a little narrow pole bridge to cross on, and the only way of crossing at that point. Stray balls were flying thick there, too. The rear of the regiment was not all across until one man was killed in front. The regiment hustled up the long slope of the hill, passing a large church standing on the left, and came near a skirt of timber in front, thickly undergrown with shrubbery of all kinds. There was Forest's force, in ambush in the bushes. The Colonel right-wheeled the regiment into line. By this time they ran up four pieces of artillery and the Water House Battery of Illinois, was at once put into action. No sooner did the regiment open fire than the rebels opened a deadly fire on us, one heavy volley after another. Under all the excitement I glanced down the line and saw that the regiment was almost massacred. Our lines were thinned and our fire was weakened. I saw the ground covered with dead and wounded

men. Some wounded men were climbing and holding to small shrubs, while others were wallowing on the ground in their blood. The rebels saw that they had weakened the fire from our side and rushed out against us, 15 or 20 to one. The Colonel saw that it would be vain to try to stand against such overwhelming force, and ordered us to fall back, and to turn and fire as well as we could as we went. Leaving our dead and wounded on the ground. After falling back about opposite the church, down the slope of the hill, we saw the General and staff standing on the opposite side of the road, huddled together like a flock of ducks, bumping their noses together. There was such a roar of artillery. There was such a roar hear nothing. After being forced back till we struck the swamp near the edge of the creek, the Colonel said to the men: "Cross the creek in the best manner you can." I plunged into the swamp, sinking knee-deep, some places deeper, and finally reached the creek. I found and old mossy log which had fallen across the creek, mounted it and tore through the rank overgrowth that covered it, and finally reached the west side of the creek. I started down the creek, thinking to make my way to the road again. Proceeded but a short distance till I ran against the wagon trains. By this time the rebels had the range on the wagon trains and were throwing shell into them, killing mules and men, and exploding ammunition. I turned westward, and near the road was the first sight that I had of the stampede. They were several thousand deep, pushing, jamming, infantry and cavalry mixed together, pullin g wagons and betteries and ambulances loaded with wounded; men being knocked down and trampled under feet, crying and begging for mercy. I saw it was no place for me, and kept far from the road, dodging from tree to tree. t was two hours or more before a man was safe on the road. The retreat lasted until about 12 o'cock that night, when I reached the big swamp, being about 12 miles from the battleground. The road had been corduroyed for the army to cross on. The cavalry, rushing and jamming, broke through the road in several places. Some were mired down. Everything on wheels was surrendered at that point. Whether to wade the swamp I was very doubtful; but I plunged in. In some places I sank to my waste in a thin batter of mud, but I attained the west side of the swamp, tired, hungry—no breakfast, dinner or supper, wet and cold, past 12 o'clock in the night; then I blundered on with the stampeded men, squashing the mud and water between my toes. We reached the town of Ripley next morning about sunrise. There the stampeded men rounded in. Some efforts were made to reorganize the army, yet nothing had been done. But a few minutes passed till the rebels came in on almost all sides, screaming and shouting, keeping up a heavy fire, and forced the stampeded men to retreat in disorder. The roads at Ripley forked, one to the right, one to the left, leading to Memphis. The larger part of the force retreated by the left road. The General withdrew the cavalry, rode away and left the infantry to cover the retreat. The stampeded men were followed for the next 50 miles by a heavy force of rebel cavalry. Retreat was cut off in many places, the men killed or captured, and the dead were thrown into the roads, creeks and branches, their bodies left in the open air for the beasts and fowls of the forest to pick, mangle and devour. As we retreated thru the town the citizens fired out of their up-stairs windows and from the alleys. They wounded several soldiers, and killed the Colonel of the Illinois regiment. After we had retreated a mile and a half or two miles, excitement had gone down a little, and we thought best to size up ourselves a little. We found that we numbered about 200 men bearing arms. Col. Wilkinson, of the 9th Minn., one Lieutenant and four Sergeants, 400 wounded men riding bareback horses. The Colonel ordered the men to "fall in line," and he would pull them through to Memphis if possible. The weather being extremely hot made it hard to ride the bareback horses. Their bodies were covered with green flies and the stench of the wounds could be smelt as we passed by. The retreat continued day and night—there could be no halt. June 14 the Colonel became alarmed at the scarcity of ammunition. The Lieutenant was sent around, demanding of each a round of ammunition. I gave up two cartridges, all I had, some gave up one, some had more. These were to be put in the hands of 12 men. The men were put in the rear to cover the retreat. June 15 we reached White Station, six miles from Memphis. Here we were reinforced by the 8th Kan. Cav. Of our losses, 1,200 men were captured, that many or more were killed or wounded, 16 pieces of artillery were lost, 312 wagons of six mule teams, and nine ambulances. The captured men were sent to Andersonville, and there most of them perished. This was Gen. Sturges's campaign down in Mississippi in the Summer of 1864.

Cavalry in the Navy.

By F. W. Sedgwick, 10th Ill. Cav., Parma, Mich.

Editor National Tribune: Some months ago Comrade Coleman, of Jackson, gave the readers of The National Tribune a sketch of his experience on the Yazoo Pass expedition. It interested me, from the fact that I had a small share in the same expedition. Feb. 24, 1863, the 1st battalion, 10th Ill. Cav. (Cos. A, D, G, K), were at Helena, Ark. A detail was called for from Co. A to report to Gen. L. F. Ross for duty as mounted escort and orderlies. It was my fortune to be one of the 22 men detailed, and we found Gen. Ross on the steamer Volunteer, a light-draught, stern-wheel—the kind President Lincoln spoke of as "able to run on a heavy dew." We felt pleased to be on the headquarters boat, for if there were any soft snaps going, we might get a share. We found the space well filled. In addition to the boat's crew, the General and staff, with their horses, and our 22 horses and men, there were also two companies of infantry from on Ohio regiment, of which I do not recall the number. There was not much room to spare and we were put to it when cooking and lodging facilities had to be found or devised. There was a large box stove near the stern, where we did some of the cooking—when we could secure a little space around and on the stove. We could once in a while get a little hot water from the boat's kitchen for coffee or tea. As to sleeping, my diary tells that I "slept under cabin table"—"on a coil of rope;" "on hurricane deck," etc. We soon learned to sleep in any old place. The fleet consisted of the gunboat Chillicothe, plated with three-inch iron, having a square turret forward, with two 11-inch guns; also, a "turtle" gunboat, the Baron Dekalb, of a style similar to the Merrimac, carrying nine-inch guns in front. There were several "tinclads." The rest of the fleet was made up of transports, river steamers of various kinds—mostly small-sized. There were also two or three ferryboats, used as dispatch and mail boats. The trip thru the Pass from the Mississippi River to the headwaters connecting with the Yazoo was an event long to be remembered. In my diary and letters I referred to it as "steamboating thru the woods." The channel was very crooked and current so strong it was very difficult navigation. The boatmen had to put ropes about trees to hold back the boat from being swept against trees and stumps with destructive force. The lighter woodwork on boats suffered severely in the crush. We tied up at night once or more within sight of position left in the morning. It was tough sailing, for sure! Going up stream was much better than down.

March 11 we arrived in the vicinity of Fort Pemberton, and heard the boom of heavy artillery from fleet and fort. The mounted escort accompanied Gen. Ross on shore, and there I first heard a shell from a Confederate cannon fly over us. My first impulse on hearing the "whish-sh-sh" was to dodge a little. Next I looked up to see the "singing bird," but only heard a "clip, clip," as the shell passed thru the treetops in our rear. Later, I saw a shell in flight from a 15-inch mortar as plainly as we can see a baseball in air. Strange as it may be, I never saw a ball that struck me! Soon after the opening of the action a shot from the fort entered the port of the turret on the Chillicothe, exploding a shell just being placed in one of her 11-inch guns, killing four and wounding nine men and temporarily disabling our gunboat, which had to fall back for repairs. March 12 I was among those chosen by Capt. Ryan, A, D, C, on Gen. Ross's staff, to take a skiff and make some reconnoisance in vicinity of the fort. Two small boats with nine or 10 men made the scouting force. Keeping well under cover of timber and underbrush, we made our way as quietly as possible, for we were more anxious to see than to be seen. We got a fair view of the fort, and dropped to where we could see quite a camp, and the steamer John Walsh, that lay a little below the fort. Fortune so favored us that we were able to do about all we came for without discovery, and we returned to our headquarters.

Next day Capt. Ryan asked me if I would go with him again. I said, "Yes; I'll go as far as you care to go." Soon after we started the artillery opened up, making "music in the air," discordant and not always rythmic. We worked our way as quietly as possible toward the position from which we wished to look on. When we got about as near as we could without discovery our skiff came unexpectedly into a place where the view of the fort was good—in fact, too good, for they saw us, and turned a gun in our direction, making it very wise in us to "hunt a hole." We promptly backed out, and looked for thick brush to screen us from the too-watchful eyes of the enemy. The situation was warm for a time. We went where we could see the steamer John Walsh, thinking if we could slip up unobserved and set her on fire, it would be a good joke on the enemy; but we saw that they were on guard, and we withdrew without indulging our incendiary inclinations. When we could think of no more jokes to play on the rebs, we made our way back to the fleet and found the gunboats and mortar busy in a warm argument with the fort, and had time to see some of the working of a naval battle. My notes say: "Our side fired 377 shots and the rebs 260. The Chillicothe was struck 34 times, and so battered up that she was withdrawn for repairs." I saw the officer having charge of the mortar get in a small boat and go out in full view of the fort to watch the effect of his shells. While so engaged the rebs took two shots at him, which came close enough to miss him. About that time I heard some strange sounds following a shot from the fort, and was told "they are firing shrapnel." I did not want to stop any of those spiteful insects. Their hum was too suggestive. It seemed to say: "Better look a little out; we're after you." Almost the whole land was under water, so there was no chance for land forces to play at the game. Our side had built a two-gun fort on the only available spot, and two 30-pound Parrotts were talking with the fort; distance estimated 1,200 yards. After Vicksburg surrendered I met a wounded Johnny who said he was in Fort Pemberton that day, and they were badly knocked out —wondered why we did not come down and finish the job. He said they had reinforcements that night, and next day there were 20,000 ready to meet us.

March 16 there was some more artillery practice, with but little harm on our side. March 20 Gen. Ross started on his return to Helena, and next day met a force under Gen. Quimby—coming to "help us to let go," I guess. Gen. Quimby, ranking Ross, took command, and we went back to look at the rebs some more. We got back to the former position, and some infantry were camped on shore, when on the night of March 24 a heavy storm came on and a tree fell on a tent, killing four and wounding two men of the 47th Ind. One of the wounded men died next day. April 1 I went with Capt. Ryan and some others to visit the rebel outpost, under a flag of truce, to take some kind of communication from "We-all to they-uns"—my first experience under flag of truce.

"April 2.—About 40 cannon shots today on both sides; no harm on ours.

"April 3.—A few shots from the rebs. Mounted men on scout toward McNutt, County seat of Sunflower County, Miss. We had some lively times chasing "the other fellows" and brought back eight or 10 prisoners and some arms and equipments.

"April 4.—A few shots exchanged today; one killed and two wounded on our side.

April 5. — The expedition started again for Helena, leaving the enemy rejoicing over a victory—having repulsed the Yankees."

Thus ended my experience as a naval cavalryman on the Yazoo Pass expedition in the interior of Mississippi.

What was it for? I don't know; but the effect was to draw quite a force away from Vicksburg, and keep them guessing what we would do. Later we went to Milliken's Bend and Young's Point, doing outpost duty during the six weeks' siege, and after the surrender we camped on river bank just below the city.—F. W. Sedgwick, 10th Ill. Cav., Parma, Mich.

Sad Tragedy at Columbia.

By John R. Palmer Co.'s A and H, 32d Ill.

Editor National Tribune: While the subject of the burning of Columbia, Feb. 17, 1865, is one of much controversey, it is to be regretted that some correspondents who have offered contributions are prone to ignore the facts of some others entirely. I gave an account of the part taken by my regiment in the capture of Columbia in a previous article; but now, since there has been so much interest aroused, I recall much that I did not include in that article.

On the morning of Feb. 17, 1865, Belknap's Brigade, Fourth Division, Seventeenth Corps, was marching in advance, having brought up the rear the day before. About 10 or 11 o'clock a. m. the 32d Ill. debouched in advance from the pine woods to the hills opposite the city, in full view of Wade Hampton's troops, that infected the island (as I took it to be), that was skirted with timber of various hights; but we were enabled from our position to overlook all that intervened between us and the city. The 32d formed on the guides, in plain view, while the sharpshooters sent over scattering shots from the adjacent woods; some of which took effect, wounding two men. While the regiment was forming on the guides, it became a little ticklish. I know, because I was Orderly-Sergeant of Co. A, and was the right guide of the regiment.

In the meantime, while this was going on, we observed a line of skirmishers up the river on the opposite side, apparently one and a half miles from our position, whom we took to be the Fifteenth Corps. It soon became a busy time for Gen. Belknap, who brought forward the 1st Minn. Battery for the purpose of masking a small detachment composed of one company from the 13th Iowa and one company of the 32d Ill., under command of Col. Kennedy, of the 13th Iowa. As I understood then, Col. Kennedy obtained a couple of scows, in which he crossed safely into the city. With the aid of the 1st Minn. he had little opposition; the fire from this battery sent Hampton's Legion going. After we had stacked arms we were interested spectators.

I approached the scene where Gen. Belknap was, with his field glass, and heard his instructions to the Captain of the battery to throw a shot here and one there. The vibrations from the cannon shots reverberated to our side of the river as they wiped up the buildings, not knowing who would be the most intense sufferers—whether a citizen was the victim, or Hampton's men. It was the fate of war, and private hurts were not intended by Gen. Belknap. Col. Kennedy landed in safety and made straight for the State House, where he placed the flag of the 13th Iowa, and the flag of the 32d Ill. was hoisted over the City Hall.

Gen. Belknap saw this thru his glass and called for three cheers, at the same time throwing up his cap. It is safe to say that this was before the Fifteenth Corps entered the city. We have Gen. Sherman's words for this also. In his Memoirs, in speaking of the Fifteenth Corps, to which he gives credit for the capture of the city of Columbia, he says: "A small detachment from the Seventeenth Corps crossed the river and hoisted the flag over the State House." However, he said this was irregular, knowing, as he said, that the Fifteenth Corps had the right of way on this occasion.

In the afternoon of the 17th the rest of our brigade marched up the river, crossing where other troops had put down a pontoon, and by night we were in Columbia, while it was in flames, started by the torch in their own hands. Wade Hampton had the credit, at the time, of firing the cotton stored there in immense quantities for shipment or the use of the Confederate Government.

It seemed to be the irony of fate for those poor, helpless people to have to suffer this. I pitied them, and did all I could to help them remove their effects from place to place; but it was of little use, because by the time the effects were deposited on one corner, the flames would approach from another, and it became impossible to save much.

A sad tragedy, one of many, doubtless, of which I have heard since, and which I was very near, but did not know of at the time, I will recall. It has been published, but I will repeat it, I quote:

"The marriage of Annie Pickens, daughter of Gov. Francis W. Pickens, to Lieut. Le Rochelle, and the death of the bride, which followed immediately after the ceremony."

"On the 17th of February, 1865, the Northern army commenced shelling Columbia; but preparations for the wedding continued. Finally the guests were all assembled and the mansion was ablaze with light, fragrant with flowers and joyous with music, altho the occasional dull whirr of a cannon ball kept the company aware that danger was not far off. The clergyman stood beneath the chandelier in the white robe of his office, the groom in his regimentals, and the bride, tall and stately, fair and lovely, in her snowy bridal gown, walked into the crowded chamber and paused before him. The clergyman was proceeding with the solemn ceremony, and had just joined the right hands of the happy pair when there was an awful crash, and a shell from the enemy's cannon penetrated the mansion and burst in the middle of the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in every direction. There were screams and a heart-rending groan; mirrors crashed; the house shook; women fainted, and walls rocked to and fro. When the first confusion was over it was discovered that in all the crowd only one person was injured—the bride herself. She lay partly on the floor and partly in her lover's arms, crushed and bleeding; pale, but very beautiful; her bridal-gown drenched with the warm blood from a great cut in her breast by a ragged fragment of the exploded shell. Laying her on a lounge, the frantic bridegroom besought her by every term of tenderness and endearment to allow the ceremony to proceed, to which she weakly gave her consent, and lying like a crushed flower, no less white than the camellies of her bridal bouquet, her breath coming in short gasps, and the blood flowing from this angry wound, she murmured 'Yes' to the clergyman, and received her husband's first kiss. A moment more and all was over. Anna Pickens-Le Rochelle was laid to rest under the magnolias, and the heart-broken bridegroom, reckless with despair, returned to his regiment."—John R. Palmer, Cos. A and H, 32d Ill.

First Corps at Gettysburg.

By Chas. W. Cook, Sergeant, Co. G, 76th N. Y., Soldiers' Home, D. V. S., Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor National Tribune: I saw in The National Tribune an article by B. H. Tripp, who seems to want to establish, or to everlastingly set at rest in our minds, the route or road the First Corps marched over on July 1, 1863, and what regiment, brigade, division of the corps was in the lead or at the head of column on the march from Emmitsburg, and first to arrive on the field and first on the right in line of battle.

He claims that he knows whereof he affirms, because he was there. That may be so; but he is not the only one living who was there on that day. In October, 1907, I met in Reunion of the old 76th N. Y., at Cortland, N. Y., about 50 comrades who were there. I will state a few facts and see how they correspond with what he has written.

On the morning of July 1, we (the 76th N. Y.) broke camp near Emmitsburg and soon the First Corps was moving towards Gettysburg. The 76th N. Y. was placed in the right of Second Brigade, which was the right of First Division, occupying the right of First Corps. This brought the 76th in front in marching column and on the extreme right in line of battle. The brigade at this time was composed of the 76th N. Y., 14th N. Y. (Brooklyn), 95th N. Y., 174th N. Y., 7th Ind., and 56th Pa.

Before noon we reached a hill from which a view was had of Gettysburg. A halt was ordered. In front of the corps was gathered a group of Generals, Reynolds at the head, and their staff officers, all anxiously scanning the hills beyond and west of the town. If Comrade Tripp was there he must have seen members of 76th N. Y., as we were close by. While the officers were viewing the country about Gettysburg, the rank and file were filling up with the old farmer's cherries. Of course, the old

man was wroth, and tried to stop us, and it did seem a little strange to us, that we were allowed by our officers to eat the cherries without the farmer's consent. The cause was explained to us afterwards. The old farmer, tho living in a free and loyal State, was a Secessionist. He lost his cherries, and before the three days' battle was done his buildings were torn to pieces by shot and shell, and totally destroyed by fire. He was ruined by his friends, the enemy. The cherries were hardly disposed of when the order, "Fall in—forward," was given and off down the hill at double-quick towards the enemy rushed the veterans. The 76th being in advance, was obliged to remove fences, as they led the army thru fields, gardens and yards. On approaching and when within two miles of town Gen. Cutter, our commander, was ordered to move obliquely to the left across the field to the ridge near the Seminary, west of the town, where the enemy were already engaging our cavalry.

Now a little about that spring that Comrade Tripp tells about seeing near Round Top. Perhaps he was looking for springs, but I don't remember of seeing or hearing about any spring on that day near Round Top, as I don't think we passed over the route marked out on his map. We of the Second Brigade were looking for Johnny Rebs, and we found them, too, and when we ran into them we stopped, and did not go any farther in that direction just then. We moved across the railroad, or grade, as there was no ties or rails laid at that place. The Second Brigade immediately formed line-of-battle, extending across a deep cut on the railroad, and were soon engaged with a vastly-superior force of the enemy advancing in two lines, at short range, in front and on our right flank. And let me ask Comrade Tripp, where was the First Brigade at that time? On the next morning, July 2, when going over the field looking for wounded, we found men of the 76th N. Y., 147th N. Y. and 14th N. Y. on the right of the railroad cut, and none of the First Brigade there.

On crossing the cut, and going farther to the left, we found near the Seminary members of First Brigade. Don't want to crow, and will not, but Comrade Tripp must own up that he is mistaken.

As often is said, there is glory enough for all of us, but when a man approaches my glory tree to pick and carry away my fruit, I must object. I think that I have fully established the fact that the Second Brigade, First Division, First Corps, led the corps down from Emmitsburg on the morning of July 1, 1863, the first on the field of battle and the first to fire as infantry on the enemy.

Boats, Battles and Beef.

By J. A. DeMuth, Co. D, 85th Pa., 819 So. 14th St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Editor National Tribune: The article by John McElroy, "The Siege of Suffolk," in your issue of March 12, brings to my mind many of the incidents of that time.

At the close of Gen. McClellan's Peninsular campaign my regiment, the 85th Pa., along with others, was detailed as rear-guard, overland, down to Fortress Monroe, with instructions, as we were informed, to rejoin the main body of the Army of the Potomac. But when we arrived at destination we were switched over to Suffolk, owing to demonstrations being made by the enemy there with a view, as Mr. McElroy states, of finally taking Norfolk, with all its stores.

After being in camp at Suffolk, demonstrations were made in various directions, feeling for the enemy. Finally camp was broken and the regiment, along with the other troops, started across the country in the direction of the Blackwater River, skirmishing by the way, and if all reports are true, capturing many a jug of apple-jack, to the detriment of good order, before coming out on the coast in North Carolina.

I, however, was left at Suffolk to receive the mail for the regiment, until further orders. This order was received in the course of time with instructions to take transportation at Norfolk, Va., to New Berne, N. C., at which latter place the regiment was found. Shortly after leaving Norfolk we entered the Dismal Swamp Canal. If the start had been made one day sooner, the boys would no doubt never have received the long-looked-for letters from the dear ones, and likely not again have seen their postmaster, either, as the boat making the trip the day before was captured by the enemy. We, however, passed thru without incident.

Our stay at New Berne was not prolonged. After some sharp skirmishes, resulting in tearing up some railroad track and damage of that nature, we were placed on board a vessel bound for somewhere, we know not. Here mention will be made of an event most of the members will recall, provided they have ever forgotten it, that was calculated to test their honesty. The Captain of the vessel had no previous experience with soldiers, as was indicated by his hanging some quarters of fine beef in the open bow of his boat until such time as needed for his own and the crew's use. The next morning the boat's cook, an going for the day's supply of meat, was horrified to find some skeletons staring him in the face, instead of the plump quarters of the night before. This, of course, the cook reported to his Captain, who, after viewing the "remains," reported to the Colonel (Howell), and not being acquainted with the manner of man he was, had the audacity to say to him his soldiers made the "skeletons." The Colonel, however, when the varacity of his boys was called in question, was not a very mild-spoken man, telling the Captain his own ill-used and poorly-fed crew had probably been the guilty ones—at least, none of the 85th was. To prove their innocence he invited the Captain below to investigate. But, the shrewd old lawyer he was, "continued" the case long enough to send his orderly ahead to inform the officer in command what the accusation was and to prepare for "inspection." In the course of time the Colonel, with the Captain trailing behind him, made his appearance, looking very stern. They found all of the haversacks open, but not a mite of the missing beef, and the verdict was "not guilty" by the Colonel, and the Captain had to accept or "appeal," and as we were then well out to sea, and he not a good swimmer, made the best of it.

The next incident was on our arrival off Hilton Head, S. C., where we were so long afloat that the boys became restive, and the why we were not landed for so long I never knew until reading Mr. McElroy's before-mentioned article. This trip was the means of enlarging our army experience, as we moved up along the coast toward Charleston with a view of capturing

Fort Sumter. Especially on Morris Island, in the siege of Fort Wagner, some stirring events occured never to be forgotten while memory lasts.

Singular as it may seem, we were again returned to the Army of the Potomac, going up the James River and landing at Burmuda Hundred, helping to uncork Gen. Butler, who was, as Gen. Grant said, "bottled up" between the James and York rivers.

We were there when Gen. Grant arrived to deliver us, and remained sometime, assisting in the attempt to capture Petersburg, but our three years of enlistment had expired, and the boys thought they had done their share of saving the country from disruption to be permitted to go to the homes so long anxiously awaiting their safe return.

Owing to a blunder at our muster-in, we were compelled to remain three months longer, but were relieved from duty at the front by being sent to the rear for police duty at Norfolk, after camping a few days at Suffolk.

Hoping members of the 85th will write to me direct, assured of an answer—J. A. DeMuth, Co. D, 85th Pa., 819 S. 14th street, St. Jo, Mo.

Ohio Generals in the War.

By Frank H. Snow.

Editor National Tribune: Ohio furnished some of the most distinguished officers of the late war; viz, Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hazen, Garfield, Custer, McPherson, the McCooks, Hayes, Gibson, Leggett, and scores of others of National reputation. Portage County is proud of her officers and soldiers, Gens. Wm. B. Hazen and Garfield, of Hiram.

It is of Gen. Hazen, one of the Nation's noblemen, that I wish to speak. He never shirked an obligation; never wavered in the hour of persecution and sore tried; never turned his back on foe or friend; was always brave and manly, and always as tender as the most gentle and most refined, and was as physically handsome as he was courageous in the hour of danger. In the midst of battle, during the dark days when false friends, blatant and selfish, crowded and pressed him, he never sought shelter behind falsehood or in fight, but bravely faced them and flung defiance in their face. A graduate of West Point at 25 he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the 4th U. S. Inf. He served thruout the Indian war in southern Oregon in 1856. During the two following years he was almost constantly in actual service against the Indians in Texas and New Mexico, and was four times complimented in General Orders from headquarters of the Army for bravery and good conduct. During this campaign he received a severe wound, the ball passing thru the hand into his right side, from which it was never extracted. In February, 1861, he was assigned to duty as Professor of Infantry Tactics at West Point. In September, 1861, a committee of his friends from Cleveland visited the President and applied for his services as Colonel of the 41st Ohio, about to be organized at Cleveland, with Jas. A. Garfield as Lieutenant-Colonel. Before Hazen received his commission, Garfield had been made Colonel of the 42d Ohio. In January, 1862, Hazen was appointed to command the Nineteenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio. He moved with Gen. Buell's army to Pittsburg Landing and took an active part in the battle of Shiloh, after which he was ordered to assume command of the post at Murfreesboro. Gen. Hazen's Brigade, in which was the 41st, was hotly engaged in the battle of Stone River. It was here that the General's horse was shot and the General twice struck. He was ordered by Gen. Palmer to fall back. Hazen's classic reply was: "I'd like to know where in —— I'll fall back to." A monument was erected at this point by Hazen's Nineteenth Brigade, with this inscription:

"To the memory of its soldiers who
Fell at Stone River, Dec. 31, 1862,
Their faces toward heaven, their feet
toward the foe."

In September, 1863, he took part in the battle of Chickamauga, under Gen. Thomas, where he fought with great gallantry, and when his brigade was the last organized command to leave the field. In October, 1863, he embarked at night with 1,300 men in 52 boats, floated down the Tennessee

River, past Lookout Mountain, along seven miles of Confederate picket lines, and seized a position which opened communication with Chattanooga. In the battle of Mission Ridge his brigade was among the first to reach the crest, where it captured 11 pieces of artillery and many prisoners.

After that time the General was engaged in marching and skirmishing in East Tennessee. In August, 1864, he was placed in command of the Second Division of the Fifteenth Corps. His division took part in the Georgia Campaign and was engaged with the enemy at Statesboro, on the Oconee River. In December, after the arrival of Gen. Sherman before Savannah, it became necessary for him to open communication with the sea in order to obtain supplies. For the accomplishment of this purpose, Gen. Hazen's Division was sent on Dec. 13 to capture Fort McAllister, which commanded the river inlet thru which Gen. Sherman hoped to get supplies. Nine regiments, under Gen. Hazen's command, advanced to the charge, stormed the fort and captured 24 pieces of ordnance and the entire garrison. The fight was watched by Gen. Sherman from a rice-mill three miles away. Gen. Hazen was appointed and confirmed Major-General, to date from the capture of Fort McAllister, and was appointed by the President to command the Fifteenth Corps, on account of long continued service of the highest character. After the war he was stationed at Fort Buford. During the Russo-Turkish war, in 1876-7, he was United States Military Attache at Vienna. On Dec. 15, 1880, he was appointed Chief Signal Officer, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and that position he continued to hold until his death at Washington, Jan. 16, 1887.

Through Chances of War.

By Frank Holsinger, Co. F, 8th Pa. Reserves, Rosedale, Kan.

Editor National Tribune: I received several letters of inquiry growing out of my communication in your issue of April 9, which prompts me to try again. The Pastor to whose home I went with the tidings of the misfortune of my friend so sadly wounded in the battle was David Long, who lived near Fair Play, about four miles from the Miller farm, where we had been engaged. As I approached the house Miss Frances, a maid of 14, met me, inviting me in. The family had loaded up much of their belongings, ready to depart if the fighting came their way. Many soldiers had been to their home and had been fed. The custom of the Dunkers is never to refuse assistance to the needy or hungry. Miss Frances seeing me approach said to her mother, "Here comes another hungry soldier wanting something to eat." (little dreaming the part I was to play in her life). Couch's Division was lying off toward Williamsburg, and her brother had just hitched up to take her out to see the soldiers, and she confessed at something of a disappointment at seeing me approach at that time—as she did not wish to be hindered in her visit. Her mother told her to go on and she would get the soldier a bit to eat. On entering the home our conversation was of the battle. "What is your regiment?" was asked. "The 8th Pa. Reserves," I replied. The brother mentioned replied, "Why, father, that is the regiment our Jim is in!" "Do you speak of James Gates?" I asked. Jim was a correspondent of the oldest of Mr. Long's daughters. I had acted as a sort of amanuensis, reading and writing letters for him, and wishing to avoid any possible scene, was somewhat diplomatic in my breaking the news.

"Yes," said the brother; "I fear it is not well with him." A breathless spell or pause—all were in anxiety. "He fell by my side and requested me to come to you, that he might see the family once again." The news now broken, and locating him at the "Smoketown hospital," they resolved to go to him in the morning. I now essayed to retire. "Won't you have something to eat?" and next, "What is your name?" I told them. Mrs. Long said, "Why, father, that is the name of the man who married Aunt Elizabeth." "Yes," said I, "and she was my grandmother." "Then you are a cousin," said she. Surely, I had fallen into pleasant places and was right royally welcomed. I not only had something to eat, but was prevailed on to remain over night. On retiring I found a most luxurious bed—spotless linen.

Did I sleep in it? Not much! Here I had found relatives who welcomed me to their hearts. I knew full well that I had certain creatures hidden in my vesture which I did not care to part with just then and there; so, taking a pillow from the bed, with a spread, lay down upon the floor and slept the sleep of the just. The folks were much surprised that the bed was not tumbled and asked the reason. Did I tell them? Yes, years after, when I was one of the family. As we here camped for several weeks, I took many trips to this kind family and was always kindly received and loaded with the good things of life. When we broke camp I corresponded with Miss Frances. Being commissioned at the close of the war, I was sent to Texas, where I remained until '67, when I was ordered to Baltimore to be mustered out. The order, issued in Brownsville, Tex., is dated Jan. 16, 1867. Ours was, I think, the last volunteer regiment in the service. Am I right in this? During the Fall of '67 Antietam Battle Cemetery was to be dedicated. I received a letter from my cousin telling me of the event. "Won't you come and be our guest?" Miss Frances, the girl of 14, was then a lovely woman of 19 years. I at once fell in love, wooed her, and on proposing was accepted, and we married—took Horace Greeley's advice and went West—locating in Kansas. We have had our share of blessings, among which were seven children, six of whom still live; and so rapidly have we grown as a family that we now number 25, all of whim live within one and a half miles of our home. All are enjoying the best of health. Antietam, the bloodiest battle of the war! Do you wonder that I am proud that I had a part in it? Was it not for the suffering of others, I should say "Thank God for Antietam!"—Frank Holsinger, Co. F, 8th Pa. Reserves, Rosedale, Kan.

Tupelo!

By Gilford Hervey, Box 335, Huntington, Ind.

Editor National Tribune: Many thanks for your statement concerning the battle of Tupelo and in Pontotoc, Miss., and on the Okalona road, in July, 1864. This is the first account I have seen in any paper. I was in all of these battles, being in the 59th U. S. C. T., Co. F. Our regiment was brigaded with the 60th U. S. (Colored Inf.), under Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith. We marched out with him to fight the old rebel, Forrest, and we whipped him grandly! When we charged into his men with our bayonets we yelled to them, "Remember Fort Pillow!" and you bet we mowed them down! Our brigade did love Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith, because he commanded us to fight to kill and never surrender—and we did it! I remember well when their cavalry charged into our wagon train. It was about 1 o'clock in the day, and we charged them off, killing 500 or 600 of them and taking many of them prisoners. I remember well, too, the battle of Tupelo. The fighting commenced about 8 o'clock in the morning. Our brigade was on the left of the line, near the center, and was attacked first, but we drove them back, and they turned to the right and were met with a bloody charge and driven back with heavy loss and one General killed, Gen. Faulkner. Just at this time, Gen. Smith came riding down our line waving his sword and saying, "Hurrah, boys! No one will be hurt here to-day!" and men were falling like apples from the trees when shaken by a heavy wind! I looked to the right and saw a cannon ball cut off the head of a Sergeant of Co. D, next to my company, and his body stood, I think, maybe a minute before it fell. Then we went into it. I can't remember much in detail until the battle was over and we were upon a mountain, where we could see, and there must have been 3,000 or 4,000 of Forrest's men dead and wounded on the battlefield. We did not lose many of our men—about 600 or 700 all together, white and colored. I have cut your statement out of the paper and will keep it, that my grandchildren may read it when I am dead.—Gilford Herney, Huntington, Ind.

Fifteen Months in Rebel Prison.

By James Greacen, Co. I, 22d Mich. Inf.

The battle of Chickamauga, where I was wounded and taken prisoner, was fought Sept. 19 and 20, 1863. At that time our regiment belonged to Steedman's Division, Fourteenth Corps. Towards evening of the 20th Gen. Rosecrans withdrew the army, falling back on Chattanooga, where he fortified during the night, expecting an attack from Bragg the next day, and leaving Steedman's Division in line of battle to hold the Ridge, which had now been the center of conflict for two days; the object apparently being to sacrifice this division with a view of keeping up a show of line of battle while the army fell back on Chattanooga.

After holding Bragg's army in check until sundown, during which time our ammunition became exhausted, after using all we could obtain from the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded, we were ordered by Col. Le Faver, of the 22d Mich., commanding brigade, to fall back. After going some eighty rods to the rear, an Orderly approached in great haste bearing a sealed letter, which he handed to Col. Le Favor, who halted us while he opened and read it, which proved to be an order to hold our position on the Ridge at all hazards, from which we had charged the enemy several times during the same day and repulsed as many charges made by them. Le Favor, reigning his horse towards us, said: "Men of Michigan, our orders are to go back to the crest of the Ridge, and hold it with the cold steel. We shall go, and may God go with us! Right-about-face!" And back we went to the top of the Ridge, where we again formed in line of battle, among the dead and dying, with heavy hearts, feeling that it was almost certain death. No ammunition whatever and only our bayonets for defence, but a handful of us to face the seemingly victorious army of Gen. Bragg, we felt the result was inevitable.

There we remained and obeyed orders, while our ranks were fast thinning out by the continued volleys of the rebel infantry, who were now advancing on us, which we could not return. The sun had disappeared from that terrible field of carnage and death, and yet it was not quite dark. There, in the dusk of the evening, that noble band repelled charge after charge with the bayonet. It was then that the rebel infantry closed up in our front, with their cavalry in the rear, within bayonet reach of us, both from before and behind; here was the crowning struggle of it all. At this point language fails me to give an adequate description, all was frenzy and desperation for a time—it must have been short. What few of us that were left found ourselves in the hands of the enemy, our guns were wrenched from our hands. Even after we had given up our guns, I saw some of our boys bayoneted for using insulting language towards the rebels. We were now exhausted from fatigue, excitement, hunger and thirst; our faces blackened with powder; myself bleeding from two wounds. It was now quite dark, and they were marching us down the slope. We had gone perhaps 40 rods when a division of rebel infantry, arriving on top of the Ridge in our rear, and perhaps not realizing that we were prisoners, fired into us a volley of death. With a view of saving ourselves, we fell flat on the ground, and, after some 10 minutes, which seemed to us an age, the troops in charge of us succeeded in stopping that terrible and useless slaughter in which we again suffered heavily. When the firing commenced we were in close column, and it was my fortune to fall flat on the ground with a couple of other fellows on top of me. For this I was extremely glad, as I thought it might be the means of saving my life; yet, hope was low within me, for I could not see how any of us could long survive such a terrible fire. At the time we believed this destruction to be intentional on the part of the rebels, and that it was the design of the Confederate army to take no prisoners alive; but time works changes on us all, and with it comes a desire to look back on those scenes from a more humane standpoint.

The rebels also suffered equally with

ourselves, and as we arose and re-formed in line, how well do we remember the result of that terrible fire; for we were at every step stumbling over some poor fellow who had fallen to rise no more. We were now marching over that portion of the field where we had been repeatedly charging the rebels during the day, arriving at a small stream known as Chickamauga Creek; and here for the first time we were halted and allowed to drink from the creek, something for which we were very thankful, as we had had no water or food since daylight that morning; and, strange as it may seem, it was not until then that it flashed to my mind that I was a prisoner of war and was now being marched to some Southern prison, there to suffer the sad fate of those who were in captivity before us and whom we had heard so much about.

My regiment had gone into action with 495 men, and in two days had lost 389. We were now compelled, in our exhausted condition, to make a forced night's march, arriving at Ringgold, Ga., a small town, at which we had had an encounter with the enemy four days previous. We often think of that night's march, many of us, like myself, wounded, and staying in line only for fear of a worse fate. At Ringgold we halted, and they gave us bacon and hardtack for breakfast, the first that we had eaten for 24 hours. Here we were allowed to wash at a creek, something we very much needed, owing to our complexion from burnt powder. We rested here for some three hours, again taking up our line of march for Tunnel Hill, where we were corralled in a slave-pen and our captors relieved, and in their place conscripts were placed in charge of us—men who never saw service and who presented a striking contrast to the brave men who had thus far guarded us. In their breasts there was not a particle of human sympathy; abuse, sneers and ill-treatment knew no bounds. It we had been wild beasts, we would have been treated with more consideration. They were armed with shotguns, double-barreled and single, squirrel rifles and other articles of ancient manufacture. They threatened to shoot us on the slightest provocation, saying that they had not killed a "Yank" yet, and now they had their opportunity. They took pleasure in telling us that they now had us and that our bones would bleach on Georgia soil.

Huddled in this pen, we remained under a drenching rain. One at a time, we were admitted to a small inclosure and carefully examined and relieved of all money, knives, watches—even mementoes and keepsakes were taken from us. Even the linings of our blouses and trousers were torn, so thorough was the search. A large amount of money was taken from us here; but "Yankee ingenuity" was too much for them. Knowing that we were going to be searched, many a bill was tightly wadded, the top of a button on the blouse removed, and the bill placed therein and the top or cap of the button replaced. Many others were tightly wadded and placed under the tongue. Other devices were resorted to. We hoped that we would fare better after leaving here, feeling that we could not fare worse. We remained in this slave-pen about 36 hours; then, being placed on flat cars, we were taken to Atlanta. Here we were again placed in a slave-pen over night, and again searched, just as we were at Tunnel Hill, and the same methods of secreting money resorted to.

We had not yet lost all our money, but everything else was taken from us. After they had kept us on exhibition, apparently, for the satisfaction of the people of Atlanta, who came by thousands to view us, we were again placed on flat cars and started for Richmond, Va. Day and night we occupied those flat cars, whether moving or not. The scorching sun by day and the chilly night air alike found us on them without protection, many of us suffering from undressed wounds. Ten days thus passed before we reached Richmond. On three occasions, while the train was passing thru a cut, people gathered on the banks and threw stones and sticks down upon us as our train slowly moved along. Many of our boys were badly hurt, not seeing the people on the banks until they commenced stoning us. As we passed thru Petersburg and saw the immense fortifications, preparations and munitions of war, our hearts sank within us, as we feared that our army could never take those works. I really thought they were impregnable.

Oct. 1, 10 days after our capture, we reached Richmond. On this trip they gave us only sea-biscuits to eat; and I never will forget either the taste or flavor of them. We broke them with the heels of our shoes. The boys thought they must be some that Noah had left over when his ark rested on Mount Arrarat, and to this day I have not doubted but such was the case; and yet, for aught I knew, they might have been made by some prehistoric race, which, at some time in the remote past, inhabited this country. This theory I think the most plausible, as

the art of making them seems now lost. Of course, if they had lain a few thousand years exposed to the elements, it would not have affected them.

We were here placed in a large brick building with three floors and an attic. This building had been used as a tobacco warehouse, and situated near the James River and on a street running parallel with it, and almost directly opposite Libbey Prison, on the opposite side of the street. Castle Thunder was on the same side of the street. Our building was known as the Pemberton Prison. The basement was full of large hogsheads filled with sugar. On each of the three floors 400 men were placed, and in the attic 200, which made us pretty numerous for the space we had to occupy. A solid brick wall ran from bottom to roof lengthwise thru the building, giving us only half the floor space that we otherwise would have had, leaving ventilation on one side only. I cannot now recall the size of the floor that we were on, but it must have been about 28 or 30 feet wide, for as we lay down to sleep we were in four rows—one row with heads to outside wall on each side; two rows with heads to heads in the center. This left two alleys about three feet wide between the feet of each outside row and the feet of each inside row. So packed were we when lying down that we had to lie, as we called it, "spoon fashion." When first lying down we lay on the left side, and when doing so one could not turn over unless the whole line the entire length of the building turned. The four rows occupied the entire length of the building; for the want of room, no one could turn on his back. The rule was that, when 10 men called out "Spoon," the entire row would turn onto the right side. As for bedding, we had none whatever of any description. We lay on the bare floor with our shoes for our pillows. On this same space we stayed during the day and slept during the night. For the want of bedding, and as a protection against the cold, chilly nights, we slept with our clothes on, which consisted simply of trousers, a shirt and blouse.

We had no water with which to wash even our hands or face; combs we did not have, except as we made them from pieces of the floor or bone, and then, 15 or 20 would use the same comb. Owing to our crowded condition and lack of sanitary arrangements, we soon became filthy; vermin, known as the grayback, soon became very numerous. The air was foul—so many people and no ventilation. The sick, the wounded and those who were well all fared the same; all were equal except in the matter of endurance. It was here that I recovered from my wounds without medical or other aid other than what nature did for me.

Every morning Lieut. Barrett would come up the stairs with a squad of men with fixed bayonets, and we were ordered to fall in four lines lengthwise of the room while they counted us off, I suppose, to see if any had escaped. They would then count the dead, and frequently made a bungling job of adding, sometimes having to have the aid of a prisoner to help them out. On some three occasions it was found that there was a man or two short, and in order to compel us to tell how this shortage came, Barrett kept us without rations two days each time. Of course, everyone claimed he knew nothing about how the shortage came. It was done in this way: There were two night guards at the entrance, who were, in my opinion, Union men at heart and were pressed into the service, who would furnish clothes and the countersign. Why they did so I leave you to conjecture. However, it may be some of those bills that were so successfully secreted when we were examined came now into play and did good service. Of course, no one would give these guards away; we would starve first.

Our daily rations consisted of a small piece of cornbread, two and one-half inches long, two inches wide and three-fourths of an inche thick, together with a very small piece of horse or mule meat about the size of an ordinary egg. This was given to us once a day, and we ate it all at one time. One meal a day, and only one-quarter enough at that, comprised our daily bill of fare. Our time was occupied largely in hunting for and killing graybacks, which we did by searching our shirts and trousers both inside and out carefully. On two occasions I got a sheet of paper and envelope to write home. I was permitted to write only six lines. One of those letters my parents received; the other one I took out of the postoffice myself after my release from prison 14 months after I had written it. The one that my people received was given to me by my mother years afterward, and I herewith give the contents of it:

"Richmond, Va., Nov. 2, 1863.

"Dear Parents: I am a prisoner of war at Richmond. I was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga. My wounds are improving; think I will get well.

"Lovingly, from your son, James Gleason."

This brief note is all that my people knew of me or heard of me from the time of my capture until my release 15 months later. We were not permitted to say anything about the war or our treatment, and must leave letters unsealed, and, as they were not examined in our presence, we did not know whether they were forwarded thru the lines or not. Therefore, one thing that troubled me thru all my prison life was to think that perhaps my people had not heard from me and did not know whether I was killed or was a prisoner.

In all the time that I was a prisoner I did not hear from home. Early in November our cavalry made a raid on Rihmond for the purpose of liberating the prisoners, and really entered the edge of the city. Our joy knew no bounds when we saw the rushing of the rebel troops to and fro, and as the Union shells fell in the James River and around our prison, cheer after cheer went up. But we were again disappointed, and for some of us, at least, it was best that we should be; for that night the two rebel guards before alluded to as our friends told us that our building had been undermined with powder sufficient to have left not a brick where it stood; that everything was complete and orders given to the effect that the moment the Union cavalry entered the city the fuses were to be lighted; and the rebel war records, now on file at Washington, show conclusively that such orders were given.

One scene stands out distinct and vivid during all the years and will remain with each one who was on floor No. 2 until death. It was the night of Nov. 2, 1863. Lieut. Barrett and 200 men with fixed bayonets came onto our floor about sundown and ordered us all into line on the south side of the building. We fell in in six ranks, while they arranged themselves along the north side and facing us. Barrett then told us that they were there for business; that our lives were in his hande; that we ought to be killed, anyway, and would be, if we violated in a single instance any of his orders. He then ordered us to stand perfectly still until relieved, making no movement of the body, head, feet or hands, our hands reaching down by the seams of our trousers, eyes straight to the front. He then gave orders to his men that if any one of us should move either hand, foot, head, position of body or eyes, or speak, that they should instantly commence firing on us and continue firing as long as one of us remained, while they stood with their guns at a ready with the hammers drawn back and ready in an instant to fire on us. There we stood motionless, each one fearing that his fellow might disobey orders in some way, realizing that nature was fast becoming exhausted, which would be the signal for our destruction.

Under the terrible mental and physical strain which we underwent that night (and the hours passed like so many months), it is not within my power to describe. We had hoped and hoped that the end would soon come, as the rebel guards were becoming wearied as well as we. But, to our sad disappointment, about midnight the guards were relieved and replaced with fresh ones. Then again we listened to the orders given those 200 rebel soldiers by Barrett as before. Discouragement and a keen sense of our condition pervaded each one. We could not look at our comrade on the right hand or on the left, as we had to look straight ahead. We knew it would be a matter of endurance, or else end in death. The terrible torture that we endured for the last few hours before daylight I cannot describe; I will simply leave it to your imagination.

We remained in that position until daylight. Some had fallen dead on the floor with a thud, which caused our hearts to beat quicker and quicker and the guards to bring their guns to their shoulders. One poor fellow fell beside me. I dared not look to see who he was, and did not know until we were relieved, altho he lay at my feet. Barrett did not remain with his men that night, only coming when he placed them at sundown and again at midnight with their relief. Had the officer who had charge of the rebel infantry that night literally obeyed the orders given by Lieut. Barrett, none of us would have survived until morning; for I am satisfied that the orders were not strictly obeyed, especially as it was nearing daylight, as human endurance became unbearable. We did not know that the morning would relieve us; we did not know when the end would come of all this torture. Why we were so tortured I never knew, except it was that they deemed severe discipline necessary in order to control us and keep us from planning escape, etc. This Lieut. Barrett, who caused that terrible suffering, was himself burned to death in a burning building in Richmond in 1866. Nov. 20 we were moved from Richmond to Danville, a town of about 200 inhabitants in the southern part of Virginia, near the North Carolina line. The rebels told us we were now going to be exchanged. At Danville we were placed

in another brick building, similar to the one we were in at Richmond, except that there was no wall in the center and there were five windows on each side; three floors, on which there were 400 men each, and 200 in the attic, where there was no ventilation except a window at each end. Our prison was known as No. 4. I was on the second floor.

When we reached there the first thing the rebels did was to again search us similar to the way they had done at Tunnel Hill and Atlanta, but before doing so, they informed us that anyone having United States money would get it back on their release from prison, they receipting us for the same, but if found on our person when searching us, it would be appropriated by the Confederate Government. They had learned by this time that we had ways of secreting it which was beyond their comprehension. Very many poor fellows turned over their last dollar rather than take chances of losing it, believing the promises made that we were soon to be paroled and that it would be returned to them. I, myself, gave them $40, all the money I had, taking a receipt.

I do not believe that one dollar of this money was ever returned. Having made a good haul on this search, one week later they again searched us and took from us, under threats of the severest punishment by way of withholding food, the receipts that they had given us for our money, at the same time pledging the honor of the Confederacy to refund all money on our release. However, by this time our confidence in their honor had ran down to a very low ebb. Maj. Nolan had charge of the prisoners at Danville, and to his credit I will say that he was the most humbane of any of our keepers, and did many little acts of kindness. He would come into the prison alone and talk with us for an hour at a time. He treated us as men, not as brutes. He sympathized with us and seemed sorry for our condition, and seemed really sorry that it was not in his power to prevent.

He took prisoners out to the cook house to cook our rations for us, granted them the privilege of the town on their parole of honor. He was always welcome when he entered the prison and needed no escort to protect him. But our condition was anything but desirable. Our clothing, as before described, consisted of one shirt, blouse, trousers, shoes and cap, badly worn and was fast giving out. Having been at the front for months before our capture, we were not able to draw a new supply. And to make our lot worse, Winter was upon us. No blanket or covering of any kind in the prison; the windows became broken, so that the wind and snow would blow thru the building. We slept in spoon-fashion, the same as at Richmond, often snow covering us when we arose in the morning. No fire of any kind was in the prison during that Winter, and warmth could not be obtained except by going up into the foul air of the attic, where there was more warmth than elsewhere. We suffered extremely from cold. Our bill of fare at Danville consisted of a pint of pea soup and a small piece of cornbread once a day. We ate it all at once.

We could easily have eaten four times as much. We suffered extremely from hunger as well as cold. The soup that I speak of never saw meat of any kind—just pea soup, pure and simple, made by boiling a black pea, which in every case contained a bug. When the water became warm those bugs rose to the top, forming a black surface, and the oil from those bugs was really nourishing. Many became homesick and discouraged. Sickness and death in our midst was an everyday occurrence, and to add to our misfortunes, the smallpox broke out in our prison, and eight out of every 10 were sick with it. Fully two-thirds of the entire prison were lying sick at one time with the smallpox, and the stench from the disease was unbearable. We had no medical aid; and without fire, care or attention of any kind, lying on a board floor, with the snow frequently for a covering, many died. But the mortality was less than would be expected under the circumstances. The fact that we had had no meat to eat proved a great benefit to us on this occasion.

New Year's Day, 1864, well remembered as the "Cold New Year's," found us here in the above condition, and our suffering from cold that day was terrible. And to add to our suffering, we were given no rations whatever. In this terrible condition we spent the time huddled together, telling some friend how we and our friends had spent New Year's Day at home, and of dear ones at home whom we had but little hopes of ever seeing again. During that Winter we spent our time as best we could, either standing or sitting on the floor, as we had no seats or benches. Very many passed the hours playing games. Checkers and 12 Men Morris were the favorite ones, which we would mark out and play on the floor. I spent my

time largely at those games and destroying graybacks, which were extremely numerous, and in this way succeeded to a great extent in keeping my mind occupied other than dwelling on home and friends and present conditions. When the mind was allowed to dwell on home and friends, then homesickness and death soon followed. May 29 we left Danville, this time placed in box cars strongly guarded and crowded to such an extent that all could not lie down at once. On the roof of the cars the guards were placed. In this condition very many died who were too feeble to stand up, and were tramped underfoot, both before and after death.

We went south. Some of the guards told us they were going to take us to Georgia, where they would give each of us a piece of ground two by six feet, which proved too true to most of us. Nothing important occurred on this trip, except that our train collided with a construction train while crossing a bridge near Charlotte, N. C., which badly demoralized the bridge and engine, but both trains kept the track. Had our train left the track it would have plunged into the river, 60 feet below, and this would have ended our prison life and thousands of the poor fellows would have been spared a long and tedious death. Four days from starting we reached a small berg in Georgia called Andersonville, where we disembarked from the cars, for which we were very thankful, and were marched to the stockade, about three-quarters of a mile away.

The sight of this stockade struck terror to every heart. It was that terror which is not shown by expression, but rather by the reverse; for little was said, while much thinking was kept up. We were heavily guarded with infantry and cavalry. As we were nearing the big gate, which was soon to shut on us, the rebel guards were increased. As I now look back on the scene, I conclude that it was a precaution taken, thinking that when the advance of the prisoners entered the stockade and saw the wretched condition of its inmates, they would revolt and refuse to enter. Soon we were inside. It was raining; the ground was muddy; it already seemed to be crowded; there was no shelter, not even trees. Had the timber been left standing, what a blessing it would have proved during that Summer of 1864.

Soon we were earnestly conversing with those whom we found there. We inquired where we could sleep, and they told us anywhere. But when night came, and we endeavored to lie down on the driest ground we could find, keeping out of the mud as best we could, we were ordered off by those who had pre-empted it before our coming. There being no shelter of any description in Andersonville, we were constantly out in the open air day and night. Not desiring to lie down in the mud, we remained standing the first night, being wet with a drizzling rain. Morning brought relief, but we now saw that our condition was desperate, and at once determined to make the best of it. Hard as we thought our condition to be at Richmond and Danville, we now found it much worse, and wished ourselves back again. There we had a roof over our heads which protected us from the mud and rain. The first 21 days of June it rained more or less each day, so that our clothing scarcely became dry.

Frequently we saw a group trying to sleep standing, by having one man for a centerpiece, the rest huddling around and leaning toward the center. Finally we took to the ground and slept as best we could. The moving multitude in that crowded pen kept the ground, when wet, very muddy.

I shall now very briefly describe the stockade and its surroundings. It consisted of about 10 acres of ground surrounded by a stockade 14 feet high, built with pine timbers cut 20 feet long and hewn square, so that each was about 12 by 12 inches. A trench was dug six feet deep and the timbers were placed therein in an upright position. Twenty feet from the stockade, on the inside, was the dead-line. This consisted simply of crotched sticks stuck into the ground and a pole laid in them about three feet from the ground. This 20 feet between the dead-line and stockade was forbidden ground for us. No prisoner could set foot there; neither place his hand on the dead-line, as it was sure and instant death; and many a poor fellow, preferring speedy death to a slow and starving one, would deliberately go to it, rest his hands on the dead-line, and await the result, which was sure and speedy. Many who lost their reason met the same fate.

On top of the stockade there were small sentry stations about 100 feet apart, with a roof to protect the guards from sun and rain. Each sentry had his number. No. 1 was on the right of the main gate, No. 2 next, and so on. The stockade was enlarged about July 15, adding about five acres more and making in all about 15 acres. The clean ground of the new part was eagerly sought by all, I being one of the fortunate ones to change my position to

the new part. This addition gave us more room, and for a few days we did not seem to be so overcrowded. At this time there were about 30,000 prisoners in Andersonville. Thru the center ran a sluggish stream, say, four inches deep and perhaps five feet wide, entering the stockade from the west side. On each side of the stream it was swampy and composed of a mixture of black mud and clay, so soft that it could not be crossed for about four or five rods on each side of the creek. The lay of the ground was such that the rebel batteries opposite each of the outer corners, which were constantly trained on the stockade, could rake every foot of the inclosure. Besides those batteries, a large body of troops, both infantry and cavalry, were constantly encamped outside and reinforced by several packs of bloodhounds, each pack being in charge of a man on horseback, whose duty it was to go around the stockade each morning, the dogs catching the scent of the fresh track of anyone who might have escaped by means of a tunnel during the night. As soon as the dogs caught a fresh scent they set up what seemed to us an unearthly yell, and away they would go with their keeper, and the poor fellow, unless he found a friendly tree which he could climb, would be torn to pieces.

Owing to our condition, treated like brutes, almost naked, starving, covered with lice and maggots as we lay on the ground; pain, agony, misery and death on every hand, coupled with the belief that our Government and friends had forgotten us and left us to perish under those conditions, the human part of man seemed to diminish and the brute or animal part to gain ascendency. In August, 6,980 died of scurvy, diarrhea and despair. Hope was now gone, and yet there is no spot on earth that can show greater loyalty to its country's Flag than that sacred spot inside the stockade at Andersonville.

Many, very many, times the rebels told us that our Government had deserted us, and if we would go out and work on the forts and fortifications that they were building, we could have food and clothing; and as many times this offer was met with a stern refusal and many a brave boy said in reply: "What, help to build forts to help kill our own men? Never; no, never; we will die here first." This not having a desired effect, the rebels then sought to enlist us in the Confederate service, we swearing allegiance to the Confederate Government, they offering to feed, clothe and pay us the same as other troops and allow us to occupy forts. This offer, like the other, was promptly refused, except by a very few. Perhaps one regiment was recruited and organized and sent to the defenses at Charleston, their intention being to desert to our own troops. But they never had an opportunity, and in about six weeks were returned to the prison. Feeling that our Government had forgotten, or rather neglected us, consent was obtained from the rebel authorities to send a delegation of three of our own men to Washington to be presented to President Lincoln with a petition signed by about 24,000 brave fellows, who were now almost naked and starving. This renewed hope within us, as we felt that our Government possibly had not known of our true condition and that, on the arrival of the delegation at Washington, steps would be taken for our release or parole. But no; by influence of Stanton, the delegation was not permitted to see Mr. Lincoln. Every act of Stanton's proved that he preferred to let every Union soldier die in prison rather than exchange them for able-bodied and well-fed rebels. This was a crowning shame to our Government, and for which we believe the Secretary of War alone responsible.

Religious meetings were frequently held, led by Serg't Miller, of my own regiment, and Boston Corbett, who afterward shot John Wilkes Booth. Contrast those meetings, if you will, and their surroundings with meetings held at home, and yet all worshiping the same God. August and September were the worst months. Scurvy had now gained such headway that it was the most fatal disease. It first showed its symptoms in the gums, which would swell to the end of the teeth; then the whole system became affected; soon the limbs commenced swelling; a few days, and suffering was over.

Much has been said about a certain spring which broke out in Andersonville. Such was the case, and it occurred under the following conditions: It was on Aug. 15. After a few days of extremely hot, sultry weather, a great storm broke upon us with such fury that no one who was there will ever forget it. It became dark, lightning flashed, thunder rolled, and the rain fell in sheets, and to add to the intensity of this terrible scene, the rebels commenced firing solid shot over us, which they kept up, seemingly, for the purpose of intimidating us, owing to the fact that some 20 feet of the stockade, where the creek entered the stockade washed down on account of the great

volume of water that was by this time forcing its way down the shallow, sluggish stream. When this scene was over we found a pure stream of spring water running from out the ground on the hillside. Boards were obtained from Capt. Wirz, a trough was made, and in order to obtain water from the spring, we fell in line and awaited our turn. Usually we remained in line from a half to three-quarters of an hour. At any hour, day or night, a line could be seen awaiting their turn to reach the spring. I am told that this spring is running yet, and rightly it was named "Providence Spring;" for before that we obtained water only from the stream, and it was very impure, from the fact that the rebels camped on it above the stockade. The cook house, too, was built over this stream and all debris was thrown therein; and to be sure that there was no mistake made, an occasional dead horse or mule was dumped into it below the rebel camp and before it entered the stockade.

In June an organization known as the "Raiders," composed of our own men, bound together by an oath of secrecy, were located in the southwest corner of the stockade. They were about 3,000 strong and made up mostly of men from the lower resorts of our great cities. They soon became the terror of the prison, and to such an extent that we were afraid to even speak of their doings for fear that we might be speaking to or in the presence of one of the gang, and if so, that night we would pay the penalty with our lives. This brought a new affliction onto us. If a prisoner was seen to have money, a ration of cornmeal, or anything, he was spotted and that night be would be robbed, and if he resisted or attempted to give an alarm, he would be choked to death. We were afraid to sleep. I, myself, have lain on the ground, pretending I was asleep, and seen them choke to death a poor fellow about 10 feet away.

Our rations consisted of cornmeal mush, and they would take possession of the wagons bringing it in to the prisoners, keeping it all to themselves, allowing the rest of us to starve, frequently, for two days at a time without anything to eat. If new prisoners came in with clothing, they would rob them of it at night, in a quiet way, and no one must say anything about it. Soon the prisoners organized what was known as the "Regulars," with a man by the name of Keys at the head, better known as "Limber Jim." He organized us into companies, and a desperate encounter took place for supremacy. It was a struggle for life, but with the timely aid of 100 men with guns and fixed bayonets, which Capt. Wirz placed in Keys's hands and subject to his orders, the "Raiders" were successfully run down and the leaders taken outside, where they were tried by a court-martial composed of 12 of our own officers, who were brought from the Macon Prison for that purpose, resulting in 300 to run the gauntlet and six to be hung.

A scaffold was built inside the prison and the six men hung on July 11, 1864. Those who had to run the gauntlet received cruel treatment, indeed. This effectually stopped the "Raiders," and we had no more trouble with them. It was an extreme act, yet, as I look back upon that scene now, I view it as an act of justice and humanity. Spies were sent into the stockade, dressed in our clothing, who reported all attempts at tunneling or plans of escape. My position in the new stockade was next to the dead-line on the south side. I was then chumming with Serg't John Morris, of the 18th U. S. Regulars. We preferred to be next to the dead-line, because of the purer air and the ground not being so much affected by vermin. One night Morris, who, like the rest of us, was troubled with the camp dysentery, got up about midnight, and as he again lay down beside me, I woke up. Immediately on the stillness of the night rang out a report from the gun of the guard on the stockade some 25 feet away, which startled me, at the same time feeling something warm and wet all over my face. Immediately Morris commenced to quiver. I turned toward him and spoke; he did not answer. I placed my hand on his head; it was wet; the ball had entered his head, and it was his brains I felt warm and wet on my face. I got up, telling my neighbors that Morris was killed. The guard refused to let any of us come near Morris, and told us that if we gathered together and talked about the circumstance he would shoot us as long as he had ammunition.

Our food, as before stated, consisted of mush made out of cornmeal, ground cob and all, and no salt, which was made in the great cook-house just outside of camp on the stream. Huge wagon-boxes, made tight, received the mush at the cook-house and a four-mule team drew it to the stockade. For the purpose of drawing our rations, we were divided into squads of 100 men. Each squad had a Sergeant, whose duty it was to draw the rations of mush for his hundred. He also had a board, and on that board he carefully divided the

mush into as many lumps as there were men in his squad, and one more, because the rule was that the Sergeant was entitled to two rations. Then, having carefully taken from the larger and placing on the smaller piles, until he became satisfied that the piles were all about one size, with the hungry men standing around, he would then direct some one to turn his back, handing him a slip, not of each man's name, but of his number in the squad. The Sergeant would then point with a stick to a certain pile of mush, saying, "Whose is this?" While the fellow with his back turned would speak a certain number, the comrade bearing that number would rush up and carefully take his ration. The Sergeant would then continue thru the entire list, pointing his stick, at the same time using the words, "And this?" This was repeated until each man in the squad had received his rations. There would then be two rations left, which belonged to the Sergeant. No other way could be satisfactory, so jealous was each for fear they did not get as much as their fellow. The rations of mush would fill about an ordinary teacup, which we received once a day, receiving nothing else. After delivering the mush, the wagon was again driven to the cook-house. Standing in the hot sun, the flies did their work—the rest we leave to the imagination—after which the wagon-box was again filled with mush, without cleansing, which frequently became sour, and when shoveled out of the wagon frequently had black streaks, showing a state of fermentation. There was nothing here to attract our attention. We played no games, as at Danville. The scenes of to-day were repeated to-morrow. Many became insane, and as the rate of mortality ran higher each month that we were there, until in August, two out of every three that were in the stockade the first of the month died before its close.

The dead were carried inside the dead-line at the main gate at 8 o'clock each morning and left in rows, entirely nude, as what clothing was left was always appropriated by those who had been their friends. They were merely skeletons. I have frequently counted from 300 to 400 dead soldiers at once. Four-mule wagons would drive in, the dead be thrown up on the wagon by two men, straightened around until a load of them was obtained, and so on until all of them were taken out. About Sept. 20 our cavalry, making a combined effort from different points to come to our relief, the rebels scattered us in different directions. I, with others, was placed in box-cars and sent to Charleston, S. C. Here we were under the fire of our own fleet for about two days, and those mortar shells, as they rose and dropped into the city, as viewed by us in the night, were truly grand.

When leaving Andersonville we were assured by the rebels that we were this time going to be exchanged. They assured us that there would be no disappointment this time, and that they would take us to Charleston, there to be paroled and turned over to our own Government; and from the fact that we knew our fleet lay in the harbor, and that we were going in the direction of Charleston, we believed what they told us, notwithstanding their having lied to us on previous occasions. On this trip we were not guarded as strongly as on former ones until after reaching Charleston, but we thought the troops were there in defense of the city. Soon they placed us in box-cars, telling us that arrangements were made to turn us over to our own forces elsewhere. We again became suspicious, and when it dawned on us that we were going to another Andersonville, all hope was gone, despair taking its place. After about 36 hours we reached Florence, S. C. Here we found another stockade similar to the one at Andersonville, as it had a stream passing thru it and a dead-line, and covered about 10 acres of ground. There was no shelter whatever. As the cold, drizzling rains of November came on, thousands who had withstood their experiences in Andersonville and elsewhere now gave up all hopes, most of them dying, for, as we surveyed our condition, we saw before us no escape from death. Feeble, emaciated, naked, starving, no shelter, and Winter approaching, did not help to encourage us. Some built earth huts; many others dug in the ground, then excavated a place off to one side for a protection from the elements.

It was not my purpose when commencing to write this reminiscence of prison life to draw it out to such a length, but as scene after scene passes vividly before me, I briefly note them, and yet I find, on reflection, that one-quarter of the circumstances that I might have alluded to I have not mentioned.

But I must close this narrative. Suffice it to say that our food and treatment in Florence was similar to that at Andersonville, and the fact that Winter was again approaching and was now upon us made our lot very much worse, and practically all now abandoned hope, as we knew we could not live in that condition during another

Winter. About one acre of ground in one corner of the stockade was partitioned off about Nov. 1 by laying poles in crotches, similar to the dead-line. This part was called the hospital, altho there was no shelter there any more than in the rest of the prison.

I now made up my mind that my only chance for life was in being paroled, and that if any were paroled it would be those in the hospital. I now commenced to plan more than ever to get out, and decided on trying to get into the hospital. The rebel doctor had the sick-call sounded about 9 o'clock each day, and those who were not able to walk were brought to him. He examined them briefly, and if he deemed them fit subjects for the hospital, they were admitted; if not, they were sent back. The advantage at the hospital lay not in shelter, neither in change of food, so much as it did from the fact that the sick were prescribed for and furnished some medicine. At this time I was considerably crippled up from scurvy and rheumatism, and decided to make the attempt to get into the hospital. With the aid of two comrades who befriended me, one on each side and a stick in my hand, which I used as a cane, I was taken one morning to the sick-call. The doctor, looking me over, said he guessed I could stand it a while longer, and refused to admit me. As soon as I got out of his sight, I dispensed with further assistance of the comrades who were aiding me to walk, being able to go back to my quarters without assistance.

I was afraid to repeat the attempt the following morning, as I feared the doctor might remember me, so I waited for about four days, when I again repeated my attempt to get into the hospital. Assisted by my comrades and leaning on them I again appeared before the doctor, and this time it proved successful, as I appeared much more feeble than before, while I was really able to go anywhere in the prison without assistance. Now, being admitted to the hospital, it was necessary for me to keep quiet. The morning of Nov. 26, 1864, three rebel officers came into the hospital part of the stockade, saying they were going to parole 500 of the sick. The hospital was divided into wards of 100 men each, each man numbered. The officers informed us that they would parole the first fifth of the first 10 wards. I did not know what my number was then, on account of so many deaths which had taken place. Hope sprang anew within us, and yet, as we had been deceived so often, we had many doubts, but the fact that they had once commenced to administer the oath to us and the further fact that it was the sick that were being paroled, gave us great hopes, and my anxiety to know if I should be included among the fortunate few was intense.

To be paroled then, owing to my physical condition, meant life and liberty to me. To miss it meant sure death, as I could have survived my condition but a few days longer. When the hospital steward commenced calling the roll of my ward (No. 9,) I anxiously awaited my name, until the first 40 had been called. With the very keenest anxiety I listened for my name. When the 47th man had been called I was completely discouraged. Next the steward said: "No. 48: James Greacen, Co. I, 22d Mich." I then stepped forward to the table, signed my parole, swearing that I would never take up arms for the United States until I was legally exchanged and notified thereof. No change to the human mind could be more sudden. Hope at once took the place of despondency. As we were paroled we were taken outside of the stockade, and spent that night lying on the pine plains with but few guards, the rebels furnishing us with better and more abundant rations than we had ever received since our capture.

The next morning we were placed on flat cars, reaching Savannah about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, where we were permitted to camp in an open field adjoining the city, and while we still had misgivings, yet from the conduct of the rebels in sending about only 20 guards with us, and the fact that on reaching Savannah we were furnished with white bread, sweet potatoes and coffee, many of us ate more than we should. However, this gave us renewed confidence. The citizens of Savannah flocked around us in large numbers, and mingled with the prisoners, and many of them, both men and women, seemed glad that we were on our way to our homes, and that our prison life was over. Much sympathy was manifested by them and many kind words spoken. After again furnishing us a good meal for our breakfast next morning, we were marched to the dock thru one of the principal streets of the city, while the streets and windows, even to the third and fourth stories, were crowded with citizens who had gathered to see our wretched condition.

Three transports lay at the dock, which conveyed us down the Savannah River to a point opposite Fort Pulaski, where our fleet lay at anchor. About 3 o'clock that afternoon we stepped off

the rebel flagship onto the General Lyon. Over our head floated the Stars and Stripes, which we had not seen for 15 months and which we could not help gazing upon. Never before nor since did that old Flag seem so dear to me or mean so much to me.

The Union officers shook each by the hand as we stepped on board, having a kind and pleasant word for all. What a change—a pleasant smile, among friends, as compared with the profane, tyrannical and brutal treatment that we had been so long accustomed to. Imagine the contrast. Our officers who received us, in their dress-suits with side-arms, the pictures of health, of strength and of plenty, and we in our starved and wretched condition, each partially naked, what clothing we had consisting mostly of meal sacks; gaunt and sunken features, with hair uncut and unshaven faces, and demoniac look. When taken prisoner I weighed 180 pounds; I now weighed 96 pounds. Bath-tubs and soap were at once furnished us; our rags, vermin and all, floated down the river; new suits thruout were furnished us; after which we were furnished with coffee, bread, butter, beef, potatoes and a gill of vinegar to a man, which we were requested to drink, on account of the scurvy. The amount furnished was very small, as the Surgeon would not permit us to eat but a certain amount, while our appetites craved much more.

The General Lyon weighed anchor the next morning, and the next day, on our way to Annapolis, nearly went to the bottom in a storm off Cape Hatteras, where two months later she did go down to the bottom with 500 paroled prisoners on board. Here our clothing, which we had drawn but four days before, was destroyed, and we were again supplied with new clothing. The Government paid us four months' pay and gave each of us a 60 days' furlough to our respective homes.

"The Old Sixth Corps."

By Thos. Lynch, 43 Cliff St., Conajoharie, N. Y.

Editor National Tribune: Having seen the request of P. G. Marks, Lebanon, Pa., for a copy of the song, "God Bless the Old Sixth Corps," I inclose a copy for publication, believing there are many more comrades who would be pleased to see the song in print and thereby obtain a copy.—Thos. Lynch, 43 Cliff St., Conajoharie, N. Y.

God bless our noble army,
The hearts are strong and brave
That have willing come our standard
From treason's grasp to save;
But from the Western prairie
To Atlantic's rocky shore,
The truest, noblest hearts of all
Are in the "Old Sixth Corps."

Then, 'ere we part tonight, boys,
We'll sing one song the more,
With chorus swelling loud and clear,
Glod bless the "Old Sixth Corps."

In the thickest of the battle,
Where the cannon's fiery breath
Smites many a strong heart pressing
On to victory or death,
The foremost in the conflict,
The last to say, 'tis o'er—
Who know not what it is to yield—
You'll find the "Old Sixth Corps."

There's many a brave man lying
Where he nobly fought and fell;
There's many a mother sighing,
For the son she loved so well;
And the Southern winds are breathing
A requiem where they lie—
O, the gallant followers of the cross
Are not afraid to die.

Our truest, bravest heart is gone,
And we remember well
The bitter anguish of that day
When noble Sedgwick fell;
But there is still another left
To lead us to the fight,
And with a hearty three times three
We'll cheer our gallant Wright.

Then, on; still onward will we press,
'Till treason's voice is still,
And proudly wave the "Stripes and Stars"
On every Southern hill.
We'll struggle till our flag is safe
And honored as before;
And men in future time shall say
"God bless the Old Sixth Corps."

Then, e'er we part tonight, boys,
We'll sing one song the more,
With chorus swelling loud and clear,
"God bless the Old Sixth Corps."

Robert E. Lee.

By W. Medkirk.

This paper is only intended to recite a few historical facts in the life of Robert E. Lee, to show that by parentage, education, surroundings, and everything in the way that made up his life, he never believed that a State had the right to withdraw from the Union of States; that it was an indissoluble Union, founded by our fathers; that his ancestors were all Federalists, and that his father did not hesitate to lead the United States troops into Pennsylvania to suppress the "Whisky Rebellion."

Lee's State, Virginia, had less cause to secede than any other State; it was a Union State and cast its electoral vote for Bell and Everett in 1860. The rebellion was a landholders', no less than a slaveholders' rebellion—not a rebellion of the people. South Carolina was the one which kept up the agitation, as she had inherited it from Calhoun, who made slavery the issue when he dropped the tariff as the issue in 1832, when Jackson sent him word that at the first move on his part against the United States Government he would arrest him and hang him Virginia had no interest in common with South Carolina—the election of Abraham Lincoln was only a pretext. John Janey, President of the Virginia Convention, said that "Mr. Lincoln was not the cause of secession; he only served as a bridge for the convention to pass over."

The calling of 75,000 troops by the President was another excuse for the leaders to fire the Southern heart; the calling of troops was to protect Washington, as there was no doubt in the minds of President Lincoln and his advisors that the rebels would attempt to take Washington. It was an old idea of theirs. Brooks, of South Carolina, in the Senate in 1856, said: "If Fremont is elected, the South should on March 4, 1857, march upon Washington and seize the archives and the Treasury of the Government."

There were men from the foundation of the Government who were very weak in their ideas that it was a perpetual Union. Jefferson was a constant thorn in Washington's side, and was such a plotter, even while he was in Washington's official family, that Gen. Lee's father warned Washington about him. But it was a long time before Washington saw his treachery, and for the last three years of Washington's life Jefferson never stopped at Mount Vernon, altho he passed there frequently on his way to Washington. Jefferson said: "Whether we remain in one Confederacy or form into Atlantic and Mississippi Confederacies, I believe is not very important to the happiness of either." He said that, too, after the Atlantic States had paid $15,000,000 toward the Louisiana purchase.

The conduct of Jefferson so wrought up Washington that, writing to Gen. Alexander Hamilton about the Shay rebellion, he said: "What, gracious God, is man, that there should be such inconsistency and perfidiousness in his conduct? It is but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitution under which we now live—constitutions of our own choice and making—and now we are unsheathing the sword to overturn them." Again: "The just pride of patriotism is exalted by the more comprehensive title of citizen of the United States." Again: "Because I see under popular and fascinating guises the most diabolic attempts to destroy the best fabric of human Government and happiness that has ever been presented to the acceptance of mankind."

To show how little real disunion sentiment existed in the Southern States, except probably South Carolina, I will state that about 1850 Gen. Quitman was the disunion candidate for Governor of Mississippi, and Senator Foote was the Union candidate. Foote met Quitman in joint debate and drove him from the contest. Jeff Davis took his place on the ticket and was overwhelmingly defeated. The same thing occurred in Georgia. Howell Cobb was the Union candidate for Governor, and was elected by a large majority.

Many will be surprised, as I was, when I found that a Democratic Congress passed a force bill in 1832, giving President Jackson unusual powers to suppress the threatened seces-

sion of South Carolina in that year. It passed the House by a vote of 169 ayes to 48 noes, and the Senate by 32 ayes and one no. Its champion in the Senate was Senator Reaves, of Virginia.

My purpose in this paper is to give some light upon the character of Robert E. Lee, his state of mind prior to the rebellion, and his course during the war in prolonging it when he knew it was a hopeless contest. I firmly believe that Lee was never satisfied with the course he took. Every line he wrote up to the time he left the army was against the right to secede and the wisdom of it. He did not come out openly against his State's seceding, probably because he was an Army officer. There can be only one reason given for the course he took, and that was ambition. He believed that if the Confederacy were established he would be the Washington of it; but he never advised a man to follow him into the rebellion. On the contrary, I was told by a Union volunteer general officer that a Lieutenant, a Virginian by birth, was ordered to report to the Secretary of War in Washington. He came to Washington, and on Pennsylvania avenue he met Lee, who stopped him and in his formal way greeted him and asked him what he was doing here in Washington. He said he had been ordered to report to the Secretary of War, "but I don't know what to do; I am worried about it."

Lee dropped his head a moment, then straightened up and said: "Report to the Secretary of War, Lieutenant; report to the Secretary of War." Then he saluted and passed on. The Lieutenant did report to the Secretary of War, and before the end of the war rose to high rank.

John S. Mosby said of Lee that Lee has said the South was in a state of revolution, which the secessionists denied. Lee said he did not justify himself on any theory of States' rights, but pleased his family and friends; and therefore he did not fight for a principle, but for a sentiment. He also said that Lee nor the South should have blamed Abraham Lincoln for being opposed to the extension of slavery into the Territories; so was Jefferson; and the people of the Territories had as much right to oppose the extension of slavery into the Territories as the people of Illinois had to quarantine against the cattle disease.

George H. Thomas, a Virginian, never for an instant wavered in his loyalty and devotion to his country, altho all his family and friends were rebels. All the extracts that I will read are from Lee's personal and official correspondence, taken from Long's Memories of Robert E. Lee, by Brig.-Gen. A. L. Long, formerly Military Secretary to Gen. Lee and Chief of Artillery, Second Corps, Army of Virginia. It, therefore, cannot be called "Yankee lies." My object in presenting a great many of these extracts from Lee's correspondence is to show that he, as a military man, knew the hoplessness of the rebel cause as early as 1862, and therefore is personally responsible for holding out as he did.

Lee was commissioned Colonel of the First Cavalry March 16, 1861. April 20, 1861, he sent his resignation to Gen. Scott with a request that it be forwarded with a favorable recommendation at once to the Secretary of War. The resignation was accepted April 25, 1861 (Army Register, 1860 to 1861). On April 23, 1861, Lee was appointed, by the Governor of Virginia, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the State of Virginia. He was presented with his commission by the President of the convention, who in fulsome words told him that they expected him "to be governed by one desire and one determination, and that is, that she (Virginia) shall be defended; she placed her sword in your hands on the implied condition which we know you will keep to the letter and in spirit; that you will draw it only in defense of Virginia."

Lee in reply said: "I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

Lee organized the State forces and had a force of about 30,000 men. Now for the peculiar situation which presented itself. Lee was in command of 30,000 State troops; his commission was to defend the State against all comers, and he accepted it with that understanding and desire. His State troops menaced the rebels as well as the Union forces. The rebels could make no headway in Virginia until Lee was got out of the way. This, comrades, to me is the most startling and interesting information from rebel history I know of.

Alexander H. Stephens was in Richmond to induce Virginia to enter the rebel Confederacy and to undo, so far as Gen. Lee was concerned, the work which that morning had been performed. (Page 491, Long's book.) Stephens said: "I was to know as the shades of evening fell upon that day, and he sat in my room at the Ballard House, at my request, to listen to my proposal that he resign, without any compensation or promise thereof, the very hon-

or and rank he had that same morning received. Gen. Lee heard me quietly, understood the situation at once, and saw that he alone stood between the Confederacy and his State. The members of the commission had seen at once that if Lee was left out of the proposed compact that was to make Virginia one of the Confederate States—and I knew that one word or even a look of dissatisfaction from him would terminate the negotiations—North Carolina would act with Virginia, and either the border States would protect our lines, or the battlefield would be moved at once down to South Carolina and the borders of Georgia. Gen. Lee did not hesitate for one moment, and while he saw it would make matters worse to throw up his commission, he declared that no personal ambition or emolument should be considered or stand in the way."

So, instead of Lee's defending his State and drawing his sword in her defense alone, as he had declared and promised, he surrendered all to the Confederacy and made his own State the battlefield instead of South Carolina.

On April 23, 1861, Lee assumed command of the military and naval forces of the State of Virginia, two days before his resignation was accepted. Such an act was desertion, and his resignation should never have been accepted. He should have been marked as a deserter and treated as such when captured. The acceptance of his resignation was a nullity and void, because he was a deserter from the Army at the time it was accepted. Therefore, he was no longer an officer of the United States Army, and yet he is called a Virginia gentleman and a high-minded Christian soldier. There is not recorded in history a more perfidious act.

December 27, 1856, writing of slavery, Lee said: "There are few, I believe, in this enlightened age, who will not acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil. I think it is a greater evil to the white man than to the colored race. The blacks are immeasurebly better off here than in Africa, morally, physically and socially. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their further instruction as a race, and will prepare them, I hope, for better things." And yet he fought four years to perpetuate an institution that was a "moral and political evil," and that was the foundation stone of the Confederacy and the cause of secession, as South Carolina so declared in her ordinance of secession.

Writing from Texas in January, 1861, Lee said: "I received Everett's 'Life of Gen. Washington.' How his spirit would be grieved could he see the wreck of his mighty labors. I will not permit myself to believe until all the ground of hope has gone, that the fruit of his noble deeds will be destroyed and that his precious advice and virtuous example will so soon be forgotten by his countrymen." Then was the time for him to have shown some moral courage and to have come out boldly and advised his people against such a crisis, as did John Minor Botts and hundreds of other good men. It is very probable that Virginia would not have been dragged into secession had Lee at that time spoken the "fitted word" that would have driven the mob out of Richmond. But no. He kept quiet and let the mob have its way. How much better for himself and for his State would it have been if he had followed George H. Thomas, his superior as a soldier and a gentleman.

Writing again, Lee said: "I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union. Four more apparently will follow their example. Then, if the border States are brought into the gulf of revolution, one half of the country will be arrayed against the other. I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it." Strange that he could do nothing. As he invoked the memory of Washington, I should think that would have been enough for him to have tried at least to prevent the people of his State from rebelling.

The author of his life says: "From the above it will be seen with what pain and regret Col. Lee witnessed the progressive steps leading to the dissolution of the Union."

Again, writing from Texas, Jan. 23, 1861: "The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded." He was proud of his American citizenship and took great pride in his country. Both his citizenship and his country were the United States, not the State of Virginia; and he had Washington's opinion to guide him on that point. Continuing, he says: "But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor in its preservation." But it is nowhere shown that he sacrificed or

attempted to sacrifice anything for the cause of the Union; but he did sacrifice his honor in deserting to the enemy. When Blair accused him of being influenced in his course by the fear of losing his slaves, he declared that he would give the 4,000,000 negroes if it would save the country. And yet he was following South Carolina, whose excuse was that Mr. Lincoln intended to free the slaves, while Mr. Lincoln had declared that he had no such intention, and no power to do so, if he had.

Again he said: "Secession is nothing but reovlution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forebearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for a perpetual Union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a Government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by a revolution or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy, and not a Government, would have been established by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and all the patriots of the Revolution. If the Union is dissolved and the Government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, shall draw my sword on none."

It looks as if Lee had read Jackson's proclamation to the nullifiers of South Carolina with great care, and agreed with Jackson, who depicted to the people of the South what would happen to them if they followed Calhoun; for Lee certainly shared with the people of Virginia miseries enough to satisfy him, and, in addition, he had all alone to bear the misery and humiliation of defeat. At the time he wrote to Gen. Scott (April 20, 1861) he also wrote to his sister, Mr. Marshall, then residing in Baltimore: "Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn. I recognize no necessity for this state of things, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against by native State. With all my devotion to the Union, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the Army and, save in defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services will not be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me, but you must think as kindly of me as you can. I have no time for more."

The President of the Virginia Convention, in presenting his commission to him, said that "no spot on the soil of Virginia shall be polluted by the foot of an invader." If the gentleman lived a while I guess he realized, as Mr. Lee did, that his words were not prophetic.

In a letter to a friend, dated April 25, 1861, at Richmond, the very date of the acceptance of his resignation by our Government, he said: "I wanted to say many things to you before I left home, but the event was rendered so imperatively speedy that I could not." Writing to his danghter: "The home we so loved has been forever desecrated."

The great mass of our comrades and countrymen believe that Lee commanded the Confederate forces from the start. He did not. He was placed in command of them on June 1, 1862. Prior to that time he was on Davis's staff.

It is a common saying that Gettysburg was the turning point of the war. I shall quote from Lee's official reports to show that he knew as early as the Fall of 1862 that there was not the shadow of a chance for the rebels to succeed from that time on. But oh, how he hated to give up! His visions of being the successful commander who had established the Confederacy were gone, and he would rather die himself and sacrifice thousands of lives in the hope of success than face a surrender. The people were tired of the war. The army was tired of it and were deserting every day, but they had no place to go and were hunted down like wolves and put back into the ranks. The cancer of remorse for his treason was already gnawing at his vitals.

In his report of his operations in Maryland, writing of the condition of his army (September, 1862) he said: "Altho not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war, and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes," etc. Sept. 8, 1862, writing to Jeff Davis, he urges that the rebel government encourage the Democratic Peace Party of the North all they can. To Davis, Sept. 23, 1862: "The numbers of this army have been greatly reduced by desertion and straggling. Our stragglers are being daily collected. How long they will remain with us or when they will again disappear is impossible for me to say."

Sept. 20, 1862: "Many of the strag-

glers have wandered to a distance, feigning sickness, wounds, etc. Many will not stop until they reach their distant homes." Nov. 20, 1862, Lee reported his army: Aggregate, 153,773; aggregate present, 86,569; aggregate absent, 67,204. Dec. 2, 1862, Lee reported to the Secretary of War, notifying him that a firm in Richmond proposes to furnish 1,300 pairs of shoes at $15 per pair, and calls them "extortioners." He opposed the hanging of Dahlgren's men, because it would provoke retaliation. As the rebels under command of the rebel General Gilmer had held up a B. & O. train and robbed the passengers of all they had, and if the Federals caught them they would treat them as highwaymen and hang them. Oct. 2, 1863, he wants deserters shot. Nov. 6, 1863, he states: "Robbing of farmers and others has been committed by our army as well as by the Federals." Nov. 29, 1863, he wants the whole population of the Confederacy put in the army. Jan. 16, 1865, writing to Longstreet, Lee admits that he has nothing for man or beast. Yet he continues the struggle for three months more.

Writing to Jeff Davis, he recommends that all able-bodied men employed as cooks, teamsters, mechanics and laborers be put into the ranks, and their places be supplied with negroes, and that negroes be put in places of whites in every place in the army where negroes can be used. Lee to Early, Sept. 27, 1864: "A kind of Providence will yet overrule everything for our good." Dec. 11, 1864: "I called for 5,000 negro laborers under an act of Feb. 17, 1864; 2,200 was the greatest number ever reported, and a large number of them have deserted. The present number cannot exceed 1,200." To the Secretary of War, Jan. 19, 1865: "There is great suffering in the army for the want of soap." Jan. 25, 1865, Lee issued a circular saying that he had nothing of any kind with which to equip his cavalry. Yet he held on two months longer, hoping Providence might save his title of General.

Lee's last appeal for supplies (Feb. 8, 1865) was sent to the Secretary of War, who sent it to Davis, marked "Personal, and to be returned." Davis perused it and indorsed it as follows: "This is too sad to be patiently considered and cannot have occurred without criminal neglect or gross incapacity. Let supplies be had by purchase or borrowing, or other possible mode." Feb. 24, 1865, Lee wrote to Gov. Vance, of North Carolina, telling him "the North Carolina soldiers are deserting, and friends from home are writing them to desert. Friends write them that the number of deserters is so large in the several Counties of the State that they need not be afraid of the home guards, and that the cause is hopeless; to take care of themselves; that he (Lee) has sent a force to North Carolina to hunt down deserters, and when they resist to take no prisoners.

Feb. 26, 1865, Lee wrote to the Secretary of War, inquiring of him as to what had become of the order to enlist negro troops, stating that he had seen it in the papers, but had received no official orders about it, and that he could enlist a great many in Petersburg.

April 7, 1865, a number of the principal officers of the rebel army, perceiving the difficulties that surrounded the army, and from a feeling of affection and sympathy for Lee, volunteered to inform him that, in their opinion, the struggle was hopeless, and that the contest should be terminated and negotiations opened for the surrender of the army. They appointed Gen. Pendleton to speak to Lee, which he did. Lee said: "Oh, no; I trust it has not come to that;" and added, "besides, if I were to say a word to the Federal commander he would regard is as such a confession of weakness as to make it a condition of demanding unconditional surrender—a proposal to which I will never listen." So he sacrificed hundreds of lives in the next few days for the purpose of making terms. Yet his worshipers speak of his "stainless sword."

He expressed the Union sentiments, before referred to, after the people of four States had rebelled and four more were about to do so; and yet he accepted a commission from President Lincoln and took the oath of allegiance to the United States on March 16, 1861, knowing for a certainty that Virginia would secede, and knowing also that he would follow her into rebellion; but he was not honorable enough under the conditions to refuse that commission. He wanted to be in the United States Army as a full-fledged Colonel. Lee, the gentleman, was not honorable enough to say to the pure and good Lincoln, "No, Mr. President, I cannot accept that promotion and commission at this time," and remained on the pay roll of the United States Army to the last minute.

Poor old Gen. Scott tried to hold Lee loyal to his duty. He pictured to him that, owing to his age, he (Scott) would have to retire as the head of the Army, and that Lee would certainly get the place. His apologists cite that as an evidence of the tempting offers that were made him, as though it is an in-

cident to be proud of, but in my judgment it only adds to his weight of infamy.

In the last days of the struggle Lee became desperate, and I am firmly convinced never intended to live to see the end; and he had that in view when he placed himself at the head of a body of troops to make a final desperate charge in an attempt to break the Union lines, and he was prevented from doing so only by the soldiers themselves. Lee never wrote nor talked about the war after the surrender. He wanted to forget it. When he was before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War they did not succeed in getting a word from him. His invariable answer was, "I don't know; I can't recollect."

Longstreet, the day before the surrender, called upon Lee for assistance. Lee asked Gordon if he could send Longstareet any aid, and Gordon said that he could not; that his corps was fought to a frazzle, and he could do no more. Then Lee turned to his staff, and then the failure of the past four years rose up before him, and in his anguish and remorse he cried out: "Then I must go and meet Gen. Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all their piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line;
Nor all their tears wash out a word of it."

Our Noble Dead.

By Mrs. H. Sexton, Breckenridge, Mich., 1909.

Over the meadows the soft winds blow,
And robins nest in the trees once more.
Shadows silently come and go,
And sunlight falls thru the open door.
We meet again in the sweet Spring light,
In honor of those who bravely died,
To scatter floral tributes bright
Over the graves of a Nation's pride.

Well we remember that sad, sad day
Of the early Springtime long ago,
When our brave young heroes marched away,
'Neath our Nation's colors to meet the foe.
Many a mother, in those dark days,
Heard with anguish the country's call,
Followed her darlings with tearful gaze,
And gave the cause she loved her all.

Many a soldier returned again,
Maimed, disfigured, starved and ill;
And many more were in battle slain,
And sleep in Southern trenches still.
Months lengthened to years, and all the while,
Hovered above us the war-cloud dread,
And rebel rifles and prisons vile
Increased the list of our noble dead.

We cannot honor their names above
The rightful homage that we should pay;
They gave their lives for the homes they loved,
And the Flag that's kissed by the breeze to-day.

Soldiers, you who are left to tell
Of weary marches and hospital fare,
Of hard-fought battles, when shot and shell
From contending forces rent the air;

Of ceaseless longing for friends and home;
Of picket duty and sleepless nights,
Where the dread guerrilla was wont to roam,
Invading the citizens' peace and rights;
Your silver locks and your failing strength
Teach us the lesson, sad but true;
Time pauses not, but will bring, at length,
The day when this will be done for you.

The changing seasons their course will run,
Bringing the Springtime, ever dear;
On each occasion many a one
Will have joined the sleepers from year to year.
Soon you will answer the bugle call,
Fold your tents at the summons dread,
Into line at the order fall
And join the army of noble dead.

May the Nation remember her noble dead,
And yearly visit each honored grave,
As long as the sun shines overhead,
As long as the Stars and Stripes shall wave.

The Battle of Pittsburg Landing.

By Col. E. T. Lee.

There is no battle of the war for the Union which has been more written about and less understood than the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, which was fought on the west bank of the Tennessee River on April 6 and 7, 1862, between the Union army, commanded by Gen. U. S. Grant and D. C. Buell, and the Confederate army, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and Gen. G. T. Beauregard. But before we enter into the description of the two days' battle let us look at the situation of the two armies and their commanders. On the side of the Union, Gen. Grant with his victorious Army of the Tennessee had just taken Forts Henry and Donelson with 15,000 prisoners and all the cannon and small arms, and had gone up the Cumberland River and captured Clarksville and Nashville, sending the gunboats up the Tennessee River as far as Pittsburg Landing.

These victories had thrilled the great loyal North, for Fort Donelson was the first great Union victory of the war. The troops had caught the inspiration and felt that they were invincible and were anxious and ready to meet the enemy on any field. But the triumph of these troops and the achievements of their commander had already awakened jealousy in the minds of those higher in authority, and as the great army gathered at Fort Henry to take the steamers to go up the Tennessee River there came an order which read as follows:

"Headquarters, Department of Missouri.

"St. Louis, Mo., March 8, 1862.

"To Gen. U. S. Grant: You will make your quarters at Fort Henry until further instructions. Turn the command over to Gen. C. F. Smith. Signed, W. H. Halleck, Major-General."

Imagine the feelings of the army and its commander upon the receipt of this unexpected order. Gen. Halleck had trumped up charges against Gen. Grant, claiming that he had failed to report the strength of the army under his command and that he had exceeded his authority in taking Clarksville and Nashville. He made these charges to Gen. George B. McClellan, who was then in command of the army, and like the good soldier that he was. Gen. Grant obeyed his order and turned over his command to Gen. C. F. Smith, who was a gallant soldier and who admitted that a very great injustice had been done Gen. Grant. The troops went on board the large fleet of steamers, and one of the grandest sights ever witnessed on the Western waters was the old Army of the Tennessee leaving Fort Henry for its new base at Pittsburg Landing.

The troops were rejoicing that they were to go on to the front to meet the enemies of the old Flag, and as the steamers passed each other with bands playing and the flags floating, cheer after cheer echoed over the waters of the Tennessee. The "Silver Moon" and the "Glendale" joined in the grand chorus with their steam calliopes, one playing "Dixie" and the other "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The river was high. on account of the spring rains, and the gunboats accompanied the troops up the river. The boat which carried the 41st Ill. was the "Aleck Scott," the fastest steamer on the river, and we passed all the others, except Gen. S. A. Hurlbut's headquarters boat, and landed at Pittsburg Landing, the first of all the troops who went up on that occasion. There had been two companies of the 32d Ill. and one of the gunboats up there a few days before, and had a skirmish at the Landing and one or two of the 32d boys were killed and wounded.

We loaded our guns on the steamer and deployed up the bank and out into the timber, but found no enemy there at the time. We went out about one mile from the landing and went into camp. The remainder of our division followed, and soon Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, Gen. B. M. Prentice, Gen. John A. McClernand, and Gen. W. T. Sherman with their divisions arrived and went into camp farther out, Gens. Sherman and McClernand occupying the ground near the Shiloh church, where the battle opened on the morning of the 6th. About two and a half miles from the landing Gen. Lew Wallace with his division was stationed at Crump's Landing, some six miles down the river on

the west side. Gen. C. F. Smith established headquarters at Savannah, a small town down the river about eight miles on the east bank of the Tennessee River. Thus was the Union army located.

Pittsburg Landing was an elevated location and heavily wooded land. Snake Creek emptied into the Tennessee on the north and Dill's Run and Owl Creek on the south. The place could have been made impregnable in a very short time by the erection of breastworks, but none were thrown up, and it was here that our Western army were to learn its great lesson that ever afterward made it and its commanders on the lookout for any emergency, and were ready to receive or to make an attack. It was a dear lesson, but a positive one that Grant nor Sherman never afterward forgot. Gen. Grant remained at Fort Henry and aided in sending forward troops and supplies to Gen. Smith. On March 24 Commodore Foote sent word to Gen. Smith that he desired to see him on board his flagship to consult with him in reference to sending the ironclads down the river, as the water was falling very rapidly. In stepping into a yawl from his headquarters steamer, Gen. Smith missed the step and slipped and severely bruised his left leg from the ankle to above the knee, not only removing the skin, but tearing the flesh from the bone in places. He was 62 years old, six feet three inches tall, and weighed over 200 pounds. He was a West Point graduate and was every inch a soldier, and was well liked by his troops. (He grew worse, and this injury caused his death at Savannah in April after the battle.) He wrote to Gen. Grant at Fort Henry and told him of his injury, and asked that he come up and take command of the army. In the meantime Gen Grant had asked to be relieved from any command under Gen. Halleck, who he considered had done him a great injustice, as he had reported the number of troops under his command and considered he had authority to take Clarksville and Nashville. Gen. Halleck, seeing the situation, wrote to Gen. Grant, asking him to go up to Pittsburg Landing and take command of the army and lead it on to still greater victories. He went as requested, and on board the steamer "Hiawatha."

On April 2, just four days before the battle, there was a council of war held, and Gen. Smith turned over the command of the army to Gen. Grant. Halleck had ordered that Grant should go to Pittsburg Landing and take command and await the arrival of the Army of the Ohio, under Gen. Buell, when Halleck was to come down from St. Louis, take command of the combined armies, and move on the enemy at Corinth, 24 miles away, where they had strongly intrenched themselves. It was never any part of the program on the part of the Union commanders to fight a battle at Shiloh. At this council of war Gen. Smith said to Gen. Grant: "In the next few days you will have to meet and, I hope, defeat the ablest General in the Southern Confederacy, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, being in my opinion, the ablest military man of his day." Gen. Grant modestly remarked: "We will do the best we possibly can do to defeat him." McPherson, Hurlbut, McClernand, McArthur and Sherman were present at this council. Thus it will be seen that Gen. Grant was placed in full command only four days before the battle, and with his former experience with Halleck, he would do nothing not specified in his orders from Halleck. Shiloh was considered only a temporary camp for the army, awaiting the arrival of the Army of the Ohio and Gen. Buell. The headquarters had been established at Savannah by Smith, and they yet remained there when the battle opened on the morning of April 6.

Now let us look at the Confederate side before the battle opens. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had just been sent West by Jeff Davis to take command of the Confederate forces. He had only reached Bowling Green, Ky., a short time before Gen. Grant took Forts Henry and Donelson, and had not time to arrange his troops, that were scattered from Cumberland Gap to the Missouri River, and on the west to Pea Ridge, Ark. The capture of the forts caused Gen. Johnston to fall back from Bowling Green, and when Nashville fell he retreated to Murfreesboro, Tenn. This so enraged the Southerners that they said in their papers that he was not competent to command the army, and charged him with being untrue to the South. So great was the pressure that Jeff Davis ordered Gen. Beauregard to come up from Charleston, S. C., to assist Johnston in the command of the army.

It was decided to concentrate the Confederate forces at Corinth, Miss, 24 miles from Pittsburg Landing, and, if possible, stop the farther invasion of their soil by Gen. Grant's army. Troops were hurried to this point from every quarter, until an army of 46,000 or 50,000 men were gathered there. Gen. Johnston heard of Gen. Buell's army marching toward Pittsburg Landing,

and he and Beauregard decided to make a forced march and attack Grant's army, and, if possible, destroy or capture it before the arrival of Buell. He gave orders for the army to move on Pittsburg Landing at once and that all the various commands must be in position near the Union lines on the afternoon of April 4 at 3 o'clock; but, owing to the bad roads and a portion of the army getting mixed up, they did not get into position until the evening of the 5th, too late to commence the battle on that day.

There was a council of war called that night at Gen. Johnston's headquarters, and Gen. Beauregard insisted that it should only be called a reconnaissance in force and that no attack be made, as he felt sure that they would find the Union forces behind breastworks, as there had been heavy skirmishing on the day before. But Gen. Johnston said that the battle must go on and asked that he be permitted to command the troops in person on the field and that Beauregard see to the sending forward of the reserves as he should need them. There had been some skirmishing the day before and Gen. Prentice had sent out Col. David Moore, of the 21st Mo., with five companies of the 21st and five companies of the 25th. They returned and made a report that there was activity in the front and that a large cavalry force was in front of them.

At 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 6, Col. Moore with five companies of his regiment again went to the front, and at break of day he drove the advance pickets of the enemy in and engaged their advance. He sent for the remainder of the regiment. which was sent him, and soon Prentice's whole division was in line of battle and hotly engaged about a quarter of a mile in front of their camp, where they made a desperate struggle to beat back the enemy, but were overpowered and outflanked and were compelled to fall back to their color-line, where they made another stand and were again compelled to retire with heavy loss. Gen. Prentice then rallied his men and fell back about one mile and joined Gen. Hurlbut's Division at what was known as the "Hornet's Nest," and where he and his gallant division stood like a wall till 5 p. m., when he was outflanked, overpowered and captured. Gen. Sherman's advanced brigade, Hilderbrand's, soon became engaged, and then his whole division.

It came like a thunder clap from a clear sky to Gen. Sherman, for he says: "Not until I saw the long line of glistening bayonets emerging out of the timber did I become convinced that the enemy intended a general attack." Many of his troops had never been under fire and many were just from their homes in the North and did not stand the fire of the enemy like the others who had fought at Donelson, and his division was soon driven back with heavy loss.

Gen. McClernand threw his division in the breach and made a desperate attempt to stem the tide of battle that was sweeping the Union forces toward the landing. The battle raged around the old Shiloh Church and to the right and left. Gen. Hurlbut had taken a position about one mile to the left and rear at the "Peach Orchard." He had sent Veach's Brigade to the assistance of Sherman and McClernand. W. H. L. Wallace had brought his division up to the line occupied by Hurlbut, and soon the whole army had concentrated on this line. Gen. Grant and staff were at Savannah. When he heard the first cannon in the morning he was sitting at the breakfast table at the Old Cherry House, and Mrs. Cherry was just in the act of handing him a cup of coffee when he heard the first gun fired. He said: "The battle has opened and we must go."

He ordered his Aids and staff to go on board the steamer "Progress," and as soon as steam could be raised they started for Pittsburg Landing. He slowed up at Crump's Landing long enough to tell Gen. Lew Wallace to have his division in readiness to march to whatever point he might be needed, and then proceeded on to the front. Arriving there about 9 a. m., he and his staff passed thru Hurlbut's Division at the Peach Orchard and went out to where Sherman's and McClernand's Divisions were. He soon returned, and as he passed inside the lines of Hurlbut's Division he said, "Boys, you will soon have something to do," which was verified by the attack of the enemy on our division, and the battle opened all along the line; and this was the place that witnessed the most desperate fighting that occurred during the battle.

We will give what Col. Preston Johnston says of the struggle at this point. He is a son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. and was on his father's staff. He says: "When the Confederate army reached Hurlbut's Fourth Division and that of W. H. L. Wallace's, with a fragment of Prentice's, a gigantic contest now begun, which lasted more than five hours. In the impetuous rush forward of regiments to fill up the gaps in the front line, even the brigade organization was broken.

The Confederate assaults were made by rapid and often unconnected charges along the line. They were repeatedly checked and often repulsed. Sometimes counter-charges were made and drove them back for short distances. But whether in assault or recoil, both sides saw their bravest soldiers fall in frightful numbers. At each charge there went up the wild yell heard above the roar of artillery. Hurlbut's men were massed in a position so impregnable and thronged with such fierce defenders that it won from the Confederates the title of "The Hornet's Nest." Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong force of as hardy troops as ever fought.

To assail it an open field had to be passed. Enfiladed by the fire of its batteries, no figure of speech would be too strong to express the deadly peril of assault. For five hours brigade after brigade was led against it. Hindman's Brigade, which earlier in the day had swept everything before them, were now reduced to fragments and paralyzed for the rest of the day. A. P. Stuart's regiments made fruitless assaults. Gibson's Brigade was ordered by Bragg to assault, and made a gallant charge; but, like the others, recoiled and fell back with very heavy loss. Bragg ordered them again to the charge, and again they suffered a bloody repulse. This brigade was four times repulsed. This bloody affray lasted till nearly 4 o'clock p. m., without making any visible impression on the Federal center.

Gen. Sidney Johnston was with Statham's Brigades confronting Hurlbut's left, which was behind the crest of a hill. The Confederates held the parallel ridge in easy musket shot, and as heavy firing as I ever heard, says Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, was kept up by both sides. When Gen. Johnston came up and saw the situation, he said to his staff: "They are offering stubborn resistance here; I shall have to put the bayonet to them." It was the crisis of the conflict. The Federal key was in his front. He determined to charge. He sent Gov. Harris, of his staff, to lead the 45th Tenn., which had refused to charge again, and after a brief conference with Gen. Breckinridge, that officer, followed by his staff, appealed to his soldiers to charge the enemy.

Gen. Johnston rode out in front and slowly down the line. His hat was off. His presence was inspiring as he sat on his thorobred bay. His voice was persuasive; his words were few. He said: "Men, they are stubborn; we must use the bayonet." When he reached the center of the line he turned and said, "I will lead you," and moved toward the Federal lines. With a mighty shout the line moved forward at a charge. A sheet of flame and a mighty roar burst from the Federal stronghold. The Confederate line withered, but there was not an instant's pause. The crest was gained, and Gen. Johnston had his horse shot in four places, his clothes were pierced with bullets, and his boot was cut by a minie ball. The Federal soldiers kept up a continuous fire as they fell back on their reserves and delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired.

A minie ball from one of these did its fatal work. As he sat there after his wound, Capt. Wickham says: "Col. O'Hara rode up and Gen. Johnston said to him: 'We must go to the left where the firing is the heaviest.' Gov. Harris returned, and finding him very pale, asked him: 'General, are you wounded?' He answered in a very deliberate and emphatic tone: 'Yes, and I fear seriously.' These were his last words. Harris and Wickham led his horse back under the cover of the hill, and lifted him from it. They searched for the wound, which had cut an artery in his leg, the blood flowing into his boot. When his brother-in-law, Gen. Preston, lifted his head and addressed him with passionate grief, he smiled faintly but uttered no word. His life rapidly ebbed away, and in a few moments he was dead."

Thus ended the life of the greatest Confederate leader in the Western army, who had for six hours urged on the Confederate forces against Hurlbut's and Wallace's troops, and in his last desperate attempt to beat the Union troops back had lost his life, so very anxious was he to crush Grant's army before nightfall and to gain the victory he had so desired.

It was nearly 4 p. m. when our line was driven back. The brigade of Stewart's on the left was beaten back, and at last Hurlbut's fighting Fourth Division was forced back, out of ammunition and with ranks depleted. The gallant 9th Ill., that had fought on the left of the 41st Ill., had lost 365 men in killed and wounded, the heaviest loss sustained by any regiment at Shiloh. The troops marched back in perfect order and replenished their cartridges, and took up their positions on the last line of defense, one mile from the landing. Gens. Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace still held their positions on the right, and Prentiss says he had orders from Gen. Grant to hold his position at a ll hazards, which he did until

be was surrounded and compelled to surrender.

Gen. W. H. L. Wallace in trying to extricate his command from the perilous position at the "Hornet's Nest," was shot, and died on the steamer. About 5 p. m. Gen. Prentiss with some 2,000 men were made prisoners after a long and desperate fight in which he stayed the onward march of the Confederate army for many hours There was a lull in the battle for a short time after Prentiss and his men were captured.

Gen. Grant, with his Chief of Artillery, Col. Webster, had gotten up a siege battery from the landing, and all the field artillery as it came in from the battlefield were parked around the brow of the hill covering Dill's Run and the landing. Some light breastworks had been thrown up, and as the remnant of that gallant army came back from the front they were formed along this line. There were no cowards in that last line on Sunday evening. They had all gone to the river and left their comrades to fight it out as best they could. Sherman and McClernand with the remnants of Wallace's Division were on the right, which rested on Snake Creek, where they anxiously awaited the arrival of Gen. Lew Wallace's Division, 6,000 strong, which had been ordered on the field by Gen. Grant early in the morning, but had not arrived until the battle had ended on Sunday evening.

The last line had only sufficient time to form when they were attacked by Gen. Chalmer's Confederate brigade of Mississippians. They came to the ravine and in range of the artillery, when the guns opened on them and such a sheet of flame as poured forth from this line was never witnessed in any battle. The scene will be forever remembered by all who witnessed it. There were no troops that could withstand such a fire, and to add to the awful roar of battle the gunboats, "Conestoga" and "Lexington," lying in the Tennessee River, threw open the portholes and began firing their fifteen inch shells up Dill's Run at the Confederate forces. They were driven back out of reach of our cannon, and occupied our camps for the night.

It has been said that Gen. Beauregard issued an order withdrawing the Confederate forces after Gen. Johnston's death. Col. Alexander Chisholm, chief Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Beauregard, says of the closing scene on Sunday evening at Shiloh: "After Gen. Beauregard became cognizant of the death of Gen. Johnston, he sent me with orders to the front which led to the concentration of the Confederate forces which resulted in the capture of Gen. Prentiss and so many of his men.

"After 5 P. M. I carried orders to Gen. Hardee, who was then engaged on the Federal right. I remained with him until almost dark, up to which time no orders had reached him to cease fighting. On the contrary, he was doing his best to force back the enemy in his front. Had Col. Preston Johnston been present at that last hour of battle on the 6th, a witness of the actual fruitless efforts made to storm the last position held by the enemy upon the ridge covering the landing, he would be better informed why it was that that position was not carried, and be less disposed to adduce such testimony of Gen. Bragg to the effect that but for the orders given by Gen. Beauregard to withdraw from action, he would have carried all before him."

Beauregard did tell Bragg not to unnecessarily expose his command to the fire of the gunboats. That there was a struggle for the last line of defense several hours after Johnston had been killed, every one who was there well knows. The division of Gen. Nelson, of Buell's army, arrived on the field just as the last struggle was going on, and Amen's Brigade formed in line of battle, and the 26th Ind. fired several rounds at the retiring Confederates, having one man killed and three wounded.

This was the extent of Buell's loss on Sunday. Lew Wallace's Division arrived, as did a large part of Buell's Army of the Ohio. And orders were issued by Grant to move on the enemy at daylight on the morning of the 7th. The rain set in and kept falling all night, which was a Godsend to the thousands of wounded who were left lying on the battlefield. All day the steady roll of the artillery and infantry had been heard all along the line, and foot by foot had every inch of ground been contested and both sides had left the ground strewn with the wounded and dying. The loss had been fearful with both friend and foe, and neither side made a correct report of their losses on that day, as many future statements have proved. Grant says that at no time during the day on Sunday did we have over 25,000 men in line, while the Confederates, according to their own statement, had from 41,000 to 46,000 men engaged. With the early morning of the 7th, the troops moved forward and attacked the Confederates, driving them back from every position until they were back at the old Shiloh

Church, where the battle had commenced on Sunday morning.

They held one ridge very stubbornly. Grant, seeing this, selected out Veatch's Brigade of Hurlbut's Division, with other regiments, and formed them in line. Well do we remember when they took off their hats and gave three cheers for the Union and the old flag. Then, sweeping up the slope and over the ridge, they disappeared down the decline, sweeping everything before them and driving the Confederate army from the field. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the last shot died away in the distance and Shiloh was won. The gallant army under Buell and Lew Wallace's Division, aided by the Divisions of Hurlbut, McClernand and Sherman, did a grand day's work for the Union cause on that day, and the rebel hosts were driven back to Corinth, with their Commander-in-Chief killed and with a fearful loss in killed and wounded.

They had met the sturdy sons of the Northwest in an open field fight and with much the largest army, had been defeated As to their losses, Beauregard, just after the battle, made an estimate of their loss, which he placed at 10,699, in a letter to the writer in 1884. He acknowledged that this report was incorrect, and gave as his reason that his subordinate commanders sent their reports direct to the Confederate War Office at Richmond, Va., in place of sending them through his headquarters.

The facts are that their loss was near 20,000 at Shiloh in the two days' battle. On the other hand, Grant estimates the Union loss at 13,047, which was very far short of our actual loss. The positions occupied by Grant and Beauregard at that time would not have been held by them 10 days had they made a correct report of their losses on that occasion, for it will be remembered that both were under a cloud, and had the actual facts een known, they would have been superseded at once. Grant says that the burial parties that he sent out reported that they had buried 4,000 Confederate dead on the field, and then not all of them reported. Confederate division and brigade commanders have since made reports which show their losses were at least 20,000. The history of the various battles show that the losses at Shiloh were the greatest, according to the number engaged of any of the great battles of the civil war. This battle was a great lesson to the commanders of the Union army and made them use greater caution in being prepared to receive an attack. It was these lessons that made Grant and Sherman the great leaders in the war that was finally ended at Appomattox.

124th Ohio at Pickett's Mills.

By Peter Price, Co. H, 124th Ohio, Chicago, Ill.

I was particularly interested in the account of the battle at Pickett's Mills, as given in the "Atlanta Campaign," by John McElroy.

The charge of Gibson's Brigade over Hazen's did not reach far enough to the left to cover the 124th Ohio. This regiment held its advanced position until late at night, when they were compelled to retire. Confederate Gen. Joe Johnston, in his official report, speaks of sending "a detachment of Granberry's Brigade about 10 o'clock at night to drive away a party of Federal troops remaining in a hollow in his front." These troops that Johnston speaks of were over one-half of the 124th Ohio. They were so far to the left that no order could reach them. The retreat down the hill is described below.

I will try to relate that part of the struggle, of which I was a humble participant, at Pickett's Mills, near New Hope Church, across Pumpkinvine Creek. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of May 27, 1864, Hazen's (Second) Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Corps, of which I was a member, struck Pat Cleburne's Division with full force. We had been marching since early morning over dusty roads and in the hot sun, momentarily expecting to be called into action.

Heavy firing was heard in our front soon after noon, and as we advanced, the sound of cannon and musketry became very loud. Orders came to close up, and every man resumed his proper place. We came to a point where the road led down a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran Pumpkinvine Creek. On top of the high ridge opposite, which was thickly covered with small trees and underbrush, the enemy was fortified and awaiting us. We charged up this ridge to about 150 feet of the top, when the firing from the Confederate

breastworks in front of us became so deadly that we were forced to lie down and use our knapsacks for shelter. Word soon after came to us that Cleburne's Division was in our front and that they had just been reinforced by Walker's Division, which accounted for the terrific rain of bullets poured into us. We could advance no farther. It was almost certain death to every soldier that was hit, for we were lying close to the ground as possible behind our knapsacks and facing up hill. The firing of the enemy became weaker after a time, but when any attempt was made to advance, the rebels would open again with such force that we were obliged to halt. The 124th was on the extreme left.

We now began to suffer from a cross-fire from that direction. Several members of the regiment started out to reconnoiter, claiming they could see some of the rebs trying to get around us. One member of Co. H, Joe Mitchell, a former member of the 23d Ohio, who was wounded at Antietam, being adventurous, advanced a little too far, but not out of sight of the company. While close behind a good-sized tree, and looking for a chance to pick off one of the enemy, Joe suddenly turned around smiling and started back towards the company.

The writer said: "Hello, Joe, what's the matter?" The reply was, "Shot in the rear!" Mitchell went back to the doctor for treatment. Darkness coming pon, others who had followed Joe's lead returned to their companies. In less than an hour after leaving us, Mitchell returned with about a gallon of hot coffee. This was a rich treat, and he was at once proclaimed a hero.

We had been lying on the side of the ridge behind our knapsacks, loading and firing, until long after dark. Many of the boys fell asleep from exhaustion, myself among the number. About 11 o'clock, Capt. Coe, of our company, came around and woke the boys up, telling them the enemy were preparing to advance. Many of those who had been asleep had to be stood up and shaken before realizing where they were. Presently the clear sound of a bugle was heard, being the signal for the enemy to advance A rustling around in front followed, and then began the race down the hill back across the Pumpkinvine Creek. This creek was quite narrow and shallow in some places, but somewhat wider in others.

Many of the old boys to this day declare positively it was 20 feet wide. However, the most of them went over all right. Those that did not were taken by the enemy. Some said afterward if the creek had been 40 feet wide, with the force of descending the hill and the thought of Andersonville prison in their minds, they could have jumped it with ease. After crossing the creek, the 124th joined the remainder of the brigade on top of a high bluff, and all began fortifying.

Many of our brave boys failed to answer roll call the next morning. Some of those who answered presented a sorrowful and ludicrous appearance, creating considerable merriment, notwithstanding the sad scenes of the day before. One member of Co. H had on only his shirt and pants. Many were bareheaded and without gun or equipment; in fact, most everything had to go in order to jump that "40-foot" creek. A large number of the boys slept between the two picket lines all night, and reported later in the day. Several, including a Captain in the regiment, fell into the mill pond, but got out and came in about 3 o'clock in the morning.

One member of Co. H had a thrilling adventure and narrow escape from capture, but being a good runner he lives to-day to tell the tale. Soon after starting down the hill he fell over a log, his gun, equipment and knapsack falling over his head. This gave the Johnnies a chance to gain on him.. When he got up there were three of them close behind. One reached out to catch him by the collar, while another raised a gun in the air to strike him on the head. Their efforts failing, one of the Johnnies called out, "Stop! Stop!! You Yankee!" accompany the words with several oaths. But that was no time to resent insult—he was going down hill and across the creek!

It was afterward learned that all of the brigade, except a part of the 124th Ohio, had fallen back early in the evening, but owing to the darkness, and being so far on the left of the line, they were not notified. During the afternoon and evening the brigade was in a veritable slaughter pen. There had been a terrible mistake made somewhere. Two brigades (Hazen's and Gibson's) were ordered, one at a time, to charge two divisions of the enemy, strongly intrenched on top of the ridge. In this encounter Hazen's Brigade alone lost 560 men.

Nearly every officer of the 124th, except Col. Payne, was either killed or wounded. Maj. Hampson, who never knew fear, and acknowledged by Gen. Wood to be the best drilled soldier in the division, was killed while deploying the skirmish line. It is not in the

province of a private to criticize the acts of a Major-General, but in the light of his record at Chancellorsville, Gen. Howard, commander of the Fourth Corps, was not held in high esteem by the men in the ranks. As evidence of his not being aware of the position part of his corps was placed in on the afternoon and evening of May 27, was the rebuff to a Captain of the 124th. About 12 o'clock that night, when the General was informed of our unprotected front, he said he knew it was not so.

Some years after the war, a dispute arose between Gens. Hazen and Stanley, which resulted in a military investigation, but it is not known that any satisfactory results came of it. The experiences of the night before had no effect on the ardor and determination of our men; in fact, they were more anxious than ever to meet the enemy again, but on more equal grounds.

Aggressive movements were made every day, while here, with continual skirmishing until June 5, when the rebels were again forced to retreat, going in the direction of their already fortified position at Kenesaw Mountain.

The 24th Indiana at Shiloh—The Long March to Get Into the Battle.

By Lewis B. Jessup.

Editor National Tribune: Saturday night, April 4, at 12 o'clock, the bugle sounded the "assembly," and we marched to Adamsville, seven miles, thru mud, water and rain, at times half-thigh deep. We found no enemy there, and went back to camp. Sunday, April 6, early in the morning, we were awakened by the heavy roar of artillery in the direction of Pittsburg Landing. The morning was clear and pleasant. Louder and louder grew the din of battle. The artillery resembled distant thunder. Scarcely a man in our regiment could eat any breakfast, so eager were we for the fray. Col. Harvey had us all ready equipped early in the morning. For some reason unknown to us, we remained in camp until near 10 a. m. By this time the engagement became general. The constant roar of artillery, intermixed with frequent peals of musketry, warned us that stubborn resistance might be expected upon both sides. A distance of eight miles intervened between us and the combatants when we started for the scene of action. Every man felt himself nerved to do or die. Every step we took forward settled our determination to prove ourselves worthy of our Revolutionary ancestors. At every step the din of contending armies became more distinct. In the afternoon we had arrived so near the battlefield we could distinctly taste the burning powder which pervaded the atmosphere. At this juncture we met an orderly form Grant's headquarters, who informed Gen. Wallace that the enemy had succeeded in forcing our troops from their original position at Shiloh Church, and that if he (Wallace) persisted in his present course he must arrive upon the battlefield in rear of the enemy's forces, for Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston was well enough versed in warfare to know that what he did must be done quickly. Upon receipt of this information Gen. Wallace faced us right about and marched back almost to Crump's Landing, then filed right, taking the lower, or river, road toward Pittsburg Landing. By this means Gen. Wallace's Division failed to participate in the first day's engagement at Shiloh. At sundown we arrived upon the lines. Each army, as if by natural consent, had ceased its bloody work and had withdrawn to breathe for the morrow.

We lay down in a drenching rainstorm and slept but little that night, for our gunboats kept dropping a shell every minute into the enemy's lines. Occasionally our pickets would fire a volley at some wounded war horse or imaginary object. Many of our comrades made a break for a well-filled sutler's tent, which had been unceremoniously left vacant the day before upon the arrival of an iron messenger in the shape of a 24-pounder during Sunday's work. In this tent we kept dry, besides finding enough soda crackers to fill up our depleted haversacks. Many of us, too, were out of tobacco. There we found several barrels of fine-cut chewing tobacco. By morning we were pretty well rigged out for the day's work. At daybreak we fell into line of battle and moved up about a quarter of a mile.

During the night Gen. Buel arrived

with reinforcements for Grant's army. Wallace's Division occupied the extreme right of the Union forces. About sunrise, April 7, the 9th Ind. Battery, commanded by Capt. Thompson, opened the ball. Scarcely had the report died away when it was answered by a shell from a rebel battery 15 yards in front of Thompson's Battery. Soon the two batteries were engaged in a fine duel, which lasted 40 minutes, terminating in favor of Thompson's Battery. The rebels moved their battery farther to the rear. The writer argued that this was a forerunner of the day's work. Future events proved the truth of our prophecy. Capt. Thompson followed up his success, and with a wild Western yell we moved forward half a mile. By this time we had arrived near the battery again. Capt. Thompson had succeeded in bringing his guns to bear upon the battery of 24-pounders in front of us. Our brigade was ordered to support Thompson's Battery. Down we lay, Zouave style, letting the shot, shell, grape and shrapnel pass over us. The iron hail did us but little damage, however. There we lay just below a small hillock, upon which stood Thompson's steel pieces continually pouring death and destruction into the ranks of traitors to their country's best interests. If ever a set of beardless youths deserved credit from their countrymen it was Capt. Thompson and his men that day. Gunner after gunner was shot down that day; 1,100 shots were fired from that hillock without changing position. The caissons became empty, and two pieces of the Chicago Artillery were ordered to take their places. Thompson started to refill his caissons, and as the Chicago Battery had lost four pieces the day before on account of insufficient support, they shelled out, too. But Morgan L. Smith, our brigade commander er, ordered them back. They returned and held the fort until the return of the 9th Ind. We then moved up about 300 years nearer the enemy and again lay down. Many of us went to sleep on account of over-fatigue. The artillery upon each side kept up a constant play upon each other. We were in the woods now; limbs of trees were continually being lopped off; many of the men were injured by falling branches. Morgan L. Smith came to us at this juncture and told us that as soon as Gen. Buell succeeded in driving the enemy to a certain point upon our left we would go for that battery of 24-pounders in our front. The idea of a brigade of infantry charging a battery of 24-pounders looked to us new troops like "Munchausenism," but we did it handsomely. Cos. A and K of our regiment advanced and shot down a horse of each gun and caisson, and the battery was ours.

By this time the whole length of our lines was engaged and the noise was deafening in the extreme. Gen. Johnston's lines were formed in the shape of the letter "T," consequently his support was near the center, to be distributed as necessity required. Gen. Grant's lines were formed in three distinct parallels.

About 12, noon, Gen. Buell succeeded in forcing the enemy back upon our left sufficiently to enable us to go for the rebel battery in front of us. Cos. A and K of our regiment were detailed as skirmishers to advance in splendid style. Many of the 24th fell during this charge. We succeeded in advancing beyond the rebel battery and the six guns were ours. We reached the brow of the hill and were greeted with a shower of minie-balls, which left many vacant places in our ranks. We lay down, and Col. Smith called for volunteer skirmishers. More than were required sprang to their feet; some had to lie down again.

At this juncture Gen. Braxton Bragg, with his 10,000 Louisiana and Mississippi Tigers, advanced against Wallace's Division en masse. They came up until we could see the buttons upon their uniforms. We were armed with old muskets; our cartridges consisted of 12 buckshot. Morgan L. Smith told us to take aim and fire low, for one wounded rebel was better than three dead ones, as it took two to carry one wounded rebel off, while a dead one was unnoticed. The engagement was hand-to-hand for 30 minutes, when Bragg's demoralized columns withdrew. This ended the "Battle of Shiloh." The 24th lost 57 men killed and wounded.

At Chancellor's House.

By S. A. Osborn, Lieutenant, Co. G, 145th Pa., Kennard, Pa.

Editor National Tribune: I need not tell you that I am not a scholar, writer or speller, but I was one of the young fellows who shot the rebellion to death, and I am an ex-prisoner of war of the Andersonville vintage. I have been a reader of the grand old soldiers' paper for 20 years or more, and think it is growing better and better. It certainly is great company for the old boys. To see them fight over their old battles makes us forget that we are growing old, and that the fights and skirmishes are away back yonder nearly 50 years. Now, if I were to criticize the old comrades I would say the greatest error they make is in assuming or thinking they know too much of how it was all along the line of battle. I think that in this way good and well-meaning men make sad mistakes. Allow me to cite a case to explain what I mean. In your issue of Jan. 28, 1909, appears an article by John Kelley, Corporal, Co. D, 140th Pa. Comrade Kelley spreads himself and his regiment out entirely too thin. The article that he replies to, I am sorry to say, I overlooked, but when he undertakes to say just who was or was not there he undertakes a little too much. He says the 140th Pa. did all—they were all the troops in support of Lepin's Battery. I suppose he is sincere in what he says, but he is very far from being correct. Just what troops were there I will not venture to say, or if I did I might make the same mistake Kelly did. This I do know: Brook's Brigade, or what was left of it, was there with Brooks in command. We were led there by Gen. Hancock in person, and our position was just to the right of the battery, that had position about 30 or 40 rods to the left of the Chancellor House. The name of the battery I never knew. I think there was a section of a battery, two or three guns, down near the house. Kelly says that the women went to the rear alone. He is wrong again. I did not see them come out of the house, but I did see them as they ran to the rear with a soldier at either arm. Kelley further says that his regiment occupied all the space to the rear of the house. That may be, but I think it would have crowded them some, for he says there was about 1,000 of them. One thing sure, they did not occupy the whole of the line of support. Gen. Hancock, grand, superb fighter that he was, was doing his level best to hold Jackson's victorious troops in check until our army could fall back into a new position, and had gathered up all the odds and ends of his division, and right well and manfully the boys did what was required of them. As for myself, I will just say I think that I never before nor after flattened myself out flatter or hugged the ground closer than I did there and then. You see, there wasn't a breastwork or the least thing for protection; but from good engineering or good luck, can't say which, the ground in front of our line was a little higher that it was where we lay, so that shells that hit the ground in front of us would go skipping over, and one that did not hit would just fan us nicely as it went over. Our regiment, the 145th Pa., lost its Major there on that line. His name was Paton, a man loved by the whole regiment. Now, Comrade Kelly, I am of the opinion that you are away off when you say that the 2d Del. was not there, for the 2d Del. was a part of the Fourth Brigade, and was a mighty small regiment about that time. The 116th Pa. was also in the First Division, Second Corps, and I think without doubt some of them were there. Comrade, allow me to say that if you were the last of your company wounded, and that 14 days before the surrender of Lee, your company was very fortunate, indeed. The 145th Pa., five numbers higher than yours, had lost several hundred killed, wounded and missing, before the 140th had lost any. So, you see we were there.