THE VETERAN VOLUNTEERS

—OF—

HERKIMER AND OTSEGO COUNTIES

—IN THE—

WAR OF THE REBELLION;

—BEING A—

History of the 152d N. Y. V.

WITH SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC., WHICH OCCURRED

IN THE RANKS,

—OF THE—

34th N. Y., 97th N. Y., 121st N. Y., 2d N. Y. Heavy Artillery, and 1st and 2d N. Y. Mounted Rifles;

—ALSO—

THE ACTIVE PART PERFORMED BY THE BOYS IN BLUE WHO WERE ASSOCIATED WITH THE

152D N. Y. V.

—IN—

GEN. HANCOCK'S SECOND ARMY CORPS,

—DURING—

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN,

—FROM—

THE WILDERNESS TO THE SURRENDER OF GEN. LEE AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HENRY ROBACK,

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Roback, Henry.

The veteran volunteers of Herkimer and Otsego counties in the war of the rebellion; being a history of the 152d N. Y. V. With scenes, incidents, etc., which occurred in the ranks, of the 34th N. Y., 97th N. Y., 121st N. Y., 2d N. Y. heavy artillery, and 1st and 2d N. Y. mounted rifles; also the active part performed by the boys in blue who were associated with the 152d N. Y. V. in Gen. Hancock's Second army corps during Grant's campaign, from the Wilderness to the surrender of Gen. Lee at Appomattox Court House, Va. Compiled and ed. by Henry Roback ... [Utica, N. Y., Press of L. C. Childs & son, 1888]

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume is dedicated to the memory of the heroic dead who enlisted from the counties of Herkimer and Otsego, in the war of the rebellion. Imbued with a spirit of love for their fellow-men, they sacrificed family, home, and friends, to combat with an enemy who were sapping the life and liberties of the Union, undermining its Constitution, and destroying "Peace on earth and good will toward all men."

They emulated the example of their ancestors who had crowned themselves with victory in conquering the British tyrant, after seven years' of war and bloodshed in the revolutionary days of 1776; who gained the independence and laid the foundation of the United States of America.

The history of the revolution had often been repeated and engrafted in the minds of the children and grandchildren of the old revolutionary heroes, instilling in their hearts a germ of duty and love for their country. It flourished, grew, budded, and blossomed, unfolding a flower of glorious patriotism, kissed by heaven's pure sunlight.

When the serpent head of secession arose to destroy the Union, they voluntarily and willingly entered the ranks to die on the altar of liberty, lest their country be lost. Their memory should be crowned, both the living and the dead, with a spirit of love and loyalty, through all

oncoming ages, for the peace they established, that coming generations might live in prosperity and happiness.

The sons of veterans should keep in fond remembrance the deeds of valor performed by their fathers in preserving and maintaining the integrity of the Union, and be eternally vigilant; standing ever ready to quench the smouldering embers of treason, if by chance they should again break forth in volcanic eruptions, deluging the land with brothers' blood.

During this war the counties of Herkimer and Otsego, and the counties adjoining, became a vast theatre, wherein was enacted many tragical scenes and conflicts. The army of Great Britain with their Indian allies, assisted by the Tory neighbor, destroyed the homes of the early settlers. The land was deluged with blood. They spared neither the old or young who fell in their hands. The grandparent, the wife and mother, and the smiling babe in the cradle, all were massacred without mercy. To maintain the honor and integrity of the Union gained by such terrible ordeal, the men of these counties rallied around the Star Spangled Banner, enlisting in the ranks of the 34th, 76th, 81st, 97th N. Y. Vols., the 2d N. Y. and 16th N. Y. Heavy Artillery regiments, the 121st and 152d N. Y. and 2d N. Y. Mounted Rifles, and many others in various regiments of artillery, cavalry, infantry, and upon the high sea as sailors and marines.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

COMRADES AND CITIZENS:

SINCE the day when grim-visaged war swept over this land, moulding anew the nation, I have cherished the thought that the citizens of Herkimer and Otsego counties should know what trials and dangers their veterans performed while passing through the furnace of war. True, volumes have been published and placed within the reach of all, bearing upon the same subject. Such books become uninteresting to the rising generation, as they contain nothing of special importance, or deeds of valor performed by their immediate friends or relatives. As time rolls by the veteran dies, and the memory of his services soon fade away.

I have constantly studied and kept in fond remembrance the many scenes we encountered, and have taken ample time to gain all knowledge and facts worthy of notice, making it a personal history, as far as it has laid in my power. Undoubtedly I will be censured and criticised for many omissions, yet I have tried to do honor and justice to all, with malice toward none.

The great panorama of war is viewed from different standpoints, even by the participants therein.

At the outbreak of the war the American citizen had but a limited knowledge of military affairs. When the clarion notes of the bugle called "to arms" they rallied around the flag without hope of preferment or promotion. Many sickened and died, others fell by the wayside with physical disabilities. I

have placed them upon the roll of honor among their more fortunate comrades, for surely, there was honor and glory enough. I would ask the support of every veteran volunteer in bringing this work before the public. All who drank with us out of the old canteen, firmly believing they will be deeply interested in its perusal.

Expressing my most sincere thanks to the officers and members of the regiment, and to the comrades in general for their kind aid in this work, I am yours,

In Fraternal Charity and Loyalty,

HENRY ROBACK.

CHAPTER I.

Organization. Recruiting. Camp Schuyler. Bounty Money. Bright Stars of Freedom. Good-Bye. Trip to the Front. Jersey Lightning. Cooper Shop. Baltimore. Corporation Sofas. Pickaninnies. Raw Pork and Coffee. Camp Marcy. Our First Picnic. Fatigue and Picket. Learning to Drill. Stag Dance. Glad Tidings of Great Joy. Our Rations. Sutlers. Bond Holders. Death on a Pale Horse. The Countersign. Hegg. Egg. Whisky. Washington City. Guard Duty. Pay Day. Gen. F. E. Spinner. Enfield Rifles. Down the Potomac. Tomb of Washington. Arrival at Suffolk. Supporting a Battery.

THE proclamation of Abraham Lincoln calling for three hundred thousand men, was responded to by the citizens of Herkimer and Otsego. The camp was located on the Schuyler farm, near the village of Mohawk, in July, 1862, and the recruiting commenced. The people were awakened to a profound sense of duty and danger, and with enthusiasm they rallied around the national standard, and in six weeks had completed the maximum number of one thousand men; also one company to form a nucleus for the second regiment, the 152d N. Y. V.

Alonzo Ferguson had acted as Adjutant in organizing the first regiment, the 121st N. Y., and by the advice and consent of Col. Franchot, of the 121st, and the urgent request of the war committee, he received a commission from Governor E. D. Morgan to organize the 152d N. Y. The line officers were chosen by the citizens of the several towns where they resided, and they forthwith began to recruit quite briskly, the officers and privates being neighbors and friends and willing to share alike the danger and hardships of war.

During the month of October, 1862, the recruiting proceeded slow, the 121st having the choice of material;

we were forced to accept a few old men, but who were full of vigor and patriotism, and with good intentions they meant to excel the boys who had gone before.

The labor of organization was extremely laborious and trying to all concerned. Temporary buildings were erected for the use of the colonel and staff, also an hospital and cook house, eating house, and a guard house. This was brought in requisition to teach the boys the art to love, honor, and obey all officers appointed over them. The word fear was stricken out at enlistment, consequently many risks were taken in running the guard to the canal grocery for the purpose of obtaining a canteen of corn juice to keep away the chills and ague.

We soon became initiated to the new life and began to study the military law of obedience. Here we learned the social distinction between the officer and private. Military officers are graded, each grade in its own order, and based upon its own superiority, but often regardless of mental capacity. At first it was a trying ordeal for a free-born American to obey the rigid laws enforced, and descend lower in the social scale than their fellow men. Equally so at first with the officer who had suddenly became exalted over his fellow-men by the fortunes of war. They had to learn to obey as well as to command. With the private soldier there arose one great and consoling thought. There was a companion who journeyed with us and partook of the bountiful ration bestowed by a grateful government. One who shared our toils, tribulations and hardships, but was removed many degrees lower down than the private soldier, both socially and morally. A companion who became enshrined in our hearts, and who would quietly lay down its life by our side with arduous toil for the country of its adoption. That was the army mule.

When we accepted the honorable position of a private soldier, each man became an important factor, representing a two-millionth part of the whole, who were destined to save the foundation whereupon may rest one hundred million of free men before the last comrade shall sleep on the shore, where the call of the bugle can wake him no more.

During the three years of service the government often promoted the private soldier to a higher station in life for meritorious conduct, if not removed by disease or the fatal bullet or shell.

The private was never reduced to a lower level. He was always allowed to retain his position and hold it to the end. Not so with the officer. They were often dismissed the service, or relieved from their commands, harassed and ordered to resign from the service and enter the walks of life more congenial to their nature.

The camp guard numbered nearly two hundred men. This duty was novel and pleasant to the average American citizen. Nothing could induce them to give up the occupation after once dressed in the dark blue uniform and the glittering brass buttons. Old associates visited the camp and became attracted by the pleasant life of a soldier, and inspired with a sense of duty and honor, would quickly doff their broadcloth and jeans and undergo a transformation from a peaceable citizen to that of a valiant warrior, standing beside brothers and friends beneath the bright stars of freedom, with the banner of Columbia unfurled.

We were armed with an old fashioned State musket, but upon our departure they were mostly all rendered worthless, by the constant use they were put to in stirring the camp fires. Apparently there was much danger in this and fears were entertained. The bone and sinew of the

land gone; the muskets destroyed, the country was left defenseless and subject to destruction, should the enemy come sweeping down the valley via Canada and Oriskany, as in ye olden time. The regiment accepted the invitation of the President of the Herkimer County Agricultural Society and visited the grounds. The camp was thronged with visitors daily. They came to bid farewell to the boys in blue, knowing full well that many would not return; but with a duty which all owe to the land of our birth, father and mother resigned their loved ones without a murmur to the God of battles.

The so-called bounty money which the soldier received was apparently an inducement which caused him to give his life to the country of his birth or adoption. In viewing the matter in its true light, we find that the soldier accepted a gratuity for the preservation of the life of his expectant widow and orphan children, or that old and enfeebled father and mother who journeyed down life's pathway, in sorrow and mourning because their youngest son was not. The savage Indian received a bounty for each scalp taken during the revolution, and was paid in British gold. Scalping being out of fashion in our modern days, the American volunteer could in no way or manner be accused of selling his life for the purpose of greed or gain.

While we awaited the filling up of the regiment to its maximum number, all minds were turned toward the events transpiring at the front. Herkimer and Otsego were represented by many of her sons. The 97th N. Y. and 34th N. Y. entered the conflict at Antietam. Eleven men from one school district, Dolgeville, were reported killed, men who were associated since boyhood. A member of the 152d N. Y., who had left a good home in charge of a loyal wife and daughter, receives the sad intel-

ligence that his son, Clinton Ackerman, 97th N. Y., has been killed. How terrible was the blow to the parent? An only son! The father preparing to enter the same field of action.

We were finally mustered in the United States service Oct. 15, 1862, by J. R. Brinckle, U. S. M. O. On the 21st of October we boarded a train at Herkimer, amidst the adieus and farewells of friends and relatives who watched our departure. We arrived at Albany in the evening, and were served with a sandwich and coffee. We crossed the river on the ferry-boat and boarded a train of soldier cars, arriving at New York City, 11 A. M. Oct. 22.

On the 25th we boarded a steamer bound for Amboy, and bid good bye to the Empire State. The weather was fine, with a stiff sea breeze blowing inshore, enlivening the spirits of the boys remarkably. A train awaited us at Amboy, and we were soon whirled on our way through the sandy plains of New Jersey. The farms along the route presented a doleful appearance; vegetation seemed to struggle to maintain a bare existence. The train stopped at several stations, giving the boys an opportunity to sample an historic fluid commonly called Jersey lightning, containing more electricity than a fully charged galvanic battery. Leaving the cars, we were soon ferried over the Delaware river to the City of Brotherly Love. We marched to the cooper shop, where the good people of Philadelphia had prepared an immense spread of viands. After partaking unto our hearts content, we marched through the city by gaslight. On our way we were greeted with cheers, the waving of handkerchiefs and the old flag floating to the breeze.

Good-bye and cheering words were given by the maidens, and many sympathetic tears were shed by those who had darling boys at the front. We boarded a stock train on

the outskirts of the city, and arriving at Perryville, awaited the boat to cross the Susquehanna river. The Otsego boys had left their homes at the source of this great river, and by many devious ways had arrived near its mouth, where it empties in the Chesapeake bay. The ferry boat carried three cars at each trip. While we awaited, an accident occurred which cast a gloom over the whole regiment. Seymour Smith, Sergeant of Co. F, had fallen between the cars and was mortally injured. He had been a student at Fairfield Academy, and, through patriotic motives, he gave up the bright life that was before him, and buckled on the armor to fight for right against wrong. Dr. Ingham accompanied him with a detail to his home, but the injury caused his death in a few days.

We arrived at Baltimore on the morning of the 27th, and marched over the same route taken by the old 6th Massachusetts on the 19th day of April, 1861. Unlike the 6th Massachusetts, we were unarmed. Upon that ever memorable day, the mob thronged the streets and house-tops, and with jeers and insults, with brick-bats and stones flying and hurling through the air, they demanded a tune. Col. Jones commanded halt! Load in four times! Handle cartridge! Ram cartridge! Recover arms! Ready! Said the Colonel: Gentlemen, there is my band, and there are my musical instruments,—you have demanded a tune. I will give you one. Aim! Fire! The musical strains of the boys in blue were far better admired where distance lends enchantment to the view. The audience hastily made their exit. We halted near the depot, and remained two days and nights, sleeping on corporation sofas, containing a cobblestone mattress, and curbstone pillows. Here we saw a party of rebel prisoners marching through the streets. We viewed the numberless contrabands and schools of young "pickaninnies,"

who swarmed the streets with ebonized smiles, and "Lord bress de Yanks."

The national bivalve, the oyster, was plenty, and all lovers of that shell fruit regaled themselves.

The 29th we started for the Capital City, the train switching off on the way. We reached the city at night, making the distance, forty miles, in twelve hours. Entering the Soldiers' Rest, we lay down on the soft side of the floor, and was soon in the land of snores. The morning dawned on a city of mud, a cold and cheerless rain descending, with a dark and heavy gloom overspreading the land. The Old Vets extended to us the right hand of fellowship, and smiled at the reception we received. The breakfast of raw pork, bread and coffee, was somewhat repugnant, but the process of fitting our stomachs to receive government rations had commenced. On the first day of November, the sun shone clear and we started up the Potomac river, to find the land of Dixie. We crossed Chain bridge and ascended the hill. Coming to a stream of water, when the Major, in order to try our mettle, ordered us to wade "thus," unceremoniously performing the rite of baptism in Virginia's cold waters. At night we located a position and pitched tents, gathering the foliage from the pines. In the morning we arose in a dense, cold fog, and cut a few slices and ate it in place of butter on the bread, which was packed at Mohawk, thirteen days before. This was our first picnic party.

We christened our lay out Camp Marcy, and at once began to erect shanties, six feet by seven, five men occupying each tent. Through some kink or hitch in the red tape line, our rations were not forwarded; consequently, we were obliged to eat the aged bread. The pork having assumed a new flavor, was discarded. A few fortunate ones were regaled with a meal of sweet potatoes, flavored

with a suspicious liquid called bacon gravy. The venerable contraband who furnished the meals, did a thriving business as long as his stock held out.

At the end of the fifth day the authorities at Washington succeeded in straightening the tangle, and our rations arrived. One company immediately organized a boarding association on the starvation and low-diet plan. The object in view was to draw the money instead of the rations, and if, by chance, any one died, they were to be embalmed and sent home, the expenses be paid from this skeleton manufactory fund. They lived twenty-one days upon one slice of bread per meal, and bean soup, consisting of several soups to one bean. Although several protested, who preferred being embalmed in Virginia soil, the majority ruled. Upon the dissolution of the scheme, it was found that there had been four thousand eight hundred and fifty-one meals furnished, and the whole company of seventy-seven men on the road to the grave yard. The profits of the concern were invested in tobacco.

For our protection against a surprise from the enemy, and for the purpose of shooting a stray rabbit, the government issued to us a warlike instrument of death called Austrian rifles. They had been around the world, and had been sold and re-sold to all nations, and had finally reached our camp through the connivance of some fat contractor. We commenced to practice target shooting, and many laughable scenes occurred among those who claimed to be good marksmen.

During the three months' sojourn at Camp Marcy we were employed in constructing breastworks. They were very elaborate and unequalled in strength and durability. We were often discouraged because we could not see the enemy at the front, the pick and shovel being a queer weapon, and obnoxious to the taste of a warrior. But the

results of our labor was seen when Gen. Jubal Early visited that vicinity, and found the works impregnable; thus saving Washington from destruction. The officers at once began to learn the manual of "arms" and the evolutions of the drill. They studied Casey's tactics, and used the men as automaton figures to practice with, and all soon arrived at a certain degree of perfection.

Our new out-of-door life, both night and day, caused considerable sickness. Surgeon Ingham and his assistants, Drs. Adam Miller and Ward, overcame the difficulty, and we soon become acclimated to the glorious climate.

The *Washington Chronicle* arrived daily, supplied by Stephen A. Ingham, the surgeon's boy. The evening camp fire was enjoyed, the boys relating past experience; stories and ballad singing. The ball-room was located on the platform of mother earth, and dancing was enjoyed, the "partner" turning their cap fronts around to represent the gentler sex, and all would trip the light fantastic toe, and all promenade, on the broad bottoms of the army shoe. The orchestra was conducted by Lyman Snell and Duane Wiswell, who brought their instruments with them.

A sad accident occurred in the camp of the 4th N. Y. H. A., who were stationed across the road at Fort Marcy. A comrade, while practicing "inspection of arms," caught the hammer of his musket in his belt, when it was discharged, killing the comrade facing him. It was a sad lesson and not forgotten by those who viewed the scene.

The mail carrier, Sanford Babcock, and his mule, were greatly appreciated, being the "medium" who conveyed glad tidings of great joy to and from friends we left at home. Our rations were plenty until July 20, 1864, when they were cut down, the demand being greater than the supply, the contractors having cornered the produce, thereby raising the price. The ration issued to each man

for one day was one pound of hard-tack, three-fourths pound meat, one ounce each of coffee and sugar, and a few beans or rice. To supply the deficiency, the government gave a license to a band of sutlers, who sold palatable articles of diet, at the enormous profit of from one to nine hundred per cent. The consequence was that the thirteen thousand dollars in greenbacks that each regiment of one thousand men received for one month's pay, found its way into the sutler's coffers. The government considered it bad policy to inflate the country with an over-issue of this cheap currency, so they bought it back from the sutler and contractor by a keen system of financial engineering, giving a bond bearing interest, payable in gold. The currency obtained in this manner was reduplicated many times during the war for the payment of soldiers' wages, and to the contractor, for national expenses. The final result was, the soldier returned from the war almost penniless, and found an army of coupon cutters who held a mortgage upon the whole country. The blood and services of the soldier had saved the nation from destruction. The bondholder had reaped the reward. Death on his pale horse rides among us, reaping a rich harvest. Twenty years hence there will not be as many funerals as there were in 1864. The bondholder never dies; his money will descend to his children, and the sons of veterans will pay the interest thereon.

Headquarters of the picket line was located at a farm house on the Langley road, the "support" at the tavern. The line extended from the Potomac to Falls Church, the posts being about 300 ft. apart. No one was allowed to travel the road without a pass duly signed by the general in command of the department. Scouting parties, mounted on horses and mules often passed the several posts without halting. One night the leading rider at full speed came

in contact with the bayonet of Delos Fox, Co. E, inflicting a severe scalp wound, the rider being unhorsed.

The countersign was changed daily, and passed out on the line from post to post. One day on the extreme left post the countersign was given as *hegg* (*egg*). Four posts below we found the murdered corpse among a squad of Yorkshiremen; it was "aquia."

The grand rounds, consisting of the officer of the picket line and his aids appeared at midnight. Each vidette was drilled through the day in the following colloquy: Halt! who goes there! The grand rounds! Turn out the guard! The grand rounds! Dismount sergeant of the grand rounds! Advance and give the countersign! Countersign is correct! Grand rounds pass on. The nights were cold and frosty. Many mistakes were made in the challenge to the grand rounds. Approaching a German vidette they were halted, when, upon discovering their identity, he replied: Oh! dat ish all right; I tought it vas some relief guards; you can pass right along.

Circumlocution and chicanery was practiced by the men to counteract the orders to be obeyed. Our commanding officers were very generous, and the punishment inflicted was light. A private getting an excuse from the surgeon on the plea of sickness, visited another camp distant seven miles. Upon his return a drumhead court martial sentenced him to walk with a barrel placed over his body, with his head protruding from a hole cut in the bottom. Two men who had forgotten they were married to Uncle Sam, for better or worse, began a series of letters to a Utica paper, grievously stating their ill fate, discouraging enlistments, etc. They distinctly stated that the guard house was built of logs and had no window or floor, minus a stove to keep the prisoners warm. A continuation of their letters was to appear in the next week's issue, but

they were arrested, and, to prove their assertions by experience, they were confined to the guard house until they promised to fulfill their contract by performing the duties of a soldier.

War made strange bedfellows in all regiments. Thos. Maguire, of Co. F, was a teacher in Greek, Latin, French and German, and had held important positions in the leading universities of the United States and Canada. He was often called upon by the officers to decide a fine point in learning. He conducted a class in Latin, and was engaged in writing a novel, founded on our army experience. Henry Lewis, of Co. F, measured seven feet and one inch; Smith Foster, of Co. K, stood six feet seven; they were known as the baby and infant, and throughout the army as the U. S. ramrods. Their uniform was obtained through special order from Philadelphia.

One cold wintry night, Dec. 28th, we were suddenly awakened by the beating of the long roll. We tumbled out of our quarters shivering with cold. We entered the fort and impatiently awaited the advance of the enemy. The next day it was ascertained that Dumfries had been raided, capturing the troops and burning the stores. During our three years' service we obtained through the commissary by regular issue three ounces of whisky, one ounce at each time; it was deemed as an unnecessary article by a large majority of the regiment. True, there were some who ran hazardous risks to obtain the liquid. Running the guard at Chain Bridge, wading the Potomac and trading with smugglers, who were mostly colored ladies, were some of the devices practiced. When the picket guard captured a bottle hid in the boots or stocking of Dinah. They would not sample it, hardly ever, but would send it to headquarters, where it was supposed to find its way to the hospital for the use of the sick. At Chain Bridge the

captain in command of the guard captured a quart bottle of old rye. He set it to one side and crossed the bridge to invite the colonel to have a smile. During his absence the guard sampled the contents, and refilled the bottle with water. The colonel pulled the cork and smiled; a ghastly smile.

February 12th we struck tents, packed up and moved to Washington City. On the march the major who was laboring under an over-dose of anti-malaria fluid extract, left his position, the left flank of the regiment, and rode with his superiors at the head of the column. The colonel ordered him to the rear with an escort of twenty guards. Arriving at the pavements the major struck spurs to his horse and galloped away, returning at his leisure. Headquarters were established at Carroll Hill, the companies being detailed in guarding hospitals and the central guard house. The rain and snow had created streams of mud six inches deep. Our rations were "contracted" by the contractor, Co. E drawing soft bread, split peas and Cayenne pepper. The cows which were in the habit of loafing around "our quarters" in the silent hours of night were rather scant with their morning's mess of milk; the loss to the proprietor was made up by adding water, and selling it through the regular channels to the congressmen who were then in session.

Measles broke out among the regiment, and several died or were left with afflictions. Whisky was confiscated upon the conviction of the proprietor, when complained of for selling to a soldier.

When a soldier became very full he was taken to the central guard house and given a room, the floor being overflowed with two inches of water, a foot-bath being deemed essential to draw the "spirits fermenti" downward, to prevent brain fever.

Alonzo Ferguson mustered as colonel Feb. 20. George R. Thompson, adjutant of the 34th N. Y. mustering as Lieut. Col. Col. Ferguson at once upon receiving his commission interviewed Gen. F. E. Spinner, and matters were soon adjusted, whereby we received six months' pay. Through the general's kind influence, we received our Enfield rifles and turned in the Austrians, consigning them to utter oblivion.

On April 21st, we packed up and embarked on board the steamer John A. Warner, a one-half open deck. At 5 A. M., the 22d, we steamed down the river, arriving at Norfolk, 12 P. M. The day was pleasant as we sailed down the Potomac, viewing Mt. Vernon, the home of the immortal Washington. A cold east rain descended all night, soaking those who were quartered on the open deck, and laying a foundation for rheumatism and fever. The boat having turned around upon its arrival at Norfolk, the men were utterly confused as to the direction we came, until the compass was consulted. We remained on the boat until 4 P. M. when we boarded a gravel train, bonnd for Suffolk, Va. The contrabands swarmed around the train, offering for sale fried oyster pies and fried fish. We arrived at Suffolk after dark and marched through the city, obtaining quarters in a church, where we sweltered and slept in our wet clothing until 4 A. M. We were then ordered in line and quickly marched out of the city to take part in a reconnoisance. We were assigned the position of supporting a battery, while the advance pickets skirmished in the woods beyond.

Many times thereafter we were assigned to the same duty, and have had it demonstrated as an actual fact, that it is far more preferable to support a wife and six children than a six gun battery at thirteen dollars per month. Night coming on, we returned to the church.

It had not ceased raining since it commenced on the night of the 22d. On the 25th we rolled out of our wet blankets. The sun shone brightly and we soon enjoyed dry garments. Connected with the church was a graveyard. The graves were dug very shallow and walled with brick, extending above the surface of the ground; upon the wall was placed the tombstone, forming the cover. Evidently the greater the wealth of the deceased the higher the wall was built ranging from one foot to fourteen. Underlying the sandy soil a few feet was a brackish water. The weather became mild, the grass growing, and fruit trees in bloom.

Malarial fever made its appearance, and in a few days after our arrival the regimental hospital was filled.

CHAPTER II.

Gen. Longstreet. Siege of Suffolk. Fight of May 3d. Escape. Black Water Raids. Stealing a Railroad. Great Dismal Swamp. A Paralized Regiment. Charge of the Mounted Rifles. Ned Buntline. Heavy Skirmishing. A Bloodthirsty Vet. Capture of a Smoke-House. Our Chaplain. Geese, Chickens and Pork. A Horse! a Horse! my Greenbacks for a Horse! Peninsular Campaign. Sickness and Death. Hampton Roads.

UPON our arrival at Suffolk we found that Gen. Longstreet had the city almost surrounded with a force of 30,000 men, and was endeavoring to capture it by storm and siege. Gen. Peck had placed it in a state of defence during the previous winter with a force of 13,000 men. Longstreet operated against Little Washington. Gen. Peck divided his forces to circumvent him, when Longstreet rapidly crossed the black water, moving toward the Nansemond, with the intention to cross it, enter the city, and capture Fortress Monroe. Gen. Peck telegraphed to Admiral Lee for gunboats. Longstreet being foiled, he abandoned the attempt, and sat down for a regular siege. Getty's division held the river nine miles and prevented the enemy from crossing. On the 18th of April the enemy planted a battery at Hill's Point, nine miles down the river. A detail of 280 men of the 89th N. Y. and 8th Conn. steamed down the river and ran the boat aground. They waded ashore and formed a line, charging the battery, capturing 137 men and five cannon. On Sunday, the 26th, our regiment, with the 99th N. Y., 10th Jersey, 19th Wis., and 9th Vermont, proceeded to the river; the skirmish line advanced to the bridge, when the firing became quite warm. The 99th N. Y. crossed the bridge, supported by the balance of the brigade. The

99th advanced on the double quick and received a galling and withering fire. Falling flat upon their faces they kept up a continual fire until night, when they retired from the field. In this affair five were killed and forty wounded.

On the 27th we were assigned to Gen. Alfred Terry's brigade. The next four days we were in battle array from 3 A. M. until sunrise, expecting an attack.

Sunday, May 3d, we crossed the Nansemond in force with 5,000 men. In this encounter Col. Ringgold, 103d N. Y., was mortally wounded, and several officers and men killed. We lay on our arms ready for action until 6 P. M. On the 4th the cavalry advanced and found that Longstreet had given us the slip, and was now at Chancellorsville where our oldest "twin," the 121st N. Y., met with a terrible slaughter.

During our stay at Suffolk a blood-thirsty individual, who could not wait the general routine of business, proceeded, with musket in hand, without permission, down to the river. He entered the breastworks and scanned the horizon for a greyback. From out of the bowels of the earth a minnie ball came humming a sad tune, inflicting a severe scalp wound, greatly diminishing the blood-thirsty feelings of the warrior.

On the night of May 13th Col. Ferguson, in command of his own and the 167th Pa. proceeded with nine other infantry regiments to Carrsville, arriving there at 6 A. M. We proceeded to load the rails of the Roanoke & Seaboard RR. on wagons, sending them to Suffolk.

The skirmish line advanced, driving the enemy into the forest. At night the men lay on their arms amid a drenching rain. At midnight our command was moved to a cornfield for the purpose of supporting the battery of the 4th regulars. The night was one of inky darkness.

The morning of the 15th dawned clear and cold. Heavy skirmishing commenced and was kept up all day. Quiet reigned during the night and the morning dawned brightly; the weather extremely hot. Brisk firing was kept up, and the day closed with heavy infantry firing, skirting the ridge in our front, the batteries belching forth a shower of shells. In this campaign we became associated with the 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, a regiment of selected men, who were recruited along the line, from the plains of Kansas to Jersey City. They became well-known for their many dashing and daring exploits, and the most successful foragers in that branch of the service. Among the officers was a son of Rev. H. W. Beecher, Capt. Edward Z. C. Judson, alias Ned Buntline, the novelist. Sergt. Johnson, a son-in-law to a Sioux chief, from the plains of Kansas, was a conspicuous character. Sergt. H. Clay Hall, who had seen service in the war with Mexico, served three years with that notable regiment. After the war he became resident of Herkimer County, and a lawyer of extraordinary ability, one of the foremost in the profession.

On the 17th a company of the Mounted Rifles, commanded by Sergt. H. C. Hall, was directed to advance on the enemy's outposts, and drive them in. A Pennsylvania regiment which had lately arrived on the field, was ordered in line to support the Rifles. The commandant of the Pennsylvanians did not seem to understand the order. They were all Dutch, and had enlisted for nine months, with the understanding and promise of the recruiting officers, that they were to return at the end of their time without a scratch. While the blabbering was going on in their native tongue, Gen. Terry, deeming it essential that the cavalry should have some support, ordered the 152d N. Y. in line; they advanced over the line of the Pennsylvanians, driving the enemy out of sight.

One night a detail as silent as the sons of Momus left the camp of the Mounted Rifles, and with muffled spurs proceeded to the outskirts of a large plantation a few miles from camp. Entering a lonesome and dismal forest, they unearthed a smoke house which was hidden in the dense foliage. Dismounting, they proceeded to transfer the ham and bacon across the pommels of their saddles. Arriving in camp they disposed of their booty in a careless manner. The camp guard of the 99th and 152d N. Y., scenting the smoked pork with natural instinct, crawled on their hands and knees, and, seizing the plunder, they conveyed it to their quarters and buried it out of sight, leaving the Rifles one ham for breakfast.

On the 18th we received orders to march at a moment's warning. At 2 P. M. we fell back to the deserted house. The 170th N. Y., which was marching in column and parallel with the 10th N. J., came to a front and fired into the ranks of the Jerseymen through a thicket, killing and wounding several.

On the 20th we arrived at Windsor, on the Norfolk & Petersburg RR. Here we had some skirmishing, and on the 29th returned to Suffolk, having taken up twenty miles of track, and lodged it safely in Norfolk.

On the black water marches strict orders had been issued not to take any more forage than we could carry. The result was the pigs, geese and roosters came into camp and quietly and demurely awaited their turn to enter the broiling kettle. Our chaplain was a whole-souled, genial and well-disposed man. He looked after the spiritual and moral welfare of the men, and assisted in distributing the mail and making himself generally useful in many ways. He was rather inclined to fleshiness, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. Consequently, marching was an arduous task through this hot, sandy and arid

climate. One day he exclaimed in the language of King Richard: A horse! a horse! my greenbacks for a horse! if you can't find a horse drive in a mule. A horse was brought in which the chaplain accepted out of pity for the frame, he being a believer in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The vegetable market of Suffolk was supplied by women, who drove a bull or cow hitched before a two-wheeled cart.

On June 2nd, we re-crossed the black water, and after reconnoitering seven days returned to camp. Col. Furguson left us on the fifth of June. His health being greatly impaired, he was obliged to ask for a leave of absence.

The next ten days was spent in camp, breathing the hot and foul miasmatic gases arising from the great dismal swamp. On the 19th we proceeded to Norfolk by rail, thence to Yorktown by steamer, and went into camp on a high and airy bluff. After recruiting our strength, and caring for the sick, we proceeded on the road to White House Landing. On the march we halted to hear the news from Gettysburg. We proceeded slowly through the many drenching showers, oft-times filling the narrow roads with water knee deep. The cavalry led the advance, and after many days of toil arrived at Bottoms Bridge about ten miles southwest of Richmond. On the 4th day of July the people of the North were electrified with a dispatch passing over the wires that the army of Gen. John A. Dix had entered Richmond. The future proved that we had six hundred and forty days of trials and hardships to encounter, before the stars and stripes would "once more wave" over the capital of Secession.

Fever and diarrhœa were constantly deciminating our ranks, and filling the hospitals. Hampton hospital had 85 men members of the 152d N. Y. Many of the boys

died, and were buried with military honors, on the banks of the Hampton river, overlooking the waters where the Monitor and Merrimac fought their battle.

On the 8th day of July, we marched twenty-one miles on our return to Yorktown. The second day we arrived at Williamsburg, and viewed the old buildings that have stood since the days of John Smith and Pocahontas. The third day we arrived at Yorktown, making the "home stretch," a distance of fourteen miles, without a halt, with feet boiled, blistered and sore.

CAMP CHIN.

This was the name given to all reports, both true and false. Newspapers being scarce, the men themselves supplied the deficiency by manufacturing harmless stories which had a tendency to create peace and harmony. Their circulation was rapid, and before the death of one, another was born. Often they would issue forth without form or void, and before exploding would arrive at maturity. Native wit and constant practice were the means used in formulating the many variations.

Two old vets would loiter down to the stream, where were gathered members from various regiments, who were engaged in cooking, washing clothes, &c.

The following colloquy, with many variations, were an hourly occurrence.

15th Mass. Hello, comrade! Heerd any news this morning?

184th Pa. Wall, yes, a little; I hearn one of our officers tells as how we was goin to Washington.

7th Mich. Tell that to the marines; that story's dead and buried; it can't reserrect; ground 'round here ain't rich nuff yet.

184th Pa. Wall, it soon will be, if we have any more fights, an our ductor says its mighty onhealthy too. He's a good ductor, he is, he larned his trade in Philadelphia, he did.

19th Me. I say, you feller "over there," if you want to hear any rale ginoine chin, jest you come over in our camp. We've got a feller that makes it by the yard.

7th W. Va. Yes, we've heerd tell of you 'uns, yere chin is like these government pants.

19th Me. How's that?

7th W. Va. Pure shoddy.

59th N. Y. I say there, you fellars don't know good chin from poor. My pard ken make either kind.

72d Pa. How does he do it?

59th, N. Y. Easiest thing in the world; he reads the New York *Herald* and draws his own conclusions.

36th Wis. Haw, Haw, Ha, he does, does he; wall, we Western men never larnt to draw.

42d N. Y. Say, hold on boys, yere cums two fellers from the 152d N. Y.; they do say some of their chin's true.

19th Mass. Well you go fer 'im, and find out heow they get it.

42d N. Y. Hello, there, hundred and fifty toothless, what's the chin this mawnin?

152d N. Y. Oh, nothin' much; but I guess we're goin' to move.

69th Pa. How'd you know that?

152d N. Y. How, why we've got a feller in our regiment that gets news straight from Ginerl Grant.

20th Mass. Too thin; can't swaller that; wuss than them last hard-tack.

152d N. Y. Well, you snicker; I tell you it's so, but this mornin' he won't tell a gual durned word, but he says there's suthin up and plenty of music in the air.

7th W. Va. Say, boys, I know him; he's a little feller, ain't he, 'bout 5 ft. 4 in.?

152d N. Y. Yes, 'bout that.

59th N. Y. I knowed him 'fore the war; he's square toed, he is.

7th W. Va. He told me oncet when we was picketed in front of Fort Hell.

All. Well, how is it?

7th W. Va. Well, you see, he knows a feller from Albany, whar he used to live; he b'longs over thar in the 6th corps, 43d N. Y. This feller's name is Castell, and he's got a brother that b'longs to the 5th N. Y. cavalry, them, you knows, is Gineral Grant's body guard. Wall, you see, Charley gets the news from Tuni, his brother, and then tells his friends.

152d N. Y. Yes, that's it; he gets the *noos*, but won't tell no one till about two days 'fore it happens; he is afraid Grant 'ill get onto the racket and arrest him fer spies.

82d N. Y. Yes, and you bet he'd do it to.

7th Mich. Say, boys, here he comes now; he's got his pard with him; that red wiskered feller they call *Lew*.

19th Maine. Yes, I know him; he'd rather fight than eat.

19th Maine. Hello, there, pard; ain't killed yet, are ye.

Lew. No, hide's too tough, bullets glance off.

19th Me. How about your pard, there; they do say he kin dodge a bullet.

Lew. Yass, I seed him oncet; that's a fact.

19th Me. Is that true bout his being a spy and goin' over the Johnny's lines?

Lew. Wall, he skins outen camp lots of times and always fetches back lots of news.

59th N. Y. They say he got ketched oncet.

20th Mass. How's that Yorker; know anything about it?

Lew. Well, no; you see he never tells nothink himself, but it leaks out some way. Since he quit spyin' he's mum.

184th Pa. What made him quit?

Lew. I dunno, but the fellers that was on the picket line that night, says the fust thing they knowed they hearn a terrible report, and lookin' up they sawed a camp kettle a lodgin' in the tree overhead, and my pard slidin' down the tree like greased lightenen and head first.

36th Wis. Say, what 'ed the camp kettle to do with it anyway?

Lew. Why, you see, when the Johnnies loaded him in the cannon, some galoot jest afore that had hung a camp kettle over the mouth of the cannon. My pard here reached out and grabbed the bail jest as they fired.

19th Mass. By the way, did ye hear any news from him this mornin'?

Lew. Well, yes, but he wants me to keep it quiet; but I don't mind tellin' you. If it leaks out, half the officers 'ell git fer the hospitals. Hancock's got orders to move up to Deep Bottom and give the Johnnies a brush.

12th Jersey. Say, you 152d feller, I got a letter from one of your fellers yesterday. I helped him off 'em the field at Spottsylvania. He wants you to write to Yorktown, Va. Durned if I know what that meant, that Va.

152d N. Y. Why, that stands for Virginia.

12th Jersey. Shaw, it does, don't it. I allers tout Yorktown was on the Perninsuler.

152d N. Y. What's his name, do you know?

12th Jersey. Yess, its Mack Shea, I believe; his front name is Pat.

152d N. Y. Yes, we know him; he shot nine rebs oncet at one shot.

12th Jersey. How?

152d N. Y. Why, he loaded his gun with a double charge and left in his ram rod and sent it through a line of men who was comin' off picket.

SECOND SCENE.

36th Wis. Hello, thar, toothless, what the news?

152d N. Y. Another move. Certain sure.

19th Mass. Heow dye know?

152d N. Y. Found it out by signs.

184th. What's the row over in your camp last night?

152d N. Y. Oh, nothin' much. A feller got tied up.

2d N. Y. What fer?

152d N. Y. Goin' out of camp.

19th Mass. Where'd he go?

152d N. Y. 'Bout five miles up in the 5th corps.

36th Wis. Was he after news?

152d N. Y. Yes, and went to see his brother.

36th Wis. We fellers untied him and sent him back to his bomb-proff.

19th Mass. What made ye do that?

36th Wis. That officer of the day tied him to a stump three feet over the line in our camp.

152d N. Y. Well, he's a lucky feller anyway.

36th Wis. Yes, you bet if them seven sisters 'ed got to firin' he'd got hit.

152d N. Y. Shaw, he ain't afeerd of them.

184th Pa. Ain't he?

No; he's put in every day right up to the front since we've jin'd the fightin'.

36th Wis. Ever get hit?

152d N. Y. Oncet wounded in the coat sleeve.

THIRD SCENE.

19th Me. Say, you fellers, gittin any recruits now-a-days.

152d N. Y. A few. Here comes one now; let's have some fun.

59th N. Y. Hello, youngster! Hows all the folks to hum.

Recruit. Well, ma wasn't very well, and dad had the lumatics; Sal, she was tuk with a fever, and Bill cut his toe, splitten' wood. The old dog Touser got mad, and the cow broke in the corn, and old Dobbin the mare, lost her colt, and kicked uncle Jim in the stomach. Moll, she's got a kid, and her man listed in the cavalry, an got killed, Jennie died, and Lew is went of to war.

59th N. Y. Well, I declare, that is a hull chapter of accidents. How come you to enlist? I should think you ought to staid hum and took care off the family.

Recruit. Well, boys, ye see, they wanted me too, but, says I, dad, you let me 'list, and go to war, an' I'll take the bounty money and buy the corner lot, and pay up the mortgage on this one. Ye see, old Perkins get to crowd-in' us fer the interest, and fer all the bad luck, we run behind. Old Perkin's got four sons, and they all got grafted, and says I, Perk., old boy, I tell ye how I can help ye out'en the scrape. Says he, young feller, you better go home and mind yere bisness. Look a here, old man, says I, there's your Zach, Tom, Abe and Sam all grafted, says I. Yes, says he, and bawled right out, it'll cost me eight thousand dollars to hire substitutes, and I aint worth but ten thousand, and substitutes are allfired scarce, says he; they'll be wanten four thousand dollars apiece next week. Now, old man, says I, you know I aint got much larnin', but you jest give over that mortgage, and a good square deed fer the corner lot, and I'll get your boys all clear.

How you going to do it, says he; that's my patent, says I; that'll take more 'en half I'm worth, says he; all right, says I, ye won't want any, if a rebel bullet bores a hole in each of your boy's heads, eh, old man. Come, what do ye say, says he, I'll do it; kerect, says I; draw the ritins. Well, you see the next four days I was allfired busy. The first day, I listed fer Zach, and got credited and sent to camp, the next day I shaved up a little, and come back and listed for Tom. The next two days I fixed up as a tramp, and jumped fer the other two.

59th, N. Y. Was any body in the secret but you?

Recruit. Nary one, but the recrutin' officer; I gin him ten dollars, to hush up.

59th, N. Y. Where'd you fellers learn so much, way back in the woods.

Recruit. Oh, we read the New York *Herald.*

59th, N. Y. Well, what you goin' to do down here?

Recruit. Stand up for a mark to be shot at in course.

59th, N. Y. Aint ye afeerd you'll get killed?

Recruit. Oh, no, I told dad I would rather get killed down here, and chawed up, than live long side of them patriotic Perkins's who was afraid to fite. Anyhow a man can't die until his time cums, can he?

59th N. Y. Well, yes, sometimes, when he aint ready.

Recruit. Well, I'm ready, cause I've got all old Perkins's money, and if I live, I'll buy the balance of the farm.

HOSPITAL SCENES.

1861.

Surgeon. Well, my young boy, your fever is getting along finely. You have had a hard siege, but will recover, and byextra care when you return to your home, you will be apparently a sound man. The articles of war require all

men who remain sick in hospital sixty days, to be discharged from the service; your's will arrive in a few days.

Soldier. But sir, I don't want my discharge. I want to go with the boys to the front.

Surgeon. Impossible, sir, the exposure and extra fatigue which you would have to undergo would create a complication of kidney and rheumatism which would trouble you during life.

1862.

Wanted! Recruits to fill up old Regiments. All those who have been discharged from the service on account of wounds or disease will be kindly dealt with and stand a good chance for promotion.

1863.

Steward. Doctor, that case of John Baker's, bed No. 16, requires your attention. You know he had a hard run of fever and diarrhœa, afterward dropsy sat in; he seems now to be in a worse condition. Would it not be policy to remove him to his home, where he might receive more care, from a loving wife and mother, than it is possible for us to give him?

Surgeon. Oh, I guess he'll pull through; just wait a week or two; in the meantime increase his whisky punch, that will brace him up. We will keep them all here, and possibly will be able to return one-half for duty, for the spring campaign.

1864.

Surgeon. Steward, make a detail of 30 per cent. of your ward to return to their regiments.

Steward. Sir, it is impossible; 40 per cent. are unable to walk or sit up; 30 per cent. are totally disabled from wounds, the balance are walking about. 'Tis true, but each man has a leaden bullet in his system, or is wounded severely otherwise.

Surgeon. It matters not, they can be of more use at the "front" than here; probably many wish to go; send them at once.

FIELD HOSPITAL.

Time, June 22, 1864. 8 A. M.

Surgeon Gen. Sergeant, detail three squads to conduct these men to their respective brigades.

Fall in for examination, and all who are able to walk report at once to your respective regiments.

Sergeant. Attention! Right dress! Front face! General, the men are ready for examination.

Surgeon. What's the matter with you?

Soldier. Hit in the stomach with a glance ball.

Surgeon. You'll go, likely a codfish ball. Next!

Soldier. A scalp wound, sir.

Surgeon. Hurt the brain any?

Soldier. Never had any, sir, "er" I wouldn't been catched here.

Surgeon. Next!

Soldier. Bullet in my arm, sir.

Surgeon. Git. Next!

Soldier. Shot thro' both calves of legs, sir.

Surgeon. Walk. Next!

Soldier. Spent ball hit me in the foot.

Surgeon. March. Next!

Soldier. Wounded at Gettysburg, sir; whole muscle of my arm blowed away.

Surgeon. Blow him along.

Soldier. I won't stay.

Surgeon. You wont, "eh," you've dead beated too long now. Next!

Soldier. Deaf, sir, cannon roared so.

Surgeon. Git, so much the better; you won't hear of your death. Next!

Soldier. Wounded in the coat sleeve, and waitin' to be sent to my Regiment; boys are all out of terbacker, and I got lots.

NEAR THE FRONT.

Zip, ping, zip, zip, zip, ping, bang, zip.

Guard. Say, you fellers, you kin find your regiments now, no use of us goin' any ferder, is thar?

Soldier. Yes, come along and see a little fun.

Guard. Oh, we've seed lots of that upon the peninsuler wid little Mac, and wid Fiten Joe and Burnside.

Soldier. Pshaw, that's nothing to the fun we have now; Grant's the General fer ye, you fellers didn't know how to fite them days.

Guard. Well, I know, but you see we've got a soft job now, and don't want to risk nothink. Thar is yere line now, and if it wasn't fer this side hill, we maut git hit.

Soldier. All right, save yere bacon, can't blame ye.

ON PICKET.

Yankee. Hello, Johnny, got any 'bacco over there.

Rebel. Lots; come over and trade; got any coffee?

Yank. A little; come half way.

Rebel. All right; say, Yank, them 5th corp fellers used ter trade us biled coffee grounds, arter bein' dried in the sun.

Yank. Yes, heerd tell about it; thems Connetticut troops; brought up that way; allers sold wooden nutmegs and bass wood punkin seeds tew hum. Never catch York troops being so all fired mean.

Rebel. Aint all Yanks alike?

Yank. Oh, no, we get in from all over the world.

Rebel. How long will it take we'uns to lick you'uns?

Yank. Well, about forty years, I reckon.

Rebel. Gin's to look like it; say, where'd you get all them cattle we'uns took from you'uns.

Yank. Pshaw, that wasn't a grease spot; we didn't miss'em; got millions ov'em.

Rebel. Wall, I reckon I'll come over and jine you.

CHAPTER III.

Trip to New York. Major O'Brien. The Riot. Broadway by Gaslight. Bayonets and the Mob. Hanging Negroes. The Draft. Substitutes. Science of Bounty Jumping. French Furloughs. Contract Rations. Hard Fare. Fort Schuyler. Trip to Schenectady. Green Militia from Way Back. Boiled Murphy's Return. Plug Uglies. Provost Duty The Raw Boned Lady Broker. Imitation Greenbacks. Escape in Female Attire. Exemption. Voting Early and Often. Ordered to the Front. The Last Square Meal. The Great Tramp Act. Eight Days' Rations.

JULY the 11th we embarked on two steamers. The boat with Major O'Brien was the first to arrive at Washington. Orders came to proceed at once and join the Army of the Potomac. The Major ordered the men to stack arms, justly refusing to obey the order, on the grounds that his superior officer, with the balance of the regiment, had not arrived. When the next boat arrived with Lieut. Col. Thompson, the heavy storm had swept away the railroad bridge, cutting off communication with the army. Orders arrived from the war department to proceed to New York City to asssist in quelling the riot. At Philadelphia we met Col. Ferguson, who assumed command of the regiment.

On the 16th we landed at Pier I, North river, amid the angry demonstrations of the mob. They quailed upon viewing our veteranized condition; and with bayonets fixed we marched up Broadway by gaslight, and were quartered in the Colored People's Church, on Mulberry street.

Gen. Brown instructed the Colonel to give the mob cold steel and lead, if in any way interfered with. Under orders from Gen. Brown we proceeded up town in quest of arms and ammunition, which had been taken from the U.

S. Armory, the rioters following, turbulent as ever. As we entered the armory the mob gathered around the building, with howls and shouts of derision. A few hand grenades were thrown upon the pavement. The explosion caused them to disperse. We searched six buildings and found eighty muskets and carbines, and arrested nine men, returning to the church at 6 A. M.

The absence of the militia at the front had caused the worst population of the city to arise in a body, under the pretence that they were opposed to the draft. Their purpose was to riot, rob, plunder, murder and destroy. The Orphan Asylum for Colored Children was burned to the ground. There were one hundred and fifty negroes hung to trees and lamp posts. Col. O'Brien, of the 155th N. Y. V. in some way incurred the displeasure of the mob. He was killed and his body dragged through the streets. Stores were sacked of their contents, buildings were fired, and many innocent men trampled to death by the infuriated demons. Two rioters chased the colored servant of Capt. David Hill within the enclosure of the regiment, whereupon the Captain drew his sword, and, like Peter of old, hacked off the rioter's ear.

Small squads of rioters kept up a demonstration several days, but were invariably conquered. Afterwards this class of men engaged in the profitable vocation of bounty jumping, effecting a "combine" with the "brokers," who would assist them and manage an escape, repeating the operation, thereby filling the quota with paper soldiers.

There were three thousand special policemen appointed to preserve order, but as a rule they made few arrests. A band was organized to sack, rob and plunder the homes of the merchant princes, bankers and millionaires in the vicinity of Gramercy Park, Stuyvesant Park and other places of wealth. Our timely arrival, in connection with

a brass battery from Governor's Island, which mowed a swath through the dense mob, caused them to desist and scatter.

Connected with the regiment were ten or twelve colored servants. Upon our arrival at Camden a delegation of Quakers approached the Colonel, saying: Colonel, we trust thee will not take thy colored men to New York; for verily we believe the enemy will encompass them and hack off their limbs, and destroy their bodies from off the face of the earth; many have been so destroyed and more have fled the city. The Colonel replied: Friends, our servants as well as ourselves have passed through the fire of war and have been tried in the furnace, and have *not* been found wanting. Our trade for the present is war, for the purpose of conquering a peace; thanking you for your kind interference, we shall proceed upon our way, with a brave and strong heart, trusting in the God of Battles, who cares and watches over all.

Several convalescents arrived from Fort Monroe. They had encountered a severe storm on the Chesapeake Bay, which continued ninety-six hours. The rations issued were enough for one day, but the steward sold one biscuit and a cup of tea for fifty cents. All expected to go to the bottom with the crazy old ferry-boat.

After the riot had cooled down the boys visited their homes; some with permission, and others without. The wife of one member came down and fetched him home, hiding him for several months, when she sold him to the sheriff for one-half of the fee. He returned in good order. There were a few who deserted and joined other branches of the service, some in the cavalry and artillery; not liking their new vocation, their hearts yearned for their father's house, and they sent for their officers to reclaim them.

Major George Spalding visited the regiment. He had resigned his commission at Suffolk, and was now connected with four large military clothing stores.

The contractor who supplied our rations, or the so-called food, was fast becoming a millionaire, in the same ratio as we became walking skeletons. Col. Ferguson, knowing the great power of the press, invited the reporters of the *N. Y. Herald* to partake of and inspect the stuff. The result was we received wholesome food the balance of our stay at the metropolis.

July 31st we marched down Broadway and embarked on board a steamer and arrived at Fort Schuyler, East River. While engaged in loading muskets on a wagon one was discharged, the bullet shattering the leg of Edgar Paddock, Co. E, disabling him for life. We gathered clams and oysters along the beach at low tide and enjoyed a luxurious breakfast.

On August 8th we packed up and embarked for the City of Schenectady, N. Y. The draft for that district had been ordered, and the city authorities, to preserve peace, had emigrated a green militia company from some way back town. The citizens of that loyal burgh became greatly incensed at the direct insult, and expressed their feelings with great vehemence. The growling and grumbling was mistaken by the Common Council for an outbreak on account of the draft. We were immediately sent for, and upon our arrival the matter was explained and adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties by sending the Home Guards away from the city. Through some blunder or misunderstanding we were quartered in a hotel yard, surrounded by a high fence. The dinner hour having arrived, rations of boiled potatos were served, and brought in the yard in washtubs. We at once entered a violent protest by pelting the people on the street with the boiled Mur-

phies, and proceeded to tear down the fence. The Provost Marshal sensibly conferred with the Mayor of the city, when we were at once marched to a first-class hotel and treated like men with all the rights of citizenship.

On the 12th we hastened back to New York, stopping at the Albany barracks until the 13th. We located at 45 Worth street among the plug uglies of the old sixth ward. Gen. Canby assumed command of the city, and by request of the citizens residing near Stuyvesant Park, we moved in the park for the purpose of protecting property in that vicinity during the second attempt to enforce the draft. The liberty of the city was granted to all when off duty.

About the middle of September headquarters were removed to the battery near Castle Garden, the companies being detailed for duty at the several Provost Marshals' offices in the city and Brooklyn. The bounty brokers at once made offers to the men to jump the bounty, agreeing to give one-half of the proceeds at Bridgeport, Conn., that district paying seven hundred dollars. They agreed to see us safe back to our regiment. The offer was not accepted.

A youth with a simple mind who had a spite against his company officers, strayed in an up-town office, disguised as a citizen. He invested the $300, buying a large brass watch. While awaiting transportation at the battery, he was recognized by his captain, but refused to confess to his identity until threatened by hanging to the nearest tree.

The County of New York raised by a general tax three hundred dollars for the drafted man or his substitute, and if the drafted ones personally hired the subs for one hundred dollars, they pocketed the difference.

The brokers done a good business, paying from fifty to three hundred dollars. A class was enlisted who would rob the green recruits, fixing them with opium and whisky.

Their depredations were committed on Riker's Island and on the journey to Alexandria, Va., where they would effect an escape and repeat the operation as often as possible. A German conducted the business on a large scale, he having sub-brokers in his employ to furnish men. He also dealt in cheap watches and "imitation greenbacks."

One raw-boned lady of Celtic origin ran in several husbands and deposited the bounty in her capacious bosom to save until after the war, and with a whoop and yell would depart saying, "here goes for another husband."

In a Brooklyn office the first recruit obtained received the whole bounty and was confined under guard to await the boat to convey him to Riker's Island, East River. His two sisters gained admission to bid the boy a last farewell. They continued their visit until the shades of evening began to darken the room, and with a parting wail of agony, which caused the guard to shed a sympathetic tear, three sisters passed out. The bird had flown transformed into one of the female sex. The worst feature of the case was, the young man was intimately acquainted with the Provost Marshal.

Many claimed exemption on the ground of alienship, although they had been known by the Marshal to have voted "early and often" at each and every election for the previous ten years.

Being guests of the city, we attended Niblo's Garden and listened to the famous tragedian, Edwin Forrest. The Bowery, Wallack's and Tony Pastor's were patronized.

We lost few by desertion, as the deputized escorts received thirty dollars reward for returning each man; their honor being saved afterwards on many hard fought battle fields. A few sought protection under the balmorals of Queen Victoria, crossing over to the land since occupied by the corrupt politicians and runaway bank officers.

Oct. 13th orders were received to pack up and get ready to move at a moment's notice.

On the 14th we steamed across Raritan Bay and boarded a train at Amboy. Arriving at Camden, 65 miles distant, we crossed the river and entered the cooper shop, where we ate the last grand square meal, while performing the great tramp act for Uncle Sam.

A year had almost gone by since we first passed through the city. The scene is somewhat changed. The fond enthusiasm of former days has quieted. Joy has been turned to mourning. The battle of Gettysburg has been fought. The rebel army had invaded Northern soil. The widows and orphans now look down upon us with tears of sorrow. We arrived at the depot and boarded a cattle train. Our condition was nearly the same as the former occupants. They were sent to the front to be killed whenever the necessity of the occasion required it. Sleeping on our soft and ammoniac berths, we rolled along the endless rail, crossing Long Bridge at Washington, and awoke at Fairfax Station, eighteen miles below Alexandria, Va. Here we encountered the same old rain and mud, and the old vets lounging around the supply trains.

Eight days' rations were issued, and we hurriedly packed a part of the viands in our haversacks, throwing away the pork, which contrasted fearfully with the dishes we had partaken at Delmonico's, the Revere House and other noted restaurants. Having such a good time in the city, we became like spoiled children, and imagined the government was going to feed us with a spoon, and carry the spoon. We soon collapsed from subjects that would grace a fat man's pic-nic party to the condition of race horses.

CHAPTER IV.

Army of the Potomac. Second Army Corp. Brigade of the Old 34th N. Y. Vol. The Eagle Eyed General. Bristow Station. Bull Run. Short Rations. Commissary. Persimmons. Old Navy Plug. Execution of a Deserter. The Army Mule Fully Described. The Private Soldier. Shaving a Negro. Forgery. 121st N. Y. V. Forced March. Upton's Gallant Charge. Mortar and Pestle. Grinding Hardtack. Mine Run. Thanksgiving. Turkey Shoot. Brutus Cæsar Clem. Warren's Judgment. Fall Back. Lost. Winter Quarters. Camp Life. Morton's Ford. Corp Drill. Grant and Hancock. Christian Commission. The Woman's Relief Corps. The Silent Camping Ground. Civilized Rations. California Joe. His Pard, George Morse. Prospects in View. The Fatal Bullet and Shell.

UPON our arrival we found that Gens. Meade and Lee had been playing a game of checkers, each trying to get a twist upon the other. They finally collided at Bristow Station Oct. 14. Gen. A. P. Hill charged the second corps, commanded by Gen. Warren. Our troops were snugly ensconsed behind the railroad embankment, and when the enemy charged they arose and fired one volley and then counter-charged across the plain, capturing 450 prisoners and five cannon.

Lee being heavily reinforced, Meade fell back and fortified Bull Run. Failing in his attempt to catch the eagle eyed general, who was drawing him from his base, Lee retired upon the line of the Rappahannock.

Proceeding on our journey we crossed Broad Run on the 20th three times, Kettle Run once, and Bull Run, where the Adjutant's horse reared, dropping him in the stream. We halted at Bristow Station and were assigned to the First Brigade, Second Division, Second A. C. The regiments comprising the brigade were the 15th, 19th and 20th Mass., 19th Maine, 1st Minnesota, 42d, 59th and 82d N. Y. V.

The place we filled had been occupied by the old 34th N. Y. up to June 30th, 1863. They were known as Col. Suitor's boys and became famous for their extra fighting qualities. They were comprised of Herkimer County's best men. During their two years' service they were especially selected and volunteered to perform many hazardous and daring exploits. At the expiration of their time of service for which they had enlisted the Army of the Potomac began operations to cross the Rappahannock and fight the battle of Chancellorsville May 2, 1863. Although their time had expired, there was no movement made by the government to muster them out of the service. They remonstrated against this utter disregard of their rights as American citizens, whereupon the general commanding the brigade requested the regiment to stand by the old flag once more and enter the conflict as true and loyal men, and share the honor and glory with their late comrades in arms. They entered the battle and fought until the end, losing thirteen of their number. They were finally mustered out, but a majority re-enlisted, many choosing the Second N. Y. Mounted Rifles and the Second and Sixteenth N. Y. Heavy Artillery Regiments. The Albany and Troy companies mainly enlisted in the 20th N. Y. Cavalry.

Placed in this brigade the 152d N. Y. Vol. were destined to continue the laurels so nobly won by their predecessors. True, our number was greatly diminished. Not so much by the fatal bullet or shell, but by a far worse enemy, the dismal swamps and miasmatic region of Suffolk, Va.

On the 23d we moved, camping the next day near Warrenton, Va. Our previous experience had not learned us the art of soldiering in Northern Virginia. We unloaded our stock of shoddy, which was well watered, trusting to

fortune and a grateful Government for a new supply. We got left. Rations were growing small and appetites large. To supply the deficiency, we ate green persimmons, which had the effect to shrink the stomach, and make it fit the issue. Each persimmon, when eaten green, equaled an ounce of alum; when ripe, the most delicious fruit known to mankind. The farm house in the vicinity was protected by the Safe Guards, and whoever undertook to forage among the ungathered crops, was liable to be shot or arrested. The sutler had not appeared, in the unsettled state of the army, the risks taken being greater than the financial gain; also the widow received no pension or honor in case of an untimely cut off. The boys who had money bought old navy plug from the teamsters at four dollars per pound. The commissary of subsistence supplied the officers with rations at wholesale prices. Potatoes, one cent per pound; sutler's price, ten to fifteen. We soon learned the art of forging orders for provisions for an officer's own use. The result was, a terrible raid on that department, until an order was read on dress parade prohibiting the officers from giving genuine orders unless for their own use. The privates were commanded to desist the practice of forgery under pain of punishment. The commissary received from the Quartermaster one barrel of whisky, reducing it with water and adding a plug of tobacco, making two kinds; accounting for the one received, the balance was sold and invested in Government bonds for his own use.

The general reader should have a more clear and definite explanation in honor of the much-abused army mule. He was a central figure in the suppression of the rebellion. He was the left bower of Uncle Sam, the private soldier being the right; without him the game could not be played. The officers representing the kings, the Sanitary

Commission and Women's Relief Corps the queens, the sutler the knave, made the full pack.

Twenty-four thousand mules drew the regular supply train of the Army of the Potomac. Thousands more drew the wagons attached to corps, divisions, and brigades, headquarters the pontooniers and engineers. They conveyed all stores from the base of supplies, and often marched beyond their strength. They would sleep standing on all four corners, and were troubled by the extra fatigue, with the nightmare. Their shrill notes resounded nightly through the air, piercing the ears of the sleeping men. Their concerts were given free gratis, and enjoyed by all inanimate creatures.

Each wagon was drawn by six mules; the driver sat on the right hind mule, guiding the leaders with one line which was attached to a short iron rod, placed between the jaws of the leaders; the quick yank or strong pull gave the direction. There has been no monuments erected in honor of the mule. His name is only known in poetry and prose.

The private soldier underwent a greater amount of toil, compared to his strength, than the mule. The Government was quite liberal. The Quartermaster furnished a knapsack containing two suits of clothes and underwear; one large overcoat and blanket extra heavy; one rubber blanket, one shelter tent, one canteen holding three pints, a cartridge box and belt with cap box. The Ordnance Department issued forty rounds of ammunition, one rifled musket with bayonet. The Commissary often issued eight days' rations, which were carried in the haversack; the tin pans, spider, quart cup and hatchet were hung on the outside. This was a full-fledged soldier, who presented a formidable appearance.

On the 30th of October a private of the 15th Mass. was executed in the presence of the brigade. The brigade formed three sides of a hollow square. All who witnessed it can never forget the solemnity of the scene. At the foot of the hill the coffin was placed beside the grave. The provost guard entered the enclosure in charge of the doomed man, the band following, playing the Dead March. He walked with firm steps to the measured notes of the drum, anxiously peering to the right and left to see his destination. The guard halted ten paces from the grave and the prisoner was conducted to it, and knelt beside his coffin, while the Adjutant of each regiment read the warrant for his execution. Prayer was then offered by the Chaplain. He was then seated on his coffin and blindfolded. Facing his executioners with folded hands, he received the volley and fell before them The brigade marched by the right flank, past the remains, that it might be reviewed as a warning against the penalty of desertion.

A few days later, a negro teamster was marched through the lines of the division, the drum and fife corps playing the Rogue's March. One side of his head was shaved. His offence was selling whisky to soldiers; a good and just punishment for trying to tempt the children of his uncle, the use of which has destroyed more lives than all wars combined. Our stay at Warrenton was pleasant. The 121st N. Y. was encamped in the vicinity. Relatives and friends associated together daily interchanging views upon the past, present and future.

Saturday morning, November 7th, we fell in line on the road leading to Rappahannock Station, distant 25 miles. Gen. Meade's objective point was to drive Lee across the river, and beyond the Rapidan. We crossed streams and fence wires, and moved along at a rapid rate. The 3d A. C. attacked at Kelly's ford, Berdan's sharpshoot-

ers leading the advance. The roaring of their cannon could be heard as we hastened on. We arrived too late at the Station to take a hand in the battle. Gen. Upton led the 121st, and with Russell's brigade performed a brilliant charge, capturing 1,500 prisoners, 4 cannons and eight battle flags. The result was, Lee withdrew his army to the south side of the Rapidan. A special roll call was ordered for the 152d N. Y., reporting no absentees. On the march, the older vets would straggle along the road, and when questioned by the Aid de Camp, as to what regiment they belonged, would invariably say the 152d N. Y.

The next morning we moved in a deserted rebel camp, where we found a physician's mortar and pestle. We proceeded to pound hardtack for the purpose of making pancakes and puddings. No musical instrument had a sweeter sound than that mortar and pestle. All day long and until "lights out" was sounded, could be incessantly heard, this grinding mill. The hardtack when soaked in water was often very tough, and about as easy to masticate as a vulcanized rubber boot, doubtless owing to the contract system. The breakfast generally consistedof hardtack soaked in water, and then fried in pork fat. For dinner we would reverse the order, frying them in grease, then soaking them in water, making two distinct dishes. Ten tacks per day was a regular daily allowance, weighing a short pound, and if there was any left, they were worked up in a light repast for supper.

One morning we were highly gratified to learn that our paymaster was in camp with a cord of greenbacks. Our disappointment was intense when it was discovered that the sheriff's fee for escorting those who had fallen in their hands while absent without leave, had been deducted from the amount on the pay rolls. The escorts who accompanied the men on their hastened return had received

their pay. The paymaster not having any orders to reimburse the U. S. Treasury, refused to pay the regiment until the rolls were made out according to the statutes. A soldier was not considered a deserter until court-marshaled, tried and convicted. Men who were absent on sick furloughs, and confined to their beds by disease, would, on the expiration of the furlough, be arrested. The sheriffs would scoop down upon the sick culprit and snatch him, and convey him, manacled, to the nearest provost marshal. A member of the Regiment, Co. G., who had been sick with fever and diarrhœa, at Suffolk, was subsequently sent to Chesapeake Hospital. The complaint left him with dropsy, when, becoming convalescent, he was furloughed for thirty days. A renewal was granted, but at the expiration of the time he was much worse. A sheriff seized him and sent him to the front. After being confined in all the dismal and loathsome dungeons on the route, he was returned to the regiment a human wreck, and died three or four days after.

The sutlers were more sorely disappointed than the men. They, like buzzards and sharks, had been flying and swimming in our rear, ready to open a guerrilla warfare on the depreciated currency of the men. The pay day was deferred two months, when the rolls where made out in full, receiving four months' pay. The sutlers reaped a rich harvest. Sweat boards were organized, and money changed hands.

On Thanksgiving day, the 26th of November, we packed up and started amid a terrific rain storm. The roads became impassable for the trains; we retired to camp. In the morning we slung knapsacks and penetrated the enemy's country. Crossing the Rapidan at Germania ford; taking the road to Orange Court House via Robertson's Tavern. On the march the column was halted, and

the news from Chattanooga was read. The effect was inspiring, renewing courage and confidence among all the army.

The nights were extremely cold and we began to realize a soldier's life and thought of Bonaparte's men on the retreat from Moscow. One afternoon we came to a halt and were ordered to load. Filing right we came to a front and double quicked up the hill, where two outlying pickets fired, wounding Augustus Stere, Co. H, and Junius Brutus Cæsar Clem. The bullet flattened when striking Mr. Clem's head, but drew a copious shower of Hamiltonian blood. Clem, panic stricken, descried a bee line to the rear, followed by the rest of the colored "chillun," with cooking utensils flying in the air. We captured the pickets and sent them under guard to the rear. We advanced through a deep forest that evening and through the long cold night. Evidently we were nearing the game so long sought after, and the morrow would demonstrate whether the boys were to have a thanksgiving turkey shoot or not.

On the morning of the 30th of November we found ourselves in line with the whole army, and confronting a most formidable breastwork of the enemy. The trees had been felled, with the limbs sharpened forming an impenetrable abatis. The order was given to charge at 8 A. M. Unslinging knapsacks we made all preparations. Many turned all private effects over to Chaplain Talbot, with the parting injunction to have them sent to mother or wife "if I fall." We awaited in suspense to start for the next world, for all believed it would be an utter impossibility to cross that apparent river of death. Gen. Baxter, commanding the brigade, addressed us with words of encouragement, knowing full well that we had not as yet been baptized with fire. Five minutes of the time arrives. We await in suspense the signal gun from Gen. Meade's headquarters. In imagination the command to forward

rushes through our brain. Gen. Warren appears on the scene accompanied by a single aid. He dismounts and surveys the rebel fortifications through his field glass. He remounts and speaks to his aid. I cannot send my men against those works if it costs me my commission. Striking spurs to his horse he arrives at Meade's headquarters as the signal gun is fired. The right wing advances; heavy volleys are heard; ten minutes more and the cool judgment of Gen. Meade is shown. Warren has demonstrated to him the utter impossibility to accomplish anything but defeat. The judgment was proved the following month of May, when Gen. Grant failed to carry the works with a much larger force. We await for nightfall to retire, and are amused by tearing down a tannery. Fires were not allowed and we suffered from extreme cold. Some were carried off the field almost perished. Chaplain Talbot comes to the front with Co. E's large tin kettle filled with hot coffee and distributes to the regiment and adjacent troops.

About seven o'clock at night we marched out by the flank to the woods at the rear. We struggled through the interminable thicket and impenetrable gloom and broke in two parts, but could not find the road until Lieut. Col. Thompson consulted his compass. Advancing along the road we met the lost portion coming back towards the enemy's works. They were soon righted and all proceeded back to camp across the Rapidan.

The next day the rebel cavalry was seen hovering in our rear. We marched at quick-step, as no one wished a room at Hotel Libby. The long, dried wild grass was set on fire, burning the under brush and hiding our movements under cover of the dense black clouds of smoke which rolled heavenward. Woe unto the straggler who fell out; if the guerilla did not gobble him the fire might consume and destroy him.

We arrived near Stevensburg and threw out pickets. Col. Ferguson visited the camp and bid farewell to the boys. His constant failing health forced him to resign his commission. We parted with feelings of regret and sorrow. His high moral character and genial disposition had gained the love of all, and created a general feeling of respect, which was due him, for bringing the regiment up to its present standard of perfection.

We finally located winter quarters in a massive oak grove, situated on a gentle slope. The timber was used for log shanties and fuel. We named the camp Cold Hill, as it was beyond the clouds. During the winter the picket line was established near the Rapidan and five miles from camp. We occupied the line one-third of the time, staying three days each time when detailed.

Chopping fuel and timber for corduroy roads, police duty and camp guard kept us busy and out of mischief the balance of the time. Many of the boys sickened and died and were buried in the silent camp ground at the foot of the hill.

At division headquarters a batch of prisoners were guarded, awaiting trial by court martial. They suffered from the inclemency of the weather, having no shelter provided for them. John Hentz was among the number, a man well known for his extraordinary strength and physical powers. He had been absent since April. Upon his return he was a total wreck of humanity. After the sentence of the court martial he was returned to his company, and died the second night. We rolled him in a blanket and buried him at the foot of the hill.

A member of the 15th Mass. was executed by hanging. A grave was dug at the foot of the gallows. When the drop fell the doomed man struck the bank of loose earth and he swayed to and fro, strangling by degrees until life

was extinct. The incompetency of the officer in charge was denounced by all who witnessed the horror. While passing the camp of the 7th Mich. we saw two members chasing each other in a playful manner. The eldest one ran in his tent and brought out his musket. He knelt upon the ground and took deliberate aim, saying, "I will shoot you;" he fired, the shot killing the comrade.

The Christian Commission conducted prayer meetings under a large tent nightly. Many converts were made and the *morale* of the army strengthened. The 19th Maine erected a substantial building wherein prayer meetings were held nightly, conducted by the Chaplains of the brigade. A debating society was formed and many interesting meetings were held, participated in by the stalwart drum major of the 19th Maine, the Townsend boys and Chaplain Talbot. Civilized rations arrived from home by express, resulting in a second weaning when the supply ceased. Musical entertainments and glee clubs were organized, and other amusements; company, brigade and division drills were instituted and carried on to perfection.

Wood was obtained from a forest one mile from camp, Co. B furnishing three men to chop for the whole regiment, the teams drawing the wood to camp, where it was equally divided.

Water was obtained from the run at the base of the mountain, three-quarters of a mile distant.

On the morning of Feb. 6 it was decided at headquarters to feel of the enemy, as it was believed they had relapsed into a paralytic state. Kilpatrick crossed at Ely's Ford with Battery C, 3d U. S. Art. Our division and the 3d were ordered to cross at Morton's Ford. The pontoons being delayed, part of the Second division plunged in the swift running waters, in face of the enemy, and drove the picket line back on the main body. Sharp shooting and artillery

practice was the order of the day, while the pioneers built a bridge across the river. During the day the brigade was stationed on the heights overlooking the river and the country beyond. At night we fell in line and crossed the river and covered the retreat of the troops who had maintained their position throughout the day.

Cos. E and I were detailed in charge of Capt. Chas. Hamilton and Lieut. Horatio Nichols to patrol the bank of the river and guard the bridge. We held our position during the night, listening to the rebel tread sixty feet away. At daylight we retired to a secure position, and at night returned to camp. Our total loss along the line was two hundred, killed and wounded.

The Army of the Potomac was reorganized March 24, 1864. The 152d N. Y. was taken from the First Brigade and assigned to the Second, under the command of Gen. Joshua T. Owens. The 69th, 71st, 72d, 106th Pa. and the 1st California were brigaded with us. Both brigades had been associated together since the battle of Ball's Bluff, fought Oct. 21, 1861. Col. Baker, 1st Cal., was killed in that disaster. California Joe was a prominent member of that regiment. He was a dead shot and well known as such during the many engagements which was enacted.

George Morse, a member of the old 34th N. Y., and a former resident of the northern wilds of Herkimer and Hamilton Counties, served with marked distinction as an unerring marksman. Accompanied with California Joe, many times they were known to make it impossible for the enemy to load a cannon. They covered the ground with the brave and hazardous men who would rush up and attempt to load, only to meet their death. During the battle of Malvern Hill Morse was struck with a she and died from the effects of the wound. California Joe shot the cattle for the brigade. He returned home at the expiration of his time, June, 1864.

Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock assumed command of the corps upon the reorganization, Gen. Warren taking command of the Fifth Corps. On the morning of the 15th of April, we fell in line after breakfast and marched down the hill, and was reviewed in all the drill and evolutions in the book. Gens. Grant and Hancock, with staff, occupied the grand stand. It was a magnificent sight. The corps numbered forty thousand men. We returned to camp at 6 P. M. with an increased appetite for salt horse after the twelve hours' drill.

Resignation and disease had reduced the number of officers, thirty having left the service. Others who were competent filled their places, being promoted from the ranks, and many others recommended to fill vacancies. Gen. Dewitt C. Baxter, commanding the division, specially recognized the regiment by detailing Capt. James E. Curtiss to act on general court martial, under orders pursuant to notice dated November 25th, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS 2D DIV. 2D A. C.
DECEMBER 24th, 1863.

General Orders No. 20.

Capt. J. E. Curtiss, 152d N. Y. V., is hereby announced as Adjutant General on the staff of the brigade, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By Command of
H. W. HUDSON,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

A. R. QUAIFFE,
Adjutant 152d N. Y. V.

W. B. C. DURYEA,
A. A. G.

One morning the picket detail returned to camp after a three days' sojourn amid a driving storm of snow, sleet and rain. The men were very tired, sore, sleepy and reckless. A comrade who had enlisted at the age of sixteen, remarked to a tent mate, that he was going to fire off his gun in camp. He was advised not to do so, as the punishment was very severe, it being death or any other pun-

ishment that a court martial deemed fit to inflict. Heed less of the advice, he placed the muzzle through a crevice of the tent and fired. The camp was immediately aroused. The officer of the day, who saw the smoke, with senatorial yells ordered Co. E in line for inspection of arms. The First Sergeant accelerated the movement with continued commands to "fall in." The tent mate saw the danger of his youthful companion, and believing in the old adage that necessity is the mother of invention, he seized a cartridge and reloaded the musket, forcing the charge down the wet and rusty gun-barrel, by jabbing the ramrod against the logs of the shanty. With one bound they sprang in line with the company. The Captain was surprised and angered, when he found all the guns loaded, and such innocence staring him in the face.

April passed with its balmy air and vegetation springing into life. As the day drew nigh we began to conjecture with some degree of certainty as to the work before us. Comrades who could not study the signs of the times, or who felt as if they were bullet proof or were guided by a star of fortune, began to arrange with their associates for the coming winter. Unfortunately the same star did not guide them all through the storm of shot and shell, the prison pen, and the miasmatic fevers of the country.

CHAPTER V.

In the Wilderness. Baptismal Fire. Overture by the Orchestra. Premonitions of Death. Peals of Musketry. The Dense Forest. Death of Washington W. Hulser. The Heavenly Choir. Grant will Whip. The Whip-Poor-Will. Twelve Miles of Men. Incessant Roar of Battle. Fighting Through Burning Breastworks. The Dead and Dying Confederates. Burning of the Helpless. The Mighty Surge. The Day is Ours. Out of the Jaws of Death. Death of Geo. Kidder. The Soldiers' Dream. On the Road. Todd's Tavern. The Dying Confederate.

ON the 1st day of May everything indicated a forward movement. New accoutrements, canteens, cap and cartridge boxes had been issued in place of the old ones marked by the Inspector General with the cabalistic letters I. C., translated by the boys, "I'm condemned." The sick had been removed to Gen. Hospt., and a few, with physical infirmities, transferred to the veteran reserve corps.

Tuesday, May 3d, eight days' rations were issued, and strict orders to have every canteen filled with water. When the mantle of darkness fell over the land, we fell into line, bidding farewell to our winter home. We crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford in the forenoon and halted near Chancellorsville. We arose at 4 A. M., and over a smouldering fire we hastily prepared a breakfast of raw pork, tack and coffee. Silently we entered the dismal forest and proceeded on the road, halting at Todd's Tavern. The regiment was instructed to file off to the left and enter the woods, where they remained on the alert two or three hours.

A comrade who had been delayed at the well obtaining water, followed after. A line of flankers crossed his path after he entered the woods. Mistaking them for the

152d, who he supposed had again turned, filing this time to the right, the comrade fell in line and advanced with it deep in the forest. The men took intervals several paces apart, and it was impossible for the comrade to discover his mistake until it was too late to recede. He concluded to go on and see the show, still believing his regiment led the column. The line advanced about three miles and emerged into a large clearing, where they halted and closed up.

Suddenly from the woods beyond the cleared field, sharp firing of musketry and artillery was heard. The ball had opened; Griffin's division of the Fifth corps had been ordered to push to the right and left of the turnpike and feel of the enemy. The Second and Third Brigades met Ewell's force, and they at once became engaged. The pressure of the enemy being irresistible, after an hour's hard fighting Griffin retired.

An aide-de-camp came galloping across the field and at once conferred with the officer in charge of the flankers. We about faced and marched back to the "Corners," where the comrade met his regiment emerging from the woods. He explained the cause of his absence and informed his comrades that the ball had opened, the music had commenced, that he had heard the overture by the orchestra. Several loads of wounded arrived, corroborative of the statement. After the usual debating had subsided, Capt. Hulser conversed with the comrade and with Roselle Woodhull, one of McClellan's veterans. Remembering the conversation afterward, the comrade believed the Captain had a premonition of his fate.

It is supposed that Lee intended by a fierce attack on the right centre to destroy the army. The apparent danger was that Gen. Hill would gain possession of the Orange C. H. road before Hancock could effect a junction, thus

cutting the army in two parts. We arrived in season, with no time to spare. The vital point, the junction, was formed.

As the day dies and the darkness creeps up from the west, we have turned the enemy's right flank from our path toward Richmond, and gained the junction of the Brock road and Orange C. H. road. The battle now is raging along our whole front. It was 5 P. M. when our brigade received orders to double-quick over the plank road to an extreme portion of the line. We found the artillery of the whole army parked in a large field. They immediately limbered up and left that place on a full galop. Evidently they were unprotected by infantry and in danger of capture. We about faced and double-quicked over the same route and halted in rear of the main line. A long, continuous peal of musketry firing is heard directly in our front. We formed into line by companies, obtaining position in a tangled undergrowth of shrub oaks. Dazed with the terrible and incessant peals of musketry, all joking and merriment ceased in expectancy of the next scene on the programme. The sun sinks in the west. The shade of the dense forest spreads its gloom over the land. The firing has ceased; quiet reigns along the front.

Gen. Owens has received orders to advance a regiment into the woods to feel of the enemy. He called upon the 152d to perform that duty. An encouraging rumor ran along the line that we were detailed to support skirmishers. We leave our position among the snarled oaks and cross the breastworks; the occupants gave us words of courage. We entered the woods, passing over the bodies of those who had fallen before. We forced a passage through the thick undergrowth, becoming separated and considerably mixed up.

The enlignment was perfect as we press forward. A sharp crackling of musketry and the whizzing of many

bullets cause the men to stagger and fall. The attack was so sudden that it caused the line to waver. It was supposed our picket line was advanced farther in the woods, and we were seeking a position to strengthen and support it. Col. Thompson drew his sword and rallied the men with encouraging shouts, supported in a like manner by the staff and line officers. Instantly recovering, we began to fire at will, and poured volley after volley in the darkness of the night. We fell back a few paces and formed the picket line. Capt. Seabury, A. A. Gen., advanced with guidon flag in hand, and commended the regiment upon its bravery. We had met the enemy. We had received our baptismal fire among comrades who lay upon the blood-stained field. Capt. Hulser fell, mortally wounded, dying during the night. He was shot while cheering on his men. He was a young and efficient officer and a most generous and amiable man, and beloved by all who knew him, both in army and civil life. He was the first one of the regiment to fall facing the enemy. He had left a pleasant home and loving family, a willing sacrifice and an honored son of Herkimer County.

We lay on our arms all night listening to an innumerable choir of whip-poor-wills. The boys along the line changed the sound to "Grant will whip, Grant will whip." It had the effect of instilling in the hearts of the men a confidence in our Great Commander, and a firm belief that a heavenly choir had been sent to cheer us on. At daybreak we arose and prepared for action. Hastily eating a few mouthfuls from the haversack, we fell in line and were the first to advance. There was four lines of battle, and all advanced at 4:30 A. M. The firing immediately commenced, the rear ranks closing up, forming a compact mass, and all pressing forward. Twelve miles of men all loading and firing together, caused an incessant roar

which was truly wonderful and could not be resisted by the enemy. We crossed low logs of breastworks from which we had received the fire the night before. The Johnnies came in, throwing down their arms, and with mingled joy and fear passed on to the rear.

By eleven o'clock we had advanced with such vigor, that we had gained a mile of ground by persistent, hand to hand conflict. The enemy could be felt but not seen, nor could they see our force as we drove them onward. The forest was so dense and covered with a thick undergrowth of scrub oak, laurel and sassafras, that the aim was taken only at flashes and lines of smoke. The storm of leaden hail cut the young trees and tore them into shreds. The ground is covered with killed and wounded of both armies, lying side by side. We cross a small stream, and a comrade stops to obtain water. A member of his own company receives a cup of water from his hand. He drinks it with one draught and passes up the bank. A bullet strikes him and the blood gushes in a torrent from his mouth. The dry leaves take fire, and the flames spread over the ground. The wounded cry for help; some are saved; for others there is no help, and the charred and blackened remains lie on the ground. Neither General of the armies can tell with any degree of certainty, the exact movements of the troops nor the success or disaster they have met with.

The ground is a succession of hills and hollows, making it impossible for so vast an army to preserve a true enlinement. By the mighty surge of battle, the 5th Corps are borne to the right in an oblique direction, leaving a gap between it and the 2d Corps. The gap increases as the 2d Corps press forward, bearing toward the left, crossing the Orange C. H. road, and the unfinished railroad. They are and have been in mortal combat with Heth's

and Wilcox's Division of A. P. Hill's Corps, who have stood gallantly for hours; but at last human nature could stand no more, and shrinking before the compact masses hurled upon them, they become demoralized, and with headlong speed and wild dismay, the broken ranks of Heth and Wilcox become a general route, and are whirled along in a resistless current. Beside the road was Gen. Lee, eager to seize upon any organized body, and launch them in person against the head of the Union force. Gen. Longstreet, at this moment, advanced along the road with a corpse of fresh troops, Kershaw's Division in the advance. They hurled themselves upon the now exhausted Federal troops, overlapping the Third Brigade, First Division, Second Corps. The pressure was so great along the whole line of the command, that it was broken in several places, and had not Gen. Longstreet fell severely wounded, it would most probably have proved a sad disaster. Gen. Longstreet and Gen. Jenkins rode together along the plank road in great glee, encouraged with the success they had met with. A volley at short range was fired from a portion of Mahone's Brigade, wounding Longstreet. Jenkins, springing high in the air from his saddle, fell dead.

At this time the long delayed 9th corps came up and checked the enemy, while we fell back to the Brock road. Regiments and companies were separated and thoroughly mixed up. We fell back slowly, firing at will and scouring the brush in quest of the helpless wounded, even advancing again to the front and snatching a comrade from the jaws of death. Parties of men, singly and in groups, moved over the ground looking for their comrades and the flag of their regiment. Sergeant Geo. Kidder meets with Sergt. Geo. W. Manchester, both coming from opposite directions. They stop to load, standing side by side. They

fire and again prepare to load, a pleasant remark passing between them. A dull, sickening thud is heard as a bullet strikes and pierces the body of Kidder, who falls forward, partially upon his right side, with his face turned toward his comrade. In his death the regiment lost a true soldier; he was brave and generous toward all, and beloved by his comrades. He was commissioned Lieutenant, but had not mustered. A comrade stops on the way and turns around; a bullet strikes him in the arm. A comrade of the regiment picks up a youth of the 72d Pa., who is severely wounded, and with the help of others carries him from the field. They pass Sergts. McGown, Brown and another, who stand by Sergt. W. J. Lackey, who is mortally wounded.

The wounded come streaming in long after the regiments have reformed, accompanied by their comrades who have carried them through the gauntlet of death.

We arrived at the Brock road, our position, in the morning. Gen. Owen with the brigade is ordered to scour the woods. We advance deep in the forest and change directions several times. A brigade of rebel soldiers pass along the ridge as we lay under the brow of the hill. We are not noticed, our uniform resembling the dense foliage. We halt upon a spot where lay upwards of fifty of the dead, dying and wounded, clad in butternut and gray. Their haversacks filled with hoe cake look tempting, but the excitement and horror of war has destroyed the appetite. We fell back to the main line and prepared for the afternoon's bloody work.

Contrary to the general rule, Gen. Grant had issued orders to detain all men who were looking for their regiments and place them in the front. Aids were stationed along the road to enforce the order; the result was, a compact line fully thirty feet wide. Extra muskets were

brought, and cartridges were torn and placed in piles, preparatory for a hot contest.

At 3 P. M. the game was called, the enemy advancing in eight solid columns along that whole four miles of front. A thundering volley broke along the line sending them reeling backward. The forest floor is covered with their dead; the earth is throbbing with the wounded. Up to 4 o'clock the battle raged with fury. The first line of breastworks, built of old logs and brush, caught fire, causing the men to fall back to the second line on the opposite side of the road. While the flames were raging furiously, sending the smoke in dense clouds heavenward, the last attack of the enemy was made. On they came, like maddened demons, charging directly into the flames, and were met by a most terrible seething fire of bullets, the dead and dying lying amidst the burning brush. Four distinct times they were repulsed, and finally retired from the field.

The Third Division of the Fifth Corps, Carr's Fourth division of the Second Corps, and Gen. Stevenson's division of the Ninth Corps suffered a terrible rout. The division of the Ninth Corps became overpowered and fell back, uncovering the flanks of the adjoining divisions. The enemy rushed through the gap and created considerable havoc. Hancock immediately despatched Carroll's Third Brigade, Second Division, to sweep along the whole line and attack the enemy in flank. The manœuvre was successful, restoring the line to its former position. Darkness coming on, all was peaceable, and quiet reigned supreme.

We lay on our arms in quiet slumber, dreaming perhaps of the many fallen comrades and those who were suffering from wounds. Major Timothy O'Brien reported officially to Capt. James E. Curtiss, A. A. A. Gen., a total loss of sixty-eight; Lieut. Conklin, K company, killed; Capt.

Stephen Holden, of H company, severely wounded, but returned to the regiment and remained during its service.

On the the 7th all was quiet in our front. About noon a demonstration was made near the left, but was repelled by the Fifth A. C. After dark we proceeded toward the left and found ourselves on Sunday, the 8th, on the road to Spottsylvania, stopping at Todd's Tavern.

Here we saw a wounded rebel lying near the road and in the last agony of death. He was a tall man with long hair falling over his shoulders, a true type of a son of the South. Amid the agonizing shrieks and groans, he would utter the most bitter imprecations and violent curses upon the Yankees that man could invent. The bullet had passed diagonally from the right shoulder through the body to the left hip.

CHAPTER VI.

Spottsylvania. Gen. Owen. Death of Gen. Sedgwick. Shelled. The Eleventh of May. Baptized in the Blood of Fallen Comrades. Twelfth of May. The Bloody Angle. The Interior Line. Death of Our Color Bearer. Bravery of Capt. Hill. Cruel and Cold Lead. Counter Charging. The False Flag. The Enemy Repulsed. The Death Grapple. Night. The Golgotha. The Far Reaching Shells. May Eighteenth. Feeling of the Enemy. Slaughter of the Corcoran Legion. Murderous Assault. Death of Sergeant Brown. Unburied and Unmarked. Execution of a Deserter. Attack on the Rear. Repulsed by the Heavy Infants. End of the Fourteenth Day.

MONDAY, May 9th, heavy skirmishing and continuous artillery firing was the order of the day. Company B was detailed for picket. Hancock's corps held the right of line; Warren came next, with Sedgwick on the left. Burnside was farther to the left, and disconnected from the army. Had the enemy known it and attacked, the result would have changed the whole plan, and put a new phase to the proceedings of the next weeks' history. Lee's spies knowing every foot of the land, passed through the rugged hills, hollows and ravines at their leisure while Grant changed positions. Lee knew by the several positions occupied by the army corps, where Grant would strike, giving him a chance to prepare and combat against the union army.

Gen. Sedgwick, while reconnoitering at the front, fell pierced with a rifle ball from a sharp shooter. Gen. Morris also fell in the same way. Gen. Sedgwick's body was carried back to the Alsop House, north of the Brock road. Gen. Wright succeeded to the command of the Sixth Corps. Skirmishing was kept up between the picket lines. Longstreet is in front of the Second Corps; Ewell in front of the Fifth and Sixth; Hill at or near

the Court House, in reserve. The face of the country is broken in deep gullies and ravines; streams of water, ridges and knolls, and the timber slashed in front of the enemy's works.

Heavy cannonading opened on the morning of the 10th. Mott's Fourth Division advanced across the river Po, followed by the rest of the corps. The Second Division and Birney's Third Division are withdrawn to assist Warren to make a combined attack. The First Division is caught in extreme peril, and recrossed the river with a heavy loss. Crawford and Cutler's division, of the Fifth corps, and our division advance through the woods. The rebel artillery opened upon us and kept up the music for two hours. Gen. Owen massed our brigade on an elevation overlooking the valley and the wooded ridge in our front. This was the first shelling our regiment had ever experienced. It brought out all the nerve the men were possessed with to withstand this terrible ordeal. The enemy had apparently seen us and were using their utmost endeavors to scrape us off this knoll. We held the ground, however, three hours, losing two killed and several wounded. The shells that dropped among us without exploding were snatched up and rolled down the hill. Gen. Upton, with the 121st N. Y., attacked at the same time, some distance to our left. He entered the enemy's bloody angle with eleven selected regiments, beside his own, and succeeded in capturing twelve cannon and the same brigade that routed Gen. Shaler's men and a few of Upton's command on the night of the 6th. Upton finding himself far in advance of the line, fell back to the main body. About sundown we advanced in line and assaulted the enemy's works. The Fifth corps was met with a terrrible enfilading fire. Our corps succeeded in pushing the enemy back, but, darkness closing around, the whole work was not accom-

plished. We halted on a stony ridge, with a broad and deep gulf in our front. The Pennsylvania Bucktails and the 97th N. Y. formed in our rear and all were ordered to charge across the gulf to the heights beyond. While we awaited the order was countermanded. This gulf was filled with burning timber, crackling and smoking, resembling the valley of Gehanna. We threw out a skirmish line under the ridge and commenced to return the enemy's fire. James Monk of Co. A fell, shot through the head. This ended the six days' fighting. Gen. Grant sent the ever memorable dispatch across the wires and to the whole world: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

Wednesday, the 11th, was spent in heavy skirmishing along the line by both armies. Our position was one of extreme danger, being unprotected and exposed to a raking fire, from the opposite ridge. The air was stifling, hot and sultry, causing a drowsiness among all this conflict. Every fifteen minutes a sharp, heavy volley was sent over as a reminder that the rebels were there. We lay flat upon the ground, yet many were picked off. Swift Roback, a relative of the author of this volume, while lying with him, and by his side, was struck with a minnie ball. The blood poured from his mouth in a torrent, deluging the comrade by his side. He had served with the old 97th N. Y., and was discharged on account of fever, and was one of the first to enlist in the 152nd N. Y. The body of our comrade was carried below the ridge and laid among the laurel undergrowth, unburied and unmarked. The next volley wounded H. R. Matteson and Isaac McLaughlin. Leaving our dead comrade, we conveyed them on blankets to the rear, and placed them in the ambulance wagon. While we waited to see the boys off, two shells exploded among us, wounding two men

who had just arrived with a wounded comrade. We lost no time in retreating to the front. On our way we found a fire, and at once committed the criminal act of cooling coffee. We felt justified in so doing, as this was the first we had since May 4th.

A shell burst over our heads scattering the pieces among us. The 7th West Virginia boy who was with us, picked up a bullet which fell between his feet. The Johnnies' shells was death to all coffee coolers. We proceeded on our way and found the line. During our absence the pioneers had cut logs, and the boys had built breastworks. A heavy rain sat in, and at midnight we moved through mud and darkness, slowly wending our way to the left of the Sixth Corps. We halted on the farm of Mr. Landron, and awaited for daybreak to begin the work assigned to the Second Corps. Our objective point was to charge the bloody angle, near the McCool House, and force back Gen. Lee's right flank, creating a general stampede, and drive him pell mell "On to Richmond." Gen. Frank C. Barlow formed his division in advance. Gen. Miles' Brigade forming in close column by battalions. Birney, Mott, and Gibbon formed in two lines to support the attack. A funeral silence pervades the assembly, and like spectres the men in blue await the order to attack. At daylight the fog is heavy. Objects can only be seen four or five rods. An occasional musket shot can be heard in the distance, and a shell comes bounding down the hill, striking in close proximity to Col. Thompson, who is quietly lying on the ground, trying to catch a few moments' sleep. Gen. Lee had been apprised of our movements. Gen. Johnson had sent him word that he was to be attacked, and all preparations were made to receive us. Gorden's Division was on the ground to support him. All being in readiness and no prospect of the fog lifting,

the voice of Gen. Owen was heard: Attention! Second Brigade, Fix Bayonets! Forward! Guide! Centre! Charge!

On through the open field dotted here and there with overhanging shrubbery, moving swiftly and in silence one-half the distance, one-quarter of a mile. Suddenly the cannon opens fire, and with a cheer and yell, like fiends incarnate, we rush forward, all three divisions, mingling in one solid line. A heavy picket line opens fire upon us as we sweep forward up the slope. The dim outlines of the embankment appear in view, and with one grand rebound, we are over the works, fighting and struggling hand to hand for the mastery. The bayonet is the most effective weapon, as it strikes terror to the hearts of man. The slaughter of the rebels was fearful as we swept them from the field, and force them into our lines. They madly rush into their dugout shanty pits, piling upon each other, and through the intense excitement are shot, and writhe in mortal agony. Three thousand five hundred prisoners are sent to the rear, forty-two cannon are captured with Brig. Gen. George H. Stuart, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. The men captured were members of Stonewall Jackson's old corps. Our success was followed by a heavy cannonade along the whole line to which the enemy replied with great vigor.

Encouraged by the success we had met with, we quickly reformed our lines without any special orders. The officers and men all crying in loud tones to Charge! Forward! To the interior line! We have them now! Up men and at them! The union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Away we go, rushing madly through the woods, when suddenly we came to the interior line, protected by fallen trees, the forked limbs sharpened, forming an impregnable abatis. We were compelled to cry a halt and commenced

firing. Suddenly from out of the forest in our front came belching forth showers of shot and shell, with grape and canister. We kept up a general volley of lead and caught their return fire, which mowed down the boys like grain on the bloody field. Col. Thompson retired from the field wounded.

Capt. David Hill, of Co. F, a noble and brave man, who enlisted to fight, stands out in plain view, daring the enemy to come out from their cover. Waving his sword high above his stalwart form, he received a bullet in his hand, lacerating it terribly, and imbedding the bullet in the sword hilt.

Our color bearer, Hubbard Norton, received a bullet wound in the hand. The next moment he was shot and fell dead. Corp. James E. Barnes, color guard, was severely wounded in the arm; Sergt. McLone fell among the killed, and six others of the color guard.

The fighting to our right and left was as desperate as in our front. Nowhere could we effect an entrance. Gordon's troops fought like demons. Hancock plants a battery on Bown's farm, and the shell pass over our heads, high in the air. The ground lies thickly strewn with our dead; we retire through the woods to the line captured in the morning. We carried of the field a young boy belonging to the 12th Jersey. He was wounded through both cheeks. His companions received him and bore him to the rear. We came upon a lone forsaken rebel reclining against a tree. He was ordered to the rear by a Lieutenant of Co. K. He showed his teeth by drawing a revolver and shooting the Lieutenant in the leg. It was said by those who witnessed the scene, that the rebel instantly gave up the ghost in a rather unceremonious manner.

We had safely ensconsed ourselves behind the works when the enemy appeared in force, with a heavy skirmish line, with the apparent intention of driving us off the field. Gen. Meade at once ordered Wright, with the Sixth Corps, to our assistance and formed on our right near the McCool house. All that day we held the works against repeated assaults. The rebel generals all taking a hand, seemed determined to find out who could stand the pounding longest. Five times they charged to the very parapets, and with hand to hand conflict were mowed down. Ewell, who had been driven from the works in the morning, was first to enter the Golgotha. Hill came next from the right, and was in turn disposed of. Anderson moved up from the extreme left and entered the arena, where both armies, thus contracted, met in a continued death grapple. Warren coming on the gory field to share the honors of victory.

During the day a large force, bearing a flag of truce, advanced at trail arms. Rejoiced to see so many coming over on the Lord's side, we mounted the works cheering them on. When they arrived quite close they dropped their flag and commenced firing. Several dropped from off the works killed and wounded.

Recovering our surprise we gave them a volley, which sent them reeling back. Later on they repeated the same trick. On they came with the white flag above their heads. We had double shotted every musket along the line and were prepared to receive our erring brethren with cold and cruel lead. They came so close we could see the gray spots in their eyes. Every man arose as one and gave them a concentrated fire, filling them with lead enough to build a monument in honor and remembrance of the Second Division, Second A. C.

A recruit of Co. F maintains a position on the parapet throughout the day refusing to obey the officer's command to come down. He was an extreme fatalist and believed he would not be shot until his time came.

Through the day the contest goes on, keeping up a steady fire for the purpose of keeping the muskets dry, a drizzling rain descending. The 14th N. Y., Brooklyn boys, who wore red breeches, lay off to our right in four lines of battle. They cover a position where there are no works. A gap in the line. They keep up an incessant fire on that part of the line all day, loading while lying on their backs, rolling over and firing. The continuous peals of musketry and cannonading all along the line, arouses the union and confederate alike to maintain their positions to the bitter end. The dead, dying and wounded are lying literally in heaps, hideous to look at. The writhing of the wounded and dying who lay beneath the dead bodies, moved the whole mass at times. The storm of leaden hail sweeps through the woods and over the intrenchments, cutting and rending the branches into shreds. It was here where the oak tree was cut down by the continual stream of lead. The stump measured two feet across and was preserved. It is long past midnight before the firing has ceased in front of the Second Corps.

Pickets are stationed and every man is wide awake. The officers on the other side call out their commands to forward on the works. They advance a short distance with yells demoniac and are met. The Yankees never sleep. Some lie down in the trench at the base of the rifle pit. Before they can snatch a half hour's sleep, they are aroused to take part in repulsing the enemy.

The morning of the 13th found Lee back to his interior lines, and Grant making new combinations. Gen. Grant meant all his words implied when the order was flashed

over the wires that he would fight it out if it took all summer. By the general outlook there was to be no rest for the weary, and every hour, both night and day, a blow was to be struck at every opportunity. The 13th the rain descended as usual, and the 152d was ordered on the skirmish line, which we held all day. Gen. Meade issued an order congratulating the army upon the grand success and work they had performed. Our loss on the 12th and 13th was reported at forty-nine killed and wounded.

On the evening of the 13th, Grant ordered the Fifth Corps to join Burnside on the left. The morning of the 14th, the Second Army Corps was to renew the attack, while Warren and Burnside was to strike Lee's right flank near Spottsylvania C. H. Moving all night, Warren's men became exhausted, and the project was abandoned. The mud was by this time ankle and knee deep, and the troops began to show signs of weakness; yet with silent enthusiasm they pressed on without a grumble. Gen. Lee was in as bad a condition, for on the morning of the 14th we found he had fallen back, but still holding the roads and Court House. All was quiet along the line. Both armies strongly fortified.

Sunday opened pleasant and we rested and wrote letters to friends. The dead was buried, and the wounded conveyed in long trains to Fredericksburg.

Monday and Tuesday was enjoyed in resting on account of the bad state of the roads. Tuesday night reconnoiters were made by parties alone the line for the purpose of discovering the enemy's position on the morrow. During the night Wright had moved with the Sixth Corps to our right. Both corps to attack Lee's left in the morning.

On Wednesday, the 18th, our Brigade advanced through the woods and crossed two rifle pits, which seemed to have been abandoned quite recently, and it was so proven when

we were drawn on, and found an impregnable position. Gen. Owen marched our Brigade in close column by battalions, in advance of the balance of the division. We advanced through the woods in a zig-zag direction. The shot and shell rained from the tree tops. Evidently we had been seen from the lookouts. We passed a row of dead men who had been stripped of their clothing, showing conclusively they were our men. They had turned as black as night and were unrecognizable. While passing over the deserted lines, we saw several men dead and standing upright. They had been caught in the forks and crotches of the abatis. Nearing the enemy we came to a clearing, and passed over the space on a double quick, and occupied a trench where the enemy had buried their dead. The bodies lay several deep, having a light covering of dirt, many exposed to view. All was still in the woods on the left and front, and as silent as the mortal remains lying beneath our feet.

Emerging from the woods to the rear, the Corcoran legion appeared upon the scene. They were all stalwart sons of the Emeral Isle, and bore the green flag emblazoned with the harp of Erin. They steadily advanced across the clearing on our left. They were massed in column, and had cleared one-half of the space, when suddenly from front and flank there belched forth a terrible fire of shot and shell. The legion withstood this most murderous assault when seeing success was hopeless, they gathered up their wounded, and retired from the field.

While we occupied the trench, an accident occurred which cast a gloom over the regiment. The men were lying down or reclining against the bank, others walking about. A comrade stumbled against the gun of Sergt. Benjamin Dyckman, of Co. K, it exploded, the ball killing Sergt. James Brown, Co. H, who was lying by his

side. Before we could recover from the horror of this accident, a shell entered our works; when Gen. Owen gave us the command to right face, forward march, we obeyed the order with alacrity, and fell back to the main line.

Thus ended the fourteenth day of continual fighting. The private soldier had earned the sum of seven dollars in greenbacks, according to the contract made with the Government. He may have earned honor, glory and renown, and received thanks and praiseworthy attentions upon his return from the war; and lionized for a time by a grateful people, but finally drifting down the river of life, drinking the bitter dregs of poverty, striving with a mighty effort to keep the spirit from taking its departure, while looking out upon this great and glorious land he had helped to save.

On the morning of the 19th we were encamped near the line of works with a heavy picket line well advanced for protection. At sunrise the division formed in line by regiments to witness the execution of a member of the 19th Mass. The Adjutant of each regiment read the charges and specifications to their respective regiments. He had deserted his colors in the "Wilderness," and started for Washington, but was arrested on the road. The prisoner viewed the rising sun away in the East, gazing with mortal eyes but a moment upon its celestial beauty. A flash and a report of musketry, and all was over. He had sown the seed of dishonor, and reaped the reward. Henceforth and forever, he would answer the roll call in the ranks of the Supreme Commander of all the universe.

Early in the morning a portion of our right began to move to the left, following the cavalry force under Gen. Torbert, who had started the night before, and succeeded

in entering Guinney Station about ten miles southeasterly of Spottsylvania, and on the right and rear of the rebel army. Lee divining Grant's intentions, strove to interrupt by sending Gen. Ewell to thwart them. Rhode's Division led the advance, crossing the Ny river, making a wide circuit northwest of the Langdon farm, where he captured hospitals, ambulances and supply trains. Gens. Grant's and Meade's headquarters was within three-quarters of a mile of the scene near the Harris House, and to the left and rear of the Second Corps. Gen. Grant received the news through Col. Kitching's pickets, and in ten minutes tents are struck and everything was in readiness to move at a moment's warning.

Tyler's Division of Heavy Artillery had just arrived from Washington. They were encamped in the vicinity awaiting assignment to some command. They immediately fell into line and for the first time faced the enemy, sending forth from their bright, new rifles a death dealing and withering fire. The enemy was completely surprised and could not stand the shock. They gathered up their dead and wounded and fell back. The heavy boys charged their retreating lines and kept up a desultory fire long in the night.

Our division and the Third double-quicked to the field followed by a portion of Warren's corps. We assisted the infants in stampeding the enemy, but the tenderfooted boys reaped all the honor which justly and rightfully belonged to them. Ewell lost one thousand men, and learned the all-important fact that Grant had received at least thirty thousand reinforcements to fill the places of those who had fallen, which, up to this date, was 4,070 killed, 20,174 wounded, 6,470 prisoners.

CHAPTER VII.

Grant's Crab Movement. Shelled on the March. North Anna River. A Desperate Fight. Holding the Line at the Point of the Bayonet. Four Nights on Picket. Death of the Cavalryman. Sambo. Bearding the Lion in his Den. Arrival of Recruits. Heavy March. . Tolopotomoy Creek. The Bloody Second Corps. Three Days' Fighting. Night March. Cold Harbor. Charge. Running the Gauntlet. Shelled from the Rear. The Second N. Y. H. A. A Winrow of Dead. Recapture of a Flag. The Mortar Shell. On Picket. The Excited Yank. Sharp Shooting. Ten Days' Fight. Grant's Visit to the Works. Shooting Ramrods. The Flag of Truce. The Long-haired We'uns. The Gray Back or Sand Bug. A Hidden Enemy. Carrying Rations Amid Screeching Shells. Swinging Around the Circle.

THE movement which had been delayed by this attack was recommenced at midnight of Friday, the 20th. The advance was conducted by a bold and confident style. Long gaps intervened between corps and division commands and was in some danger of parts of the army being cut off. The Second Corps led the advance, following in the wake of Torbert's Cavalry, passing Massaponax church at 4 A. M. and arriving at Guinney Station in the morning, reaching Bowling Green after a march of twenty miles. Sunday the corps proceeded to Milford's Bridge, on the Mattapony river, and crossed about five miles south, and formed a line one mile from the bridge, commanding an elevated position. The enemy's infantry was in force in our front. During the day we advanced in line and held the ground two miles from the river. Our objective point was to reach the North Anna river before Lee's army. We failed to do so. Longstreet and Ewell had beaten us by twenty hours, their route being more direct and shorter. Our line began to consolidate and form in close order. Hancock occupying the left,

resting on Milford Station; Warren the right at Guinney's Station.

Gen. Lee at once began to move on, to preserve the position at North Anna. Grant followed and all day Monday, the 23d, there was a race between the two armies. While marching through the woods a shell exploded in the ranks of Co. B, wounding Albert Hall, and killing a member of the 72d Pa. The battle was very severe on our left, the First Division being engaged, suffering a loss of three hundred. They, however, succeeded in crossing the river; Warren crossed higher up, and was vehemently met with a fierce fire.

By night both Corps were across, the Sixth and Ninth holding the other side. Heavy skirmishing and artillery was kept up on this impregnable position all day. Hancock occupying the left wing, was ordered by Grant, to keep up a steady fire and make a reconnoissance whenever it was possible.

At 4 P. M., on the 24th, our regiment was detailed for skirmishers, and sent in the deep woods to relieve the 7th West Virginia Regt. We halted about the centre to load, and in so doing and while so engaged, attracted the attention of the enemy, who at once began to fire over the heads of the old line, which we were about to relieve. We at once began to fire, without orders, and pushed on through the woods with yells and cheers, passing over the line of pickets in our front. We halted and secured a position of safety, and expended the fifty rounds of cartridges in our possession; none others available, we held the line at the point of the bayonet until morning. The result was, three killed and eleven wounded.

The 25th and 26th was spent in reconnoissances; the enemy had a strong force opposite our centre. The position in front of Hancock was very elaborate, and running

parallel with his line. The left wing of Lee was thrown back. His whole army formed in the shape of the letter V, with both flanks protected by morass and river. Lee's centre pierced our line, placing our Corps in a dangerous position if attacked. Grant knew well it was useless to beard the lion in his den, and so he withdrew the Sixth Corps to the north branch of the river, followed by the rest of the troops, and moved out easterly on Thursday night, the 26th. Hancock awaited, protecting the rear, and skirmished with the enemy, and disarmed suspicion of the movement.

On the 26th we received two recruits for Co. E. They were quite young in appearance, but they had penetrated through the wilds of Virginia, looking for the 152d N. Y. V. They had come to share the glory and honors of war, leaving a quiet and beautiful home among the hills of Fairfield, N. Y. They were Dutton and Charles W. Nichols.

The 25th, 26th and 27th we occupied the picket line night and day without sleep. The last night was more than nature could bear, and several slept on the line until awakened by a sharp volley on the right. The next morning we received a contraband, waving a flag of truce. He reported a Yankee cavalryman dead in the house below. Afterwards it was ascertained a squad of cavalry had been on a scout, and were trying to find their lines. On being ordered to halt, supposing it to be the enemy, they turned and fled. Mistaking them to be the enemy, our boys fired a volley. Sambo continued with our regiment the balance of the war in the capacity of servant. His master had ran away and left him alone.

At 7 A. M., on the 28th, we filed out of our works, and marched twenty miles before sundown. The roads were heavy with sand, and the day was exceedingly hot. We

halted near Hanovertown, and camped for the night. A small band of bushwhackers came over the hill to view the Bloody Second Corps, but quickly skedadled, their pace accelerated by leaden pills. We threw out a picket line and slept in quiet and peace until revellie.

On Sunday, the 29th, we crossed the Pamunkey river, and advanced until we found the enemy across Tolopotomoy creek. Rations began to arrive by way of White House Landing. Monday, the 30th, the line extended from near Hanover C. H. to near Mechanicsville; Wilson's cavalry protected the right, next came Warren, Hancock, Burnside occupying the left and rear, threatening Richmond, and protected by Gregg and Torbert's cavalry. About 5 P. M. Warren moved toward Mechanicsville. Gen. Rhoades' attacked him vigorously. To relieve Warren, Meade ordered the whole line forward. Hancock was the only one to receive the order in time to attack before night. The enemy's skirmish line was driven in, the enemy making several attempts during the night to retake the ground. On Tuesday, 31st, a general advance was ordered. We were now upon the same ground which had been occupied by McClellan two years before, Warren being upon the same spot where he had commanded a brigade under Fitz John Porter. Warren had moved to the left of Burnside. The 18th Army Corps arrived while Lee was reinforced by Breckenridge and Beauregard. We charged the works of the enemy several times through the day, but could effect no entrance. Co. B lost one killed and one mortally wounded. We kept up a lively skirmish fire all day, retiring for rations and to rest below the hill. Jacob Kimm, of Co. E, while reclining against a small tree, was struck in the knee, the bullet following the bone in a corkscrew direction, making several turns and lodging

in the heel, rendering amputation necessary. After the war he emigrated with his parents to Iowa. He received a collegiate education and entered the ministry, but the wound breaking out fourteen times, has incapacitated him from following his profession. During the past two years he has been wholly confined and lying prostrate and ready at any moment to answer the summons to the roll call of the majority in the grand army above.

On the night of the 31st, the Sixth Corps moved from the right to Cold Harbor, an old tavern situated on a four corners, one road leading to White House Landing, and one to Richmond. They joined with the 18th Army Corps, forcing the enemy back, capturing 600, but with a double loss on our side. The result was Cold Harbor was retained in our hands. The same day it was apparently quiet along our front until the afternoon, when Gibbon and Potter moved their divisions forward on the enemy's works. Grant at once performed what the rebels called his crab movement, moving from right to left. We held the ground until evening, and upon retiring, the enemy followed with a strong determination to get even, but were handsomely repulsed. Our Corps at once moved, marching all night, and formed on the Sixth Army Corps at 2 P. M., June 2d, facing Breckinridge and Mahone's Division, Hill's Corps. The line extended from Tolopotomoy creek to the Chickahominy river, and disposed as follows: from right to left, Burnside, Ninth Army Corps, Warren Fifth Army Corps, Smith Eighteenth Army Corps, Wright, Sixth Army Corps, Hancock Second Army Corps. Grant had now determined to push Lee across the river, and for that reason he had assigned Hancock the all important position on the left. The attack was ordered at 5 P. M., June 2d. Before the hour arrived, a heavy thunder cloud passed over the sky, making the heavens as black as night. Flash

after flash of lightning descended; the thunder roared louder than the artillery. The heavens opened, deluging the earth and swelling the river in one roaring flood. A new order was fixed at 4:30 A. M., and many retired for the night, to sleep the last time on earth.

Before daylight Capt. Burt passed through the camp, with sword drawn, and awoke the men from their slumbers. Placed upon the extreme left, the Second Corps was about to repeat the battle of Spottsylvania C. H. Our brigade, commanded by Gen. Owen, was massed in eight lines of battle and faced Watt's Hill, which, if gained, would command the whole rebel line, enfilading it at that point. At a given signal the whole army moved at once. The battle lasted ten days, but the first ten minutes decided its fate. We passed over the broken ground on the double-quick, the First Division leading.

Arriving on the ridge, the brigade being massed in solid square by order of Gen. Owen, rushed parallel with the enemy's works through the cleared field, which was swept by shot and shell. A shell bursts in the ranks of the regiment as we rush on, the smoke lifts, and N. O'Brien, of Co. E, and Thos. Evans, of Co. F, lay crosswise of each other, dead. We turn and rush toward the front, crossing the sunken road and swamp. Ascending the hill, we madly charge across the level space, and are met with a cyclone of bullets. A winrow of the First division lie cold in death. Our solid square press on, the 184th Pa. leading, with the 152d N. Y. We scale the enemy's works and capture three cannon, holding the breach made five minutes. Gen. Finnegan at once rallied his reserves and drove us out, capturing the helpless wounded. Had Napoleon Bonaparte's plan been adopted by massing twenty thousand men at this point and rushing them over the dead

bodies of those who fell, we might have carried the works, but at a fearful cost.

We fell back to the ridge, an average distance of 100 ft. from the rebels' works, and began to throw up breastworks, using case knives and tin plates. Recovering from their surprise the enemy rashly exposed themselves and sought to drive us from the saucy position we had taken, by jumping upon their breastworks and taking deadly aim at the men lying upon the ground. We maintained our position until the shovels and new muskets arrived, when all was made secure. The side hill below the line in front was was filled with men who were engaged in loading and passing the muskets to those in front, who were keeping up an incessant fire.

While the battle was raging, a battery which was located at the rear, in the woods, opened fire, apparently with the intention of knocking down a brick house, situated within the enemy's works, the roof being apparently three feet above the top of the works. For the purpose of getting the exact range, the cannon was depressed to such a degree that the solid shot and shell fell short and buried in the side hill, exploding among the men, causing great consternation, as there was no remedy but to lay still and receive the death dealing missiles.

J. J. Nau, Co. F, Capt. Hale, Division Inspector General, and many others were wounded. D. H. Lewis, Co. C, was struck in the head with the brass plug from a shell. Many others were shot unnoticed by their comrades who lay by their side. A fence rail was raised above the breastworks for the battery to get the range. A private soldier walked back with orders to cease firing.

The enemy's picket line advanced twenty feet from their works, ours about forty feet. Midway between these two outer lines lay a beautiful blue flag which had been lost

upon the charge. Several attempts were made to regain it, but without success, as both the blue and gray kept up an incessant fire on this spot. The fourth night, Chauncey Kelsey, of Co. C, left the main line, crawling over the debatable ground and brought it safely into our lines. It proved to belong to the 7th N. Y. H. A., an Albany City regiment.

The 2d N. Y. H. A. was stationed sixty rods on our left; our visits to that regiment were frequent, but fraught with much danger.

On the charge June 3d the Heavy boys pressed forward, and in falling back they halted and occupied a breastwork fifteen feet from the enemy. The boys lay quiet but prepared, when suddenly a heavy line of the enemy sprang over their works, and charged the infants, but were met with the point of the bayonet and repulsed. A member of Co. H became excited; he dropped his musket and caught a stalwart Johnny by the hair and dragged him over the top of the breastwork. He was sent North and confined; during his imprisonment he escaped and enlisted in the U. S. A. By a strange coincidence he was assigned to the same company where he entered hair first. He sought for the comrade who captured him, but alas, he was no more. On the grand charge a division occurred in the battalion of the 2d N. Y. H. In moving by the right flank to make connection, a shell came plowing through their ranks, killing six and severely wounding five of their number.

The swamp where water was obtained was situated in the rear of the 2d Heavy boys. The path leading thereto ran parallel with our works, with a narrow strip of timber between, and distant about sixty rods. The enemy, occupying the elevated position, and from the upper windows of the brick house kept up a brisk fire, burying the bullets

in the hard ground. On one occasion six bullets were buried in the path, near the feet of a comrade, and daily men were killed while in the act of dipping water.

The wounded who lay between the two lines, and who could walk, ran the gauntlet under cover of our guns. Those who were disabled from crawling, lay on the burning hot sand parching with thirst.

On the afternoon of the 7th, Gen. Lee granted a flag of truce, when many were carried off the field still alive. John W. Welter, of Co. E, while in the front rank and engaged in firing, was severely wounded in the hand. He returned to the regiment a few months later, with a spirit of determination to see the end. He was assigned to the position of guidon color bearer.

A mortar battery was erected and brought to bear on the enemy. The shots seemed to do some execution, causing some merriment among the boys. After the first day the compliments were returned with their respects. Then the laugh came from the other side. The noise and whistle of the mortar shell is very peculiar and not in any way charming. The boys undertook to build bomb proofs, but abandoned the work, the sand caving in, burying several. One shell cut off an arm of a member of the 184th Pa. while he was asleep.

After dark the picket line was stationed midway between the lines, where they would remain lying flat upon the ground and digging with tin plates and case knives until the eastern sky became crimsoned with the approaching day. If by chance they were left upon the line they had protection throughout the day. Artillery duels occurred nightly. When the cannon ceased to roar the enemy would vault over their works, but were met by the boys in blue who had cleaned all extra guns thro' the day. On the afternoon of the 7th, their dead was carried off

the field, and buried within their own lines, our dead being buried where they fell.

The enemy could not explode a shell within our works, the distance being too close. They would explode among the trees, the deadly missiles falling upon the road which was lined with men conveying rations from the Commissary department, which was stationed on the right, the road leading thereto running parallel with the enemy's works. The cannon's roar and screeching shells made it a very undesirable place for an evening stroll.

Dr. Lyon E. Corbin visited the works, dealing medicine to the sick.

Lewis Hendricks, of Co. E., while returning from the swamp after obtaining water, arrived at the cross-roads leading to the breastwork. Directly at his side and coming from the opposite direction appeared Gens. Grant, Meade, Hancock, and staff officers, accompanied by several civilians, said to be the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, who were evidently on a tour of inspection. On the instant they appeared in view, the rebel cannoneers sprang to their guns and poured forth shot and shell. Falling off their horses, they secured cover behind the embankment of the sunken road. Hendricks assisted them to escape, and gave them a cooling drink from the old canteen.

Robert Aull, the private of Co. F. who maintained his position on top of the breastworks at Spotsylvania, was an odd character. At Cold Harbor he left the line and established himself on the heights in the rear. Here all the enemy's bullets and shell found a stopping place. Four months later, Robert came limping into camp; he stated that while enjoying himself under the shade, a minnie buried in his groin; he rolled to the foot of the hill, where he was picked up by a teamster.

The peddaculles'es' began to appear in great numbers. Doubtless they crossed over from the other side, as it was generally believed they had an overproduction. The Western boys called them sand bugs, as they were supposed to generate from grains of sand and sweat, the soldier being the incubator. Prior to this we had a few, but now it was very evident the peds. had us. They were no respecter of persons, but treated all alike. From the General commanding to the eighth corporal and private, all were attacked, the mule only escaping. The average amount allotted to each man, officer and private alike, was nine hundred ninety and nine to the square inch. The souls of the murdered ones entered into the new crop, and after three days of maturity, they with redoubled energy and vigor, worked without ceasing.

Why were they made with that terrible claw, and born with that terrific maw? To suck a soldier's blood in cruel war, crawling and biting, creeping and fighting, through each and every hour. The cannon's roar they heeded not, nor feared the whizzing, blistering shot, the explosion of the mortar shell, the fiendish, exulting rebel yell. Beneath each garment of shoddy blue, in armies great they did not wait, but climb and clamor, fight and chew.

Gen. Joshua T. Owen remained in the breastwork with the boys, sheltered with a fly tent. He was relieved from his command a few days before we left the harbor. The reason why, a private soldier had but limited means of knowing. However, the Brigade lost a brave and efficient officer, whose exploits and deeds had gained for him the name of fighting Paddy Owen.

Grant kept up a threatening attitude along the line, hurling the Sixth Corps seven times against the works on the right centre. All that valor could do by officer and man was done, but it was in vain. All attempts to ad-

vance were met by repulses. We finally settled down to see who could fling the most lead. All extra ramrods were fired over to the enemy, they in turn sending back from out of their cannon's mouth chunks of railroad iron. Our brigade built a new line of breastworks in front of the first line.

When the flag of truce was granted we met the long-haired "We 'uns" over the bodies of the fallen of both armies. They were defiant as ever, and believed they would eventually win the day. The ten days of our sojourn at Cold Harbor the Regiment lost eight killed and five wounded. Grant in the meantime was busy changing his base of supplies to City Point, and attack from the south of Richmond. The loss sustained by the army since the 20th day of May was 2,128 killed, 12,030 wounded, 2,740 prisoners.

CHAPTER VIII.

Crossing the James River. Light Haversacks. Charging the Enemy's Works. Continued Fighting. A Murderous Cross-Fire. A Tornado of Minnies. Heroic Service of Thos. R. Petrie. The Hospital Scene. Dr. Silas A. Ingham. The Amputating Tables. 100 Graves. Terrible Slaughter of the First Maine H. A. Weldon Railroad. Cutting Hair with Bullets. Opening of the Battle, 22d June. Flanked. Heavy Loss in Prisoners. Andersonville. His Satanic Majesty. Senator Mahone. Judgment and Legs. Gobbled. Jerusalem Plank Road. The Ten-Pin Alley. Shower of Grape Shot. The Works Retaken. Appetite Destroyed. End of the 52nd Day. Grant. Moses. The Promised Land. New Recruit. Harrowing Tales. Fourth of July. Dress Parade. Slashing Timber Night and Day.

THE soil of Cold Harbor being enriched with the blood of the nation, with no prospects of victory, Gen. Grant made preparations to swing around the circle. Sunday, June 12, 7 P. M., the music from the brass bands resounded along the whole line of eight miles. The enemy held their accustomed fire and listened, while each regiment moved separately, by the flank, and at the same moment. With noiseless tread, we reformed on the road at the rear. Silently we marched parallel with the rebel line, until out of danger. The picket line was left to the tender mercy of the enemy, it being essential they should keep up a sharp fire until the line was well under way. The Fifth Corps and cavalry arrive at Long Bridge, 15 miles distant from Cold Harbor, and cross the Chickahominy about 2 A. M., 13th. They succeed in driving the enemy and hold them at bay, while the Second Corps cross the pontoons and proceed to Wilcox's Landing, 20 miles distant, our Division arriving about 11 A. M., 13th. On the afternoon of the 14th, the bridge being constructed, we crossed the James river, which at this point is 2,000 feet wide and 84 feet deep. The Cold Harbor pickets

began to arrive; they reported that the enemy charged their line about 2 A. M., and captured several, but did not follow with cavalry or artillery.

Our Corps numbered 2,000 men, with empty haversacks. Gen. Hancock expected Gen. Butler to send rations and meet us on the way. Gen. Grant's orders to that effect meant extraordinary work for Gen. Hancock to perform. Our only consolation was a general cry for hard tack; the sound of the many voices reverberating through the forest. We bivouacked about two miles from the river, and awaited in vain for rations. Light haversacks and light stomachs was the order of the day. This rule was established whenever the march was long, and tedious, and the task more arduous to perform. Not so with the mule; they must have their rations, otherwise they would lie down and die, through pure meanness and spite. The mule had no family or relatives to live for, no country to honor, no soul to keep marching on, no coming generations to remember his deeds.

The night of June 15th we started for Petersburg, 20 miles away; the march was enlivened with the distant sound of cannon and musketry. The night was hot and oppressive. We halted at the outer works 1 o'clock A. M., June 16th. Gen. Hancock at once took possession of the works captured by Gen. Baldy Smith the day before. We breakfasted on seven hard tack apiece, borrowed by our commissary from the noble colored troops. At 6 A. M. Gen. Barlow advanced his Division under a heavy artillery fire, and obtained the rifle pits under the stronger works of the enemy. At 6 P. M. our Division advanced in line with Barlow and Burnside. We assaulted the works, and after three hours hard fighting the enemy fell back, and operations were suspended until morning.

On the 17th, Burnside renewed the attack and carried a portion of a new line, forcing that wing of the enemy back. In the afternoon the enemy opened up with their artillery, when a brass battery was wheeled up and fired directly over the heads of our regiment. We lay a few feet in front of the cannon; when the firing ceased, we arose and advanced down the hill across the creek, driving the enemy out of their works. We held the line all night without sleep, exchanging shots across the debatable ground.

The morning of the 18th, orders were issued for a general assault at 4 A. M. The skirmishers advanced and found the enemy had retired. New combinations were made placing the Sixth and Eighteenth Corps on the right, Gen. Birney in command of the Second Corps, and Warren on the left. Gen. Gibbon advanced his First and Second Brigades, with the Second Brigade of Gen. Motts. We moved promptly up to the works but were met with a murderous fire enfilading the left. We struggled desperately through the ordeal, and approached the works, but recoiled, leaving the dead and wounded on the field. At 5 P. M. we reorganized and formed nine lines of battle. Gen. Gibbon advanced our Division within 150 feet of the enemy's works. Our Brigade halted directly in front of a short breastwork, the 152d being the fourth line from the front. Our presence became known as the enemy opened fire with solid shot from their batteries, cutting and slashing among the young pine trees, which fell among the men. The order came, and with one grand sweep the front line advanced towards the enemy's works. Ten paces were taken, when from behind the enemy's works there poured forth a most murderous fire, resembling a violent tornado or rushing wind, the minnies passing over our heads. The minnies, striking the trees, glanced

and wounded several. The front line recoiled, leaving one half their number dead and wounded on the field. The First Maine Heavy Artillery lost 115 killed and 489 wounded. Success being hopeless, the order to charge the rest of the troops were countermanded, and we lay under the incessant volleys fired by the enemy, until night.

The ambulance train, under the command of Thos. R. Petrie, of Company F., and the stretcher bearers, with Peter W. Tallman, appeared on the field. The manly form of the Sergeant could be seen, mounted upon his horse, rushing over the ground, followed by his assistants. They gathered up the wounded amid the shrieking shells and the storm of the deadly bullet. They seemed to bear a charmed life, being more exposed between the two fires, and the enfilading and cross-fire of the enemy, than any body of men on the field.

The Second Division Hospital was located about two miles to the rear. The surgeons had little or no rest during the many days of bloody conflict They were assisted by the members of the brass band and drum corps of the 152nd N. Y. All night and the next day the ambulance train moved toward City Point, bearing there loads of wounded, who, after being treated with the surgeon's knife, were sent direct to the general hospital.

Upwards of one hundred graves were filled at the farm house occupied by our Division, many dying on their way to Washington. The dooryard presented a horrible spectacle on the morning of the 19th. The mutilated remains of the heroes was piled in heaps and scattered around; the wounded lying on stretchers awaiting for death to relieve their agony. Elisha B. Underwood lay upon a stretcher, severely wounded. He died from the effects, eleven years later, while being operated on at his

home. Surgeon Silas A. Ingham had labored incessantly, performing many skillful operations in surgery. The continuous and arduous toil, without rest, contracted a physical disability. He became seriously ill and was obliged to abandon the field. During his service he was efficient in his duties and always remained a true friend to the soldier. He died Feb. 4, 1886. The final results of a battle can only be seen at the hospital. The amputating tables containing the wounded, the dead and the dying, and parts of bodies lying upon the ground, will give a clear idea of the scenes enacted upon the field.

On the 19th, the regiment crossed the cleared field and occupied the skirmish pits within fifty feet of the rebel line. The reckless and daring manner of the men became noticeable. The hardships of war seemed to weaken their mental and physical powers alike. The corps moved on the night of the 21st and built works fronting the Weldon RR. On the morning of the 22nd a comrade who had been slightly wounded on the 18th, left the division hospital and found the lines about one mile to the right of his regiment. He walked in a leisurely manner, but was soon reminded that the Johns were keen sighted. The troops in the trenches repeatedly advised him to come down and walk under cover; finally he received a bullet under each ear. The enemy was practicing a new method in hair cutting in rather a barbarous manner. The balance of the journey was performed under cover, joining the regiment 9 A. M., June 22nd.

The time had arrived when a spirit of demoralization came slowly creeping upon all, who were exhausted from want of sleep, and forced marches. The chances of life were unfavorable; many believed thier hour was nigh, if not by the bullet or shell, then by sheer fatigue. Yet there was none who would willing give up the fight and

trust to his Satanic Majesty Jefferson Davis. Newspapers were scarce, but one arrived giving an account of Andersonville prison and was generally believed by all intelligent men.

The line was formed facing the Weldon Railroad. The Sixth Corps held the extreme left, next came the First Division, Second Corps. Gen. Mott, with the red and white diamonds, held the centre, while the Second Division held the right, with their Third Brigade still farther on the right, and isolated by an intervening dry swamp. The 152nd held the right of the brigade next to the swamp. The 184th Pa. had taken their position, about 500 feet in front of our regiment, where they remained, their line running at right angles with ours. Their flanks were exposed, the enemy raking one side of their low earthworks with shell, while the opposite side was exposed to infantry. However, they held their position and did not retire until forced from the field by superior numbers.

During the forenoon the shells began to roll in lively, knocking the logs off the works and entering the exposed flank of Companies E and B. By the suggestion of Sergeant James McGown, we built a short work on the flank, which offered some protection. We were kept quite busy replacing the logs as they were knocked off, the shells meanwhile screaming and shrieking overhead and burying in the ground behind us. One shell buried and exploded deep in the ground under an old rotten tree. An old man who had served on board a man of war arose from the opposite side. He resembled old Father Time sailing heavenward enveloped in a cloud. We saw him in Washington, where he landed, being wounded.

Gen. F. C. Barlow commanded the Second Corps in the absence of Hancock. About noon Barlow advanced the First Division, breaking connection with the Sixth Army

Corps and covered the railroad, leaving the Sixth Corps far to the left and rear, with an immense swamp intervening. He was about to intrench, when Mahone's Brigade came driving through the dry swamp, sheltered from view by the tall and overhanging alder and whortleberry bushes. Mahone at once attacked the left and rear of the First Division, sending a portion of a regiment to keep back the Sixth Corps. In the meantime the enemy in front of Gen. Mott and our division moved out of their works and advanced in line of battle, firing heavy volleys. Capt. Hensler, Capt. Gilbert and Lieut. Lewis Campbell occupied the skirmish line with a detail from the regiment and brigade. There being no salvation for them in that position they were gobbled up. Emboldened by their success the troops in our front advanced and retreated, firing and receiving ours with a good grace. The noise and confusion in our front drowned the music on the left, where Mahone was slowly rolling up the two divisions preparatory to sending them to Andersonville, where Capt. Wirz, the willing tool of the fiend incarnate, was by torture and murder, starving fourteen thousand boys in blue.

At last the wave struck the left of the 152d, the enemy pressing through the woods. Sergeant Cornell, Co. H, took direct aim and fired at the rebel color bearer. Major Timothy O'Brien, commanding the brigade, ordered Capt. Burt to fall back; but the confusion was so great, with the shot and shell, and the rebel horde closing around, with furious and exultant yells, that few heard the order. Every one acted independently, and used their own judgment and legs in getting away, a few running into the ranks of the enemy amid the blinding smoke, and were captured. Our regiment lost 49 men and four officers. Capt. Burt with 20 men formed around the colors, and

fought their way back to the plank road where they planted the flag, and awaited for the men to rally. We were then ordered across the road and joined on the Corcoran Legion. We moved up the gentle slope in line of battle, and halted on the ridge. The enemy at once opened a battery upon us, charged with grape and canister. We lay in that position one hour, with the leaden hail showering over and around us.

During the conflict one comrade jokingly said to another, "Say, Pete, how much bounty did you get for this job." Pete replied, "I got a hundred dollars and a cow; but it's worth a million a minute and all the cattle on the plains thrown in. No one except a confirmed lunatic would sell his services, to fight in this way for money. None but an idiot will accuse a man of selling his life for gold."

When we recrossed the road, the enemy sent solid shot and shell bounding down the plank, rolling like balls on a ten pin alley, using the Yanks for pins. One ball struck between Capt. Burt's feet, rolling him in the dust. One struck Wm. Watts, of Co. A, in the heel, spinning him around like a top. At 8 P. M., we charged with the line, the works we had lost, and held them until morning, at the point of the bayonet. On the 23d we fell back to the plank road and occupied a low breastwork of logs. A portion of the Fifth Corps, moving along the road in our rear, was espied by the battery boys of the South, when quickly sighting their pieces, they opened fire, knocking our works to pieces, and burying the shells in the massive oaks.

Lounging around this position keeping time to the whistling of the minnies, we cooked and ate our fried hard tack, and coffee, with a relish. A. C. Holmes, of Co. A, while settling himself down behind a monstrous large pine

tree, at the foot of which he had an extra spread of viands, suddenly received a bullet in his right leg, thus destroying his appetite.

Fifty-two days had elapsed since we followed the silent General across the Rapidan. The 152d had been under fire thirty-one days, and marched many weary miles. The veterans of the army of the Potomac, since the days of '61, had been kept in motion in the same manner, as an endless treadmill. The motive power which impelled them "onward," was located at Washington, and operated by and under the guidance of a crankey system. The consequence was, they performed a vast amount of labor but remained apparently stationary, and got "No Where," until Grant, like Moses, led them through the wilderness, into the promised land. The 22d of June had so diminished the Corps we were obliged to retire to the rear, and await recruits. The next three weeks was spent in slashing timber, building breastworks and roads, cutting abatis, and at night employed in levelling portions of old earthworks in front of the main line, and under fire of the enemy. We slashed timber, working two hours on duty and four off, night and day, continuously, for two weeks, and succeeded in leveling the heavy forest in our front, the rear line.

The first week in July, the 121st, with their Corps, left the Army of the Potomac, and followed Little Phil. Sheridan, to combat with Gen. Jubal Early, who was trying to effect an entrance into Washington City. During their long and continued absence they roamed up and down the valley, living upon the fat of the land, with an occasional brush with the enemy. They succeeded in destroying the supplies of the enemy until there was nothing left; the crows, changing their base of supplies to prevent starvation. The Second and Fifth Corps held the line in front, and performed the extra and arduous duty which devolved

upon them. On the 26th of June, the First and Second Brigades of our Division was consolidated permanently, Gen. Webb assuming command. We were located upon the head waters of the Blackwater river, the swamps containing many fish, which were caught by the boys, charging the swamps with clubs in hand. The weather was hot and sultry; while picketing in the rear, no enemy being in sight, time dragged slowly for want of excitement. A new recruit arrived, and while on picket the boys told him such harrowing tales of bloodshed, that it worked upon his imagination; he being an extraordinary tender foot, and as yet not baptized in the blood of fallen comrades. He armed himself with a revolver, leaving his knapsack and musket on the picket post, and proceeded toward camp. When about half way, he took off his shoe and attempted to sign his discharge from the service by firing a shot between his toes. Throwing away the revolver, he carried the shoe into camp, and reported he had been bushwacked. The surgeon examined the wound, and smiled as no bullet hole appeared in the shoe. Afterwards this recruit made a true soldier, fearing no danger; on one occasion he carried water, several times in succession running the gauntlet, the minnies playing the long roll on the well curb. Later in the day he fell, pierced with a minnie ball, while the regiment was firing upon the rebel artillery.

The glorious 4th day of July was celebrated by the 152d N. Y. in quiet and peace. Capt. Wm. S. Burt, commandant of the regiment, ordered a dress parade at 4 P. M. We fell in line promptly, without shoe blacking or white gloves. Adjt. A. R. Quaiffe reported to the commandant, that there was no color guards present for duty. Capt. Burt at once conferred that exalted honor upon all the surviving members of the regiment. We accepted the trust in silence, and brought them through the many conflicts without a stain of dishonor, and deposited them safe at Albany.

CHAPTER IX.

Severe Picket Duty. Fort Hell. Peace Negotiations. Over the River. Strawberry Plains. Death of William Syllabach. Advance to the Interior. Long Range Picket Firing. Return. Thirty Mile March. Explosion of the Mine. Eight Tons of Gunpowder. The Crater. Heavy Cannonading. Grant Under Shelling. Terrible Slaughter and Gallantry of the Colored Troops. Burial of the Dead. Hancock's Tramps. Boiled Graybacks. Camp in the Woods. Songs of Peace. Quiet Slumbers. Pack Up. Down the River. About Face. Deep Bottom. Intense Heat. Grant, Hancock and Butler. Death by Sun Stroke. Charge Repulsed. The Barbed Wire Vine. Gathering Corn with the Butternut Boys. Return March.

About the middle of July the axe and shovel were laid aside, and we moved to the "front" and established a picket line on the right of the Jerusalem plank road. At this time Col. Jacques and Mr. Edmund Kirke were granted permission to pass through the lines and enter Richmond, for the purpose of unofficially interviewing His Majesty, Mr. Davis, looking towards some means whereby peace could be effected. They received considerable notoriety for their work, and returned more wise and learned than when they started. Jefferson Davis still clamored for more blood. During the pending negotiations the pickets erected minature flags of truce upon each post.

The firing ceased and all was peace along our front. We met the enemy half way between the lines and traded coffee for tobacco. At night, the Johnnies would request us to get back in our holes, as they had orders to commence firing. They would fire high until the boys were safe, when the fusilade would open on both sides.

An order came one day, to the Sergeant on the left, ordering down the flags of truce, but saying we could have a cessation of hostilities if we wished. Passing the order

down the line the Sergeant informed the Corporal to take down them flags of truce, but we could have a session of "stilitys" if we wanted to. The Corporal asked the meaning of the order. The Sergeant replied, "I do not know, but I guess it means you can take down the flags and leave up the sticks."

On the 26th of July, at 4 P. M., the Second Army Corps broke camp, and slinging baggage, we marched under cover of the forest in the rear, crossing the Appomattox at Point of Rocks, and arrived and crossed the James river early on the morning of the 27th. We ascended the hill and formed a line of battle and charged the enemies advanced position, driving them in the woods and capturing two spiked canon. We advanced in line through the woods and passed over the cleared field. The enemy opened fire upon us, sending their shells to the rear, where the Division Provost Guards had formed a rear guard. One shell struck Wm. Syllabach, of Co. A, a resident of Herkimer village. Upon his arrival at Washington, Gen. Frank Spinner, upon being informed of the casuality, hastened to relieve his former townsman. He arrived too late, death having ensued. This battle was called Strawberry Plains.

Gen. Foster, of the Tenth, moved out to the left, Hancock forming on the right, Sheridan and Kautz's Cavalry following. General demonstrations were made, causing Lee to weaken his force in front of Petersburg, Kershaw's division arriving in our front.

Late in the afternoon of the 28th our brigade was detatched from the main body and silently marched inland through a majestic forest. We halted and entered a corn field and began to throw up breastworks. Sharp firing was heard through the woods in our front. Companies E and I were detailed to strengthen the line. We found

the boys blazing away at long range and trying to catch the return bullets as they came singing a dying note through the air. A portion of the Fifteenth Massachustts, led by a Lieutenant, advanced to the front through the low underbrush. Afterwards it was reported that they were captured. On the line we found Hendricks, of Co. E. He had fell behind and taken the wrong road and was now engaged in ramming home cartridges, gaining honor and glory on his own account by putting in one more fight than his regiment was accredited with. Night comeing on, firing ceased, and we waited for a guide to lead us off the field. About 9 o'clock fears were entertained that we were abandoned to our fate, when there came an order to fall in. Groping through the Egyptian darkness we followed our leader and joined the Corps one mile from the river, where we threw up breastworks in expectancy of the enemy.

On the 29th, at 7 P. M., we recrossed the pontoons and marched to Petersburg. We stacked arms on the road in rear of the Ninth and Eighteenth Corps, and awaited the explosion of the mine under the rebel fort. Our whole corps was now in position to support the attack, with the Fifth Corps on the left. The chamber of the mine was about twenty feet below the surface, with gallerys extending right and left. In this c a mber was placed eight tons of gunpowder, connected by a fuse which led to the gallery. The fuse was lighted at 3.30 A. M., but was extinguished owing to the dampness. A private soldier entered the passage and re-lighted the fuse. The tunnel was constructed by the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. At 4:40 A. M. a heaving and trembling of the earth was followed by a terrific explosion. The fort with all its contents, six canon and two hundred and eleven men, were immediately raised high in the air. The

mighty column poised for a moment, resembling a great fountain, when it descended with a resounding thud. A yawning crater one hundred feet in length by fifty broad and twenty feet in depth, was all that was left. Instantly upon the explosion one hundred heavy guns broke out and joined in a fire which exceeded in intensity that of Gettysburg. The enemy instantly responded with cannon and musketry upon the storming party, who pressed forward.

The event proved that Lee was in a measure prepared for an attack on this point. The Ninth Corps left their intrenchments, and with a wild and enthusiastic cheer, leaped forward and rushed across the deadly plain under a most terrific and hot fire. They reached the crater and stumbled down into the horrible breach the mine had made. The dense cloud of dust, thickened by the smoke of battle, still lingered over the place, shrouding the field from view. Considerable confusion and delay prevailed amidst the terrible fire that poured into their ranks, and the men sought protection by turning the slope of the embankment. After this fatal delay the Corps reformed, Gen. Marshall leading, Bartlett's Brigade following. The fire of the enemy in front and both flanks ploughed through their ranks with terrible slaughter. The charge was finally checked on the slope. The whole line wavered under the deadly and incessant fire and finally recoiled to the fort. The colored division of Ferrero was then sent forward and nobly charged over the field past the crater. It seemed the enemy had reserved a part of their deadly venom to sweep the colored troops from off the face of the earth. They fell back and entered the crater, and held this advanced position until assistance could arrive.

The enemy directed his fire straight upon the crater and it became a mere slaughter pen. Squads of men be-

gan to retreat, crossing the deadly gauntlet of 200 yards under the cross-fire, which was kept up on every rod intervening between. About noon, a general retreat was ordered. The men in the crater refused to retreat, preferring the chances of death facing the enemy than that of running the gauntlet. A final charge by the enemy, at about 2 o'clock, was made. They singled out the colored troops and poured forth a volley upon these defenseless men. Gen. Bartlett and most of his staff were captured. The Union loss was, killed 419, wounded 1,679, prisoners 1,910.

A flag of truce was granted on the 1st day of August, to bury the dead. Our regiment remained on the road, held in readiness to take a part in the bloody day's work. Gen. Grant, accompanied by several of his guards and staff, came riding up the ravine from the front, where they had been on a tour of observation. When they began to ascend the hill the rebel cannoniers saw them and opened fire, the shells passing over them and striking in close proximity. Placing their heads before their horses, they bounded up the ravine.

The Second New York Mounted Rifles fought in this battle, having as yet not received their horses, Otsego County was represented in this battle by our former Adjutant, Cleveland J. Campbell, he having received a commission to command a regiment of colored troops. During the battle he was severely wounded, which resulted in his death. Capt. Edward Townsend, who had been First Sergeant in Company F, 152nd N. Y., commanded a company of Afric's sons.

August 1st, we migrated, as usual, and finally located a camp in a clearing near Gen. Hancock's headquarters. The title of "Hancock's tramps" had been given us by the rest of the army; we were conscious of the fact that,

in after years, the "reconstructed ones" could not accuse the Second Corps of the act of trading boiled and dried coffee grounds for tobacco.

Water was very scarce, the swamp in our vicinity being dry. We sank several wells. Whenever water was obtainable it was used for murderous purposes, by boiling to 200 degrees Fahr., when it was poured upon our shirt, which was rolled in a compact wad. Spreading it open we found it resembled the map of Virginia, with roads streams, runs, etc. Wherever the water had pursued its course the peddacules had been arrested, bleaching their hide as white as snow and causing instant death.

The regiment numbered 145 men for duty, and 11 officers. Recruits were arriving daily and many returned who had been wounded or sick. A comrade while on his way to visit a neighboring camp, was informed by an orderly, that the Corps was about to move. He retraced his steps and entered the clearing, where he saw the officers reclining in the camp chairs enjoying peace and slumber, the innumerable camp flies humming an incessant tune, accompanied with the gentle snore of the sleepers. The "non-commish." and privates were imitating their superiors. All was silent as a graveyard.

Pack up! Pack up! Get ready to move at a moment's notice! The effect was magical. In three minutes more the official order came and five more we were on the road to City Point, where we were regaled by the sanitary commission. All day the 13th the embarkation proceeded, the enemy, from their lookouts, viewing the scene. About sundown we dropped down the river ten miles and lay at anchor until 11 P. M., when we about faced and steamed up the river, disembarking at Deep Bottom at 4:30 A. M. Lee divined Grant's movements and sent Longstreet and Hill to intercept. Gens. Grant, Han-

cock, Butler and Birney were promptly on the ground. Manœuvering for position occupied most of the day, and it was late when the line advanced. Gregg's Cavalry and the Tenth Army Corps opened the fight and captured four guns and a few prisoners.

On Sunday morning, the 14th, when the good people of the North were quietly wending their way to the several houses of worship, we were advancing on the road to death, destruction and eternity. We advanced two miles from the river, and came to a deep woods, where we halted. The heat was intense, the foliage was withered, and the air was suffocating. A comrade of Company E started in quest of water, carrying seven canteens. The order came to forward, quick step, march. The 152nd was the last in line. The men began to drop with sunstroke, the froth foaming from the mouth, many dying in convulsions. Lieut. D. B. Fitch excused the comrade who carried the double load, his own and the water-bearer's, and just in time to save his life. After resting a few moments, he arose to proceed, when he was called back by Leonard Baldwin, the hospital steward, and assisted him in prying open the jaws of a comrade of the 20th Mass., forcing a potion of medicine down his throat. The comrade coming up with the water, we straightened up our patient and proceeded, counting seven men who had died with the intense heat.

We joined the regiment which had formed two lines of battle facing the enemy's works, which ran parallel with and across the creek. Col. Macy, of the 20th Mass., ordered our brigade to charge. The enemy was armed with a six shooting repeating rifle, and poured a deadly volley into ourranks, as we ascended the hill and struggled through the entangling meshes of the wait-a-bit vine, a natural obstruction, almost equal to the barbed wire of our present day.

Col. Macy's horse was shot, but he immediately mounted another, which followed the same fate, crushing the Col. to the earth, injuring him severely. Those who succeeded in pressing forward up to and within the enemy's breastworks were shot down or taken prisoners. The distance to the enemy being so close, their shots were more effective, and the loss was greater for the number engaged than on any other occasion. Our position among the shrubs and undergrowth was scarcely tenable. We could neither advance nor retreat, the enemy keeping a steady fire upon all who were exposed. Capt. J. E. Curtiss, A. A. A. Gen., had his horse shot under him, and was wounded, but returned three days after to duty. John F. Harter fell wounded and lay helpless upon the field, the enemy keeping up a steady fire until he was killed. Sergt. Theo. Doubleday, while being carried from the field, received another wound. John Dorsey lay upon the field groaning with pain, his comrades not daring to assist him. Albert Hall received a wound in his leg, resulting in amputation. Jimmy Morton, of Company A, joined the regiment at City Point. He was a new recruit, and at once began preparations to receive the mysteries and miseries of war, by taking all the different degrees at once. He advanced to the parapets of the enemy's works, side by side with the old vets. A cruel bullet hit him, and he fell within the rebel works; the surgeon of the Confederacy sawing off his arm several days later. The Brigade numbered one thousand men. The loss reported to A. H. Embler, A. A. A. Gen. 2nd Division, by Lieut. Col. Isaac P. Rugg, "Com. Brigade," was 25 killed, 127 wounded, 36 missing; the 152d N. Y. losing 22. The 7th Mich. made a demonstration on the left the next day, while the Division was extended to the right, and Malvern Hill threatened. On the 16th, the 1st Division encountered

the enemy on the Charles City road, killing the rebel Gen. Chambliss. The enemy created a sad havoc in the Division, but were flanked by Gregg's cavalry, who appeared on the scene, driving the enemy en route toward Richmond.

The 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles performed many daring and dashing exploits upon that occasion. James Cassiday, a veteran of the 2nd N. Y. H. A., fell wounded; his regiment falling back left him in the enemy's hands. He was rescued from the jaws of death by a comrade, Emmett H. Roback, who dragged him from the field. Cassiday enlisted in 1861 with his class mates at Fairfield Academy, being imbued with the same spirit which prompted his venerable father to take up arms in defence of the Union in the war of 1812.

Demonstrations were made the next three days by the cavalry, while we occupied the picket line, which ran through a cornfield; the boys gathering corn from the same stalks with the Butternut boys. On the night of the 20th, we started for the extreme left of the line, arriving at the Williams house on the 22nd.

CHAPTER X.

Reams Station Out-marching the Cavalry. The Battle. Sixteen Shooters. The Bull Ring Fight. Fight or Andersonville. Paralyzing the Troops with Canon. Terrible Route. Shower of Lead. Hancock's Bravery and Grand Rally. The Enemy Driven. After the Battle. Death of Melville Barnes and Lester Huntley. Return. The Lightnings Red Glare. Heroism of Adjutant A. R. Quaife. The Colors Saved. The Surgeon's Knife. Route of the Servants, Chaplains and Mules. Fort Haskell. Petersburg Express. Bomb Proofs. Arrival of a Recruit. The Graybacks Attack. Fresh Blood. Building Railroads. Red Tape. On Picket Between Fort Hell and Damnation. Fireworks. Voting by Proxy. Homestead Claims. Home, Mother and Friends.

On this occasion we out-marched the Cavalry, crossing both rivers and halting in the rear of the Ninth Army Corps, on Sunday morning, Angust 21st. The First Division preceded ours, arriving one day earlier, and occupied works vacated by the Fifth Army Corps. On the 22nd they proceeded down the railroad and began to tear up the track. Tuesday our division continued the work of destruction, and by Wednesday night had demolished the track two miles below Reams Station and up the track to within four miles of the city.

Thursday, the 25th, we started down the track to continue the work, when we were suddenly arrested by the Cavalry picket line being driven in. Our regiment had picketed the line the night before and the Cavalry videtts had reported to us "signs of rebs."

We breakfasted on green corn, a rare dish on our side of the Confederacy.

Hancock arrived on the ground, and all was excitement while manœuvering for position. We retired to a sugar cane field, and laid low. While there, the ball opened by the popping of the sixteen shooters of the First Maine

Cavalry, the Cavalry being driven in, an advance of the Infantry was ordered. The First Division formed on the right, the Second on the left, Gregg posting the Cavalry in the rear and on the flanks. The line so formed resembled a horse shoe, the field partially cleared, and all surrounded by a dense forest.

The low breastworks had been built in June by the Sixth Corps and now became worth "millions for defence." Brisk firing commenced, and was kept up during the forenoon. Heth's and Connors Brigades with Pegram's Artillery were our opposing force. About two o'clock the enemy advanced their skirmish line and attacked us with vigor and their old time yell. At 3:30 P. M. they received reinforcements, and with bayonets fixed they advanced with pandemoniac yells and a strong determination to carry the works. They came within twenty feet of our front and were met by a heavy fire. They recoiled and fell back into the forest. Our brigade moved from the right flank to the left, making the distance on the double quick. We were sent to the weakest portion of the line on several occasions and finally were placed in the centre of the bull ring, for the purpose of protecting the rear if attacked, and keeping the road open. We were now the centre of gravitation attracting numberless molecules of lead from three-fourths of the compass.

This bull ring was about one-half mile in circumference, the men receiving the bullets of the enemy from both front and rear. Placed in this position, many were shot in the back, a mark which in older times, when men fought face to face, would accuse such of cowardice and running away.

Our regiment numbered about 75 men, and was commanded by Capt. Wm. S. Burt. At 4:30 P. M. the enemy made a third and vigorous attack, walking to within a few feet of the works. They were met by a seething fire of musket-

ry and grape and canister, from the five batteries which had been placed in position. We knew it was fight or Andersonville, and all worked with a mighty will. Being detached from the army, there was extreme danger if routed.

About 5 P. M. our regiment was detached from the brigade and sent from the centre on a double quick in front of the breastworks occupied by the First Division. Our position overlooked the whole situation. We at once opened fire upon Pegram's Artillery, which had arived and was sending shot and shell across the centre, which completely paralyzed our men with the deafening roar and terrible shrieking of shells, each shot being aimed at one point—the centre. Meanwhile the Johnnies crawled through the underbrush and lay directly under our works. When the cannon ceased firing they arose like demons from the bowels of the earth, and with one prolonged yell they vaulted over the works and with the bayonet drove the men, capturing many and cutting the line in two parts. Our division not being pressed, was hurried to the centre and began to restore order. Wade Hampton siezed the the opportunity and crossed the works left vacant. They crowded in on all sides and the driving-in process was continued, the entire front giving away. In vain the men were rallied. The artillery was captured and the guns spiked and the horses shot on the field. An officer of artillery, who stood upon his gun, refused to surrender, when he was shot by a shower of lead. Our regiment viewed the scene, keeping up a sharp fire until the day was lost. We were seen by a party, who advanced toward us, flring rapidly. Our ammunition being exhausted we retired rather hastily toward the rear. Elias McCammon and James Hill fell dead together, before we had taken twenty paces. We kept on the outside of the works and ran

the length of the line, the bullets striking the ground before and around us at every step. Arriving at the rear we entered the bull ring.

Hancock at this moment had arrived, and fearlessly and bravely, with shot and shell tearing through his corps flag, he succeeded in rallying the broken fragments of regiments, and in driving the enemy off the field.

By this time it had become quite dark and the scattered men hastened from the field. A darkened cloud overspread the land and the rain began to descend in torrents. The heavens were riven by the lightning's red glare. Flash after flash descended, the fluid apparntly directed by the bayonet and gun barrel. The sight was blinding as we groped and stumbled over fallen trees and stumps until the road was reached. We arrived in camp about midnight, with blankets and tents mostly thrown away. Several of the men remained lost in the woods until daylight, when they were followed by scouting parties of the enemy, keeping up a running fight until they were safe within our lines. The loss to the enemy was reported as being 700 killed.

The day was extremely hot and many fell down from sunstroke and exhaustion. All honor was due to Adjutant Alfred R. Quaiffe, in preserving the regimental colors. On the rally he turned them over to a member of the regiment and entered the fight with the fragments of the different regiments, who charged through the woods without form or enlinement. During the charge he became overcome by the intense heat and fatigue and fell to the ground unconscious, and was left upon the field for dead. The terrific thunder shower, long after we had left the field, restored him to consciousness. Groping his way, without guide or compass, through the inky blackness of the night, he arrived at a house where was stationed sever-

Union pickets in charge of a wounded officer. Early the next morning the house was surrounded by the enemy's cavalry. The pickets were captured and sent to Hotel De Libby for refreshments. Afterwards the Adjutant was removed to Danville, N. C., thence to Salisbury, where he was confined until February, 1865. He was reduced to the verge of starvation, but by his indomitable courage and perseverance he came out alive and marched with the regiment at the grand review.

Many exciting scenes were witnessed before the opposing forces became separated. An officer had fallen from his horse and was dragged down the railroad track, his foot being caught in the stirrup, the horse running at full speed. Lester Huntley received a mortal wound, and was conscious when we left; his brother offered to assist him from the field. He refused, as he knew his end was near. Sergeant Melville Barnes fell in the conflict. He was a true and courageous soldier, and was loved and respected by the whole regiment for his constant duties and excellent manners. He left a pleasant home and fond parents, a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Twenty-three years has elapsed when the few remaining survivors, now grown grey in years, meet in remembrance of this comrade at his former home in Milford, N. Y.

An inoffensive and scared rebel prisoner gave up his double shelter tent to Hendricks. We felt deeply thankful for the gift in our destitution. When the artillery opened upon us there was congregated at the rear, along side of the woods, and near the only road leading to camp, a large body of mules, chaplains, colored servants, buglers, sheep skin batteries and brass bands, and other necessary evils that go to make up an army. When the cannon opened, the above evils flew towards the road, choking it, and became mixed up in one conglomerated mass, and

solidified, as it were, but were gradually dissolved and passed down the road, the far reaching shells dropping and exploding amongst them.

When we consider the manner and way the battle was fought, the credit should be ascribed to the private soldier and the few line officers present. The generalship in blundering on the position, was good. The battle was hotly and evenly contested, and both parties were badly whipped.

The next morning the Division hospital pitched their camp a few rods from ours. We took the opportunity to visit the boys who were stretched upon the tables awaiting their turn for the surgeon's knife. The total loss of the Corps was 127 killed, 546 wounded, 1,769 prisoners. Our regimental loss was 5 killed, 8 wounded. There were engaged in the battle 78 regiments infantry, cavalry and batteries; New York State having 33 regiments, Pennsylvania 19.

We began camp life again by cleaning and brightening up the muskets, and drawing new clothing. The sandbugs had advertised to foreclose the mortgage held on our wardrobe. In some cases they had already taken absolute possession. In vain we fought the hard shelled enemy. There was always seed enough left to propagate a new crop, arriving at maturity in forty-eight hours. A recruit who had been absent sick, had now returned to the regiment. He was minus a tent and other camp equipage, and was not versed in the art of borrowing between two suns. Out of pure sympathy and love for a comrade, our "pardner" suggested that being a "stranger," we take him in, and stated the fact, that his blood being fresh and tender would make excellent food for our stock of graybacks.

He accepted the invitation with many thanks, and that night lay under the five foot by five shelter tent, between two old veterans. A few days after he became industrious with his fingers, and could not account for the itching and biting sensation which afflicted his body. A comrade suggested to him that possibly he might have a few peddaculeses, whereupon he became quite angry. Proving the assertion by ocular demonstration he became pacified upon receiving instructions in the art of skirmishing; also quoting to him the language of Fighting Joe Hooker, that a man could not be a veteran soldier until he had slept in the guard house, or had become thoroughly lousy.

During the first and second week in September we were detailed with shovel and pick, and worked sinking a deep cut and grading for a railroad for the use of the army. Heretofore it had run over hills and hollows, drawing light loads, with an occasional shot passing through the smoke stack or boiler. We arose in the morning at 3 A. M., and marched to Brigade headquarters, where the Aid de Camp counted the men. This was repeated at Division and Corps headquarters, and finally we arrived at the engineer's department, where shovels were drawn, commencing the work after daylight. This was called by the boys, "red tape." A line officer, under the direction of the engineer, "bossed" ten or fifteen men, assisted by five Sergeants and Corporals. Owing to the hard tack diet, we were allowed to rest every alternate two hours. With the help of the 5,000 men who received four dollars per day, we finished the work.

Occasionally we were consigned out on the picket line by way of diversion. Invariably our portion of the line would be allotted to us, between Fort Hell and Fort Damnation. These forts were situated near the Jerusalem plank road, opposite each other, and about three

hundred feet apart. Artillery duels with the 16 heavy cannon on a side, assisted by the mortar batteries adjacent to the forts, was an hourly occurrence. The shot and shell passing directly over our heads, gave us the right to so name the forts, and draw allegorical scenes and locate a section of the so-called fiery furnace, upon this unpleasant position. The picket line was named "purgatory," by Capt. Jack Crawford, the poet scout, a member of the 48th Pa. Vol., who after the war became a famous scout and Indian fighter on the plains.

September 2, 1864, Gen. Hancock appointed Capt. J. E. Curtiss Brigade Inspector, subject to the approval of Gen. Meade. September 15th, we moved into Fort Haskell and picketed the line 30 days. Near the fort was placed the Petersburg express, a mortar carrying a 200 lb. shell. The mortar was placed upon a hand car on the track of Petersburg and Norfolk RR., the car being pushed out of range after a shot was fired. The ponderous shell would slowly tumble over and fall in the streets of the city.

An order came one day to "hold the fort" at all hazards. We minutely expected an attack, and the suspense was worse than an engagement. Grant expected the enemy would create a diversion in our front, while Gen. Butler advanced his two Corps north of the James, where they engaged the enemy with success. The rebel army was now, in a degree, in a demoralized condition. They had sent Wade Hampton, with all their cavalry, round by way of Reams Station, making a circuit, and attacking Kautz cavalry, drove them in, and captured two thousand five hundred beef cattle. Doubtless it elevated their spirits. A large creek flowed in the rear of our lines. The camp kettles came up and we soon became experts as laundrymen. The enemy's mortar shells dropped among the men who passed to and from the creek.

The Chaplain of the 1st Minnesota, whose time of service had expired, returned to the army in the capacity of Land Agent. Through the Chaplain, many of the boys located, by proxy, a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land on the Winnebago Reservation, Minnesota. The Government fees were fourteen dollars, and the Chaplain received five dollars more for his labor. The Chaplain visited all the Army Corps, and was very successful, and at pay day the collection was made. About two months later, the Homestead deed was given to all those that had paid. This is the only land deed the soldier has received from the Government for his services in preserving the country. Before the expiration of the war, many of the boys who paid the money to the Government became actual settlers beneath the surface of Virginia's soil, occupying a space six feet by two and one foot deep. According to the statutes, the money paid still remains in the U. S. Treasury, while some one else has settled the claim, paying the Government fees for the second time.

About the 15th of Oct. we moved out of Fort Haskell and resumed our picketing in front of Fort Hell. Firing ceased between the occupants of the post on the left of the road, the angles being in such close proximity, it was certain death to show their heads. By working nights we finished a sap extending to the main line; many were shot in so doing, even when lying flat on their face. We obtained good water from a well on the right of the fort. Many were picked off, the enemy's sharp-shooters occupying a position behind a brick house which had fallen down. A grand display of fireworks occurred nightly between the mortar batteries. The infantry pickets caught the fever for display, and manufactured a rocket by placing dampened powder in a hollow bullet. The sight was beautiful as they ascended, for miles along the line. The earth-

works were massive, and in front were placed young trees fifteen feet long. The butts were pinned to timbers and buried underground; the points were sharpened and raised about five feet, pointing towards the enemy. In front of this abattis was placed four trip wires six feet apart and four inches from the ground. At the rear of the main line, the bomb proofs were erected. A channel was dug eight feet wide by four deep. Posts were set deep in the ground, and a roof of logs covered the channel, slanting toward the front, and covered with four feet of earth; yet still a shell would penetrate occasionally.

Several prominent men from Herkimer and Otsego visited the camp, urging upon us the necessity of casting our votes by proxy. A large majority voted for Lincoln. The confidence reposed in Gen Grant made us believe the bullet, and that only, would effect a peace. We believed there was loyalty enough in the land to crush the rebellion before inauguration. Capt. Willard A. Musson commanded the regiment, and under his supervision everything was in prime order, and ever ready to make our accustomed move, at a moment's notice. When off duty we retired and slept in the bomb-proofs, dreaming of mother, home and friends.

CHAPTER XI.

Boydton Plank Road. The Advance. Bounding Shells. Death of Charley Watson. The Rear Attacked. Gen. Eagen. Hemmed in. Close Calls. Miraculous Escapes. Rapid Transit of the Slaves. Grandfather Burgess. Supporting a Battery. Death of W. A. Musson. Death of Brave Kelsey. Grandson Burgess. In Union Ranks. Retreat in the Night. Fort Stedman. Thirty Days in the Deadly Picket Trench. Countermining. The Paymaster. The Sutler. Homestead Deeds. Wild Geese. The Dead Man's Post. Rations of Glory. Dodging a Minnie. The Whitworth Shell. Gen. Eagen Wounded. Special Donation of Turkeys Thanksgiving Present From the Ladies of Herkimer and Otsego.

OCT. 26th at 7 P. M. we slung knapsacks and proceeded to Hatcher's Run. The next morning Col. Rugg charged the brigade across the stream, driving in the enemy's pickets. Two brothers of the 7th Michigan fell wrapped in the embrace of death. We proceeded on the west side of the run to the Boydton plank road, which was reached about noon.

Gens. Grant, Meade and Hancock were promptly on the ground. Gregg's Cavalry had been sent off to the extreme left, to create a division on the enemy's right. Gen. Smythe, Third Brigade, held the right, Price the centre, and Rugg the left, Beck's Battery co-operating. We advanced in line through the open field in the face of the enemy's shells, which came bounding toward us, one striking Charley Watson, killing him instantly, and wounding Matt House, who was sent to the rear, where he met the enemy following on our track. House was taken prisoner.

Heavy firing was heard in the direction of the Fifth Corps, and it was expected they would form a junction with the Second. However, they failed.

McCallister with a brigade of white diamonds, was advancing to our support, Seizing the advantage thus granted them, the enemy swept in our rear, with Mahone's Brigade, and carried off Metcalf's section of Beck's Artillery. Continuing their attack they crossed the Boydton road and bore down upon our division. Gen. Eagen in command, with energy and promptitude changed front with his own division and McAllister's, and with the aid of Beck's and Roders, Fourth and Fifth Regulars, and Sleeper's Tenth Massachusetts Batteries, succeeded in repulsing the enemy after a hard and prolonged fight. The enemy left in our hands three battle flags and five or six hundred prisoners.

The Corps lost in this affair about nine hundred killed and wounded and four hundred prisoners. The enemy fell back, but kept up a severe fire on our position until we left the field.

When the battle fairly opened we became located upon the farm of Wm. Burgess, a former resident of Winfield, N. Y., a brother to the late Dean Burgess, Herkimer, N. Y. Burgess sought protection at headquarters, while the slaves immediately started in rapid transit. We halted in rear of the mansion. Capt. Musson ordered the regiment to lie down in time to escape a shell which came tearing up our flank. The shelling was kept up about thirty minutes. Each one was fired low, grazing very close and directly over the line. Capt. Musson with his officers, Dygert, Butler, McCann, Stebbins and others, paced the ground two and fro, being good targets for the enemy, but they miraculously escaped. We finally moved by the flank and took position, supporting a battery which was stationed near the barn. This battery was dealing out shot and shell across the valley, and doing considerable havoc in the rebel ranks. Capt. Musson walked a few

paces from his regiment and reclined upon the hillside, viewing the situation and watching the execution of our shells. He called to an officer to accompany him, when a return shot struck him, killing him instantly. He was a young man, brave and efficient in his duties and a good commander. He had been wounded at Spottsylvania, but did not leave the field. Again, May 31st, he received a severe wound, which obliged him to retire. Lieut. Wm. E. Stebbins, Hastings, and others conveyed the body from the field for the purpose of burial. The following October his father, accompanied by Lieut. Stebbins, visited the grave and removed the remains to his former home, Gilbertsville, N. Y. In memory of his services and that life he gave that the nation might live, his comrades are united in Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty, and known as W. A. Musson Post, G. A. R.

During the shelling a demonstration was made by the enemy to capture the battery. A body of troops rushing pell mell, and coming from the woods in full retreat, were stopped by the regiment and faced about, repelling the attack. Gen. Eagen, upon taking command of the Division, ordered the breaking up of all regimental brass bands and the men returned to the ranks. This was their initiation in the mysteries and miseries of the fiery furnace. They came forth purified and much charmed with their new occupation.

After the firing ceased, we walked about viewing the premises, when a young recruit of Company E recognized his grandparents' home. Crossing the road he entered the house and secured the family record, photographs, and a small powder horn of his own make. He had resided there five years previous. Darkness coming on, we occupied a low breastwork, the enemy keeping up a heavy fire, the minnies coming from both ways. The front was the

rear, and the rear was the front. Perforations of the physical system was very apt to take place without consulting us, as to the parts preferred. Chauncey Kelsey of Company C, who recaptured the flag at Cold Harbor, while sitting on the ground with his back against the breastwork, was shot in the breast. His comrade returned with the canteens of water, and endeavored to pass one to Kelsey, requesting him to take the water. He spoke to a corpse.

During the day several went to the rear after water and were captured. Proceeding on their way with their rebel escort, they met the Capt. of the Provost Guard, who, viewing the situation, immediately ordered those rebel prisoners to drop their guns. The Johnnies coincided with his opinion, and became law abiding citizens thereafter.

The 7th Michigan, through the excitement of the night in making our escape, was left on the picket line. They came into camp four days later, having made a detour around the enemy's flank. Hermon Delong, of Company B, being sick and unable to walk, lay alongside of the road. He was found four days after by our cavalry scouts. He died at Washington soon after. Hiram Barber, of Company E, was at Division headquarters on special duty. He was shot by a straggling reb., through fear or malice. He was severely wounded, and died a few years after the war. John Wicks, who had captured a rebel flag, and was awarded a medal of honor, by an act of Congress, was wounded.

Late in the day of the 28th, we came to a halt, resting a day or two, when we advanced to the front line, and entered Fort Steadman. Both armies had now become restored to their natural fighting qualities. The excessive heat of the summer's sun having passed, the blue and the grey strove their mightiest to reduce the relative strength

of each other. Heavy firing was kept up by both cannon and infantry, along the line, without cessation. Sharp shooters were on the alert, picking off the unwary. Our duty on the picket line was severe and hazardous. The fall rains descending, caused a stream of mud to run down the picket trench. Wood chopping on both sides was extremely dangerous, as heavy volleys would be fired in the direction of the sound, both night and day.

Dark and rainy nights, the demoralized troops of the lost cause would crawl through the mud, and give themselves in the care of Uncle Sam.

During the June fights a body had been buried in front, and in cutting through for a picket trench it had become exposed to view. We named it "the dead man's post." Three cents were found in the pockets by a Sergeant, and considered a trophy of war. One night the Johnnies advanced on the upper end of a strip of land, cutting off the men on that portion of our line, it being a branch line, and a stream of water running on both sides. There was a portion captured; a few escaped by swimming.

A shaft twenty feet deep was sunken on the outside of the fort, with a tunnel running from the bottom. One man was on guard at the farther end of the tunnel to listen for any countermining operations, as it was strongly suspected the enemy would try and blow us out of existence, in retaliation for the 30th day of July fracas. Many cold and dreary hours we spent underneath the ground, with the water dripping out of the earth, and wondered how the services of the American soldier would be appreciated at the end of the great struggle.

The artillery duels at night were beautiful to those who viewed them from afar, or saw the pictures in an illustrated paper. The enemy had one battery on our front. We christened it the terror, as it would drop a bomb in the

ditch outside the fort. Our position was taken at the parapets, where we would remain watching the bright meteors late in the night. Shells were continually dropping between the fort and the creek in the rear, although it did not in any way deter the men from keeping up a continual travel, for the purpose of obtaining wood, water, and washing clothes.

One evening the Captain of the Mortar Battery on the right of the fort, was killed. Pat Curtin, Dr. Ingham's old servant, had returned to his company, and while on picket a shell hit him, rendering amputation necessary, Curtin dying in the operation.

The deadly picket trench and every spot in and around the fort was extremely hazardous, every minute, both day and night. Why so many lives were preserved was indeed one of the mysteries of war. A comrade while pacing his "beat" on the parapet of the fort, came suddenly to a halt; instantly a bullet descended, burying deep in the hard ground between his feet.

A shell dropped in front of an officer's tent while the fuse was still burning. A private grasped it, throwing it down deep in the ravine.

A narrow ditch connected the picket line with the main breastworks. At Fort Stedman it was unfinished, ending about one-half the distance. A comrade emerged from the ditch and walked leisurely toward the main line, carrying the canteens to refill. A report and whiz of the bullet passed over, when the comrade dropped flat on his face. It was supposed he was "done up" and the boys would have to go without water. He arose from the ground and proceeded on his way; upon his return he stated that he dropped when he heard the report of the gun. It was a quick move and founded on scientific principles; the musket resting on the ground caused the sound

to travel faster than the missile, but there was no time to spare. Just back of a portion of the picket trench was a piece of woods. The bullets had completely riddled them. It was a handy place to obtain fuel and many risks were taken, the sharpshooters' bullets keeping time with the blows of the axe.

There were some in the ranks of our friends over the way who were humorously inclined. They would call over, inviting us to hold up our hands and get a six-month's furlough. Doubtless there were some who would fire high, but as a general practice they shot to kill.

One bright day a flock of wild geese flew down the line between the two armies. The pickets of both lines opened fire on the flock, in the fond hopes of obtaining a pot pie. The artillerists flew to their guns, thinking there was a break in their lines. The men in the rear who were engaged in getting rations, wood, water, etc., wishing a share of the rations of glory, sprang with alacrity to the line in front. The fusilade was kept up for an hour, the geese meanwhile sailing away toward the river.

Gen. Eagen visited the picket line nightly, accompanied by his staff, and upon passing the posts the boys would salute, by firing together, first loading each Enfield with four cartridges.

Our regiment was selected with five others to attack a rebel fort on our left, the charge to be led by Gen. Eagen in person. The night before the appointed time, Eagen. with his staff while viewing the situation beyond the picket line, was hit with a bullet, thus postponing the attack. We lost three men by the fatal bullet, Oscar Avery, shot in the head while resting on his knees among several of the comrades, viewing the Whitworth shell as it passed screeching overhead; George F. Bush and James Hubbard were killed on the picket line.

Money was plenty and we patronized the sutler. Sweet potatoes and onions were sold at fifteen cents per pound, the Government supplying the officers through the commissary at one cent per pound. The private's pay was sixteen dollars per month, the officer's one hundred and upwards. Everything seemed to be in a reversed condition. When we lost a comrade the sutler was the chief mourner. He lost the trade, and if there was a balance due, the orders on the paymaster were null and void. He would have to present his account, and collect his claim, in the high courts above, to the great accountant, in the clearing house beyond the skies.

We often realized the great danger we voluntarily assumed, and the chances of an early dissolution of the physical body with the spiritual body. Our moral nature gave us strength, and the full knowledge that it was a soldier's duty to die gave contentment.

The Sanitary Commission, who had fed the sick and wounded during the war, and not forgetful of the veterans at the front, presented the army with a shipload of extra viands on Thanksgiving day. The ladies of Herkimer and Otsego made a special donation to the 152nd N. Y. A large box of turkeys arrived, upon which we feasted and rejoiced, amidst scenes of death.

CHAPTER XII.

Down the Weldon Railroad. Extra Duty in Front. Capture of a would-be Deserter. The 2nd N. Y. M. Rifles. The Virginia Hog. Milk, Honey and Pork. Race for Life. Sleeping on Post. Soldiers' Tricks. Confederate Bonds. Hanging of Bounty Jumpers. Hatcher's Run. Seven Days Campaign. Agonizing Weather. Rebel Pickets. The Cradle and the Grave. The Lookout. The Confederacy. Attempt to Consolidate. Gen. F. E. Spinner's Interference. New Recruits. Gen. Grant. The Open Knife.

THE last of November, the leaves began to fall, giving the enemy a chance to sight their cannon and plant a shell with more precision. We moved from Fort Steadman, and took up our abode near Hatcher's Run. The Magnolia and many kinds of balm grew in the swamps, the roots and fallen leaves colored the water with a reddish hue. The curative powers of the water improved the physical condition of the men. Maj. James E. Curtiss assumed command of the regiment. He had acted as Assistant Adjutant General on brigade staff, a position which required a man of extraordinary ability and intelligence in military affairs. We at once began to build winter quarters. Under the direction and command of Major Curtiss, the streets were laid out, and each shanty built alike, making a model village. Boards were obtained from a plantation and used for shelves, etc., carrying them into camp a distance of four miles. When all was settled and completed, and ready to move in, orders came to hold ourselves in readiness to move out at 1 o'clock A. M. The Sixth Corps had arrived from the Valley, new dispositions were made, the winter quarters along that whole line of thirty miles were by Gen. Grant's most wonderful and mysterious orders levelled to the ground. We moved at the appointed hour, and took our position vacated by the Fifth Army Corps.

The Fifth Corps and the first division of the Second Corps, accompanied by the cavalry, left the front line and proceeded on a raid. The objective point was to destroy the Weldon railroad, from below Ream's station to Hicksford bridge, a distance of seventy miles. They were successful in the duty assigned them, thus effectually cutting off railroad communication by that road, burning the bridge across the river.

Upon their return to camp, they gave a glowing description of this country, overflowing with milk, honey, and pork. Some of their yarns were not credited, as it is a well known fact that a cavalryman would lie, as well as steal.

It was told upon their return, that upon the campaign, a member of the 2nd N. Y. Mounted Rifles, lost his horse, and nearly his life, under very peculiar circumstances. Owing to the fact that the writer is intimately acquainted with the hero, he will forbear to use his name, which would undoubtedly cast ridicule upon one of the bravest men who ever fired a gun or drew a sabre. He had followed the fortunes of Little Mac, serving in the old 34th N. Y., and had participated in every fight with that regiment from Ball's Bluff to Fredericksburg, May, 1863. Upon the expiration of his time, his soul craved to see the death of the Confederacy, and from pure patriotic motives he joined the company at Little Falls, N. Y. For the good he had already done, his company appointed him Commissary Sergeant.

One day the Company clamored for meat, and looked to "Ratio" to furnish the desired article. In the wilds of Virginia and North Carolina, there exists a hog, running at large, and has so continued to run since the days of Herman Cortes, who brought the progenitors of this animal from Spain, A. D. 1519. After which, they began

to migrate, swimming the Rio Grande, and taking up their habitation in the vast everglades, swamps and jungles of which the country abounds. It has been intimated that Tarick, upon the conquest of Spain, 711 A. D., brought with him from the northern wilds of Africa, this species, somewhat resembling the hippopotamus, crossed with the rhinosceros. During all these years it can be safely assumed that the original animal had been greatly improved by crossing with the hogs of other nations, keeping pace with the age and improvement of mankind, removing the ban of uncleanliness, making it an edible article.

"Ratio" could not bear to hear the piteous wails of his comrades, so springing upon his faithful charger and slinging his trusty Spencer rifle on the pommel of his saddle, he started on a wild forage. Scenting the game close at hand, he started the beast from its lair by firing a shot over the fore-top of his horse. Crazed with the wound in his ham, the hog reared upon his haunches, and with one spring dashed through the dense underbrush. "Ratio" pursued, driving the spurs deep in the flank of his charger. Onward they sped with lightning rapidity, the hog one lap ahead.

They had proceeded thus two miles or more, when directly in front of the hog there stood a massive pine tree loaming up like the king of the forest. Being under such headway, the hog could not turn to the right or left; stretching forth his long snout he went through the tree, splitting it as though riven by lightning. Crowding close upon the rear of the hog, it was an utter impossibility for "Ratio" to turn or check his horse, so through the gap his horse followed the hog. But alas! The tree closed with a loud report upon the hind quarters of the horse, "Ratio" barely escaping with his life.

The reader of the foregoing yarn is at liberty to believe the whole or a part, as his judgment dictates. Truth being stranger than fiction, it is no easy matter to discern where the truth leaves off and fiction begins, in listening to a soldier's yarn, especially the cavalry branch of the service.

Taking the place of the Fifth Army Corps, our Division and the Third was stretched out to its utmost capacity. One regiment was left to protect Division headquarters, and the balance advanced, occupying the picket line permanently. The weather was cold with light falls of snow, sleet and rain, freezing nights, and high winds.

The wood was inaccessible to some posts, which was the case with our regiment. The posts being placed through an open field, and about three hundred feet apart, with three privates, a Sergeant or Corporal apportioned to each post, making the duty "on post" sixteen hours; the balance, eight hours, divided by sleeping, cooking and obtaining wood.

At the end of ten days we were somewhat exhausted. Doubtless many comrades would steal a march on the officers and run the deathly risk of snatching a few minutes' sleep on duty. One night the wind howled through the tops of the tall trees. A comrade advanced on vidette to the woods, when he at once lay behind a fallen tree and proceeded to sleep, just two hours sharp. When the Captain and Corporal came out with the relief guard, they found the post deserted, and called for post No. 4, which awakened the comrade, who advanced to the Captain. Upon being asked if he had been asleep, the private answered, no! as it was impossible to sleep on such a howling night.

Gen. Lee had, prior to this time, issued circulars and passed them through the picket line to our men, stating if any one would desert the Union army he would send them

through the blockade to their homes. Not having the facilities to fulfill their contract, such men generally found themselves transported to the outside of Salisbury prison, where they suffered, starved, and died, in equal numbers as those who were confined within the stockade. One night we received a lost visitor coming from the rebel line. He gave himself up as a deserter from the Union army, and wanted to see Gen. Lee and be sent home. We sent for Capt. Chas. H. Dygert, who questioned the deserter. He proved to be a member of the 184 Pa., the regiment lying to the rear at Division Headquarters. The Captain sent him under guard. Imagine his surprise in passing his own regiment, the lights disclosing to him his whereabouts. He was tried by Court Martial and one month after was executed in the presence of the brigade. The profound ignorance of the man was the greater crime, and upon that altar his life was sacrificed.

The Johnnies were quite peaceable at this time, probably from the shortage of rations. The Weldon road was now effectually destroyed, and the food had to be brought for both cities on the one remaining road. Our army was rolling up an immense debt which will take many years to pay. The Confederacy relied upon free and gratuitous contributions for food, and with the help of England's capitalits, who accepted their promises to pay six months after the Confederacy would arrive at maturity; they managed to exist through the winter. England still awaits and hopes for the day when these bonds will be paid in cotton or gold.

We were at last relieved from our extraordinary duty and went into camp near Patrick's station, the terminus of the army railroad. The teamsters had carried off our beautiful village for their own use, compelling us to lay out and erect the second shanty. The balance of Decem-

ber and January we picketed near Hatcher's Run, and furnished daily our share of 5,000 men engaged in building Fort Fisher—an earthwork situated on the left of the "Lookout," and enclosing six acres, surrounded by a ditch sixteen feet wide and eight feet deep, the fort being one of the strongest on the line. Maj. J. E. Curtiss left the regiment and returned to brigade headquarters, as his services there were indispensable. Capt. Chas. H. Dygert and Capt. Frank D. Butler commanded the regiment up to the month of March, much to the satisfaction of the men.

Every Friday, while in this camp, the Second Corps formed a square, near the lookout, and witnessed the execution of six deserters and bounty jumpers, by hanging. The gallows was large and commodious, accommodating six, who all dropped at once, taking their last jump on earth. Those that were executed in this way were bounty jumpers of the worst stripe. Failing to escape on their way to the "front," they would take the place assigned them and watch a favorable opportunity to escape to the enemy, when they would take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy and enlist in the rebel service. The rebels understanding their game, would put them under the strictest surveillance, but they would manage to escape during a battle, with arms in their possession, and when recognized they would be arrested.

We had a pleasant camp and laid in a stock of wood enough to last two weeks. Vieing with each other in cleaning rifles, accoutrements, clothing, etc., with the promise of a furlough to the best model of perfection—the best three in twenty thousand — we passed the winter away.

The rainy season opened February 1st, and continued until March 15th, 1865. Maj. Curtiss delivered an order

to the regiment, to hold ourselves in readiness to move at 1 o'clock A. M., February 5th. We built camp fires with the surplus wood on hand late in the night. During the night the Fifth Corps moved out and extended their lines for the purpose of enveloping the enemy's flank, and striking the Southside railroad. We formed on the road at daylight and took position in the centre of the brigade. The order was given to the brigade to charge the pickets of the enemy, and with a renewal of the old courage which had not become rusty, we drove the pickets into the woods.

The 7th Michigan, of our Brigade, and the 1st Delaware and 7th W. Va. of the Third brigade, all armed with Sharp's and Spencer's seven shooters, concealed themselves in the gulf where the Johnnies stole up on the 27th Oct. 1864. Unsuspectingly they advanced, when suddenly from the repeating rifles there belched forth a fire, mowing and cutting the enemy down with frightful loss. Our regiment held their position seven days and suffered the most cruel and agonizing weather that we had experienced during our service. On the morning of the 5th several bullets struck us in the rear. We constructed a few low breastworks, running at right angles with the main and obliquely. Between these flanking works fires were built and the whirlwind caused a blinding smoke. The day was wet, the nights cold and freezing, the blankets remaining on the ground frozen fast, until the middle of the day. The knowledge that the enemy was suffering tenfold more, was consoling to the mind, yet sorrowful, when considered from humanity's stand point. The next forty days we picketed the line and received many soaking rains. Gen. Grant had issued circulars sending them out to the rebel picket line by the officers of the regiment, Capt. D. B. Fitch distributing several in one night The terms were,

if the rebs would come over on our side, and bring their arms, they were to receive sixteen dollars for each musket. The result was, they came singly and in groups. Old men, gray haired and infirm; young boys and children watched their chance to desert the falling cause. Truly, the cradle and grave of Davis' dominions had been robbed to obtain recruits, and now in a figurative sense it was hanging over the kettle of hell; Gen. Grant with open knife was ready to cut the string.

On or about the 1st of March there was a strong movement on foot to consolidate our regiment with some others, thereby losing our colors and officers. It had been done in several instances throughout the army. The matter was kept quiet among the men to prevent excitement. Major James E. Curtiss immediately commenced the following correspondence, to prevent the breaking up of the regiment:

HEADQUARTERS 152D REGT. N. Y. V.,
March 7, 1865.

CAPT. WILL GILDER, A. A. G.:

Capt.:

I would respectfully request that three hundred men, from the quota of the State of New York be assigned to this regiment.

I am, Capt., very respectfully, your Obedient Servt.,

JAMES E. CURTISS,
Maj. Com. Regt.

HEADQUARTERS 1st BRIGADE,
March 7, 1865.

Approved, as this regiment is well officered, and in fine condition, desires men to bring it up to the maximum.

GEO. W. WEST,
Bvt. Brig. Gen. Commanding Brigade.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND DIVISION 2ND A. C.,
March 9, 1865.

Respectfully forwarded and approved. This regiment should be filled up, if possible.

WM. HAYES,
Brig. Gen. Vol. Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS 2ND ARMY CORPS,
March 9, 1865.

Respectfully returned; pursuant to instructions from Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, statements have been already forwarded exhibiting the strength of each regiment, and the number of recruits required for each. *Unless the War Department* requests *that regiments should be named* that should *preferably be filled, a paper like* this might be deemed intrusive.

A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Maj. Gen. Com. 2nd Army Corps.

March 10, 1865,
HEADQUARTERS 2ND DIVISION 2ND A. C.

Respectfully returned with reference to the endorsement by Maj. Gen. Commanding Corps.

MAJ. GEN. HAYES.

Respectfully returned.
By order of BREVET BRIG. GEN. WEST,
Commanding Brigade.

TREASURY U. S.
March 16, 1865.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 13th instant is just received, and in accordance with your wishes I have this day addressed a note to the Honorable, the Secretary of War, recommending the maintenance of the 152d Regiment, and asking that an order issue for filling it up.

Yours, truly,
F. E. SPINNER.

Maj. J. E. Curtiss, 152d N. Y. V.,
Hatcher's Run, Va.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Last Campaign. Break in the Line. Battling Thirty Miles in Length. Lee's Plans. Breaking Camp. The Mule Telegraph. Ordered to the Front. Dabney's Mills. Slinging More Gore. Capture of the Fort. The Quaker Guns. Gen. Warren. Routed. Little Phil Sheridan. Desperate Battle. Saved by the Second Corps. Five Forks. Heavy Battle. The Works are Ours. The Last Ditch. Retreat of Lee. Petersburgh Sealed. Close Up. The Stars and Bars. Through Swamps and Forest. High Bridge. Death of Gen. Smythe. Farmville. Slaughter of the Innocents. Capture of Trains. Hoe Cake Kettles, etc. Plantation Hands Free and Naturalized. Attack on the Bee Hives. Sacrifice of an Infant. The Eighth Day. Signs of the End. Gen. Meade. Token of Peace. Surrender of Lee. The Day of Jubilee. The Blue and Gray.

ABOUT the middle of March the warm winds began to blow, drying up the mud. Preparations for the coming campaign were hastened. Gen. Lee with desperate anxiety, opened the ball on the day when all our arrangements were perfected. On the 25th of March, at daylight, the picket line was attacked and captured in front of Fort Steadman, situated on the declivity known as Hare's hill, and about four hundred feet from the rebel line. The picket trench was fully one hundred and fifty feet from the fort and so sudden was the attack they were gobbled up before they could make a show of resistance.

Gordon's troops rushed to the attack, entering the fort and capturing the garrison of 500 men, and occupied Mortar Batteries Nine, Ten and Eleven, lying adjacent to the fort. Our line extended over the enormous distance of thirty miles, resembling an immense anaconda, slowly, but surely, drawing its coils around the the body of the expiring Confeds. Evidently Lee's plan was to break through the lines at Fort Stedman, wheel his troops

to the left and march down the line, taking in turn Forts Haskell, Morton, Meikle and the rest, while one column would destroy the military railroad, march to City Point, burn and sack all military stores and shipping in the harbor and burn the pontoons, thus cutting off the army of the James, and finally effect a junction with Gen. Joe Johnson.

But the sorely tried Army of the Potomac, so often defeated but never dishonored, was at last about to reap the fruit of its long toil and labor. Lee fearing to meet Grant, which he knew was inevitable, sought thus to break away. His onward rush was, however, checked by the guns of Fort Haskell. The infantry of Wilcox's First Division, Ninth Army Corps having been rallied, supported by Hartranft's Division of the Ninth Army Corps, made an impetous charge upon the enemy. Massing all our batteries on Fort Steadman the fire was concentrated on the rebel troops, and with the aid of Hartranft's infantry, drove them off the ground, capturing seventeen hundred and fifty-eight prisoners. Our loss was nine hundred.

At ten o'clock all was quiet. Following up the advantage thus gained, Gen. Grant ordered the Second and Fifth Army Corps to charge the intrenched picket line of the enemy. Lee at once increased his force and at 11 A. M. was prepared to resist and countercharge our lines. The battle raged all day to its utmost height, and by sundown we had succeeded in forcing the enemy back to his main line, capturing ten battle flags and twenty-eight hundred prisoners, making about five thousand for the day's work. That of the Union army was officially stated at two thousand three hundred and ninety. Gen. Meade issued a congratulatory order to the army, particularly specifying the gallant action and determined and persistent part taken by the Second Army Corps.

Grant, fearing Lee would escape, sent Sheridan on the left, where he arrived on the 26th. On the night of the 28th tents were struck, personal property abandoned, overcoats diminished, making a cutaway jacket without collar, cuffs or cape. Being in light marching order we moved at 6 A. M. 29th. The army mule was a central figure; strapped upon his back was a reel of cable which slowly uncoiled, forming the army telegraph. Gen. Warren was assigned the left. Gen. Hancock, on account of failing health, had been assigned to duty in Washington, his old Gettysburg wound incapacitating him from performing field service.

The Sixth and Ninth Corps held their position in front of the city, while a portion of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Army Corps occupied the line made vacant by the Second and Fifth. While our regiment was speculating upon our good fortune in occupying this apparently quiet position, a somewhat chilling order struck us on the flank, and by the general outlook we were not destined to sleep under northern skies without slinging more gore.

The 152nd N. Y. and the old Tammany, the 42nd N. Y., were to proceed to Dabney's Mills, on a reconnaissance. Slinging knapsacks, we advanced across the open field until we arrived at a piece of woodland, where we viewed the enemy's works mounted with bristling cannon. There was no enemy in sight, but everything seemed by general appearance to be an ambush. Not wishing to draw the fire of the enemy prematurely, the men were ordered in the woods under cover, while the officers conferred together upon the plan how to capture the fort. Lieut. Col. Curtiss volunteered to charge the fort, with his regiment directly in front, while the 42nd and 19th Maine, who had arrived on the ground, stole around under cover of the woods and attacked both flanks and rear.

While the conference was continued, Roselle Woodhull, of Company E, a veteran who had served under Gen. McClellan, proceeded without orders, his gun at right shoulder shift, and walked leisurely toward the fort. He mounted the parapets, and found it deserted. We advanced, and upon examination found a pile of saw dust the color of Virginia soil. Mounted upon wagon wheels was placed burnt logs, which resembled cannon. We had passed the same place on the night of the 27th of October. Leaving Dabney's Mills in peaceable possession of the Quaker guns, we advanced and found our Division, which had made a forward movement. At 9 A. M., the Fifth Corps had connected with our corps. At 3:30 P. M., Bushrod Johnson's Division attacked the skirmishers of Sickle's Brigade of Griffin's Division, and burst with great fury upon the whole Division, but was checked by Crawford and Myers coming to their assistance.

On the morning of the 30th, the right of our Corps rested on Hatchers Run, and in the front the enemy was in force. Sheridan had formed on the left of the Fifth Corps. The enemy baffled all our attempts to turn his right by cavalry, as his works were well manned by infantry. The left of our Division extended to the Boydton plank road, near the Burgess farm, our old fighting ground of October 27th. The Fifth Corps moved out due west about one mile, facing northward, and picketing in front of the enemy's breastworks along the White Oak road.

On Friday, the 31st, began a movement, the objective point to gain was the final dissolution of the rebel army. The Fifth Corps, moving by the left flank, commenced the attack by driving in the enemy's skirmishers, thus drawing Ayres' Division below the White Oak road. The enemy fell upon him, charging with his old time vigor. Ayres' troops resisted stubbornly, but nothing

could resist the impetuous and ferocious onset that swept the field. Following up their advantage they pressed on, forcing Ayres back on Crawford's Division, breaking through their ranks and carrying that Division back to Griffin's, which followed the same fate.

Leaving a part of his force to hold the Fifth Corps on the Boydton road, Lee turned his attention to the cavalry, and about 5 P. M. had succeeded in driving them back to the Boydton road, but they quickly reformed to meet the reinforced Divisions of Pickett and Bushrod Johnson. The Fifth Corps reforming, met the desperate assaults with the help of the first Division of the Second Corps, who attacked the flank of the enemy, forcing them from the field. Our Division and the Third immediately moved by the left, covering the ground vacated by the first Division, and at once deployed and advanced on the enemy on our front. The timber between our brigade and the enemy had been slashed, preventing us from crossing over to the enemy's works. We kept up a heavy fire, nevertheless, holding them to their position, and preventing any force from leaving to reinforce their line at the points attacked.

On the afternoon of the 31st, Grant placed Sheridan in command of both infantry and cavalry, a force of 30,000 men. Grant, in thus deposing Warren, did not rob him of the honor, glory and renown he had already won on many hard fought battle fields. There was no time for deliberation. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, every eye was turned, every heart and pulse throbbed with suspense. The whole people were watching the events at the front. All knew that Lee was about to cast his last die. Unfortunately Warren could not witness the death struggle of the Confederacy.

Saturday, April 1st, Sheridan dismounted his cavalry. Gregg and Mackenzie's Brigades were kept in the saddle

to operate on the flanks. His purpose was to envelope the enemy's flank at Five Forks, wrap him up in his massive folds, and force him back on Petersburg. Sheridan kept his men up, the cavalrymen using the breech-loading carbine. The enemy fell slowly back, delivering a terrific fire upon our men, who fell in great numbers. The Fifth Corps advanced on the right, the enemy falling back some distance, and then made a decisive stand. They raked the advancing columns of the men, with infantry and artillery, and poured in their ranks a blinding sheet of fire. It was too much for the men, and they staggered back appalled. Encouraged by Sheridan, who was in all parts of the field, where the fight was the thickest, cheering and exhorting, with the dead and wounded falling around him, they rushed on until the enemy was surrounded and exhausted. Another fierce struggle and the blood-stained works were ours.

The struggle was fierce and strong, the troops rushing in at 1:30 P. M. Sheridan gathered in 10,000 prisoners. Our loss was 3,500.

Gen. Grant had cut the string, and the beloved Confederacy was dropping down into the seething caldron. The fate of Petersburg was sealed. A continual fire of artillery was kept up the whole night. So rapid was the firing that it equaled the constant roar of thunder, the noise drowning the musketry. There was no cessation. No eye drooped that long night. The day of jubilee was approaching.

Lee at once prepared to withdraw his army. Grant in order to hasten his departure, formed the several Corps to break through the rebel lines at 4 o'clock Sunday morning. The enemy hurled shot and shell upon the approaching columns of the Sixth and Ninth Corps. However, they succeeded in carrying the forts in their front, while the Twenty-

fourth Corps pressed forward and reached the South-side railroad, and began tearing up the track. Our division and the Third crossed over the slashed timber and captured 1,000 prisoners. One stalwart refused to lay down the stars and bars, preferring rather to die in the last ditch.

The whole line was now swung in and prepared for a grand and final charge. Gen. A. P. Hill was killed in the conflict. The Sixth and Ninth Corps were equally honored in the capture of Fort Mahone. The forts and works taken were elaborate, and so strong, had they not been weakened by reducing their force to resist Sheridan, they could not have been captured.

We passed the Burgess farm and found the house had been burned during the night, Andrew viewing the remains of his old home. We pressed on a few miles and halted in view of the city where we had striven to gain admission for the past two hundred and ninety-two days. Our brigade was ordered on a reconnoissance on the road leading away from the city. Our regiment deploying as skirmishers. We advanced about ten miles through interminable swamps and forests. We came to a clearing about sundown, and met a line of Fifth Corps troops advancing towards us. They resembled North Carolina Blues, and our line officers ordered us to close up in expectancy of a fight. A slight disturbance occurred through the disobedience of orders, between a private and Captain, resulting in a court martial after the campaign. The private received an excursion ticket to Fort Delaware, in lieu of all pay and bounty due him. In the morning we joined the division and proceeded with the Corps, passing our camp of the previous night at 11 A. M. At night we were detailed for picket. On the 4th we marched rapidly, arriving at Jettersville at 5 P. M.

Sheridan had headed off Lee at this point, turning his course away from Gen. Joe Johnson. We built breastworks during the night in anticipaton of a brush in the morning.

On the 5th a general advance was ordered, driving the rebel rear guard. We passed a molasses factory and arrived at a large mansion, inhabited by an old gentleman. We halted, stacked arms and immediately charged a row of bee-hives, securing the honey and utterly demoralizing the bees. We marched until 10 o'clock P. M, when we fell in for the usual picket duty, following a German Colonel who had us in charge. We obtained a crossing two miles below, and crossing the stream, walked up the opposite bank a mile above the starting point. The Colonel was late in the night striving to establish a picket line, but by some unaccountable reason he fell short of men and had to discontinue the work. We tried to gain an hour's sleep, but were called in, and the whole regiment suddenly appeared, from some unknown source. At daybreak we joined the division and marched all day, camping in an open field near High Bridge, an immense trestle work which spans the Appomattox river, and one-half a mile in length. On the morning of the 7th, we were delayed one hour and lost the advantage we had gained by an early start. The distance to the bridge was about ten minutes walk. Upon our arrival the Johnnies had started a blaze on the opposite end, and it was soon wrapped in flames. We immediately charged across the valley beneath the bridge and drove the enemy up the heights beyond. Col. Smythe, at the head of the Third Brigade, was killed in the charge.

Before night the Third Brigade succeeded in overhauling a wagon train. We passed near Farmville, and received a severe shelling. We filed to the right and waited

for orders to charge through a dense undergrowth of woods, but finally passed around and ascended the heights, marching until nearly dark, when we came to a halt, and viewed the closing scenes of a stubborn fight between the First Division and the enemy. Gen. Frank C. Barlow, now in command of our Division, offered Gen. Meade his services. Owing to the darkness of the night, the offer was not accepted. The 2nd N. Y. H. A. lost a large number in killed and wounded, in charging across the ravine. The 152nd N. Y. was called for picket. We established the line near the farm hoase. Here occurred the Slaughter of the Innocents. The barn contained forty head of sheep and lambs, reposing in innocent slumber. We celebrated the event by holding a grand barbecue.

On the 8th, we started before daylight, following close upon the heels of the enemy, the Sixth Corps following. The route of our division, thus far, had lain through the woods, fields and ravines; we were now in the road and could see the remnants of the Confederacy in the shape of spiked cannon, camp kettles, broken down wagons, hoecake bake-kettles. We halted at a plantation where a large body of slaves was assembled. We received their blessing for making them free and naturalized citizens upon the soil they were born. One of "Linkum's" soldiers, to make the scene more impressive, reached over and caught a small pig confined in a pen, being the personal property of Dinah. Taking his jacknife he sacrificed the infant hog upon the altar of liberty, covering the meat in his haversack.

The rebs had drawn their last ration; signs of destitution followed their trail. Sheridan captured the wagon trains and thousands of the enemy fell in our hands completely exhausted through hunger. Tobacco in its raw

state was strewn along the road in large quantities. The artillery of the enemy would stop and send us their parting compliments, even shelling our ambulance train, containing the sick and wounded.

About 3 P. M. we passed a village called New Store; it contained one house and was surrounded by several acres of land. The house contained a large quantity of flour, which was gradually transferred to the haversacks of the men. The route was mountainous, and with limbs swollen and feet sore, we halted on a hillock and drew hard tack. Before the coffee was boiled, heavy cannonading was heard at the front. We fell in line; our regiment detailed as flankers, on the left side of the road. Evidently, Sheridan and the 5th A. C. had crossed Lee's route. We halted about midnight and lay down to rest. Sunday, the 9th of April, 1865, opened fair and pleasant. At sunrise we wended our way up the long and winding hills. We met Gen. Meade coming from the opposite direction, riding in an open carriage. Signs of the end was plain. The head of the column began to file off in an open field, massing in columns. Two miles more we arrived on the ground, stacked arms and awaited the next scene in the programme. All eyes were strained when we heard the clattering of hoofs. Gen. Meade, accompanied by officers in blue and grey, rode by bowing and smiling and waving a token of peace. At last the day of jubilee had arrived. No pen can describe the joy and feeling of the forty thousand men assembled. The air resounded with cheers and shouts. Caps were thrown in the air, blank cartridges were fired by the artillery and all was rejoicing. Yet amid all this happiness there were some who mourned. The 121st N. Y. was across the road and brought the news of casualties. Some were relatives of members of our regiment. They had fought the battle until near the

end, when a shell or bullet cut them off from the enjoyment of the glory and honor which they had won. James Hendricks, of the 121st, who had fought and served faithfully since the formation of the regiment, fell on the morning of the 2nd. His brother, a member of the 152d N. Y., returned alone, to that good and grand mother who had given her son a sacrifice to his country.

Since we entered the Wilderness to combat with the foe, our army had lost in killed, 10,280; wounded, 52,475; prisoners, 25,713; making a total of 90,468.

CHAPTER XIV.

Grant's Victory. Four Years of War. Fraternally United. Homeward Bound. Bridge of Floating Logs. Burkesville. The Assassination. General Orders. Official Correspondence. Homeward Tramp of the Johnnies. Drilling. Pack up. On to Richmond. Greenbacks vs. Confederate Scrip. Review. Libby Prison. Fredericksburg. On the Road. The Home Stretch. Munson's Hill. The Last Grand Pic-nic. Hardtack and Salt Hog. Corps Review Farewell of Gen. Meade. Grand Review. New Commissions. Visiting for Rations. Special Orders. Camp Scenes.

APRIL 9th, 1865, was Palm Sunday, which commemorates our Saviour's triumphal march into the city of Jerusalem. Grant's victory made it a patriotic anniversary as well as a pious one. The American citizen should keep in fond remembrance the peace established on that day. After four years of blood-shed we are united. The graves are many, but they sleep on our own soil. From the Atlantic to the Pacific one flag waves over all. The hatred of the soldiers of both armies has long since expired. North and South they rejoice in Fraternity and Charity. In fond remembrance of the heroic dead of those who wore the blue and grey, let the countersign be loyalty. The next two days our late opponents became law abiding citizens, Gen. Grant conferring upon them all the rights of American citizenship.

We faced homeward on the 11th, passing through Farmville on the 12th. The rainfall of the 9th and 10th had so swollen the valley of the Appomattox, that the engineers constructed a bridge of floating logs, upon which we passed over. We halted for rations, which were curtailed, our Southern friends receiving a share.

On the 14th we camped at Burkesville. Battalion and company drills were ordered for the benefit of the soldiers'

health. On the 18th the assassination of President Lincoln was officially announced. The Johnnies passed the camps single and in squads, with many weary miles to travel, hungry, footsore and alone. They regretted the assassination of the President, and expressed their feelings in sorrow.

General Orders No. 10, dated March 7, 1865, headquarters Army of the Potomac. In accordance with existing laws, and by the authority of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, it was ordered that there should be inscribed upon the colors or guidons of the regiments and batteries serving in the Army of the Potomac, on that date, the names of the battles in which they had borne a meritorious part. The official list had been prepared by boards convened for that purpose, and each organization was officially notified. There were 193 infantry, 9 heavy artillery, 16 cavalry, 46 batteries, total 264. Many had been consolidated, and others whose term of service had expired were not so credited on this list. On the 22nd day of April, 1865, Maj. J. E. Curtiss forwarded through the proper channels to army headquarters, a request that the 152nd N. Y. Vols. have inscribed upon their colors: Suffolk, Blackwater, Mine Run, stating his reasons thereof; that the 155th, 170th, 164th, 69th, N. Y. Vols., and the 26th Michigan, who served in the same division, at the same time and place with the 152d N. Y. V., was so accredited. The 19th Maine being credited with Mine Run, were brigaded and in line with the 152nd N. Y. Vols. embracing that period.

Gen. Meade returned the request to Major Curtiss with the statement, that before the authority herein requested can be granted, it must be shown that the names of the battles herein mentioned, and the services of the troops thereat, were not presented to the board or considered by it, and satisfactory reasons should be given for such cir-

cumstances. The matter can not be considered at the present moment.

Before the muster out the matter was properly adjusted through the management of Col. J. E. Curtiss. The *National Tribune*, dated Sept. 8, 1887, published a copy of the original list, furnished by J. C. Harris, of the 83d Pa. Vols., Venango, Pa. According to this list, there were many omissions and mistakes made by the boards who were so convened. Other regiments were sacrificed through their incompetency. From the 152d N. Y. they deliberately left out Suffolk, Blackwater, Mine Run, Tolopotomoy Creek, Hatchers Run, Feb. 5, 1865, giving other regiments credit who were in line and performed the same duty and movements.

Gen. Grant, to bring the army to the highest perfection in both drill and discipline, ordered battalion drills. It had the desired effect to retain the high moral standard of the men. Unlike foreign nations, the American soldier became a true citizen in every respect.

We had saved the nation. It was ours by right of conquest. The treasure and riches, both North, South, East and West, was at our mercy. The sword was not sheathed, the ammunition was not exhausted. The nation's throat was within our grasp. A victorious and ambitious leader could have declared himself Emperor of all the land. Loyalty, the crowning principle of virtue, stood as a barrier. America was free. The volunteer soldier presented to the general Government a deed of the whole country, while they disbanded and vanished away. What have they received in return?

May 2nd, we left the drill ground and hurriedly drew two day's rations, when, slinging knapsacks, at 2 P. M. we faced due north and marched nine miles, halting at Jettersville for the night. On the 3d and 4th we were on the

road leading to Richmond. We had been anxiously looking for the city several years, and as the distance lessened the anxiety increased. The planters viewed the procession from the roadside and answered numberless questions, and laughed at the boys who traded their regulation caps with the scare crows in the corn field for the broad-brimed sombrero. One farmer, to expedite the answer to so many questions, kindly chalked upon a board, 12 miles to Richmond. Ten miles farther on the road the guide board gave the correct distance, which was 16 miles. The average Virginian measured distances according to their ability to perform the journey, either on foot or horseback, each individual having a different scale.

On the 5th, at 11 A. M., we stacked arms at Manchester. The peddlers had not learnedthe difference between the value of a greenback and a Confederate note. We were compelled to pay $2 for a bunch of onions or a slice of gingerbread. Here we met our old friend, Junius Brutus Clem. The war had renovated his general appearance. He was chief servant at Twenty-fourth Army Corps headquarters and was dressed like a prince, having greenbacks enough to make an overcoat. At 10 o'clock A. M. we crossed the pontoon bridge and entered the city. We viewed Libby prison and Castle Thunder.

The afternoon was exceedingly hot and many fell prostrated with the heat. We marched through the principal streets by company front, passing in review before the Generals and the men who had commanded the Grey. We camped five miles outside the city, and crossed the Pamunkey on the 7th. On the 8th we were on the old telegraph road. The 9th our regiment led the advance camping on the banks of the Ny river. The mules could not endure the long march equal to man, the consequence was, two days' rations lasted three days, On

the 10th we passed through Fredricksburg; the city presented a deplorable appearance. The ladies of the city received us with smiles, offering to sell pie and hoe cake at one dollar a piece. The afternoon of the 11th, rain descended continuously, flooding the narrow road with mud and water, greatly impeding travel. We camped at 10 P. M. and hugged the fires of smoky green pine.

On the 12th the Fifth Army Corps led the advance, and fenced the road, which sent us ten miles out of the way. We made the time by a forced march. On the 13th we made the home stretch, covering 28 miles, camping near Munson's Hill, Va., seven miles from Washington. We laid out a camp, and by orders from Lieut. Col. J. E. Curtiss, we raised the sleeping bunks two feet from the ground. We had made the total distance, two hundred and twenty miles, in twelve days, resting one and a half days. The next sixty days we held our last grand picnic party. The Government issued hard tack and salt hog. Delicacies were obtained for cash from peddlers. They finally ceased their visits, when money became scarce. Milk went up to 20 cents per quart. The weather was hot and sweltering. Camp stories were invented and circulated, much to our enjoyment. Peddlers were relieved of their surplus stock. Men from neighboring camps would tip over a wagon loaded with bread, which would walk off accompanied by the men.

May 28th we marched to Washington to take our place in the grand review. The waving sea of bayonets, 75,000 in number, was a magnificent sight as we passed the grand stand. The next day Gen. Sherman's army was reviewed, the bummers having a conspicuous place in line. May 30th, Gen. Meade reviewed the Second Army Corps and bid us farewell, as our existence as an Army Corps was drawing to an end.

June 1st, the Sixth Corps passed our camp and located in the neighborhood. They had been stationed at Danville, N. C., since the surrender. When off duty we fought camp flies, picked berries and cherries, and visited friends, and looked with longing and wistful eyes upon the immense peach orchards laden with green fruit,

June 12, 1865, the Governor of New York forwarded a Colonel's commission to Lieut. Col. Curtiss, Lieut. Col. to Maj. Gilbert, and Major to Capt. C. H. Dygert, also Brevet Major to Capt. Alfred R. Quaiffe, for meritorious conduct and special services rendered during the summer while acting Assistant Adjutant General and Aid-de-Camp on Brigade and Division Staff. Commissions were granted to Lieutenants and Sergeants for well-tried and faithful conduct Col. Curtiss receiving a commission as Brevet Brig. Gen., dated April 9, 1865.

Special order No. 149 detailed Col. James E. Curtiss, with four others, to meet at Second Army Corps headquarters to examine into the capacity, qualifications, propriety of conduct and efficiency of such officers of volunteers as may be ordered before it.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1865.

To Hon. Sec. of War, Washington, D. C.:

SIR: I desire strongly to recommend Col. James E. Curtiss, late of the 152d N. Y. Vols., for a commission in the regular army. This officer, by his zeal and ability, made his regiment one of the best in my Division, Second Division, Second Army Corps. He was one of the three officers selected by me as a board of examination for the officers for my Division. I chose him on account of his intelligence, character and reputation. He is one of the most promising officers who have served under me, and a man who would be reliable to the regular service.

Respectfully,

FRANCIS C. BARLOW.

SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 141.

June 22, 1865.

Col. James E. Curtiss, of 152d N. Y. V., is hereby detailed for duty as Act. Asst. Inspector Gen. of the Corps, and will report with the least possible delay.

By command, MAJ. GEN. HUMPHREYS.

(Signed) CHAS. A. WHITTIER, Asst. Adjt. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, Second A. C.

(Signed) A. R. QUAIFFE, A. A. A. Gen.

B. D. GALLAHER, A. Adjutant 152d N. Y.

June 22, 1865.

CHAPTER XV.

Our Old Army Musket. Special Orders. Speech of Col. Curtiss. Three Hundred and Forty days Campaign. From the Wilderness to the Appomattox. Dress Parades. Fourth of July Celebration. Sack Race. Sparring. Greasy Pole Climbing. Race for the Greased Pig. Grand Dinner. Grand Display of Fireworks. Return of the Disabled and Prisoners. Under the Old Flag Once More. Lincoln's Forgiving Proclamation. Mustered Out. Journey to Albany. Grand Dinner. Citizenship. Reunions. The Grand Army Above.

THE muster out of the troops began, with the one year's men, curtailing those who had not served a full year, one-third of the bounty. Then came the old vets who had re-enlisted on the field. Next in order came the regiments who had mustered in the U. S. service prior to Oct. 15, 1862, leaving the 152nd N. Y. one day too late. Trains were loaded daily, and by the last of June there were about 16,000 men left on the south side of the river. The Government committed a most generous act by the presentation of our old army muskets, for the small sum of six dollars. Our regiment had preserved and used them and helped to settle the great difficulty from the wilderness to the Appomattox, a period of 340 days. We had encountered the missils of death hurled at us from the enemy, more than 200 days, and marched many weary miles and performed a large amount of hard labor. One thousand days we had the old army musket by our side. Now it was ours. To the veteran volunteer the value will be greater than the highest work of art America ever produced.

Company and battalion drill was partially abandoned. Dress parades were kept up and became very impressive, under the command of Col. Curtiss. On dress parade the

Colonel made the following remarks on the evening of June 18, 1865:

Officers and men of the 152d N. Y.:

We are about to sever our connection with the Army of the Potomac, in which we have served since October, 1863. We have shared its hardships, trials, privations, victories and defeats. Though always elated with success of our arms, temporary reverses did not cause despondency, but seemed to stimulate and increase our energies in the great and glorious cause of humanity and justice, until your efforts have been announced with success, and the nations of the earth look with wonder and astonishment upon the completion of a task which was considered by them utterly impossible to accomplish. But you have proved to the world that defeat did not conquer, nor time cool your ardor in battling for freedom and right.

We have been ordered to new fields, not to seek future glory and renown in battle, for we have passed through the fiery ordeal, but to the more peaceful pursuits of camp life. May your acts, words and deeds prove to all that soldiers are gentlemen. Remember that you will be looked upon as the 152nd N. Y. V. Its fame is yours. You have its reputation at stake; any negligence or unworldly conduct on your part, will forever tarnish its enviable name. Knowing this, strive to do your whole duty as good and efficient soldiers, and upon your return to your homes, a grateful people will forever bless the defenders of this great Republic.

One year had passed since Capt. Wm. S. Burt had given the honor and title of "Color Guards" to the whole regiment. Preparations were made to celebrate the day. Money was contributed to defray expenses. New officers were selected *pro tem.* from the ranks. Each Company was fully represented with both line and non-commissioned officers. Shoulder-straps were made from paste-board and tinsel. The regiment was given in their charge, after "Guard Mounting." The brigade mules were mounted

by the Staff officers, Col. Mix, Maj. Haskell, Surgeon T. R. Petrie, and others. They visited Army, Corps and Division headquarters, and both the mules and officers were received with all due hospitality, the mules partaking of a mess of corn, the men a potion of corn extract, surnamed Kentucky bourbon.

The old officers were posted on camp guard, but owing to their incompetency to serve as such, they were at once relieved and detailed for other duty. During the day several were punished for disobedience of orders, Maj. Gilbert being sentenced to stand upon a barrel, and guarded by Corporal Mackessey, until the joke became tiresome. The grand dinner was partaken with a relish, the old officers being invited. During the afternoon a grand sparring match with soft gloves occurred, the principal contestants being, Babcock vs. McMahon. Peter W. Tallman succeeded in climbing the greasy pole. Sack racing became general. The race for the greased pig was postponed, the pig being absent without leave.

Many comical scenes were indulged in by the colored children, they trying to find a silver dollar with their teeth, it being placed in the bottom of a pan filled with flour. The first boy captured the prize and walked away, leaving the rest to chew snuff and hunt in vain.

The day was closed by a grand torchlight dress parade, Col. Mix and staff in command. They acted with great credit to themselves and to their instructors. The day's proceedings closed by a grand display of fireworks and torch-light procession. On the 5th of July, orders were received to make out muster-out rolls. Many of the boys had returned to the regiment. They had been absent sick, and suffering from wounds, and a few fortunate ones had arrived from the prison pen. They came back to march home under the old flag.

Under the forgiving proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, a small number returned from Banker's paradise, where they had sojourned in fear and misery, protected by the petticoats of the Queen. Their punishment had been severe; they came back to share the honor and glory of war, and were received by their comrades. But every man in his own order.

The rolls being completed, we mustered out of the service of the United States, on the 13th of July, 1865. On the 14th, we marched to Washington, and waited transportation until 6 P. M. One more grand entertainment at Philadelphia, and we are on the road to Amboy, connecting with the steamer for New York, where we arrived at midnight. On the 16th we awoke on the Hudson river, arriving at Albany 11 A. M. At the Mansion House we had dinner, consisting of lamb and green peas. We marched out on the Troy road three miles from the city, and to cap the climax of a soldier's life, were drowned out of the tents before morning by a terrific shower of rain. Thursday, July 20, we received our final discharge papers. Disbanding, we were transformed beings. Born again to the ranks of citizenship, and mingling with the general population. We have been scattered by the winds of civilization.

RE-UNION.

We were first called together at Cooperstown, October, 1878. From Otsego's southern clime to the far off northern wilds of Herkimer county, we are annually called together. We grasp each other by the hand, and look upon the well remembered faces and forms which have grown gray, as we descend down the path of life's journey to the reassembling of the Grand Army above.

Twenty-two years have elapsed since the close of the events herein narrated. The ties of respect and affection have

been strengthened. The preservation of the memory of those days of trial and danger on the field, in camp or prison pen, has developed a love and fraternal unity. In military life we were subject to the same labor and deprivations, willing to share the last crust with each other. God grant that this bond of charity will remain, until the final muster-out. Comrades, many of us have not met since our separation; many have answered to the last roll call. God grant in his infinite goodness and love for all his children, that our discharge from final service here below, may be as that from the military service—that we may join the silent majority in the last re-union.

One incident of Andersonville as related by a comrade who survived the living death in that prison pen, Sergt. John McNeil, of Co. D., had been by the slow and sure process of starvation, brought to the end of misery. The day of his death he had obtained a small bundle of dried grass. He placed it under his head at night for a pillow, when hugging close to his comrades, who allowed John to sleep in the middle, to obtain all the warmth possible; he bade his comrades good night, saying, "boys, this is my death bed." At daybreak, when the comrades awoke, John was a corpse.

The foregoing pages have shown the reader how grandly the volunteers met their death in front of the serried columns of treason. The nation can never realize the horrible sufferings of those who died in the prison pen, or who lived a total wreck during their short existence on earth. Unquestionably they were the victims of a policy formulated by the emergency and condition of affairs. Their long and continued confinement gave to our government the power to hold an equal number of the enemy, thus weakening the rebel army. The offer to take the so-called oath to the so-called Confederacy and fight in their

ranks, was received and rejected with scorn and derision. Had they done so, many lives would have been saved the loathsome death by escaping to our lines. Their loyalty was proved by preferring a martyr's death rather than dishonor. Years have rolled by and the survivors are still asking recognition and special legislation, but without avail. Future generations will never know what it cost the North and South in blood and suffering to engage in a fratricidal war. The remembrance of the past should prevent treason and all its ravages from being again the scourge of the land.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

The present time and years hence the constant reader can obtain a thorough knowledge of warfare, and the scenes and incidents enacted at the "front." The country abounds in war literature, which apparently emanates from the minds of the gifted author, though invariably, if traced to the true source, it will be found that the raw material is furnished by the Grand Army of private soldiers. The anonymous writers of to-day are quite numerous. They invent war stories founded upon facts but greatly exaggerated. Their stories never lose by circulation, but often pass through a transmigratory state, reappearing in an elaborated form, often unrecognizable by the original author of their being. Kuney Boney, an author of merit, gave to the press, free gratis, a comical war story. Later, it fell in the hands of an unknown genius, who enlarged the ground work forty-fold, and was about to have it copyrighted and dramatized for the benefit of the Grand Army boys at their regular camp fires, but it was deferred by the untimely cut-off which the author experienced during a journey from Middleville, N. Y., to the Soldiers' Home, via the H., N. & P. RR. The coroner found

the manuscript mingled with the wardrobe of the gifted author, who, if he had lived, would doubtless have ranked as a star of the first magnitude, and a shining light among the galaxy of learned authors, providing he could have prefixed to his name the title of Colonel, Major or Captain and Asst. Adjutant General.

The scene opens in a barber shop. Place, Utica, N. Y. Time, 1885. Encampment of the G. A. R. in session. The barber is engaged in shaving a commercial drummer, who has attached to his vest a G. A. R. badge. The door opens, as the barber calls "next," and a grizzly, gray-haired veteranized individual enters, clad in an old army overcoat and light colored pants. The barber raises his eyes and looks aghast at the new comer. His teeth chatters, lips are paralyzed, his hands tremble, and the razor falls on the floor. He advances a step, his eye balls protruding from their sockets.

The first paroxysm of surprise being over, his tongue became loosened, and he exclaimed in tones of horror, "Great Scott, sir! You resemble my old pard, Dodymus Duckworth Dickens, of the 2nd N. Y. death dealing demons, who had both legs shot off above the knees, during our 83d engagement in front of Petersburg, Va., 30th July, 1864."

"I am he," came in joyous tones; "and to prove my identity, witness, old pard, this birth-mark upon my right arm, placed there by the infernal captain of Company Q. Look! See! Eight D's burnt deep in the flesh. You know what it means. Dodymus, Duckworth, Dickens, deserted." The barber proceeded to finish his customer, while Dodymus proceded with his horrified tale. Said he: "When that 32 lb. shot struck me, it cut off both legs. I have a distinct recollection of seeing you grabbing my legs and running from the field. I divined your purpose,

knowing you had a mortgage upon that razor I always carried in my boots. The carnage of battle being over, I was carried to the rebel hospital. In the morning it was discovered that I was legless, when two darkies threw me upon a pile of amputated legs and arms which remained in the centre of the yard. I remained there four days, when a surgeon who had lately arrived began an experiment, making me whole and sound as before enlistment.

"Four months after I was able to walk without crutches. The Confederate surgeon asked me to enlist and follow the banner of the 'Lost Cause.' Of course, I refused."

Bystander—"That was right; you would have forfeited a pension if you had taken the so-called oath to the so-called Confederacy."

Dody—"But I don't draw a pension."

Bystander—"Why, how so? You ought to have the highest paid, at least $2.00 per month."

Dody—"Well, boys, I will tell you how I was done for. You see, this same Confederate surgeon that grafted me, became reconstructed, and received an appointment from the Government as Chief Medical Examiner in the town where I reside. My application for pension was considered, and I was ordered to report for medical examination before this surgeon. He recognized me and proceeded with the examination. He reported the facts of the case, and after eleven years of due deliberation, the case was dismissed and rejected."

Question—"Upon what grounds, and what were the facts to which you refer?"

Dody—"Well, you see, this young surgeon, when he began to experiment in the science of grafting, selected from the pile of legs, one from an officer of a Texas regiment, the other, the left leg, had been sawed off from the body of a negro teamster who was employed by the Con-

federacy. The Commissioner held that I was supported by foreign subjects, from parties who had not been paroled, who had not taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government."

Bystander—"In the event of the late Confederates being placed upon the pension rolls, should such a law ever pass, you will probably have a decision rendered in your favor."

"Thunderation! No! Never! You see, the legs are undoubtedly orphans; their fathers having been killed in the war, but they are over age, and debarred on that account, and furthermore, I being only a step-father to the legs, would under the present statutes be denied the right to support them. I am also debarred by the fact that one person cannot draw three pensions, nor three persons draw one pension. So the commissioner ruled, and rejected the case."

Question—"Are both legs alike in all respects as regards feeling, &c.?"

"No; I always have three different feelings. The Texas leg has a numbness or peculiar sensation, as though a bowie knife is impressed against it. It also has a distant feeling for its compulsory partner."

Question—"How about the negro leg? What are its symptoms?"

"Both legs agreed, by a little coercion on my part, until 1870, when the XVth amendment became a law. Then disturbances naturally arose between the orphans, and I having no legal right, they were beyond my control. Election day came, and I was completely carried to the polls, the negro leg seemingly in a great hurry. Whether the Texas leg urged my subsequent actions or not, I can not say; however, a voting propensity grew up with me, and I acquired the habit of voting early and often, at

every election held where I happened to reside. I was finally arrested for repeating, and presented with a free ticket to a concert hall on the Hudson river, at a place called Sing Sing. I remained there satisfied with my fate, with the consoling thought that it was not all me who was so confined in durance vile, my step-legs sympathizing with me in my deep affliction."

Question—"When did your time expire?"

"They gave me my discharge the same year the Civil Rights law was passed."

Question—"How did the law affect you?"

"Why, you see, I accepted a situation upon the reportorial staff of a Grand Army journal, at an immense salary."

Question—"Did you succeed?"

"Yes, very well."

Question—"What is your vocation at present?"

"Inventing and writing up war reminiscences."

Question—"Did the teamster leg always retain its natural color?"

"No, as time rolled on it began to fade, and is at present settled upon a solid basis with its Texan brother."

Bystander—"I say, old man, if you could get Ira here, and Ike, to swear they carried off your legs, you might get your claim for pension established."

"No go. I had two straight-haired men to swear that same thing, and a third man to swear he saw them do it."

At this juncture a messenger arrived requesting Dodymus to report himself at once to the ante-room of Department Headquarters, G. A. R.

ORIGINAL STAFF OFFICERS,

152d N. Y. VOLS.

Colonel—Leonard Boyer, Little Falls, N. Y.
Lieutenant Colonel—Alonzo Ferguson, Cobbleskill, N. Y.
Major—George Spalding.
Surgeon—Silas A. Ingham. Died February, 1886.
Assistant Surgeon—Eli Small, Excelsior, Minn.
Assistant Surgeon—Hiram Blood.
Assistant Surgeon—Adam Miller, Jordanville, N. Y.
Assistant Surgeon—James Ward, Canada.
Assistant Surgeon—Lyon E. Corbin, Washington, D. C.
Adjutant—Cleaveland Campbell. Died Cherry Valley, N. Y.
Quartermaster—George W. Earnst.
Hospital Steward—Sanford E. Hagar, Middleville, N. Y.
Drum Major—Ira Barney. Died 1887.
Chaplain—H. V. Talbot.

COMPANY A.

SURVIVORS.

Thomas, Peleg G., Captain,
Dygert, Chas. H., Maj. Elgin, Ill.
Gray, Fred A., Lieut., Herkimer, N.Y.
Bellenger, Henry H., " "
Christman, Horace, " "
Christman, J. G., " "
Dryer, Doras, " "
Doling, James H., " "
Harter, George M., " "
Harter, George F., " "
Harter, Charles N., " "
Harter, J. H., " "
Hartman, John, " "
Kill, Darius, " "
Lepper, Peter, " "
Seeber, Jacob, Clear Lake, Iowa.
Syllabach, Jacob, Herkimer, N. Y.
Weirs, Perry G. " "
Weeber, Fritz. " "
Wilson, W. W., Herkimer, N. Y.
Gorman, Michael, Sergt., Little Falls, N. Y.
Atherton, James, Little Falls, N. Y.
Burns, James P., Corp., Little Falls, N. Y.
Casler, Peter, Little Falls, N. Y.
Crowley, Timothy, " "
Casler, Chauncey, " "
Casler, John, " "
Watts, Richard, " "
Casler, Welford E., Sergt., Minden, N. Y.
Casler, Wm. P., Ree Heights, D. T.
Caty, Hiram, Stratford, N. Y.
Robbins, David, Mohawk, N. Y.
Hilts, G. H. " "
Whitehead, Jeremiah, St. Joe, Missouri.
Wildey, Harvey B., Auburn, N. Y.

KILLED.

Monk, James, May 10.
McClone, Thos., Sergt., May 12.
Harter, John F., Aug. 14.
Watson, Chas., Oct. 27.
Cornell, Wm., First Sergeant, missing, June 22.

WOUNDED.

Craske, Harry, Rushville, Ill., May 6.
Harter, Judd, Herkimer, N. Y. May 6.
Deller, Wm., West Albany, N. Y. May 10.
Murray, Wm., Memphis, Tenn., May 10.
Mackessey, Patrick, Little Falls, N. Y., May 12.
Barry, Patrick, St. Paul, Minn., May 13.
Mix, James, Sergt., Mohawk, N. Y., May 13.
Watts, Wm., Little Falls, N. Y. June 22.
Holmes, A. C. " " " "
Dorsey, John, " " Aug 14.
Morton, James, " " " "
Flemings, Edward, Green Island, N. Y., Aug. 25.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Ellis, Thos., Sergt.
Vedder, N.
Swart, John.

DIED IN ANDERSONVILLE.

Vanalstine, Harvey, Sept. 14, 1864.
Holler, M. Aug. 20.

DIED SINCE WAR.

O'Brien, Timothy, Lieutenant Colonel, Jan. 31, 1883.
Harter, John A.
Holden, Moses, Corporal,
Lepper, Simon,
Harter, Fred.
Roof, Moses C.
McCarty, J.
Welsh, John, wound, May 12th.
Johnson, Bronson, wound, May 6th.

COMPANY B.

SURVIVORS.

Burt, Wm. S., Capt., Gray, N. Y.
Belcher, Jeremiah. " "
Manning, Edward, " "
Max, John, " "
Dubois, James, " "
McIntosh, John, " "
Wendover, Benj., " "
Huntly, S. F., Templeton, D. T.
Fluyck, J., Wilmurt, N. Y.
Smith, J. H., Cold Brook, N. Y.
Youngs, Ben., Poland, N. Y.
Johnson, Darwin, Little Falls, N. Y.
Johnson, James, Herkimer, N. Y.
Simmons, David, " "
Nestle, Geo., Ohio, N. Y.
Wheeler, Luzerne, Richfield Spa., N. Y.
Welsh, Delos, Fultonville, N. Y.

DIED IN HOSPITAL.

Bennett, Francis.
Christman, Benj.
Delong, Herman,
Paul, Geo.
Stevens, Geo. W.

DIED SINCE WAR.

Beebe, Silas, Capt.
Smith, H. D., Lieut., 1878.
Coffin, Frank,
Tompkins, C. R.
Vancourt, J. R.

KILLED.

Jedets, John, May 6, 1864.
Norton, Hulburt, May 12.
Onderdonk, J. H. " "
Welsh, Alfred, mortally wounded, May 12.
Clough, Francis, May 12.
Paul, John, mortally wounded, May 31.
Quackenbush, A. E., wounded, missing, May 31.
Smith, Elisha K., Cold Harbor, June 3.
Underwood, Elisha B., June 17. Died from wound, 1873.
Wilcox, David H., Captured Aug. 14. Paroled, Died in Hospital.
McIntosh, Douglass B., missing.
Huntley, Lester C., Aug. 25.

WOUNDED.

Huntley, D. T., Sergt., May 6.
Harding, Wm., Corp., Gloversville, N. Y., May 6.
Abbott, B. T., May 6.
Davis, James, Gray, N. Y., May 6.
Laraway, Geo., Poland, N. Y. May 6.
Youngs, X., Poland, N. Y., May 6.
Barnes, Horace A., May 11.
Lower, Joseph, Frankfort, N. Y., May 11.
Spearl, Wm. A., Boonville, N. Y., May 11.
Coffin, Wm. B., June 16.
Porter, L. D., May 12.
Stevens, James, Wilmurt, N. Y., May 12.
Benson, Aaron, May 12.
Bullard, John, May 12.
Green, Geo. H., May 24.
Flansburg, Jeremiah, Wilmurt, N. Y., May 24.
Griffin, Alex. T., Wilmurt, N. Y., May 24.
Blair, John, June 3.
Norton, Reuben, Poland, N. Y., June 3.
Shutes, Robert, Cooperstown, N. Y., June 3.
Haskell, Wm. R., Wilmurt, N. Y., June 16.
Court, E. C., Wilmurt, N. Y., June 22.
Hall, Albert, May 23, Herkimer, N. Y., Aug. 14.
Smith, Nelson, Gray, N. Y., Aug. 14.

COMPANY C.

SURVIVORS.

Leonard, F. E., Lieut., Hudson, N. Y.
Bunnell, Sam., Morris, N. Y.
Colborn, Elijah, " "
Doxtater, Frank, Mohawk, N. Y.
Doxtater, Peter, Herkimer, N. Y.
Hecox, W. C., Regimental Bugler, New York City.
Monroe, Hiram, Morris, N. Y.
Steele, Daniel, Commissary Sergt., Ilion, N. Y.
Southern, James, Morris, N. Y.
Steele, John E., Syracuse, N. Y.
Scudder, Ed. L., Morris, N. Y.
Thrall, John, Mohawk, N. Y.
Vanalstine, E., Middleville, N. Y.
Quimby, Thos., Morris, N. Y.
Gifford, Edward, Oneida, N. Y.
Babcock, Sanford, San Francisco, Cal.
Kelsey, James, Exeter, N. Y.

KILLED.

Kidder, Geo., Sergt., May 6, 1864.
Cassens, Nicholas, " "
Miller, Daniel, May 31.
Lewis, David H., June 3.
Kelsey, Chauncey, Oct. 27.

WOUNDED.

Freeman, Jacob C., Lieut., May 6.
Kelley, Chas., May 6.
Robinson, James, New Berlin, N. Y., May 6.
Snell, Solomon, May 6.
Ross, John, May 11.
Cook, Joseph, Mohawk, N. Y., May 12.
Crist, Oscar, May 12.
Maury, Augustus, Sergt., Redfield, D. T., May 12.
McClean, Murdock, May 12.
Walsh, John, May 12.
Southern, Wm., Morris, N. Y., May 12.
Lindsley, Lewis, May 24.
Manchester, Geo. W., Sergt., Rochester, N. Y., June 22.
Curtiss, James E., Capt., A. A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 14.
Thurston, Elijah, Cooperstown, N. Y. Fall of tree, April 8., 1865.

DIED SINCE DISCHARGE.

Belienger, Chris.
Flagg, Delos,
House, Matthew, 1880.
McMahon, Alf., 1885.
Gaylord, Wm.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Crawford, Geo.
Gardner, Amos,
Kinnie, A. E.
Pandle, S. G.
Zeller, James H.

DIED IN PRISON.

Bishop, C. H.
Card, Abel, Sergt., Nov. 24.
Miller, James A.
Ripley, F. A., Sergt., Oct. 19.
Reeve, G., Aug. 15.
Radley, John,
Seargeant, S G.
Stevens, E D.

RETURNED PRISONERS.

Atwell, Amos,
Brown, Andrew, Morris, N. Y.
Daniels, J. N., " "
Harris, E.
Hammond, Edward,
Hargrave, Edward,
Harris, Wm.
Judd, J.
Lewis, James.
Parall, L. G.
Quackenbush, J. Died 1867.
Shoemaker, Dewitt, Mohawk, N. Y.

COMPANY D.

SURVIVORS.

Butler, F. D., Capt., Unadilla, N. Y.
Allen, Abram, Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Allen, Thos., Oswego, N. Y.
Bronner, John A., Sergt., Cassapolis, Mich.
Borst, Ben., Van Hornsville, N. Y.
Beach, Chas. D., Milford, N. Y.
Bauman, C. T., Van Hornsville, N. Y.
Fay, Parker D., Richfield Springs, N. Y.
Fish, Marcenus, Clyde, N. Y.
Hardy, Alonzo, Dowager, Mich.
Herring, Abel C.

Mereness, George, Griton, D. T.
Morse, H. A., Mohawk, N. Y.
Smith, John D., West Albany, N. Y.
Skinnen, John, Cherry Valley, N. Y.
Smith, Chas. W., Beaver Meadow, N. Y.
Siver, Robert, Van Hornsville, N. Y.
Tunnicliff, Sam., Van Hornsville, N. Y.
Vibbard, James W., Springfield Centre, N. Y.
Wood, Wm. H., Hartwick Sem., N. Y.
Winslow, Ed., Hallsville, N. Y.

RETURNED PRISONERS.

Borst, Uriah, Van Hornsville, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1864.
Parks, Ben., Aug. 14, 1864.
Thayer, Anson, Springfield Centre, N. Y., June 22, 1864.
Taft, John, Springfield Centre, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1864.
Tucker, James, Aug. 14, 1864.

KILLED.

Bronner, Horatio, missing, May 6.
Doxtater, John, May 6.
Heath, Albert C., May 6.
Bronner, Felix, May 12.
Shaul, Alfred, May 12.
Vanhorne, John, May 12.
Wilds, John W., May 12.
Hinds, Moses C., May 24.
Peck, Luther, May 24th, at Cold Harbor.
White, J. W., mortally wounded at Petersburg.

WOUNDED.

Moran, John W., Starkville, N. Y., May 6.
Maxwell, E., May 6.
Wilds, Theo., Herkimer, N. Y., May 6.
Shaul, Loadwick, Van Hornsville, N. Y., May 12.
Smith, James B., May 12.
Vedder, Abram, May 12.
Stewart, Cook, June 22.
Skinnon, Michael, East Springfield. Aug. 14.

DIED SINCE WAR.

Wall, Wm. R., Capt.
Young, Elias, Capt.
Land, John, Lieut.
Dingham, David,
Jewell, John H.
Kelley, Thos., wounded Mine Run.
Maynard, Myers O.
Mereness, John W.
Sharkey, P.
Shields, Michael,
Edick, Henry, March, 1888.

DIED IN PRISON.

Adams, Geo. T.
Druse, Isaac,
Eldridge, Lorenzo, Aug. 14.
Gilmore, Lorenzo C.
Hollenbeck, Solomon, Aug. 14.
McNeil, John.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Jennings, James C.
Small, Wm.
Vosburg, Daniel H.

COMPANY E.

SURVIVORS.

McGown, James, Capt., Litchfield, N. Y.
Nichols, Horatio, Lieut., West Winfield, N. Y.
Stafford, D., Lieut., Little Falls, N. Y.
Ackerman, Nicholas, Little Falls, N. Y.
Deltry, S. H., Ilion, N. Y.
Ibell, George, " "
McLean, D. H., Little Falls, N. Y.
Smith, Larkin D., West Winfield, N. Y.
Nell, Jacob, Norway, Ia.
Brainard, John C., Lone Rock, Wis.
Donlon, Michael, Waverly, Ia.
Hendricks, Lewis, Sterling, N. Y.
Jennings, John M., Bridgewater, N. Y.
Miller, Alonzo P., Cedarville, N. Y.
Nichols, Dutton, Tracy, Minn.
Nichols, Chas. W., Fairfield, N. Y.
Van Allen Daniel, Sterling, N. Y.
Tallman, Peter W., Herkimer, N. Y.

KILLED.

Hulser, W. W., Capt., mortally wounded, May 5.
Eckler, Norman, May 6.
Fris, James, May 6.
Lackey, Wm. J., Sergt, May 6.
Roback, Swift, May 11.
Stack, Frank, May 12.
O'Brien, Nicholas, June 3.
Sweet, A., Aug. 25.
Musson, Willard A., Capt., Oct. 27.
Curtin, Patrick, picket line, Nov.

WOUNDED.

Paddock, Edgar, July 30, 1863.
Jones, F. B., May 6.
Matteson, H. R., Sergt., May 11. Returned for duty; died since war.
McLaughlin, Isaac, Corp., Litchfield, N. Y., May 11.
Allen, John, May 12.
Barnes, James L., Sergt., Norwich Corners, N. Y., May 12.
Fort, Nelson, Ilion, N. Y., May 11. Returned for duty.
Kimm, Jacob, Watkins, Ia., May 31.
Maxfield, James W., Herkimer, N. Y., May 31.
Bradbury, Wm., June 3.
Welter, John W., West Winfield, N. Y., June 3. Returned for duty.
Ball, Wm. Z., Saranac, Mich., June 17.
Roback, Henry, Little Falls, N. Y., June 18. Returned.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Wright, A. W., Feb., 1863.
Manchester, A. L., Sergt., April 10, 1863.
Porter, Wm., July, 1863.
Sauder, Chas. W., Aug., 1863.
Fox, Thos., Oct. 30, 1863.
Evans, Wm. J., Nov. 1863.
Hentz, John, 1864.
Wheeler, Geo. W., 1864.
Sessions, Henry, 1864.

DIED SINCE WAR.

Cole, Willard, injured, May 6.
Barber, Hiram, wounded, Oct. 27.
Notgrass, Joseph.
Peck, Edwin, March, 1866.

DIED IN PRISON.

Brown, Chas., Sergt.
Eldred, Addison,
Fox, Delos, Oct. 19, 1864, Andersonville.
Platts, Montraville,
West, Wm., July 15, Andersonville.

COMPANY F.

SURVIVORS.

Esyaman, J. B., Lieut., Gloversville, N. Y.
Quinby, John W., Capt., East Bridgewater, Mass.
Lewis, Wm. H., Lieut.
McCann. Matthew, Capt., Fort Plain, N. Y.
Hewitt, Delevan, Lieut., Johnstown, N. Y.
Cronkhite, O. M., Little Falls, N. Y.
Gallaher, Ben. D., New York City.
Lewis, Henry R., Faulktown, D. T.
Nemyre, Chas., Little Falls, N. Y.
Petrie, Thos. R , Middleville, N. Y.
Owens. Wm. J., West Exeter, N. Y.
Rice, Justus, Little Falls, N. Y.
Snell, Lyman, Little Falls. N. Y.
Snyder, A., Starkville, N. Y.
Townsend, Ed., Capt., Rochester, N. Y. Transferred U. S C. T.
Wood, Henry M., Frankfort, N. Y.
Wolbridge, Warren, Ia.
Staurring, Ben., Ingham's Mills. N. Y.
Spring, Judson, Little York, N. Y.

KILLED.

Smith, Seymour,
Marsh, S., May 6.
Lanz, Andrew, May 6.
Hale, Wm., May 10.
Root, W. J., May 12.
Eveans, Thos. C., June 3.

WOUNDED.

Ecker, H., Ingham's Mills, N. Y., May 6.
Hill, David. Capt., Northampton, Mass., May 12.
Weigand. Henry, Little Falls, N. Y., May 12.
Whiting, C. S., May 12.
Victory, Barney, Exeter, Neb., May 12.
Starring, John, May 24. Died 1887.
Nau, J. J., June 3, died.
Aull, Robert, June 3.
Lee, A., June 3.
Keaton, Edward B., June 3.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Reinke, John,
Sanders, H. T.

DIED SINCE WAR.

West, Dan., Capt.
Allen, John W., Sergt.
Ashmun, Ben.
Howard, Amos,
Wiswell, James D.
McGuire, Thos.
Lake, Loran.

DIED IN ANDERSONVILLE.

Alfreds, Henry C., Oct. 20, 1864.
Gross, Addison.
Morey, Wm. D.

RETURNED PRISONERS.

Quaiffe, Alfred R., Brevet Major, Washington, D. C.
Decker, Chas. L., Little Falls, N. Y.
Lambert, Chas., Dolgeville, N. Y.
Wilson, James.

COMPANY G.

SURVIVORS.

Stebbins., Wm. E.. Lieut.. Scranton, Pa.
Allen, Frank, Otego, N. Y.
Alger, James, Oneonta, N. Y.
Baldwin, Leonard, Oaksville, N. Y.
Beardsley, Wm., New Berlin, N. Y.
Bowmaker, James, " "
Black, Edward, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Carpenter, Ira, West Oneonta, N. Y.
Clinton, Isaac, Gilbertsville, N. Y.
Church, Wm., Burlington, N. Y.
Davis, Judson K., Morris, N. Y.
Goodrich, Solomon N., Otego, N. Y.
Gregory, Henry, Gilbertsville, N. Y.
House, Herman, Ridge Mills, N. Y.
Heslop, Joseph, Dawn, Mo.
Lamphere, Levi, Unadilla, N. Y.
Lyndsley, David G., Cooperstown, N. Y.
Johnson, Geo., Oaksville, N. Y.
Leonard, Sam., Unadilla Forks, N. Y.
Rogers, Wm. M., Doland, D. T.
Murray, Francis C., Toddsville, N. Y.
Perkins, Geo., Edmeston, N. Y.
Silver, John A., Gilbertsville, N Y.
Whiting, W. N., Otego, N. Y.

KILLED.

Burgess, Elisha, missing, May 6.
Stebbins, Chas. A., mortally wounded, May 12.
Davis, Geo. L., June 3.
Bryant, Albert, mortally wounded, June 3.

WOUNDED.

Alger, Chauncey, Masonville, N. Y., May 6.
Thompson, Chas. S., Norton, Kansas, May 6.
Mallory, Gilbert, May 6.
Wallace, J. H., Gilbertsville, N. Y., May 6.
Brown, Thos., Norton, Kan , June 12.
Silvey, Sam., Gilbertsville, N. Y., June 12.
Simpson, Justus L., June 12.
Morey, Chas. W., South Edmeston, N. Y., June 31.
Fenton, Chas. K., June 17.
Fenton, Wm. L., Aug. 14.
Doubleday, Theo., Sergt, Fly Creek, N. Y., Aug. 14.
Sisson, Frank, Gilbertsville, N. Y, Aug. 25.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Hinds, Josiah, Lieut
Alger, Elias,
Coats, Parker L.
Greene, Sol. A., '63.
Patterson, James L. March 17, '63.
Rockwell, John H.
Truman, S.

DIED IN PRISON.

Banker, J. T., Sept. 26, 1864.
Rooney, John, Sept. 28., '64.

RETURNED.

Gilbert, Edmund, Capt., St. Louis, Mo.
Foster, Geo., Gilbertsville, N. Y.
Bunnell, Wm, D.

COMPANY H.

SURVIVORS.

Kendall, U. B., Capt., Fly Creek, N. Y.
Kellogg, Wm. J., Capt., " "
Hopkins, Wm. L., Lieut., Laurens, N. Y.
Briggs, Lewis C., Mt. Vision, N. Y.
Bunn, Chas. E., Oneonta, N. Y.
Strait, J., " "
Coggershall, C. S., Morris, N. Y.
Marr, Henry, " "
Gifford, Darius M., West Burlington, N. Y.
House, Levi, Charlevoix, Mich.
Jenks, Thos., Hartwick, N. Y.
Joslin, Gilbert, " "
Radley, Wm. J., Morris, N. Y.
Coombs, Wm., Hartwick Sem., N. Y.
Ferris, Aaron, Garrattsville, N. Y.
Harrington, M. J., " "
Stevens, Joshua, New Berlin, N. Y.
Wellman, Alonzo, Mt. Vision., N. Y.
Waters, Henry A., Oxford, N. Y.
Stevens, Roselle, Milford, N. Y.
Salisbury, Henry, " "
Kellogg, Henry J., Marcellus, Mich.
Rider, Silas, Maryland.
Stevenson, Chas. W., Fremont, Neb.
Walley, John, Edgar, Neb.
Tuller, D. W. Rev.

KILLED.

Kellogg, Melville, May 6.
Pashley, John, May 6.
Stere, Augustus, sunstroke, May 6.
Richards, Philander, May 11.
Steadman, Richard, May 11.
Vandusen, Smith, died June 6.
Brown, James, May 18.
Radley, Stephen, June 3.
Fenton, Nathaniel, Aug. 14.
Barnes, Melville, Aug. 25.
Hubbard, James, Nov. 16, Fort Steadman.
Avery, Oscar, Nov. 20.

WOUNDED.

Holden, Stephen, Capt., Sherburne, N. Y., May 6.
Smith, John, May 6.
Fitch, D. B., Capt., Norwich, N. Y., May 12.
Beeman, Wm., Oneonta, N. Y., May 12.
Bloodgood, O., May 12.
Davis, Earl H., Oneonta, N. Y., wounded twice June 23, May 12.
Hill, Horace, May 12.
Barnes, Addison, Oneonta, N. Y., May 24.
Cole, George, Sherman, Pa., June 3.
Stockley, Moses.
Weaver, Joshua, Morris, N. Y., June 3.
Whitmarsh, Hiram, Laurens, N. Y., June 3.
Parish, Jeremiah, Cooperstown, N. Y., Aug. 25.
Garnet, Albert, Knoxville, Pa., Aug. 25.
Sherman, Delevan, Aug. 25.
Weeks, John, Hartwick Sem., N. Y., Oct. 27. Captured rebel flag, May 12, 1864, and Aug. 25, 1864.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Adams, Lucius,
Bruce, S.
Galup, W.
Jenks, Milton.

DIED IN ANDERSONVILLE.

Cole, R. S., July 28.
Lull, Galen.

RETURNED.

Brown, Ezra, Martinsburg, N. Y.

DIED SINCE WAR.

Hall, Ed., Sergt.
Keith, Amos,
Keith, Elijah.

COMPANY I.

SURVIVORS.

Lee, Adrian, Lieut., Utica, N. Y.
Butler, E. W., First Lieut, South Valley, N. Y.
Armstrong, James, South Valley, N. Y.
Albert William, East Worcester, N. Y.
Benjamin, Rudolph C., Exeter, N. Y.
Coppernoll, George, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Greenwald, Harris, Cobbleskill, N. Y.
Hamlin, J. J., Seward, N. Y.
Jarvis, Fred T., Hartwick Sem.
Jacobs, Alfred, Franklin, N. Y.
Lasher, John, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Maybie, David, South Valley, N. Y.
Mandeville, Luke, Cooperstown, N. Y.
Mereness, Hiram, Worcester, N. Y.
McCormack, Frank, Decatur, N. Y.
Putnam, Cornelius, South Valley, N. Y.
Quail, Wm. L., Worcester, N. Y.
Sullivan, David E., East Worcester, N. Y.
Stevens, Lucius M., Sparta, Wis.
Skinnon, Michael, East Springfield, N. Y.
Voorhees, E. C., East Worcester, N. Y.
Stevens, Chas., Paw Paw, Mich.

KILLED.

Hill Chas, by cars, 1863.
Hadsell, William H., June 3.
Troats, Joseph H., June 3.
Bush, Geo. F., picket line, Nov.
Hill, Henry, August 25.
Greenwald Marcus, August 14. Captured and died in Richmond.
Keach, Chas., died in Andersonville.

WOUNDED.

Agan, Michael, May 6, died.
Villoz, Louis, May 24.
Wilbur, Robert G., Galesburg, Ill., May 24.
Crounse, Amos., Washington, D. C., June 3.
Post, John, June 3, died at Mt. Vision.
Winans, Robert, June 22.
Putnam, Aaron, Altoona, Ill., June 22.
Brown, O. A., August 25.
Butler, John L., South Valley, N. Y., August 25.
Ryan, James, August 14, died.

DIED SINCE WAR.

Bingham, Alonzo, Capt.
Butler, Hiram T., 1885.
Sullivan, W., 1883.
Town, Wm. H.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Bishop, Robert M.
Crocker, Smith,
Delaney, John,
Lovejoy, Henry,
Lovejoy, Jonathan,
Miller, James,
Miller, Chas.
McKinley, Jas. H.

COMPANY K.

SURVIVORS.

Bellenger, Jacob G., Lieut., Herkimer, N. Y.
Bridenbecker, Andrew, Lieut., wounded May 12, Frankfort, N. Y.
Schall, Wm. H., Lieut., Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Casey, Eugene, Little Falls.
Gifford, Lester, Stratford, N. Y.
Gifford, James H., Columbus, Ohio.
Phillips, A. D., East Worcester, N. Y.
Pearl, Ebenezer, Herkimer, N. Y.
Pauth, Chas., Little Falls, N. Y.
Smalley, D., Vanhornsville, N. Y.
Sterling, George, Frankfort, N. Y.
Waldrof, Asa M., South Valley, N. Y.
Sayles, Simon, Utica, N. Y.
Dieffenbacher, E., Frankfort, N. Y.
Haver, Edward, Lieut., East Schuyler, N. Y.
Genner, Harvey E., Auburn, N. Y.

KILLED.

Conklin, J. W., Lieut., May 6.
Hyer, John C., May 10.
Carr, Stephen, May 24.
Inman, Asa, mortally wounded, June, '64. Buried, Frankfort Hill.
Maxfield, James, missing, Aug. 14.
Vanalstine, Alonzo, plaster mill, Little Falls, 1882.

WOUNDED.

Conlon, Michael, Utica, N. Y. May 10.
Holdridge, Seth B., Sergt., New Berlin, May 12.
Welsh, Owen D., May 6.
White, Geo., injured, cars, '62.

DIED SINCE WAR.

Hensler, Lambert, Capt.
Dyckman, Peter B., Lieut.
Conklin, John.
Casler, Lucius.
Pross, John, wounded June 3.

DIED AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Corselman, G., March 13, 1865.
Dickenson, Madison, Sept. 22, 1864.

DIED IN SERVICE.

Hardendorf, Corn.
Tabor, John.

Survivors.—P. O. Address Unknown.

COMPANY A.

Smith, John M., Lieut.
Vincent, Alonzo
Mack, W. J.
Mierhoof, Ulric
Katz, Geo.
Weidenrich, Geo.
Burke, James
Cavanna, Wm.
Cole, Jeremiah
Casler, J. C.
Youchey, H.
Loose, Chas.
Murphy, Ed.
Reynolds, Lewis
Shoemaker, A. N.
Vanderveer, John

COMPANY B.

Phelps, Truman, Lieut.
Breslin, Chas.
Bennett, George
Dickenson, S. L.
Dygert, N. L.
Ethridge, Thos.
Evans, Amasa
Hydorn, Henry A.
Hales, T.
Hall, W.
Lawton, Theo.
Matteson, Wm. M., Sergt.
Palmer, Granville
Root, I.
Spall, Chas.
Smith, J. H.
Williams, H.
Wendover, Benj.
Whiting, Jonas G.

COMPANY C.

Swift, Lansing, Lieut.
Shaw, S. "
Anderson, J.
Coe, H.
Christman, Ezra G., Hospital Steward.
Case, Frank
Dennison, C.
Edwards, Geo.
Giles, Geo. W.
Goodrich, Geo. N.
Hall, Geo. W.
Hitchcock, Chas. H.
Hall, Geo.
Hargrave, Wm.
Joys, J.
Keller, M.
Kinnie, O. P.
Kirkland, W.
Kirkland, John
Lull, Nathan
Marvin, E. D.
Nuring, J. A.
Passen, E. F.
Platts, R. D.
Shaw, C. G., Lieut.
Sheridan, James
Shute, Francis
Stevenson, Ed.
Tallman, M. D.
Wilson, Gerritt

COMPANY D.

Ayers, Wm. W.
Cole, Cortland J.
Coburn, Delos
Cosgrove, Daniel
Cook, Geo. W.
Dewitt, O.
Druse, Geo. W.
Doras, James
Elliot, H.
Gilchrist, Peter
Herron, A. C.
Howe, George W.
Hewes, Henry, Lieut.
Keyser, John A.
Louden, James
Louden, John
McChesney, John W.
Miller, Henry
Monroe, Henry
Myers, Wm. M.
Mereness, Jacob C.
Nestle, Wm. H.
Root, Wm. B.
Rynders, George
Swan, Robert
Shaul, Chauncey
Steele, James
Sandford, Joseph
Smith, E.
Wilsey, Henry D.

COMPANY E.

Coe, Simeon L., Capt.
Babcock, W. S.
Bradbury, James
Broderick, D.
Carrier, John
Fox, Chas.
Fox, James
Hallam, John
Palmer, Jas. L.
Tooley, Benj.
Sawyer, Thos.
Woodhull, Roselle
Burgess, Andrew W.
Burke, Thos.
Friz, Chas.
Genn, Wm.

COMPANY F.

Bogner, Wm.
Bently, J.
Bartlett, Chas.
Cuyler, J.
Coakley, M. D.
Ecles, Thos.
Earne, John
Hill, Robert
Hayes, Geo.
Hale, Hamilton
Harvey, Wm. H.
Kelley, J. W.
Keaton, Thos. W.
Logan, Thos.
McCormac, Dan.
Rees, H. P.
Reno, Elijah
Smith, R. S.
Wilson, Thos.
Rogers, Harvey L.

COMPANY G.

Treadwell, Richard N., Lieut.
Alger, Wm.
Baldwin, Ed.
Baker, Wm.
Beach, Amos
Cass, Fred.
Hotaling, Elias
Love, Joseph
Miller, G.
Moulton, Sam.
Peters, Wm. A.
Leonard, Richard

Cleveland, Richard
Greene, Nathan
Hastings, Wm.
Hastings, John F., Sergt. Major
Rockwell, Willard
Rogers, John W.
Slade, Joshua
Thayer, James H.

COMPANY H.

Weston, Lester, Lieut.
Patrick, W. R., "
Alger, Alvin
Bishop, Menzo
Foley, Wm.
Foley, Wm. Jr.
George, J.
Harrington, Wm.
Inglebie, S.
Luce, H. P.
Lull, D.
Lynch, H. W.
Merrill, L.
Mickle, Wm.
Morrissen, Hiram
McLiesh, Joseph
McLiesh, John
Prince, Dewitt
Pickens, E. D.
Sherman, A.
Sherman, E.
Thayer, O.
Trelliam, H.
Vanwormer, Wm.
Walling, S.
Walker, S. S.

COMPANY I.

Hamilton, Chas., Capt.
Andrews, C. O.
Avery, G.
Crouch, Aaron
Carr, Abram
Drew, C.
Eggleston, John
Ellsworth, James
Tilling, Ed.
Fitzgerald, John
Gleason, John
Hoyt, A.
Jewell, John A.
Mickle, Jared
McGuire, Chas.
Mallory, Dan.
Putnam, J. L.
Peirce, Chas.
Quackenbush, James H.
Root, Tanner
Starkey, Pat.
Tillinghast, Ed.
Vanetten, Wm.

COMPANY K.

Campbell, Lewis, Lieut.
Ackler, G. H.
Case, Sol.
Casselman, Uriah
Casselman, Geo.
Cannin, M.
Crego, Wm.
Dempster, James
Eldred, H. A.
Foreman, W. S.
Finehout, Aaron
Foster, Smith
Gray, Lewis
Gray, Wm.
Gallagher, Thos. A.
Gross, John H.
Hillard, James
Kinney, James
Larry, P.
Lowell, Chas.
Miller, Wm.
Miner, S.
Moss, Joseph
Nesbeit, C.
Nichols, L.
Pittman, Ed.
Persons, E. W.
Rollons, J.
Small, D.
Stevens, James H.
Stockbridge, J. H.
Stroup, A.
Sullivan, James
Tiffany, Hiram
Wayman, Nelson
Vissher, Garrett
Schoonrall, G.

Surviving Members of the 121st N. Y. Vol., 1886.

Kidder, John S. Col., Laurens
Cronkhite J. W., Lieut. Col., New York City.
Campbell Dougiass, Major, New York City
Jackson, D. D., Capt., Wylliesburg, Va
Bolles, F. G., Lieut., Unadilla
VanHorne, H., Lieut., Springfield Centre
Alspaugh, A. C., Pittsfield, Mich.
Applegate, W. I., Princeton, Minn.
Austin, Fred., Little Falls
Armstrong, N., Warren
Austin, P. I., West Burlington
Ackerman, Geo. M., "
Allum, J. R., Mohawk
Burgess, J. H. Richfield Spa
Bailey, D. W., Roseboom
Boorne, George W., Cobbleskill
Bates, Reuben H., Cooperstown
Baldwin, F. A., Pleasant Brook
Borst, George H., Starkville
Bassett, E. S., Cold Brook
Beckwith, Clinton, Herkimer
Best, Isaac O., Clinton
Burch, Joseph P., Amsterdam
Burnham, H. S. Woonsocket, R. I.
Berry, Andrew, Utica
Bartlett, Lewis, Lieut., Binghamton
Baker, L. A., Albany
Bennett, Willard
Bentley, Thos. H., Irving, D. T.
Boothwick, R. Middlefield Centre
Briggs, T. H., Otego
Bowen, Z., Morris
Bell, C., Norfolk
Butts, Elijah, Fly Creek
Brice, Fred, Ilion
Beals, H. C., Fulton
Bemis, C. L., Troy
Brown, H. C., Little Falls
Casler, Alf., "
Carryl, M. H., New York Mills
Campbell, Jas. M., Cherry Valley
Chapman, W. H., Utica
Congdon, B. W., Prospect
Cook, A. V. Mohawk
Crocker, P. T., Cobleskill
Coe, L. E., Middleville
Clark, J. T., Amsterdam
Carpenter, H., Salisbury Centre
Croden, P. P., Hyndsville
Cadwell, H. W., Springfield
Cushman, C. P., Edmiston
Dasey, Timothy, Little Falls
Dennison, T.
Dewey, Dennis A.
Delong, H. M.
Deal, Harvey
Downing, Charles I., West Davenport
Davidson, Andrew, Cooperstown
Dyer, E. H., Oneonta
Easton, Henry, Schuyler's Lake
Eysaman, Andrew, Little Falls
Ely, Darwin, Cherry Valley
Edson, Joseph, Portlandville
Essex, A. B., Decatur
Elwood, Moses D., Warren
Eldred, J. J., Johnstown
Edwards, William, Morris
Foote, Sedate, "
Finch, D. A., South Valley
Finch, J. J., Pleasant Brook
Fahey, G. W., Russia
French, Samuel G., Marshall, Ohio
Fitzjames, M., Amsterdam
Fosmire, W. H., North Adams, Mass.
Grigg, John, Frankfort
Goodrich, H. J., Worcester
Grey, G. H., Herkimer

Greenman, L. H., Salisbury
Gillespie, A. A., Duke Centre, Pa.
Goodspeed, V. S., Yorkshire
Griffith, Daniel, Utica
Goodman, Philip, Columbia
Gridley, J. B., Ilion
Greene, D. W., Little Falls
Heath, Joseph, "
Hammond, Charles, "
Harrod, George, "
Hotaling, Ben., "
Heath, Horace, "
Hartford, M. D., "
Helmer, Levi, Dolgeville
Heligas, T. W., Eaton
Hallister, Leroy, Milford
Hadsell, A., Oakville
Hunt, E. M., Cherry Valley.
Herdman, N. W., "
Hoover, Joseph, Oneida
House, H. H., Starkville
Haines, C. J., Sing Sing
Harrington, A., Sacketts Harbor
Hills, E. D., Cooperstown
Hudson, P., Syracuse
Hartwell, J. G., Springfield, Mass.
Hilts, Andrew, Herkimer
Hartley, J. W., Cassville
Herring, J. W., North Walton
Harris, D. R., Unadilla
Hadsell, H., South Valley
Hawthorn, H. S., Hoosic Falls
Hawley, E. H., Sherburne
Hoff, J. M., Griswold, Mich.
Hearnshaw, Geo. H., Cleveland, O.
Hyde, J. R., Middlefield Centre
Hubbell, F., " "
Irons, E. H., Fly Creek
Ingraham, J. J., Canastota
Jones, Wm. H., Newville
Jennings, A. M., Dolgeville
Johnston, J. W., Utica
Johnson, W. A., West Exeter
Jaycox, A. E., Worcester
Johnson, H. S., Capt., Utica
Judd, W. D., Amsterdam
Jarvis, F. G., Fly Creek
Johnson, Ed., Little Falls
Jaycox, J. O., Worcester
Jones, Benj., Watertown
Keller, Geo., Frankfort
Kuck, J., "
Kavanaugh, T., Newport
Kenion, D. M., Ilion
Kimball, J. S., Asst. Surg., West Point
Lampheir, Chas. H.,
Lowe, Frank, New York City
Lunn, Wm., Garrattsville
Lobdell, W. G., Unadilla
Lovejoy, J. M., South Valley
Lovejoy, Allen, "
Langton, Frank, Graysville
Luther, Chas., Salisbury
Leonardson, A., Oneida
Lowell, D. R., Albany chaplin
Lout, J. F., Edmeston
Letz, J. E., Frankfort
Lewis, Horace, "
Marshall, D. T., Toddsville
Markell, C. M., "
Merrihew, D., Guilford
Maybie, E., Johnstown
Merrihew, Thos., Richfield Spa.
McLean, Geo., Utica
McCann, Geo., "
Maurer, Geo., "
May, Geo. A., "
Morehouse, C. A., Cold Brook
Merry, M. D, Frankfort
Montague, P., Ilion
Moody, Joe, Little Falls
Maltbie, M. H., Kansas
Mather, C. H., Garratsville
Mather, E. C., "
Matteson, B. F., Unadilla Forks
Murdoch, L. W., E. Worcester
McIntire, P. W., Morris
Myers, Wm., Cherry Valley
Miller, Wm., Salisbury
Marriott, Thos. W., Litchfield
Matteson, Jessie, Fairfield
Mansfield, G. W., Rochester
Merriman, D. L., Prospect
Miller, J. H., Chittenango
Nye, W. H., West Exeter
Ostrander, M. C., Ilion

Oaks, Eli, Cherry Valley
Olin, E. O., Sparta, Wis.
Oyer, Edwin, E. Schuyler
Orvis, A. T., Poland
Olive, Wm., Cooperstown
Piper, F., Syracuse
Pierce, D. A., Jordanville
Post, Nathaniel, Ilion
Pickert, J. O., Salisbury Centre
Palmer, W. G., Lisle
Perry, L. H., Cooperstown
Palmer, Henry, Elk Creek
Price, C. E., VanHornesville
Pearl, Myron, Graysville
Parshall, H. C., Hartwick
Pierce, Irving, Mohawk
Putnam, D. A., Herkimer
Palmer, A. W., "
Pitcher, M. A., Salt Springfield
Palmer, H., Poland
Peck, Morgan D., St. Johnsville
Rice, W. W., Friendship
Robinson, R. L., New York City
Reynolds, William, Little Falls
Russ, Michael, "
Reddy, James, "
Rafferty, John, "
Robinson, R. S., Frankfort
Rice, Burrell, Salisbury Centre
Rounds, J. B., Winfield
Reed, A. S., Edmeston
Rider, Anson, California
Starring, C. H., Mohawk
Smith, James M., Little Falls
Snell, John H., "
Sherman, Andrew, "
Story, Albert, Capt., "
Snell, Milton, Livingston Manor
Smith, I. P.
Smith, Thomas
Swartout, Leander, Prospect
Sayles, A. C., Norfolk
Swart, William, Deposit
Storrer, George W., Plainfield, N. J.
Sitts, E., Springfield, Conn.
Stinson, G. C., Herkimer
Smith, Sheldon, Otego
Shepard, Truman, Cooperstown
Slocum, Jo., Surgeon, Camillus
Snyder, E. E., Unadilla
Stone, N., Portlandville
Sweet, Caleb, New Berlin
Smith, Lorenzo, Kearney, Neb.
Sutphen, O. H., Sutphen Mills, Ks.
Turner, Richard, Utica
Tillinghast, Edward, Utica
Tarball, Charles, Richfield Spa
Teal, George, Milford
Teft, John, Johnstown
Thomson, E. B., Pleasant Brook
Tyler, J. K., Westford
VanHorne, J. N., Los Angeles, Cal.
VanNort, Adam, Cooperstown
Woodcock, Delos, Maryland
Wright, Ira, Oakesville
Wallace, G. W., Gilbertsville
Winton, Amasa, Morris
Waterman, P. P., Decatur
Weaver, E. E., Washington, D, C.
Weston, D. C., Norway
Wescott, C. I., Guilford
Williams, Thomas, Gray
Wells, D., Newport
Wright, William, Cooperstown
Wood, J. T., "
Wood, William, "
Woodcock, James, Milford
Weber John, Utica
Widrick, David, Frankfort
Wright, Fernando W., Little Falls
Welsh, Edward, "
Whitehead, W. H., Herkimer
Woodward, P. B., Brookfield
Walradt, J. H., Fort Plain
West, Charles B., Burlington Flats
Wilsey, Charles, Birmingham, Conn.
Youngs, Wallace, Cedarville
Youmans, Thomas, "
Youker, Warren, Dogeville
Yager, Myron, Red Bluff, Cal.

HONONARY MEMBERS.

Arnold, E. D., Clayville
Abbott, J. P., Frankfort
Browne, George E., Portland, Me.
Barnes, Dewitt, Hartwick

Chase, D., South Valley
Carnwright, J. L, Dolgeville
Edwards, C. S., Colonel, Portland, Me.
Franklin, Benjamin, Newark, N. J.
Goodrich, W. H., Richfield Spa
Goff, William C., Colonel 5th Mass, Little Falls
Hall, H. Clay, Little Falls
Hitnerington, J. E., Cherry Valley
Hunt, Theo. E, 10 Mo., Little Falls
Jacques, T. I., Richfield Spa
Mills, Albert M., Capt., Little Falls
Post, S. J., Unadilla
Platts, A. J., Cooperstown
Remick, C. E., Oneida
Terrill, Horace, Oakesville
Wents, E. J., 9th Ohio cav. Little Falls
VanCourt, D. P., Fly Creek
Wilcox, Gen O. B., Sackett's Harbor
Walker, Ripley, 1812 veteran
Davis, Lyman, " "

THE HEROIC DEAD OF DANUBE, N. Y.

KILLED.

Baum, Lester, May 6, '64
Huartson, George, May 3, 63
Stauring, Fred, "
Hendricks, James, April 2, '65
Huartson, Robert, died disease
Covel, Benjamin, died Florence, S. C., prison

KILLED 152D N. Y.

Eckler, Norman, May 6, '64
O'Brien, Nicholas, June 3, '64
Roback, Swift, May 11, '64
Fox, Delos, Died Andersonville
Fox, Thomas, died Washington
Delong, Herman, died Washington
Peck, Edwin V., died at home
Lightheart, James, 57th N. Y., died in service
Stauring, Alonzo, 57 N. Y., died Andersonville
Jones, Calvin, 57th N. Y.
Ackerman, Clinton, 97 N. Y.

34th N. Y. Volunteers—Colonel Suiter's Boys.

Suiter, James A., Herkimer
Allen, Russell, Herkimer
Austin, Fred, Norway
Allen, William, Mohawk
Ackler, Matthew, Columbia
Bennett, B. J., Gray
Bailey, Isaac, Berkshire
Bowen, John, Rouse Point
Bryant, J. W., North Bay
Bah, Martin, Prospect
Baldwin, Harry, Addison
Brundage, A. C., Hammondsport
Brown, L. D., Ilion
Buck, Hiram, Crown Point
Beach, O. W., Rochester
Bacthelder, J. R., South Haven
Burton, Charles B., Watson
Benson, Thomas, Newport
Ballard, W. H., Canastota
Brenner, John, Amsterdam
Bedler, William, Buffalo
Burt, Wm. S., Gray, Lieut.
Chapin, Louis N., Philadelphia, Pa.
Cochrane, Martin, Prospect
Crego, Albert, Herkimer
Clark, Irving D., Chicago, Ill.
Campain, John, Coeymans
Chappell, James, Russia
Crewell, Philip, Columbia
Comstock, E. P., Gray
Casler, Jacob, Little Falls
Casler, William, Salisbury
Durrin, David, "
Dudley, John, Crown Point
Davis, J. M., Schenevus
Deal, Charles, Champlain
DeForrest, William, Johnstown
Darling, Luther, Dolgeville
Doxtater, Ezra, Mohawk
Daley, James, Little Falls
Eagan, Charles, Mohawk
Eldridge, Cyrus, Ilion
Folts, William H., Herkimer
Folts, Adam J., "
Faville, James, Pine Lake
Flinn, Charles, Gloversville
Franks, William, Mohawk
Fort, Jesse R., Little Falls
Flansburg, Philip, "
Farrell, Thomas, "
Goodbread, Jerome "
Graves, Nathan, Mohawk
Guile, Cornelius, Lottville
Guile, Cornelius, Oppenheim
Green, Jacob, Gloversville
Green, James N., Fairfield
Guyer, Jacob, Paines Hollow
Gage, Abram, Millers Mills
Gory, William, New York Mills
Gorman, John, Little Falls
Hammond, A., Richfield Spa
Helmer, W. H., Columbia
Howe, J. G., Bradford, Pa.
Henties, John, Crown Point
Haight, Louis, New Berlin
Hayden, O. E., Syracuse
Hurley, James P., Little Falls
House, Squire, "
Johnson, John, Rochester
Kirk, John, New York
Kirk, William, Albany
Kast, Benjamin, Fort Plain
Kirk, Edmund, Herkimer
Knight, James U., Burg Hill, Ohio
Lewis, Francis, Mohawk
Lewis, W. H., Jordanville
Lawton, Lewis, Gray
Lamphere, W., Salisbury Centre
Larrowe, E. B., Hammondsport
Lepper, Andrew, Rochester

Loucks, Benjamin, Wiona, Minn.
Miller, Charles C., Little Falls
McGovern, Michael, "
McIntyre, John, West Troy
McLane, W. J., Utica
Metcalf, Thomas, Bay City, Mich.
Maxwell, James, Middleville
McCormac, J., Sing Sing
McDonald, Wm. T., Granville
Manning, Wm., Frankfort
McIntyre, Simon, Crown Point
Manning, Owen, Jordanville
May, John B., Bowling Green O.
Northrop, E. S., Kansas City, Mo.
Oppel, John, Wis.
O'Brien, M. S., Auburn
Page, Warren, Newport
Perry, Jacob C., Mohawk
Peirce, W. B., Herkimer
Peirce, Chas., "
Peters, J. W., "
Powers, C. L., Gray
Perry, Adelbert, Washington Mills
Pickert, Solon, Waterville
Powers, Francis, Poland
Perry, Wm. H., Little Falls
Piper, Frank, Fairbault, Rice Co. Minn.
Petrie, Chauncey, St. Johnsville
Rathbone, Charles, Norway
Roof, Romeyn, Little Falls
Stauring, Marvin, I., Little Falls.
Smith, Horace H., "
Smith, Wm., "
Sponable, Wells, Maj., New York City
Snyder, Edwin, Gray
Shaver, G. F., Fairfield
Sherman, J. H., Mohawk
Stauring, Geo. H., Devils Lake, D. T.
Smith, Emmet, Crown Point
Statia, P. W., Frey
Scott, J. O., Peoria, Ill.
Traver, J. A., Herkimer
Tyler, Charles, "
Tunnicliff, Wm B., Little Falls
Townsend, W. H., "
Townsend, James, "
Tucker, Sam, "
Todd, James, Kansas City, Mo.
Taylor, C. B., Mohawk
Thompson, J. K., Devereaux
VanValkenburg, Wm. S., Capt., Paines Hollow
VanValkenberg, L. H., Jordanville
Vanetten, John I., Little Falls
Vancourt, D. P., Mohawk
Vandorn, Chas., Albany
VanPetten, J. P., Claverack
Weeber, Wm., Herkimer
Woodruff, Daniel J., West Albany
White, John, Mohawk
White, Elerson, Ilion
Worden, Chas., Oneida Valley
Willoughby, Chas., Wis.
Warner, Andrew, Jordanville
Wright, J. P., Port Henry
Woods, Thos., Little Falls
Woolever, Amos, "

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Mills, Albert M., 8th N. Y. Cavalry, Little Falls
Lintner, W. H. H., Maj., 177th N. Y. V., Little Falls
Story, Albert, Maj., Little Falls
Steele, J. A, Herkimer

Reunion of the 81st N. Y. Volunteers, September 29th, 1885.

Abell, E. A., Gravesville
Butler, J. J., Sacketts Harbor
Brewster, D., Taberg
Berry, J. H., Mohawk
Ballard, Benj., Taberg
Byam, Chas., Rome
Baker, E. E., Canastota
Bennett, J., Frankfort
Bennett, Wm., Gray
Comstock, E., "
Conkling, M. G., Grant
Cook, C. I., Vienna

Coville, C. C., Vienna.
Cook, Jas. R., Utica
Coy, H. W., Camden
DeForest, J. J., Col., Duanesburg
Folmsbee, W., Gray
Fallen, E.. Forestport
Foster, A., Pratts Hollow
Garlock, H., Grant
Hammersly, T., Newport
Hamilton, G., Randailsville
Harter, T., Ilion
Humphrey, Ed.. Little Falls
Hane, James, Ohio
Laraway, W. J., Middleville
Moore, G. T., Salisbury
Morriss, B. B., Middleville
Palmer, H. J., Sauquoit
Perry, J. H., Herkimer
Rhodes, P., West Winfield
Rathbone, T., Norway
Rylands, W., Amsterdam
Smith, Geo. C., Jamestown
Smith, A. B., Gravesville
Sherman, James, Camden
Tenny, C. B., New York Mills
Towne, C., Philadelphia, Pa.
Timmerman, R. C., Branchport
Zimmerman, S., Ilion
Mallett, Adjutant, Washington, D. C.

HONORARY.

Crowley, John, Little Falls
Comstock, Charles
Paul, Richard F., Wilmurt

Veteran Soldiers and Sailors who reside in Little Falls and Vicinity. U. S. Navy.

Bross, Jacob
Johnson, Thomas
Orendorf, John
Hasting, Thomas
May, Jonah, U. S. Navy.

97th N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

Collins, Chas. D., Little Falls
Connelley, Michael. " "
Doxtater, Horace, Salisbury
Fenton, Chas. D.. Capt., Little Falls
Faville, Frank, Capt., Dolgeville
Ferguson, Rev. J. V.
Freeman, Edmund
Gorman, Thomas, Bath
Isham, N., Surgeon, Little Falls
Johnson, Adelbert, Little Falls
Keller, Ephraim, " "
Loomis, Russell, " "
Leahman, Joseph, Little Falls.
Manga, Augustus, " "
Metz, Henry, " "
Murphy, Henry, " "
Murray, Wm. H., Syracuse
Owens, John, Little Falls
Pauley, John C., Little Falls
Roof, Romeyn, Capt., Little Falls
Smith, John B., Little Falls
Snell, John H., " "
Short, Joseph
Crowley, Timothy

2nd N. Y. MOUNTED RIFLES.

Barry, Andrew, Little Falls
Dunn, John, " "
Hughes, Wm., " "
Kennedy, Michael, " "
Leahey, John C., Little Falls.
Smith, Horace H., " "
Gorman, Patrick, " "
Wheeler, Wm. A., " "

16th N. Y. H. ARTILLERY.

Boyer, Geo., Little Falls
Fort, Jesse R. " "
James, Thos., Little Falls.
Sutherland, Clark E.

57th NEW YORK.

Bass, Wm. L.
Herbert, Chas.
Magill, Thos. N.

44th NEW YORL.

Starkins, John, Fairfield

2ND N. Y. ARTILLERY.

Anderson, John, Little Falls
Barnes, I. G., "
Burke, Delos, "
Cassidy, James, "
Cassidy, Owen, "
Casler, Nicholas, "
Fox, Oscar, "
Fletcher, Richard, "
Howell, E. F., "
Kilts, Norman, "
Kirch, Nicholas, "
Loucks, James W., Little Falls.
Musson, T. A., Gilbertsville
Mixter, Chauncey, Newville
Newman, Chauncey, Little Falls
Richmond, Isaac, B, Lieut., Little Falls
Roback, Emmett H., Fort Plain
Reardon, Edward, Herkimer
Shipman, Warren, Little Falls
Walrath, Barney, Little Falls
Uhle, Amenzo, Paines Hollow

115TH N. Y.

Miller, William J., Little Falls
Scrosby, William, Stratford
Sitts, William, Little Falls
Williams, Stephen A., Little Falls

108TH N. Y.

Davis, George R., Mohawk
Durand, Edward, Stratford

1ST N. Y. LIGHT ARTILLERY.

Brownrigg, William, Jordanville
Cassidy, Abram, Danube
Mowers, Harvey, Newville
Hyde, Charles E., Jordanville
Smith, Henry, Paines Hollow
Shaut, Winslow, Bath
Zuper, Wallace, Little Falls
Boyer, Horace M., "
Smith, William E.
Crowley, John, Capt.

11TH N. Y. CAVALRY.

Briggs, E. Thomas, Little Falls
Riley, James, "
Smith, David E., Little Falls

VARIOUS REGIMENTS.

Adams, Victor, 215th Pa., Little Falls
Baker, John R., 94th N. Y., Little Falls
Buchanan, Horace, Capt., 7th Wis., Little Falls
Byron, Moses M., 1st Cal., Cav., Little Falls
Brunner, Horace, 12th, N. Y. Cav., Little Falls
Byron, W. S. 10th Ill. Cav. Little Falls
Booth, Ben., 46th N. Y. Vol., Little Falls
Brownell, Frank H., 4th N. Y. H. Art., Little Falls
Hall, Henry Clay, 1st N. Y. M. R., Little Falls
Cogoman, M., 1st N. Y. M. R., Little Falls
Case, Elijah, 3d Mich. Cav., Beaufort, S. C.
Denn, George, 6th N. Y. H. Art.
Gardner, William, 47th N. Y. Vol.
Grant, Albert T.
Uhle, James, 186th N. Y. Vol., Paines Hollow
Green, H. H., 8th N. Y. Cav.
Goetchius, George, 6th Pa. Cav.
Graham, John, 91st N. Y.
Hall, Horace A.
Isham, Charles, Chicago Zouaves

LITTLE FALLS.

Ingham, Wm., veteran of 1812
Holmes, Sylvanus, 37th N. Y.
Kennedy, Robert, 9th Conn.
Lee, John H., 49th Mass.
Lawn, Silas, 6th N. Y. H. A.
Lynch, Wm., 41st Ohio
Keough, Murty, 2nd N. Y. Cavalry
Kellogg, John H., 3d N. Y. Cavalry
Marco, Eugene, 2d U. S. V. V. Cavalry
Prince, Josephus, 5th Mass. Col. Cavalry
Southworth, M. A., Surgeon Gen., U. S. A.
Stowell, Henry C., 146th N. Y. V.
Roback, Chas. V., 146th N. Y. V., Joransville
Searles, H. C., 13th Conn., Herkimer.
Perkins, H. D., 3d Oneida Cavalry, Salisbury
Munk, Andrew, 10th N. Y. H. Artillery, Newville
Porter, Clark, 110th N. Y., Danube, N. Y.
Sullivan, Mich., 89th N. Y., Little Falls
Snell, O'Reilly, 10th New York H. A. Little Falls
Threehouse, Paul, 110th N. Y. Little Falls
Tracy, Barnard, 15th Conn.
Finehout, John H. 14 N. Y. H. A.
Miller, Dan D. 20 N. Y. Cav.

The Honored Dead whose Graves are Decorated the 30th day of May, by the Comrades of Galpin Post. No. 19, Department N. Y., G. A. R.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH CEMETERY.

Canty, James, 94th N. Y., Feb. 2, 1885
Cogomon, William, 6th N. Y. Cav.
Corcoran, Patrick, 97th, 1866
Donohue, Patrick, 34th N. Y., 1867
Kennedy, Matt., 34th N. Y. May 31,'62
O'Brien, John, 34th N. Y.
Ward, John, 152d N. Y. Mar. '63
Savage, Michael, 34th N. Y. 1870
White, Edward, 34th N. Y.
Fox, William, 121st N. Y. Vol., March 31, 1885.
Gage, James. 121st N.Y.Vol. Feb.20,'78
McGowan, Thomas, 121st N. Y. Vol., June 4, 1863
Quigley, Patrick, Sen., 121st N. Y. Vol. 1884
Quigley, Patrick, 16 N. Y. H. A., Jan. 5, 1865.
Gye, Andrew, 16th N. Y. H. A.
Kenna, William, 16th N. Y. H. A.
Fox, Edward, Lieut., 2nd N. Y. H. Art.
Keefe, John, 2d N.Y. H. Art. Mar. 4,'67
Kelley, Thomas, 152nd N. Y.
O'Brien, Timothy, 152nd N. Y., Jan. 31, '83
O'Rourke, M., 131st N. Y., October, '79
McCauliffe, Patrick, 2nd N. Y. Cav. '69
Flemings, James 2nd U. S. Art. '83
Flynn, Gregory, 2nd N. Y. M. R., Oct. 19, '64.
Youran, Hiram, 14th N. Y. H. Art., March 7, '86
Welsh, John, 152nd N. Y., Sept. 26,'85
Farrell, John
Howard, H. Patrick, Co. E, 153d N. Y., Oct. 7, 1865
Howard, Andrew, Co. K, 142nd N. Y. Vol. Died Nov. 14, '64.

RURAL GROVE CEMETERY.

Ackerman, Seward, 18th N. Y. I. and 14th N. Y. H. A., Dec. 9, '79
McLaughlin, John, 8th Pa. Cav., May 15, 1885
Goodbread, Solomon, 2nd N. Y. M. R., July 25, '87
Pickard, Isaac, 6th N. Y. H. Art., Feb. 3, 1888
Walrath, John H., 2nd N. Y. H. A., March 23, 1888
Yeagans, Peter, 7th N. Y. H. A., Feb. 3, 1885

Village Cemetery.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION AND 1812.

Herkimer Nicholas, Gen., hero of Oriskany
Arnold, Edward, died 1842
Casler, Peter B., 1870
Petrie, David, Col., 1859
Petrie, Jost, Gen., 1833
Petrie, John J., died 1795

WAR OF THE REBELLION, 121ST N. Y.

Allen, James
Cameron, Angus, Lieut., Nov. 10, '62
Davis, Geo. W., Lieut., Oct. 29, '62
Flood, Patrick
Ford, Edwin, Oct. 8, '64
Gage, Agustus
Mathews, Wm.
Rahm, Fred, Jan. 29, 1871.
Redway, Sheldon, Capt., July 2, '72
Snell, Geo. H., Lieut., April, '85

152D N. Y.

Ingham, Silas A., Surg., Feb. 5, '86
Johnson, Bronson, Sept. 24, '80
Peck, Edwin V., Mar. 13, '66
Sanders, Henry T., Dec. '64
Vosburg, D. H., '64
Vanalstyne, A., Jan. 10, 1882
Wiswell, James D., March, 23, '70
Wiswell, Chas., 2d N. Y. H. A. June 11, '70

34TH N. Y.

Baker, Jacob, Nov. 1, 1877
Nash, Daniel
Reese, Edward
Stewart, John
Sherwood, Joshua
Strossman, Earnest, Feb. 18, '71

44TH N. Y. V.

Hardenburg, John J., Jan. 26, '88
Shaffer, Peter, Feb. 14, '79

97TH N. Y.

Armstrong, Wm.
Kenna, James, Oct. 10, '80
Leahman, Andrew
Metcalf, Philander
Murray, Thos., Nov. 1, '82
Parker, Alvarado
Zoller, Robert, July 4, '66

2D N. Y. M. RIFLES.

Lee, Geo., Jan. 4, '82
Morse, Eli, Capt., Apr. 1, '65
Mills, Ephraim, June 28, '67
Petrie, Edward
Rankins, O. M., July, '71
Rankins, Silas, 56th N. Y. V. Feb. 4, '78
Walrath, Isaac

16TH N. Y. H. ARTILLERY.

Chase, Geo., Oct. 31, '80
Flint, Norman
Perry, Joseph B. May 24, '64
Reals, Wallace, Capt.

U. S. COLORED TROOPS.

Dygert, Horace, March 11, '70

U. S. NAVY.

Beilby, Porteus, Asst. Surgeon, Aug. 1, '80
Dix, Harlow L., June 1, 1883
Greffing, Geo. A.
Ostrander, Wm., Oct. 15, '83
Tuttle, Duane
Aiken, Wm., 10th Mass.
Byron, H. R., Mar. 7, 1865
Carlisle, Geo., 3d Ohio Cavalry, June 1, 1835
Coppernoll, Robert, 193d N. Y.
Moyer, Chas., Feb. 26, '79
Delong, Ellis, June 24, '66
Ellis, Wm., 1st N. Y. L. A. July 27, '71
Jackson, Geo., 14th R. I. H. Artillery
Keller, Wallace, Lieut., 16th N. Y. Cavalry, Jan. 5, '88
Nelson, James H. 3 N.Y. A., Feb. 3, '74
Robinson, A. L., 1st Mass. Cavalry June 17, '63
Stewart, Geo., Capt., May 20, '66
Warner, Jas., June 3, '68
Yatter, John, 61st N. Y., Aug. 1, 1880
Zellner, M.
Vanallen, A. K., 2d U. S. V. V., June 17, '86

COMMEMORATED BURIED ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

Gray, Wm., 97th N. Y.
Todd, Lieut., 121 N. Y.
Babcock, Washington
Wraught, Homer, 34th N. Y.

ERRATA.

Page 98, line 18, reads 11 A. M.; should read 11 P. M.
Page 99, line 4, reads 2,000 men; should read 20,000 men.
Page 104, line 24, reads Co. H.; should read Co. A.