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IKG
(Penn. 155th)
Marshall



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COMPANY "K,"
155th Pa. Volunteer Zouaves.

A Detailed History of Its Organization and
Service to the Country during the
Civil War from 1862 until the

COLLAPSE OF THE REBELLION,

Together with many incidents and
reminiscences of the

Camp, the March and the Battle Field.

—ALSO—

Much of the History of the Grand Old 155th,

—BY—

By B'ut. Maj. D. P. ^{Porter} Marshall,

—ASSISTED BY—

MAJ. J. A. CLINE AND SERG'T. W. D. PORTER.

[1868?]



“TO THE
MEMORY OF MY FORMER COMRADES
WHO DEFENDED THE GLORIOUS UNION,
IN THE
WAR AGAINST REBELLION,
WHETHER THEY FELL UPON THE BATTLEFIELD,
OR WASTED AWAY
FROM WOUNDS AND DISEASE IN HOSPITALS AND PRISONS,
WHETHER THEY LIE
BURIED IN LONELY SOUTHERN GRAVES
OR
RETURNED HOME WITH SHATTERED CONSTITUTIONS
TO SUFFER
AND SINK INTO UNTIMELY GRAVES,
THIS VOLUME
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY

THE AUTHOR.*

*Borrowed and adopted from Capt. T. J. Wright.

PREFACE.

In placing this history before the public, the author can assure his readers that this work is no fiction, but the stern realities of life at the front, showing our many hardships, marches, skirmishes and battles on many a bloody field; giving them in chronological order, and detailing many incidents of daily toils, camp duties, and many incidents—some amusing—making a history of the true inwardness of a soldier's life.

This work is written at the solicitation of many of the author's former comrades, and while he has never aspired to be an author, nor expects to embellish this work with flowery flights of language, he has labored to make it true and correct as he saw, or knew, or believed it to be from his position; and to this end has used all available help, but especially the letters written home to his wife, who thoughtfully and carefully preserved every one.

The author takes this opportunity to thank all who have in any way contributed to the correctness of this work, but more especially Maj. J. A. Cline and Sergt. W. D. Porter, who have materially assisted, and who have contributed

to the contents of the book ; the former writing Part First, or the inception and organization of the company.

While this was intended only for a history of Company "K," it is virtually a brief history of the 155th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers (to which in its eventful service it was an honor and a privilege to belong) with the personal history of the company added.

Knowing that he did not see everything that others saw or know everything that others knew, or write everything that others could write, still he hopes the following pages will be a welcome and interesting visitor in every home, and especially in that of all old soldiers and their numerous friends.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

This work is undertaken by the writer with a consciousness of his inability to do the subject justice. He is well aware that his pen is not that of "a ready writer." But after waiting for more than twenty-two years, and no one having attempted to give a history of the 155th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers—that noble regiment of which our Company formed a part, I have felt constrained, at the earnest solicitation of others, to undertake the work. The writer does not have the records and other data to enable him to give a history of the regiment. He will only attempt to write the history of Co. K of that regiment, but in doing that will necessarily give the battles and marches and much of the history of the whole regiment.

We do not claim that our Company was any braver than thousands of other companies, nor do we suppose that we suffered more hardships than others; but this is written as a monument to our fallen comrades, and that our friends, and our children, and our childrens' children may have at least a faint idea of what we suffered from heat and cold, rain and snow, storm and sunshine, as well as from hunger, thirst and fatigue, to say nothing of battles, wounds and sickness and death which lay in our path. And all for what?

It was not because we had no homes that we loved, nor

because we had no employment other than carrying a musket. Many of us were farmers and left grain and hay in the field ready to be housed, while some left the plow in the furrow with the horses unharnessed. Some were mechanics and left their tools on the bench and their jobs uncompleted. Others were students at the academy, preparing themselves for future usefulness in some of the professions. They, too, laid down their books, took up their hats and started. There were none of us that did not leave those behind who were near and dear, whose faces the departing soldier would never again be permitted to see in this world—it might be a beloved wife and children, who had been dependent upon our daily labor for their subsistence—it might be some sweet girl in whom all the bright dreams for the future were centered—it might be a dear father and mother whose gray hairs would be hastened to the grave by our absence. Again it was not ignorance of war and its consequences which caused us to enlist; because the war had already continued sixteen months and many of our acquaintances who had gone out in the struggle earlier had already laid down their lives on their country's altar, or had been maimed for life. And as the war was still going on and, as far as we could see, apparently in its incipency, we well knew we might expect to encounter dangers as great as those who had gone before us.

It could not have been money that induced us to enlist, as we were promised only \$13 per month and \$100 bounty, \$25 in hand and the balance at the close of the period of our enlistment, or at the close of the war, if that should terminate before our enlistment. As far as money was concerned we could have made far more by remaining at home. Nor was it likely that money would have hired us to

stand up to be shot at as we did for days, and weeks, and months. It was no love we had for war with all its dreadful accompaniments that led us to enlist. Probably there was not one of us who previously would not have shuddered at the very thought of participating in a battle where the missiles of death would be flying about us as thick as hail, where our comrades would be falling all about us, dead, mangled and torn, and suffering more than death, and we looking on not knowing what instant the messenger would come for us. We were not compelled to enlist as there had been no draft, and draft was not mentioned for months afterwards.

Then, what was it that induced us to enlist? It was that spirit of patriotism within us, which was more honorable, more noble, more grand than any of the reasons enumerated above. We have no desire to boast of our bravery or patriotism; but our country and our country's flag was in danger and that too from traitorous hands. We enlisted to fight for and maintain, and probably die for, our country that it might be perpetuated and handed down to succeeding generations, one and undivided, great and glorious, the happy and prosperous country that we now have—a country reaching “from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth,” thus literally describing Christ's Kingdom on earth, with the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, the great lakes with the connecting rivers on the north to the end of Florida on the south, the most southern point of the United States.

As long as disputes arise in or among nations which can not be settled by peaceful methods, and when the sword must be appealed to for the settlement of difficulties, then the only safety that remains to a government is in the courage of its soldiers. And in our government where in

time of peace we have but a few thousand soldiers whose trade is war, and where the government is "by the people, for the people," our safety must depend on the courage and patriotism of our citizen soldiers. In our late bloody struggle the unity of our nation was preserved and the perpetuity of our institutions secured by the patriotism and bravery of the men who bore the musket and who led in the deadly conflict. Argument and moral sentiment had proved to be of no avail, diplomacy was powerless and courage proved to be the only peacemaker.

The people of Pennsylvania and of the whole North were slow to believe that the South really meant to inaugurate civil war. But after several of the Southern States had passed formal acts of secession, and when South Carolina began to collect forces under the leadership of General Beauregard with the avowed intention of taking Fort Sumpter, in Charleston Harbor, held by Major Anderson and sixty men, then the North began to think it possible that a war might come, and to some extent prepared the public mind for the telegram which flashed over the wires on the morning of the 12th of April, 1861, to Governor Andrew G. Curtin, in these words: "The war is commenced. The batteries began firing this morning at four o'clock. Major Anderson replied and a brisk cannonading commenced. This is reliable and has just come to the Associate Press." The threats and braggadocio of the South had long since ceased to intimidate the Northern people. But now, since they had fired on the flag, their intentions could no longer be mistaken. It meant war, bloody war; and the appeal to arms was accepted by the people of the North, however much they deplored the alternative. Three days later, April 15th, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, issued a proclamation,

calling for 75,000 men for the term of three months. Sixteen of the regiments were called from Pennsylvania, two of them wanted within three days, as the Capital was already strongly threatened. Pennsylvania's quota of sixteen regiments was filled in a few days, and ten regiments additional. On the 10th of July following, the President issued a call for 500,000 more volunteers to serve "three years or during the war." Again, July 2nd, 1862, he issued a call for 300,000 men, and again, August 4th, 1862, another for 300,000. There were various other calls made, up to the close of the war. Nearly every call was filled and more than filled by the loyal people of the North.

The aggregate number of men furnished under all calls was 2,688,523. Of this number, Pennsylvania furnished 366,326.

The aggregate number of men furnished under all calls reduced to three years standard was 2,154,311. Pennsylvania furnished 267,558 of these.

We enlisted under the calls of July 2nd and August 4th, 1862.

It is not my intention to write a history of the war. Other and abler pens have already done that, and no doubt others will attempt it in the future.

But some reader of this work may inquire: "Why this outpouring of men and rush to arms of millions of soldiers? The reply will be given in as few words as possible.

Away back in the early settlement of this country the system of human slavery was introduced. When the thirteen States declared their independence and became a Nation, slavery existed in all those States. But in time it was banished from all the Northern States and still remained in the Southern. The North without slavery increased more in wealth and power than the South did

with it. More new States were added to the Union without slavery than with it. The Southern leaders and politicians saw the power and influence they once wielded, gradually leaving them. If any suppose it was merely a desire to perpetuate slavery that caused the Southern leaders to inaugurate a civil war, they are badly mistaken. It was a desire for power; and to hold their power slavery must not only be perpetuated but also extended. The North had frequently, by words and acts, declared they had no intention of interfering with that institution where it existed, but that it should extend no further so as to make slave territory out of that already free.

The whole matter may thus be summed up: Southern politicians saw in the rapid increase of the free States, both in number and in population, and the strong opposition to the admission of any more slave States, that the power that they had so long held was about to depart. The only course left them was to set up an independent government, the corner stone of which should be HUMAN SLAVERY.

Thus it will be seen that the perpetuity and extension of slavery was necessary for the perpetuity of their power, and the desire for the perpetuity of their power was the cause of the rebellion.

PART FIRST.

A Sketch of the early life of J. Andrew Cline, and History of the Organization of the Volunteer Company called Loyal Union Guards, up to its assignment to the 155 Reg.

Vol. Infantry, with
an Appendix

—BY—

MAJ. J. A. CLINE,

Late Commanding Officer of 155th Pa. Vols.

—REVISED BY—

BREVET MAJOR D. P. MARSHALL.

Almost twenty-six years have elapsed since the inception and organization of the Volunteer Company, then called "Loyal Union Guards," under J. Andrew Cline, Captain, and its completion to the requisite number of one hundred men, their rendezvous in Kittanning, Armstrong county, Penn., and movement from there by railroad to Camp Curtin, at Harrisburg, Pa., their examination and

muster into the United States service, and assignment to the 155th Reg. Pa. Vol. Infantry as Company "K."

Since the object of writing a history of the organization and deeds of the Company is, that it may be a memento to the children of each member of the Company and from them handed down to great grand children, that in its perusal they may contemplate the magnitude of the hardships and endurance to which their fathers willingly subjected themselves for the preservation of the Union while fighting to put down the "Southern Slaveholders' Rebellion;" and as the commander of the Company has been assigned the important duty of writing the history of its organization up to the date of muster into the United States service, it seems eminently fitting that a brief outline of his life be given, embracing a few of the leading incidents that may have led to the conception of the responsible undertaking to organize and command a volunteer company in active service in the field, to aid in putting down the rebellion which had at that time been in progress for a little more than a year.

I was born January 7th, A. D. 1837, in one of the proverbial log cabins of those times. My father, John Cline, then resided in a small vale or alcove, surrounded by high hills on the north, west and south, in the northwestern part of Westmoreland county, Pa. He was of German parentage, and by birth a native of Pennsylvania. My mother was of Scotch-Irish parentage, her maiden name being McCadams; her parents emigrated to this country when she was an infant.

The first incident to my youthful mind bearing on military service, took place when I was between five and thirteen years of age. My father was then elected Captain of a Militia Volunteer Company, and served in that office for seven

successive years. The service then imposed upon the militia of the state, was an annual muster and drill of three successive days in camp. The place designated to hold these drills for the Western district of Westmoreland county, Pa., was usually called "Clover hill." These annual gatherings were looked forward to with considerable interest, and the preparations a few days previous, for going into camp, gave rise to considerable inquiry as to the duty of the soldier. But what was of paramount interest to a youth, was the gay uniforms, composed of white pants, blue coats, the golden tasseled epauletts upon the shoulder, the tall white plume in the hat, the sword and sash, and the dashing soldier mounted upon his prancing steed. Then the eager watch for his return (laden with a small section of gingerbread for each child) and to listen to the wonderful stories of camp life (incident to those days) was the height of our enjoyment.

When about the of age sixteen, I enlisted in a volunteer company at Leechburg, Pa., (about three miles east of where I was born) under Capt. James Bear, and spent a number of days drilling in the manual of arms and company movements, which gave me some knowledge of a soldier's duty. This company was abandoned after about one year's home service, a large number of the young men having removed to other localities.

Having had a strong desire, for several years, to make merchandising the vocation of my life, in the month of July, 1855, when in my eighteenth year, I learned that a young man was wanted in the large store of Messrs. Brown. Floyd & Co., of Kittanning, Pa., nearly twenty miles distant from my home, and that James E. Brown, the uncle of John P. Fitzgerald, a very intimate friend and school companion of mine, was the one to whom applica-

cation would have to be made to secure the position, and that it required a recommendation of good character and fair business qualifications. This I was informed could be obtained from Mr. Bratton Parks, who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Brown's, also an uncle to my young friend and schoolmate.

It was no small undertaking for a bashful, unsophisticated young man of my age, to ask for such a paper, and it was with many misgivings that the journey was undertaken to see Mr. Parks, whose home was on a farm, which lay along the banks of the Kiskiminetas river, about two miles distant, and on the opposite side of the river, which was crossed in a small skiff. Mr. Parks was in the field plowing and received me very cordially, having been advised of the object of my visit. He soon relieved me of all embarrassment by opening the subject, and asked several questions as to the aim and object I had in view, which were answered apparently satisfactorily, and he related the old adage, saying, he supposed it was like getting a wife, "either for better or for worse," and that he hoped in my case it would be for the better. He then left me in charge of his team, while he went to the house and wrote the recommendation. He soon returned with it and gave it to me. I received it with thanks and returned to my home.

Immediately preparations were made for my departure from under the parental roof to begin a new vocation and a life among strangers, and on Tuesday of the next week I left home with my best suit on, a small bundle of clothes tied up in a handkerchief, and five dollars of money in my pocket.

Journeying three miles on foot to Leechburg, Pa., and from there on the canal in a skiff, (which was run to carry

passengers to the railroad at the mouth of the Kiskiminetas river), under the control of Captain James Cogley, and from there on the Allegheny railroad to Kittanning, Pa. After a half mile walk the store room of Messrs. Brown, Floyd & Co. was entered, and upon inquiry I was directed to the office in the rear end of the building to Mr. James E. Brown, where he was busily engaged writing. Upon entering the office he left off writing and turned his attention to me, received my recommendation and hastily read it, after which he asked me some questions concerning the work and my ability to perform it, the price which they would be willing to pay, etc. We then entered into a verbal agreement, in which I was to remain for three years if my services were satisfactory—\$60 for the first, \$75 for the second and \$100 for the third. Mr. Brown then called one of the clerks, and directed him to show me into the boarding house [Mrs. Robinson's], which was next door to the store building, where refreshments were served to me, the first since leaving my home.

The first morning after my engagement I was sent to the cellar (which contained two rooms each twenty-five by eighty feet), to put things in order and give them a general cleaning up, which took about half a day. I then went to the third floor to put in order plowshares and hollowware, which had been piled up promiscuously. This was beginning at the bottom, and I did not relish the business, but put in another half day, Mr. Brown occasionally coming up to see how the work was progressing, and giving directions how the work was to be done. On the next day this task was finished and my attention was directed down stairs to the iron and nail room, and it was placed in order, so that at noon I was directed to the general merchandise salesroom to take a yardstick and begin

measuring calico, and from that on through the whole line of dry goods. For over two weeks it was unfold, measure and refold, until considerable of the awkward handling of the measuring stick was overcome.

During this time, at short intervals, other duties were performed, such as taking in produce and making sales. In about three months I was introduced to nearly all the different kinds of work in the store. Then there was a change in the firm and a general settlement of all accounts, and for this time I was allowed pay at the rate of seventy-five dollars per year, an increase of fifteen dollars above contract. At this, and other changes of the firm, Mr. James E. Brown remained business manager of both store and Rolling mills, and at each change I was retained in the employ of the new firm under the tutelage of its chief; so that at the end of the second year, my salary was increased to two hundred dollars per annum, and boarding.

At this time there was a suspension of some of the work in the mills, and dull times generally, and an excess of clerks in the store, so that it seemed we were continually treading on each others toes; and while on a visit to friends in Indiana county, I was offered a remnant of a farmers' company store (which had failed) on time payment, which I accepted, and took leave of the old store and began for myself; but after one year's trial it proved to be a non paying investment, and Mr. Brown wished me to return to his employ. I accepted his offer and placed my brother Zachariah M. Cline in charge of my store at Plumville, for about six months, when I sold the entire stock to Robert E. Brown, of Montecello, removed the goods to his store and took Pig Metal for my pay—I was then in charge of the store, Mr. Brown's confidential clerk, and receiving a fair salary for those times; but the war of the

Rebellion had opened, and several important battles had been fought, with varying results. Two of my brothers had enlisted, Amos in Company "G," 8th Pennsylvania Reserves, and David F. in Company "F," 9th Pennsylvania Reserves.

The disastrous battle of Bull Run had been fought, and another brother, Zachariah, enlisted in the 103d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers. Our army under General Geo. B. McClellan, had invested Richmond, and in the great seven days battle, brother Amos fell into the hands of the enemy, killed or wounded, while with his company supporting a battery, and was never heard of again.

At this time the Government was calling for more men, and to remain at home, enjoying the comforts of peaceful life, while brothers and neighbors were sacrificing every comfort, and even life, for the love of country was neither endurable nor patriotic.

From the commencement of hostilities I was a close reader of the movements of the army, and received letters frequently from my brothers in the fields of action, descriptive of battles and marches. I also joined a company of young men, who took night lessons, drilling in the use of the musket and company movements, under Capt. William C. Beck, who had been a cadet at West Point Military Academy, and who had resigned after two and a half years' service, owing to the intolerance of Southerners, who, then, were largely in majority and control of the Academy.

I also did some drilling in the use of arms in the store at night; and while the 103d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers were organizing, and in Camp Orr, near Kittanning, I was a frequent visitor, and assisted in the com-

missary department, under the directions of J. E. Brown and J. B. Finley.

Some time in July, 1862, Mr. McManus, a dismissed soldier of the 78th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, returned home, and after a time, made an effort to raise a volunteer company. This movement I joined as a private soldier; but after a short time occupied in trying to fill the company with volunteers, a report was received from the company from which he was discharged, unfavorable to him on account of dissipation, and the movement was at once disbanded. I then concluded to make an effort to raise a company myself, but kept the matter a secret for a few days, meditating how to begin the work to make it a success. At this juncture, before having made known my intentions to any one, Col. J. B. Finlay approached me and asked why I did not raise a company myself, since the other had failed? My intentions were then made known to him, and that it was my determination to go to the army whether a full company was raised or not. He then encouraged me to go ahead; said that I had the ability to perform the work, and that he would give me all the assistance he could; and with his encouragement and assistance, my success was insured.

This was about the first week in August, 1862. After consulting my friend, Col. Finley, a notice was prepared and inserted in the "Union Free Press" and the "Armstrong Republican," stating my object and requesting all who wished to join the company to report at the Kittanning Bank, to William Pollock and sign an enlistment form, one of which was left at that place. I then secured a horse and rode over a large part of the country, taking in on my route a large number of the villages, and when I heard of any one who wished to enlist, visited his home (if

necessary) and thereby received many names, on either a regular enlistment form, or on one especially prepared for the company, copies of which will appear herein later.

The first place visited was Elderton. At that time a circus or show was exhibiting in the place, and an address was being delivered on the issues of the war by a gentleman (whose name I do not remember) from Indiana county, Pa.

There had congregated a large number of people, and as my business had become known I was called upon at the conclusion of the address to speak, and improved the opportunity by requesting any who wished to enlist for the army, to meet me at the hotel immediately, as my time was limited, and required haste, but very few came, and a large majority rushed off to the show grounds. The people of the place, at that time, evidently did not realize the enormity of the struggle going on to preserve the life of the Nation, and I did not find anyone who was willing to assist in forming a company. While the show was in progress I was informed that a young man a few miles out of town wished to enlist, but that his parents objected, and that his father was very much opposed to the war for the Union being styled a "Copperhead." I was warned that it might not be pleasant for me, as they had threatened any who came to induce him to leave.

Not having anyone else in view I took my horse and went in search of the place, but found the distance much further than was stated, so did not reach it until after dark. I called and asked for supper and lodging, which was granted after some hesitation. During the evening my business was made known, and a general discussion of war matters was entered into, but no particular ill feeling was shown toward me, and as they expected that their

son would leave them without their consent, they promised to consult with him after I left, and that he might do as he wished, and if he went would report to me, which he never did. The family rose early in the morning and breakfast was over by daylight, and I returned to Kittanning.

The next route was to Rural Village, where I met David B. Kirkpatrick, who enlisted and took one of the enlistment papers and received several names on it for the company. From thence up the valley as far as Kirkpatrick's store, near where James B. Hill resided, and who enlisted and was authorized to receive recruits. From there to Glade Run and Dayton.

While at the latter place I met several of the students of the Academy, and through them received an invitation to meet the Faculty and students in their hall at 2 o'clock p. m. I complied, and gave them a statement of my knowledge of the situation of our armies, and the necessity of volunteers, that the Government need not resort to drafting. My remarks met with the approbation of the school, yet the great sacrifice that was necessary to students, and the consequent suspension of the school during the war, caused most of them to delay until after my company was filled, and then they formed a company, of which Prof. Duff was made Captain.

From there my route lay by the way of Goheenville to a camp-meeting, which was in progress about five miles north of the last named place. I arrived there Saturday noon, and remained over Sunday. Here I met Capt. W. C. Beck, who had previously drilled a number of us at the court house, and who had about completed the organization of a volunteer company called the "Finley Cadets."

On Sabbath a number had collected for drill, and I was

requested to assist in the drill, but declined and gave them a short address on their duty to their country and their God: that we should observe the Sabbath day and hear the preached word by his servants, whenever it was practicable, even in the army. On Monday I left the place without any apparent success, few realizing the national situation. Returning by the way of Kellersburg, on this route, a number of persons were met who afterwards enlisted. When near Kellersburg, while stopping for the night, there was an appointment for a public meeting at the school house, to be addressed by William Blakeley, a lawyer, hailing from Kittanning, who was recruiting a cavalry company. The people at the place where I was staying for the night, urged me to attend the meeting, and, although I had a slight acquaintance with Mr. Blakeley, he did not receive me with favor, supposing my work would interfere with his, and during the address made remarks detrimental to my interest. But through the courtesy of the presiding officer, I was called upon to speak. So I gave them a statement of my business, and said that it was not my intention to interfere with any other organization, and that it was the duty of all to stand by our Government and put down the rebellion. My remarks were received favorably, but I made no efforts to receive recruits there.

From the last named place the route selected was down the Mahoning Valley to its mouth, and from thence to Kittanning.

Having requested those who were engaged to receive recruits, to report, during my absence, to Col. Finley, it was only on my return that I realized from the numerous reports and inquiries which had been received, the good effect of the canvass.

From this time on the organization was completed by

correspondence, notices in the papers and printed handbills in the form of orders or requests to the parties who had been engaged to enlist volunteers.

To give a more definite idea of how the work of recruiting the company was conducted in the villages and country districts it will be necessary to append the copies of papers and letters still remaining in my hands, of which the first in order is the enlistment papers left in the hands of David B. Kirkpatrick, which reads as follows, viz :

We, the undersigned, hereby pledge true allegiance to the United States and to the State of Pennsylvania, and agree to form a volunteer company for three years or during the war, under J. Andrew Cline, Recruiting Officer. August 7th, 1862.

NAMES.

William F. Long.

NAMES.

D. B. Kirkpatrick.

Simon Schreengost.

The second was left with James B. Hill, and was almost a copy of the former, and reads as follows : We, the undersigned, hereby pledge true allegiance to the United States, and to the State of Pennsylvania, and agree to form a volunteer company for three years or during the war, under J. Andrew Cline, Captain, August 7th, 1862, "Loyal Union Guards."

NAMES.

Samuel Mack

William H. Vandyke.

Samuel Bivard.

NAMES.

James B. Hill.

Demas Welland.

Robert Thompson.

This has the following endorsement on the back, viz : I hereby authorize James B. Hill to receive recruits for the within volunteer company and report the same to me at Kittanning.

J. A. CLINE.

The following letters are thought of sufficient interest to give entire :

RURAL VALLEY, August 18, 1862.

Mr. Andrew Cline, Respected Sir : I received your letter on Friday and was pleased to hear that you are succeeding so well in raising your company. I have succeeded in raising nine recruits, and I think we can raise two or three more. I send their names :

William W. Wells.
August Snyder.
D. B. Kirkpatrick.
Wm. W. Caldwell.
A. Fleming.
J. L. Ewing.
I. Moore.
C. Logan.
John Moore.
James Hayes.
D. H. Ruffner.

K. G. Fleming.
J. Cowan.
J. Bryan.
A. Eckman.
J. Galbreath.
R. McGaughey.
J. Eckman.
J. C. Kirkpatrick.
William Russel.
C. Kinter.

I send you the entire list that is on my paper, eleven of which you have. If you send me word where you want us to move I will notify the rest. Let us know as soon as you can. No more, but I remain yours truly.

WM. W. CALDWELL.

BELKNAP, PA., Aug. 19, 1862.

DEAR SIR :—I heard that you are raising a company, then I heard it was for some other person. Please let me know by Friday's mail if there is no opportunity sooner.

How many men have you ? When must you have the company made up ? When will the Government cease taking volunteers, and when will the bounties cease to be paid ? Please answer these if you can. There are a number in this neighborhood, who, if they really thought there would be drafting, would volunteer. If you are getting

up a company, I wish you would come out here a day or two ; I will assist you all I can. I will send this by hands of Mr. Ellenberger, who has joined Capt. McKane's company. Yours truly.

D. P. MARSHALL.

J. Andrew Cline.

This communication was answered, and one of the enlistment papers sent with it, which was returned with the names, of which the following is a copy: We, the undersigned, hereby pledge true allegiance to the United States and to the State of Pennsylvania, and agree to form a volunteer company for three years or during the war, called "Loyal Union Guards," under J. A. Cline, Captain, Aug. 7, 1862.

NAMES.

D. P. Marshall.
R. O. Clever.
David Olinger.
Samson Schrecengost.

NAMES.

J. D. Armstrong.
G. H. Clever.
Daniel Howser.
William Chrisman.

This paper had the name of the company, "Loyal Union Guards," which name had been adopted at the suggestion of Col. Finley, but not generally used until after my return from canvassing the county for recruits: I have also on hand a letter heading handed to me bearing the handwriting of Col. Finley, a copy is here given:

KITTANNING BANK,

J. E. Brown, President.

J. B. Finlay, Cashier.

KITTANNING, PA., Aug. 20, 1862.

By authority of his Excellency, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of Pennsylvania.

For Captain J. A. Cline's Company, M. V. B. Sproul,
John Stewart, Wm. D. Porter.

The paper left at the bank in care of William Pollock

was returned with thirty-eight names attached, as recorded below :

We, the undersigned, pledge true allegiance to the United States and to the State of Pennsylvania, and agree to form a volunteer company for three years or during the war, under J. Andrew Cline, Recruiting Officer.

August 7, 1862.

NAMES.

R. L. McGaughey,
R. C. Renter,
David Marshall,
William Whittaker,
Wm. B. Hays,
Wm. Reesman,
Wm. Wells,
J. Rufner,
August Snyder,
W. L. G. Black,
John Black,
John B. Fitzgerald,
W. P. Borland,
A. L. Wilson,
S. P. Barrett,
D. Brown,
J. C. Russel,
Thomas J. Marlin,
D. L. McCloskey,

NAMES.

J. A. Cline,
D. B. Kirkpatrick,
John Moore,
Wm. W. Caldwell,
James W. Hays,
James A. Galbreath,
Joseph L. Ewing,
John A. Fleming,
Isaac L. Moore,
K. G. Fleming,
David C. Kirkpatrick,
C. A. Logan,
Wm. Rener.
John M. Bryan,
Georgé A. Eakman,
J. A. H. Foster,
Wm. J. Johnston,
E. A. Calhoun,
J. R. Henderson.

The above list includes names of some who had been reported on other papers, but as this was at headquarters at time of rendezvous and was intended for all, a few signed their names a second time.

Still another form was used, and sent out in answer to parties who wished to enlist and who lived in localities where there was no one authorized to receive recruits, which were returned and their names entered on a gen-

eral list, which has been lost. The following is a copy, and will complete the list which is drawn after the manner authorized under army regulations, and reads thus :

DECLARATION OF RECRUIT.

I, Robert Brewster, desiring to volunteer as a soldier in the army of the United States for the term of three years, Do Declare, that I am 36 years of age. That I have never been discharged from the United States Service on account of disability or by sentence of a Court Martial, or by order before the expiration of a term of enlistment, and I know of no impediment to my serving honestly and faithfully as a soldier for three years.

ROBERT BREWSTER.

Given at Worthington, the 23d day of August, 1862.

Witness, F. Beck.

VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

State of Pennsylvania, Town of Worthington :

I, Robert Brewster, born in the State of Pennsylvania and now a resident of Armstrong county, aged 36 years, and by occupation a laborer, Do hereby acknowledge to have volunteered this 23d day of August, 1862, to serve as a soldier in the Army of the United States of America for the period of three years, unless sooner discharged by proper authority. Do also agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations and clothing as are or may be established by law for volunteers, and I, Robert Brewster, do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully, against all their enemies and opposers, whomsoever, and that I will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of

the officers appointed over me according to the Rules and Articles of War.

ROBERT BREWSTER.

Sworn and subscribed to at Worthington, this 23d day of August, 1862, before

M. DUFFY, J. P.

Another form same as the above was signed by James Donald before M. Duffy, and was witnessed by F. Beck at the same time and place, but the soldier did not pass examination on account of physical disability.

While there was a standing call for volunteers by the Government at Washington to the Governors of loyal States, and through them to the people, which had not nearly been filled at this time, and Companies and Regiments were organizing to fill the call under the control and by the direction of the Governor. The necessary correspondence for authority to recruit and organize the company, and for the direction of its movements, was left entirely to Col. J. B. Finley, who had supervisory authority in military affairs for the county; hence, I gave the matter very little attention and have not any dates or reference to give any extended account of the matter.

The work of recruiting being completed about the 20th day of August, I was advised that the company was wanted as soon as it could be assembled, and immediately had an order printed and copies sent to the recruiting agents and enlisted men, and a notice put in the papers for a general rendezvous at Kittanning on the 25th day of August, and for all to be prepared to leave home for camp and the field immediately.

This order caused a general movement, and many who were hesitating at once decided to leave home, family and friends to fight for their country and homes. At the appointed time one delegation after another arrived, headed by their respective leaders—Wm. W. Caldwell from Rural

Valley, David Brown from Dayton or Glade Run, D. P. Marshall from Belknap, and Ridsen De Ford from Mahoning Valley. The streets of Kittanning were thronged with soldiers and their friends, the latter coming to the county seat to take leave of their friends, which to many proved a last fond look and sad farewell, as they gave their lives to save the life of their country.

I had previously agreed with some of the leaders to use my influence in the appointment to office in order of rank, those having the largest number of recruits—all things else being equal—Mr. De Ford, a local preacher of the Shoemakerite persuasion, was chosen leader of the recruits from the Mahoning Valley, and had aspired to form an independent company, partly from recruits which were promised to me, but he did not succeed, and sent word requesting leave to bring his men into our company, the request was granted on the same conditions as the other delegations.

During the day of rendezvous, and before I had any opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. De Ford, some evil disposed persons caused him and some of his men to fear that he would not receive the position he was entitled to in proportion to the number of recruits, which caused considerable discussion, and threatened to disband his men.

As soon as the trouble was understood, a conference was called at the office of George W. Caldwell, Esq., and the matter was speedily adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. Soon after the men were formed in double column on Jefferson street, in front of the Caldwell House, and marched up the street to the diamond, corner of Jefferson and Market street, and from thence to Water street, and thence down Water street to the Kittanning Iron

Store building, where we came to a halt and front face. Here, after some remarks by Colonel Finlay, he administered an oath to the company, and then Rev. George W. Mechlin, President of the Glade Run Academy, made a short address and offered up a prayer in behalf of the company.

Urgent orders from the Governor hastened preparations, and on Saturday afternoon, August 29th, we embarked in box cars, seated on two sides with rough boards, which were brought to the depot for our special use.

Our march through the town to the depot brought with us a large number of citizens of the town and country—men, women and children. A number of small boys, with whom I had been on familiar terms, formed in line near the place of embarkation, and waited to receive a farewell shake of the hand; also Mrs. Phoebe Brown, wife of my former employer, who had been almost like a mother to me, came from her home on Water street to the depot to bid me good-bye; and another, who has been close by my side since our return from the war to the present time, was there to bid adieu. Soon all were inside and on our way to Harrisburg, Pa. We arrived at Pittsburgh early in the evening and were taken to the City Hall for supper, and from there to some empty cars.

The next morning we took passage in two old passenger cars, attached to a train of ammunition for the army, among which were several cars loaded with powder, and again we were on our way, and after having crossed the Allegheny mountains, while passing through a cut about noon, one of the axles of a car broke and we were delayed several hours. During this delay many of the men traveled some distance from the track to houses and procured something

to eat. The damage being repaired, we continued on our route.

When passing through the towns and villages we were greeted by an enthusiastic populace with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, but we were not to have the way all smooth, and when about twenty miles from Harrisburg, one of the cars containing powder took fire, and the train was stopped and the conductor gave me notice in a way not to alarm the men, to quietly have the men leave the cars, and get out of the way of danger, which was done without trouble. The fire was soon extinguished, and we arrived at Harrisburg about sundown, and were escorted to the State house and slept on the floor in the Capitol of our State without bed or bedding.

The night was almost a sleepless one to many, and morning was anxiously looked for. At daylight we marched from the Capitol building to Camp Curtin, which was a short distance out of the city. Here we found quarters in tents put up in company style ready for our use, and we began taking our first lessons in camp life.

Muster rolls were required to be made out at once, and while I was briefly engaged on them, some were out attempting company or squad drill, (to well drilled men it would have been called "awkward squad drill") as there were none who had any experience in drilling or being drilled in company movements. As soon as the rolls were completed, (which was on the third of September), we were ordered to another part of the camp to the quarters of the Inspection Officer. Here we were put through a rigid examination and all who were physically disqualified marked off the rolls, and transportation furnished them to return to their homes. Those who passed were called into line and mustered into the United States service, by

taking the oath, which was similar to the one in the recruiting paper last recorded. Out of one hundred and twelve, about twenty were rejected on account of physical disability, and a number of young men who had not received the required certificate of consent from their parents were also refused muster.

Those who had not the written consent of their parents to join the army and wished to obtain it, with a few adults who wished to return home on important business, received leave of absence for a few days and transportation to Kittanning and return to Camp Curtin in charge of Wm. W. Caldwell.

The heavy loss of men in examination, brought the number below the minimum required for a full company, and therefore we were only entitled to a first and second Lieutenant, and as the orders had been received for the company to be ready to join the 155th Reg. Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, to which we were assigned, which was then on its way from Pittsburg to Washington, D. C., I was advised to recommend a Lieutenant for commission to put in charge of those mustered to meet and go forward with the regiment. Risdén DeFord having furnished the largest number of recruits was commissioned first Lieutenant, and after consulting with the other recruiting leaders, a partial list of non-commissioned officers were furnished Lieutenant DeFord, and the remainder were appointed after I joined the company in the field. It was with no little solicitude for the welfare of the company, that on the fifth day of September we marched from camp to the station, and I saw them depart for the field of action in charge of the first Lieutenant, who had little or no experience in company movements.

Having been detained by order of Captain Norton, U.

S. A. mustering officer at Harrisburg, Pa., to wait the return of those who had obtained leave to go home, and for the further purpose of making out a full set of descriptive mustering rolls, one of which was sent to the War Department at Washington, D. C., one to the State Department at Harrisburg, Pa., one with the U. S. mustering officer, and one was retained for the use of the commanding officer of the company.

This work required a great deal of care, the names were alphabetically recorded, a full description of each man given, so it took several days to accomplish the task.

The men absent on leave, returned promptly and were mustered into service September 11th, the company being now filled to near its maximum. Wm. W. Caldwell, who had the second largest number of recruits, was appointed second Lieutenant and J. Andrew Cline Captain, both taking the required oaths; it all being done on the same day, September 11, 1862.

This completed the organization of the company; I was then sent to the office of Gen. W. W. Irwin to get transportation for the men, and they were sent in charge of Lieutenant Caldwell to join the company near Washington, D. C.; and I was again detained to make an additional set of muster in rolls, which completed the work of the organization of Company "K," 155th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

During my detention at the State capital, I had given an order for a Captain's regulation uniform, and I also received a message to call at a certain military store, where a sword and sash of superior quality had been purchased for me, the gift of James E. Brown, Esq., my former employer.

I have now finished the work assigned me, i. e., writing

the history of the organization of the Volunteer Company called "Loyal Union Guards," recruited in Armstrong county, Penn., up to its muster into the United States Service, and assignment to the 155th Regiment Volunteer Infantry, and their movement with the Regiment, to join the army of the Potomac, near Washington, D. C., but as I have not yet left the State capital of Pennsylvania, and the company historian may make occasional reference to me as commanding the company, it may be proper to state how and where I found the company and took command.

Monday, September 14, the company muster-in rolls were completed, signed by the proper officers, and copies dispatched to the place, to where they were designated; the one for company use being safely placed in my trunk. The tailor had my uniform ready, and it was but a short time until I had doffed the garb of a citizen and donned that of a soldier. At 1 o'clock Tuesday morning I boarded a train and was on my way to join my company, arriving at Washington at 10:20 a. m.

After considerable searching for information, and being directed from one office to another, I was informed that the company was at Camp Chase, a distance of three or five miles on the other side of the Potomac, and was sent to the Provost Marshal for a pass, which was necessary to cross the bridge over the Potomac. I then hired a conveyance to take me and my trunk to the Regiment, and at 2 o'clock p. m. we were on our way and soon arrived at Camp Chase, but found that the Regiment had gone and no one could tell where. I was finally sent to Fort Ellsworth, but it was not there, and as the army was on the move, and no information could be received, I returned to Alexandria to see the military Governor; he sent me to the Provost Marshal, but I could get no information from

him, and was directed to return to Washington City, and call at Gen. Casey's headquarters, but no one could give me the required information there, and I was informed that it was useless to inquire of any higher authority, that the troops which had been at Camp Chase were on the move, and to wait until they received further information. I then drove to the Central Hotel, and paid the driver five dollars, which he said was a very low price for the drive. Here I met a Lieutenant of Company "F," 155th Regiment, who told me the Regiment had gone to the front by way of Harper's Ferry, and was waiting an opportunity to go to his company, but could not find any way to get there.

While detained here searching for information in regard to finding the location of the army, and how to get to it, a general order to the whole army was issued at the Headquarters in Washington, D. C., the import of which was, the baggage of all Regimental and Company officers of the army would be reduced and limited to a small hand valise, sufficiently large to contain a single change of clothing not to exceed 40 pounds, and that the master of trains would see that all trunks and extra baggage was unloaded. I immediately went to a dealer in trunks and exchanged a new trunk for a hand valise and sent all extra clothing home by express. I afterwards learned that there was a general unloading of trunks and extra baggage, a great deal of which was destroyed for want of a way to dispose of it, and that the order was quite necessary, that the army had been greatly encumbered by excessive baggage trains.

The battles of South Mountain and Antietam were in progress and fought during these days, and everybody was in a state of anxiety to learn the result, and when information was received of the success of our army, cheer

after cheer was given to the army and its officers, by the guests of the hotels.

Communication was now opened with the army, and on Saturday morning, Sept. 17, I left Washington City, taking passage on a train on the road to Baltimore as far as the Relay House, then changed cars and went to Frederick City, Md., arriving at noon, got dinner at a hotel where I found five others who wished to join their companies, but belonging to different corps of the army, we joined together and hired a man who had a horse and small wagon, to take us through to where the army was camped, near the Potomac. We got started on our way, but found the road rough and progression slow, reaching Boonsborough at night, we put up at the only hotel, (which was a very poor one). The next morning (Sabbath) we continued on our way to Sharpsburg, which was the most difficult we met, as the road was through the battle field, and wagons were passing to and fro from the army, timber had been cut down across the road, which had to be passed, dead horses were strewn along the road, and it was reported that details of soldiers were burying slain rebel soldiers who had been left on the field a short distance from the army. This made the trip both difficult and unpleasant. We arrived at Sharpsburg at noon and parted, each one taking a different direction in search of his company, not knowing where to find it. I took a tour through camp, and visited Brigade camps, including the Chief Commander's Headquarters, (Gen. McClellan's) and going as far as the out post on the Potomac, I returned with the satisfaction that a few knew that there was such a Regiment in the army, but did not know where it was located.

Fortunately on my return I met a soldier on horse back

of whom I inquired, and he said he had passed the Regiment on his way, and would return immediately. He kindly offered to take my valise on his horse with him. After traveling about one mile we came to the Brigade to which the Regiment was attached, and here I was informed that my Regiment had been sent out on picket duty along the Potomac, about a mile distant, whither I immediately went and met a very hearty welcome, the majority coming forward to meet and give me a shake of the hand.

After a short rest I reported to Col. E. J. Allen, commander of the Regiment, who also received me kindly and expressed pleasure at my arrival and requested me to take immediate charge of the Company.

APPENDIX.

From a calculation taken from the columns of the muster-in rolls, the following figures have been adduced, which show that the men composing Company "K" were at the time of their enlistment ranging in age from 18 to 42 years, excepting the two musicians who were 15 and 17 years old respectively. The average age of the whole company, including commissioned officers, was 23½ years. The tallest man was 6 ft. 6 in., the shortest 5 ft. 5 in., the average height of the whole company being 5 ft. 9 in. Their occupations were, two blacksmiths, one boatman, one cabinet maker, four carpenters, two clerks, one engineer, forty-nine farmers, thirteen laborers, one post master, one shoemaker, one mason, six students, three teachers, and five whose occupations were not recorded. Many of the young men were farmers sons, who had never been any great distance from home, and I was informed one young man had never slept one night away from his father's home previous to his enlistment. One a student of Glade Run Academy who was betrothed to a young lady, on the eve of his departure called at the residence of the brave girl, and they then concluded to call in a minister and be made husband and wife. This man was appointed a corporal and color guard, and afterward was made color bearer of the regiment, at which post he continued until the close of the war.

But I do not wish to lay the plot for a romance nor intrude upon that which belongs to the company historian, and will close with a brief retrospect of impressions which have been indelibly fixed on my mind during the time which under the providence of God it was my privilege to be their commanding officer. Although we were

comparative strangers to each other when the company was organized, and many of the men I had never met previous to the day of rendezvous, yet I soon learned to regard the company as composed of my friends, and while it would not be true to record or natural to suppose that in a company of so many men there were none who would prove recreant to duty, yet it is with the greatest pleasure I give my testimony to the fact that there was no company in the regiment or brigade whose general demeanor was more honorable, whose men obeyed orders more promptly or did better service for their country, either while in camp, on the march, in bivouac, on picket duty, on the skirmish, when charging the enemy's works or in the midst of battle, than they did. Nor did my solicitude for the welfare of every man and the good name of the company as to its standing as soldiers, ever relax from the time of organization until the discharge from the United States service as soldiers of the war. If I have in any manner contributed to perpetuate the memory of our fallen comrades, or aided in recording the deeds of valor and endurance of hardships by the survivors of the company in their service to their company, I will feel doubly repaid for all my trouble and labor, and I dedicate this work in the history of company "K" to their children and friends, cherishing a reverent recollection of the dead and kindest regards to surviving comrades, praying that when life's battles are fought we may all receive the welcome plaudit, "well done good and faithful servant, etc.," and that all may join the army under the Great Captain of our salvation, from whose services there is no discharge and whose triumph nigh when men will learn war no more.

Bellefont, Kansas, March 23, 1888.

PART SECOND.

—WRITTEN BY—

BREVET MAJOR D. P. MARSHALL.

CHAPTER I.

August 29th, 1862—The Assembling at Kittanning—Trip to Pittsburgh—Harrisburg—Incidents on the Way—Camp Curtin—Examined—Mustered—Drew Camp Equipage, Clothing, Arms—Defects of the Guns—Start to Washington—Camp Chase, Virginia—Drilling Begun—"A" Tents—A Night March—Drilling and Camp Guard—Left Our Tents—The Colonel "was Awkward too"—A Night Drill—Tramps and Experiences—Back Near Washington—Exchanged Arms.

Company K was recruited principally in the townships of Pine, Wayne and Cowanshannock, Armstrong county. Some were from other townships, and a few Glade Run students were from adjoining counties. The principal recruiting officers were J. A. Cline, Ridsen DeFord and W. W. Caldwell. Our time was to date from the 18th of August, 1862, but we did not assemble in Kittanning, the county seat of Armstrong county, until the 28th and 29th. We spent the time as we pleased until 3 p. m., Aug. 30th, when Captain Cline formed us in line and Colonel Finlay administered an oath to us. We then marched through town and to the Allegheny Valley Depot. Many of us had our wives or other dear friends to accompany us this far ;

but now there must be a parting, and to many it was a last sad parting that shall never end in this world. The final good-bye was said, and soon after 4 p. m. we boarded the train for Pittsburgh.

Many of us had never traveled much, or been far from home, and we soon began to see wonderful sights. One good boy, Daniel Houser, remarked soon after we came into the outskirts of Pittsburgh, while looking out of the car, "Well, if I was to be killed to-morrow I would be well paid, for I have seen so much already." This brave boy laid down his young life in the service of his country a few months later.

We arrived at Pittsburgh at 8 p. m., and twenty minutes later marched to a train on the Pennsylvania Central; but the train was filled by a Michigan regiment, and had no room for us. We were then marched to the City Hall and treated to our suppers through the loyalty and liberality of the citizens. No city in the Union was more noted for its genuine hospitality and kind treatment of the Union soldiers during the war than loyal Pittsburgh. No soldier was ever allowed to leave or pass through there hungry, if it was known. The fare provided was "not hard tack and pork," but the very best. Oh, how many a poor hungry soldier enjoyed it! and how much better it tasted, being waited on by the fairest and best ladies of the city!

At 11 p. m. we marched back and took possession of two passenger cars, but the train did not start until 4:30 next morning. We passed along 166 miles without any notable incident, when one of the truck wheels broke off the locomotive. They telegraphed back to Altoona, 56 miles, for another engine. We started out to hunt some dinner. About fifty of us ate at one house, getting a good dinner at 12 1-2 cents each. When we started the train

ran very fast to make up for lost time. Our two passenger cars were attached to a train of freight cars loaded with ammunition. When about forty-five miles from Harrisburgh, a spark from the engine caught in the roof of an ammunition car, and the fast running of the train soon fanned it into a flame. The train stopped as quickly as possible. Here we took our first lesson in running from bullets and shells. Probably the same number of people never got off two cars in so short a time and as far away as our legs would take us, until the train men called to us that it was all right. There was only one man of the company brave enough to stay with the cars, (George L. Hannegan,) and if he had not been asleep he probably would have been no braver than the rest of us.

We arrived at Harrisburg at 7:30 p. m., and marched to the Capitol. We may never have the honor of a call to the Capitol again, but we did have the pleasure of sleeping on the bare floor of the State House that night.

The next morning (September 1st) we arose at 4 o'clock, had company worship, and then marched out some distance to Camp Curtin. We received one "A" tent for every six men, and drew blankets, cooking utensils and one day's rations and began camp life.

The principal event on September 2nd was our examination before a board of surgeons. At that stage of the war they were more particular than they were later in the service, and many men who were rejected then on account of some unsoundness were gladly accepted afterwards. Several who had come with us here, were rejected. Every one that had any defects tried to conceal them, as they did not wish to be sent home.

Here the boys circulated freely over the city, and as they were now free from home restraints, and not yet sub-

ject to military law, it is not strange if they were a little wayward and disposed to appropriate everything in the way of edibles that came in their way.

September 3d we were mustered into the service of the United States for three years, or during the war, by Captain Norton, and made part of the 155th regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Edward J. Allen in command.

Companies A, B, C, D, E, F and I were recruited in and about Allegheny county, companies G and H in Clarion county, and company K in Armstrong county.

Company K, as organized and officered, was as follows:
Captain—John A. Cline.

First Lieutenant—Risden DeFord.

Second Lieutenant—William W. Caldwell.

First Sergeant—David Brown. Age 24.

Second Sergeant—D. Porter Marshall. " 28.

Third Sergeant—John A. Ritchey. " 23.

Fourth Sergeant—John A. H. Foster. " 27.

Fifth Sergeant—Frederick Sheckler. " 34.

First Corporal—David Kirkpatrick. " 33.

Second Corporal—John D. Armstrong. " 27.

Third Corporal—David Ruffner. " 29.

Fourth Corporal—Adam L. Wilson. " 22.

Fifth Corporal—Joseph L. Ewing. " 18.

Sixth Corporal—Wm. E. McClure. " 21.

Seventh Corporal—Robert O. Clever. " 27.

Eighth Corporal—George A. Serene. " 21.

Musician—James A. Galbraith. " 15.

Musician—John L. Ferer. " 17.

PRIVATES.	AGE.	PRIVATES.	AGE.
Abraham Bechtel,	33	Charles A. Logan,	20
Spencer P. Barrett,	22	Isaac L. Moore,	20
Robert Brewster,	36	John Moore,	18
John M. Bryan,	27	David Marshall,	20
Wm. G. L. Black,	20	William R. Mahan,	35
John Black,	18	Robert L. McGaughey,	23
Benjamin Bell,	23	William McGregor,	22

John Cowan,	36	William McCullough,	18
Jehu J. Crawford,	20	David L. McCloskey,	20
John Carney,	35	Thomas J. Marlin,	19
George Clever,	23	George Nicely,	23
William Chrisman,	18	Charles Nichols,	34
Ephraim A. Calhoun,	19	David Olinger,	21
Daniel Cogley,	23	William D. Porter,	19
Jacob Croyle,	22	John Pettigrew,	32
John Campbell,	21	William H. Reesman,	26
Benjamin B. Eaton,	20	John C. Russell,	36
John A. Fleming,	19	William B. Ramsay,	26
Kosciusko G. Fleming,	18	Gaspar Reed,	20
John R. Fitzgerald,	25	Robert P. Shields,	42
Oliver Gray,	32	M. V. B. Sproul,	27
Calvin Gray,	19	August Schmuck,	30
Christopher Hartman,	30	George M. Smith,	23
Daniel C. Hawk,	24	Simon Schrecengost,	32
George L. Hannegan,	18	Samson Schrecengost,	19
Daniel Houser,	22	George Sheckler,	21
William B. Hays,	20	Joseph Shoemaker,	26
James R. Henderson,	18	Charles M. Smith,	28
James W. Hays,	18	George W. Thompson,	24
Peter C. Hetrick,	18	Henry Upperman,	23
Augustus J. Hetrick,	21	William Wells,	35
George J. Hetrick,	25	William Whittaker,	27
Thomas Hosack,	26	William Whited,	26
James H. Hill,	24	John S. Walker,	21
William J. Johnston,	18	David Wolf,	21
David C. Kirkpatrick,	18	Samuel Whited,	18

Ninety in all ; ages averaging about 24 years.

The same day we drew clothing, each man receiving one overcoat, one dress coat, one pair of pants, one cap, one pair of shoes, two pairs of socks, two pairs of drawers and one shirt, with the promise of another. It was the work of only a few minutes to get out of our old clothing and into the new. Some of the old clothing was boxed up and sent home to friends. We soon found one

disadvantage in our new uniforms; that is, we could not pass through the camp guards as before. Then there was no recognizable difference between us and citizens, and we could go in and out past the guards at will. But now, since we had put on the blue, it was different, and we began to realize that we belonged to Uncle Sam; and we realized it still more the next day, September 4th, when we received our arms—Belgian rifles, with sabre bayonets, (the gun and bayonet weighing seventeen pounds) cartridge boxes, knapsacks, haversacks and canteens.

The guns and the sabre bayonet were dangerous looking weapons. The guns were said to kill at 1,000 yards, but on examination we found they would not be dangerous to the enemy unless we got close enough to bayonet or club him. Some of the guns had one defect and some another. Some of the tubes had no holes in!

Friday, September 5th, we received orders to march at 5 p. m. The distance to the depot was two miles, and we were six hours going that distance. We would march a short distance, halt, lie down with our heads on our knapsack, so as to get the load off our shoulders and perhaps get a short sleep; then up and forward a few rods more and lie down again. We arrived at the cars at 10 p. m.—cattle cars of course, because soldiers did not ride in any others. Crowded in the cattle cars with scarcely air to breathe, this ride was to us as devoid of comfort as can well be imagined. The train did not start until 3 a. m., and arrived in Baltimore about 10 o'clock. Here we had a walk of two miles or more through the city to the Washington depot. After marching through the dusty streets on a warm day, we began to learn how wealthy we were. Uncle Sam had given each of us 60 or 70 pounds besides what trinkets of our own we might wish to have.

In giving us clothing we had not received clothing suitable for the season, but it was all heavy woolen goods, and not being accustomed to that kind of clothes, we suffered very much from the heat. We received a very good dinner in Baltimore of bread, cheese, coffee, bacon and other things. We then amused ourselves as best we could until 5 p. m., when we took the train for Washington, D. C., arriving there at 10 p. m., and had supper and quarters at the Soldiers' Retreat until noon next day. The Soldier's Retreat was an institution for the accommodation for such tramps as we. The table would accommodate about 1000 men. There was but one bed room and one bed which would accommodate as many men as the tables. There was on the bed neither feathers, mattress, nor anything softer than a board. But they were mindful of us in placing guards at the doors to prevent robbers from entering and stealing our wealth, and to prevent any of us from wandering out in our sleep.

After dinner September 7th the regiment was ordered to Camp Chase, a few miles in Virginia. Army life was beginning to take effect and there were five of company K that were not able for this march. In the evening the Colonel sent back wagons to bring up the sick. That night we had no tents or roof over us. We thought it bad enough but soon got accustomed to it. Here we began to drill, and we can only form an idea of how we did it by looking at new beginners now, and what made it worse for us, very few of the officers knew more about it than the privates. That evening we got our "A" tents again and slept in them that night. Next day marching orders again but did not march until sun-down. There was good moonlight. The dust on the road six inches deep. For the information of those who never saw a body of troops march

it may be well to say that they march in columns four abreast, with the officers and sergeants on the flanks. This column marching so stirred up the dust we could see nothing and it was very disagreeable. Our walk was about 7 miles, passing through Alexandria, and soon after halting in an open field. Our tents could not keep up with us and so we lay out again.

September 9th we drilled nearly all day, except a detail of 6 men and a corporal, who took lessons in standing on camp guard, two hours on guard and four off. Next day was spent in the same way. That night at dark our tents came up again and we remained long enough with them to say a last and long farewell, for they have never overtaken us yet. We did not know it then. We had them all up and ready to turn in by 11 p. m. An hour later the Colonel came around waking us all up. "He was awkward, too," for later on that duty was left to the Orderly Sergeant. Soon all were out in line. This no doubt was all part of the night drill; at any rate we got accustomed to it, but the boys never seemed to enjoy it. The next order was to load. This, too, must have been part of the drill, or else the officers of the regiment had become more frightened than the men. All but the camp guards marched off about four miles and went into camp where there were some 10,000 other raw troops. The next morning the camp guards we had left behind came up.

Here we were brigaded with the 123rd, 131st and 133rd Penn. Vol. They were nine months regiments, and with the 155th formed the 2nd Brigade, 3d Division, 5th Corps.

Our stay here was short. That evening our regiment, with all the others, packed their knapsacks and started. We were already becoming like a machine. We started

and we stopped at the will of the commander. When he said "get up," we got up.

We crossed back over the Potomac at Georgetown, and after marching nearly all night went into camp near Washington City. We were having varied experiences. In about a week from the time when we left home we were protecting the National Capital. We had been in different camps in Virginia and now in another week we were again in Washington, going to some other place. Green troops were likely to feel their great importance, and that the welfare of the nation depended upon them. Consequently they would adopt some significant name. We called ourselves the "Loyal Union Guards," and when we were wanted in line our company officers would command us saying, "Fall in, Loyal Union Guards," but this was soon abbreviated to "Fall in Company K."

We had already learned the popular war song of the period, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," and as many of our boys were good singers, we heard it almost continually; but notwithstanding the heartfelt sincerity of the musicians, and that Jeff Davis well deserved what we threatened him with, yet the old traitor still lives and glories in "the Lost Cause."

Our experience so far had no resemblance to a picnic, but it was out of the question for us to become lonesome or homesick, when we had with us Tim, the student, Teddy, the musician, and the Flying Dutchman from Slabtown.

September 12th, we marched to the armory in Washington and exchanged our Belgian rifles for some that we could shoot with and then returned to camp.

CHAPTER II.

Marching—Cannon Heard—Stonewall Jackson—Hard March—A Day's Rest And What We Saw—Frederick, Md.—Night March—Straggling—South Mountain—Antietam Battle Field—Wounded and Dead—Why The Battle Did Not go on—In Line of Battle—Under Fire—On Picket—Sunday Exercises—Relieved—Visitors—Balloon—Mail From Home—Likes and Dislikes—Preaching—Beef And the Sick—Reviewed by The President and Generals—Paymaster—Company Cooks—Sent Money Home—Daily Programme—Big Spring—Colonel Allabach—Wet Pickets—Night Drill—State Election—Flag Presented—Inspection—Orders to Move—Graybacks—Shelter Tents—Hospital Tent.

September 13th, 1862. we resumed our march, traveled nine or ten miles and went into camp at 3 p. m. This day we first heard cannon in battle in the direction of Frederick, Md., the direction in which we were marching. During this march, if some one had followed the column with a wagon train, he might have secured clothing sufficient to have taken a Government contract to furnish clothing, especially overcoats.

Here we began to hear of Jackson (Stonewall). Many of us knew nothing about him at first, but soon learned that he was a rebel General and a great flanker, who was more feared by our men than was Gen. Lee, or any other rebel. When the men would become fatigued or sleepy on the march, some one would be sent along to start the report that Jackson was surrounded, or captured, or killed, then the boys would cheer, and that would wake them

up for a time. To-day we marched about twelve miles. September 15th—this day we marched eighteen miles, it being the longest of any so far. It was very hard carrying the heavy loads that we carried with our warm woollen clothes all on, and besides this it was a very warm day. There was considerable straggling. We camped near Frederick, Md. Here the rebels had been, four days previous, and here we began to see some of the dreadful results of war. One thing was a dead man entirely naked, lying by a tree. He had turned as black as any negro. Of late years there has been inquiries in newspapers as to whom the spy was that was hanged near Frederick, Md. It is probable that what we saw was the body of that spy. The battle of South Mountain, a few miles from here, was fought and won yesterday, by the Union forces.

September 17th, we did not get orders to march until 5 p. m. There was heavy cannonading all day in the distance, which we afterwards learned was at Antietam. At 5 p. m., we fell in line and marched to the city, and through it. We were very much cheered by the Union sentiment of the city, and the boys pleased with the many pretty girls they saw. We marched on and on, our company growing smaller and smaller; the men would get so tired and sleepy they would drop out and lie down in a fence corner or anywhere that was not occupied. At 12 p. m. when we dropped out, there were eleven men left in the company, and they said when they stopped to rest at 4 p. m., there were only fifteen men in the Regiment, including officers; at midnight we had marched fourteen miles. We were now in Fitz John Porter's corps, said to contain 40,000 men, all new troops.

We slept until daylight, when we arose and followed; every place was full of men along the road, who had not

yet waked up. We passed over South Mountain where the battle had been fought on the 14th, saw where our men had charged up the steep mountain side, some places nearly perpendicular, and had driven the rebels off the summit; and we thought if we had been there as the rebels were, they could not have driven us off, and one thing is certain, they never did drive us where we had half the advantages they had there. There were still many dead rebels, dead horses, and thousands of relics of a hard fought battle field remaining there. What was left of the Regiment went into camp on Antietam battle field about 2 p. m., Sept. 18th, after an almost continuous march of twenty-one hours. An hour or two later the larger part of the company came up, having had several hours rest and sleep, and were much better fitted for work, had there been any. As we came near the battle field we found every house, barn and shed turned into a hospital, and filled with the wounded and dying, wounded and mangled in every imaginable way, by shot and shell, by saber cut and bayonet thrust. The surgeons were busy at work, here taking off a leg, there an arm, yonder probing for a bullet, etc. We also met many going to the rear where there was more room for them, who were wounded, but not so seriously that they could not walk, many of them bloody and pitiable looking objects. Here we were looking at just what we had enlisted to do to others, nor did we know but that before the setting of tomorrow's sun we might be lying cold in death, or lying on the surgeon's table as fit subjects for his knife, as these poor fellows were on whom we were looking. Our company were soon all ready to answer roll call, except John Carney and William Chrisman who did not report. As we

learned afterwards they had become satisfied with what we had already seen and had quit and gone home.

There is a difference in the reports of historians in regard to this day's proceedings. Some claim that General McClellan intended renewing the battle that morning, but that on examination found that the ammunition for his batteries was becoming scarce and was waiting to get a supply. Others claim that the rebel General Lee used a little strategy in order to get away; that he sent in a flag of truce with the plea that they wanted to bury the dead and care for the wounded. It is strange that none of our able historians have learned the reason—that it was because Company K of the 155th Regiment Pa. Vol. was so far away! and that we, after a continuous march of nearly 24 hours, must have a little time to rest and get our dinner, and then that it was too late to let the battle go on that day! After we ate our crackers and drank our coffee, we advanced a half mile and lay in line all night to be ready at a moment's notice; but somehow General Lee learned of the trap laid for him and left during the night. In the morning we learned they had retreated during the night. That day (September 19th) we advanced about four miles. We would march some distance and think we were near them, form line of battle and advance to find they were keeping out of reach. That night we encamped near the Potomac river. This will always be reckoned as one of the bloody battles of the war. Union losses—killed, 2,010; wounded, 9,416; missing, 1,043. Rebel losses—killed, 3,500; wounded, 16,399; missing; 6,000.

September 20th we marched about three miles and encamped three-fourths of a mile from the river. Many of us went to the river bluff, from where our batteries were firing at the rebels across the river and our sharp-shoot-

ers were popping away at every one who came in sight. The river here was about 75 yards wide. That evening our regiment was put out along the river bank on picket, another new experience for us. No doubt we were watchful that night if ever we were, knowing the rebels were within gun shot of us. Next day was Sabbath. We did not have to stand on picket, but were there ready if needed. In the forenoon the company collected in two squads on the line and had bible class and prayer meeting and in the afternoon Lieut. DeFord preached us a very good sermon from the text "Prepare to meet thy God," Amos 4-12. In the evening we were relieved by another regiment of our brigade and we returned to camp. We were then in 2nd Brigade, 3rd Division, 5th Corps.

It had been only three weeks since leaving home, we had endured many trials and hardships, and passed through a great many of the different phases of a soldier's life. We had not drilled very much, but the reason was, we were too steadily on the move and had not the time or opportunity to drill. When we enlisted, Armstrong county promised to give us each one fifty dollars bounty, and on the 22nd Capt. Cline made out a roll to be returned to the county officials, and for our friends to draw that amount, we did considerable drilling. On the 24th, we again went on picket along the banks of the Potomac and returned to camp on the 25th. We soon learned to enjoy picket life. There was but very little danger in it and we were away from the daily routine and constraints of camp life. We could eat and sleep whenever we pleased, but must take regular turns in standing on picket, that is, two hours on duty and four off. On the 25th we returned to camp, 26th we had visits from Wm. Cochran and Prof. Thompson, of Glade Run, and next day, one by Mr. Truitt.

They were emergency men, called out for a few days to resist the threatened invasion of Pennsylvania by the rebels. We had a great many visits from our friends in other regiments, who, having heard of our advent into military life, called around to see us. For four days past there has been a balloon sent up each day from near camp. They have not reported to us what they saw, but we take it for granted they saw something or they would not continue to go up. That morning the report was that the mail had come. We had been nearly a month from home and no letters. "Are our dear ones dead?" "Have they forgotten us?" "Why don't they write?" have been some of the questions heard every day. Now, when a mail has come, what anxious hearts! What longing eyes! What listening ears, to hear our names called when the letters are being distributed! A great many are doomed to bitter disappointment. There must be another mail that has been following us around, and has not reached us yet. Those who have received a letter from home or a loved one, see how they grasp it! See how their eyes brighten! Now they seek some quiet corner to open and read; no company is needed now. Friends at home, no doubt you enjoyed receiving our letters, and to know that we were still alive and able to write; you did not know perhaps how much we enjoyed yours.

Although obedience is the first duty of a soldier, that does not hinder him from having his likes or dislikes. He soon learns whether an officer is doing all he can to lighten his burdens, and is trying to make him comfortable, or whether he tries to show his authority by adding unnecessary duties and make this life more miserable. The boys have already learned that our Colonel, E. J. Allen, belongs to the former class, while our Brigade Command-

er, Col. Allabach, belongs to the latter. The title he usually receives when he is referred to is "Old Allabach," or some other disrespectful term. On Sabbath, September 28th, his orders were for the brigade to drill nearly all day, but Col. Allen did not order us out and not one company of the regiment went out.

Rev. Mr. Wallace, a United Presbyterian, came and volunteered to preach a sermon at 11 a. m., and all who wished went out to a grove where he preached an excellent sermon from Psalms 46-1.

A large number of the company are sick, mostly from diarrhea. Five reported to the surgeon at sick call this morning, Hill, Calhoun, Ritchey, Foster and McCloskey, and no wonder we were sick and had diarrhea. We had very little to eat except fresh beef, and that almost without salt. Another difficulty was, either the surgeon did not understand his business or else he did not have the proper medicine, presumably the latter. He had only two kinds of medicine, or pills, and with them he might try to cure all the ailments we had. And no difference what ailed a man, he got pills out of one lot or the other, which ever first came to hand.

September 29th. The Colonel had a squad sent out to get some brush to make a cover over his horse to shelter him from the sun by day and the dew by night, as we had both in abundance. We thought if shade was good for a horse it might be for men too, and as we had no other shelter, we went to the woods, got forks, poles and brush, carried them to camp and put them over us.

October 2nd. Cramp is becoming quite common, and a number have had it. Simon Schrecengost had a very severe attack of it to-day. If he had not got relief he could not have lived two hours. As it was he never fully

recovered. In a few days he was sent to the general hospital near Frederick, Maryland, where he died, December 7th, 1862, the second man in the company that laid down his life. When we left home, a little more than three months previous. Simon appeared as though he might be the healthiest, hardiest man in the company. Rev. Mr. Mechlin, D. D., of Glade Run, looked at him and observed that "Simon Schrecengost was his beau ideal of a soldier." Up until two days ago we were encamped in a plowed field and the dust was very disagreeable. We then moved a short distance into a clover field where it is much more pleasant. October 3rd—we were received to-day by President Lincoln, Generals George B. McClellan, Fitz John Porter and others. This is a comment written at the time: "McClellan is very much like his picture, only he is of a very fair complexion. He has a bright eye. Lincoln looks like some old farmer, no foppishness, but all honesty and sincerity." Next day the paymaster came. We were all paid in a very few minutes, \$27 each, \$25 of it being the first installment on the \$100 U. S. bounty promised us, and \$2 being an enlistment fee. The company receiving \$2,241 in all. On the 6th we received a general mail and there was great joy in camp. Our principal diet these times was fresh beef, rice, sugar and coffee, all to be cooked in a few camp kettles. Army regulations call for company cooks, that is, the whole company rations to be cooked together. That system did not suit us. The boys soon became tired of it. Instead of each one receiving his portion out of the pot after it was cooked, we preferred receiving our rations raw, and cooking them to suit our own taste, and when we again started on the march we had it in that way.

October 8th. A large portion of the company entrusted

the money they wished to send home to Mr. Truitt to carry and leave at the bank in Kittanning, which he did to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Truitt had been in the army visiting friends.

This is our programme for each day in camp: At 5 a. m. reveille and roll call; at 6, breakfast call; at 7, squad drill, when the sergeants drill the company in squads; at 8, company drill; at 9, battallion drill; at 11, non-commissioned officers' drill; at 12, dinner; at 2 p. m., company drill; at 3, battallion drill; at 4, squad drill; at 5, dress parade; at 5:30, supper; at 9, lights out. At 8:30 a. m. we had sick call, when the 1st sergeant reported the sick to the surgeon. This was our daily routine, and not much time for our own amusement, except when we go on picket, when we have the easiest and best times.

October 10th. The sick of the company are generally better, except A. L. Wilson and W. B. Hays, who have the fever, and were this day sent to the hospital at Frederick City. We had to go half a mile for water, to where there was a very large spring of excellent water, sufficient for a great portion, if not all of McClellan's army. About this time Colonel Allabach was superseded by Brigadier General Briggs, much to the satisfaction of all. That evening we again went on picket. About the time we started it began to rain. We had to go about three miles, and were posted along the tow-path of the canal, and were not permitted to make a fire at night. The ground was covered with water, and those who had the privilege of lying down either had to lie in water or contrive some plan to keep them out of it. Some made piles of brush, rolled up in their blankets and lay on top of the pile. It rained all night, and next day was quite wet. This time we could not boast of the good time we had on picket. That eve-

ning we were relieved and returned to camp. Next day was Sabbath. We did not drill, but had company inspection in the morning and dress parade in the evening. We had no preaching, but the company had social religious exercises. The Colonel had planned to give us a lesson in drilling that night, and one that, although we frequently practiced it, we never took any great delight in. In the evening word was circulated that we had to march to meet the rebels who had come across the river. At bed time we all lay down with orders to be ready to march at two minutes notice. He waited until he thought we might all be asleep, when the long roll beat, and every fellow got up, rolled up his overcoat and blanket, put on his cartridge box, knapsack, haversack and canteen, and in less than five minutes every man was in line ready to march. All the other companies of the regiment came out too. The Colonel came along and told Capt. Cline to have the men number off. They did so. He said, "Well done, I only wanted to see how many and how quick they could get into line, and for all to go back to bed." We did so just as it began to rain and it rained all night. We arose on Monday morning as wet as it was possible for us to be. The Colonel selected a time for this little performance when we were all in a very sleepy condition. The story of the rebels coming across and of our going out to meet them was only a plan to test the courage and willingness of the boys to turn out in case of an emergency.

Tuesday, October 14th. This was election day. Each company held its own election. We voted for Assembly and U. S. Congress, with the following result in the company: democratic vote, 15; republican vote, 30; total, 45. That evening we again went to the river on picket, and had a more pleasant time. Some of the boys sickened

themselves eating pawpaws, which grew there. The day previous the rebels had fired across at our pickets a short distance below and we had orders that if any put in an appearance for us to try our guns. Consequently we had our guns ready, but they did not show themselves in reach. We returned to camp in the evening. The night of the 16th was another very wet and to us very uncomfortable night, and the Colonel gave orders that we need not drill before 9 a. m., giving us a chance to get dried off. This day the State presented to us a beautiful silk flag. The presentation speech was made by Adjutant General Thomas, of the State of Pennsylvania. Col. Allen responded in a most eloquent speech. On the 18th Humphrey's Division crossed the river on a reconnoissance and had a skirmish with the enemy. Again on the 20th there were a great many troops on the move, but we did not receive any orders. We received a visit from the Inspector. He inspected everything—guns, cartridge boxes, knapsacks and then our quarters. When he looked at them and saw we had no cover over us and nothing but ground under us he said no wonder the men were sick. It was now about six weeks since we saw our tents or had any cover over us. Out of 87 men two are absent without leave, twenty are sick and unfit for duty, some with fever and some with other diseases. Three of them have already been sent to the general hospital and more had better be sent, leaving sixty-five for duty. Tuesday a. m. all was bustle and confusion. We received orders to be ready with three days rations in our haversacks. Each one stowed away twenty-five to thirty crackers, some coffee, sugar, salt and a piece of beef. About that time in our lives some of the boys learned the fact that their garments were becoming more thickly inhabited than was

comfortable to the wearer. It was soon evident that they were not visitors but had come to stay, because they were already raising large families and had lots of eggs deposited about the seams and secret recesses of our under garments, and in all their numerous hiding places. Perhaps we had unwittingly given them an invitation to come, because when we first went into the service we were more careless in our habits of cleanliness than we would have been at home, or than we were after we had soldiered some time. Soldiers have many things to learn. Hence, recruits that went into old regiments fared better and had better health than men of new regiments, where all were green and had not yet been educated to take care of themselves.

Our camp passed along as usual, some days on picket, other days drilling, but always under marching orders. On the night of the 22nd we were awakened in the night to draw rations and to get ready to move. On the 24th we drew what was called shelter tents. Each man drew one, and as our loads were not yet complete we might either carry our own tent or go without. They were made of white drilling, were about 5 1-2 feet-square, with buttons on three sides, and ropes on two corners for pinning to the ground. One alone was not of much use, two would make a roof with both gables open, while with three we could make a roof and close one gable, so that usually three or more comrades went in a mess, fastened their tents together and crawled under. Let us see! How did we accomplish it? Suppose it was a wet night and we wanted all our possessions under cover; the dimensions, when fastened down on each side, are about 3 1-2 feet high in the center, 7 feet wide, and can be made about six feet long. We spread our blankets, put our knapsacks in the back end for pillows, laid our guns and cartridge-boxes

on the sides, put our haversacks wherever there was the most room, and our shoes and clothing ditto. Our canteens are out yet; we will put them in too to prevent their being stolen. Now our goods and chattels are all provided for; we will crawl in, with our head at the closed gable, and close the other end with our feet, or push our feet outside where there is more room. Some of us did that every night.

After getting into our parlor and bedroom, we had just barely room for three to "spoon it." After awhile some one of the three would discover that there was a protuberance on his body—that is, directly over one on the ground, and from his feelings he judges the two are not on good terms. He wants to turn, but there is not room sufficient until he awakens his comrades, and all turn at once; then perhaps some other fellow would find a protuberance, and thus it goes all night, and night after night.

But, after all, shelter tents were much better than no tents at all. We had been forty-four days and nights without, and now we could appreciate them; and for 2 years and 8 months afterwards they were the only covering we had.

About this time the regiment received a large tent, to be used as a hospital. A sick man was admitted if he had permission from the surgeon. When inside, there was nothing there; no bed, not enough straw to cover the ground, no accommodations for a sick man nor a well one either—only that he was inside a tent. There were a great many sick in the company and regiment with fevers, yellow jaundice and other diseases. Up to this time about the most severe affliction we had to contend with was company cooks, and probably much of the sickness was attributable to the villainous compounds we received from that plan of cooking.

CHAPTER III.

Getting Ready to Move—Experiences of the Sick—Going to and About the Hospital—Marching—Foraging—Honey etc.—Marching—First Death—Reviews—General Suspended—Death in an Ambulance—Company Cooks Dispensed with—No Rest for us—Fredericksburgh—Charge of 5th Corps—Hospital Duty—A Chaplain—Good Place to Die, Poor Place to Get Well—Digging his Own Grave—Relieved at Hospital—Building Quarters—Picket Duty—The Sick—Marching Orders—Sick Sent off---“Muddy March.”

October 29th, 1862---Marching orders have been received. All that were able to go packed up and started. The hospital tent was taken down and loaded on a wagon; the sick who were in it were left there. Eighteen of Company K were either in the hospital or ready to go, being unable to march. As there were a goodly number unable to go when the army moved away, we will relate some of their experience for a few days. There were probably 100 men of the Regiment remained, and of these, our company had a fair proportion.

Our new mode of life---our exposure to all kinds of weather---our insufficiency of proper food, all helped to bring about this state of affairs; but, perhaps, the principal cause, was the dreadful mixtures gotten by our company cooks. Those who tasted will know about it, all others must remain in ignorance.

There was a barn about one-half mile distant. Those that were able to walk assisted those less able; here they made themselves as comfortable as possible. James Hill's quarters was in a hen house over a pig pen; Sergeant

Marshall's was in a stall, whose previous occupant had been of the bovine species. There were no rations but coffee and some mouldy crackers. There was a reputed surgeon left in charge. If he had had medicine and remained sober long enough to administer it, he might have proven himself to be some sort of a doctor; as it was, the sick had no means of knowing. Here they lay from Thursday, October 30, to Monday, November 3, when the ground was covered with snow. That evening ambulances came, loaded up the sick and took them to the canal on the Potomac River. The canal boats were full before our arrival, not another man could get in; but the doctor had made sure to ship himself and all the provisions. Here was another dilemma, which was solved by the ambulance moving off a mile or so and dumping the sick down at a deserted house to remain, as it proved to be, two days, when they loaded up again and went about four miles, striking the canal in a new place; here after a delay of four hours the sick were put into a dirty old coal boat about six feet deep and no ingress or egress, except at the open top and that by climbing up and down a plank leaned against the side. Necessity made it necessary for some to climb that plank very often. The boat arrived at Sandy Hook, Harper's Ferry, about 8 p. m. We were ordered to remain in the boat all night. About midnight a cold rain came on and there was no cover on the boat. The move next morning was out of the boat into the cars for Frederick, Maryland. The car had a very short time previously, been used for shipping cattle, hence, the ride was very unpleasant for all, especially those who were too sick to sit or stand, and in addition to that, the wind was blowing hard and freezing. On the arrival of the train at Frederick, some were taken to hospitals in the city, in buildings tem-

porarily used for that purpose, others were taken to the hospital at Camp "A," and others to Camp "B." Camp "A" and "B" were regular hospitals in tents. The tents were in rows of three. We could pass through the first into the second, through the second into the third and out. There were about six beds and a stove in each tent, and a nurse to each three. Here the boys generally had good doctors, good beds and good nursing, unless, as was too often the case, there was some villain for a nurse, who was too cowardly to shoulder a gun and go to the front, or too dishonest to get employment anywhere else, and he would hire to the Government as nurse. Then when the doctor would find it necessary to prescribe for a patient, some stimulant, or milk, or oysters, or some other delicacy, the nurse would get the prescription filled and appropriate it to his own use, and the sick man would be none the wiser or better of it either, but woe unto that nurse if the doctor should learn that he had been robbing the sick. It is not probable that every sick or wounded man went through such experiences as here recorded, but if he did not, he probably passed through others equally as bad or worse before he reached a general hospital. The wonder is that so many have lived through it to tell of their sufferings and privations.

Now, to return to the company. We left camp Oct. 30th and marched some miles down the river, crossing next day at Harper's Ferry, and going some miles into Virginia.

November 1st we remained in camp. November 2nd we marched to Snickersville, near a pass in the mountains called Snicker's Gap. Here the advance had a skirmish with the enemy, and here we rested for two days.

During the first years of the war our Generals were

very particular about doing any thing to irritate the feelings of our Southern brethren, and we had orders not to molest any property or confiscate anything belonging to those disloyal subjects of the best Government on earth, and in order to prevent any acts of disobedience on the part of the men, they would order guards placed on all property that was in danger of receiving this kind of a visit from the Union soldier. Very frequently some old rebel would come into camp and ask the commanding officer for a guard to be placed over his property, which was usually granted. The men who were getting only \$13 per month learned the fact long before the officers did that rebels were rebels, and as such did not deserve any protection from the Government, and that their property was forfeited and ought to be confiscated.

Many of the boys went out to view the country, and as Sherman's "bummers" had not been that way, nothing appeared to be afraid of a soldier. Some of them drew up at the residence of a wealthy planter, who by his own confession had fought in the first battle of Bull Run and now had a substitute in the rebel army. The surroundings were attractive and everything plenty. The boys were inspecting things closely, when W. D. Porter was attacked by some bees, and he, to prevent them from annoying any of his comrades who might call, took the box with him. Calhoun, Ritchey and others had a skirmish in the poultry yard, and there were five chickens that went to camp with them. The guard had not yet been placed on that property. Charley (Capt. Cline's servant) thought this was too good a thing for him to miss, so he started; but by that time the guard was there, and poor Charley was captured and sent in under guard. Orderly Sergeant Brown made some private arrangement with the guard, by which he se-

cured a box of honey that night. The guards would do those things when it could be done with safety to themselves. This change of diet was good medicine for the boys. After feasting there two days we again started on the tramp from Snicker's Gap. Next day we encamped at White Plains and remained during the 7th.

November 8th. We were detailed as train guards and as the train moved in the rear of the columns, we did not get into camp until nearly midnight.

John Campbell died in the hospital at Frederick, Md., Nov. 9th, about ten weeks after leaving home. His term of service was short, but he gave his life in the service of his country. His death was the first in the company, but was soon followed by many more. This day we marched about five miles and encamped in sight of Warrenton, where we remained until the 17th.

November 10th. We were reviewed by General George B. McClellan, then commanding the Army of the Potomac.

November 12th. Were reviewed by Gen. Fitz John Porter, our Corps Commander. Both these Generals were relieved in a very short time.

November 14th. Gen. McClellan rode along the lines taking his leave.

November 15th. Isaac L. Moore died in the hospital at Frederick. Another young life gone.

November 17th, 18th and 19th we marched hard under the command of General A. E. Burnside, commanding the army, and General Joseph Hooker, commanding 5th Corps.

The death of Corporal William E. McClure Nov. 19th was peculiarly sad. He had been sick a few days, and being unable to march, he was given a seat in an ambu-

lance, and died in the ambulance while on the move along with the marching column. He was a promising young man and had already endeared himself to his comrades by his genial disposition and his many good qualities. He was buried next day by comrades John A. Ritchey and W. D. Porter, in a soldier's grave. Wm. B. Hays died in the hospital at Frederick on the same day.

November 20th and 21st there was a regular old Virginia rain and we remained in camp.

November 22nd. Second Lieut. Wm. W. Caldwell resigned on account of bad health, and Orderly David Brown was promoted to the vacancy and John A. Ritchey was promoted to Orderly. This day's march brought us on the hills near Fredericksburgh, Va.

November 23rd we moved and encamped on what we afterwards called "Louse Hill." The weather was wet and cold and rations scarce, only nine hard tack a day. After leaving Sharpsburgh each mess did its own cooking, and it soon began to tell on the health and spirits of the men. Now our appetites were too large for Uncle Sam's allowance, and nine crackers seemed about enough for one good square meal. We had now become well acquainted with that small insect generally called a grayback, which kept us on the move continually, when their namesakes over the line didn't. Between the two we never were permitted to rest very long at a time. We were taken out to our picket line, three miles, and remained three days. While we remained here we were on picket three days out of nine.

Jacob Croyle died at Stoneman's Switch, Va., Dec. 4th, and Simon Schrecengost at Frederick. Md., Dec. 7th. The company remained in camp here until Dec. 11th, when the ever memorable move against Lee at Fredericksburgh

commenced. In the battle that followed our Regiment had nine killed and fifty-eight wounded, and our Regimental flag had thirteen bullet holes in it.

Here is a quotation from another writer, describing this engagement: "The brave troops of the Fifth Corps swept forward with fixed bayonets, anxious to pierce the rebel line. In spite of the hot fire the Union column moved coolly forward over the blood soaked ground. The fire of the rebel musketry and artillery, furious as it was before, now became still hotter. The stone wall was a sheet of flame that enveloped the flanks and head of the column, yet on swept the brave boys of the Fifth Corps, never once flinching before the lead and iron hail. It was a grand charge, yet it was not destined to be successful."

Nearly all these brave troops four months previous were at home engaged in their various avocations of civil life. The love of country and a few months military discipline had wrought the change.

Just on the eve of the battle Company "K" was detached from the regiment and sent to Stoneman's Switch, a few miles from Fredericksburgh. Upon our arrival there we found that we were to be hospital guards, and do other duty, such as supplying wood and water, burying the dead etc. There were three members of the company in battle. Corporal T. J. Marlin, who was one of the color guards, and Sergeant Sheckler, and George M. Smith, who were, with the pioneer corps. The remainder of the regiment, after the battle, returned to our old camp, about a mile from where we were doing duty at the hospital. We put up our quarters and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. It was always uncertain about how long we might remain in the same place, it might be only a few hours and it might be for months.

January 1st, 1863, came, and with it Rev. J. M. Thomas who had been commissioned Chaplain of our regiment. He visited our camp almost daily and spent a great portion of the time among the sick in the hospital, reading, singing and praying with the poor fellows. When the Chaplain first met our captain, he told him that Company "K" had a good reputation for morality and good music. About this time we were mustered for two months' pay; there was four months' pay due us.

This hospital was a good place to die in, but a very poor place to get well. It was literally alive with graybacks. One case, where after a poor soldier had breathed his last, his blanket was put out on a pole and it was covered with lice; one portion of it had so many that the wool was covered and they made it look a different color. No wonder he died. One part of our duty was to dig graves and bury the dead. In this there was an incident that probably seldom occurs, and that is, a man helping to dig his own grave. W. D. Porter and Daniel Houser were detailed one day to dig a grave for the body of a man who had died. The soldier was interred, but in a few days his Northern friends came and removed him. In the meantime Houser sickened and died and was buried in the vacant grave he had assisted to dig. Comrade Houser was afterward removed to his Northern home, and we know not what soldier, if any, now sleeps in that Virginia grave. That spot of Southern soil is sacred in more than one Northern home. Comrade Houser died January 12th, 1863. It was thought that his death was caused by a sprain while loading wood on a wagon for the use of the hospital.

On this same date the company was relieved by a company from the 123rd Pennsylvania Regiment. The boys

had complained about the amount of labor they had to perform; now they complained more with the prospect of having to go to work and build new winter quarters; but this work was lightened by the authorities furnishing wagons for us to take our houses with us. We did not get our quarters completed that night so they would shelter us, and we would have fared badly in the heavy winter rain that set in that night had it not been for the kindness of Pittsburghers, who that day had presented every man of our regiment, and also of the 123rd regiment, with an oil cloth blanket.

On the morning of the 14th our regiment was ordered on picket for three days. About one dozen of the company were sick and remained in camp. We had left David Marshall and one or two others sick in the hospital at Stoneman's Switch.

January 20th. Benjamin B. Eaton died this day at Aquia Creek Hospital. The army had had marching orders for about a week. The sick had been examined by the surgeons, and all found unfit to march were sent to the hospital. Some of Company "K" were found fit subjects for that place. After the first night out Lieutenant Brown gave out and returned, and a little later drummer James A. Galbraith, who now went down never again to go out alive.

Rations were drawn and everything packed up, and in the afternoon the command was given to march. It proved to be an attempt of Burnside to cross the Rappahannock river about eight miles above Fredericksburg and flank Lee out of that stronghold, but the whole move was destined to be a failure on account of the rain, and this expedition to be recorded in history as "Burnside's Muddy March," and "Burnside's stick in the mud." The

first night out it began to rain and continued to rain for sixty hours. The advance got to the river where it was intended to cross, but the mud got so deep all were forced to halt. It was impossible to get the artillery and wagons along, they would sink right down everywhere. This is to notify all future explorers in that country, that if at any time they plow or dig up any U. S. army wagons or any batteries of artillery. they can credit to "Burnside's stick in the mud." It was impossible to go forward; the next best thing was to try and get back. The boys were called on to corduroy the road. We used logs, poles, brush and rails; no doubt there were thousands of the latter buried so deep in that mud that the owners have never found them. The army returned to camp as forlorn and demoralized as if they had lost a battle. The men wading and splashing through the mud a squad in a place, the wagons and teams stalling. The artillery with from six to twelve horses to a gun doing the same, and everybody and everything covered with mud. This ended our campaigning until spring.

January 27th, Wm. W. Whitaker was discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability. He was one of our tall men. When we entered the service we had about a dozen tall men—six feet or more. In a few months they were all dead or discharged but two, showing that large men did not stand the wear and tear of army life as well as small men. Those two remained to the end of the war.

CHAPTER IV.

Removing a Dead Comrade—Sanitary Commission—Moving Camp—Express Boxes—Selfishness—Another Comrade Gone—Buried in that Historic Grave—Regimental Surgeon—Visits from Friends—Number of Dead—Soft Bread—Weather Record—Denominational Record—Lient. Brown Sick—Visit from the Rebels—Deaths and Depletion—Gen. Hooker—Feeding the Army—An Alarm—Business of One Day—Governor Curtin—Battalion Drill—More Discharges—Loss of Company to Date—April Fools—Reviewed by Gen. Meade—Rivalry—Our Brigade—President and Generals—Corps Review—Furloughs.

January 30th, 1863. John Allen came to camp to see about removing the body of his brother-in-law, Daniel Houser, to the home of his friends at Concord, Armstrong county, Pa. Wm. Allen, having procured a coffin at Falmouth, Va., and a doctor to embalm the body, we raised it February 1st, it having laid in the grave 19 days, and the next day he started home with the dead body of our comrade. This day (Sabbath) the Sanitary Commission through our Captain, presented each one with some reading matter, a pair of socks and a handkerchief. These were the first gifts we received from that grand organization.

For some days there had been a rumor of our Division leaving "Louse Hill" and going to another camp where we would not have to carry our wood so far. We had to carry all we burned. We made that move February 2d and that made it necessary for us to build new quarters. The weather was bad, sometimes raining or snowing, but

we had to take it as it came until we got our houses built.

February 3rd. A number of express boxes had been received in the company. Perhaps the chief thing during the war which afforded equal pleasure to the soldier and his friends at home, was the sending and receiving of boxes of good things. When these home boxes arrived in camp, the men receiving them were like school boys, elated over their good fortune and ready to share their delicacies with the less favored who had not been remembered.

Let us enumerate some things ordered in one box: Gloves, vest, pudding, pickles, hatchet, nails for boot-heels, turkey, onions, butter, apple butter, pepper, paper, envelopes, boots, stockings, honey—and then this catalogue was supplemented by the friends at home with dozens of other necessities and delicacies.

The packing of boxes was almost reduced to a science. The object was to crowd the greatest possible amount into a given space, every corner of the box was utilized—not stuffed with paper by those who understood their business, thus wasting space, but filled with a potato or apple, or a handful of peanuts, a spool of thread, or something else useful or needed. These and other articles occupied the spaces between carefully wrapped glass jars, or bottles of preserves, or boxes of butter, or cans of condensed milk, or well roasted chicken and turkey which each box was likely to contain. If there was a pair of new boots among the contents, the feet were filled with little things. One of the boys found a pint of his favorite drink baked in a loaf of nice, light bread.

The soldier's manner of receiving these boxes often served to indicate his true character. Some evidently resolved to give no one the pleasure of helping him to eat

any of his delicacies. It is recorded of one man (not of our company) that he received from home a peck of raw onions, and had not finished them before his company was ordered to march. He could not carry them with him, nor could he eat them all, so instead of inviting his comrades to "help themselves" he repacked the onions and sent them home. Such selfishness was, however, exceptional.

February 5th. Another of our comrades, Geo. Sheckler, has gone to his long home. He was one of the number sent to the hospital at Stoneman's Switch with diarrhœa when the army started on the last march. The Captain had been trying to get a discharge for him, but his discharge came from a higher source. He was buried in the same grave that comrade Houser had previously occupied. Two days afterward his father came, raised the body and took it home with him.

February 11th. The hospital was that day broken up and the sick taken to their regiments. David Marshall had been improving, but moving him to the regiment gave him a relapse and he lived but a few hours.

John Walker applied for his discharge on account of deafness. It came back approved on the 16th and he started for home.

About this time our Regimental Surgeon, Jas. M. Hoffman, was placed under arrest for inhumanity. He was no doubt the most inhuman creature we had over us during the service. If there was one spark of humanity about him we were never able to discover it. After his arrest the boys said the guards were placed about him to keep the d—l from carrying him off.

February 14th. This day we were made glad by a visit from Thomas Ritchey, Robert Calhoun and Wm. W. Marshall. Each one had a boy in the company, but the latter like

Mr. Sheckler a few days previous, was two days too late to see his son alive, and he too raised the body and took it home to rest in that old grave yard at Glade Run. Five and one-half months previous all the boys left their homes full of life and youthful vigor. Now ten of the ninety, or every ninth man is filling a soldier's grave, all cut down by disease, which claimed more victims than the sword.

Now we are going to give the hard tack a rest by eating soft bread four days in the week. Boys, do you remember how good that soft bread was? and how nearly every one of us ate up that little loaf that was to do us a whole day, how we ate that at the first meal? and then skirmished for the two next meals, until another day's loaf was drawn?

At first our soft bread was baked in and shipped from Washington, but soon after there was a brigade bakery erected, and it was baked in camp.

February 16th, John M. Bryan was detached to drive team.

February 17th, Benjamin Bell was discharged for disability.

Our visitors, Messrs. Ritchey, Calhoun and Marshall accompanied by Comrades Calhoun, Marshall and R. O. Clever, went down to the Rappahannock to get a view of Fredericksburg. They walked along the bank a mile or more and had a good view of the city, and also of the rebels who were on picket along their side of the river, while ours were along our side.

February 18th, on account of ill health of J. A. Ritchey and Marshall, Foster became acting Orderly Sergeant.

February 19th, John Carney, who deserted Sept. 17th, was arrested and taken to the hospital.

We had plenty and a variety of weather about this time.

Here is a record for one week: Monday, nice day; Tuesday, deep snow; Wednesday's rain and Thursday's sun melted the snow and made mud as deep as the snow was previously; Friday and Saturday, wind dried the mud; Sabbath, snow a foot deep and cold.

February 22nd, Christopher Hartman was discharged for disability. The chaplain desired each captain to make out a roll of his company, with the denomination to which each belonged. Our company was as follows: 35 church members, 39 church membership parentage and 16 no church or not known; 23 of the 35 belonged to some branch of the Presbyterian church; the parents of 22 of the 39 belonged to some branch of the same church.

February 24th. Lieut. Brown having been unwell for some time, and no prospects of his health improving in camp, started for the hospital in Washington City.

February 25th. This day the rebels made a raid across to our side, near Hartwood Church and drove in our pickets. Our Division was called out and double-quickened about three miles, but when we arrived the rebels had fallen back. We continued to do picket duty about three days out of nine.

March 2nd. Our drummer, James A. Galbraith, died this morning, but not unexpected to us. We had been looking for it for several days. Poor boy! Homesickness more than anything else caused his death. The Captain had sent up a discharge for him and it came back "disapproved." When he learned that he went to bed never to get up again, and lived but a short time. This was followed two days later by the death of John Carney which was very unexpected to us.

March 9th, 1863. Second Lieut. David Brown resigned on account of continued ill health.

March 21st. J. A. H. Foster was commissioned 2d Lieut. but was not mustered on account of the company being reduced below the minimum. D. P. Marshall was promoted to 1st Sergeant.

Ever since General Joseph Hooker superseded Gen. Burnside, which was soon after the "muddy march," the army had been better fed and better clothed which soon began to tell on the health of the army—their health becoming better generally. He speedily gained the good will of the army, because one of the quickest ways to reach a soldier's heart is through his stomach.

March 25th. At 1 o'clock a. m., the Colonel sent for the Captain to report at his quarters, which he did. He soon returned to the company and ordered the 1st Sergeant to notify the men to be ready to march, as Stuart's rebel Cavalry had crossed over and were coming this way. The company was waked up at 4 a. m., cooked and eat breakfast. About 6 a. m., formed in line and awaited orders and they soon came, "Stack arms, but keep on belts and accoutrements, and be ready to march at a moment's notice." This proved to be the last of that alarm. Here is the other orders for that day: 8 a. m., sick call, and the sick report to the Surgeon for their rations of quinine at 8:30; two men for guard and guard mount, at 9, three more men for guard, between 9 and 10 o'clock three different squads for fatigue duty, non-commissioned officer's drill from 11 to 12. At 2 p. m. company drill, and drilled until 4. At 4:30 fall in for dress parade, and had hardly returned to our quarters after dress parade, when we were again called out to see and salute the man whom we all delighted to honor, Gov. Andrew G. Curtin. We were formed in line with the rest of the Brigade—our Brigade all being Pennsylvanians. He rode along the line accom-

panied by a number of officers. As he passed our flag he noticed the bullet holes that were received at Fredericksburg, and as he rode back in the rear of the line, pointed and called the attention of those with him to it. Then soon after we returned to quarters, we were again called out in our company street to stack arms and to be ready to salute him should he pass through camp, but he did not appear. At 7:30 the company was again called out in line for roll call, and this ended the day's work. This was about the amount of work we did every day with some variations, except when the weather was bad or we went out on picket. No wonder that we enjoyed going on picket.

While we were daily becoming more efficient in drill and in the duties of the soldier, we were also becoming more familiar with the graybacks. Boys, do you remember our watching them have squad drill on a comrade's coat, or battallion drill on his shirt? But this was no disgrace to a soldier so long as he did not allow them to become plenty. When a man would take off and throw down his clothes, and said clothes would begin to move away, then we thought that man had better boil his garments. Possibly they may have been a benefit to the country, for there is no doubt but they destroyed a great deal of bad blood in the opposing armies.

David C. Kirkpatrick was discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability March 28th, 1863. Sergeant John A. Ritchey and John R. Fitzgerald were discharged March 29th for disability, both from Camp Humphrey. William B. Ramsay was discharged March 30th, and Joseph Shoemaker same date.

We had now been in the service seven months and we had lost twelve by death, and thirteen resigned or dis-

charged. Our membership was reduced from 90 to 65. After this, neither deaths nor discharges were so frequent among us. There were two reasons for this: first, we had become acclimated and accustomed to this new mode of life; and second, we had learned how to take care of our health.

April 1st. This morning we had a large number of "April fools" about here, but did not know whether to give the rebels credit for the joke or to give it to our officers. About 1 o'clock a. m. we were awakened with the word that the rebels had again crossed over and were coming. At 4 a. m. that cold morning the brigade was in line. After standing awhile, we received orders to stack arms, go to our quarters, and be ready for further orders. About sun-up the order came, "Go bring in your guns."

April 2nd. We marched out two miles and were reviewed by Gen. George G. Meade, our corps commander. Our officers had us put on considerable style, part of it was white gloves, which they bought for us. It was said there was a rivalry among our brigade commanders to see whose brigade would show off and make the best appearance, and it was claimed that our brigade won the laurels; we had proof of this a few days later. Our brigade went out on picket to return on the 7th, but President Lincoln and lady had come out on a visit to the army, and on the 6th another brigade of our division was sent out to relieve us; we returned to camp and immediately went to work washing our white gloves and brightening up for review. Next day, 7th, our brigade was reviewed by President Lincoln, Gen. Hooker, Gen. Meade, with their staffs and other officers. We hoped then the review business was over for awhile, but before we had got back to our quar-

ters, orders came for us to prepare for corps review the day following.

April 8th. We started out early, marched about three miles, were formed in line on a broad plain about one and a half miles from Fredericksburg. It was estimated there were 50,000 men present. We were reviewed by President Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, some Washington City ladies, and the dignitaries of the army. It was remarked by every one that the army never was better fed, better clothed, in better spirits and better condition generally than at that time. We returned to camp about 3 p. m., hungry and tired.

There were some furloughs granted, about this time, a dozen or more of company "K" made application, but none granted us, except one to John Moore. The boys thought it was because they did not belong to a Pittsburg company.

CHAPTER V.

Four Months' Pay—Picket and Packing up—Our Loads—Breakfast—Relieved—Army Marching—Rear Guard—Wading Streams—Day of Fasting and Prayer—Gen. Hooke's Order—Reconnoitering—Fortifying—Battle of Chancellorsville—Rain—Falling Back—Old Camp—Incidents of the Battle—Return of Hayes—His Account—Bullet Extracted—Regiment Transferred—Regulars—Humphrey's Speech—Reflections—Moving Camp—Sand—Health—Arrests—Reports of the Rebels Moving.

April 13th, 1863, we received four months' pay. We made the Chaplain our agent to take the money to the express office at Acquia Creek. We sent with him, in all, \$2,875, and \$2,030 of this to Kittanning Bank.

On the night of the 12th we received orders to be ready to march on short notice. At 10 p. m. next night, orders to draw twenty rounds more ammunition, making sixty in all; also six days' rations, and to go on picket next morning with the expectation of not again returning to camp.

Tuesday morning, April 11th. All went on picket except a few who were left in camp to complete packing up. This day they sent out and issued three days' rations to each man. That night it began to rain, and poured down for twelve hours. We packed twelve boxes with our overcoats and other clothing that we did not need in summer, and gave them to the authorities to keep for us should we ever need them again. Our loads now were reduced to

nine days' rations, sixty rounds of ammunition, gun, accoutrements, knapsack and canteen, clothing and tents.

April 17th. The rain stopped the move for that time and we returned to our old camp.

April 19th. Wm. G. L. Black was sent to the general hospital.

April 21st. John Black was sent to the hospital, and our regiment started to do picket duty at Bank's and United States' Fords on the Rappahannock. After marching about four miles the regiment divided, the right wing going to U. S. Ford, and the left, our wing, to Bank's Ford, about 8 miles from camp. Here we relieved a part of the 91st Pennsylvania, who had been doing duty for ten days. The river was comparatively narrow and we could talk with the "Johnnies" on the other side. They invited us over, but we preferred to wait until the river would fall. It was then swollen with the rains. We could see their rifle pits and what we supposed were masked batteries. This was the ford, we were told, where Burnside had intended to cross over.

April 27th. We were relieved from picket duty, marched some four miles until we struck another road. Here we halted until the 11th Corps, a part of Gen. Sigel's Division passed; then our Corps came and we took our place in the column, marched four miles more and went into camp. Next morning the 12th Corps, the remainder of Sigel's Division, passed us before we broke camp. The 2nd, 5th, 11th and 12th Corps were now marching in this column up the river. At 11 a. m. we started and marched about 14 miles and camped. Here we remained until 3 p. m. next day, April 29th, being delayed by the troops in front who were crossing the Rappahannock on pontoons at Kelly's Ford. We did not cross until after dark, our

Brigade being the last to cross. As soon as we were over they began taking up the pontoons. We soon halted and were told to be ready in a short time to fall in as rear guard, consequently we made no preparations for staying that night, and we suffered very much from the cold rain which fell.

April 30th. At 3 a. m. we started for the crossing on the Rapidan river. In two hours we marched one-half mile more. We then forded Broad Run, which was more than knee deep; then at 5 a. m. we began to march, as we probably had never marched before, and at noon had passed over fifteen miles. This day had been set apart by the President of the United States, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. By noon we felt that we had kept the day in the matter of fasting, if nothing more. After noon we crossed the Rapidan on foot. It was not like the Jordan when the Israelites crossed over, but we found about four feet deep of water, nearly ice cold, as it came down from the snows of the Allegheny mountains, and it was very swift. There was no fun to us while we were in the river, but there was plenty of fun while standing looking at the others crossing. There were thousands crossing as fast as they could. Some with clothes all on, some one-half undressed, some all but the shoes and shirt, but the majority were naked and their clothes tied up in a bundle and hung on their guns over their shoulders, along with all their other personal property. Then, perhaps, when they would get out where the water was deep and swift, their feet would slip on a rock and down they go, and when they got up again everything was dripping wet. There were probably 500 or more in this nude or half nude condition all the time, either across, crossing or going to cross.

After all had got in proper trim again we marched out

about two miles and encamped for the night, spending another very uncomfortable time with our wet clothes from the river and rain through the night, but next morning Gen. Hooker raised our spirits and infused new life into our weary bodies by his famous order, which was read to every regiment, as follows: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must ingloriously fly, or come out from behind their defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." This made us feel good for a while at least.

April 31st. After the order had been read and we had all swallowed the contents, we marched on about two miles to the place called Chancellorsville. There had already been some skirmishing about there. We lay about there some hours when our Division went out some distance in the direction of Fredericksburg on a reconnoitering expedition, then returned and in the evening our Corps was placed on the extreme left of our line on a point reaching nearly to the river. Next day, May 1st, we spent fortifying, and as our position was a good one naturally, we now felt anxious that they would come and attack us there.

In the evening the battle became very hot away on our right. This was at the time Stonewall Jackson came in on the right flank of the army, striking the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, doubling them up and dreadfully demoralizing Sigel's Division.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. We were in line of battle nearly the whole night, and the battle raged furiously. There would be some scattered shots followed by the roar and crash of thousands of muskets. Then the artillery would begin with their loud boom. This, mingled

with the shouts and cheers of the opposing armies, would gradually subside and quietness reign a few moments, when the same thing would be re-enacted there or in some other portion of the army. It was during one of those outbursts that Jackson was killed—it is generally believed by his own men, through a mistake.

Next morning at daylight, May 3rd, we were relieved by Sigel's Corps, and were double-quickened to the center, two miles, where the battle was raging in all its fury. We were held in close supporting distance of the front lines and took no active part on the line until noon. We lay where the balls and shells were continually falling around us, and although they came so close that we would unconsciously dodge, there were none of us struck.

About noon the battle partially ceased, the rebels having been driven from their position, and our regiment was sent out as skirmishers, and to draw the enemy out in reach of our artillery. We passed into the woods and soon met their skirmishers. We drove them back until they retired behind their line of battle. In this advance James W. Hayes and John A. Fleming were shot and left for dead. The bullets whistled all about us.

The rebels then opened on us with artillery too. We lay down as low as possible. Oh! how the balls, shells, grape, cannister, etc. rattled through those woods, cutting off brush and limbs all about us, but none of the company were hit except Capt. Cline, who was struck with something on the neck and bruised it considerably. When their fire slackened we fell back a half mile, behind our artillery, the enemy following us in force. At soon as we could get out of the way our line opened on them and for a while it was hot, but they were forced to fall back. About 2 p. m. we were taken back out of range, where we

could get something to eat, not having had opportunity to eat anything that day. We were tired and sleepy as well as hungry, and some of us lay down and slept a while before waiting to eat. We lay in this place that night, next day and part of next night. On Monday, May 9th, Corporal Schmuck was wounded in the arm by a rebel sharp shooter, and was sent off to the hospital.

May 5th. We moved up close to the front. That afternoon it began to rain and rained the following night. As we had lost our blankets and extra clothing when we first went in, and as we were so close to the rebel lines we dare not make a fire, we suffered very much from the wet and cold that night. During the night the army began to fall back and to re-cross the river. Our Division was made the rear guard and we did not start until 3 a. m. We had about four miles to U. S. Ford and it was 9 a. m. before all were across. The rebels had had about all they wanted from us and gave us very little trouble in our retreat. If our leader had not discovered that we were whipped we would not have known it and might have been fighting them yet. When he ordered us to steal away from them we did so, believing that he understood the business better than we did.

When we crossed the river we had eleven miles to our old camp. It rained nearly all day and we thought this was another muddy march. We reached camp in the evening and slept in our old quarters that night after an absence of fifteen days, and they had been very laborious, fatiguing days---marching hard through rain and mud and that sometimes without our meals, wading ice cold streams and lying all night in our wet clothing without fire. And in addition we did not have a good night's rest in the

whole time, and the three last days did not have our cartridge boxes off.

May 7th. Early this morning we received orders to be ready to march in the evening. Geo. W. Thompson was detailed for artillery service and John M. Bryan for attendant at Division Hospital, and next day Corporal K.G. Fleming was sent to the hospital. We remained in camp until the 10th, when we went on picket to remain three days.

May 13th we returned to camp. Now, to go back to the battle-field. When our comrades James W. Hayes and J. A. Fleming fell all thought they were dead. We advanced twenty or thirty rods farther before we halted and lay down. When we fell back we did not pass their bodies and had no opportunity to bring them off.

About a week afterwards the rebs sent in a flag of truce requesting us to go over and get our wounded. The ambulances went over. One of the drivers was from our Company. He was passing through the hospital about a mile from the battle-ground where we left them, when Hayes saw him and spoke to him. We may try to imagine the driver's surprise. He got Hayes in his ambulance, and on the 16th came along through our camp on their way to the hospital at Aquia Creek. Then was our time to be surprised, when Hayes raised up in the ambulance and began to talk to us. We felt as though one had risen from the dead.

His story is that "he lay insensible about three hours; that when he came to he saw Fleming and thought he would go to him, but found he was not able. Soon afterwards some of the rebels came along and found him and helped him back to the hospital, where he was until brought away."

He was badly wounded. The ball entered his right

cheek and passed back through into his neck. He thought that the ball was still there; the surgeon thought that it was not, and the future proved the surgeon to be mistaken. About 14 years afterward a lump raised on top of his shoulder. He had a doctor examine it, who opened it and took out the ball which he had carried in his body so long.

May 17th. Sabbath. Our Chaplain preached us a good sermon from the text "Not by might nor by power, but by my word, saith the Lord."

All our Brigade (the 2nd) excepting our regiment, and all the 1st Brigade excepting the 91st Pennsylvania, were nine months men and their term having expired, they were mustered out. That broke up the 1st and 2nd Brigades of the 3rd Division. On the 18th we learned that we were to be transferred to the 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division. It was the division in which the Regulars were, and was commanded by General Sykes. Our Brigade in that Division was composed of the 140th and 146th New York, 91st and 155th Pennsylvania. We did not like the thought of being so near the Regulars, lest the law of strict military discipline might be enforced with us as it was with them, but in our association with them we found them good and reliable neighbors, especially in a battle. But we were rejoiced at getting from under Gen. Humphrey's command. He had, we fancied, insulted us before going into the Chancellorsville battle. He had us drawn up in line so he could make us a speech. He began it by swearing, he ended it with swearing and had oaths mixed all through it. He said: "You have come out to fight. (we knew that) you must fight, and if you won't fight I'll make you fight." With the oaths mixed this was about all of his speech. We did not like to be branded cowards before

we had met the enemy, or shown any signs of cowardice. If the boys did forgive that speech, they never forgot it. He was like some wagon drivers, who stall before the team does, and the first intimation the team has of any danger of stalling is from the shouting and frothing of the driver. In the battle of Chancellorsville, if our Generals had not been whipped, we would at least have held our position. We felt able to do that against all the forces Lee had to bring against us.

May 25th. We left Camp Humphreys, where we had been for so long a time, longer than we remained at any other place during the whole term of service, and where we had spent many pleasant hours as well as many sad ones in seeing several of our comrades die and laid away in the cold ground far from home and friends. We went to Camp Sykes in the 2nd Division. Our daily routine of camp life was the same as before, but we had one annoyance here that we did not have in any camp previous. The whole country around us was sandy, and as it had not rained for some time, and the wind was blowing hard, that sand drifted along lively. It drifted so at times that we could not see anything, our eyes, ears nose and mouth too, were full of sand. We could not always keep our mouths shut. We ate sand, we drank sand, our beds were full of it, it was in every place. The health of the company was excellent. We had no sick to report to the surgeon's call for a long time—had not had a death in the company for over two months except Fleming, who was killed in battle.

May 31st. Captain Cline, Sergeants Foster and Armstrong, Corporal Ewing and fifteen men were detailed to go on picket, with a like number from each company of the regiment. Soon after going out the captain in command, for some cause was sent back under arrest. The com-

mand then fell to Captain Cline, he being the ranking officer.

June 2nd. He sent another captain back under arrest for going outside the picket lines to see a Virginia lady. About this time we first heard of the rebels moving up the other side of the Rappahannock, which was discovered by those who went up in the balloon daily. Part of our army then moved up on our side of the river. This was the first move of what proved to be the Gettysburg campaign.

CHAPTER VI.

Policing---Marching---U. S. Ford---Trading Papers---Picket Duty and Orders---Inspection---Marching in the Rain and Darkness---Hard Marching and Heat---Gum Springs---Aldie---Picket and Cavalry Support---Foraging---Could Cook all we Got---Didn't Steal---Boarding Where we Labored---In Line of Battle---Drilling---Pretty Faces---Corporal Ewing---Orders to March---Leesburgh---Poolesville---Suffering from Heat and Fatigue---Disabled by Heat---Sergeant Porter.

June 3rd, 1863. Our pickets came in at noon. The men were put to work policing (sweeping) the streets and fixing up as though we were going to stay all summer. We went to bed at 9 o'clock and at 12 were awakened and instructed to have all ready to march at 3 a. m. We drew three days' rations, packed up and were ready, but did not start until 4 o'clock. We took up our line of march for we didn't know where. Our brigade did not halt until we arrived near U. S. Ford, at which we crossed on our retreat from Chancellorsville. We relieved part of the First Division, who moved further up. We lay there in the thick woods, our boys picketing on one side, the rebs on the other side. Sometimes they would wade in half way, our boys meet them, take a chew of tobacco and exchange papers. Our balloonist reported them moving up the other side in large bodies. We did not then know where they were going. We did picket duty each alternate day. Our orders were to "be ready to march at ten minutes' notice." When we lay down at night it was uncertain whether we would rise in that place in the morning. When we arose

in the morning we did not know where we would lie next night. A soldier had to become accustomed to such things. It would often be a satisfaction to him to know where and when he is going, and what he is going for, but such things are not for him to know.

June 10th. There was a detail taken out to put up a telegraph line.

June 13th. We received orders to clean up and get ready for regimental inspection. After we had formed in line marching orders came to be ready at 8:30 p. m. We were dismissed at once and returned to camp. About the time for starting a heavy thunder shower came on and made us wringing wet. Part of the night was so dark we could not see anything, and we might be close enough to tramp the heels of those in front of us, but could not see them. Where it had been dusty before the rain, now with artillery and wagons and horses and men mixing it up, it was splash, splash as we waded through, frequently knee-deep; sometimes blundering in the dark and tumbling about in the mud, so that when we saw ourselves in daylight we resembled piles of mud. In six hours we marched five miles, and encamped near Hartwood Church. In the morning when we awoke we found the whole corps there. They had come in from along the river during the night.

June 14th. We marched to Catlett's Station, on the Alexandria and Gordonsville railroad, distance 18 miles, and all very tired. Next day we came to Manassas Junction, 20 miles. This was a terribly hot day. There was a great amount of straggling and a great many dropped off their feet with sunstroke, but none in our company.

June 16th. We remained in camp, Samson Schrecengost was sent off to the hospital. This was the place of which McClellan was so much afraid. It is naturally a

strong position, and they had it well fortified; we counted fifteen forts in sight.

June 17th. We started at 3 a. m.; we passed over the Bull Run battle field, and by way of Centerville, a distance of 20 or 25 miles and went into camp near Gum Springs about 3 p. m. This day we suffered, if possible, more with the heat than before. The rain that fell on the 13th only extended this way five or six miles, and after that we had the dust to annoy us, with the heat which made our suffering greater. We could not understand why we marched so hard one day that it required next day to rest and gather up the stragglers. We could hear cannonading west of us eight or ten miles toward Aldie, and on the 19th marched to Aldie, and got another soaking rain. We lay down and covered up with our oil cloths, but that did not prevent it running in under us.

June 21st. We went out two miles on picket and cavalry support, returning next day.

We had now been confined to hard tack for several weeks and the boys thought that here was a chance for a change of diet. Without waiting to be refused permission to go they went, and judging from the proceeds that came into camp, they found the hen coops, hog pens, spring houses, cellars and many other things. George Clever and E. A. Calhoun brought in a part of a hog. Our boys were not greedy or selfish. They never took anything unless they were convinced they needed it. Our officers thought so sudden a change of food was not necessary for us to have, and sent out patrols to arrest all the raiders, so that it took skill and good legs to avoid being caught. Some of them found a mill in the neighborhood which had some 100 barrels of flour stored up, then flour began to come to camp in sacks, haversacks, buckets and

every other way. A civilian might wonder how we cooked everything; that never was any thought to us; the thought that troubled us most was how to get it. All we needed to cook it was a tin plate and a quart can. If any one was so fortunate as to have a frying pan or a coffee pot, or both, he was well fixed.

Some might think we were stealing when we were appropriating these things but that is a mistake. Those Virginians had, as they thought, gone out of the Union. We were out to whip them into the Union again. We were laboring and suffering for their benefit, and it was proper they should board us part of the time. When they objected to cooking for us we had to take it and cook it ourselves. We did not have any desire for them to cook for us, but we certainly lived well as long as we remained in that vicinity.

We could hear cannonading nearly every day. We were in line of battle once when on reserve picket, but the rebs did not come near enough for us to exchange compliments.

June 23rd. We resumed drilling and the old customs of camp life. We had a nice camp and were put to fixing it up and spending a great deal of labor on it, but that was no sign we would stay another day. Aldie had been a thriving village of twenty houses at the junction of two turnpikes. Among all the attractions of this place, but not the least, was some calico enclosing some very pretty faces; one especially was pronounced a beauty, but as calico among us had been rare, we might not at that time have been competent judges.

Corporal J. L. Ewing gave out soon after we started on this march and had now become quite sick. We had no accommodations for him or no medicine, and no way to

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send him to the hospital. He suffered with something like pleurisy.

Things passed along as usual for two days more, and we heard nothing more of a move until 1 a. m. of June 26th, when we received orders to be ready to march at 3 a. m. It rained before we started and rained nearly all forenoon, making the roads slippery and bad, and our loads wet and heavy. At noon we were at Leesburg. The brigade was taken to a fort on a high elevation, about a mile from the city. It being necessary to hold that point while the troops were passing. When the column was past, we followed, passing Ball's Bluff and crossing the Potomac on pontoons at Edwards' Ferry. We felt like encamping and expected to encamp when across the river, but were marched some seven miles into Maryland, encamping near Pools-ville. The distance this day was from thirty to thirty-five miles. In the forenoon we suffered from the rain and in the afternoon by the heat. Before we halted that night were a tired lot of boys, it was almost impossible to make one leg wag ahead of the other. Had we known the distance we had to go, but few would have remained in line but the expectation of encamping soon encouraged the boys to press on. The light of camp fires ahead brought joy to the heart of the weary, footsore soldier, and seemed to renew his strength.

On this night the demand for rest and sleep was greater than the demand of hunger, and nearly all went to sleep without making fires or having supper. About midnight we were disturbed by a call "to draw rations."

The writer having become disabled by the march and excessive heat, was compelled to lag behind, and Sergeant W. D. Porter will tell the story of the campaign. No army could produce a better soldier than Sergeant Por-

ter. His name was sent up for promotion for bravery on the battle field of Five Forks, and for every engagement the company was in. He never missed a battle or a skirmish that the company was in, and he and the writer were all that served with the company that were not hit. Our clothes were not struck that we ever knew anything about.

CHAPTER VII.

Eulogy---Marching Again---Description of the Country---
 Gen. Meade Supersedes Hooker---Other Changes---
 More Marching---Gen. Meade's Order---The March a
 Trying One---Loyalty---Disloyalty---In Line of Battle---
 Experiences---Battle of Gettysburg---Third Corps---On
 Round Top---New Yorkers---Wounded and Dying---
 Sharpshooters --- Longstreet's Charge---Wounded---A
 Change of Arms---The Loss in the Battle---The Pur-
 suit---Shoes and Rations---In Line of Battle---Fortifying
 ---Enemy Escapes---Adventure---On the Tramp---Back in
 Virginia---In Line of Battle---A Rest Necessary---Un-
 bidden Guests---Change of Diet---Patience Needed---
 The Captain's Ham---The Rappahannock---Memory---A
 Word to Company "K."

GOHEENVILLE, ARMSTRONG CO., PA., Jan. 17, 1888.

TO THE READER.—It is with reluctance that I relieve
 Lient. D. P. Marshall and assume the duty of giving the
 part taken in the Gettysburg campaign by Company "K"
 of the 155th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

After the war, when that eventful period was fresh in
 my memory, I reviewed and rewrote a part of my army
 letters. It is from that I give this brief history. It was
 the only battle in which the Company participated that
 Lient. Marshall was absent, and that through no fault of
 his own. He became crippled, but marched when he could
 make no advance with one foot. He would step a long
 distance with the well limb and bring the other on a line
 with the one ahead. His claim of being the largest man
 in the Union Army has not been disputed.

He was a good soldier and a good officer, as every one

in the Company will testify. He was old enough to understand the nature of the contest, and was more deeply interested in the result than those of less mature years. That is the only way I can account for his perseverance under difficulties.

W. D. PORTER.

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

FROM POOLESVILLE, MD., BACK TO BEVERLY, PA.

June 27th, 1863. After our hard march of the previous day, we were again on the move at 4 a. m., and marched to within a few miles of Frederick City, Md., fording the Monocacy.

The valley from the Potomac to that point was quite a contrast to the sandy plains and untilled fields of the Old Dominion. It seemed like passing from Hades into Paradise.

We thought we never saw such a number of beautiful fields of golden grain—almost ready for the reaper. We marched on the roads and did no damage to property in that locality.

Sunday 28th. Remained encamped and enjoyed a much needed rest. We were informed of the change in Commanders, Gen. Meade, our Corps Commander assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, in place of Gen. Hooker. The change placed Gen. Sykes in command of the Corps, Gen. Ayres, a Regular officer, in command of our Division and Gen. Weed of the Brigade. When the time of the nine month men expired, the 155th and 91st Pennsylvania were transferred to the 2d Division and Brigaded with the 140th and 146th N. Y. The other two

Brigades of the Division were Regulars. The Division at that time was commanded by Gen. Sykes.

Monday, June 29th. We were again on the move. We marched hard on that day, also Tuesday and Wednesday and part of the night, arriving within a few miles of Gettysburg.

On the March the report was circulated that Gen. McClellan had command of the army, but the battle was not fought under that impression, as has been stated.

Before we were engaged an order was read from Gen. Meade, commander, to "shoot any one who would attempt to leave the ranks or go to the rear without orders."

Our march from the Rappahannock in Virginia through Maryland and into Pennsylvania, considering the season and oppressive heat, was a trying one.

The troops were longing for battle or anything that would stop the everlasting tramp, tramp from morning until night, and from day to day. There were those in Frederick City who were ever ready to welcome the Union troops, and they did it with a will, but the citizens on our route in Adams county, Pa., we considered similar to those in Virginia. If it had been for their salvation alone that we were battling, the sacrifice of one army mule would have been sufficient.

Thursday, July 2nd. A short march brought us to the battle-field of Gettysburg. We were not long in one position, but were kept moving from one point to another, generally advancing in line of battle. On in the day we advanced to within a short distance of Round Top. In my experience, when fighting was necessary, I always preferred being the first engaged. The most trying ordeal of a soldier is to march to the scene of action amid a mass of wounded and suffering humanity,---some being borne

back on stretchers, others crippling back in a pitiable condition, some bearing their ills heroically, while a chance one would make a sad lament.

I also preferred a position in the regular line of battle to one in the rear as a support, or reserve. A support had to double-quick from one point to another, and when they were called on it was to battle with a victorious, exulting foe, at some point where the troops had wavered or been driven back. However, the good soldier was one who performed his duty wherever placed; who kept his thoughts to himself, or if he must grumble, relate his wrongs only in the ear of some sympathizing comrade.

About 4 p. m. the enemy attacked the Third Corps which held a position about one-half mile in front of the main line and the same distance from Round Top. We were ordered to their support, but when we had double-quickened about half the distance the order was countermanded. The enemy were advancing on our left flank with the intention of occupying Little Round Top. We were ordered "to about face," and double-quickened back to that point. We made Little Round Top in time, but none too soon, for a few minutes more would have given the enemy possession of that commanding and strategic point of the battle-field. They attacked us with the determination of winning, but failed. They also attempted the capture of a battery on our right and were repulsed.

The fighting continued until darkness put an end to the conflict. Company "K" had four wounded, Foster, Cowan, Shields and Hetrick, D. Kirkpatrick was struck by a ball, but not disabled; John Cowan died soon after from the effect of his wound. Lieut. J. A. H. Foster had a severe wound, which disabled him from duty for several months. In the battle our regiment held a position on the hill side,

about five rods from the summit of Little Round Top. Our left was nearly opposite the summit and the regiment extended from there to the right. There were no troops on Little Round Top when we passed it on our way to the Third Corps, and there were no Union troops there when we came back, hence, the brigade can claim the honor of seizing and holding that important point, with the assistance of a battery that was placed on the summit. The New Yorkers claim all the glory of the achievement. We have not the time and space to discuss the question, or we might take the honor, the same as we took the knapsacks of a valiant regiment from that state, at Hatcher's Run, when after firing on our own men, threw down their guns and knapsacks and broke for the rear. Their knapsacks being new and full, we obtained much that was needed.

At the close of the war I was firm in the conviction that we had performed our full share of work, in the way of suffering and endurance, exposure and hardships, marches and battles, and that our lot was as hard as any, save the prisoners, but after reading the National Tribune for a number of years, I have conceded all the glory of the suppression of the Great Rebellion to New York and Ohio.

Thursday night, July 2nd. When the fighting ceased we commenced to fortify our line, and worked at least half the night. The hill was thickly covered with rocks which we used in erecting breastworks. In the valley below us were many wounded, dying and dead.

If the most romantic, or the firmest advocate of war had been there and listened to the moans of the wounded and dying, the whole night long, as we did, were he a human and not a fiend incarnate, he would have longed for the day when the "sword will be beaten into the plowshare,

etc." Imagine a ray of light and glory, followed by a dark cloud of sorrow, suffering and death, and you have a picture of a battle field and a soldier's life in time of war.

Friday, July 3rd. Our line was not assaulted, but with the break of day the enemy's sharpshooters commenced their deadly work. The most of the firing was from a large rock called the "Devil's Den." They succeeded in killing Gen. Weed, Col. Yoreck and many others in the Brigade.

We received a share of the heavy cannonade that commenced about 1 p. m. Our elevated position gave us a good view of Longstreet's assaulting columns against Hancock's Corps on our right. Our suspense during the onset and our interest in the result was as great as though the blow had been aimed at our own part of the line. The battery on Little Round Top threw shells into the ranks of the charging column, but they would close up and move on.

The fierce contest resulted the same as did nearly all offensive movements by either side against a prepared force behind fortifications.

In the night we had a heavy rain and Saturday, July 4th, continued wet. The great battle was fought. There was some skirmishing on the line, but nothing of importance occurred. We assisted in placing some of the wounded on stretchers who had lain between the lines two days and two nights.

They were still cheerful and hopeful. Some of those heroic souls may be living to-day, perchance in a poor house, or maligned as "government paupers," and begrudged the pittance they receive as a pension. Our regiment received permission to arm themselves with Springfield rifles that were scattered over the battlefield,

in place of the old buck and ball musket that we formerly carried.

In the evening Capt. Cline was sent down from Little Round Top in charge of a detail from the Brigade, to relieve or establish a picket post on the other side of "Devil's Den," in the edge of the timber. It was so dark they had to use a lantern to find the way.

Next morning they were ordered to advance as skirmishers. As they advanced over an open field to a stone wall or fence from where a battery had been playing on us during the fight, they momentarily expected to be shot down by rebels concealed behind the wall, but after charging up to it, they found it deserted: the rebels had left during the night, leaving dead horses, broken artillery and other debris of the battle.

After advancing about a mile farther, our skirmishers came in sight of their cavalry rear guard, when they were ordered to rejoin their commands, who had started in pursuit of the Johnnies. This day, July 5th, we advanced in line of battle, but found no opposing force. They had retreated and left us in undisputed possession.

Their loss: killed, 3,500; wounded, 14,500; missing, 13,621; total, 31,621. Our loss: killed, 2,834; wounded, 13,709; missing, 6,643; total, 23,186

It still continued wet, and we found it necessary to cord our beds with rails to keep out of the mud.

Monday evening, July 6th. We left the vicinity of Gettysburg and started in pursuit of the enemy. Our long marches had left our foot-gear in bad shape for moving rapidly. A great many were barefooted and had to cripple along as best they could. The Government supply of provisions did not add much to our load. Rations were scarce and in demand. A full cartridge-box was consid-

ered of more importance than a full haversack. After four days of steady hard marching we arrived at Antietam Creek, having crossed South Mountain on the march. Our advance the next few days was moderate, as we were near the enemy.

Sunday, July 12th. We advanced several miles in line of battle expecting a fight, but met with no opposition. We left some wheat-fields in good condition for seeding a second time. When the column passed over one there was scarcely a stalk left standing. After gaining a position near the line of the enemy, we fortified our own and made preparations for repelling an assault.

Monday, July 13th. There was some skirmishing on the line, but no general engagement. Gen. Meade pursued the wisest course. An assault on the enemy's works would, in my opinion, have resulted in a repulse and a Fredericksburg slaughter.

Tuesday, July 14th. We advanced in line of battle, expecting to meet the enemy, but they had succeeded in recrossing the Potomac. Their rear guard were taken prisoners. Three of our Company "K" boys (R. O. Clever, E. A. Calhoun and G. H. Clever) were on the picket line the night previous. In the morning, seeing none of the enemy, they advanced to make discoveries. On going to the window of a house they saw a number of the enemy, who seemed anxious to have full stomachs before crossing the river into Virginia, by having a good breakfast. Our boys went to the door and demanded their surrender, which was complied with. G. H. Clever gave chase to one outside, and after some threats compelled him to surrender. When the prisoners saw the small force to which they had surrendered they concluded "that discretion was the better part of valor." The force that captured them was only

small in the way of numbers ; as soldiers they were giants and dangerous fellows to fool with. Calhoun's courage and fearlessness cost him his life in the battle of the Wilderness.

R. O. Clever, after being shot through both limbs, near the body in the battle of June 18th, 1864, carried his load more than ten rods to a place of safety. G. H. Clever has no rebel lead or war scars to remind him of his faithful service.

Wednesday morning, we were again on the tramp and continued to move every day, save one, until we arrived at Warrenton on the 27th. The marching, excepting one day, was at a moderate rate. The day we left Williamsport we made our second hardest day's march, that of twenty-six miles across the mountains. That evening Calhoun, Marlin and the writer called at a private residence and had our suppers. It was the only home like meal we had while in the service.

After crossing the mountains we moved down the river to Berlin and crossed on pontoons. Friday evening, July 16th, found us back in old Virginia. The next few days we made our second tramp along the Loudon Valley and compelled Lee to retreat up the Shenandoah. On the 24th, the 3rd Corps had a skirmish with the enemy at a pass in the mountains near Piedmont. The next morning our Corps advanced in line of battle, but the enemy had retreated in the night. We started again and arrived at Warrenton as stated, on the 27th. All our marches during the campaign were devoid of special interest or excitement, except the incidents usually attending a march. A rest was necessary to revive the fun-loving spirit of the boys after our long, wearisome tramp. We might have had a better feeling towards Gen. Lee in his Northern

raid, had he given us time to procure camp kettles and have a wash day once a week. We had an abundance of company that was anything but productive of a serene frame of mind, or Christain-like resignation. When we had a chance for rest and sleep, our unbidden guests would strike up a cotillion, and our only means of protesting against such a proceeding, was by a liberal use of boiling water; something we had no chance of procuring when on the march. While encamped near Warrenton, we had something of a variety in the way of an "Esau pottage," made out of blackberries and hard tack. The berries were plenty and we relished the change.

Monday, Aug. 3rd, 1863. We started on a series of moves that would have tried the patience of a more saintly set of men than the soldiers professed to be. On that day we were moved about one mile and received orders to "fix up," as we would likely remain for some time. We spent the whole day at home cleaning, or rather camp-clearing. With the use of forks, poles and pine tops, we made ourselves comfortable bunks and expected to enjoy the fruits of our labor, but when engaged at cooking supper, the bugle at headquarters sounded "pack up." We moved about five miles, but being detained by the teams did not encamp until near midnight.

Tuesday we received the same orders as on Monday. We remained that night, and it proved to be a very wet one. It was that night that some naughty boy stole a ham from Capt. Cline. This was the second, and his righteous indignation against Company B caused him to have the boys of that Company searched. The missing treasure was not found.

Wednesday, August 5th. We moved again and encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock, near Beverly

Ford. Another short move and we did settle down for a stay. Our camp at Beverly was in a shady grove, and the boys will remember it as a pleasant one, made enjoyable as a resting place after our wearisome campaign.

Memory reminds me of the dear old boys who once were gathered there. Of the many brave boys who once bivouacked on the bank of that historic stream; some fell on battle-fields amid the smoke and carnage of "grim visaged war;" some died in Southern prison pens, where "man's inhumanity to man" shamed the very fiends of hell; some were permitted to return and behold the blessings of peace their valor had won, when through the lingering sufferings of disease they too answered to the last great roll call.

"We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know."

The tie that bound us together does not weaken with age, but grows stronger and stronger as time thins our ranks and the cycle of years roll on.

I cherish the memory of the dead, and send a kind greeting to all who are still living.

The friends and friendship of bygone days
Time, in its course may sever;
But the memory of Company "K"
Will live with me forever.

—W. D. PORTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

Across the River---Re-crossed---Bunks Gone---Fat Hog---
Pot-Pies---An Issue of Rations---Chaplain Nominated
---Regimental Promotions---Rebel Movements---Five
Deserters Executed---One Year's Service---Lieut. De-
Ford Resigns---Beauty of a Commission---Marching
Orders---Sick Sent Away---Early Breakfast---Culpeper---
Roasting Ears---Remained in Camp---Eight Days
Rations---Another Deserter Shot---Rain and Mud---
"Pack Up"---Moved Out and Back to Camp---Falling
Back---Beverly Ford Camp---Again Across---Back at
Night ---Falling Back Toward Washington.

August 8th, 1863. As usual about 4 p. m. the bugle sounded "pack up," we marched down to the Rappahannock, found the pontoons laid and the 146th New York already across. The rebels had occupied this ground in the morning. Our regiment was immediately put out on picket, supported by the 146th New York. We could sometimes see the rebs away across the fields. We were on a splendid farm and what was once a beautiful home: neither money nor labor had been spared in making it a charming place, but the owners were gone and had left all to the detested "Yanks." When they returned to their home, they would be able to discover the Yanks had been there.

August 9th. We again packed up and moved down the river a mile and remained until 2 p. m. In the meantime the pontoons had been moved down opposite us, when we recrossed back to the camp we had left the day previous, found that some persons had carried off our bunks during

our absence. We had made them by driving short forks in the ground, then laying on cross pieces and slender poles on top; this was far ahead of lying on the ground. Not knowing but our stay might be short we did not replace them until the 12th. It was well we put them up then, because that night we had a rain which poured down six hours, and we had enough water to come through the tent cloths, without having to lie in water; we could wring the water out of our blanket covering. One day here some of the boys swam the river and killed a fat hog, weighing about 200 pounds, then we all had fresh pork as long as it kept good.

August 13th. We had been ditching, sweeping and fixing up camp and while at work the report came that we would march in two hours. At 2 a. m. that night they called for six men and a corporal to go on picket. These night calls were always very unwelcome, and we thought them much too frequent for comfort and convenience.

August 14th. We were visited by that ever welcome visitor, the dispenser of greenbacks, who paid us up to June 30th.

Samson Schrecengost returned to the company on the 19th, having been absent sick two months. We had some big feasts on what might be called elder berry pot-pie while in this camp, and while the berries held out. The usual mode of preparation was as follows: mess pans that held two or three gallons preferred; if there was no mess pan to be had, we got the next best vessel obtainable. First put in a layer of berries with the stems picked out, then a layer of crackers broken up and then a layer of sugar; (we always had plenty of sugar) then another layer on top as long as the supply lasted, or until there was sufficient to supply the demand. After it was cooked we

set it out where all could get at it with their spoons. if fortunate enough to have spoons; if not, then the next best thing we could get. That happened before the present mode of hotel service was discovered—of having from five to ten separate dishes for each person. There was one great advantage our plan had over the present plan in the saving of time. With us, if any one did not wish any, his share was not taken out of the pot for him, or when he had enough he quit and the remainder was left for his comrade. On the other hand, observe what a time the waiters have in a hotel running from the seat of one departed guest to another, gathering up the morsels dished out previously without consulting the wishes of the guests; then mixing and heating them in the pot, and again dishing them out for the next table. Our plan was better, as we avoided all that.

Uncle Sam was then feeding his boys very well. This day we had new potatoes issued, and got fresh beef half the time, and salt pork or bacon the other half; soft bread half the time, dried apples frequently, besides many other things too numerous to mention, consequently our health was good.

August 26th, 1863. We all expected to witness a sight, which most of us dreaded—the execution of five conscript deserters from the 118th Pennsylvania, in the first Division of our corps. We saw them mark off the ground the day previous, when we were out on drill. The hour for the execution, 3 p. m., passed and we then heard that it would not take place until the 29th, and we hoped since there was a respite that there would be no execution for us to witness. The officers held a meeting about having a chaplain appointed for the regiment; Capt. Cline proposed Rev. Harvey Marshall; Capt. Ewing proposed Rev. Joseph

Mateer, of Clarion county, and some one proposed Rev. James Carothers, of Leechburg. The vote was taken, to correspond first with Rev. Mateer and if he could not accept, then Rev. Carothers, and next Rev. Marshall. We were well pleased, feeling that among the three we were pretty certain to get one that would be an improvement on the generality of army chaplains.

After Col. Allen's resignation, Lieut. Col. Cain had been promoted Colonel: Maj. A. L. Pearson to Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. John Ewing was promoted to Major.

It was not for us to know why we were lying here so long in this condition of masterly inactivity; camp rumors were that Lee was getting ready to flank us and drive us back toward Washington, and that it was in expectation of a move of that kind that we had marching orders about two weeks since. We shall wait and see what we shall see.

August 27th. Received notice that James W. Hayes was transferred to the veteran Reserve Corps.

August 29th. The execution of the five deserters, already referred to, took place this day about 100 rods from our camp. The orders were for it to take place in the presence of the whole corps: accordingly every man who was able to go, was called out at 2 p. m. We marched out and were formed in line on the declivity of a hill, facing the graves, which had been previously dug on another declivity across a small stream. Our regiment being nearest, we had a good view of the whole scene; we were not more than 100 yards from the graves. The Corps was all stationed so as to have a good view. It was estimated there were 25,000 men present. Everything was well arranged and all was quiet until 3:30 p. m., when we heard a brass band. All in front were immediately faced to the

rear, when we discovered that there was an aisle left up through the center.

The band came on playing a funeral march, a most beautiful and solemn piece of music. As they passed each Brigade, they were saluted with muffled drums and some solemn tune. They soon reached us, first the band, then the Provost guard, 100 men, part of whom were to be the executioners, then came the condemned, each one of them attended by two guards, and preceded by his coffin, which were each carried by four men with white gloves and representing pall bearers. The dress of the deserters consisted of new government pants, nice white shirts and caps on their heads.

Two of them were Catholics and were attended by a Catholic Priest; two were Protestants and attended by a Chaplain; the fifth was a Jew and was attended by a Rabbi, who was easily known from the sentence, "They make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments." Next came ten men carrying shovels and in the rear some more of the provost guard. They passed on, when we were again about faced to the front. They passed along opposite the open graves, each coffin was set down in front of a grave, and each sat down on his own coffin, facing the executioners, fifty of whom were drawn up in line about fifteen paces from them and between them and us. Soon all was arranged, and the ministers held their last conversation with the condemned. One of them, a German, had risen and was standing engaged in prayer until three minutes of four o'clock. They could not wait any longer. One beside him, said to be his brother, kissed him. He walked to where one of the others were, said to be a relative, and kissed him; walked back and sat down again on his coffin. An officer stepped up and bound a

white scarf over the eyes of each one; then he stepped back and gave the command, "Ready—aim—fire!" The fifty guns cracked almost as one. Four of the men fell forward, the other one fell back on his coffin, each one said to be pierced with five bullets in his breast. Four were dead in a moment; the other lived a minute or two. There were two slight groans heard, but we were not certain where they came from. In a few minutes they were in their coffins and lowered into their graves, and we filed around and marched to camp.

This minute description is given that all may see, who read this, with what military exactness everything was done and how well everything was conducted. Very many shed tears at the sight, and very few, if any, of those who witnessed it would ever wish to behold another sight of the same kind.

August 31st. Col. John H. Cain resigned and called out the regiment to say good bye. His resignation was brought about by his having a few words with the Brigade Commander when on drill.

September 3rd, 1863. It is one year to-day since we were mustered into the U. S. Service. Then we numbered 90 men, now only 60. We have lost 30 by death, discharge and resignations, 10 of the 60 absent in hospitals, and two or three of them will never return to the company.

September 6th. A letter from Rev. Mateer states he had accepted the position of Chaplain, and would soon be with us.

September 9th. First Lient. Ridsen DeFord had tendered his resignation on account of ill health. It had been accepted and he started home on the 10th. Boys, is not a nice thing to have a commission? Then when we

get sick we can resign and go home, and don't have to be dragged from one hospital to another until the breath is all knocked out of us ; or when we get mad and scold the Brigadier and the Brigadier scolds us, then we can resign, and quit, and don't have to go to the guard-house where the graybacks are so plenty that there must be guards placed about to prevent them from carrying us off. The next time we enlist, let us all take commissions in our pockets.

September 13th. Capt. Cline went on picket with a detail to be out two days. This left Sergeant Marshall in command of the Company. That evening we received orders to have everything in readiness to move at short notice. Nothing else occurred next day, only that marching orders were not renewed until the evening of the 15th, when the orders were to pack everything except tents. That night all who were not able to march were sent to the hospital. We furnished six, as follows : Corporal Serene, G. Reed, R. L. McGaughey, J. R. Henderson, Calvin Gray and Wm. R. Mahan.

At 3:30 next morning the drums waked us. We got up, ate our breakfast, and were ready to start at daylight, but had only crossed the river, a mile distant, at 8 o'clock. At 2 p. m. we had marched 12 miles and camped near Culpepper. Next morning we were up early again, passed through Culpepper, which had once been a thriving place, but it had suffered severely on account of secession. After marching four miles more we halted, lay about awhile and then had orders to put up our tents, as we might stay there three or four days. We were very well pleased with the location, as we were close by a large field of corn that was then in roasting ear. It was a feast until the corn became too hard.

September 29th. We were paid for months of July and August. We still remained in the same camp. This thing of when we will march is a very uncertain business ; sometimes we will be watching and expecting to march at any time, and have orders to be ready for days at a time, and then not move, but quiet down and stay for weeks. At other times we may think we are settled down to remain for weeks, when suddenly orders will come and we will be on the move in an hour. A soldier's life may be rather a happy one, if he only has the gift of contentment with whatever condition he may be placed in, and also the gift of resignation to do the will of his superiors—obey orders at all times

Our eight days' rations had been kept up for a long time. Now there were orders not to issue any more until we would eat five, thus reducing them to three days.

There was another deserter shot in the First Division on the 26th. We would probably have been called out to witness it had it not been so wet. We were not sorry. It was so near that we heard the volley.

October 3rd, 1863, was another very wet day. We used to enjoy wet days at home, when we could rest and look out at it, but here, where we had to eat, sleep and be in the rain and that red mud, it was not so pleasant. Sergeant Foster returned to the Company, but was not fit for duty as his wound was not healed.

October 8th. We received orders on dress parade to clean up and prepare for corps review next day. Next morning at 1 o'clock we were waked up by the bugle sounding, "pack up," "pack up." The boys crawled out and commenced packing up ; then the orders came to draw eight days' rations and to be ready to march at 3 a. m. Then all was bustle and confusion. There must be a de-

tail to go for the rations. They must be divided out and stored away, and all done quickly. We then took a round-about road for eight miles, and halted near Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan river. Part of the First corps crossed over, hunting for rebs, but found none. We remained there until near evening, when we took another road and came back to camp. We now thought the march was over and began putting up our tents, but before we had that done, we received notice that we would soon go again, then soon after received another order to make ourselves comfortable until morning. At 4 a. m. the bugle again waked us, but did not start until 7 a. m. We were again in the rear, except some cavalry. We passed back through Culpepper and half way to the Rappahannock, when we halted for dinner. The rebs were following us skirmishing with the cavalry in our rear. We were in line of battle several times, but they did not come close enough to us to exchange compliments. At sundown we crossed the river back into our old camp: distance that day, fourteen miles. We put up our tents over the old bunks and prepared ourselves for a good rest. Next morning at 3 a. m., waked up again with orders to recross the river at 5:30. We crossed and lay in line of battle, our skirmishers close to the rebels until 2 p. m., when our cavalry advanced on them, killing several, and drove them as far as Culpepper. Our corps and the Sixth followed more than half way and went into camp with heavy cannonading in front. Henry Upperman was sent to the hospital this day, sick.

That night at 10 o'clock we were again waked up and in 15 minutes were on the back track. When on such marches we seldom followed any roads and so it was this time. After wading swamps, falling in ditches and other adventures, we recrossed the Rappahannock back to our Beverly

Ford camp at 5 a. m. Some of the boys lay down on the old bunks to finish the night's sleep, but before they had time to close their eyes orders came to be ready to march in an hour. Then we had to hurry in order to get our breakfast before the time. This was October 13th. At six we started, but this time we changed our direction and started toward Washington. That day we kept near the railroad, passing Warrenton Junction and encamped that night near Catlett's station, on the same ground where we encamped the second night when on the Gettysburgh campaign.

We had now eaten four of the eight day's rations. That night we were ordered to draw four days more, keeping the number up to eight days and also keeping us up late that night.

CHAPTER IX.

Marching—Rebels Close—Taken Back Five Miles—Centerville—On Reserve—Wet Night—Drying Garments—Again in the Advance—Bull Run Battle-field—Why March at Night—Wormy Crackers—Condemned—Best Time to Eat Them—Short Marches—Clothing Returned—Confidence in Gen. Meade—An Estimate—Chaplain Mateer—Rappahannock Station—Richmond Markets—Rebel Letter and Beef—Reviews—The Sick—A Move—Mud—Going Back—Pack-up—Rapidan—Skirmishing—Shelled—Moved to the Right—Piled Knapsacks—Feeling Serious—Orders to Charge—Mine Run—Cold Day—Shelled—Back at Knapsacks—Falling Back—Cold Night—A March—Rappahannock.

October 14th, 1863. Tumbled out of bed at 4 a. m.; had breakfast ready to march at 6. We could hear cannonading far in the rear—the cavalry fighting the rebels. We stopped for dinner at Bristow Station, five miles from Manassas. The First and Second Divisions crossed a small stream and stopped in a field. The Third Division (Pennsylvania Reserves) stopped before crossing the stream. The First and Second had eaten dinner and gone a short distance, when suddenly from a hill the rebels opened fire on the Third Division, the first shell falling among the 11th Reserves, killing and wounding several. They were firing over the Second Corps—probably did not see them—when they turned and drove the rebels some distance. We marched on to Manassas and lay until sun-down, when we were taken back about five miles on the double-quick

to prevent the rebs from flanking the Second Corps. - We saw no rebels, except some prisoners. We were told that we were very close to them, and were not permitted to speak above a whisper. We remained there an hour or two, when we fell back to Manassas, went on to Bull Run and forded it, being about knee-deep, and after going about three miles farther went into camp at four in the morning. We had marched about 25 miles that day. About 8 a. m. we started, passing through the fortifications at Centerville, where we halted and were told that we were a reserve. We then marched on near to Fairfax Court House, Meade expecting a general attack by the rebels. All remained quiet until near night, when there was a brisk cannonade in the direction of Manassas, which we afterwards learned was a skirmish between the rebs and Second Corps.

This was the sixth night since we had a night's rest, and were now badly in need of it. We were permitted to lie all night, but it rained and made us wet and cold.

October 16th. We marched back to Centerville. October 17th, returned to camp near Fairfax C. H. We were becoming acquainted with the road between these two points. This evening at 5 o'clock we were ordered to pack up, were in line at six but did not march until seven. There was a thunder cloud getting ready to pour out its contents on us. About the time we started it began to rain in torrents. In a few minutes we were as wet as we could get. Low ground had water knee deep, small runs became creeks, but the harder it rained and the deeper we had to wade, the louder the song and the cheer: we might have been heard miles distant. It made matters no worse to lie down, or fall down in the water: we were wet and could not get any wetter. When we had passed over

some four miles toward Centerville, we turned off and camped in a field. The prospect for a comfortable sleep that night was not very flattering. All wet, ground covered with water. No fire, nothing to make fire with, nothing to stretch our tent cloths, nothing to keep us out of the water and mud, but we did the best we could.

The next morning we found wood to make fires, and the sun came out bright so that we soon had our clothes comfortable. At 9 a. m. we started again for Centerville. The army had nearly all disappeared. The rebels were falling back. Their intention seemed to have been to flank our army and get possession of this strong position, and make another Bull Run fight with the chances in their favor, but in the race we had beaten them a few hours and now they had to fall back.

We did not rest here long. Centerville and its fortifications were soon left behind. We crossed Bull Run above where we had crossed it before and encamped that night on the ground of the second Bull Run battle. Distance traveled this day was about 15 miles.

We lay on the ground where the Pennsylvania reserves had fought and were compelled to retreat, and where a number of them were buried so slightly that parts of the skeletons were bare; these were carefully covered up by their comrades. There were some found that had not been buried at all, one instance, comrades Kirkpatrick and Armstrong were scouting about and found one; they saw "Jo Sch" on his belts; just then one of the 10th Reserves came up and looked at it; he said the dead comrade's name was "Joe Schiek" and that his mother had written several times to learn where he was, and all the satisfaction they could give her was that "he was missing." The different positions were pointed out to us, and all

agreed that the loss of the battle should be laid to Gen. McDowell.

At 1 o'clock next morning, October 19th, the bugle called us up, we marched through the mud in the dark and at daybreak struck the Manassas Railroad in about five miles, at Gainesville, where we lay 'till noon. Some might ask why did we not wait until daylight and then do our marching? Well when there was so much to pass over a road the point was to keep it full all the time. The 6th Corps had passed over this same road in the early part of the night, and there were trains both before and behind us. After dinner we started, marched seven miles and camped near New Baltimore. This was in a gap of the Bull Run mountains where the Warrenton pike passes.

We remained in this camp five days, or until the 24th; we had, in the meantime, laid it off in regular order and cleaned it up. While here we tried an experiment, which we never again wished to repeat. The crackers issued to us, were wormy—full of worms. break a cracker any place and if we did not find a worm there, we would find where it had been and made its quarters before it moved into a new camp; we complained to our captain that the crackers were not fit to eat. Other companies complained to their officers; the officers carried the complaints to headquarters. There was a commission sent to examine the crackers, or the worms, and they were condemned. We gave up our wormy crackers with joy and gladness, thinking how nicely we had disposed of them, and now we would get some that we could eat. They were hauled out and thrown in a pile, until there were enough to have filled a small barn, and probably all that were in the Corps; then there were guards placed all about them. We waited that day for another issue of crackers, and we waited the next

day. About this time we began to linger about that large pile and look at them with longing eyes, prompted by empty stomachs, but the guards would not permit us to touch one. Those worms were condemned to be burned, and it was not for us to rescue them. At last they were set on fire and burned up. We continued to grow hungrier until the third day, when they issued some more, and when we broke them we found they were just like those we saw burned, but we did not ask our officers to condemn any more. We soon learned that the best time to eat them was after night and before daylight. About that time in the season a year later we found they had the same disease; but we ate them—we inflicted punishment on those worms ourselves.

October 24th, 1863. Rained nearly all day. In the evening when everything was as well wet as they could get the bugle blew "pack up." We marched 4 miles through the mud, and long after night encamped near a place called Auburn. Next day at noon we packed up again and moved a short distance, laid off a camp and began to fix up for staying, some said a long time, and we did stay five days. About this time our heavy clothing, that we had boxed up and turned over to the authorities six months previously, was returned to us. A good many that werewith us then were not with us now to receive their clothing. Some were dead, some were in the hospitals and some discharged and at home. This caring for our clothing was a wise provision of the Government and saved us many dollars of expense, because if we had not sent them away we would undoubtedly have had to throw them away and draw new ones when we needed them.

October 30th. We moved to Warrenton Junction and went into camp. The whole army had now acquired great

confidence in Gen. Meade. Old soldiers who had been in the army since the beginning, said that he could manoeuvre it better than any General who had ever commanded it. Confidence in a commander is a strong element in winning a battle.

We were well satisfied to leave all to his direction, believing that he had the ability to manage things for the best, and that with the blessing of God we would come out all right. The uninitiated can have but little idea of the skill and planning that it takes to move an army, the size of our army there, in the presence of the enemy and do it successfully—to have everything move together and come out together in the right place. It was estimated that the wagon trains and artillery of the Army of the Potomac would reach seventy-five miles if it was strung out in line.

Our Corps, with all its trains, the men four abreast, would probably reach ten or twelve miles.

When we consider this we can understand why we so frequently have to march in the night.

October 31st. D. L. McClosky returned from the hospital.

November 3rd. Robert Brewster, G. W. Thompson and W. W. Wells were sent to the hospital.

November 4th. Our Chaplain, Rev. Joseph Mateer, joined the regiment this day.

The evening of November 6th we were notified that reveille would beat at four next morning and that we would march at six a. m. We started and marched six or eight miles and halted in the vicinity of Rappahannock station. Our Brigadier was in command of the pickets, who advanced as skirmishers. They soon found the rebs and drove them back, when cannonading began and con-

tinued for hours. We expected every minute to be called on but did not receive orders to march until near sundown, when we advanced a mile through the woods in line of battle and halted after dark, when the firing ceased. There we lay until four next morning, November 8th. We moved down the river and crossed at Kelly's Ford about six miles from our starting place, and appearances would indicate that they had left very suddenly when our troops arrived. We found letters, papers and other things. One paper was a Richmond Examiner printed ten days previous. Among other news, it gave the Richmond markets. Here are some of them: Beef, \$1.75 per pound; bacon, \$2.50 and \$2.60 per lb.; eggs \$2.00 and \$2.25 per dozen; flour, \$75.00 per bbl. We had heard of these prices before but thought it untrue.

Corporal Armstrong and George Clever had been detailed from the Company as train guards on this campaign and we seldom saw them.

November 10th, 1863. We moved a short distance and went into camp. The officers told us we would probably remain here ten days. Some of us thought we would make ourselves as comfortable as possible, so we went to work and carried some of the rebel shanties about forty rods, rebuilt them, and had them to do duty for the Union. In one shanty we found a letter partly written by a rebel. He said, "The Yankees have gone into winter quarters and we are going to stay here this winter, and we have put up the best quarters we have had since the war began;" then a little further on he said, "I must quit; we are going;" then he had dropped it and ran. We found some beef half roasted. Poor deluded creatures! they did not stay there all winter.

November 13th. This day we heard brisk cannonading

toward the front and had orders to be ready to march. We afterwards learned that our cavalry had made a dash on the rebels, driving them.

November 19th. The Paymaster was with us, giving us two months' pay. All those who wished it, instead of receiving the greenbacks, could have a check on the Assistant Treasurer at New York for whatever part of their wages they wished to send home. This was a great convenience. We had notice to be ready for Corps review that day, but it rained and the boys rejoiced over it, for we had no great love for reviews. We had a division review the day previous.

November 22nd. Appearances indicated a move. There were orders for the sick to be sent away to hospital. David Wolf was sent from Company "K." Preparations continued, and in the evening of the 25th orders came to be ready at an early hour next morning. At 4 a. m. the bugle sounded. We packed up, ate breakfast, and at daylight were ready to start, and about that time it began to rain. We started toward the Rapidan, and when we had gone 2 miles we had become very wet. Our loads, which were heavy when we started, had now become much heavier. The wagons and artillery were beginning to stick in the mud. That is the nature of the Virginia soil, and it takes but very little rain to put it in that condition. We stopped, as we supposed, to rest, but in a few minutes orders came to return to camp. We returned, put up our tents, put on fires, and while sitting trying to dry our clothes, were wishing that we had the editor of the New York Herald and a few more of those Northern editors who continually want to know, "Why don't the army move?" along with us in the rain and mud, with loads equal to ours, if it was only for a short march, like this one, and they would not

have to ask again, "Why don't the army move!" and they never would ask that again. A winter campaign, with 75,000 or 100,000 men, is a nice thing to talk about and write about at home, but the reality is not so pleasant. We are all well satisfied with Gen. Meade's order and think he took a wise course in countermanding the order before we had gone too far; or we would have had another "stick in the mud."

November 25th. We had settled down, and it looked as though we might stay some time, but next morning at 4 o'clock the bugle again blew, "pack up." We started at daylight, and at noon had marched 8 miles, until we came near the Rapidan river. In the evening we crossed on pontoons without meeting any opposition. We marched out four miles and encamped near the Chancellorsville battle ground. It froze hard that night.

November 27th. At sun-up we were marching on the plank road toward Orange Court House. The Reserves were in front and we next. Towards noon they met the enemy's skirmishers and drove them some distance until the firing became pretty hot. We had stopped to get some dinner, and were scarcely done before we had to start and double-quick a mile or two, when we filed off into pine woods out of sight, in the rear of the Reserves, and lay down because the rebs were sending their shells all about us pretty fast, but none of us were struck. We lay there all night in line of battle, expecting to be attacked. Morning came and all quiet, except the skirmishing on the front. Then it began to rain, and the longer the harder. Soon the orders came to move. About 10 a. m., all the other troops having moved back, our Division followed. We fell back a short distance, and then turned off to the right to join the rest of the army that had crossed farther

up the river. In the afternoon we made connection with them on the hard pike and encamped for the night. At 4 a. m., November 29th, we moved to the front line and relieved the Second Corps, which moved to another position. Here we lay in battle line, while our skirmishers and theirs kept popping away at each other continually. We could see the rebels behind and about their works on the hill across Mine Run. About 2 p. m. we had orders to fix up and pile our knapsacks and to place one man as guard over them, as we would make a charge on the rebel works at 4 p. m. We did as instructed. We felt that this was a serious business. We knew we could not expect to charge on those works and all return alive. We knew that we would be running right into the jaws of death. Very many gave their money and valuables to the Chaplain. Some of us did not, for we felt that our time had not yet come. Some of us believed that if we attacked we would be unsuccessful, because Sabbath day attacks are generally unsuccessful.

But 4 o'clock came and passed, and all remained quiet. Night came, and we made down our beds. At 1 a. m., November 30th, we were quietly waked up, and our Corps, with some other troops, moved out quietly to the right two miles, where we formed in three lines to attack and flank them. We were formed in the woods. It was extremely cold and we could not have fire, nor were we allowed to make any noise lest they might discover our position. The first line was to charge, and if they failed then the second line, and if they failed, then the third. The charge was to be made at 8 o'clock. When daylight came it was found they were ready for us there too. They had made brush dams in the creek so that the water was several feet deep. It was not a pleasant thought to think of wading that.

when in a few minutes our clothes would be frozen stiff: then perhaps get wounded and freeze to death on the battle-field. The rebs seemed to think there was something in those woods, and persisted in sending their compliments in the shape of balls and shells, which whizzed all about us. There were some men hit, but none in our company.

The good sense of our Generals prevailed, and we did not have to make that charge, but there we laid all that cold day. There was no way to keep warm, only by exercise, and no other way to exercise as well as by running in a circle; sometimes twenty or thirty running in the same circle at the same time. It was said that several men froze to death during the day. Darkness came at last and we fell in and marched back near where we left in the morning, where we were permitted to have fire, for the first time in eighteen hours, and we did enjoy it. We remained that night and until 2 p. m. next day, when our corps was extended on the front line as far as we could reach; relieving other troops, when they fell back. We remained on the line until after dark, when we started towards the Rapidan. For some reason we marched so slow we nearly froze. We recrossed the Rapidan at 4 next morning, Dec. 2nd, having been nine hours marching thirteen miles. After marching another mile we halted, made some fires, spread down our blankets and lay down. It was now past 5, and before 8 o'clock, were waked up and started without time to get breakfast. We marched about ten miles more, and at 1 p. m. went into camp near Stephensburg, where we lay until next morning, Dec. 3rd, 1862, when we started again. We struck the railroad near Brandy Station, and crossed the Rappahannock, it being the twelfth time for some of us.

CHAPTER X.

Building Winter Quarters—Another Execution—Various Moves and Winter Quarters—Furloughs—A New Year—Sutler's Prices—"Uncle Sam's" Allowance---A Recruit---Expecting an Attack---Zouave Uniform---An Agreeable Move---Real Enjoyment---Christian Commission---Zouave Brigade---Guard at Chapel Door---Monthly Inspection---Chaplain's Services---Guerrillas---Surroundings---Revival---A Premonition --- Expecting an Attack---More Recruits---Effects of the Revival---Target Practice---A Change.

December 3rd, 1863. When we had marched two miles farther we halted and drew rations. We were needing them very much, for some haversacks had been empty all day.

Daylight, December 4th, found us in motion again. We passed Bealeton Station and halted at Warrenton Junction. We now found that our Corps was being scattered all along the railroad as guards and this was our location. Our camp was laid off and also the location of our quarters.

December 5th. We went to work cutting, splitting and carrying in timber for our winter quarters according to orders from the officers. We worked hard and had most of the timber on the ground, when about dark the bugle blew, "pack up." We did so, but we were mad---very mad. Then orders came that we would not start until 8 next morning. At that time we (our Brigade) fell in and marched back to Beeleton and camped. Next morning they told us we

would likely stay there all winter; then we all went to work again taking out timber for winter quarters. This day our Brigadier, Gen. Gerrard, left us, being transferred to some other command. Col. Gregory, of the 91st Pennsylvania, was put in command of the Brigade.

December 7th and 8th we worked hard at our houses, so as to have them ready to move into before the next rain. We had now been thirteen days and nights without shelter and had to take the rain and frost or freezing as it came. There was not one of those nights that did not freeze.

December 8th. Received notice of the death of George W. Thompson at Carver U. S. Hospital, Washington, D. C., on November 29th.

December 9th. We put a few extras on our quarters. We split planks for flooring and also for our bunks. By turning up the soft side of an oak plank we had a good substitute for mattresses and bed-springs.

December 11th, 1863. It rained very hard all night and next morning the water was three inches deep under the bed. Corporal George A. Serene and privates Calvin Gray, Brewster, Reed and Mahan returned from the hospital, which increased the number of men for duty from 18 to 22.

December 15th. Capt. Cline received a "leave of absence" for ten days and started for home.

December 18th. We were called to witness another solemn scene, the execution of John B. McMann of the 11th U. S. Infantry for desertion. We knew nothing about it until a few hours previous. We marched out a mile from camp, through the mud. Our Division was drawn up, forming three sides of a square, all facing inward. Soon the procession appeared, headed by a band of music; next followed the executioners—eleven in number:

then four men carrying a coffin; then the condemned man and a Chaplain, followed by some 40 of the Provost guard. They marched around on the inside of the square, the band playing. The culprit marched to the time with a firm step, recognizing acquaintances and saluting the Generals as he passed them. We were standing about ten rods from the grave. The coffin was laid down at the end of the grave, and he kneeled down beside the coffin, facing the executioners. He appeared to be engaged in prayer for five or ten minutes. The Chaplain then blindfolded him, shook hands, and stepped back. Everything was as still as death. He remained on his knees, his head erect. The officer gave the command by signs, and when the guns cracked he fell forward on his face and knees, and in a few minutes he was in his grave, and we were on our way back to camp. We had hoped, after witnessing the execution of the five deserters near Beverly Ford, that it would never be necessary to witness another. It is a sight that no one need be desirous of seeing. It was so arranged in loading the guns that no one knows whether he put a ball into the prisoner or not. The guns are loaded, one-half of them with ball, the other half with blank cartridge, and those that fire do not know which one has a ball or which has not; then, after the volley, each gun is tried to see if it has been discharged.

December 26th. Capt. Cline returned to the company after an absence of ten days. About 2 p. m. Companies "K" and "E" received orders to pack up and go down the railroad and relieve part of the 91st Pennsylvania, who were guarding there. Our quarters that we had built so nicely and with so much hard work, were to be taken care of as we should probably return. About four miles marching brought us to the place we were to guard. We

had not been halted long enough to get our suppers when the balance of the regiment arrived, and ten minutes afterward we were all on the go. We passed Warrenton Junction and on to Catlett's Station. We had now traveled ten miles and it was past midnight. We went into the quarters of the 10th Reserves, who had moved out that day. Morning came and with it a drizzling cold rain. We hoped to get staying in our quarters but were doomed to be disappointed. Early in the morning Companies "D," "E," "G" and "K" were detailed to go down toward Bristow Station and relieve some of the Reserves. We marched about three miles through the rain and mud, each company stopping by itself. We squatted in the woods and pitched our tents on the ground. We had been there about three hours when the Regulars came to relieve us, and we started back. We passed Catlett's and arrived at Warrenton Junction at night, wet, weary, wicked and muddy, very tired if not wiser men. We have never been able to discover why we were marched day and night through rain and mud, first one direction and then turn and go the other way. This is likely to remain one of the unsolved problems of the war. We were now back in the same place we had left three weeks previous. When we went away the 11th Reserves came here, built up the quarters we had commenced; now they were gone and we were back in them, but they had not quite completed them for us, as we had to clean away the mud in places before making down our beds. We had no means of knowing how long we might stay there. This was an important point and it was necessary to have a strong guard. The rebels had made some attempts to get the road there. At 10 p. m. we had orders to be ready

with our guns in our hands, as there was a raid expected, but no "Johnnies" came.

There were a great many wanting furloughs about this time. The regiment was allowed to send only seven at a time for ten days, so that our prospect for furloughs was not bright.

January 1st, 1864. 1863 is gone, who shall live to the close of this year? The past year has been one of many hardships and trials, and numberless have been the dangers we have passed through, seen and unseen, to say nothing of the dangers from disease. Many of our dear comrades have been laid under the sod from disease; only two have gone to their long home from the bullets of the enemy. It has also been a year that most of us have not seen home or friends; shall it be so this year? We hope not, but it is hard to tell what is for us in the future. They had been giving some furloughs, but for some reason they had now almost stopped giving any. It was probably because so many of the older regiments were re-enlisting and going home on veteran furloughs, that the rest of us could not be spared then. It required two years service before a regiment could re-enlist; we had not been that long in the service, therefore we could not re-enlist; if we could, most, if not all, would have been willing.

As this was New Year's day the sutler was on hands with chickens at one dollar each, turkeys at six to seven dollars each. Three of us indulged in apples to the amount of seventy-five cents, and had eighteen small apples, six to each one. In the evening "Uncle Sam" sent around some whisky for his boys, in the proportion of a quart for twelve men, but from the way a good many of our officers behaved, we thought they had about twelve quarts to

every twelve men, and a few quarts to keep over to next day.

January 2nd. Last night was extremely cold, too cold to sleep, too cold to sit beside the fire; water froze while in a vessel three or four feet from a good fire. The captain and some of the boys were on picket; they must have suffered.

January 3rd (Sabbath). Chaplain Mateer preached for us. It was very cold, but there were about 100 men stood out in the cold to hear the sermon. He never missed an opportunity for doing good. We had unusually cold and stormy weather from January 1st until the 9th. That day we received the first recruit we had since we came out--- Wm. F. Cline. We needed some more, so as to make the duty easier. The Company was so reduced that the boys had to be on duty each alternate day.

From the 10th to the 16th nothing unusual occurred. We had some alarms from guerillas or rebel cavalry, but no attack.

January 19th. Preaching by our Chaplain from the text, "What think ye of Christ?" Matt., Chap. 22, verse 42. In the evening we received Zouave uniforms. We had heard some talk, but nothing positive, until they came. It was marvelous how quickly we changed from common infantry soldiers to Zouaves in full uniform, and no doubt the uniform looked as odd to others as we felt in it; but we soon learned to love it, and would have objected very strongly to going back to the old uniform. Some of the boys became very efficient in the Zouave drill, and possibly it was the means of saving the life of one or more when they came in close combat with the enemy.

Let us try to have a description from the bottom up. The gaiters came down over the tops of the shoes, buck-

ling. Over these the white canvas leggins, buckling tight around the ankles and half way to the knees; then the wide, dark-blue pants, with material enough in one pair to have made two pairs of ordinary pants, and gathered with bands at the upper and lower ends. Next, the red sash, trimmed with yellow. This was wound about the waist. It was about ten inches wide and ten feet long. Next came the jacket, of the same material as the pants, and trimmed with yellow. And, lastly, the turban, consisting of a red fez cap, with blue tassel and a sash of white flannel about a foot wide and ten feet long, nicely wound about the cap. This last was seldom worn, except on dress parade or dress occasions.

Jan. 18th. This morning the guards came out in the new uniform and everybody came out to see them.

Jan. 23rd. First Sergeant Marshall started home on a ten day furlough.

Jan. 24th. Companies "K" and "G" detached from the regiment and posted near the Junction, nearly a mile from the regiment. The regimental wagons hauled over our quarters and we rebuilt them. We were all well pleased with this move. It took us away from the conventionalities of regimental life. It put us on the railroad, where we could see and hear what was being done, and Capt. Cline being the ranking officer, was the commander of our Post.

We perhaps had more real enjoyment during the three months we remained here than during any other three months of our service, notwithstanding the boys had to be on guard about every alternate day and night.

Jan. 26th. R. L. McGaughey returned from hospital.

Feb. 3rd. Sergeant Marshall returned to the company after his furlough.

February 4th. Corporal Schmuck and privates P. C. Hetrick, Henderson and Wolf returned from the hospital.

February 6th. There were seven of Mosby's men captured and brought in that day---one of them a Major. There was considerable cannonading in the direction of the Rapidan, which we afterwards learned was the Third Corps across the river on a reconnoissance.

February 11th. The Christian Commission established a post at the Junction and put up a large chapel tent for religious services. We had brigade review the same day. We were reviewed by General Ayres, commanding our Division. Ours was the first Zouave Brigade in the Union. It was composed of the 140th and 146th-N. Y., and 155th Pa. Next day there was an inspection of camp and of quarters. When there was no mud, our streets were swept as clean as a floor.

February 14th (Sabbath). When we attempted to go to preaching at the Christian Commission Chapel, we found a guard posted by some drunken officers, and all who were not dressed to please them were sent back. If they did not go immediately they were arrested. There was one man refused admission because he had worn a hat instead of his fez cap. We considered this as carrying matters too far, and it was never attempted again.

February 17th. It was most dreadful cold weather. We crawled in among the blankets soon after dark to avoid freezing.

February 19th. Our regular monthly inspection, which had been delayed a few days on account of the cold, came off this day. The Inspector expressed himself as well pleased with everything in our detachment, while he reported the camp of the regiment in miserable condition, consequently we all felt good.

February 23rd. John Pettigrew returned from the hospital.

February 25th. We were paid up to the close of the year. All the five dollar bills paid us were from the First National Bank of Kittanning---our own county town---and as they were the first National bank currency we had seen, we considered it quite an agreeable coincidence.

Our Chaplain had meeting every night for a week, with a crowded house, and a great deal of interest manifested. The Christian Commission tent was so much crowded every night that, in order to get in, it was necessary to go early. When it was first announced there would be religious services every night, some thought it would be a failure, but it was the other way. The interest kept on increasing.

There were still some guerrillas lurking about. They captured a mail carrier near Bealeton and killed him by cutting his throat. They were pursued by our men, who re-took the mail and captured two of the rebels.

February 27th was a beautiful day. We had then the most delightful camp we ever occupied. There was no opportunity for getting lonesome. The locomotives with trains were puffing about all the time. When they were quiet there were the drivers of 70 yoke of oxen with their "gee, wo, haw," close beside us. The government had twenty or more buildings there for different purposes; some of them were for their workmen and railroad hands to live in. It was a wood depot for supplying the locomotives. There was a steam saw called the "little yankee" at work cutting up the wood. Then there was a telegraph office, two sutlers, a saddler shop, a news and book depot, as well as the Christian Commission Chapel. When not otherwise engaged, we had for outdoor exercises games

of ball and pitching horse shoes. But then we did not know what day the guerillas might give us a call, so we had made preparations for them if they came. We had a strong fort, and just back of camp a good rifle pit, while around the whole brigade was an abattis or brush fence about five miles in length. The guards were stationed on the inside of this fence.

February 28th. There were rumors of a move, but to our great gratification it amounted to nothing more.

February 29th. Rev. Morgan, of Rural Village, called to make us a visit.

March 3rd, 1864. Some canonading out toward the front.

March 6th. After the usual Sabbath morning duties there was preaching at Christian Commission at 11 a. m., bible class at 2 p. m. and preaching at night, all conducted by Rev. Dr. Waddell, of Ohio.

March 7th. We had an exciting game of foot ball in the evening after drill. The 91st Pennsylvania returned from their veteran furlough and built quarters near us.

March 10th. General Grant passed up in the cars going to the front.

March 12th. Our Chaplain baptized one man last Sabbath, a member of Company "H," from Clarion county. We had had and were then having a great revival. Mr. Mateer numbered the converts in our regiment at 37 and in the whole Brigade, including those at Christian Commission, at 100 men. Other stations through the army claimed about the same number of converts. The C. C. was a grand, good organization. It will never be known in this world the amount of good it did--the number of souls it had been instrumental in saving.

There was nothing struck the beholder as more won-

derful than the way in which different denominations met and labored together. The strict Covenanter and the Methodist, the Calvinist and the Baptist, there was no distinction, all were brethren there. This was certainly a new era in the history of the church. God was drawing the hearts of those brave soldier boys to himself, and was preparing them for the fiery ordeal they were to encounter the coming summer. One instance in our company is worthy of notice. Our dear comrade and brave soldier friend, Sergeant Fred Sheckler, who had not previous to this time manifested much interest in religion, now became interested and we trust was truly converted and surrendered himself wholly to the keeping of his Saviour. Soon after this he became impressed with the thought that he would not live through the next campaign, and so expressed himself to his brother-in-law, Wm. Whited and Sergeant Marshall. He would not believe otherwise than that his end was drawing near. He gave us directions what we should do with his watch and other articles, and also what we should write to his dear wife and children. His premonition, if it may be called such, was not realized until the eighteenth day of the next campaign, May 23rd, 1864 when he was shot through the head by a rebel bullet.

General Grant returned to Washington yesterday.

March 15th. Wm. Wells returned from the general hospital.

March 17th. There was an alarm that Stewart's rebel cavalry were coming.

March 18th. We put on a full guard this morning, fearing an attack, strengthened the abattis all around and dug rifle pits and made every preparation for a night attack.

We received two recruits that day, John Q. A. Barrett and Reuben Barnhart.

At midnight there was an order received to send some men to the regiment for more guns and ammunition. The trains were collected at the Junction, the locomotives kept steam up all night, so as to be ready to move out of danger, or to move us to some other point if needed. The artillery horses stood hitched up all night so as to be ready. The cause of the alarm was that their cavalry had collected at Hartwood Church, 16 miles distant, to the number of 5,000.

March 19th. The rebels had not come and we abandoned the idea of seeing them that time.

The revival still continued. There were now about 50 converts in the regiment. The last pack of cards in our Company were burned several days since, and now instead of playing cards from dark to bed time, the boys went to preaching or prayer meeting.

March 23rd. We were paid up to February 29th. This was a cold day and the snow ten inches deep.

March 24th. We received orders from army headquarters for target practice three days in the week, and ten rounds to a man. General Grant passed up to the front again.

March 25th. Orders received to-day consolidating the Army Corps.

March 27th. Received notice that we were transferred to the First Brigade, First Division, and that our Corps commander would be Gen. G. K. Warren in place of Gen. Sykes.

March 29th. Target practice ; Sergeant Armstrong best shot. In the afternoon it began to rain, and nearly drowned us that night.

April 1st, 1864. John C. Russell returned to Company after an absence of 17 months.

In the target practice on the 7th, Calvin Gray was the best shot.

April 8th. There was an order for the sutlers to leave the army, which was an indication of a move ; but it was not possible to move until it would stop raining and the mud dry up. It had been raining about six days in the week for some time.

CHAPTER XI.

Recruits—The Sick—A Move Indicated—Relieved—
 Marching—Across the River---Battle of Wilderness
 Began---In a Bad Place---Our Loss---Battle Terrific---
 Skirmishing---Moving to the Left---An Incident---Lau-
 rel Hill-- Hard Fighting --- Our Loss --- Fortifying---
 Fighting---Advanced---All Night March---Spottsylvania---
 Fighting Continued---By the Left Flank---North
 Anna---Rebel Charges---Repulsed---Result of Our Fire
 --The Chaplain's Hurry---Supper---Confidence in Our
 Officers---Captain's Bravery --- Advancing --- Skirmish
 Line---Hot Place---Relieved---A Dark, Wet, Muddy
 March---Army Headquarters---In Line of Battle---
 Bethesda Church---Severe Fighting---Orders to Move
 ---Countermanded--- Length of Time under Fire---
 Moved to the Rear.

April 13th, 1864. We received two recruits, John Bal-
 siger and James C. Jackson.

April 14th. The sutlers left as ordered.

April 18th. We boxed up our extra clothing again and
 put it in care of the government.

That evening we had quite an exciting time among the
 sick. Charley, Captain Cline's cook, was very bad with
 typhoid fever. Then in the evening Corporal R. O. Clev-
 er, was taken with a very severe pain in his side, so that
 he could neither sit, stand or lie. We sent for the sur-
 geon; he came and thought it was neuralgia. He gave
 him medicine and at 9 p. m. he was better. About that
 time John Pettigrew, who had not been well for some
 time, became deranged; he thought he was going to die,

and was not prepared. He made a great noise and every one in hearing came to see what was the matter. We sent for the surgeon and the preacher too; they came but he did not become quiet until nearly morning, when he went to sleep. When he waked next morning he was better.

Everything indicated a move before long.

The government had taken down some buildings and sent them away. They were also sending away the workmen.

April 25th. The Christian Commission Chapel tent was taken down. It was thought that in the four regiments of our Brigade there had been 200 conversions. The interest continued to the last. There would have been communion on the 24th, but the army was in such an unsettled condition that we did not know but we would move before that time.

April 28th. Burnside's Corps began to come up, and the next day they were encamped all about us. Thomas Hosack returned from hospital after an absence of seventeen months. Next day we were mustered for two months more pay.

April 31st. We were relieved by the Ninth Corps, when we started and marched 8 miles and camped near Rappahannock Station. It rained enough to make it unpleasant to us after coming out of good quarters; but we took it just as soldiers take such annoyances.

May 1st, 1864. About 9 a. m. we started, crossed the river and marched near Brandy Station; distance 6 miles. We remained here until 1 p. m., May 3rd, when we started, and after marching 6 miles we halted near Culpepper, we supposed for the night. We went to bed, if lying down on the ground can be called that. About the time

we had got to the middle of the first sleep---11p. m.---the bugle blew "pack up," "pack up." It was past midnight before we started. We made very few stops and daylight found us almost at the Rapidan, at Jacob's ford. Our Division was in advance and we were among the first to cross after the cavalry which crossed at daylight and found a few pickets, killing one. They had a strong position and were fortified and had they been here in force, might have given us a great deal of trouble; we probably stole a march on them. We camped in the wilderness five miles from the ford and about three from Chancellorsville.

May 5th. We were preparing for a battle until 11 a. m., when the battle of the Wilderness was opened by our Brigade advancing in two lines of battle, the regulars of the Brigade were in the first preceded by a line of skirmishers detailed from our regiment. We advanced through tangled thickets and thorn bushes interwoven with briars. Soon the crack of the musket on the skirmish line as they advanced, indicated that the enemy was not very far distant, and very soon he was met in force; the regulars were repulsed and our line, the second, hurried forward to their support. The enemy's fire was terrific but we succeeded in holding them back until the regulars who were being pressed back by overwhelming numbers, were successfully withdrawn. Then, we being sorely pressed in front, with no support to fall back on, and the rebels already flanking us, concluded that our better plan was to get away from there, and the quicker the better, but even this was difficult through that tangled mass of brush and briars. One member said he could see no way to get through and there was no time to hunt a way around so he ran over the top. Another one in the same predicament saw an opening through, large enough for him to go

endwise and he jumped through head foremost and no doubt many others could relate similar experiences. It was an urgent case. On one side was certain death or to be taken prisoner which was as bad. On the other was the hope of life and liberty. We chose the latter even at the expense of lacerated flesh and torn garments.

In the thick woods we could not see and were not aware that the larger part of our regiment, including the commander, had already fallen back and we were about surrounded before we knew it. Capt. Cline at once took command of those other companies and parts of companies, along with his own, and notwithstanding the obstacles in the way, succeeded in taking them all back when he presented them to the Colonel.

We found that two of our brave comrades, Ephraim A. Calhoun and William McCullough were gone. None knew positively that they were killed. The last anyone saw of them they were in the line continuing to load and fire, and when the others broke for the rear, they would not, but insisted we should all remain, but that was useless, as it would have been certain death, or a rebel prisoner, which was perhaps worse. Our wounded were Corporal Schmuck, in hand; Wm. F. Cline, in breast; Wm. H. Reeseman, in hand and John Adams, in arm. This ended our fighting for that day, but the battle opened along the line for miles and the crash of musketry was terrific. It was almost one continuous sound, and then to think that every shot was fired at, and to kill, a human being, one of God's own creatures. There was very little cannonading, as there was no chance to handle artillery in the woods.

May 6th. We were either supporting skirmishers or building breastworks all day.

Before daylight on morning of 7th our artillery, being posted behind breastworks and acres of timber, slashed in front; we were ordered on skirmish line. We advanced a half mile or more, driving them as far as we could. When they got angry and charged on us, it was so hot that our support gave way and we were then ordered to fall back. When we came near our works we had orders to double-quick over the works, so that our batteries could open on them. They withdrew then as quickly as possible, out of the reach of our guns. There were none of us struck in this engagement but when Sergeant Marshall tumbled over the works he was immediately under the muzzle of a cannon and no chance to get away until after the firing ceased, when he was almost deaf, and has never recovered his hearing except in part.

Soon after dark we started on the left flank movement, which was done by our Corps swinging off the right flank of the army to the rear of the other Corps and then taking a position on the left flank.

That night our corps was marching along slowly in the rear of the 2nd corps, everyone half asleep, when we were aroused by a clatter, then a rush and a scramble in front and the road was empty. We did just like those in front had done and before we were perfectly awake we had scrambled up the bank. Those behind us did as we did and the 5th corps had all scampered off and given the road to two runaway horses that came down the road meeting us. When the boys were leaving the road the guns were clicking in every direction, and had there been a shot fired the consequences might have been terrible. It was natural for us at first thought to look for the enemy. The 2nd corps were lying on their arms ready, and a shot would have made them think the enemy was in their rear.

On the other hand it was ridiculous to think of two loose horses frightening thousands of men.

May 8th. At daylight we had reached the left of our line, but we marched on until 10 a. m., before we encountered the rebels, where our cavalry were fighting them. We were without rest or breakfast rapidly pushed to the front. We charged on them driving them some distance when they being re-enforced charged and drove us a short distance, where we held our position and fortified. In this battle Thomas Hosack was killed, Wm. W. Wells wounded in leg and John Pettigrew in arm. We laid on our arms that night expecting an attack. There were several alarms.

May 9th. We remained near the same place. There was considerable skirmishing and shelling between the two armies. We continued to fortify, the troops concentrating and preparing for a battle. Several alarms in the night.

May 10th. There was about the usual amount of firing until 11 a. m., when the battle began to rage in all its fury. A ball struck John Russell's gun, shattering the gunstock and wounding him severely in both hands. We being behind our works did not suffer much loss until we were ordered out on the skirmish line. The right wing of the regiment was ordered out under command of Major Ewing, and at 2 p. m. the left wing, under command of Capt. Cline, was sent out by order of Gen. Ayres. Then we had a hot place. There had been skirmish pits thrown up previously and we did not suffer so much from the front, but they had a raking fire on us from the left flank and the balls came from there zip, zip, all the time; one of these struck John Q. A. Barrett on the head, wounding him and causing his death. We were in an open field and

could see the rebels in the woods at the farther side of the field. There had been fighting over this ground earlier in the engagement. In front of our skirmish pits were a number of dead men. About 4 p. m. we were ordered to advance. We rushed over our works, and that at once drew the rebels' attention and fire on us. We advanced, crawling flat on the ground, and here was witnessed the spectacle of a live soldier rolling the body of a dead one in front of himself for a protection.

In this advance we had two more men wounded, David McCloskey in shoulder, and J. J. Crawford in his thigh. In six days we had three killed, and ten wounded severely. Wm. Whited, David Ruffner, David Wolf, S. Schrecengost and some others were hit but not severe enough to send them to the hospital.

About dark we were relieved and moved back behind our breast-works.

At daylight on the 11th a furious cannonade began which lasted several hours. In the evening we moved some miles to the left.

May 12th. In the morning there was fighting to our left. About noon we moved back toward the right but did not remain long and started again to the left three or four miles and lay down. Several in the regiment were wounded in their beds, but Co. "K" escaped.

May 13th. We marched toward the right, put up breast works through the day and at 10 p. m. started again to the left. Were shelled severely by the rebels but our batteries silenced them. After marching all night through the rain and mud knee deep, we found ourselves at daylight near Spottsylvania Court House and were immediately put out on the skirmish line where we remained 24 hours.

This was now the tenth day of the fight, and many of us had not taken our shoes off in that time. Some of the boys on account of fatigue had become sick and were sent to the hospital.

May 16th. We did not do any fighting but were shelled and spent balls were falling about us occasionally. Here is an extract of an army letter of this date :

"We feel that we are on our way to Richmond, and we do not want to hear an order to fall back. Our success thus far has been at a fearful loss of life and it will no doubt cost a great many lives yet to get there, but "forward" is the word.

May 17th. We lay at same place until dark, when we advanced within half a mile of the rebels and commenced putting up new breastworks.

May 18th. Early in the morning they started to come and see what we were doing, but we sent them back on the double quick. They then undertook to shell us out, but we had gone there to stay as long as we pleased; being protected by our works we had no loss. Our artillery replied and they had a hard artillery fight.

May 19th. All pretty quiet until evening, when they made an attempt to flank us on the right and capture our train. They were repulsed with a large loss in prisoners. We were called out in line but soon after were sent back to our works, as we were not needed.

May 20th. We remained behind our works and had not much to do only to dodge the shells they sent over. We could see hundreds of rebs about their works, running loose, and they looked tame, but we had learned that they were not as docile as they appeared to be. They were careless in their habits and when they were going to shoot they were not careful to point their guns away from us.

May 21st. - We remained at same place until noon, when we struck out for the left and encamped that night near Edgemoor Seminary. Distance 10 miles.

May 22nd. Started again at noon, crossed the Matta river. After marching ten miles we stopped for the night. We suffered considerably with the heat and dust. Had some skirmishing with the rear guard of the rebels, but drove them ahead of us. All in good spirits.

May 23rd. We marched early in the morning, came to the North Anna river at Jericho ford and crossed by fording. We came in on a private road, where they did not expect us and where they had only a few pickets. We advanced three-fourths of a mile from the river.

Although the skirmishers in front kept popping away we did not apprehend any trouble. We lay about carelessly and at 6 p. m. many of us had coffee made, meat fried and were just ready to eat supper when we were ordered to fall in and stack our guns. Before that was done we heard the rebel yell and knew what that meant. Our skirmishers fired a volley and were fired on in return. Before they had time to reload the rebels were so close they must get back. We did not have long to wait. Our skirmishers came in pell mell, and that yell of the Johnnies seemed close behind them, but the brush was so thick we could not see them. As soon as our men were safe we opened fire in the direction of that yell. And such a fire! Our boys seemed to outdo all previous efforts. The line was one continual flash of fire. There was a gradual ascent to the front and fortunately for us the rebels did not get the proper lay of the ground and mostly fired over our heads. It was not long until their balls ceased to come along and we knew they were repulsed when we ceased firing. Not a man with us wavered

—some stood, some kneeled and some lay down. It was not so with the line on our right. Our men broke there and if our brigade had not stood firm for them to rally on, the battle would have been lost.

Soon after the repulse, Major Ewing came along the line congratulating us; he said: "Boys, as long as you keep up such a fire as that was, no troops in the world can charge up to you."*

Our skirmish went out again and in half an hour the same scene was re-enacted. They came at us on the double quick with bayonets fixed and stood it as long as they could, but it was not possible for them to stand such a fire as we gave them. Then to make it hotter for them our batteries posted on the other side of the river about one mile distant, shelled them over our heads. Those shells went over us screeching on the hunt for rebels, and perhaps not more than 25 feet above us. Here there was splendid artillery firing done. Had those shells been a few feet lower it would have been uncomfortable for us. Had they been a few feet higher they would have gone over and not touched them.

But they rallied and charged on us again, being determined to kill, capture or drive us into the river. They met with the same success as before. This last charge was made after sundown. We nearly always had to charge on them, but this time we had the pleasure of acting on the defense and we rather enjoyed it.

Sergeant Sheckler was killed instantly by a bullet through his head but it was not unexpected to him, and we had good reason to believe he was prepared for death.

*Capt. Cline was afterwards commended to Headquarters by one of the aids, for his bravery and the skill with which he handled his men on this occasion.

His premonition had come true, he did not live through the campaign just as he said he would not. There were some other similar cases in the company that we shall relate as we come to them.

Corporal Serene was wounded in the arm and C. M. Smith slightly in the side. Besides these there were only six others in the regiment wounded. During the night we put up breast works, to be ready for them should they attack us again. We did not know how much execution we had done, but could hear the groans of the wounded nearly all night. Heavy skirmishing all night. In the morning we went out to view the battle ground. There were enough remaining to show that our fire had been deadly. We had got the proper range. Our artillery across the river had put their shells in the right place. Every bush and every tree was marked with our balls in our front. On half an acre there were 18 dead. Their wounded were all gone and possibly many of their dead, because we could see where they had been trailed over the leaves. Their loss must have been terrible.

We had a joke on our Chaplain here. When the ball opened he and Major Ewing were just beginning to eat their suppers; he quit immediately, mounted his horse close by and started for the rear without further ceremony. When he mounted his hat fell off, but he did not wait to get it.

After the battle we eat our suppers that we had prepared before it began, but poor Fred Sheckler was now in his grave. When his supper was cooked he was alive and well, now his messmates eat that same supper alone. Next day we received an order from Gen. Meade congratulating us on our success of the previous day. We had officers in whom we placed the utmost confi-

dence: Gen's. Grant and Meade commanding the army, Gen. Warren, 5th Corps, Gen. Griffin, 1st Division and Gen. Ayers, 1st Brigade. And we had no doubt about our Captain's bravery.

Our Brigade was sometimes called Ayres' Regulars. Rebel prisoners said they called it the "stonewall" Brigade, which, of course, we received as flattering to us.

May 24th. Our pickets advanced a mile or two and found no enemy except a few stragglers whom they brought in. In the evening we moved one and one half miles to the right, formed line of battle and lay on our arms all night in a heavy rain. Waked up at 2:30 a. m. and at daylight we advanced along the railroad toward Hanover Junction. After marching two miles we found them. The 146th N. Y. and four companies from our regiment, our company being one of them, were sent out on the skirmish line. We drove them back near to their works. We remained on the line all day, and it was a terribly hot skirmish line. If any one exposed himself to their view for a moment, almost instantly the balls would be whistling around thick. Part of the company had a fence which was some protection, and part of it had no protection but to lie down and hug the ground close. We found this would not do for all day so we crawled away to a fence, got some rails, pushed them along to the right place, then by using our bayonets for picks and our tin plates for shovels we soon burrowed into the earth and had breastworks in front. Comrades J. R. Henderson and Wm. J. Johnson were wounded, we thought neither one dangerously, but the latter died in the hospital at Washington seventeen days latter on account of his wounds. In the afternoon our men placed a battery some distance in our rear, firing over us at the rebels who were

plainly visible across a field. The first shot cut of a pine tree ten inches in diameter which fell on Sergt. Marshall and Corp. R. O. Clever, who had dug a skirmish pit near by. Neither of them were injured as only the smaller branches struck them.

At night we were relieved and moved back where we could get some rest and something to eat. They had thrown up a line of breastworks in our rear while we were skirmishing in front.

That evening and night we had another heavy rain.

May 26th. Skirmishing continued and so did the rain; it rained hard and we had a very disagreeable place to lie.

In the evening we received marching orders. We started through the rain, mud and darkness; any one of the three would have been uncomfortable, but the three combined, and such Egyptian darkness as that was, reminded us of the first night of our Gettysburgh campaign. We crossed the river on pontoons and in the next four hours marched four miles. We stopped to rest awhile, drew three days rations and at daylight were again on the march. At 7 a. m. halted for breakfast, resting two hours. Started again, marched hard all day on a very crooked road, general direction southeast. Halted at night, all worn out with fatigue and want of sleep. We had also suffered much from the heat and thirst. Distance this day, about twenty miles.

At sunrise May 28th, we were ready to go again. Passed army headquarters at Mangohick Village. After marching about eight miles, we came to the Pamunky river and found one division of the 6th corps there with the pontoons laid; we crossed and formed line of battle on the hill in the rear of our cavalry, who were fighting the rebels in front. We made preparations to build breastworks, but

soon found it was not necessary, as the rebels were falling back. Here we remained all night. It did not take long to get ready to stay all night, as it was not safe to undress, but here some of us took our boots off for the third time since May 4th.

May 29th (Sabbath). Advanced two miles; formed in line of battle. Again advanced and formed in line and waited until noon. The army was all there then in supporting distance. Again we advanced and met the enemy's skirmishers. We formed in line and fortified. Skirmishing was brisk all evening. Sergeant Foster had returned to the Company. He went away sick just before the Wilderness fight opened.

May 30th. We advanced some two miles, driving the enemy until they disputed our advance so strongly that we halted and built breastworks. Then they tried to flank us—break through the line in our rear. We changed our line, facing south instead of west, but we were not attacked. We remained behind our works that night. Next morning we were relieved by the Ninth Corps and moved back some distance along the road, where we rested that day. There was hard fighting on some parts of the line. We were now about ten miles from Richmond.

June 1st, 1864. We advanced our line a mile, the rebels hotly contesting our advance. We then ran against their works and thought it time to stop; we put up works but were shifted about several times before we put up for the night under heavy fire. All quiet during the night except skirmish firing.

That was continued next morning and as we had no good position for cannon, it was decided to move us back a short distance. The 9th Corps on our right moved back, the rebels following closely. Our Brigade not moving

soon enough, they had us nearly surrounded before we were aware of it. Our regiment being farthest to the right, saw how things were moving, and started to get out of that as fast as our legs and the thick underbrush would let us, and with all our haste we were not a minute too soon. Peter C. Hetrick, who had a sore foot and could not keep up, was taken prisoner. The rebels inquired at some of the 140th N. Y. who were taken and afterwards re-captured, "What regiment wore the yellow badges?" (The yellow trimmings on our uniforms). They said "they had us surrounded two or three times, but when they closed up on us, we were not there." Other regiments that were not as far in the trap as we were, lost heavily in prisoners. We fell back half a mile to a better and safer position. The rebels no doubt thought we were retreating and would keep us on the move or capture us, but we turned on them and punished them so severely, they had to hunt shelter very quickly.

In this engagement R. L. McGaughey was slightly wounded, and some others struck. Here we put up works, remained all night, and slept well considering that we were so well soaked with the rain.

June 3rd. There was heavy fighting all along the line with infantry and artillery. They made several attempts to drive us, but were repulsed every time, and must have lost heavily. Capt. Cline was wounded in the hand while on the skirmish line and went to the hospital, leaving 1st Sergeant Marshall in command of the Company. John Q. A. Barrett died this day of wounds received May 10th.

June 4th. Heavy fighting and skirmishing all along the line. About noon we received marching orders, and were to be relieved by the Ninth Corps, but the order was coun-

termanded and the Ninth was moved to the left, while we were left to protect the right flank.

There were now but seven Company officers remaining in the regiment, and it was commanded by Major Ewing, the Colonel for some reason unknown to us having been under arrest since the opening of the campaign. The Adjutant had also been absent.

This was the 31st day of the fight, and in that time we had not been out of hearing of the battle, and only two days that we were not under fire. We had been in the front where the hard fighting was done nearly all the time. When we first started in the Wilderness our Generals kept us charging the rebel works. If they had continued that the army would soon have been cut up, but they changed their tactics to moving by the left flank and making it so the rebels had to charge on our works and making them suffer, because those on the offensive always do suffer most.

June 5th. Skirmishing continued with us, and hard fighting on the left. In the evening we received orders to march. When about ready to go, the rebels made an attack on our skirmishers. Perhaps they wanted to know if we were still there. This detained us, and we did not go until 10:30 p. m., and from that time until daylight we marched two miles, and did not halt three minutes in one place. This was an exceedingly wearisome march. We might have gone ten miles in the same time and not felt worse.

CHAPTER XII.

Grayback's Picnic---Another Change---Our Reputation---
Drew Clothing---Resting---Thanksgiving---Review---
Marching---Hospital Guard---Chickahominy Swamps---
A Stolen March---Malvern Hill---Charles City, C. H.---
Another Transfer---Crossed James River---Marched
Near Petersburg---A Variety in Diet---Orders to be
Ready---A Battlefield---Make a Charge---A Hot Place
---Another Charge---A Field of Carnage---A Letter---
Recapitulation---Poem Descriptive of Battle---Our
Dead Comrade---Incidents---Resting---Spent Balls.

June 6th, 1864. After daylight we marched two or three miles farther and halted, as we supposed for breakfast, but remained all day. In the evening the wagons came up and the officers got a change of clothing. The graybacks had been enjoying a picnic on the officers as well as on the men, but the men must endure it longer until we could get time and opportunity to wash and boil our clothes. We received a recruit this day, Samuel D. Reese-man. Our Brigade was changed from 1st Brigade, 1st Division to 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, Col. Gregory to command our Brigade and Gen. Ayers our Division. We were told that Gen. Ayers would not take command of the 2nd Division unless he could have his (our) Brigade go with him—that Gen. Griffin objected to our leaving his Division, but had to consent. There was no doubt but we had a good reputation both as fighters and runners. We could always rely on our boys staying as long as there was the slightest hope, but when our position became too exceedingly unhealthy, they all knew how to use their

legs. As an evidence of this, up to the present time in Company "K" we had lost but one prisoner, which may be taken as an average in the regiment, and we had been in a great many very close places.

Here we were fourteen miles from White House landing; two miles from Cold Harbor, and four from Gaines' Hill and on the ground where Gen. McClellan maneuvered two years before.

June 7th. We drew some needed clothing and remained in the same camp until evening, when we moved a short distance to a better location.

June 8th. Not much cannonading these days; we were getting a rest. Wagons came up this day and we got our report books and such things and were busy making reports. Sergeant Foster and Reuben Barnhart went to the hospital. In the evening we had a few remarks by the Chaplain, and then a prayer meeting, in which we could all join with thankful hearts to God, who had kept us through so many dangers, seen and unseen.

June 9th. Considerable skirmishing in front. A review of our division by Gen. Ayres. We suffered from the wind blowing the dust and sand.

At 11 p. m. next night we were waked up to send off company books and desk. This indicated a move. Next morning, at 2 a. m., June 11th, the bugle blew "pack up," "pack up." Then orders to be ready to march at 4 a. m. We marched five miles in the direction of White House, then changed direction and marched towards the Chickahominy, and camped near Providence Church. We now seemed to be a hospital guard and having a much needed rest.

June 12th (Sabbath). All pretty quiet. Preaching at 10 a. m. In the p. m. drew some clothing, and at 4 received

orders to march at 6. We marched 4 miles and halted near the Chickahominy river.

The day had been extremely warm, and we had suffered with the heat, but in these swamps we "shivered and shook," our teeth rattled together, and we felt as if we were about to freeze. Our officers told us we would remain two hours, but we were there five, and at 3 a. m. we started across the swamp and river, crossing the river on pontoons and the swamp on Corduroy road.* When we were across, we advanced up the river two miles in the direction of the rebels. We got a good position, halted, and ate breakfast. Then half our Corps formed in line of battle and built breastworks; then spent the remainder of the day resting and sleeping. The rebels were waiting to receive us at Bottom's Bridge, some four miles above. We had stolen a march on them. A scouting party that went out two or three miles found them there preparing for us, but we did not disturb them—just left them to their pleasant anticipations of how they would whip us when we attempted to cross that swamp.

In the evening we started again in a south-east direction, marched about five miles and stopped for the night near Malvern Hill. The advance skirmished some with the rebels.

June 15th. Marched four miles and encamped near Charles City court house, where we remained until next day, when we were again transferred. This time from 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, to the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, when we moved our camp into that division. D. L. McCloskey

*The Chickahominy here was described as a "mud hole, with a mile of swamp on each side."

died at Washington, D. C., of wounds received at Laurel Hill, May 10th, 1864.

June, 16th. At an early hour we moved down to the James River and crossed on transports at Wilcox Landing. We moved out from the river and halted until the corps was all over. The river here was about one mile wide. At 3 p. m. we marched in the direction of Petersburg, distant twenty miles. The roads were dusty and water scarce. Next morning at 1 o'clock, we reached the rear of our lines, three miles from Petersburg, and camped for the night. About this time rations were scarce, but still enough to have a variety, and a change each meal. One comrade reports, that yesterday he had beef, coffee and two hard tack. This morning, fried beef and coffee; at dinner, coffee and fried beef, and if there are no rations issued before supper time, will have beef without the coffee, so that there was a change in diet every time.

The government was not to blame; rations had been issued to last this day, but when we had six day's rations in advance we would lose some or they would get wet and we had to throw them away, so that when they let them run out after those long terms there was usually a scarcity.

June 17th. Hard fighting in front of us by the 9th Corps. We lay quiet all day, but with orders to be ready all the time. Charles A. Logan and Robert Brewster were sent to the hospital, sick.

June 18th. Early in the morning we were called out. Our Corps relieved the 9th; our regiment was immediately put in the front. We passed over the battlefield of the previous day, where there had been a dreadful slaughter. Some bodies nearly shot away with cannon balls. About noon our regiment and the 91st Pennsylvania charged the rebels and drove them until we came to the Norfolk R. R.

embankment. We made this advance and charge of half a mile through a very hot fire of shells and balls of every description without any loss to the company. We were now within easy gun shot of the rebel works, and we employed our time in practicing on the rebel gunners whenever they would attempt to fire a cannon, as well as on all others who exposed themselves, and of course they were watching for us as well.

In the evening we were moved a short distance to the left and over a very exposed part of the field where the air seemed to be filled with death-dealing missiles; we all passed that place without injury, and took refuge under a bank along a small stream. Here a line of battle was formed and bayonets fixed to make a charge on the rebel works a short distance to the front. Soon the command "forward," "double-quick" was given. The troops on our left did not move and we were on the left of the three regiments that charged. The instant we emerged from that low ground into view we met an avalanche of balls. They seemed as thick as insects of the air on a summer eve. It was in a cornfield and the ground dry; and those that struck the ground reminded a person of large drops of rain coming thick and fast on a dusty road, while probably not one in five struck the ground there. We could see the grape and canister bounding over the ground at our feet. There being no men on our left they concentrated their fire all on us as far as they could shoot. But on and on we went, though the men were falling like leaves. We had some 250 yards to go, and we got so close they could not depress their cannon enough to reach us and some said they were beginning to haul off their guns. But here we were and no support, and so many of our men killed or wounded that we must go back, nor did their fire

cease until we were back over the bank where we started.

Here is an extract from a letter written by Sergeant Marshall, Company Commander, to his wife next day after the fight: "I yesterday went into the fight with 24 as good and as brave boys as ever shouldered guns. I brought out 16 uninjured. Our Belknap squad is broken. David Olinger is killed; Sergeant Armstrong is wounded on the lip; Corporal R. O. Clever is shot through both thighs, a sore, but I hope not a dangerous wound; Color Bearer T. J. Marlin on the chin; John Balsiger, a recruit, shot in the leg; Samuel Reeseman, a recruit, with us 12 days, shot through the leg; David Ruffner in the leg—the bone struck, but not broken; David Wolf shot in the leg. Very few of the others but what have their clothes cut. I have not been touched yet. The regiment had twelve killed and 66 wounded in five minutes or less. If we had had the proper support we would have taken their works, but to see such slaughter and nothing accomplished it is hard. R. O. Clever got back himself and carried everything. We got all our wounded back with us except Reeseman, and at dark we brought him and Olinger off, and buried Olinger. This morning (June 19th) we were brought to the rear to rest. I have not had a night's sleep for a week—last night not more than half an hour."

When we started out (May 5th) we had one commissioned officer and 49 men. Received since, one recruit and one from hospital. Total 52

We have lost—killed 5

Wounded 21

Commissioned officers 1

Taken prisoner 1

Sick and sent to the hospital 7

— 35

Remaining in Co., men (no commissioned officers) 17

The following poem written by comrade Sergeant William D. Porter well describes this march and battle :

155th PA. VOLUNTEERS.

IN THE BATTLE BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., JUNE 18, 1864.

I would not wake that ancient lyre,
The songs of which I never tire,
A hand like mine could not prolong,
Or wake from harps melodious song.
I would but strike a feeble lay
Of campaign life, one night and day,
And then will leave some trenchant pen
To write of battles o'er hill and glen,
From Antietam's blood stained field
'Til General Lee his sword did yield.
While we obeyed our country's call,
"On to Richmond" against "Stonewall."
Many times we changed our mess
From that battle in Wilderness.
Passing that long, that dreary way,
Marching by night, fighting by day,
At every turn we met the foe
With breastworks high, saying, no go.
Though battles fierce did rage, the while,
We could not gain by force or guile.
At last we crossed the James's breast
To beard the lion in his nest.
And e're the sun told closing day,
We, on the march, resumed our way.
The thunder, sounding from afar,
Bespoke of war's remorseless car.
And that there was some pressing need,
That we should forward, haste with speed.

Onward we march, with but starlight
To guide our wandering steps aright,
'Til eighteen miles we had passed o'er,
Since we had left the James's shore.
The sound that echoed o'er many a hill,
Now came nearer and clearer still:
For we were on the field of strife,
That drank the blood of many a life.
If no evil would now befall
We could bivouac 'til morning call;
Any place would do us now,
To rest our limbs and cool our brow.
Down our blankets on the earth—bare
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.
Sorry respite from day of toil,
Yourself at night on earth to coil,
But Morpheus did claim his right,
And in repose we passed the night.
"Ready to move," that dire command
Broke off our dreams of sweet homeland;
Now all is stir and busy care,
A frugal meal that we might share.
The sun rose up on bayonets bright
That had arrived in dark of night.
No sound of war but this array,
Spoke not of peace or schoolboy play,
Nature was all hushed and still,
No songy birds their lays did trill,
But the buzzards in lofty flight
Viewed their feast with great delight.
Our time was short but we did steal
Coffee and crackers for a meal,
And then did rest upon the ground

All ready for the bugle sound.
"Fall in, my boys, you've had your rest,
And we must hunt this hornet's nest;
To know if Lee is still on time,
Or in the night did change his line."
Our course lay o'er where battle fought
The little gained, so dearly bought.
Fragments of men profusely lay
That were slaughtered but yesterday;
Heads that lay on a mother's breast
And by loved ones fondly caressed,
Were severed here and scattered round
For cannon balls had swept the ground.
*Some inured to battle din
Did want such bones to eat soup in.
Such jesting talk among the clan
Displayed how war would harden man.
Our vidette posts are left behind,
And we are formed in battle line.
The lowest of the clan did know,
We soon must meet the lurking foe,
Like hunters, when in quest of deer,
Each brake and dell we closely peer;
Not knowing but that wooded glen
Might hide a host of armed men.
This sad suspense not long did last—
We dodged our heads, but it was past.
Forward we charged, and drove them back,
'Til we had gained the railroad track.
Not far across that deep ravine
The bayonet points could well be seen,

*David Olinger remarked that these bones would make convenient soup dishes.

And cannon shotted to defend
That hill against our armed men.
By the left flank we move with speed
And to the balls give little heed,
'Til we had gained one-half the space
'Cross that ravine—a resting place.
There we lay, not knowing when
Orders to charge would come again.
But closing day was nearly past
When orders came to charge at last.
Each soldier felt within his breast,
The meed would be, not a conquest,
But discipline and honor bright
Would make us rush into the fight.
The chieftain who did us command,
Now waved aloft his sword, in hand,
Commanding, when in battle line,
“Fix bayonets, charge, double quick time.”
And at the word of his command,
Each soldier, brave, with gun in hand,
Did hie him on, with double speed,
For ne'er had Yankee son such need.
Right in our front a redoubt rose,
All armed with our inveterate foes;
And thitherward two breastworks ran,
Bristling with bayonets of their clan.
These frowning works, wars grim array,
Were but some twenty rods away.
No sooner did we forward, start,
To enact full well, the soldiers part,
When their war whoop did rend the air;
And leaden hail, rained everywhere.
Onward, we rush, though comrades die,

Crying for aid and help from high.
There is no time to spend in tears,
In woman's nursing or woman's fears,
If those frowning works are stormed
And deeds of valor are performed,
We must rush on and heed no one,
Were we fathers, and they our sons.
Onward! Onward! we're near the place,
But—no support—what a disgrace!
Behold our ranks, how many fall;
We ne'er can scale that rampart wall.
Onward!—'tis capture—worse than death,
And we'll return while there is breath.
Of all our mighty force, so large,
Three small regiments made the charge.
Had every man been a true knight,
With sword and shield and buckler bright,
Though every drop of blood was spent,
Could not have gained that battlement.
Our regiment, three hundred strong,
Eighty, *hors de combat*, did belong;
Our broken ranks, our disarray,
Marked the fell havoc of the day.
Darkness now had hid from view,
The fallen braves, those men so true.
Back we'll go, though muskets play
And bring our comrade dead away.
The zipping balls told danger fraught,
But to our lines the dead we brought,
Consigning them to mother earth,
With many tears—there was a dearth.
Soldiers, sleep! your work is done,
Never to awake with fife or drum,

No more you'll hear the cry, "To arms,"
No more awake at wars alarms.
God grant that the Nation you died to save.
Forget not the soldier, nor the soldier's grave.

W. D. PORTER.

Our dead comrade, David Olinger, was a splendid soldier, always ready for his rations, or for his duty, or for a joke, and after the revival the previous winter, had attended preaching regularly. It was not known whether he was killed instantly or not. He was seen to fall, and it was an hour and a half until we carried him off. He was shot through the bowels. He was buried that night, and a board with his name placed at the head of the grave.

Both Armstrong and Marlin got close shaves; Armstrong on the lip, Marlin on the chin and no charge but a little powder. They were both narrow escapes. The wonder was how any of us escaped. Old soldiers said they never before saw as hot a fire as we passed through that evening. Twenty-six days previous, at North Anna River, we gave them such a fire as they had now given us, but we must have been better marksmen than they were, or else Providence was on our side, because their loss was far greater than ours here.

June 19th. At daylight we were relieved and moved back to a cut along the railroad for a shelter, and remained all day. Several were struck by spent balls; R. L. McGaughey was hit by one on the head that caused the blood to run down over his face. We remained in the same place until 11 p. m. next night, when we were moved to the rear. There were a number of mortars planted along our line this day, and if they would not shoot around a tree they would do the next best thing, shoot over and drop the shell down on the other side, or shoot over a hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fighting Continues---More Flanking---Grant's Object---2nd Corps gets Us into Trouble---Shelled Severely---Outside our Pickets---Drilled all Night---Captured the Works---Hungry and Sleepy---Supporting the 6th Corps---Skirmishing Continues---Men Transferred---Cleaning up Camp---Penn. Relief Association---Getting Water---Building Forts---Abattis---Promotion---Col. Gregory---Under Arms---Numerously Inhabited---Waked by a Shell---Combatants Trading---Wells and Dug Roads---Moved on Front Line---Strengthening Works---Fort Undermined---Blown Up---Crater---Amount of Powder---Noisy Time---Rebel Charge---Flag of Truce---The Suffering Wounded---Mortar Battery---Heat and Flies.

June 21st, 1864. Still in the rear resting. Fighting continued day and night; we called it skirmishing, a few months previous it would have been called a battle. This was the 48th day since fighting commenced, and we had become so accustomed to it, that it would have been difficult for us to go to sleep without the usual sound to lull us to sleep. Our health was good and we were getting good rations. This day we drew crackers, sugar, coffee, salt, smoked bacon, dried apples, beans, sauer kraut and vinegar. Col. Pearson had again taken command of the regiment. At noon we started by the left flank and our brigade marched one and a half miles, and lay in rear of the 1st and 3rd Brigades as a support, with orders to be ready all the time.

The 2nd and 6th Corps passed us, moving to the left

This marching "by the left flank," must have been one of Gen. Grant's own inventions. We had moved by the left flank from the Rapidan to this point and still seemed to be moving on, nor did he seem to be afraid of Lee going to Washington. Other Generals must protect Washington, keep the army between the Capital and the rebel army, but now we had Richmond and the rebel army between us and Washington. Grants object appeared to be to give Lee plenty of work at home and give him no time for visiting. Sergeant Foster and C. Logan returned from the hospital.

We remained in same place until 3 p. m., June 22nd, when suddenly a brisk fight opened some distance to our left. We afterwards learned that some of the 2nd Corps officers became drunk and left a gap open in the line. The rebs discovered it, marched through and surprised our men, killing, wounding and capturing a great many. Our Brigade was double-quickened to the place at once, and for three hours we were subjected to the hardest shelling we ever received. We saw one passing through the line of a regiment marching in front of us, instantly killing three and severely wounding four others. We saw them strike a few feet in front of us and bound over our heads. We heard them go close over our heads, and saw them strike in our rear. We saw them strike nearly every place except where we were. During those three hours we occupied a great many different positions, but all the time under this heavy fire, and still we were unharmed. About sun-down we were placed in support of a line making a charge, where the balls came thick and fast. We were then shifted about until we were within three rods of the rebel pickets. Here we were ordered to lie down. There was only the left wing of our regiment here. There were

only some small bushes to shelter us, and bright moonlight. We lay down, and we lay down as low as we could, hugging mother earth and feeling that we were still too much exposed. The rebel skirmishers knew we were there, and probably could see us, for they kept sending us their leaden compliments, zip, zip, and sometimes zip—thud—then we knew some poor fellow was hit. One was Major Ewing, who was hit on the foot. When we had been in this very uncomfortable position an hour or more, we were ordered on the skirmish line. Lieut. Bell, Acting Adjutant, proposed to act as guide. He became bewildered and led us up to the rebel skirmish line, who, instead of playing us a Yankee trick and permitting us to walk on where we would certainly have been captured, fired almost in our faces. That was closer than we intended. We fell back and took another position. Then we marched and countermarched. We advanced and fell back; then advanced again. We kept this up that night from 10 p. m. until daylight. We came to the works the rebs had captured from the 2nd Corps. We did not know who was in command of that line. Sometimes the orders would come from one direction to advance; again from somewhere to fall back, and if we had any commanding officer he was certainly bewildered. By our manœvering in those woods that night it is probable we frightened the rebels from the works, they believing there were five or six Corps massed in there, when in reality there were not that many companies.

When we had gotten into the works it was not safe to raise our heads above them. This continued until 8 a. m., when we were relieved and sent to the rear, not having had anything to eat for 20 hours, and not a minute's sleep. It was a very fatiguing 17 hours that we spent under their

fire. There were a number wounded in the regiment, but none in Company "K." We remained here until evening then moved two miles to the left to support the 6th Corps; remained there 24 hours, and then returned to the same camp we left. While supporting the 6th Corps our company was put out as flankers and had a poor show for sleep. We tried to make up for lost time on the night of the 24th. Here we remained some days. Sergeant Marshall, with the assistance of Sergeant Armstrong, made out the pay rolls and we were mustered June 30th for two month's pay.

Shelling and skirmishing along the front continued day and night. The weather was exceedingly warm. Preaching by the Chaplain on Sabbath and prayer meeting some evenings.

July 2nd, 1864. The term of service of the 62nd Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers having expired, the regiment was discharged except veterans and recruits, who were transferred to our regiment. The following were transferred to Company "K.:"

1st Lieut. Ben. Huey	Private Robert Hagan
Private Jonathan Durnell	" John M. Keller
" Solomon Durnell	" Thomas Kiskadden
" James Eustace	" George Kribbs
" Lewis Erbanna	" A. G. Lewellan
" Marion Elder	" Abbot Leroy
" Wm. Elder	" William Ong
" Martin Frank	" James Pence
" Geo. H. Gaskins	" James W. Pritts
" Wm. H. Geer	" Jonathan Robb
" Esau Hardin	" William Royle
" Andrew M. Wolf	

This raised the aggregate of the company to 80, and Lient. Ben Huey took command.

July 4th. We moved on the ground formerly occupied by the 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, and next day had orders to clean up the camp and make preparations to stay, but even this did not assure us that we would be here for breakfast, so uncertain was a soldier's residence.

July 5th. Reuben Barnhart died in Washington. We received a visit from Mr. D. O. Brown, Mr. Rich and Miss Murdock, as representatives of the Pennsylvania Relief Association, who issued us some delicacies such as condensed milk, canned fruits, etc., besides other comforts, and we almost daily received issues from the Sanitary Commission; these added to our government rations, gave us good living.

July 7th. All the troops went into camp, even those behind the works on the front line; it looked like settling down to stay there. The rebels had an idea that it would not be possible for us to do so, because springs and water were so scarce, but that was a small hindrance in the eyes of the "yanks." They immediately went at digging wells, finding excellent water at a depth of 8 to 18 feet. Companies "K" and "G" dug one in partnership.

On the 6th we began building forts. At noon we went out and relieved the 21st Pennsylvania dismounted cavalry. Then they relieved us at sundown and they worked until midnight. At sunrise next morning we sent out a detail to work and continued on four or five days until it was finished. And as this was the first one, here are the dimensions: About 200 feet square, wall of earth about 25 feet thick at the bottom and 10 feet high, with a ditch outside about the same width and depth. Some were considerably larger than this one. It was generally quiet

along the line; there was a quarrel between the infantry sometimes for a short time, and a shell occasionally. On the 10th there was a shell came over near to us on the hunt of a brass band; it found their tent and went in, but as they were not at home it did not get them and we had more music.

July 12th. A detail went out to build an abattis in front. The Commander feared an attack that night. There were details taken out to the front to strengthen the works nearly every night, it being objectionable to the rebs for us to work in daylight so near to them.

July 14th. We received notice that Sergeant Foster was discharged to receive promotion, and he was mustered as 2nd Lieutenant. Had promotion depended on the amount of service done, or the amount of duty done in the company, there would have been a great many other promotions in the company before his, but this was one of Col. Pearson's promotions.

July 17th, Sabbath. Chaplain preached this day from 1st Tim., 1st chapter and 15th verse. We had prayer meeting nearly every night. Col. Gregory, of the 91st P. V. commanding our Brigade, was one of the best men in the Brigade. He had worship regularly in his tent, at which he required all his staff to attend, nor would he allow any whiskey in his command.

July 18, There was a brisk engagement on the right, and we expected an attack on our part of the line. Next morning we were out under arms at 3 a. m. but were not attacked. Had a good rain this day which was welcome, not having had any for seven weeks.

July 20th. Reveille at 3 a. m. At daylight we moved out to the front line to relieve part of our Brigade. The camp we occupied here had been occupied before and to

see the number of lice that were perched on chips, stumps and other elevations, we might reasonably suppose that it was still numerously inhabited. We spent a busy day policing camp and scraping up and burning the squatters, but there were enough escaped, added to those we brought with us, to make it a lively camp—for us.

July 21st. Our pickets and the Johnnies appeared to be on good terms; there was no firing in our front, but our batteries and theirs occasionally exchanged compliments in the shape of shells. That morning about 2 a. m. we were waked up by a shell fluttering over camp. Some of our pioneers were chopping down timber in our rear and the rebs sent over three messengers as an indication that they did not want that timber cut.

Our line of breast works and the rebel works were about forty rods apart, then there were the two skirmish or picket lines between. Were it not for positive orders on both sides, the men would have been together all the time; they would watch until there was no officer in sight and then trade paper for paper, sugar and coffee for tobacco etc., but one of the most curious trades was witnessed that day; one of our boys fixed his bayonet, one of the rebs did the same, our man put a loaf of bread on his bayonet, the rebel a corn cake on his, then they shouldered arms marched close enough to reach the bread, exchanged and each one marched back to his post. In our amusements when anything funny happens on one side the other side will cheer. At night one side would whistle on the dogs, then the other side would bark and imitate dogs. While this was going on there, half a mile distant, they were and had been firing at each other continually. As soon as we settled down in this new camp we began to dig wells. The rebs published in their papers that we

had to haul water from the James and Appomattox rivers. When they wrote that they did not know that we had that country full of wells and had splendid water. If they had come over to visit us in the dark, they would have found wells, rifle pits, dug roads and other places to break their necks. These dug roads were four feet deep and ten wide with the dirt on the exposed side, and where troops, or wagons, or artillery could move from rear to front or back without much danger.

Captain Cline returned to the company that day; his wound was far from being well.

July 25th, we commenced to build bomb proofs for our protection against the mortar shells of the enemy.

July 28th, we received orders to be ready to move at dark. We moved a mile to the right, relieving other troops at a place where the works were very poor, and where the rebs had mortars and guns of all descriptions in our front.

In the morning we went to work carrying timber and building them up, and worked very hard all day. The rebs would not allow us to shovel in daylight, and as it was, they kept dropping their shells over among us, we thought too frequently for sport. At dark we commenced shoveling, and at 10 o'clock received notice to hurry and get our works secure as the ball would open at 3 a. m., July 30th. At that hour we had three feet of ground on the timbers over us, and had more in front, but we were all tired out and quit work. We were told that Burnside (Ninth Corps) would put a match to the fuse under the fort they had undermined, and that would be a signal for firing to begin. Some of the boys went to sleep and some remained awake watching the fort, which was in plain view in daylight. We waited until nearly sun-up, when

there was a rumble, and the earth shook as though in an earthquake. On casting our eyes toward the fort we saw a sight long to be remembered. At our distance we could only guess at the amount of earth and height, but it looked to us as though there was about an acre of ground heaved up in the air from 50 to 75 feet. It is difficult to describe it. Some compared it to a weeping willow. The column of black earth in the center was the highest, while all beneath and around the black column great clouds of white smoke rolled out. Oh! it was grand! But this is only one way of viewing it. When we think how many human beings went up with it, no doubt many of them still asleep and suddenly ushered into the other world without a moment's thought or preparation, the thought is horrible.

There was used in this explosion, or crater, as it was afterwards called, three hundred and twenty kegs of powder of about 25 pounds each. This lasted but an instant, then our pickets came running back into our line, and the next instant our whole line opened fire. Those who did not hear it, imagine, if you can, what kind of a roar sixty thousand or seventy-five thousand muskets, mingled with from four to five hundred cannon and mortars belching away as fast as they could. The rebels did not return the fire for some time, and even then but feebly.

The rebels made three unsuccessful attempts to retake the fort, meeting with heavy loss each time. After maintaining our fire for four or five hours it ceased almost entirely.

The day being very warm and most of the men having been on fatigue nearly all the previous night, crawled into the shade and went to sleep. Not so with the rebels, but about noon they made another charge with three lines of

battle, and before our gunners could wake up and get to their guns they had possession of the fort and that part of the line that our men had captured. They killed and wounded a great many of our men before they reached our own line.

July 31st, p. m. Seeing a flag of truce going out from our line toward the rebel recaptured line, some of us went down that way, supposing it was to bring off the dead and wounded, who were still lying between the lines where they fell in yesterday's battle and exposed to the fire from both sides, but the rebels inhumanly refused to let us remove them, but permitted the giving of water or stimulants to them. They would not allow any shelter or protection to be put over them to keep off the burning sun. We supposed these requests were refused because they were mostly colored soldiers. The flag of truce returned and we returned to our posts, from which we could see those poor fellows lying there in all their misery.

Nothing else of note occurred this day only that the pickets on our part of the line again became friendly, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the preceding day.

August 1st, 1864. A flag of truce was again sent to the rebels for the same purpose as yesterday, and was again refused. Water was again given to the wounded.

August 2nd. Another flag of truce was sent in and accepted, it is said, because Gen. Grant threatened to shell and burn Petersburg if they did not grant it. Some of the wounded were still living and were brought off after about seventy hours of suffering. No tongue nor pen can describe the untold suffering those poor fellows endured from the inhumanity of their fellow-man; it was probably not equalled anywhere during the war unless it was by their treatment of our comrades in the southern prisons.

This was the last performance in the act of blowing up the fort. Both lines now occupied the same lines they did before; there had been a great loss of life on both sides, and we had thrown an immense amount of lead and metal at them. A battery of ten mortars a few rods in our rear, which threw one hundred pound shells, said that they alone had thrown 30 tons of metal.

August 11th. Still in the same place, and we nearly lived in our bomb proof, as it was the safest. The rebs kept throwing their shells over occasionally, and they seemed to try to drop them right among us. The weather was exceedingly warm, and the flies were exceedingly bad. It was nothing new for them to eat horses alive. Lieut. Col. Ewing had a horse killed by the flies. And the green flies would blow about everything, from salt pork to boots and shoes.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dangerous Sport—Relieved—Left Flank Again—On Skirmish Line—Weldon Railroad—Relieved—Meditations—Putting up Breastworks—An Alarm—Rebel Yell—They left us---Our Skirmish Line---Works in the Rear---Recruits---Convalescents---Whisky and Quinine---Extreme Left---Rations---Grant's Railroad---"Peace-at-any-Price Men"---Letter to a Friend.--Letter to a "Peace Man"---Ready for the Rebs---Duties in Camp and Out---Skirmish at Chapin's Farm---Paid, and Orders to March---To the Left---Met the Enemy--.Captured Works---They Badly Frightened--.Ninth Corps---We Went in Again---Complimented---Works Turned---Meade's Escape---Our Loss.

August 14th. 1864. There was an artillery duel this morning for a few minutes; sometimes we had great sport with the Johnnies; nearly every evening, we had a game of ball with them; when we threw a shell which fell at the right place, we did the cheering and when it missed the mark they did it. When they shot the rule worked the other way. That evening they threw a mortar shell a short distance below us where one of the colored soldiers was shoveling; its weight made it sink into the ground, when it exploded and sent the man sprawling in the air. The rebs saw him and shouted "there goes your dead nigger" "gather up your dead nigger" etc., but our soldier gathered himself up and walked off, only a little lame. Then was our time to hurrah. Last night near midnight

our gun called "Petersburgh sent a few balls into the city. Soon after they returned the compliment by sending a few screaming messengers over us to disturb our slumbers. These little incivilities were very annoying to us when we were sleepy, the heat and flies prevented sleep in day time and we frequently had to work part, or all the night. Orders received not to leave camp as we were liable to move, and at three o'clock the next morning we packed up and being relieved by part of 9th corps we moved back to our old camp. The 5th corps was all relieved in front.

Aug. 16th. We cleaned up camp and next day we had rumors of moving. At 1 a. m. of the 18th the rebels waked us up very rudely by opening up all their artillery on us, then ours replied. Soon after we received orders to be ready to move at daylight. We started by the left flank, our Division in front. After a march of four miles we came to our outer pickets. The different Brigades formed in line of battle, with skirmish line in front, our company being on the skirmish line. We soon came to the rebel cavalry pickets, who fired and fled. We advanced on the double quick some two miles to the Weldon Railroad and crossed it without further opposition. We had again taken them by surprise---had captured another railroad and had chosen our position before they had any force there to contend with us but that evening they attacked the right of the new line, causing some loss and suffering severely themselves, but our men held their position. We being on the extreme left the attack did not reach us. At midnight we were relieved on the skirmish line and moved back to the rear.

This is the second anniversary of our enlistment. "One year more and our time will be out. Don't think we

are homesick. There is no danger of that now ; after being away from home two years. We are only meditating on the past present and future. The past and the present, we know something about, but the future is dark. It is well that we do not know what awaits us in the future."

"Oh? when will this wicked rebellion be conquered and all this misery and bloodshed cease! We may hope for it sooner, but we prophecy that when it is ended our time of enlistment will be nearly spent." (This prediction is copied from an old letter of July 16th, 1864.)

August 19th. Wet and dreary. We moved on the front line to where our regiment lay and began putting up breast works. All quiet in front of us, but away on the front toward Petersburg they made a heavy attack probably in an effort to break through our lines and force us to give up our position on this, to them, important railroad. In the evening we fell in line and marched a short distance to the right, halted and remained until dark when we returned and occupied our position on the line. Next day all remained quiet except some picket firing. We strengthened our works and slashed timber in front. The rain continued.

August 21st. A wet morning. Indications of an attack. Soon we heard that rebel yell that we had heard so often. They came on a charge to flank us, but got flanked themselves and but few of that line escaped death or capture, while our loss was small; our regiment not losing any.

After their sad experience on that day, losing between two and three thousand men, they left us in undisputed possession of their road. Soon after the battle we were sent out on the skirmish line. That night we were so near to them we could hear them talk, but before morning they were gone out of hearing.

On the night of the 22nd we received another complete wetting. Our clothes had now been wet five days and nights in succession. Next evening we were relieved and returned to the works, having been out forty-eight hours. We put up our tents and bunks and were busy a day or two cleaning camp.

Aug. 27th. Waked up at 4 a. m. with orders to be ready to march at sunrise. Our Brigade, being relieved by the 1st Brigade, marched some distance to the rear and began putting up works facing to the rear. As soon as they were up we moved along to another place and again went to work putting up light defenses. We lay along these works in a very swampy, unhealthy place, until the 31st, when we moved into a better camp and began fixing up. Nearly all were out on a detail working on a fort on the 30th. The same day our regiment received one hundred and five recruits, of which Company K received twenty, as follows:

Daniel Barrington

James C. Barnett

Geo. W. Collins

Peter Dietz

Thomas Hoyer

Philip Kribbs

Gideon Kribbs

John Mix

Joshua D. Hazlett

Michael Quinn

Henry Fox

Andrew J. Gordon

James Haden

Patrick Howe

Patrick Rowan

Edward Stang

William Sanders

John Showaker

John A. Troupe

Benj. Thompson

Making the aggregate of the Company ninety-six.

September 2nd, 1864. Heavy details taken out to work on forts and other preparations to repel the enemy, should they attack us either from front or rear. Charles M. Smith returned from hospital.

Sept. 3rd. A party of rebel cavalry drove in our pickets in the rear, when we were taken back and waited in our works for them, but did not see them. J. J. Crawford and S. P. Barrett returned from hospital. Crawford was wounded May 10th at Laurel Hill. In discussing the matter after his return to the Company, he said he was certain he would get another wound in the next engagement in which he would participate.

As this country was very swampy and malarial, the Medical Department recommended the issue of whiskey and quinine. It had been issued occasionally for some time, but it was now issued regularly twice a day in the proportion of a quart a day to ten men and had an abundance of quinine in it. Some drank it for the whiskey and some drank it for the quinine. It was hard to tell which party made the most wry faces, or which party had the most depraved taste; but between the two there was none of the issue permitted to waste.

Sept. 6th. John C. Russell returned to company and next day James C. Jackson. With the sick and wounded who had returned and with the recruits, we now had a pretty full company. Were located on the extreme left of the line. As we might be attacked on three sides, we had fortifications on all three. There were a good many night alarms and it was necessary for us to be on the alert all the time as we expected them to make another desperate effort to retake that railroad which was of so much importance to them.

Of late we had not received such a variety in the issue of rations, as we did formerly for the reason that the wagon trains could not move through this swampy country during the wet weather, but Grant was equal to the occasion by having a railroad constructed from the City Point

road some three miles below Petersburg, inside our lines and in a few days more it will be here, then we can get rations if it does rain.

There were a class of people in the north who sympathized with the south and who had endeavored to clog the National Government in its struggle to suppress the rebellion. About this time they became very bold and insisted that the rebellion could never be conquered--that the war was a failure, and that the government should make peace with the rebels cost what it might. They were called "the peace at any price men." The following is an extract from a letter written by one of the company to his sister who desired to know the sentiment of the soldiers on that point, and we are certain that it gave the sentiment of every soldier.

"WELDON RAILROAD, VA., Sept. 9th, 1864.

Dear Sister:.....The army is in the best of spirits over the recent victories, both here and in the West. All think the rebellion is on its last legs.....The soldiers do not believe in fighting and suffering for years in trying to put down this rebellion and then have to give up all we have gained, to rebels almost conquered. We all want peace, but will fight on rather than accept it at the price of our country's honor, or that all those now in rebellion should not submit to the laws of the land, and if we are willing to suffer and fight on in order to secure an honorable and permanent peace, surely our friends at home should be willing with their influence and kind words to encourage us, instead of continually complaining and thus encouraging our enemies."

In this connection we publish another letter, written some time previous to this, also showing the kind of a fire

we had to endure from the rear. He sent a copy of this letter home from which this is copied.

CAMP HUMPHRYS, Va., April 6th, 1863.

Dear——:—It is with pleasure I seat myself to answer your letter, which I received on the 4th, along with one from —— . I find you and I differ very much in some respects about the war and how it is conducted, but this is no reason why we should differ on other points, or that I should not have the same regard and esteem for you as formerly. In a conversation which we had in Kittanning, when I was on my way out here, you told me 'You (I) will never be sorry but once for what you (I) are doing, and that will be as long as you are in the army.' Well, I am tired of war, but no more tired of it than I was one, two or ten years ago. I always shuddered at the thought of war; but as to being sorry that I enlisted in this war, you have my word for it, I AM NOT.

"I enlisted under the impression that it was my duty to protect my country, and not only mine but the duty of all to uphold and protect a government that has done so much for us civilly, politically and morally. And my belief is now as firm as ever that any one in the North who will not support this government by all the means in his power, must have lost all sense of shame, gratitude and honor; and they who would go still further and aid the rebellion either by word or deed, deserve no protection from the country they are laboring to destroy. I say they do not deserve its protection another day or another hour. And as their crimes are somewhat similar to Cain's, so injustice, their punishment should be similar to his as explained by himself,—Genesis, 4-14.

"Do not understand me as saying that these Northern traitors have personally imbued their hands in the blood of

their brethren, but I do say, and also believe, that had it not been for the aid and comfort the South has received from them, they would have given up long ago. And as they have thus protracted the war, they have indirectly caused the death of thousands of 'the best blood of our country.' They deserve banishment from the land, if not from the face of the earth. While they are hypocritically crying peace, peace, they are doing their utmost to aid the rebels and hamper the government in its efforts to crush the rebellion and end the war.

"They are justly termed 'copperheads,' for they are a sneaking, slimy set, who are secretly by their influence trying to poison the minds of all with whom they come in contact. They are equally as poisonous, but far more cowardly, than the rattlesnake of the South.

"You want to know what 'we soldiers think of the Conscription Act and of the Emancipation Proclamation.' Well, in the first place, nothing could please us better than to draft those at home who will not volunteer and come out to share the hardships of war with us; but it pleases us still better to think that as the 'copperheads' have not come out, but are still at home, that the draft will fall heaviest on them. I have heard that some of them say they 'will resist the draft.' I have an idea that they will not be so foolish, but if they do and the soldiers now in the field have an opportunity, they will be brought out on the double quick and that at the point of the bayonet.

"As to your next query, 'what do we think of the Emancipation Act,' I would say that those who have enlisted to fight the battles of their country, have done so from pure motives of patriotism and love of country, not that they love war and excitement more than others. We love our families and friends as much, our homes are as

dear to us as the homes of those who have not enlisted are to them, or to those hypocritical 'peace men,' who from their hearts wish we may never return. (I am glad to think you are not one of these). Therefore, we soldiers wish for a speedy, honorable and permanent peace, and the soldiers as a general thing believe that as a means of accomplishing this desired end, emancipation is necessary. And as slavery is the cause of this war, if it is permitted to continue, it may cause another war. Therefore to make peace permanent, emancipation is necessary.

"You ask, 'how soon I will be home?' That will depend on circumstances. If my life and health are spared and the traitors in the North are permitted to act treason and aid the rebels, as they have been doing, the time will be longer than otherwise. God, in his own good time, will show a way to stop this, when the government shall have been sufficiently punished for its connivance at the sin of slavery, and when, as a nation, we are brought up to a proper standard. Then and not until then do I expect the army to be disbanded, and each of us to return to our homes to live in peace. I have never had a doubt as to the final result. God will be glorified and make right to prevail in his own good time.

"Again you ask, 'Do we intend to whip the South back into the Union?' Well, we intend to whip them; we don't care about them staying in the Union, but we are determined if they go out, they shall not take a foot of the soil with them. There are plenty of loyal people in the United States to people the whole country, even if the traitors of the North go too.

"Again you ask, 'Are we fighting for the Constitution or to free the slaves?' We are fighting for the Constitution, law and order, and if in the course of the war, in or-

der to accomplish the desired end, the slaves shall be freed; those who commenced the war will have no persons to blame but themselves.

"I have tried to answer all your questions as far as I can recollect them. By mistake I destroyed your letter too soon. I destroy all here as soon as answered. Yours affectionately,

D. P. MARSHALL."

September 15th, 1864. There were rumors that the rebs were massing out there to retake that road. We were called out, and lay under arms for hours, and not knowing on which side to look for them, we remained where we could go to the works on either side in five minutes. That night there was one man kept up all night to wake the boys in case of an alarm, and every other company in the regiment took the same precaution, but we slept and awoke in peace.

Next day (16th) they began to crowd on our pickets, which started brisk firing, that was kept up until the morning of the 17th. There was a party then sent out on a reconnoissance to the front and another to the rear, but found nothing to alarm us.

We had to spend a good portion of time drilling our recruits. Our chaplain had preaching or prayer meeting every night when the weather permitted. Musketry and cannonading continued, within hearing, day and night.

September 28th. About the usual routine of camp life was kept up the past week. We had rather more than our usual amount of picket duty on account of the Paymaster being about. We did picket duty for other regiments while they received their greenbacks, but this day we signed muster and pay-rolls for six months' pay. In the evening he commenced paying us, and paid a few before night.

September 29th. At 2 a m. orders came for us to be

ready to march at 4 a. m. At that time we were packed up ready, but did not move. At daylight the cavalry began to move down the railroad toward Reams Station. They soon began to skirmish with the enemy. In the afternoon they became so hotly engaged that they sent back for assistance and our regiment was sent. We double-quickened about four miles and formed battle line in front a little before dark. Firing soon ceased, without any casualties to us. In an hour we were relieved by the cavalry and moved back to camp. This was called the battle of Chapin's Farm. After we returned to camp our Company and two others were paid. It was after midnight when we lay down to rest, with orders to be ready to march at an early hour. Received two recruits—Wm. Buckley and Peter R. Snyder.

September 30th. Daylight found us all astir. We had received six month's pay just when we did not need it—had not time to attend to it. We had orders to march and those orders nearly always were connected with an opportunity to fight, and we did not wish to carry our money at such a time; the opportunity for losing it was good. We put it in shape to express it; put it in care of our Chaplain to carry to City Point, and at 8 a. m. we were on the march toward rebeldom, with the bands playing to make them think we had a grand review. We did not have far to go to find their pickets, when skirmishing began. When we had advanced two and a half miles they commenced shelling us, and after driving their skirmishers another half mile, we came in sight of their works a half mile away, across a farm. They had a strong line with one fort where their cannon were posted. The whole line soon received the command "forward." It was then best man foremost, and the rebels blazing away at us as fast as

they could. Soon after we saw them beginning to run. When we came to the fort we captured one cannon and 40 prisoners and captured about 20 more along the line. In charging on the fort there was quite an exciting race between Sergeant Marlin, our color bearer, and the color bearer of another regiment to see who would first plant their flag there, but "Tim" was too smart for the other fellow and the fort was ours and the cannon too.

We then saw another line farther on and to where they had taken the other cannon. After resting a few moments we climbed over the works we already had and started for the second line. Our blood was up, and it would have taken considerable to stop us. The rebels must have thought so too, because, as soon as they saw us coming, they went, and our flag was first on this second line of works. They were not as extensive as the first. Sergeant Porter, Corporal Fleming and a few others followed a little farther and gave them a volley, when they got in such a hurry they threw away everything, even their guns. If we had not become so tired charging up that long hill we might have been foolish enough to have gone on capturing everything until we would have taken the South Side R. R., only a mile or two distant, and at once put an end to the rebellion. While we were resting and congratulating ourselves on what we had accomplished, the 9th Corps came marching past us going to the front. It was a large Corps and we were expecting great things from them. About the time the last of the column passed the rebels had either received re-enforcements or they had gathered up courage when they saw we were not along, and charged on the 9th Corps, driving them, we never heard where. We had stacked our guns and were preparing for the night's rest, when our Brigade in hot haste was hurried into line

of battle and double-quickened through the woods into the opening where the 9th had preceded us so lately. We found none of them, but we did find plenty of rebels coming toward us and shooting at us. We charged across the field toward them and soon checked them in their onward career and hurled them back where they came from. There was a battery run in here too, and some of our boys assisted the gunners in working the guns, and received great praise from the Captain of the battery for their bravery and their staying qualities. We lay here until after dark under a brisk fire all the time. Then we began to put up works for our protection, should they come again, but before long we were relieved and moved along the line we had taken, which was soon converted from rebel to Yankee works and their forts filled with our guns. It had been raining some all afternoon and rained all night, and continued raining hard next day. We were wringing wet. We remained at these works all that day strengthening them and slashing timber in front.

In the morning of October 2nd, Sabbath, they feared a flank movement on the left by the rebels, and we were taken back on the ground where we had fought them on the evening of the 30th. There was considerable skirmishing in front and we received a severe shelling.

Here Gen. Meade made a narrow escape; he and his staff were on their horses, and standing near us. A cannon ball came along, struck his boot leg and then the ground, throwing the mud all over one of the aids, and then glanced. Capt. Cline was standing beside him and saw it. In the afternoon we moved back to the right and farther to the front than the rebel lines we had previously occupied, where we put up another line of good works,

and went into a regular camp behind them to fortify a while, and then steal another march on them.

We did not make this move, and accomplish so much, without loss. When we charged on the first line, Thomas Kiskadden was wounded in the shoulder, and Patrick Rowan, a recruit, had one little finger shot off, and as we never saw him again he was marked "deserter." Then when we went in, after the 9th corps, on the charge, J. J. Crawford received a wound, as he prophesied a month previous. The ball struck above the eye, glanced around on the skull, and was cut out at the ear. James C. Jackson, the last one of last spring's recruits, was wounded in the shoulder, and after we had stopped in line, a cannon ball struck Calvin Gray, killing him instantly; one killed and four wounded in the Company, and five killed and twenty wounded in the Regiment.

CHAPTER XV.

Promotion—Suicide---A Support---State Election---Chaplain's Farewell—Orders to Move—Moved to the Left—Met the Enemy—Skirmishers' Adventures—Trouble in the Rear—Reputation of Company "K"—Some Close Calls—Return to Camp—Another Change—Sutler's Prices—Presidential Election—Various Surgeons---Rebel Deserters—Rations and Turkeys---Relieved and Moved to the Rear---Early Rising---A March—The Weldon Raid—Our Force—Destroying R. R.—Good Living—Cooking Utensils—A Bad Night—A Hard March—Straggling—Met 9th Corps—Back in our Line—What we Ate and Why---Guerrillas—Results of the Raid—Building Quarters—Our old Clothing.

October 4th, 1864. The rebels made an attack on the extreme left this day and were repulsed. They sent the shells over our way pretty briskly for awhile. Received notice that Corporal August Schmuck was promoted to a captaincy in a colored regiment and for us to discharge him; also received one recruit, Philip Hellam.

October 7th. There was quite an excitement over a suicide, committed by a recruit in company "H," he had only been there five days. He put three charges of powder and two bullets in his gun, put the muzzle in his mouth and pulled it off with his bayonet, nearly blowing his head off. He was on the picket line about fifty rods from camp. He left a letter in his pocket, to his sister, saying that he was going to do it. No reason known why he did it, only that he was afraid the rebels would kill him.

October 8th. We received orders to fall in and go out

to support the picket line, as they were going to advance it; we advanced through the woods a half mile until we came in sight of the rebels, where we halted and remained until night, when we returned to camp. They fired a few shots at us, but there was no one hurt. We suffered severely with cold, as we could not have fire.

October 11th was the day of the State election. We also held an election which resulted in eleven votes for the republican candidate and five for the democratic. The whole vote of the regiment was one hundred and fifty-three republicans and sixty-three democratic.

We had heavy details of men out building forts and strengthening our line of works. We would have been pleased to have the rebels come to see us often, for we enjoyed their butting against our works far more than we enjoyed butting against theirs.

October 21st. Gen. Grant and staff and Gen. Meade and staff passed along the line. We slashed the timber in front of our works. Col. Gregory was promoted to Brigadier and Brigadier Gen. Griffin to Major Gen. that week.

October 22nd. Lieut. Foster was detailed as Lieut. of the Ambulance Corps.

October 23rd. Chaplain Mateer, who had been with us about one year, preached his farewell sermon; Gen. Gregory led in singing and prayer.

We were now about ready for another move by the left flank. Our lines were so well fortified that a good skirmish line could hold them. As we had been in every move "by the left flank;" we tried to hope that they would let us rest in the next move, but we hardly expected it, because any troops that had a good fighting record usually

got plenty of it to do. Our Corps, and especially our Division, had that kind of a record.

October 26th. Orders received to pack up and send off all extra baggage, and to be ready to move at an early hour next day. At 3 o'clock next morning we were waked up, and marched at 5 a. m. We traveled six miles to get three. Soon after we got outside our lines we struck the rebel pickets. We drove them before us until we came to the place where we stopped at their first line of works. We put up a slight line of works to protect ourselves, and lay here from 10 a. m. of the 27th to 11 a. m. of the 28th. There were one hundred of our regiment on the skirmish line, ten of them being from Company "K." When the skirmishers had driven the rebs into their works some of them wanted to charge on them, particularly Corporal George Clever, and George did charge and get up on their works before they saw him. Corporal W. D. Porter and S. Schrecengost and some of our recruits were nearly there, but there were not enough to take and hold them. When he got on the works a rebel officer saw him and called out "Look at the Yankee s— of a b---! shoot him!" When George saw their guns raised he jumped and ran. There were a good many shots fired at him, but all missed. If he had had enough of the skirmishers with him he would have taken their works from them. George always acted as though he did not know what fear was, and we had a good many others like him in the Company.

While this scene was being transacted on the skirmish line, we had another in the line of battle, where the remainder of the Company and Regiment was.

We were in the second line, and it became hot all through the woods with the rebel fire. A regiment of new troops from New York, in front of us, became excited,

fired into our own men killing and wounding a great many and then broke for the rear ; they tried to run through our line ; some of our Regiment became excited and wanted too run to. Company "E" on our right nearly all broke. Two members of the Company who would not run, and after vainly trying to hold the others, stepped into our Company and said they would go into a Company they knew would not break. This was after ten of our best men had gone to the skirmish line, and more than half of those left were recruits. This was an indication of the reputation Company "K" had in a battle. We remained firm and those of our line who broke, soon rallied and came back into line. If we had not been in so many harder fought battles, we would have thought this a pretty severe one ; and it was the first time in all the summer's fighting when our Company did not have killed and wounded, if there were any in the Regiment. In this engagement one of our recruits had part of the heel shot off his shoe, another had his sleeve cut, and another a slight mark on the shoulder. John Russell had his coffee pot shot to pieces and about fifty holes in his gum blanket and tent cloth. There was one killed and fifteen wounded in the Regiment.

September 28th. At 3 p. m. we returned to the camp we left the previous morning, put up our tents on the same ground, and the whole affair seemed like a dream ; there is some recollection of marching---of the bullets flying thick---of lying out there in the cold one night when it rained nearly all night, and of a heavy load to carry back to camp after we had replenished our knapsacks from those full ones thrown away by the new men when they broke. Our move this time was not as succesful as most of our left flank moves had been. The second

Corps, who were still farther to the left than we were, met some reverse, which was the cause of our returning to camp.

About this date we were changed from 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, to 3rd Brigade, 1st Division, with Gen. Bartlett for our Brigade Commander.

November 4th, 1864. We had nearly all put up comfortable quarters. The weather was too chilly and cold to live in our little open tents.

Here are some camp prices: Daily paper, 10 cents. three large or five small apples, 25 cents; butter, eighty cents per pound; but that is not dear, because it tastes so much of the butter that it does not require much for a meal.

November 8th. Day of the Presidential election. Company "K" cast 20 votes for Abraham Lincoln and 16 for George B. McClellan.

November 11th. Sergeant Marlin went home on a fifteen day furlough. Regimental Assistant Surgeon Tewksberry messed with Captain Cline and Lieut. Huey. He was a doctor and a gentleman both, something we could not say of all the surgeons we had. Dr. Wilson a former surgeon, said that "an enlisted man was no better than a dog, and that if his own father was an enlisted man, he would disown him." It was a difficult matter for an enlisted man to honor such a man. One thing certain, that honors more than the law required were not given him.

November 19th. Lieut. Huey had been out on picket with a detail for three days, and that morning he brought in two rebel deserters, who came in the previous night. They said if we lay there until spring there would be but a small army over there; those that did not desert would starve to death. They said before they came on picket

post last night they drew two days' rations and ate all for supper. They were brothers, and from North Carolina. Others came in along the line the same night, and every day and night. All told the same story, that the rebellion was almost at an end. And again, a week later, the news was that deserters were coming in very fast. They all told the same thing, "Confederacy gone up and rations scarce," and of course these things cheered us. Their rations were one pound of meal and one-half pound of meat for two days, and enough coffee in a month to make a cup.

November 26th. "Barrett is getting dinner and Fleming is out helping to draw our Thanksgiving dinner. Turkeys have just arrived in camp. Yesterday we drew some apples at the rate of five for three men. If they did not have to pass so many headquarters before they reached us we would get a larger issue. We drew soft bread, beef, coffee, sugar, one potato for each man, and a turkey for each twelve men. We will be able for our rations of turkey as soon as it is cooked. We defy the annals of history to show where any other army in the world had turkeys and other delicacies issued to the men through the Commissary Department such as the Union army has been receiving."

Appearances indicate another move; furloughs were stopped; convalescents were being sent back and we knew it all meant something. Lieut. Foster returned from the ambulance corps.

December 1st, 1864. Sergeant Marlin returned from home, having been absent nineteen days.

December 6th. Lieut. Foster obtained another appointment, and has been detailed and placed in charge of the nurses at City point hospital. We were relieved by the 6th corps this morning and marched five miles toward the

rear and encamped just inside our outer line of works, near the Jerusalem Plank Road. We had no tents over us that night and as we were lying between the corn rows, we received the full benefit of the rain. First it fell on our upturned faces; to avoid that we pulled the blankets over our heads. Then as water is bound to seek its level, and it did it this time, running down between the corn rows; we soon found there was more water under than over us. To anyone who has not had the experience, we can inform them that December rain water running in about a person trying to sleep, is decidedly unpleasant. About this time we were told to get up; we did not need to be waked, the water had done that. At 2 a. m. we marched along the plank road, crossed the Nottaway river on pontoons in the night, and at 6 a. m. halted for breakfast near Sussex Court House. Five miles before breakfast, through mud and darkness, with a load as wet and heavy as ours was, is a long road. We kept on the plank road some fifteen miles farther, then turned to the right a few miles, struck the Weldon railroad about noon, and at 1 p. m., halted near a station for dinner. The cavalry in advance had burned the station before we came up, after exchanging a few shots with the rebs guarding there. They had put up winter quarters, which they had left very unceremoniously.

We lay here until evening; in the meantime the other troops and the trains were coming up. All having to move over one road it took a good while. Our force consisted of the 5th Corps and 1st Division of the 2nd Corps, besides a few thousand Cavalry. About run down, we received orders to fall in to go and tear up the railroad. We had never seen anything of the kind done, but we had seen plenty that the Johnnies had done for us, especially,

when we fell back from Culpepper to Centerville, they destroyed every foot of our road; now we felt that we could retaliate. We marched along the road and took our positions on one side of the road. At the command all took hold, and in a minute miles of the line was lying with the ties on top of the rails. It was but the work of a few minutes to tear the ties loose, build them up in piles, throw the rails across them, set them on fire and the work was done, ready to move on to another place, with a great fire burning every few rods. The rails would heat in the middle, the weight at the ends would cause them to bend. Sometimes a few of the boys would take a rail heated in the middle, and ring it around a tree or stump. Before we halted at midnight, we had advanced a good many miles down the road, and destroyed it as far as we had gone, and had had lots of fun. We laid down tired and sleepy. Toward morning it became very cold and we all arose next morning shivering with the cold. Our division did not tear up any road this day; some others did. It gave our boys a good opportunity to forage, which they did with a will; and with the experience of the past they could do it to perfection. One squad brought in a dressed hog weighing more than one hundred pounds. Another party scouting about, saw a pen in the woods, and, on close observation, saw that it contained ten big turkeys; they charged, and boys of our Company captured nine of them and carried them along until evening. We did not march far this day; something we all wondered at, if we were going on through into North Carolina, as we thought and hoped we were. This was about 42 miles outside our lines at Petersburg, and only a few miles from the North Carolina line.

We camped before dark about the time it began to rain

and freeze. Now was our time to eat turkey; pork and other things we had found along the road, and thus lighten our loads for the next day. Our cooking utensils were not such as would have been in demand with our lady friends at home for cooking turkeys, but soldiers were seldom at a loss for some way to cook anything and everything they had to cook. On this occasion coffee pots, frying pans, quart cans, tin cups and everything that would hold a piece of turkey was brought into requisition. Then we ate, and we ate, until we ate them all, and did not desire any more. This was a bad night to lie out. It was raining and freezing. In the morning we were up before daylight, getting ready to march, and still it was raining. The ice covered our blankets from a half inch to an inch thick, and we had to pack up everything wet, making our loads very heavy. The ice melting on our blankets and running down our backs, together with the continued rain, made it exceedingly unpleasant all day. When we were ready to start, much to our disappointment we took the back track. We started at 7 a. m.; marching was very bad, the roads muddy and our loads heavy. The rule latterly on a march had been to rest ten minutes out of sixty; this day we followed that rule for three hours; after that we did not stop to rest once, not even for dinner.

Our Division was in advance, and as we only had one road, and the wagon train and artillery occupied it, a great many of the troops had to march on the flanks. Our Brigade marched on the right flank most of the time through fields and woods, swamps and ditches. We soon learned that we were on a forced march; that the rebels having learned of our whereabouts, and of the depredations we had done their railroad, were making an effort to cut us off and punish us, while our object was to gain

the commanding position at Sussex Court House as well as the roads leading into that place. If the rebels had secured that position first they might have seriously interfered with our return.

On account of the hard marching and weight of our loads the men now began to straggle. The farther we marched the more were compelled to drop out of ranks. It was very unsafe to leave the line or get far in the rear, as the guerrillas were ready to murder every man who came within their reach, and the rebel cavalry were following us up in the rear, and were only held in check by our rear guard of cavalry. When we came near the stopping place the Sergeant Major passed back along where the regiment should be, and instructed the First Sergeant that as soon as we halted and stacked arms to report to regimental headquarters how many we had, as the Colonel wished to know how many men had been able to keep up in this hard march.

When we halted Company "K" was able to report 30 men out of 46. The Adjutant could scarcely believe it, and said, "Have you that many up?" The orderly replied, "Yes, and if you don't believe it come and count them yourself." The Adjutant replied, "Well that is good." And it was. It was nearly one-half the regiment then present. Some companies did not have enough men to make more than one stack of guns. We had marched 21 miles in ten hours. We had gained the desired position and were ready to rest that night, except those who had to go on picket.

Next morning, (December 11th, 1864,) we marched at daylight and five miles brought us down to Nottoway, where we formed on Division of the 9th Corps, ready to assist us, had the rebels thought to annoy us. The 9th

corps saze. The rebels on picket had told them that we were all cut up and that they were agreeably disappointed to find it not true and so were we. The pontoons were soon laid and we crossed and came out two or three miles and halted until next day, Monday. We considered ourselves safe here from any force they could bring against us. Including cavalry. We were about equal to two corps and only sixteen miles from our own lines, so that if Johny had seen proper to trouble us he might have got into trouble.

December 12th. We started early, and by 2 p. m. were back within our own lines and went into camp, cold, tired and worn out but not hungry. The weather had been cold or wet all the time. We had been outside our lines six days, and had eaten very few army rations in that time. We had poultry of all kinds, meat of all kinds flour, honey, molasses, jellies, apples, turnips and many other things. The boys took these things on the principle that we were doing those fellows a kindness by whipping them and make them behave, and that they should board us while we were with them at least, and we eat them on the supposition that if they were good enough for rebels to eat they might do for yankees. There was another article that we found far too plentiful, and that was apple jack. We lost one man from our company, John L. Ferer, our drummer, through the power of apple jack. He took too much, became unable to travel and was captured; we never saw him again as he was drowned in April following, after he had been exchanged and was returning to the company. There were but few losses of men in our expedition, but there were more men lost from the use of the whisky, wine, cider, and apple jack found in the raid than from any other cause. There were five missing from our

regiment. When going away we did not destroy any private dwellings until we found that the citizens were playing guerilla and were murdering many of our men who fell into their hands. One of our men was found pinned to the ground with a stake driven into his mouth. After that nearly every building in reach was burned. We did them an immense amount of damage by destroying the railroad. Although we held the road between that and Petersburg, they had been shipping on it as near to our lines as it was safe, then hauling around our left flank. Now it was destroyed a long distance and they did not have the iron to repair it.

We lay about until the 16th before we received any further orders, when we were ordered to put up another lot of winter quarters, and many of us on the night of the 17th had them ready to stay in and to spend the 18th, Sabbath, in. We had been lying out for thirteen days and nights on the ground which was frozen solid a large portion of the time. We still had the chimneys to build, the doors to make and daubing to do before we could be very comfortable. On the morning we started on the raid, Col. Pearson received a commission as Brevet Brigadier General, and Lieut. Col. Ewing as Brevet Colonel.

The clothing we boxed up and sent away in the spring before we started on the wilderness campaign, was now returned to us all right. But, oh, how many of our dear comrades were gone, never again to need theirs.

December 24th. There was a salute of 100 guns fired from a fort in front of us that morning, celebrating the capture of Savannah, Georgia, by Sherman's army.

CHAPTER XVI.

Another Year—New Year's Calls—Hot Punch—Good Dinner—Wrestling Match—A Sad Case—Captain Cline Promoted—A Visitor—Camp Incidents—Ready to Move—Rowanty Creek—Good Fires—Short Sleep—Shiver and Shake—Deployed—Driving and Driven—Conduct of N. Y. Troops—All Mixed up—A Rebel Soldier's Accounts—No Casualties—Retrospect—More Building—Hunting for Boards—Lieut. Huey Promoted—Names Sent in for Promotion—Token of Respect—A Chapel—Communion and Incidents—Promotions—Getting Ready to Move—A Review.

January 1st, 1865. Another year has gone and a new year has come with its hopes and fears. Ten of our comrades, whose prospects one year ago, were as bright as ours, now fill soldier's graves, all killed on the field of battle, or wounded and died in the hospital. Very likely many more of us will have to sacrifice our lives on the altar of our country before this wicked rebellion is conquered, and our misguided brethren be made to acknowledge the supremacy of the glorious old stars and stripes.

Jan. 2nd, 1865. Yesterday being Sabbath, New Years festivities were not observed until to-day. Gen. Bartlett, now commanding our Brigade, sent down an invitation to all the commissioned officers of the Brigade to visit him between the hours of 12 and 2 p. m., and also one to the Sergeants to visit him between 3 and 5 p. m. At the appointed hour the officers fell in and marched over to the General's quarters. In a short time they returned. We were not in the officers squad, therefore can not say

what kind of a reception they had, or how much of the Genl's. punch they destroyed. But we know that when the Sergeants marched over to pay their respects a little later there was plenty of it then. There were about thirty from the Regiment and four of them from our Company. We had an invitation, a few minutes conversation and all the punch we wanted to drink and more too, consequently some of the boys took more than they could well carry. When we left there it was proposed that we visit our Corps Commander, Genl. G. K. Warren, about three-fourths of a mile distant, and no sooner proposed than unanimously agreed to. On our arrival at Corps Headquarters we had an introduction, a shake of the hand and chatted a few minutes, when a Captain on his staff started out and directed us to follow him; he led us into another tent where we found a table spread, more than large enough for the crowd, and the table covered with all the eatables the army afforded, including oysters and other delicacies. It looked as though he had been expecting us or some other hungry crowd. We did some big eating; fared better than any time since we had that big mess of turkey. We then returned to camp and twitted our officers. We had exceeded them so far that they never mentioned the proceedings of the day unless we introduced the subject.

After we returned to camp the most excitement was over a wrestling match between the first Sergeants of Co's. E. and K., each one backed and championed by his own company. It would not do to tell them that Gen. Bartlett's punch had anything to do with it, but then they had never been known to be guilty of such actions before. They were two of the largest if not the awkwardest men in the army and it afforded a great deal of sport for the lookers on while it lasted, in the street before

the two companies. One man remarked that it looked like a strong wrestle, if it was not skillful, another, after it was over said the street looked like a bull fight. Company "K." won the day.

But all jolly days must come to an end and so did this New Year's day 1865.

January 8th. Capt. J. A. Cline and Sergeant D. B. Kirkpatrick received furloughs and started home this morning. After we came back off the raid, Benjamin Thompson, one of our recruits, became sick, and was sent to Division Hospital, and being deranged he got out of bed one cold wet night when the nurse was not looking, ran out in the dark with only shirt and drawers, and we never again heard of him. About this time, his father having heard he was sick, wrote to us to know how Ben was getting. It was a sorrowful task to have to write to him and tell him the circumstances, and that we knew nothing about Ben. He was a brother of George's, who died in the hospital a little more than a year previous.

January 13th. There was a great many furloughs given then. There were two more of our company furloughed. Colonel Ewing being in command of the regiment then, we all stood on equal footing.

January 16th. The rebels made some demonstrations on the left of our line, but were soon quieted. Next day they received a salute of 100 shots from our guns in honor of the capture of Fort Fisher.

Sergeant Armstrong was detailed for duty with the Division Provost Guard, Corporal Porter acting as Sergeant in the company.

Jan. 23rd. Capt Cline returned from his leave of absence, having received a commission as Major during his absence, a promotion he would have received more than a

year before if his bravery and other good qualities had been properly appreciated and rewarded. Capt. Cline would neither swear or drink whisky nor their accompanying evils, consequently he was not a favorite at Headquarters until after recent promotions. There were others, some in our company and some in other companies, whose promotions were held back for the same cause.

Jan. 26th. Sergeant Kirkpatrick returned from his furlough this day. We were also visited by Rev. G. W. Mechlin, of Glade Run, who was laboring in the Third Division under the appointment of the Christian Commission. Major Cline went over to the 2nd Brigade, where General Gregory had erected a fine chapel and engaged it for Mr. Mechlin to preach in that night. After preaching he came back with us and remained.

Feb. 2nd, 1865. George Nicely received a furlough last night and started home this morning. Samson Schecengost is expecting to receive one and start to-morrow. Col. Ewing started to-day on leave and Major Cline is now in command of the regiment. There has been preparation for moving for two days but things seemed to have again settled down. Rev. Mechlin made us another visit yesterday, and Rev. Harvey Marshall to-day; he came down from the 6th Corps at the Yellow House where he is posted. He made the same remark as Mr. Mechlin that with us, was the first place he had gone that he felt at home.

February 4th. In the evening we received notice to be ready to march at 6 o'clock next morning, and also notified that those on picket would remain as well as the camp guards.

At daylight February 5th, Sabbath, our Corps was in line ready to march. As appearances indicated that we might return here, we took nothing but our blankets and

what would be absolutely necessary. Lieut. Huey was so sick that he could not go. Sergeant Marshall was so bad with the cold he could scarcely speak above a whisper, but he went in command of the company. We marched to the Yellow House, three miles, then south down the Weldon railroad four miles, then southwest to Rowanty Creek, two miles; here the rebels had works, but they were soon routed and some of them captured. After crossing the creek we marched northwest about six miles until we struck the Vaughn road. Here General Warren came near being killed or captured; he was so close to a squad of twenty rebels, mostly dressed in our uniform, that he asked them who they were; their reply was by a volley, one ball going through his coat. They also fired on Gen. Griffin. They captured a few men, when there was a squad from our regiment sent after them who drove them away. It was now sun down and had been freezing hard all day, but rails were plenty and we soon had good fires to warm us, but lying down on the frozen ground to sleep, with only a few pine tops and gum blankets under us, was different from the comfortable quarters we had left. We did not lie long enough to get the ground warm under us. Between 10 and 11 we were waked up and started back on the Vaughn road in the direction of Petersburg, to Hatcher's Run, about five miles. The 2nd Corps had captured the rebel works there during the day.

The rebels knowing that we were in their rear, no doubt made them evacuate more speedily. When we came near Hatcher's Run we halted in an open field without fire and did not know where to find anything to make fire out of. The best we could do was to move about and shiver and shake to daylight, about three hours, when we saw where to get wood and soon had fires. After breakfast we were

posted along the rebel works and occupied part of the day in changing them to suit us. This day was cold and we suffered very much with it.

About 3 p. m. the 2nd and 3rd divisions of our corps advanced and drove the rebels some distance before we went in.

Our regiment on the left of the line and our Co. on the the left of the regiment, and instead of a line of battle the company deployed like a skirmish line. We drove them a mile or more through the woods, through fallen timber and tree tops and came to where there had once been a saw mill and a large pile of sawdust. Some of our boys were on the sawdust when they charged on us; the line on our right had fallen back before we were aware of it. There were not more than our company there, if all of it, and the rebels were close and the bullets coming from the right and left and front, the rear was the only open place and we started for it.

After jumping logs, falling over tree tops and running until we could hardly run, the balls were still coming thick as ever and the rebs seemed to be unnecessarily close. One comrade said he did not once think of being hit, but he did think of Libby and all the rebel prisons in the South and which one he would rather go to, and he also thought about home. We overtook part of our Corps, when enough of them rallied to give the rebels a volley and check them, so they did not crowd us so much after that. When we had gotten back nearly to the works we found the 2nd Brigade of our Division in line with fixed bayonets to prevent our going farther. This Brigade was composed of the 187th, 188th and 189th N. Y., one year regiments, and were the same that fired into our own men October 27th. Here in front of them were the

men and officers of two Divisions and one Brigade of our Division all mixed up like a mass of sheep, and of all ranks, from General Warren down. While we were trying to form a line and be ready to receive the enemy the rebel bullets began to come in pretty thick.

Our 2nd Brigade behind us became excited and fired up in the air, some down at the ground, but the most of them right amongst the mass of men in their front, men and officers fell all about; and perhaps more than fell from the rebel fire previously. After they had fired, many of them threw away their guns, and the whole Brigade started as fast as they could for the rear and got behind the works, where some of those who still had their guns continued to fire at our men as they came back. Then they made another break for the bridge and the other side of the creek. When we came back to the works we stayed there, stopped the rebels and began to form Companies, Regiments, Brigades and Divisions. The Commander of Company "K" began with two men at the run down, and at 9 p. m. were all together but three, who did not find us until the next day. We lay on the frozen ground that night, but before morning it began to sleet, rain and freeze and next day was terrible bad to be without shelter.

In the summer of 1886 the writer was at Mulvane, Kansas, as a delegate to Presbytery. He was a guest at the house of Mr. Lemon. In the course of conversation we found that both had been in the war, in Virginia, but on different sides. In further conversation the Dabney's Mill fight was spoken of, and we found that we had been near together. His story was: "You drove us back a long distance; we had crossed the sawdust pile a few rods into a road, where a few of us were collected. Just then Billy Mahone came riding up who said, "Shoot, and

keep up all the racket you can and hold them there two minutes and my men will be here.' In two minutes Mahone's men came, and they immediately charged and drove you." Here was the reason why we had to get out of that place so suddenly. The loss in the regiment was 4 killed, 34 wounded and 14 missing. Every member of our Company came out without a scratch. The color guard were all struck except Corporal Fleming and Sergt. Marlin, color bearer.

Feb. 13th. Our camp guards and everything we left behind us were brought to us about eight miles from our former camp. This was an extremely cold time and very hard on us lying out on the frozen ground without shelter for eight days. Some of the boys did not have their blankets with them. This day we moved to where there was timber and began putting up another lot of winter quarters. These were the fourth set of houses that season.

February 17th. We had our new quarters about completed except the floors. There was a great deal of labor in building quarters; we had to labor under so many disadvantages for want of tools and boards; we had no boards for doors, or tables or floors. This morning a man of another company came into camp carrying a nice long board. Instantly everyone was anxious to know where he found such a fine board and just such as we needed to complete our houses; he pointed to some farm buildings across the swamp and half a mile or more away. Our camp was close to a swamp with plenty of water, some 20 rods wide. A good many started for the buildings; we found poles and rails laid across the swamp, so that we crossed without getting much wet, but when we arrived at the buildings the 3d Division had taken possession and

there were guards all about that would not permit us to have anything. Some went away without making an effort, some lingered about to see what might be done; among the latter was Corporal Fleming. He saw a chance for a board when the guard's back was turned, he took it and ran down over the hill out of sight; here he put it into the care of a messmate to take to camp while he would go back and try for another. The messmate had been but a short time in camp when Fleming came up out of the swamp wet and muddy to the arm pits. It seemed that he was getting another board when a guard saw him, arrested him, took him to an officer at the house, who ordered the guard to take him to Division Headquarters (3rd Division). They started but the guard said he did not know the way; Fleming said he did and started on, the guard following. Fleming saw there was no cap on his gun. He led on down opposite our camp to the edge of the swamp and then plunged in; the guard ordered him to halt and brought down his gun. Fleming was not afraid of the gun as he was soon hid by the timber and brush. He floundered on through, looking as though he had earned the board we had for a table and a door. Lieut. Ben Huey was mustered as Captain this day.

February 21st. S. Schrecengost returned from his furlough and this morning Corporals George Clever and W. D. Porter went home on theirs.

The names of Color Sergeant T. J. Marlin and Corporal George Clever were forwarded to headquarters as having distinguished themselves for bravery, and while this distinction was made, there were others, and nearly the whole company were as good and brave soldiers as the army could produce.

The war is rapidly coming to a close, deserters are com-

ing in faster than ever. Sergeant Armstrong said he saw six recently come with their guns loaded, who said they were determined to fire back had their own men fired on them.

February 27th. The company, as a mark of respect for our Captain, Ben Huey, made him a present of a watch and chain valued at ninety-five dollars. We were again fortunate in being situated near a Christian Commission Chapel. It was presented and named by a church at New Haven, Conn., and was called Quinnepiac Tabernacle.

February 28th. The paymaster came again and gave us four month's wages.

Second Lieut. Foster was mustered as 1st Lieutenant.

March 5th, 1865. It had been previously announced that the communion of the Lord's Supper would be administered in the Christian Commission Chapel this day. It was a very solemn occasion. There were present a number of ministers of different denominations as well as members of many different branches. Here was true brotherly love, here was the dawn of a better feeling between different sects. Here in the army, the wall between old and new school Presbyterians was broken down. Here old psalm singers learned to sing the sweet songs of a Saviour's love. The army was a wicked place, but if we were to tell our friends at home that there was more true religion here than at home they would scarcely believe it. There were requests sent here from churches in the north asking the soldiers to pray for them that they might have a revival as it was in the army. Religion was no cold formality there; there was more love and zeal for Christ there than in our northern churches, still there was no outburst or excitement. The same spirit seemed to animate all christians there. Eternity alone can tell how

much good the Christian Commission has been the means of doing, both for the bodies and souls of men. The Sanitary Commission did a great work for the comfort of the soldiers, but when the amount of means which it controled is compared with the former, it did very little. In the Sanitary the officers came in for the first share, while in the Christian, officers and men shared alike. Both organizations looked after the bodily comfort of the soldiers, but the Christian Commission also looked after their spiritual welfare. There were meetings in the Chapel every night; it was usually crowded full and many that came could not be accommodated. It held from 350 to 400 persons.

March 7th. First Sergeant D. P. Marshall was mustered as 2d Lieutenant after a continuous service of two years, less ten days, in the former rank. On the same date Sergeant D. B. Kirkpatrick was promoted to 1st Sergeant; Corporal W. D. Porter was promoted to Sergeant; Samson Schrecengost and Robert Hagan were promoted to Corporals.

March 9th. Captain Huey having received a twenty day's leave of absence, started home.

March 14th. Things began to indicate a move; that morning orders were received to turn in all camp and garrison equipage, and the C. C. agreed to take charge of and express home for us all extra clothing.

John Durnell started on furlough. Sergeant Porter and Corporal George Clever had returned. A Corps review was held in the afternoon.

March 20th. Monthly inspection in the forenoon; Division review at 2 p. m.; dress parade at 5 p. m., and a detail of five men from each company were taken to Brigade headquarters to gratify the curiosity of some visiting cit-

zens who wished to see the Zouave drill; many of our men had become quite proficient in that exercise.

Wm. Chrisman, who left us on the march to Antietam, and who was arrested, court martialed and sentenced to make good the lost time and forfeit ten dollars a month for ten months, returned to us, but as he stood up to the work so bravely and manfully in all the engagements in which we participated until he was wounded April 1st following, his sentence was not carried out.

R. L. McGaughey returned from his furlough home.

CHAPTER XVII.

Fort Steadman—Hatcher's Run—Hotly Engaged—Wounded—Returned Hungry—Packed Up—Waiting—The Major's Wound—The Coffee Battery—Moving—Enemy Found—We Double-Quickened—Just in Time—Quaker Road—Our Wounded—Lay on Our Arms—Advanced—Fortified—Shelled—Rain—Relieved—Again to the Rescue—Gravelly Run—Cut Loose from the Army—Come Back—Another Attempt—Joined Sheridan—Five Forks—Scouts—Rebel Rear—Surrendered—Reconsider It—Incidents—Again Advanced—Prisoners Captured—Artillery, Etc.—Deeds of Daring—Recommended for Promotions.

March 25th, 1865. At 3 a. m. the rebels attacked Fort Steadman on our right, and the heavy cannonading waked us. In the morning early before we had breakfast, we were called out and marched two miles or more in the direction of the fort where we halted and remained until noon, then we came back to support the 2nd Corps on the left, who were making an advance on the rebel lines near Hatcher's Run. About 5 p. m. the musketry became very hot. We went in about 6 o'clock and were very hotly engaged until after dark. We advanced until within a short distance of the rebel works and held our position until relieved about 9 p. m., although we had a hot place and the regiment suffered very severely. Col. Ewing was wounded severely in the leg, Major Cline was wounded in the shoulder, George Clever was bruised on the arm and Samuel Whited on the side. There were two killed in the regiment and thirty wounded. It was nearly midnight when we returned to camp, tired and hungry, but thank-

ful that we had been preserved through another warm engagement. We had left camp without breakfast and had been without anything to eat all day.

March 26th (Sabbath). We went to preaching in the forenoon. Soon after dinner it was thought the rebels were going to attack the 2nd Corps. We turned out and stacked our guns, and had orders to pack everything excepting except our tents, so as to be ready at a minute's notice.

March 28th. We remained in the same place, but still packed up ready to move. Col. Ewing being wounded and absent, Maj. Cline was in command. The Major's wound was all sufficient to have sent him to the hospital had he been inclined to go there, but that was not his disposition. Neither would he ever order his men to go any place that he would not lead them.

We now had orders to move next day at daylight. The C.C. had what the boys called a coffee battery to take along. It was built on a wagon with three pots and a furnace under each one. They could put in coffee or tea, put fire under it, and when they reached the place it was needed, they were ready to supply the sick or wounded, or a line lying in front of the enemy where coffee could not be made. In the battle of the 25th their members were up nearly on the front line ministering to the wants of the wounded.

March 29th. We were up ready to move at daylight. We started in a southerly direction to Rowanty Creek, then turned west until noon, when we came to the rebel telegraph road to Weldon. We turned north on this road and crossed Gravelly Run. The 1st Brigade of our Division was in the advance. Here they met the rebel pickets and drove them nearly a mile, when they met the enemy in

force, and in turn were driven back with considerable loss. The 155th double-quickened up as fast as we could. We had no time to form in line of battle. We were a little in the rear of a battery that our men had planted there, and the rebels were charging on it. The 1st Brigade were all gone and the rebels were so close that the gunners were leaving their guns.

We immediately fired a volley at them and then charged—best man foremost. The rebels' advance was immediately checked, and but few of them went back to tell the tale. They were nearly all killed, wounded or captured.

Here Lieut. Marshall captured a rebel Captain and received his sword. This was what is called the Quaker Road battle. We did not get through this fight without loss, two more of our recruits receiving wounds—G. W. Collins and Wm Royle. We then advanced nearly a mile farther, where we laid on our arms all night in the rain.

March 30th. It rained nearly all day. We advanced our lines some distance and close to the rebel works, where we built works. They shelled us severely, and there was brisk firing by the skirmishers all day. This was the beginning of our last campaign—the beginning of the end—which at last brought glorious victory and left all the stars in our dear old flag.

This day was too wet and the ground too soft to make another forward movement, but early on the morning of the 31st we were again relieved by the 2nd Corps and our Corps again moved to the left, with Sheridan's Cavalry still on our left.

The 2nd Division of our Corps was in the advance. Near White Oak road they met the enemy in force, who drove our men back on the 3rd Division and drove all back on our Division; we checked the rebel advance and

turning them back drove them more than a mile. We had it pretty warm for a while this day. They plugged the balls in thick all about us. We had one man wounded—M. V. B. Sproul.

Grant, in the meantime finding that whenever he advanced on the left to take in the South Side railroad he always found the rebels there ready to meet us, determined to give Sheridan the 5th Corps to go with the Cavalry, let them cut loose from the rest of the army, and get around on the rebel flank. In accordance with that plan, in the evening our Brigade moved out two or three miles outside of our picket lines on the left to meet the Cavalry. Here we met the rebel pickets and skirmished with them. We were far enough to see where Sheridan was fighting them but could not connect with him. We remained there until midnight, and some of us at least were very uneasy about the situation. If they were aware that we had only one small Brigade they could get around us in the dark and gobble us up before we could get assistance. We could plainly hear them and their wagons; we knew they were moving but did not know where. About midnight we marched back and joined the Corps between 2 a. m. and 3 a. m., tired, sleepy and worn out. We laid down in the mud and slept until daylight of April 1st, 1865, when we were awakened with orders to pack up and move, not even having time to fill up our empty stomachs, which were complaining for want of rations.

The whole Corps now marched over the same route we had been over the previous night, but found the rebels had gone from their position of the night before. After marching one and a half miles farther we joined the Cavalry, when we had time to eat breakfast.

Sheridan had advanced the Cavalry to the rebel line

of works at Five Forks, so named because there were five roads concentrated here. In the afternoon our Corps advanced near to the front line and rested awhile. Sheridan had a number of Cavalry scouts dressed like the rebels. They were riding about everywhere, even among the rebels, and were seldom detected. Some of those scouts had discovered an opening to the right of where they were fighting. In this opening they had neither men nor works. Our Corps was massed opposite this place and marched through; we were then deployed and making a left wheel struck the rebels in the rear; we were left in front; we opened fire on them to let them know we were there. It was in thick woods. There were two lines of the enemy; one line fighting our Cavalry from behind their works, the other line was marching in their rear toward the opening we came through. They at once surrendered and threw down their arms, and hundreds of them ran into our line. We would have been all right now if we had had a sufficient line, but we had double-quickened so far that not more than one-half or one-third of our men were with us—not more than a good skirmish line. We here certainly charged on more than five times our number. When the rebels saw this they took up their guns and refused to be our prisoners. Some of us were already in the works with them, and after surrendering to us they wanted to change the programme and make us their prisoners. They did capture Solomon Durnell, but he was only prisoner a few minutes; his captors in taking him off ran into our 3rd Division, who re-captured him. Daniel Hawk was ordered to surrender and would not. A rebel raised his gun to club him. Hawk brought into play part of his Zouave drill and threw his gun up above his head in the position of "guard."

The rebel struck so hard he broke both guns. Hawk being asked what he did then, said, "I run like the d---l." Lieut. Marshall not taking the hint to get out of that as soon as the others, when he started, was ordered to halt, but did not, the balls rattled all about him on the brush like hail. He was not more than 20 or 25 yards from the enemy when they fired. He went on, and they fired a good many more shots at him before he got out of sight in the woods. Then he came to a squad of rebels who had been taken prisoners, but by some neglect or mistake had got away and were going back to their own lines again. He ordered them ahead of him. They had no arms, and he had none but his sword (or cavalry sabre). They at first refused, but after looking at the size of the man and the uplifted sabre, they turned and marched ahead. Major Cline started to go back when a limb struck his hat and knocked it off and being in a hurry did not get off his horse to pick it up. A few days later at Lee's surrender, he saw a rebel officer wearing his hat. He went to the rebel and wanted to get his hat, but he said he had traded his own hat for it and gave \$300 to boot. (This shows the value of their money). The Major did not get his hat.

In this charge our regiment had taken about 100 prisoners. We fell back about fifty rods; most of our men that had fallen behind had come up. We then formed line again and advanced, driving them four or five miles before darkness came on. In the whole engagement and chase we estimated that the regiment captured more prisoners than we had men in the regiment. We captured three pieces of artillery, some wagons, ambulances, etc. In some of our experience when we were trying to get out of a tight place, it was best man foremost and the rebels take the hindermost, but in this case we had a long heat and

the chase was the other way. Some of our best men were guarding prisoners and some were not able to keep up. The enemy contested the ground stubbornly and in that way lost many prisoners. They were North Carolinians and most excellent troops. Our men were about as badly mixed up as we were at Hatcher's Run. There was no company together. At one time they had got behind a rise in the ground and were firing on us briskly; the mass had come to a halt. Immediately Sergeant Marlin, with the colors of the regiment, Sergeant Porter and Lieutenant Marshall charged across the ravine and nearly to the raise where the rebels were. Marlin here captured a prisoner. When the rest saw those three there they started, and the first man that came to them was shot and fell the instant he came up. But soon the whole mass was there when we charged over the hill and routed them again; thus it went on until dark. When we halted it was in a small field surrounded by woods. There were probably a dozen stands of colors there, out of 60 or more in the Corps, and about 100 of the men with them. Out of that number our regiment had four and two of them from company "K," Sergeant Porter and Color Sergeant Marlin. The names of both were sent up for promotion on account of bravery, but as the war ended so soon there was no action taken.

It was too late and dark for us to advance to the South Side Railroad that night, but it was ours at last. We had been contending for it for seven months. We did not accomplish this glorious achievement without serious loss. Poor Robert Brewster who had been with us nearly all the time, who had marched many a weary mile and came out of many a battle unscathed, here almost at the close of the war, gave his life for his country.

Corporal Fleming, who was one of the color guard, and whose brother we left dead on the Wilderness battle-field, received a bad wound in the right breast, the ball going through his body.

George Kribbs, Wm. Chrisman, John A. Troupe, John Showaker and Wm. Buckley were wounded, but not seriously. Our loss, seven, and the whole regiment about thirty.

We had received a good many recruits, but this about finished them. It was singular, but no less true and hard to account for, that recruits were more likely to be hit in a battle than old soldiers.

Captain Huey returned from his leave of absence on the 30th, but having been out on picket he did not participate in this day's fighting.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dispatch Read---South Side Railroad---Richmond Evacuated---March to Head off Lee---Danville Railroad---Fortifying---Hunting for them --Marching to Head Them Off---Appomattox---In Their Front---On Skirmish Line---Flag of Truce---Terms of Surrender---Our Corps to Remain---The Apple-Tree and Other Incidents---Copy of an Old Letter---Facts in History---Post of Honor---Receiving the Surrender---Their army Disperse --Homeward Bound---In Camp---Raid on a Sutler ---Manchester---Richmond---Washington---The Grand Review---Mustered out---On the Cars---Reception at Pittsburgh---Disbanded.--Table Showing Casualties in Each Company of the 155th Regiment, Penn. Vol.--Closing Word to all the Comrades.

April 2nd, 1865, (Sunday morning). A dispatch was read to the troops stating that Petersburg was ours, and all that was necessary to capture Lee's army was for us to advance from the west. It was customary to read some flattering report when there was some hard fighting to be done. Our minds went back to the Chancellorsville order and other occasions.

We had been deceived so often that we did not credit the report. We left camp about 1 p. m. and started out expecting an engagement. We marched in line of battle to the much coveted South Side railroad. We struck it about 15 miles from Petersburg and it was ours without further opposition. We advanced in the direction of the city until dark when we encamped. On the left the Cavalry did some fighting but we were not engaged.

April 3rd. We left camp about 10 a. m. and started in

the direction of Richmond, some 35 miles distant. We marched several miles and stopped a few minutes to rest. While resting a dispatch came that Richmond was evacuated. From what we had seen and learned, we were prepared to believe it, and then such a shout as went up from the old 5th Corps can only be imagined by those who had suffered and fought as we had. Now for a word of explanation. The South Side railroad from Petersburg ran through Burkesville and westward to Lynchburg. The Danville railroad from Richmond crossed the former at Burkesville, thence southward to Danville in North Carolina. This was the only road that Lee had left, and on this he was making his way towards North Carolina.

In ten minutes after we received the good news we were on the march to head Lee off and prevent him from going to North Carolina.

But see! What is the matter with the boys? Where are the sore feet and tired legs they had. Oh, nothing, only they have left them behind. They have got a glimpse of the end and home amid shouts of victory. It was wonderful how easily we could march now, and how light our loads were. We marched hard until dark when we halted for the night.

April 4th. We were on the move by daylight and marched hard during the day. Soon after dark we struck the Danville railroad near Burkesville, six miles ahead of Lee's army, and about six hours after Jeff Davis had passed over the road going south. We were placed in line of battle across their front, to prevent their marching south to unite with Johnson. There were only our Corps and the Cavalry all under command of Gen. Sheridan.

April 5th. Early in the morning we erected strong

breastworks, and not only expected but hoped that Lee would give us a chance to use them. The repelling of an attack was more to our taste than acting on the offensive and butting against the works of the enemy. We had performed a great deal of hard labor in erecting works that we never had the pleasure of defending, or using as a protection in battle.

Here is an extract from a home letter, dated April 5th, 1865: "On the Richmond and Danville railroad, 43 miles from the former and 96 from the latter place. * * I would not be surprised if you hear of Lee's surrender before you receive this. If he does do not do that, you may be sure that all who get away will not be worth much. We have put up good works here and are waiting for them to come up here and we will end the rebellion."

But they did not come. That night the 2nd and 6th Corps came to our assistance. On the morning of the 6th we started on the hunt of the rebel army. We soon found they had changed direction and gone toward Lynchburg. We followed them that day.

April 7th. Our Corps and the Corps of colored soldiers were sent off with the cavalry to march around them and again head them off. We marched hard that day and encamped that night near a college. Next morning at sunrise we were again on the move. At noon we halted less than an hour for dinner and did not stop again until 2 o'clock that night, with orders to be ready to march at daylight. We were too tired to cook and eat when we stopped, and we slept in the morning until we did not have time.

After a march of two or three miles we halted. We thought to improve the time by having breakfast, but before we had time to eat, and some were not even ready to

eat, firing began in front. Instantly the command was "Fall in!" Here we were in front of the rebel army, with some of our cavalry between us and them, and the rebels not knowing that our infantry was there, proposed to cut their way through the cavalry.

The 155th Regiment was ordered on the skirmish line under command of Major J. A. Cline. We passed through the cavalry, relieving them. We then met the enemy and drove them back probably a mile when we saw a flag of truce coming. Two officers, one of them a rebel, the other one of General Custer's officers, came up and gave the order to cease firing. We were now within 30 or 40 rods of Appomattox Court House and about half that distance from the house where Generals Grant and Lee afterward met. It was a grand position for our regiment, and one of which any regiment might justly boast. Here a thrilling incident happened to Corporal G. H. Clever, which is given in his own words in Chapter XX.

It was announced that the truce would continue until 2 p. m., when hostilities would be resumed unless terms were agreed upon previously. About 1 p. m. Gen. Grant and his staff officers, and General Lee with his staff, met at the McLean House. After perhaps an hour they came out, mounted their horses, and rode off. Lee and his staff, accompanied by one of Grant's staff, rode to where the rebel army were lying. We, being on higher ground than they, had a good view of the whole proceedings. The rebels were lying in open ground on both sides of the road.

When Lee and those with him came near, their men began to flock to the road on both sides in a perfect mass. The officers rode slowly up the road and as they passed along the men began to cheer. We could only conjecture, but it looked as if the result of the conference was made

known to the men, and then they began cheering; as an evidence of this we had the fact that they kept it up for hours afterwards. There had been a time when their yell, as we called it, meant business, but now we no longer feared them. We knew we had them in our power even if they refused to surrender. In the last few days the rebel army had been reduced over thirty thousand, in killed, wounded, prisoners and deserters. There were still nearly thirty thousand men with one hundred and seventy cannon.

The result of their interview is shown in the following correspondence:

APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

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

U. S. GRANT,

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

Lientenant General.

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

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

R. E. LEE, GENERAL.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL, U. S. GRANT.

Our Corps and a few other troops were designated to remain until the paroling of General Lee's army was completed, and to take charge of the public property. The remainder of the army at once started back in the direction of Petersburg.

The flag came in about 9 a. m., and the boys at once began to conjecture how long it would be until we would get home, and it was variously estimated at from one to three months, so certain were they that this would end the war.

That was an exceedingly noisy Sabbath. When the flag first came in and the news spread among the men, then there was one continued cheer for hours, so that we had our cheer before the terms of capitulation were signed at 2 p. m. Then the rebels commenced and kept it up for hours. They had a large number of our men prisoners with them, said to be 1,600. In the evening they were liberated, then they commenced and with the assistance they received, kept up the noise to bed time.

Our Corps and the Corps of colored soldiers were in their front. Sheridan's Cavalry were on their flanks and the remainder of the army in their rear.

After the terms of surrender had been agreed upon,

two lines of pickets or guards could not keep the men of the two armies apart. They would mingle together and talk and act as though they had always been the best of friends and had not for years been trying to take each other's lives. They were no longer enemies. In visiting them there was an apple tree pointed out to us as the place where Lee surrendered. We saw the tree when there was scarcely a branch of it gone. Three days later we saw where the tree formerly stood but it was all gone, and even the roots were all dug up and carried off by the relic hunters. While looking at the place where it had stood, another relic hunter came and was hunting for some remnant of the apple tree. We suggested that he take a piece of a peach tree that stood a few feet distant; he said "no, it was under the apple tree where Lee surrendered." We do not know in what way it was connected with the surrender, unless it was from there he sent the flag of truce. Perhaps we can not describe our feelings and situation better than by copying an old letter.

CLOVER HILL P. O., APPOMATTOX, C. H., VA., }
April 10th, 1865. }

MY DEAR WIFE:—Here I am writing on rebel paper and sitting on the chest that formerly contained the P. O. at this place, with about 30,000 rebels lying in sight. Before this reaches you and perhaps even now, you have heard the GLORIOUS NEWS. Such a sight I never witnessed as I have here in the last thirty hours, and it is not likely that I shall ever see another like it.

In twelve days from the time we started on this campaign, we have killed, wounded and captured, as nearly as I can tell, 80,000 men of the rebel army, and the last 30,000 of them are lying here prostrate at the feet of our victorious army. I have suffered from hunger, thirst,

heat, cold, wet, fatigue and a hundred other ways, to say nothing of the battles and dangers I have come through, but I feel now that I am compensated for all. We all consider the war ended or as good as ended, and the 155th can claim the honor of last driving the rebels, or as Gen. Bartlett, our Division Commander and formerly our Brigade Commander, says, that "200 men of his Brigade brought them to terms," and as there were none of our Brigade or Division engaged but our regiment, we claim all the honor. There were two men wounded in the regiment, but none in Company "K."

Yours,

PORTER.

Gen. A. L. Pearson says: "It is a fact in history that the flag of truce came to our regiment; that we fired the last shot and had the last man wounded."

Glorious day! Not only for the Army of the Potomac, but for the whole nation, when the stars and bars made obeisance to the stars and stripes, and all the armament of that formidable host of the Army of Northern Virginia lay as a trophy beneath the flag of our common country.

Their parole papers and other arrangements were not completed until April 12th p. m., when from among all the Brigades of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, our Brigade was given the post of honor. That is we were selected to receive the surrender of Lee's Army. The following regiments composed this distinguished body of troops: 20th Maine, 1st and 16th Michigan, 32nd Massachusetts, 83rd, 91st, 118th and 155th Pennsylvania.

We were formed in line the length of the Brigade. The rebel line then marched up in front of us the length of our line, halted, faced us, stacked their arms and equip-

ments, including their colors. Then they marched away and gave place to another part of the column. We were six hours receiving their arms, etc. Not an unkind word was spoken to them; some of their color bearers shed tears when they delivered up their colors.

They then returned to camp and soon after began to disperse, every one going where he pleased.

April 15th. We started toward home, marched about 15 miles and camped for the night. Now after marching and when tired, we did not have to go on picket; our picket duty was now nearly ended.

April 16th. We marched through Farmville, 15 miles from Appomattox. Soon after leaving the former place we received the sad news of President Lincoln's assassination. Our rejoicing was immediately turned to sorrow; the tears were visible on many cheeks. We did not know until now, how we loved that man.

Next day we moved near Burkesville, 16 miles, and encamped. We lay here during the 18th but received notice that all moving and business would be suspended during the 19th, the day of President Lincoln's funeral.

During the four days following we marched about 45 miles more and encamped at Sutherland station, near where we first struck the South Side railroad after the battle of Five Forks.

April 24th. Our regiment moved on within two and one-half miles of Petersburg. Our Brigade was scattered along the road 14 miles. On the 27th we moved up the road ten miles and fixed up a comfortable camp.

May 1st, 1865. We now had marching orders to Manchester, across the James River from Richmond. Distance 35 miles. Formerly orders to march meant a fight, but we understood this "going home." Our Quartermas-

ter took all our ammunition to City Point that day and turned it in to the proper authorities. In the thirty-two months that we carried it we fired a great many rounds.

May 2nd. We took up our line of March for Petersburg, and on through to Manchester. We halted for a little while just before we came to the former place. Here we saw a sutler cleaned out in a few minutes. He had been with some troops encamped there and was about moving. He had sent away some wagon loads of goods and was quietly waiting until they would return for the remainder. There were hundreds of men standing about when by some preconcerted signal every tent rope was cut and the whole thing collapsed; then there was a rush, and five minutes afterwards that sutler loaded all that was left, in a buggy, including his tent, and drove off, probably to tell the wagons they need not return. From this time until the army was mustered out, there were a good many sutlers got rid of their goods. Nor was it surprising that the boys took this plan of getting even with those men who had been taking the advantage of them, selling them goods at three and four prices when the boys could not do otherwise than purchase at those prices.

May 4th. We arrived at Manchester about noon and rested until the 6th. This gave us a good opportunity to visit Richmond and see the noted places about that capital of the so-called confederacy that we had been trying to see for nearly three years.

May 6th. We started for Washington, distant nearly 100 miles. We marched in review through Richmond just one year and one day from the time we started in to "fight it out on this line" in the wilderness.

We were nearly seven days on the march, passing Hanover, Bowling Green, Fredericksburg and a number of

other towns, and encamping four miles from Washington on the 12th. Here we went into camp. About a week later Sherman's Army came up and camped in the vicinity. There was a grand review in contemplation. We had been in so many reviews and always found it a very laborious day; we dreaded this one and more so because the route laid down would require a tramp of fifteen miles.

May 23rd. The grand review came off according to the programme, and contrary to our expectations, we all enjoyed it, although it was a very tiresome day. Captain Huey being detained in camp, Lieutenant Marshall had the honor of commanding the company. The regiment was divided into six companies of forty men each, marching twenty abreast along Pennsylvania Avenue.

May 24th. We received our blank muster out rolls and immediately went to work making them out.

June 1st, 1865. We were mustered out of the United State's service, but did not receive transportation so we could get aboard the cars until the morning of June 3rd.

We frequently form attachments among our neighbors or friends. Two individuals will become more attached to each other than to any other person, and yet they can scarcely give a reason why. It was just the same between regiments and other army organizations. Although we had a love for, and a confidence in every regiment of our Brigade, there was a stronger feeling of love and confidence between our regiment and the 32nd Massachusetts than between ours and any other. We had fought together on many a bloody field. In a tight place we knew we could rely on them to the last man.

Early on June 3rd we fell in to march to Washington to take the train. The 32nd Massachusetts fell in too and escorted us to the end of the Long Bridge, three or four

miles, then they opened ranks and we marched between, and while marching through they gave us three hearty cheers and then parted, probably never to meet each other again in this world. It was nearly noon before we left Washington and as we had to ride in freight cars, we did not arrive so as to go into camp at Braddock's Fields much before midnight of June 4th. Here we turned in our arms and equipments and prepared for our final discharge.

June 6th. The authorities and citizens of Pittsburgh sent out a special train to take us into the city, where we received a grand reception and dinner. After dinner, by request, a part of the regiment gave an exhibition of the Zouave drill in the Allegheny Park, which was witnessed by thousands of people.

June 8th. Everything being completed we were finally discharged and disbanded, most of us reaching our homes on the 9th, just two months from the date when Lee surrendered and two months and nine days before our term of enlistment would have expired.

CASUALTIES IN REGIMENT.

The following table showing the losses of each company in the regiment from wounds and disease, is compiled from the best information obtainable:

	Killed & died of wounds rec'd in action.....	Died of Disease	Disabled and transf'd to Vet- eran Reserve Corps.....	Disch'd on acct of wounds and Disabilities.....	Total in Com'y
Co. A	10	5	1	45	61
Co. B	12	11	8	55	86
Co. C	12	5	13	44	74
Co. D	7	6	10	42	65
Co. E	16	13	9	46	84
Co. F	13	11	14	51	89
Co. G	17	12	7	49	85
Co. H	17	17	3	31	68
Co. I	25	5	11	43	84
Co. K	12	18	7	38	75
T'l in reg	141	103	83	444	771

Original roll of regiment, 924.

Total enrolled in regiment, 1,497.

Those of us who were permitted to return to our homes, returned not to find our business occupations as we left them at our country's call. Our neighbors who had remained at home during those years when everything was at war prices, had acquired wealth and fortune, while we had to commence anew, away in the rear of the procession.

Comrades:—It is now almost 23 years since we parted. Many who were with us then have answered the last roll call and passed to their reward. We will only have to

wait a little longer. We are all disabled by wounds or disease. The best of us feel that we are 15 or 20 years older than the date of our birth would denote. Are we all armed and equipped for a last victory over death? Have we put on the armour of Christ's righteousness, and the shield of salvation? If we have we will all meet at the grand roll call at our Father's right hand. Oh, how sad! to think that any of those noble boys—those brave soldiers—those dear comrades, should at last be cast off. Then let us all "fight the good fight of faith" and "we shall come off conquerors and more than conquerors through Him that loved us and gave Himself for us." Our country has done well for us, but it has not done all it should have done, when compared with the grand result and the immensity of what the Union Army did for the whole nation. Not one soldier of that army should ever be compelled to spend his last days in a poor house, or suffer for the necessaries of life. We are now opposed by the same class of men who held us back on many a bloody field.

Their weapons now are not so deadly, but they appear to be more effective in giving them their heart's desire—power, and in punishing us for being UNION SOLDIERS.

Army Reminiscences.

PRANKS OF THE BOYS,

BY SERGT. W. D. PORTER.

CHAPTER XIX.

Volumes have been written and yet many things remain a mystery. Twenty-five years have elapsed without bringing to light the party "who stole the Captain's ham." Our Captain, like many a fond parent, had an abiding faith in his own boys, and at the same time was suspicious of Company "B," a Pittsburgh company. While he was searching that company for the missing ham, some of his own boys were very anxious about the weight of their own haversacks, and a scent that was altogether different from pickled pork, or what the boys called "S. B." (abbreviated).

Some of his own boys did things they ought not to have done, but when we consider their liking for good things, and the poverty of the country, they had no place to go but to the officers' larder, and should be forgiven.

Before this history was published, some of the boys should have given a true version of what mystified and proved so annoying to our worthy Captain.

A JUG HANDLE PROCEEDING.

One of the causes of the prolongation of the war, was the unequal distribution of the "Commissary." The officers had a monopoly in the consumption of that article. Our own Captain was a strict prohibitionist, but was an

exception to the rule. Those that needed level heads the most, very frequently carried heads that were badly muddled.

If the amount consumed had been equally distributed among the men, it would have been more in accordance with the wishes of the boys, and the officers' brains would not have been so often muddled. This condition of affairs caused

A SAD MISTAKE

with our boys. To be in readiness for a move one morning, we were having breakfast before daylight. One of the boys took an officers canteen instead of his own, to cool his coffee, and was not aware of the mistake until tasting of the compound. He had not the time to make another cup, and was not willing to waste so precious an article. The poor fellow declared that he would as soon drink water from a Virginia swamp or mud hole. The impression of that face still lives in memory if not in fact.

ABOVE THE MARK.

A lazy leech, now a prominent newspaper man, was in the habit of stealing wood from Company "K," when we had stumps and even the roots of stumps for wood, and had to carry it to our camp. The owner was not willing for this midnight division of the article. The wood would disappear, then a young Hercules prepared himself and kept a billet of wood near his sleeping place, in readiness for the intruder. The thief came and was plying his usual vocation when the boomerang went on its mission. It was designed to strike the stooping wood thief so as to make him turn a few summersaults, but the missile flew a little high, barely missing his head. Had it been a few

inches lower, the rebs could have tallied "one" and there would have been one bummer less to sanction vetoes.

Those who were in the army know the soldier was a

BEARER OF BURDENS,

and not always for himself. One of the worst cases of "appropriating," as it was called, that came under my observation while in the service, happened after our return from the Weldon raid. The first night out it rained and our woolen blankets became thoroughly soaked and very heavy. Some of the boys threw their blankets away and saved the carrying of them five days. After returning to camp they stole some off the sleeping soldiers in other regiments. When the blanketless soldiers awoke, with the chills and the graybacks playing prisoner's base along their spinal column, they had to console themselves with the thought that they were obeying the command, "to bear one another's burdens"—at least that was all the consolation I had when some one stole my camp axe after I had carried it for three days on that march.

The soldier, like the school boy, was full of mischief. Some of it was wholesome and had a good effect, but at times it was carried to an extreme that bordered on cruelty. An everlasting railing that would try the patience of a Job, sometimes led quiet, inoffensive fellows, who were not addicted to even a by-word, to occasional outbursts of profanity. Anyone that could be made a butt for jokes was an object of commiseration. Some of the boys will remember how they imposed on a red-faced Irishman, who they made cut wood and do double duty in the culinary department.

Also, when they were singing and wanted a low deep bass, they would call on him "to make that noise in his legs."

SQUIRT GUN WARFARE.

We had some one-sided amusement at one time with a water propeller, or squirt gun. An expert with that instrument, at short range, was as certain of hitting the target as with an army musket. A dark night was necessary, for when the battery would open there was some one soon rushing through camp with fire in his eye and murder in his heart, and it was necessary for the perpetrator of the deed to beat a hasty retreat.

BRANDING PROPERTY.

In Company "K" we had a fun loving genius whose heart was full of melody, and who possessed a fitness for any mischief. He was generous and obliging and in the way of accommodation acted as barber for a number of the boys. One day a soldier from another company asked for his services, and after the usual dressing he informed the subject that he was "going to brand him." The soldier did not object, and the barber proceeded to cut a large "U. S." close to the scalp on the back part of his head. The sight of him was enough to make an army mule smile, but the captain of the company became enraged and had the poor barber arrested and sent to headquarters. The colonel enjoyed the joke as well as any one, but to satisfy the captain sent poor "Teddy" to the guard house for branding government property without proper authority. He survived his imprisonment, is still living, and as full of fun and play as when a boy in Company "K."

"GRIM GREASER'S" GRIEF.

It is sometimes said when a man's pantaloons gives way first at the knees that "he is a praying man." Soldiers were lazy and you can easily conjecture the part of their apparel that gave way first. Now to place a large barn

door covering on that part of a pair of pantaloons, follow the depressions and rising in sublime grandeur over the elevations without a wrinkle, is an intricate piece of business that required a professional hand. Many of us thought we were experts but all the business we wanted was to attend to our own. Some thought they were not responsible for the misdoings of shoddy contractors. Among that number was one in the regiment called "Grim Greaser," a careless, indifferent soul, who had no pantaloons where pantaloons ought to be. One night he was preparing his soft and lowly bed for a night's repose—Virginia sand well diluted with water, was soft and low enough—and his thoughts were, perhaps, on his distant Northern home, and the "girl he left behind him." About that time a reckless, dare devil soldier was passing along with a tin of boiling coffee. The temptation was great and he acting on the impulse of the moment, dashed the contents of the cup in the barn door opening. Poor Greaser gave an agonizing unearthly shriek, and jumped into the air as though lifted by an explosion. He made for a stack of arms and seizing one of the deadly weapons was determined to have revenge for his worse than wounded feelings. The perpetrator of the deed walked unconcernedly to his tent, where he nearly died in raptures over his barbarous act. If that man is still living he should be courtmartialed and filled with hot coffee.

THE PIERIAN SPRING.

There was no incident occurred that I remember better than one at Arlington after our return in 1865. The boys all remember Captain Huey. He was a large, well proportioned man, weighing about 200. He was every inch a soldier, free and sociable with the boys, and liked by every one in the camp.

After our return to Washington, or its vicinity, some of the boys were anxious to have a drink of the kind of beverage that congressmen use. The fountain was only accessible to a commissioned officer, so the boys had to plan some other way.

We had in the Company a spindle-shanked, lantern-jawed, ramrod-backed boy, that weighed about 100. He was as full of life and antics, as an old army camp with graybacks. Lieut. Marshall will remember how he attempted to rival our "balloonist," by climbing on his back to make observations. But to proceed with my story. He managed to secure the Captain's coat, and the boys began to load him with canteens. They continued hanging them on, until nearly a dozen were dangling on his patriotic shoulders. How well I remember the martial tread of that young Napoleon, when he started on his way to the "Pierian Springs."

If Company "K" cannot give as glowing an account of its achievements as some others, it may be attributed to the fact, that some regiments had all their canteens filled, while Company "K" only secured two.

SCOUTS AND SKIRMISHES WITHOUT ORDERS.

BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

CHAPTER XX.

Sometime between the 6th and 13th of June, 1863, I was one of the detail under Captain Cline, sent to relieve the picket line along the bank of the Rappahannock at United States Ford. We marched down a deep ravine in going to the river, and when we relieved the troops I overheard the Captain in command inform our Captain, in a subdued tone, as though he was frightened himself, or else trying to frighten the others, "that there were rebs

on the island in our front and for us to keep a good look out and not show ourselves on the hills back of us." I did not credit the report and made a trip to the hill where I could see all over the island, and that there was not a rebel there. Instead of being complimented by our Captain for my bravery and enterprise, he told me "not to take that liberty again."

IN GRANT'S CAMPAIGN, MAY 30th, 1864.

In our advance after crossing the Pamunky river, I was one of the flankers. We formed the picket line that night and were not relieved until noon of the following day. In the morning one of Company "H" from Curllsville. Clarion county, Pa., and the writer, started on a scout in front of our picket line. After gaining a position on an elevation, we discovered the enemy about 100 yards distant. It was all woods and there was an intervening ravine. Our location was the highest and we had a good view.

The Johnnies were performing camp duties and did not appear suspicious of any danger. The Company "H" boy was like some of our frontier men with the Indians—whenever he saw a "reb" he wanted to shoot. I cautioned him against firing, but after watching them for some time, his zeal got the better of him and he pulled on a group of them. I suppose that body of troops were not more surprised at any time during the war, but it was to us like throwing a stone into a hornet's nest, and we had to pull lively for our line. I could not think of shooting at one who was not in an attitude of defense.

WE SELDOM KNEW.

To think of the sorrow in some home, the severing of sacred ties, the innocent and helpless without a protector,

makes me thankful that I have no positive knowledge of ever shooting a man. In the battle of Five Forks I took as deliberate aim at one as I ever took at anything and missed him entirely, as I learned on taking him prisoner and informing him that he had made a narrow escape. When I missed him it is reasonable to suppose that I missed all the others. The majority escaped, of those who richly merited death as a penalty for their crimes.

AN ATTEMPTED CAPTURE, AUGUST, 1864.

When we were encamped at the Weldon railroad our picket line was about one mile from camp and about the same distance further on was the line of the enemy. Some of us ascertained that to be the case by a little personal experience. We were on picket duty and after being on post for two hours, we had four hours to ourselves and used some of that time in making a scout. Lient. Ben. Huey, of Company "K," and about ten of us, started out to find something to eat different from army rations. We came in sight of a fine residence, located at one side of a large field, that was surrounded on three sides by a heavy growth of timber. We were about twenty rods from the house and the field lay on our right. We discovered a cavalry vidette at the spring house and concluded to capture him and his horse and make something by selling the horse. Four of us, two of Company "G," Tom Anderson, of Punxsutawney and the writer, volunteered to go around the field to the right, keeping well in the woods, and flank him on the left, while the remainder of our squad lay in ambush. We came around all right and would have succeeded, but there was a No. 2 post at the house that we had not seen. The No. 2 man saw us first and shot at us, and that gave No. 1 a chance to make his escape. In less time than it takes me to write it, a company of cavalry ap-

peared on the hill behind us and commenced to make it warm for us.

The two Company "G" men retreated back the way we had come. Anderson and I started across the field and for my part I had no desire to wait and argue the case, but Andrews was a fiery, fearless creature, and took time to load and fire several shots, while crossing the field. He was a powerful man, and as fearless as any one I ever saw. We returned to our line without the change of rations we had promised ourselves; but thankful that we had escaped Andersonville and all the other prisons.

Had the enemy charged on us we would have been shot or captured.

HATCHER'S RUN. OCTOBER 27th 1864.

In our advance to Hatcher's Run, each company was called on for ten volunteers to go to the skirmish line. Company "K" furnished its quota, and among that number were three that I remember; G.H.Clever, Samson Schrecengost, and the writer of this reminiscence. We advanced in front of the column, and were not aware of the presence of the enemy until receiving a volley at Hatcher's Run. The Johnnies were on the opposite side of the stream, and had some sharpshooters that put the balls in close to us. We had no orders to cross, but received orders to keep up all the racket possible, while an attack was made on another part of the line.

The 3rd Division crossed the stream on our left, and in the afternoon advanced in line of battle. When opposite us they seemed to be going up the creek, but instead of going in that direction, had obliqued to the left. The heavy growth of timber obstructed our view and deceived us in regard to the direction. Their advance relieved us of work, when G. H. Clever, Samson Schrecengost and

the writer, concluded to follow up and see what was going on. We crossed the Run and after going some distance saw works and men in them, but thought it was some of the 3rd Division; we moved on until nearly at the end of the works, when we heard one say, "look at the Yankee s—s of b—s"! We did not wait to dispute the assertion, but were glad to get back without an argument. After going back a short distance, we met Gen. Crawford, commander of 3rd Division. He and his orderly were riding up. We informed the General of his danger; he wheeled his horse and went back, making his escape; but his orderly was killed. I feel confident that we saved the General from being killed, or captured. About that time the balance of our boys came up and we again advanced to within a few rods of the end of their works, and commenced to put in some good work. By that time the enemy were engaged with a skirmish line in their front. We were on their flank and could shoot along the line; but they were not willing that we should have it all our own way, and brought up a line of battle facing us, and began to make it warm for our little squad of skirmishers. I had a good position and was so much interested I did not see the others retreating. Some of the boys that were last in leaving, told me, when I got back, "they thought I was a goner."

Had we been supported by a line of battle, we could have captured the works. It required our Regiment and the 91st Pennsylvania to guard two new regiments of New York troops, who threw their guns and knapsacks and broke for the rear. The profiles of some New York beauties fell into strange hands on that eventful day. The soldiers who failed to carry such valuable mementoes

no nearer the heart than in the folds of a knapsack, were deserving of no favors on their return home

NARROW ESCAPES.

BY CORPORAL G. H. CLEVER.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is common for "old soldiers" to relate army reminiscences or adventures that were not included in the daily routine of army life. Almost every one had experience of their own in that way, and some of the "closest calls"—the most narrow escapes and the worst scrapes we had were adventures of our own and not always strictly in the line of duty, and in compliance with military orders.

I might relate a number, but will confine myself to two in my own experience that will live in memory while life lasts.

The elements and the rebels seemed determined that I should remain in "Dixie," first by a watery grave in the Rappahannock, second by being ordered to be shot at Appomattox. When encamped near Beverly, a number of us went to bathe in a dam in the Rappahannock. Below the dam was a whirlpool, and apprehending no danger I plunged in. The maelstrom was something like "Uncle Sam" on a hold on, and I found it impossible to escape by my own efforts. My comrades were standing on the dam above me, but were powerless to render any assistance. E. A. Calhoun was going to jump in but his comrades prevented the attempt.

—After I had given up hope and ceased struggling, I sank for the third time, and was caught in an under current and carried out. I was thankful for my deliverance and concluded I would not attempt bathing again in a place like that.

In the final "round up" of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, our regiment, the 155th, was on the skirmish line; we were making good headway at driving the enemy back, when the flag of truce came in and we were ordered to cease firing. We obeyed orders, then the rebels collected together and started back toward Appomattox. An Aid came along and said "why don't you follow them?" We told him we were ordered to stop here. He said, "Who will volunteer and go with me?" I said I would go and there were two others but I cannot remember their names. We overtook them at the old store house; the Aid ordered the Colonel to "surrender," and the Colonel said "they might as well give up now as at any time." I heard this and I ran up to the crowd and jerked down the flag; then one of their Captains ordered them to shoot me. A Corporal with the colors cocked his gun and put it to my breast. I let go the flag and took hold of his gun and pushed it to one side. Why he did not shoot I do not know, but about that time a caval-ryman came along and he took the flag.

I am not certain about the number of prisoners we took but I think it was sixteen officers and thirty-five privates.

BY D. P. MARSHALL.

While others are relating some of their narrow escapes, I will relate a little of my experience at the battle of Five Forks, Va., April 1st. 1865, which at that time seemed to me to be a miraculous preservation, and now after a period of 23 years, I can see it in no other light. It did not affect me then, but now when I look back and think of the scene and the danger I was in, a shudder and cold chills creep over me.

On the above date the 5th Corps, having cut loose from

the balance of the army, swung off and joined Sheridan's Cavalry near to Five Forks, away out on the left. The Cavalry were fighting the rebels who were behind their works. Sheridan's scouts had discovered an opening in the rebel works and line to the right of where they were fighting and to the left of the line they had farther on the right. The 5th Corps was ordered to pass through the opening, and by making a left wheel, strike the rebels in the rear. We did so, and having double-quickened for a long distance, so many of our men had dropped out of the ranks that we scarcely had enough remaining to make a good skirmish line, when suddenly coming out of thick woods to a small open space, we found ourselves a few rods from and in the rear of two lines of rebels. One line was fighting our cavalry from behind their works, the other line was marching behind them toward the opening in their line that we had come through. They had not seen us until then when we opened fire on them. Being attacked in the rear too, they at once surrendered, threw down their arms and many of them ran into our line. I being in command of Company "K" thought I would be among the first to get to them. After making a few long strides I was almost there, when I saw them take up their guns and commence firing again. I looked back to see how much support I had, when I discovered that every man had disappeared in the brush except Major Cline and one other, I think Adj't Montooth, and they were as far from me as I was from the rebels. I turned to get away; the rebels ordered me to halt but I did not, and the next instant they fired a volley at me. I have no means of knowing how many, but from the rattle those balls made through the brush, it seemed as though there might have been dozens. I thought then that I was not more than

fifty or sixty feet from their line. It may have been a very little farther. I was not hit either in my person or clothes, although I was a good sized target. I continued to retreat "in good order" and they fired a good many more scattering shots at me before I got in the woods out of their view, but there were no more volleys like that first one. The reason they rebelled after surrendering, was probably because they saw there were so few of us, and the rest of our men comprehending the situation before I did, were out of sight before I was aware of it.

CHAPTER XXII.

ORGANIZATIONS IN WHICH WE SERVED.

September, 1862. Organization of Second Brigade, (Col.) P. H. Allabach;) Third Division, (Gen. A. A. Humphrey, Fifth Corps, (Gen. Fitz John Porter;) Regiments, 123rd Pa., 131st Pa., 133rd Pa., all nine months regiments, and the 155th Pa., a three years' regiment.

May 17th, 1863. We were transferred to Second Brigade, Second Division, (Gen. Sykes, Fifth Corps). This Brigade consisted of the 140th and 146th N. Y., the 91st and 155th Pa.

March 27th, 1864. The Regulars and Zouaves were consolidated in First Brigade, (Gen. Ayres,) First Division, (Gen. Griffin,) Fifth Corps, (Gen. G. K. Warren); the 140th and 146th New York and the 155th Pa. were the Zouave part of it.

June 6th, 1864. We formed the First Brigade, (Colonel Gregory), Second Division, (General Ayres), Fifth Corps, (General Warren).

June 15th, 1864. Transferred to Second Brigade, (Col. Gregory), First Division, (Gen. Griffin), Fifth Corps, (Gen. Warren).

October 30th, 1864. Transferred to Third Brigade, (Gen. Bartlett), First Division, (Gen. Griffin), Fifth Corps, (Gen. Warren). The 1st and 2nd Brigades were composed mostly of new troops. Our Brigade were all old troops and consisted of the 1st and 16th Mich., 32nd Mass., 83rd, 91st, 118th and 155th Penn. We remained in this Brigade until we were mustered out of the service.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS OF THE 155TH REG., PA. VOLS

Col. Edward J. Allen, mustered into service Sept. 5th, 1862; discharged on surgeon's certificate July 21st, 1863.

Col. John H. Cain, mustered into service September 2nd, 1862; promoted from Captain, Company C. to Maj. Sept. 2nd, 1862; to Lieut. Col. December 31st, 1862; to Col. July 22nd, 1863; resigned Aug. 30th, 1863.

Col. A. L. Pearson, mustered into service August 23rd, 1862; promoted from Company A to Major Dec. 31st, 1862; to Lieut. Col. November 1st, 1863; to Col. July 6th, 1864; to Brevet Brig. Gen. Sept. 30th, 1864; to Maj. Gen. March 1st, 1865; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, 1865; P. O., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lieut. Col. James Collard, mustered into service May 1st, 1861; promoted from Corporal Company³ A, 38th Regiment, Pa. Vol. Sept. 2nd, 1862; resigned Dec. 31st, 1862.

Lieutenant Colonel John Ewing, mustered into service August 22, 1862; promoted from Captain Co. H., to Major November 1, 1863; to Lieutenant Colonel, July 23, 1864; to Brevet Colonel, September 30, 1864; wounded in leg, March 25, 1865; mustered out with regiment, June 2, 1865. Post office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Major John A. Cline, mustered into service September 11th 1862, promoted from Captain Company K, January 23rd, 1865, wounded in shoulder March 25th, 1865; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, 1865; post office Bellefont, Kansas.

Adjutant E. A. Montooth, mustered into service August 23rd, 1862, promoted from 1st Lieutenant Company "A"

September 2nd, 1862, to Brevet Captain and Major, March 13th, 1865; Commissioned Captain, Company A, May 15th, 1865; not mustered; mustered out with Regiment, June 2nd, 1865. Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Quarter Master, Frank Van Gorder, Mustered into service September 2nd, 1862; promoted from Captain, Company E, September 2nd, 1862. Resigned November 21st, 1862.

Q. M. James B. Palmer, mustered into service August 19th, 1862; promoted from Sergeant Company C November 21st, 1862; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, 1865.

Surgeon James M. Hoffman, mustered into service September 25th, 1861; promoted from Ass't Surgeon 99th Pennsylvania Volunteers, October 15th, 1862; discharged March 22nd, 1863. P. O. 420 Franklin Street, Reading Pa.

Surgeon Joseph A. E. Reed, mustered into service September 12th, 1862; promoted from Ass't Surgeon April 10th, 1863; resigned January 2nd, 1865; P. O. Lancaster, Pa.

Surgeon Elias C. Kitchen, mustered into service February, 21st, 1864; promoted from Ass't Surgeon 182nd Reg't Pennsylvania Volunteers January 30th, 1865; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, 1865; P. O. Brumfieldville, Pa.

Assistant Surgeon W. Stockton Wilson, mustered into service September 12th, 1862; promoted to Surgeon 210th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers September 29th, 1864; P. O. Jersey City, N. J.

Assistant Surgeon A. D. Tewskbury, mustered into service July 24th, 1864; out with regiment June 2nd, 1865; P. O. Ashley, Pa.

Assistant Surgeon Charles K. Thompson, mustered in-

to service March 3rd, 1865; out with regiment June 2nd, 1865.

Chaplain John M. Thomas, mustered into service December 28th, 1862; resigned May 28th, 1863.

Chaplain Joseph Mateer, mustered into service November 5th, 1863; resigned October 26th, 1864; since dead.

Sergeant Major Wm. Shore, mustered into service August 23rd, 1862; promoted from Sergeant Company D October 5th, 1864; commissioned 2nd Lieutenant Company "D" March 11th, 1865;—not mustered—mustered out with regiment June 2nd, 1865.

Sergeant Major George F. Morgan. mustered into service August 22nd, 1862; promoted from Sergeant Company E September 2nd, 1862, to 2nd Lieutenant Company G December 15th, 1862.

Sergeant Major Arthur W. Bell, mustered into service August 22nd, 1862: promoted from Sergeant Company E December 15th, 1862, to 2nd Lieutenant Company G, January 10th, 1863; since dead.

Sergeant Major John H. Irwin, mustered into service August 22nd, 1862; promoted from Sergeant Company C January 10th, 1863, to 2nd Lieutenant Company C, October 5th, 1864.

Quartermaster Sergeant John G. Ralston, mustered into service Aug. 22nd, '62; promoted from Sergeant Company F, Sept. 11th, '62; commissioned 2nd Lieut. Co. F May 10th, '65; not mustered; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, '65.

Commissary Sergeant Wm. B. Glass, mustered into service Aug. 22nd, '62; promoted from Corporal Co. F September 11th, '62; discharged by General Order June 1st, 1865.

Hospital Steward Ellis C. Thorn, mustered into service

Aug. 22nd, '62; promoted from private Company F Oct. 5th, '62; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, '65.

Principal Musician Hawdon Marshall, mustered into service Aug. 22nd, '62; promoted from private Co. F Jan. 1st, '65; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, '65.

Principal Musician Wm. Moonéy, mustered into service Aug. 23rd, '62; promoted from private Co. D; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, '65.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROSTER AND RECAPITULATION OF CO "K," 155TH REGIMENT
PA. VOLS.

Captain John A. Cline, mustered into service Sept. 11th, '62; promoted to Major Jan. 23rd, '65; wounded in neck at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3rd, '63; wounded in hand at Bethesda Church, Va., June 3d, '64; wounded in shoulder at 2nd Hatcher's Run, Va., March 25th, '65; mustered out with regiment June 2nd, '65; Postmaster at Bellefont, Ford county, Kansas.

Capt. Ben. Huey, mustered into service July 25th, '61; transferred from 62nd Pa. July 3rd, '64, as 1st Lieutenant; promoted Captain Feb. 15th, '65; mustered out with company, June 2nd, '65; P. O. address, Bellvue, Kans.

First Lieutenant Risdon DeFord, mustered into service Sept. 4th, '62; resigned Sept. 9th, '63.

First Lieutenant J. A. H. Foster, mustered into service Sept. 3rd, '62; promoted from Sergeant to 2nd Lieut. July 15th, '64; to 1st Lieut. Feb. 15th, '65; wounded in leg at Gettysburg, Penn., July 2nd, '63; mustered out with company June 2nd, '65; since dead. buried at Rural Village, Armstrong county, Penn.

Second Lieutenant Wm. W. Caldwell, mustered into service Sept. 11th, '62; resigned Nov. 23rd, '62; P. O., Dayton, Pa.

Second Lieutenant David Brown, mustered into service Sept. 3rd, '62; promoted from 1st Sergeant Nov. 24th, '62; resigned March 9th, '63; Presbyterian minister at Newton, Iowa.

Second Lieutenant D. Porter Marshall, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to

1st Sergeant April 1st, 1863; to 2d Lieutenant March 7th, 1865; Brevet 1st Lieutenant, Brevet Captain and Brevet Major, March 13th, 1865; his Brevet Commissions read: "For bravery and good conduct during the war;" mustered out with company June 2nd, 1865; P. O. Arkansas City, Kans.

First Sergeant D. B. Kirkpatrick, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862; out with company June 2nd, 1865; promoted from Corporal to Sergeant December 1st, 1862; to 1st Sergeant March 7th, 1865; wounded slightly at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2nd, 1863; P. O. Dubois, Pa.

First Sergeant John A. Ritchey, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862; promoted from Sergeant to 1st Sergeant November 23rd, 1862; discharged for disability March 29th, 1863; Physician, Oil City, Pa.

Sergeant J. D. Armstrong, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862, out with company June 2nd, 1865; promoted from Corporal April 1st, 1863; wounded slightly on face at Petersburg, June 18th, 1864; died February 18th, 1880; buried at Concord, Armstrong county, Pa.

Sergeant Thomas J. Marlin, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862; out with company June 2nd, 1865; promoted to Corporal December 9th, 1862; to Sergeant July 3rd, 1864; carried the colors from July 2d, 1863, to close of the war; wounded slightly at Petersburg, Va., June 18th, 1864; recommended to headquarters for bravery; Physician at Shelocta, Indiana county, Pa.

Sergeant Wm. D. Porter, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862; out with company June 2nd, 1865; promoted to Corporal April 1st, 1863; to Sergeant March 7th, 1865; recommended to headquarters for bravery; P. O. Goheenville, Armstrong county, Pa.

Sergeant R. O. Clever, mustered into the service Sep

tember 3rd, 1862, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant June 30th, 1864; wounded severely in both legs at Petersburg, Va., June 18th, 1864; discharged by General Order, May 29th, 1865; post office, Bellknap, Penn.

Sergeant Fred Sheckler, mustered into service September, 3rd, 1862, killed at North Anna River, May 23rd, 1864; buried on battlefield, since removed to National Cemetery, Richmond, Va., section C, division 3, grave 158.

Corporal George H. Clever, mustered into service September 3, 1862, out with company June 2nd, 1865, promoted Corporal October 1st 1864; hit with balls but not disabled; recommended to headquarters for bravery; post office, Bellknap, Pa.

Corporal Robert P. Shields, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862, out with company June 2nd, 1865, promoted Corporal October, 1st, 1864; wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2nd, 1863.

Corporal Spencer P. Barrett, mustered into service September 3, 1862, out with company June 2nd, 1865; promoted Corporal January 1, 1865; postoffice. Wamego, Kansas.

Corporal Wm. H. Geer, mustered into service August 29, 1862, out with company June 2nd, 1865; transferred from 62nd Penn. July 3, 1864; promoted Corporal January 1st, 1865.

Corporal John C. Russell, mustered into service Sept. 3rd, 1862, out with company June 2nd, 1865, promoted Corporal January 1st, 1865, wounded in both hands at Laurel Hill, Va.. May 11th, 1864, post office, Dayton, Penn.

Corporal Samson Schrecengost, mustered into service September 3rd, 1862; out with company June 2nd, 1865; wounded slightly at Laurel Hill, Va., May 10th, 64; pro-

moted Corporal May 7th, 1865; since dead; buried at Bellknap Cemetery, Bellknap, Pa.

Corporal Robert Hagan, mustered into service August 29th, 1862; out with company June 2nd, 1865; transferred from 62nd Pa. July 3rd, 1864; promoted Corporal March 7th, 1865.

Corporal Joseph L. Ewing, mustered in September 3, 1862; discharged from hospital, Annapolis, Maryland, September, 1863. Post Office, Dubois, Pennsylvania.

Corporal August Schmuck, mustered in September 11, 1862; wounded in hand at Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 3, 1863; wounded in hand at Wilderness, May 5, 1864; discharged by order to accept promotion as Captain in 41st Regiment U. S. Colored troops, September 29, 1864; mustered out, September 30, 1865. Post Office, Emlenton, Pennsylvania.

Corporal K. G. Fleming, mustered in September, 3, 1862: Color guard, wounded through right lung at Five Forks, Virginia, April 1, 1865; discharged from hospital at Washington, D. C., August 18, 1865. Post Office, Solomon City, Kansas.

Corporal Adam L. Wilson, mustered in September 3, 1862; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, July 18, 1864, Methodist minister.

Corporal George A. Serene, mustered in September 3, 1862; wounded in arm at North Anna River, May 23, 1864; transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, Dec, 1864. Post Office, Brattonville, Pennsylvania.

Corporal Wm. E. McClure, mustered in September 3, 1862; died in ambulance near Falmouth, Va., November 20th, 1862

Fifer James H. Hill, mustered in September 3rd, 1862:

out with company June 2nd, 1865: P. O. Barnards, Armstrong county, Pa.

Bugler George M. Smith, mustered in September 3rd, 1862; out with company June 2nd, 1865; promoted to regimental Bugler June 18, 1863.

Drummer John L. Ferer, mustered in September 3, 1862; taken prisoner December 7th, 1864; drowned April 18th, 1865, when returning to company.

Drummer James A. Galbraith, mustered in September 3rd, 1862; died at Stoneman's Switch Va., March 2nd, 1863.

Abbott, Leroy, mustered in September 1st, 1861; transferred from 62nd Pa. July 3rd, 1864; discharged August 20th, 1864; expiration of term.

Adams, John, mustered in February 19th, 1864; recruit; wounded in arm in Wilderness, Va., May 5th, '64; discharged from hospital October 28th, '64.

Barnett, James C., mustered in August 10th, '64; out with company June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Bechtel, Abraham, mustered into service Sept. 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; teamster.

Balsiger, John, mustered in March 30th, 64; recruit; wounded in leg at Petersburg, Va., June 18th, '64; discharged by General Order from hospital June 8th, '65; P. O., Widnoon, Pa.

Barrington, Daniel, mustered in Aug. 16th, '64; substitute; absent in hospital at muster out.

Buckley, Wm., mustered in Sept. 14th, '64; recruit; wounded at Five Forks, April 1st, '65; absent in hospital at muster out; ——— Kansas.

Bell, Benjamin, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; discharged from hospital Feb. 17th, '63.

Black, Wm. G. L., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; transfer

red to 96th Co. V. R. C. July, '63; discharged by General Order Sept. 2nd, '65; Ambrose, Pa.

Black, John, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; transferred to V. R. C. Dec. '63; P. O. Rural Valley, Pa.

Barrett, John Q. A., mustered in Feb. 4th, '64; recruit; died June 3rd, '64 of wounds in head received at Laurel Hill, Va., May 10th, '64.

Barnhart, Reuben, mustered in Feb. 4th, '64; recruit; died at Washington, D. C., July 5th, '64; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Brewster, Robert, mustered in September 3rd, '64; killed at Five Forks, Va., April 1st, '65; buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Division A, Section D, grave 4.

Bryan, John M., mustered in Sept. 3d, '62; deserted July 4th, '63.

Chrisman, William, mustered in September 3rd, '62; deserted September 17th, '62; returned January 21, '65; wounded at Five Forks, Va., April 1, '65; absent in hospital at muster out; P. O. Eddyville, Pa.

Cline, Wm. F., mustered in December 24th, '63; recruit; wounded at Wilderness in breast May 5th, '64; transferred to Company K 191st Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65; accidentally shot himself while hunting near Lake City, Mich.; buried in Lake City Cemetery

Cowan, John, mustered in September 3rd, '62; killed at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3rd, '63.

Carney, John, mustered in September 3rd, '62; deserted September 17th, '62; returned February 19th, '63; died in hospital March 4th, '63.

Calhoun, Ephraim A., mustered in September 3rd, '62; missing in Wilderness May 5th, '64; supposed to be killed.

Croyle, Jacob, mustered in September 3, '62; died in

hospital at Stoneman's Switch, Va., December 4th, '62.

Campbell, John, mustered in September 3rd, '62; died at Frederick, Md., November 9th, '62; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, section 26, lot E, grave 464.

Cogley, Daniel, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; out with Co. June 2nd, '65.

Collins, George W., mustered in Aug. 6th, '64; wounded at Quaker Road, Va., March 29th, '65; absent in hospital at muster out.

Crawford, Jehu J., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; wounded at Laurel Hill, Va., May 10th, '64, in the thigh, and at Preble's Farm, Va., Sept. 30th, '64, in head; absent in hospital at muster out; P. O., Petrolia, Butler Co., Pa.

Deets, Peter, mustered in August 5th, '64; substitute transferred to Company K, 191st Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65.

Durnell, Jonathan, mustered in July 13th, '63; transferred from 62d Pa. July 3rd, '64; transferred to Company K; 191st Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65.

Durnell, Solomon, mustered in July 17th, '63; drafted; transferred from 62nd Pennsylvania, July 3rd '64; transferred to Company K, 191, Pennsylvania Volunteer, June 2nd, '65.

Darnell, John, mustered in July 19th, '64; recruit, transferred to Company K, 191, Pennsylvania Volunteer, June 2nd, '65.

Elder, Marion, mustered in Aug 29th, '62; out with Company June 2nd, '65; transferred from 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteer, July 3rd, '64.

Eustace, James; mustered in August 29th, '63; substitute, transferred from 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, July 3rd, '64; Prisoner from — to December 17th, '64; discharged June 30th, '66, to date June 2nd, '65. Never joined Company K.

Erbanna, Lewis, mustered in August 29th, '62; substitute, transferred from 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteer, absent sick at muster out. Never joined Company K.

Elder, William, mustered in August 29th, '62; transferred from 62nd Pennsylvania Volunteer, July 3rd, '64; wounded at Cold Harbor, June 3rd, '64; in hospital at muster out. Never joined Company K.

Eaton, Benjamin B., mustered in September 3rd, '62; died at Acquia Creek, Virginia, January 20th, '63.

Fox, Henry, mustered in August 13th, '64; substitute; out with company June 2nd, '65.

Fitzgerald, John R., mustered in September 3rd, '62; discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 29th, '63, since dead.

Frank, Martin, mustered in July 25th, '61; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol. July 3rd, '64; transferred to Company K 191st Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65; vet.

Fleming, John L., mustered in September 3rd, '62; killed at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3rd, '63.

Gordon, Andrew J., mustered in August 9th, '64; out with company June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Gray, Oliver, mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; since dead.

Gaskins, George H., mustered in July 14th, '63; substitute; transferred to Company K, 191st Reg. Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65.

Gray, Calvin, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; killed at Preble's Farm, Va., September 30th, '64; buried in Poplar Grove National Cemetery, Petersburg, Va., Div. E, Sec. E, grave 409.

Hoye, Thomas, mustered in Aug. 20th, '64; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Hawk, Daniel C., mustered in September 3rd, '62; out

with company June 2nd, '65; P. O. Widnoon, Pa.

Hellam, Philip, mustered in Sept. 19th, '64; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; recruit.

Hetrick, George J., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; P. O., Brookville, Pa.

Hetrick, Aug. J., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; out with Co. June 2nd, '65.

Hetrick, Peter C., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; injured at Gettysburg, Pa., July 3rd, '63; prisoner from June 2nd to Nov. 20th, '64; P. O., Putneyville, Pa.

Hartman, Christopher, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; discharged on Surgeon's certificate Feb. 22nd, '63,

Hannegan, Geo. L. mustered in September 3rd, 1862. Absent in hospital at muster out. ———, Kansas.

Hardin, Esaw mustered in November 19th, 1863; drafted; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol., July 3rd, 1864; discharged August 20th, '64; expiration of term.

Hazlett, Joshua D., mustered in August 5th, '64; discharged by General Order June 7th, 1865; physician; post office Vanderbilt, Fayette county, Penn.

Howe, Patrick, mustered in August 19th, 1864, substitute; transferred to Company K, 191st reg. Pa. Vols., June 2nd, 1865.

Henderson, James R. mustered in September 3rd, 1862; wounded in head at North Anna River, May 25th, 1864; transferred to V. R. C. June 1864.

Hayes, James W. mustered in September 3rd, 1862; wounded in face at Chancellorsville, Va., May 3rd, 1863. transferred to V. R. C. July, 1863; post office, Barnards, Pa.

Haden, James mustered in August 18th, 1864; substitute; transferred to V. R. C. March, 1865.

Houser, Daniel mustered in September 3rd, 1862; died

at Stoneman's Switch, Va., January 12th, 1863; buried at Concord, Armstrong county, Penn.

Hayes, Wm. B. mustered in September 3rd, 1862; died at Frederick, Md., November 19th, 1862; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, section 26, lot E, grave 456.

Hosack, Thomas mustered in September 3rd, 1862 killed at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8th, 1864.

Jackson, James C., mustered in March 30th, '64; wounded in shoulder at Preble's Farm, Va., Sept. 30th, '64; transferred to Company K, 191 Pa. June 2nd, '65; recruit; P O., Widnoon, Pa.

Johnson, Wm. J., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; died at Washington, D. C., July 11th, of wounds received at North Anna River, Va., May 25th, '64; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Kribbs, Philip, mustered in Aug. 3rd, '64; out with Co June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Kribbs, Gideon, mustered in Aug. 3rd, '64; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; substitute; killed on Pa. R. R.

Kirkpatrick, D. C., mustered in September 3rd, '62; discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 28th, '63.

Kribbs, George, mustered in July 25th, '61; transferred from 62nd Pa. July 2nd, '64; wounded at Five Forks, Va., April 1st, '65; transferred to Co. K, 191st Pa. June 2nd, '65; veteran.

Kiskadden, Thomas, mustered in July 25th, '61; transferred from 62nd Pa. July 3rd, '64; wounded in shoulder at Preble's Farm, Va., Sept. 30th, '64; transferred to Co. K, 191st Pa. June 2nd, '65; veteran.

Keller, John, mustered in August 9th, '62; deserted May 5th, '64; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol. July 3rd, '64; never joined our company.

Llewellyn, Anthony G., mustered in August 16, '63, transferred from 62nd Pa Vol. July 3rd, '64; transferred to Company K 191st Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Moore, John, mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65.

Mahan, Wm. R., mustered in September 3rd, '62; discharged by General Order July 27th, '65; P. O. Rural Valley, Pa.

Mix, John, mustered in June 10th, '64; discharged by General Order May 30th, '65; recruit; P. O. Bolivar N. Y.

Moore, Isaac L., mustered in September 3rd, '62; died at Frederick, Md., November 15th, '62; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, section 26, lot E, grave 463.

Marshall, David, mustered in September 3rd, '62; died at Camp Humphrey, Va, February 11th, '63, buried at Glade Run, Armstrong county, Pa.

McGaughey, R. L., mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; wounded slightly at Bethesda Church, June 2nd; again slightly at Petersburg, June 19th, '64; P. O. Dayton, Pa.

McGregor, William, mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; P. O. Echo, Penn.

McCullough, Wm., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; supposed to be killed at Wilderness, Va., May 5th, '64.

McCloskey, D. L., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; died at Washington, D. C., June 15th of wounds received at Spottsylvania, Va., May 10th, '64; buried in National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Nichols, Charles, mustered in Sept 3rd, '62; out with Co. June 2d, '65; P. O., Templeton, Pa.

Nicely, George, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; out with Co. June 2nd. '65; P. O., Ford City, Pa.

Ong, Wm., mustered in Sept. 1st, '61, transferred from

62nd P. V. July 3rd, '64; discharged Aug. 20th, '64; expiration of term.

Olinger, David, mustered in Sept. 3, '62; killed at Petersburg, Va., June 18th, '64.

Pettigrew, John, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; wounded in arm at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8th, '64; discharged on Surgeon's certificate November 26th, '64; P. O., Widnoon, Pa.

Pritts, James W., mustered in Nov. 19th, '63; drafted; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol. July 3rd, '64. discharged Nov. '64; expiration of term.

Pence, James, mustered in Feb. 5th, '64; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 23rd, '64; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol. July 3rd, '64; transferred to Company K, 191st Pa. Vol June 2nd, '65.

Quinn, Michael, mustered in Aug. 20th, '64; transferred to Co. K, 191st Pa. Vol. June 2nd, '65.

Reed, Gaspar, mustered in September 3rd, '62, out with company June 2nd, '65.

Royle, Wm., mustered in July 16th, '63; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol. July 3rd, '64; wounded at Quaker Road Va., March 29th, '65; absent in hospital at muster out; drafted.

Reeseman, Samuel D., mustered in May 10th, '64; wounded through leg at Petersburg, Va., June 18th, '64. discharged by General Order July 1st, '65; recruit; P. O. Barnards, Armstrong county, Pa.

Reeseman, W. H., mustered in September 3rd, '62; wounded in hand at Wilderness. Va., May 5th, '64; discharged, date unknown; since dead.

Ruffner, David H., mustered in September 3rd, '62; wounded in leg at Petersburg, Va., June 18th, '64; also slightly wounded at Laurel Hill. May 10th, '64; absent in hospital at muster out; P. O. Georgeville, Pa.

Ramsey, Wm. B., mustered in September 3rd, '62; discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 30th, '63; P. O. Parker, Pa.

Rowan, Patrick, mustered in August 20th, '64; wounded in hand at Preble's Farm, September 30th, '64; deserted October, '64.

Robb, Jonathan, mustered in July 17th, '63; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol. July 3, '64; died in hospital, date unknown.

Smith, Charles M., mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; wounded in side at North Anna River, May 23d, '64. P. O. Duncanville, Pa.

Sanders, Wm., mustered in September 23rd, '64; out with company June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Showaker, John, mustered in Sept. 8th, '64; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; wounded at Five Forks, Va., April 1st, '65; substitute.

Stang, Edward, mustered in Sept. 16th, '64; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; substitute.

Snyder, Peter R., mustered in Sept. 12th, '64; out with Co. June 2nd, '65; recruit.

Sproul, Martin V. B., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; wounded at Gravelly Run, Va., March 31st, '65; absent in hospital at muster out; P. O., Apollo, Armstrong Co., Pa.

Shoemaker, Joseph, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; discharged on Surgeon's certificate March 31st, '63.

Schrecengost, Simon, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; died at Frederick, Md., Dec. 7th, '62; buried in National Cemetery, Antietam, Section 26, lot E, grave 472.

Sheckler, George, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; died at Stoneman's Switch, Va., Feb. 5th, '63.

Troupe, John A., mustered in Aug. 22nd, '64; wounded

at Five Forks, Va., April 1st, '65; absent in hospital at muster out; substitute.

Thompson, George W., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; died at Washington, D. C., Nov. 29th, '63; buried in Military Asylum Cemetery.

Thompson, Benjamin, mustered in August 24th, '64; wandered from hospital December '64; supposed to be dead; substitute.

Upperman, Henry, mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; P. O. Beaver Falls, Pa.

Whited, Wm., mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; wounded slightly May 10th, '64, at Laurel Hill, Va.

Whited, Samuel, mustered in September 3rd, '62; out with company June 2nd, '65; wounded on side at second Hatcher's Run, March 25, '65.

Wells, Wm.W., mustered in September 3rd, '62; wounded in leg at Laurel Hill, Va., May 8th, '64; absent in hospital at muster out; P. O. Cool Spring, Pa.

Whitaker, Wm., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; discharged on Surgeon's certificate January 27th, '63; P. O., Barnards, Pa.

Wolf, David, mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 13th, 1864; absent in hospital at muster out.

Walker, John S., mustered in Sept. 3rd, '62; discharged Feb. 16th, '63.

Wolf, Andrew M., mustered in Aug. 17th, '63; drafted; transferred from 62nd Pa. Vol.; never joined Company K; died at Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 1865.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS IN WHICH WE PARTICIPATED;
ALSO A TABLE AND STATEMENT GIVING THE KILLED,
WOUNDED AND MISSING IN BATTLE DURING THE WAR
AND THE PROPORTION OF THOSE LOSSES IN BATTLES
IN WHICH WE WERE ENGAGED.

As a company, we were not in the battle of Fredericksburg, but the other companies of our Regiment and a few detached men from our Company took part in it.

Battle Antietam, Md., Sept. 17th, 1862.

Battle Fredericksburgh, Va., Dec. 13th to 16th, 1862.

Battle Chancellorsville, Va., May 1st to 5th, 1863.

Skirmish Aldie, Va., (supporting cavalry,) June 17th, '63.

Battle Gettysburgh, Pa., July 2nd to 4th, 1863.

Skirmish Williamsport, Md., July 12th and 13th, 1863.

Skirmish Rapidan, Va., Oct. 10th, 1863.

Battle Bristoe Station, Va., Oct. 14th, 1863.

Battle Rappahannock Station, Va., Nov. 7th, 1863.

Battle Mine Run, Va., Nov. 27th to Dec. 2nd, 1863.

Battle Wilderness, Va., May 5th to 7th, 1864.

Battle Laurel Hill, or Peach Orchard, Va., May 8th to 11th, 1864.

Battle Spottsylvania, Va., May 12th to 21st, 1864.

Battle North Anna River, Va., May 23rd to 27th, 1864.

Battle Tolopotomy, Va., May 28th and 29th, 1864.

Battle Bethesda Church, Va., May 30th and 31st, 1864.

Battle Cold Harbor, Va., June 1st to 5th, 1864.

Battle Petersburg, Va., June 18th to 21st, 1864.

Battle Jerusalem Plank Road, Va., June 22nd and 23rd,
1864.

Battle in front of Petersburg, Va., July 21st to 29th, 1864.

Battle Mine Explosion, Va., July 30th, 1864.

Battle Siege of Petersburg, Va., July 31st to August 15th, 1864.

Battle Wel on Railroad, Va., Aug. 18th to 22nd, 1864.

Skirmish Chapin's Farm, Va., Sept. 29th, 1864.

Battle Preble's Farm, Va., Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st, 1864.

Skirmish Preble's Farm, Va., Oct. 8th, 1864.

Battle Hatcher's Run, (1st), Va., Oct. 27th and 28th, '64.

Weldon Raid, Va., Dec. 6th to 11th, 1864.

Skirmish Rowanty Creek, Va., Feb. 5th, 1865.

Battle Dabney's Mills, Va., Feb. 5th to 7th, 1865.

Battle Hatcher's Run, (2nd). Va., March 25th, 1865.

Battle Quaker Road, or Lewis Farm, Va., March 29th and 30th, 1865.

Battle Gravelly Run, or Boydton Road, Va., March 31st, 1865.

Battle Five Forks, Va., April 1st, 1865.

Battle Appomattox Court House, or Lee's surrender, Va., April 9th, 1865.

In addition to the battles and skirmishes enumerated above, we were formed in line of battle many times and were frequently under the fire of the enemy, but did not have any one injured in our Company or Regiment.

It is very difficult to get the exact number of casualties during the war, as no two authorities agree on the number. The Provost Marshal General in 1866 reported, Union troops killed, 61,362. The Surgeon General's office shows the killed to be 59,860. The Adjutant General reports the killed in battle, at 44,238, and the total number who died from wounds 33,993. Their estimates must have been made from different standpoints. A man might be wounded and live but a few hours, when one authority would

report him as killed in battle, while another reports him as dying from wounds.

The purpose in this is to show that about one-half, or nearly, of all the men killed in battle during the war, were killed in engagements in which we took part.

In twenty-two of our battles and skirmishes there were 23,991 killed, 117,844 wounded, 44,234 missing, as follows:

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.
Antietam, Md.	2,010	9,416	1,000
Fredericksburg, Va.	1,180	9,028	2,145
Chancellorsville, Va.	1,512	9,518	5,060
Aldie, Va.	50	131	124
Gettysburg, Pa.	2,834	13,709	6,643
Williamsport, Md.	2	7	2
Rappahannock Station, Va.	83	330	6
Mine Run, Va.	173	1,099	381
Wilderness, Va.	5,597	21,463	10,677
Spottsylvania, Va.	4,177	19,687	2,577
N'th Anna & Tolopotomy, Va.	591	2,734	661
Cold Harbor, Va.	1,905	10,570	2,456
Petersburg, (June 15-19, '64) Va.	1,298	7,474	1,814
Jerusalem Plank Road, Va.	604	2,494	2,217
Mine Explosion. (P't'srb'g) Va.	504	1,881	1,413
Weldon Railroad, Va.	212	1,155	3,176
Chapin's Farm, Va.	383	2,299	645
Preble's Farm, Va.	187	900	1,802
Hatcher's Run, Va.	156	1,047	699
Dabney's Mills, Va.	232	1,062	186
Boydton & White Oak R'ds, Va.	177	1,134	556
Five Forks, Va.	124	706	54
Total in 22 engagements,	23,991	117,844	44,234
Surgeon General reports	59,860	280,040	184,791

as all the casualties in battle during the war. If to the above list we could obtain and add the losses in all our battles and skirmishes not enumerated above, we believe we could make good our claim that nearly, if not one-half, of all the men killed or wounded in battle during the war were killed and wounded in engagements in which we participated.

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